



SLAVE DAUGHTER

by Argus

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ONE

Brooke slammed the cab door angrily and stormed up the driveway, her bag over her shoulder she was highly pissed off and more than a little drunk.

She grunted as she ran into the side of a car and almost fell.

"Fuck!" she cried.

She glared at it and kicked it, then frowned, for she didn't recognize it. There was another behind it, and another. She scowled at them.

"What the fuck is going on?" she demanded.

It was one in the morning. She had intended spending the night at Megan's, but they had gotten into an argument. Megan was going back to university in a month, her third year. Brooke was - not. She had no intention of going to university. She had no interest. And why should she? Her parents were rich, beyond rich, wealthy. They were worth millions, and had no difficulty supporting her. When they were gone, she would get their money. So why on

Earth should she sit in dull classrooms listening to dull bearded intellectuals spouting nonsense when she could be out partying?

And for that Megan had called her a leech! The rotten little bitch! As if she was paying a cent towards those expensive classes at Yale!

And what the fuck were all these cars doing here!?

She kicked the one in front of her again and stumbled, falling back heavily on her behind.

"Fucking cocksucking son of a bitch!"

She felt the cool grass against her bare bottom and grunted, rolling, pushing herself unsteadily to her feet, fleetingly glad no one was there to see her tiny mini fly up and back to reveal her lack of underwear. Brooke liked not wearing underwear with her short skirts. It made her feel daring and sexy and dangerous. But that did not mean she wanted to be seen with her skirt around

her waist and her legs sprawled apart.

Not by just anyone.

She headed up the driveway, muttering, shoving her loose reddish brown hair out of her eyes. The house should have been dark. It wasn't. It was very brightly lit, and she slowed wonderingly. Her parents hadn't told her they were having a party.

She mouthed another curse. If she came in pissed they'd be bitching at her again. They'd been doing nothing else for months. She would sneak in the back way up to her suite of rooms.

She went around the back and halted stupidly staring in through the wide glass doors into the main living room.

There was a party in there, but not the kind she had imagined. She found herself staring, gaping, at the site of a naked woman not much older than herself kneeling at a man's feet giving him head.

"Holy shit," she whispered.

The girl was blonde, slender, with a very attractive body. More interesting still, her wrists were chained behind her back and she wore a metal collar around her throat. The man in front of her held the leash to the collar as her lips bobbed up and down his thick shaft. All the way up and down, for the girl was effortlessly deep throating him.

Brooke stared enviously, wonderingly. She looked so - exotic, erotic, so hot as she knelt there with her lips sliding up and down the man's cock.

Beyond them were a number of men and women sitting around on the plush sofas and chairs watching, grinning, talking together, and her parents were among them.

Brooke sat down abruptly, grunting, hardly noticing.

Her father was moving forward. The other man had apparently come, and her father was taking his place. Brooke stared stupidly at her mother, then at her father, who was wearing only a pair of leather shorts. She noted, with surprise, that he had a heck of a body. Well, she'd known he worked out, but - his physique was impressive, and when he lowered his shorts she gasped at the size of the cock which slid into view.

Her father was hung like a fucking horse!

She watched him tug the girl's leash, then reach down and roughly grasp her blonde hair, yanking her face forward, tilting her head back. He rubbed his cock over her face, speaking softly, his lip curled up in a sneer, and as she watched, transfixed, her father slid that long, fat cock into the girl's mouth and then rammed it right down her throat.

"God!" she whispered.

She sat in the darkness, watching dazedly as her father fucked the girl's throat, pulling his saliva coated cock out now and then to rub it across her face. Then he suddenly flung her back roughly, knelt, and flipped her onto her belly as though she were weightless. He yanked up on her hips, raising her bottom, and positioned himself at her bare sex, a shaven sex, Brooke noted.

Brooke wanted to run off screaming but couldn't. Worse, she felt her pussy throbbing strongly, her nipples tingling with life inside the dainty cups of her lacy black bra, her breasts hot. She swallowed repeatedly, gaping, as her father seized the helpless young girl's hair and thrust himself violently into her belly. Even through the closed doors she heard the girls cry, a mixture of pleasure and pain as her father buried himself in her pussy.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she whispered, wide eyed.

Her father was so different from the man she knew, the gentle father, the architect, always with the small smile on his face. Now he was stern, commanding, his lip curled as he barked at the girl he was riding. His hips slammed against her brutally as he yanked and twisted her hair. She watched him reach down and seize one of the girl's breasts, his fingers digging into the soft, plump flesh with what had to be painful force.

She blinked as if coming out of a trance and looked around her. She discovered her hand was between her legs, her fingers rubbing at her sex, and jerked it away guiltily. This was sick! She shouldn't be watching this, much less getting off on it!

She was about to go when she saw her mother come forward. That froze her in place. Was her mother, her strong willed mother going to kneel and be used like that as well? The thought was oddly exciting, yet almost impossible to imagine.

Nor did it happen. Her mother, clad in a tight leather mini and bustier which showed off a stunning body, dropped in front of the girl instead. She reached for her hair and not only yanked her head up but lifted her shoulders off the floor. Then she pulled apart her mini and exposed her own shaven sex.

Brooke gaped. Surely her mother wasn't - . And then her mother guided the girl's mouth in against her sex and the girl began to lick.

Oddly, Brooke handled that better than her father. Having little bisexual flings was all the fashion, after all, and her mother was nothing if not fashionable.

She looked at the girl between them wonderingly. What was it like to be used like that? Her own sexual encounters had always been carefully scripted. She had to act in a certain way, had to say certain things. She had to move her hips, move her hands, move her lips in certain ways, and touch certain parts of his body. It was important to be considered good in bed, not great, not too, too enthusiastic, for that would draw jeers and insinuations. But almost as bad was the reputation of being bad in bed, a dead lay, incompetent. That brought snickers, and Brooke was always dreadfully aware of her reputation in all things, and the need to protect it.

But this lovely blonde girl, she was just being - used, and roughly. She didn't need to really do much of anything but be a sex toy for her parents and others to play with. She felt a sudden heated longing for such a thing, to just give in to a wild sexual encounter with no care about what to do or how her behaviour would be seen and measured or what anyone would think. To just lay there in chains and be - fucked.

She watched her parents use the girl, suppressing the heat she felt inside herself. So her parents were perverts? Heh. Maybe she could use that against them the next time they bitched, she thought weakly.

Her parents finished, and another man moved forward, a large brute of a fellow who threw the girl onto her back and then slammed himself into her. Brooke winced.

That must hurt, she thought.

Yet she felt her fingers creeping between her thighs again as the man rode her, as he pinned her legs back and pounded down into her body. The girl was helpless, her hands chained behind her, and could nothing but gasp and moan and cry out as he rode her. Brooke stared, and saw herself in the girl's place, a big, brute of a man ramming himself down into her as people watched.

Her fingers slipped beneath her mini and she gasped at how wet she was, how dripping her pussy. She began to stroke her swollen clit, moaning softly as she watched the girl's slender body crushed beneath the hulking male body, watched his stiff cock slicing back and forth between her sex lips.

She leaned further and further forward, squeezing her breast, rubbing her pussy. She grunted as she lost her balance, falling forward onto her shoulders, still staring, still kneading her pussy as she thrust her bottom in the air and drove three fingers into her gooey pussy. She came with a shuddering moan, and then heard the girl beginning to cry out, to moan and wail loudly as her own orgasm arrived. The sound made her body thrum with heat all over again.

"Fuck me! Yes! Yes! Oh God! Oh fuck! Fuck me! Fuck me!" the girl was crying.

It was bizarre even imagining herself making such cries. She had always been carefully controlled, even in her sex, and if she'd occasionally felt very aroused, well, she hid it being groans and sighs. Crying out loud could get her a reputation, after all.

The man finished with the blonde, and released her. Her body spread out, unfurling, and lay sprawled naked on the floor. Another man came forward, and the girl was all but dragged to her feet. Brooke watched as she was led across the room to the pillars which separated it from the hall outside, watched as her chained wrists were unshackled and then spread up and out to either side. The blonde girl made no resistance as her wrists were chained up to - to hooks on the sides of two pillars, hooks which had held heavy planters.

And then her father moved behind the girl carrying - . A whip!? Brook gasped in disbelief, her heart fluttering as she saw the separated tails of the whip swinging and swaying below her father's fist. Others gathered around, and her father swung. The whip spread out as it flew through the air, and then cracked across the girl's back with a sound she could hear through the windows. A moment later the girl cried out in pain, her back arching, her legs twisting and jerking violently beneath her.

Brooke stared, appalled, mesmerised, her fingers buried in her sex, thrusting, squirming, her heart pounding as her father brought the whip down again and again and again. The blonde girl cried out, sobbed, twisted and thrashed against the chains holding her, and then sagged, all but hanging by the wrists as her father continued to swing the whip against her now very red back.

She saw another man kneel in front of the girl, and guessed he was performing oral sex, but her focus was on her father, watching the muscles bunch in his shoulders and arms and back as he brought the whip down on the helpless blonde, his ass tight in his short black leather shorts. He was like an Adonis, she thought wonderingly.

He halted and a man moved up behind the girl, his cock out. Brooke bit her tongue as she saw him working his cock up into her anus, the girl moaning and writhing, head falling back bonelessly.

She pushed herself to her feet and stumbled around back, let herself in, and darted up the rear stairs to her room.

She always kept her door locked when not in, so there was no reason her parents, whose bedroom was across the other side of the house, should even know she was there. She stripped quickly, flinging herself on her bed, reaching for her night table and vibrator, then rolled onto her back and turned it on, thrusting it into her pussy with painful force, groaning, arching her back as she thought about being taken violently, chained and taken.

She woke slowly, groaning and rolling over on her satin sheets, pulling them in against her naked body, loving the feel of the smooth satin against her bare breasts. She pulled the sheets up around herself, rolling her head in the soft, feather pillow, sighing comfortably.

The events of the previous night - morning, came flooding in and she blinked her eyes, then swallowed as her pulse picked up. It had all happened! Her right hand was already between her legs, and now her finger slipped down to her tight pussy entrance and found her clit, rubbing gently against it. Her mind's eye filled with the memories of the blonde girl, chained and used and whipped.

Her fingers slipped into her moist sex and she groaned as she pumped them in and out, her thumb stroking across her clit. Her mind drifted, and she saw herself shackled, used, whipped by strong men. And then the strong man shifted, and it was her father, punishing her, using her. She groaned, feeling nasty and wicked, but the fantasy turned her insides to jelly and she came violently, her legs spreading wide, her back arching as she gurgled and moaned and shuddered in pleasure.

She lay in bed for a time, panting, recovering, then flung the covers back and swung her legs over the edge of the bed. She stood up, moving to the window and checking outside. It was a sunny day - again. No surprise in California. She padded to her low dresser and gazed at herself in the mirror, then picked up a brush and brushed lightly at her hair. It spilled over her shoulders in a loose, uneven mass of reddish brown, a rolling wave of tangled lightly curled silk which caressed her bare back halfway to the waist

Sometimes she brushed it out perfectly straight. Sometimes she pulled it up behind her head. Sometimes she did it in a thick pony tail. Yet today she did little, not even bothering to shower before going down. She didn't want her hair looking smooth and neat that morning.

She had no plans, no real ideas about what to do, about how to act, about how to respond, about what she knew. But she felt - aroused - electric. She shook her head and her hair tumbled loosely, spilling over her forehead, the strong red tinting glistening in the light as it brushed across her back and shoulders.

She had a long, slim, full busted body, with slender, but rounded hips, a trim, flat tummy, and high, youthfully firm breasts.

She considered momentarily. She rarely dressed unless going out. She liked her comfort. She opened the drawer and drew on a lacy black thong. Thongs were all she wore, so that was hardly unusual. Then she opened her closet and took out the tops of a pair of black silk pyjamas she rarely wore. She slipped them on and buttoned them up, except for the last button of course. Then, her mood affecting her, she unbuttoned the second button and nodded at the hint of cleavage revealed.

Her nipples, she realized, were hard. But the house was chilly with the air conditioning, and the black of the pyjamas would make that less obvious. She opened her door and wandered out, her bare feet sinking into the soft rug running down the hall.

It was Saturday, and just past noon. Her father was home. She felt an unfamiliar nervousness creep over her, and the thrumming between her legs grew worse. She looked down at her long, bare legs anxiously, then steeled herself. She often wore less than this around the house, sometimes coming down in bra and thong panties. Why should she feel - slutty now?

Her father looked up from his newspapers, his eyes taking on a look of surprise, then wariness as she walked casually into the room.

"Hi, Daddy," she said brightly, hiding everything behind a smile.

"I didn't know you were home, Brooke," he said questioningly.

"Oh, I got home early," she said casually, her heart pounding.

She saw him again, in her mind's eye, his cock pushing into the girl's face, the whip cutting across her back, and felt herself flushing.

"How early?" he asked, casually.

She turned away to hide the blush. "Oh, real early, eight or so I think."

"You woke up that early? That's unusual for you."

"Oh no, I just went to bed then," she said with a sleepy grin as she turned and let herself all back lengthwise along the sofa.

The light top slid up, revealing her thong and she casually smoothed it down over her thighs again.

"I thought you were staying with Megan."

Brooke's face turned sulky. "We had a - an argument."

"Ah," he said, nodding and turning his eyes back to his paper.

"Honestly, she's such a snot sometimes."

"Do tell," he said.

She frowned. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing at all," he said, not raising his eyes.

"I am not a snot!"

"I didn't say you were, dear," he said, raising his eyes briefly.

"But you thought it!" she said accusingly.

"Have you developed a talent for mind reading?" he asked, looking up at her again.

"I know you," she said sulkily. "You guys are always bitching at me, calling me lazy and useless."

"We've never called you useless," he said. "We just want you to find something you're good at, something you like to do - ."

"I'm good at spending money."

"Shopping is not a skill."

"Fat lot you know," she muttered.

"As I said, we want you to find your way in life, to develop a skill and - ."

"I'm good at sex," she said tauntingly.

He sighed. "If you think you can make a career of it dear."

"I don't need a career. I don't need money!"

"That's true. But you can't sit around all your life doing nothing."

"I'm not doing nothing," she said, jumping to her feet and pacing. "I have fun. I party. I shop. Why should I do anything else?"

"We've gone over this, Brooke."

"You want me to be a sales clerk or something?"

"No," he said patiently.

"I don't want to go to school! It's boring, boring, boring! And then what? Sit around in a boring office all day doing boring paperwork?!"

"I like what I do."

"I don't have the math for that," she sniffed, dropping down heavily onto the sofa beside him.

"There are other careers that don't need math."

"No, but they do need spending hours and hours, years and years studying and writing papers and ugh!"

She fell back on the sofa, her hands behind her hair, glaring sulkily up at the ceiling. After a moment she became aware that her position had drawn the short pyjama top upwards along her thighs, baring her thong covered pussy again. Yet she did not move, instead feeling a renewal of the quivering in her belly and thrumming in her loins.

The thong was a very narrow V of black fabric with two thin strings curving upwards over her hips, and she wondered, her heart pounding, if he was looking at her. At that moment her feelings were very difficult for her to understand. Her father was now a sexual creature, a hot, sexy man. And yet he was also sexless old daddy, utterly safe.

She raised herself on her elbows, careful to put a pouty look on her face.

"Is there any interesting thing I could do without going to school?" she asked.

"You mean that someone would pay you to do?" he asked.

She shrugged and tossed her head, letting her louse hair swirl around her face and head.

"Not really."

"Aren't there, like, self made millionaires who never went to college?"

"A few."

"Well then, I could be one of them."

He snorted. "That generally requires a particular skill or talent and hard work, eighteen hour days for years."

She rolled her eyes.

"You could just give me some money," she said. "Like, a few million to start."

"I don't think so."

"Oh why not?" she groaned, sitting up, letting the silk top slide down over her hips again, and leaning forward to throw her arms around him.

"Please daddy!" she cooed. "Please, please, please?"

She was suddenly very much aware of her bare breasts pressing against her father's well muscled chest through the thin silk top, of the soft, warm flesh pillowed out against his body. Her heart beat more quickly and she kissed the side of his cheek.

"And what would you do with millions of dollars?" he asked, loosening her arms from around his neck and easing her back.

She shrugged. "Just uhm, use it I guess."

He sighed. "On parties and booze and drugs and clothes."

She shrugged again. "So?"

"That's not a life."

"It's a fun life."

"I didn't raise you to be a lazy, shiftless party girl flitting from one party and one bed to the next."

"But it's fun," she said with a sly grin.

She gasped, wondering, as she caught his eyes flicking briefly down, if he had looked into her cleavage.

"You're all grown up now, Brooke."

"I know," she said with a smirk.

"That means you need to get off your butt and work for a living."

"But why should I when I have a rich daddy?"

She managed to turn in his hands, and slip backwards so she was sitting across his lap, her arm over his shoulder, her other hand on his chest, and her head against his broad chest.

"Come on, daddy. Just a few million dollars," she cooed.

"You say that like its a few dollars."

"Well you've got lots of them," she said.

"I am not going to give you millions of dollars," he said in annoyance. "If you want independence, want to be grown up and do as you want then earn your own money and support yourself."

"But I don't want to support myself," she said.

She hadn't really thought of it that way before, but the truth was Brooke didn't at all mind having someone else taking care of all the bills, not to mention all the problems which came up from time to time.

"Then find some young man to support you," he said.

She sighed and batted her eyes at him. "But then he'd want to do..." She walked her fingers slowly across his chest. "... nasty things to me, daddy," she said in a little girl voice.

He gripped her wrist and pushed her hand away. "I'm not under any illusions about your virginity, Brooke," he said with a growl.

She frowned indignantly. "Well that's not a nice thing to say!"

"You're not exactly a naive Kansas farm girl, Brooke."

"So you don't mind if I have to give myself to some crude sex maniac to survive!" she demanded.

"Being dramatic isn't going to help your case."

"You have tons of money. I don't see why I should need anyone else to take care of me."

He sighed. "You don't, Brooke. I will always take care of you."

"Well good then," she said, snuggling her face in against his chest.

"But that doesn't mean you're not going to have to live by my rules while you're living in my house and eating my food."

"Sure, sure," she said negligently.

"I mean it, Brooke."

She sighed. "You're being tiresome, daddy."

"And you're being lazy. If you won't get a job you can do charity work."

She pulled her head back and stared at him in astonishment. "Charity work!? Are you freaking kidding me!?"

"No," he said, annoyed.

"That'll be the day I spend my time making meals or something for some grubby poor people! Ick."

"You are not going to spend your life partying and doing nothing."

"If you say so," she sniffed.

"I'm serious."

"I won't do it," she said with a shrug.

"You will if you don't want your credit cards cancelled."

"If you cancel my cards I'll get my friends to buy things for me," she snapped, "My male friends! Of course, maybe they'll want something in return, but you obviously won't mind that since you think I'm a whore."

"If you want to give yourself to men in exchange for dresses and shoes that's up to you, but unless they're willing to throw in the rent on a condo you'll still do what I tell you."

"Or what?" she demanded sarcastically. "Are you going to ground me?"

Maybe you'd like to spank me, hmmm?"

She half rolled away from him, snatching up the bottom of her pyjama hem to reveal her nearly bare bottom.

"Don't piss me off, Brooke," her father snapped.

"Or what? Will you spank me?"

She rolled the rest of the way over, sliding forward more to lay her bare bottom across his lap. He had seen her in thongs before, but now he was more than her sexless father. Now he was that hot, powerful man who had whipped the blonde girl, and she felt a powerful throbbing heat in her loins as she rolled her hips up at him, taunting him.

She was almost expecting the crack of his hand across her bottom. Instead she felt him grip her thigh up high near her pussy, as well as her upper arm. Then she was heaved up and over his shoulders to land sprawling on the floor.

"Fuck!" she said in startled shock. "You bastard!"

She got to her knees, then he feet, glaring at him.

"Watch your language," her father snapped.

"Or what? Will you tie me up and whip me!?" she snarled.

"What are you talking about?" he asked warily.

"Oh don't think I don't know!" she shouted. "I saw you and that little blonde slut last night! It was disgusting!"

"What consenting adults do is up to them," he said, not embarrassed.

"You think tying up some poor girl and whipping her is all acceptable, daddy!" she sneered.

"Melanie is a grown woman - ."

"She looked younger than me!"

"Nevertheless, she has more maturity than you've ever displayed."

"Oh that's what you consider maturity! Maybe I should let men whip me too! Is that what you're saying!? And then I could eat out their wives while they do me!"

"You must have been watching for quite a while."

"It was hard to miss! You and mom and some little blonde slut half your age!"

"Are you jealous of Melanie?" he asked quietly.

"Jealous?" she demanded incredulously. "Are you insane!"

"Well, Brooke, you saw your father having sex with a young girl last night and now you're rolling half naked on my lap trying to get him to spank you."

"I was not!" she exclaimed, face reddening.

"Do you think you'd like being shackled and whipped?"

"You're sick!" she said hotly.

"Your mother and I don't think badly of sexual submissives," he said calmly.

"Is that what you call the sluts?"

Brooke's mother strode into the room. "What is going on?" she demanded.

Brooke froze but her father shook his head. "Brooke must have come home late last night. She watched us with Melanie."

Her mother's face flushed and Brooke sneered. "Yes, you making out with a girl, mother!" she said with a sneer, "A girl half your age! And all that whips and chains shit, too! It was disgusting!"

"She was so disgusted by it she was rolling around on my lap two minutes ago, pulling up the hem of her nightshirt and showing me her lacy little thong."

"Oh?" Her mother's eyes narrowed.

Brooke's mouth opened in outrage.

"Acting bratty and trying to get me to spank her."

"Sooo," her mother said, frowning at her.

"You two are both crazy!" Brooke shouted, her face going red as she fled the room.

Humiliated, she took the stairs two at a time and then slammed the door of her room.

She was going to - to change and go out - somewhere! She was going to get in her Porsche and head down the highway at a hundred miles an hour, and maybe pick up a bunch of bikers! That would show her parents! Maybe if she was gang raped and left in a gutter they - .

"Brook? Open the door," her mother demanded.

"Get lost!"

"I said open this door!"

"Go away! Maybe you can find some little bimbo to spank, mother!"

The door opened and she backed up, face flushed.

"This is my house, remember?" her mother said, coming in and pocketing the key. "I have the keys to the doors."

"And I'm just a fucking tenant or something, right? I don't even get privacy!"

Brooke turned and rushed towards her ensuite bathroom but her mother intercepted her. And just as her father was a head taller than she so was her mother, and considerably stronger. She yanked Brooke back and sat her down on a chair, glaring at her.

"Maybe you'd like to tell me what this latest tantrum is all about, young lady."

"There's nothing to talk about! Just leave me alone! You're both sick!"

"If you thought we were sick you wouldn't have taken the first opportunity to sit in your father's lap," her mother said. "Wearing a thong, yet."

"I always wear thongs," Brooke said, face reddening still further.

"And show your bottom to your father and dare him to spank you?" her mother said, arms folded across her chest. "Were you trying to provoke your father into doing something?"

"I wasn't!" Brooke cried, dropping her eyes, face now burning.

"When you were watching your father punishing Melanie, were you jealous of Melanie?" her mother asked gently.

"NO!"

"Did you imagine yourself in chains being punished by him?"

"I told you no! You're sick!"

She tried to rise but her mother shoved her back, frowning.

"You're a grown woman, Brooke. But you've always been - weak."

"Weak?" Brooke demanded, outraged.

"Flawed. You always look to someone else to solve your problems for you, someone else to make the hard decisions, someone else to take responsibility. Are you a sexual submissive? Have you ever let a boy tie you up?"

"I'm not listening to this!" Brooke said through clenched teeth, dropping her chin to her chest and refusing to look up at her.

Her mother snorted, then left the room. Brooke glared at the open door, then jumped up and slammed it closed, locking it, then hurried to her closet, yanking down a pair of jeans and a tank top.

The door opened and her mother came in, frowning.

"Can't I have any privacy!?" Brooke demanded angrily.

"I brought something for you to try out."

Her mother held, incredibly, metal chains and shackles in her hands. Brooke stared at them incredulously.

"Are you insane!?" she demanded.

Her mother dropped most of them on a chair next to her, then walked up to her and caught at her arm.

"Let go of me!" Brooke demanded, trying to twist free.

Her mother held her easily, and snapped a simple metal shackle closed on her right wrist, then, struggling only briefly, a second around her left. They were connected by a six inch chain, and as her mother stepped back Brooke held her hands up to her eyes, staring in disbelief.

"How do they feel?" her mother asked calmly.

Brooke stared past her shackled wrists, raising her head to look up at her mother.

"T-take them off!" she gulped. "Come here."

"M-mother! Take them off!" she cried, as her mother tugged her by the arm and shoved her into a nearby chair.

She immediately gripped one of Brooke's slender ankles and slipped another metal shackle around it. Brooke stared at her in shock, then twisted, jerking her foot away, but too late. Even as she tried to rise her mother had her other ankle, yanking it up to dump her back into the chair. Then the second shackle was snapped closed and locked. Like the ones around her wrists they were slim stainless steel, perhaps an inch wide, with a narrow chain linking them and a small ring set into the side.

"Get them off!" Brooke cried. "You pervert! You freak!"

"If you want to experiment, Brooke, you can do so safely here," her mother said, rising as Brooke rose, then turning away.

"Take them off!"

"We'll see how you feel in an hour or two," her mother said over her shoulder.

She closed the door behind her and Brooke was left shackled hand and foot, staring down at the shackles in disbelief. She pulled against the chain, stretching it out tautly, trying to tug her wrists free. Her fingers moved over the smooth metal, trying to separate the shackles, but finding no catch except the one with a tiny key hole in it.

"Fuck! Fuck!" she shouted, turning in place, tugging angrily. "My fucking parents are sick perverts!"

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She marched to the phone. She would call - she would call - who? Who could she call and tell that she was shackled, that her own mother had shackled her wrists and ankles together. Who could she possibly tell? There would be such a scandal! She tugged again and again at the ones around her wrists, then looked past them at the mirror over her dresser.

She inhaled sharply. There was something strangely, darkly arousing at the side of the metal wrapped around her wrists, at the sight of the chain hanging from her shackles. She thought of the blonde girl the other night, of Melanie, and all those people staring at her, watching her being punished, then using her sexually. She imagined herself in the blonde girl's place, and a deep, rolling wave of heat spread through her lower belly.

She unconsciously stepped back to the dresser, then moved over towards the floor length mirror. She tripped and almost went sprawling, forgetting about the short length of the chain. Then she walked more carefully, staring down at

her feet, at the chain between them. She paused in front of the full length mirror and looked at herself, now able to see the shackles on both wrists and ankles.

She held her hands up slowly. God, it was sick!

She raised her hands higher, and then higher still, up above her head, pretending they were chained there was Melanie's had been.

Though her mind was spinning her body was thrumming with sexual heat now. She looked to the door warily, then lifted her shackled wrists and carefully unbuttoned the front of her pyjama top. Swallowing, heart pounding, she let the two sides fall open and then drew her hands up above her head. The black silk fell open to reveal her nude body and she stifled a gasp of excitement at the sight of her firm breasts and rigid, erect nipples.

She stared at herself, feeling her heart pounding, feeling the blood racing through her body. Her nipples were so hard they ached, and a dark, wicked hunger made her want to squeeze her thighs together.

She heard a sound outside and gasped, jerking her arms down and desperately doing the buttons back up. Then she flung herself on the bed, grabbing at a magazine, pretending to read.

She waited, but no one came in, so she sat up with a sigh and returned to the mirror, examining herself and the shackles. Was her mother into being tied up, she wondered. Did her mother ever kneel naked and shackled in front of her dad and - and service him?

She felt her legs give way, and sank slowly to her knees before the mirror, holding her wrists up to her chest. She pushed her lower lip out, looking sad, looking pouty, looking helpless. She widened her eyes, looking innocent, frightened, abused.

She thought of kneeling like that naked in front of a crowd of men, all of them with big, dripping red erections, and her nipples burned where they pressed against the fabric of her top.

But her wrists should be - down, and behind her, she thought, like Melanie's had been.

She shook her head. Sick. She was sick. It was must be genetic.

She stood up, glaring at the shackles, tugging at them. She threw herself on her bed and looked sulkily to the door. What was she supposed to do up here with her hands shackled together?

She looked at the magazine, idly flipping through the pages. She tsked in annoyance when her chain got in the way, easing it down.

How weird, she thought, to be lying on her bed with her ankles and wrists chained together. It was also undeniably exciting, however, in a strange, embarrassing, exhilarating, stomach churning sort of way.

The phone rang. She hesitated, then rolled over and reached for it.

"Hello?"

"Hey. What you doing?"

It was her friend, Kelly.

"Nothing much," she said. "Reading, listening to CDs."

"Want to come over. I got some really good shit."

She glanced at the chain between her wrist shackles. "I better not. My parents are bugging me about getting a job or going to school or something. If I come home stoned again I'll wind up in a nunnery or something."

"So don't come home."

"Nah, I'll see you on Monday, Kel."

"Okay."

She hung up, her chain clinking a little as she drew back.

Very weird indeed.

She wondered what Kelly would have thought if she knew she was shackled, or handcuffed. Probably nothing. Kelly was a really kinky slut, much worse than Brooke. She'd done just about everything with just about everyone. She'd even strongly hinted she'd like to play around some with Brooke, but Brooke just hasn't been into girls, especially big mouthed ones like Kelly.

She sat up, thinking of going downstairs for a cola, then hesitated, looking at her shackles. Her stomach fluttered as she thought of going downstairs anyway. It wasn't as if her mother had ordered her to stay in her room, after all.

She stood up and walked carefully towards the door. She didn't have to shuffle, exactly, but she did have to keep her stride small, take small steps. She opened the door and peered out into the hall, then, heart pounding, she went down it to the back stairs, her chain dragging on the floor between her bare feet.

Freaky, weird and freaky - but hot, she thought excitedly.

She gripped the hand rail awkwardly and took the stairs one at a time, emerging in the large kitchen. Here, her chains made much more noise as she moved, and she moved slower. She opened the fridge and took out a coke. As she reached up for a cup her left hand jerked against the chain, pulling on her right, and she dropped the coke to the floor. Cursing, she bent to retrieve it.

"I guess it takes a little time to get used to them," her father said.

She yelped in surprise, whirling, face red, as her father moved slowly into the room. She stared at him, wide eyed, her pulse racing as he walked up to her. "Are you enjoying your little experiment?" he asked with a smile.

Blushing, she dropped her eyes. "It's not my experiment it's yours and mothers," she said, trying to sound resentful.

He reached out to cup her chin and she tried to push his hand away. He snorted and gripped her chain, yanking it up and back behind her head, pinning it behind her neck with one hand.

"Daddy!"

"Your mothers experiment. If it were mine you'd have a collar too," he said.

She stared at him, startled, heart beating loudly in her ears as his eyes dropped below her throat.

"You'd be wearing less, too," he said. "It's hard to get a true feel for the role dressed like that."

"And h-h-how would I be dressed?" she demanded, trying but failing to sound haughty.

He grinned. "Like a slave girl should, Brooke."

His other hand rose and he fingered the third button of her pyjamas. The two top buttons were already open. He rubbed his finger against the third, his eyes measuring her as her own eyes darted wildly from side to side like trapped butterflies. Then he undid the button.

Brooke gasped, her face flushing. Her father's fingers dropped and he undid the fourth button and her stomach plunged as though she were on a high speed elevator.

"D-Daddy," she gasped breathlessly.

Her father undid the fifth button and her pyjama top gaped and fell away, baring her chest. She blushed furiously, her wrists pulling impotently against the shackles as he held the chain tightly behind her neck. Her nipples were painfully erect, her breasts swelling with heat even as her face burned.

She gasped as her father caught the thumb of his hand against a bit of hair at the back of her neck and pulled, forcing her head up, forcing her back to arch.

"Lovely. You're a lovely young lady, Brooke. I haven't seen your bare breasts for some years now but they're marvellous. Do you know how many women would pay a fortune for breasts like these, even fake ones?"

He pulled more sharply at her hair and she gasped in pain as her head was forced back even more. "D-daddy!"

She shuddered as her father laid his hand against her taut belly and caressed her skin in slow, circular motions.

"If you really want to explore your submissive side and the role of a sexual slave, Brooke, you need to go farther than just wearing a couple of shackles," he said. "You need to experience a little of the thrill and pleasure of being a submissive, as well as the pain."

He let go of her and she staggered, almost falling. The chain was caught briefly behind her neck, then she jerked her arms forward, yanking her pyjama top closed and staring up at him with wide eyes. He snorted and grinned back and she felt a sudden anger, as if he was, yet again, treating her like a child. She dropped her arms, letting go of the pyjama top, and glared at him.

"I couldn't very well remove my top with my arms shackled, now could I?" she asked insolently.

She felt shocked and embarrassed that he had stared at her bare breasts, yet strangely wicked as well.

"I suppose that's true."

He reached into his pocket and drew out a small key, then grabbed her wrist before she knew what he intended and unlocked the shackle. Her hand fell away, and she stared as he unlocked the other shackle, removing it.

"Take off the top."

She felt her heart skip a beat.

"I-I didn't say I would," she said, her voice shaking. "I just - I - ."

"Brooke, take off your top."

"I - you can't ask - ."

"I'm telling you to take it off. If you were a proper slave you'd obey."

"I'm not a slave!"

"Melanie is a proper slave."

"She's a filthy slut!"

He gripped her wrists and yanked her up against him, glaring into her eyes.

"And do you think of yourself as a slut, my darling daughter, when you're on your knees sucking some guy's cock?"

She gaped at him, shocked at the words, and he released her wrists, his hands pushing her top back over her shoulders. She reached instinctively for them but he turned her around, firmly, but not roughly, and then tugged the shin silk down her arms and off. A moment later he drew her arms back behind her back and pinned her wrists together, and a flood of heat spilled over her even as her mind wailed in fear and alarm.

"D-don't!"

She felt the shackles closing around her wrists, and then gasped as it was done. She was spun around to face him and her skin burned as he examined her bared body.

"Lovely. You would make a fitting sex slave," he said.

"A-Are you going to rape me now? Your own daughter?"

He grinned and shook his head. "No, Brooke. Not unless you beg for it."

"You're a pervert!"

"And you're a slut. Now go back up to your room. Here, don't forget your coke."

He pressed it into her shackled hands.

"How am I supposed to drink it now?"

He pushed a straw into her open mouth and gave her a little push to the stairs.

Dazed, yet instinctively wanting to hurry away from his eyes, she scurried forward, trying to hide her nearly bare bottom with her hands until she could round the corner on the stairs.

Fuck, fuck fuck, she thought wildly as she climbed the stairs. This is insane!

She reached her room only to find her mother standing in the doorway. "I wondered where you'd gone," she said, plucking the straw from her mouth.

Brook blushed anew. "Daddy took off my top!" she said in an outraged voice.

"I was going to do that but I thought you'd like to start more slowly.

"It doesn't bother you that he took off my top!? That he stared at my naked breasts and told me how nice they were!?"

"They are very nice," she said, examining Brooke's breasts.

"Mother!"

"Stop acting like a child, Brooke. And don't tell me you're not proud of your body and don't like showing it off. I've seen how you dress by the pool."

"But he's my father!"

Her mother smiled. "And a hot, sexy man, powerful man with a fantastic body, one you only took real notice of last night when he was fucking Melanie."

She stepped closer, her voice lowering. "That's when you got jealous, wasn't it, Brooke?"

"I did not!" she cried indignantly, but her eyes dropped and turned away as her face reddened.

"And when you got hot, and when you started wondering what it would be like to feel a big, strong man like that between your legs."

"I didn't!" she gasped, desperately embarrassed.

Her mother snorted. "You want your father's big cock inside you, little girl. Don't try and tell me differently. So we'll see how you like the role of slave for a time. And speaking of which - .."

She gripped the waistband of Brooke's lacy thong and yanked, tearing the thin fabric, ripping her thong off. Brooke gasped in shock, her lower body lurching forward before stumbling back. She dropped the Cola.

"Slave girls don't need to wear even a thong," her mother said sweetly.

Then she thrust the straw back into her shocked daughter's mouth and strolled away.

Naked, Brooke stumbled into her room and used her shoulder to shove the door closed. She was exquisitely embarrassed, and yet even so felt the dark thrumming heat between her legs. She stared at herself in the mirror, eyes wild and filled with disbelief, and the dark heat between her legs flooded through her belly and chest.

She heard a soft groan and knew it was her.

For several minutes she posed and turned, posed and turned. She shuffled back to the bed a few times to sit down, but couldn't sit still, couldn't stop from staring at herself.

The door opened and she let out a little yelp, turning as her mother entered.

"Well, daughter dearest, starting to get used to the idea of being a chained sex slave."

"I-I - wh-what?"

Her mother crossed the floor to the wide eyed girl.

"We're going to explore your sexuality, Brooke. Perhaps you'll experience something which will cause you to reflect on the path your life has taken to this point in time."

Her mother pulled over a straight backed chair and sat, pulling her daughter over and tugging her backwards so she sat across her lap. Brooke blushed furiously.

"Mother!"

"Stop squirming, Brooke," her mother ordered.

She let her finger push aside the bangs spilling over her daughter's eyes and gazed down at her breasts.

"I can't figure out why you turned out so short," she said with a sigh. "People joked that your father and I would produce a giraffe."

"I'm not short," she said resentfully.

"No, of course not, dear. You're just not - tall."

"Not everyone has to be tall, you know."

Her mother reached up and cupped her breast, and Brooke inhaled sharply.

"Very nice," her mother said, her fingers gently kneading her breasts.

"Mother!" she gasped.

"Do you like having your breasts fondled, Brooke? I know some women don't, but they're usually women who haven't had it done properly."

She caught Brooke's right nipple between thumb and forefinger and began to gently roll it between them.

Brooke stared, dazed, feeling the crackling heat rolling through her as her mother gently pinched and tugged on her nipple.

Then her hand slipped down Brooke's belly, over her abdomen, and between her thighs. Brooke's eyes bulged as she felt her mother's fingers trace the line of her sex and gently peel her sex lips open. She tried to snap her legs together but her mother's hand was already between them.

"Open your legs, Brooke," she said impatiently.

"You can't just - ."

"Open your legs!" her mother snapped, in a voice Brooke had long come to recognize meant "now!", and her legs almost instinctively snapped open.

She shuddered as her mother's fingers ran up and down her slit, feeling her body beginning to tremble as they eased inside. She was soaking wet, and blushed furiously as her mother recognized that and smiled.

"You're very wet, Brooke," she said.

Her mother began to gently caress her clit, her fingertips moistened and slickened by her own sex juices, and Brooke had a very difficult time not squirming in response. She could not remember the last time she was so horribly sensitive to the touch down there, the last time her body had actually trembled with arousal and excitement.

"D-Don't!" she gasped.

"How many men have been between your lovely legs, Brooke?" her mother asked in a soft voice. "How many of them were sober and knew what to do with your beautiful young body? How many of them worried about giving you orgasms before taking their own enjoyment?"

It was impossible to keep from squirming now, despite her growing embarrassment.

"Oh! D-Don't! Mom!" she whined.

"I think you're going to come. Are you going to come, my sweet little baby? Are you going to come on mommy's fingers? Come for me, sweetie. Come for mommy."

She pulled back on Brooke's hair and then leaned in, and Brooke shuddered and writhed as her mother bit gently into the nape of her neck.

"Wh-what are you doooooing?" she moaned, dazedly.

"I'm masturbating you, Brooke."

She shuddered and her hips bucked as she felt her mother's long middle finger penetrate her and push slowly through the lips of her sex, up into the soft, moist heat of her pussy.

"Y-You ca-can't - oh! Oh!"

A second finger joined it and the two pumped slowly in and out of the hot, wet, tightly pink tunnel as her mother's thumb stroked expertly across her buzzing, burning, swollen clitoris.

Her mother's soft lips slipped downwards, and she felt them kiss the centre of her left breast, felt those wet lips slide open and engulf her nipple, and then felt the teeth biting gently into her flesh as her tongue slowly stroked across the rigid pink button.

"Oh Fuck! Fuck! Oh God! Oh no! Please! Mom! Mom don't! Ohhh!"

She came with a wail of denial, her body writhing, her hips bucking wildly and helplessly against her mother's fingers. The orgasm was powerful, massive, consuming. She writhed and bucked wildly, gulping in air, her eyes rolling back in her head as she rode her mother's plunging fingers.

She went limp in her mother's arms, moaning, and her mother smiled, lifting her head and kissing her gently on the lips. "My slutty little girl," she said with a smile.

"God!" Brooke moaned.

"Did you like that, little slave girl?"

Her mother's fingers were still inside her, twisting gently from side to side, pumping lightly in and out. Brooke gasped as her mother lifted her head up and she stared into her eyes, then her mother's mouth was against her own, her tongue dipping lightly inside. Brooke's eyes widened at this new intimacy. Certainly they had kissed many times, but never like this! And then her mother yanked back on her hair so that she cried out in pain, her back arching, and she felt her mother's mouth on her breasts, kissing, licking, sucking on her nipples.

She squirmed and moaned helplessly, her body wildly aroused despite the climax which had just ripped through it. Her wrists pulled feebly at the shackles binding them behind her and she knew a wild flood of excitement at being so - so victimized, so used. She lay back atop the taller woman's lap and could do nothing but experience her expert touch, and something about her own helplessness made her pussy quiver with desire.

And then her father arrived.

Brooke gasped, trying to squirm out of her mother's grasp, embarrassed anew as her father walked over to stand before the chair.

"Is our little slave enjoying her chains?" he asked with a smile.

"She just came on my fingers," her mother said proudly.

Brooke's face burned.

"What young girl could resist coming on your fingers, Karen?" her father asked in amusement.

"And what young girl could resist coming on your tongue, my darling?" she replied with a smirk.

He laughed and knelt, then gripped Brooke's shackled ankles and undid one of the shackles. Brooke gasped as her father's powerful hands gripped her ankles and spread them apart as he moved in between them.

"D-Don't!" she gasped, her voice a whisper, a whimper as her father stared into her sopping opening.

His steel like fingers spread her lips wider as his tongue began to lick a long, slow trail up her inner thigh. Her mother, in the meantime, had her left hand embedded in Brooke's thick hair and used it as a lever to pull her head around and lower her lips to her daughter's mouth. At the same time she let her other hand move over Brooke's overheated breasts, kneading the soft, overheated flesh, her fingers taunting and tugging and rolling her nipples.

Her father's tongue slid slowly up and down alongside Brooke's sex, deftly avoiding touching the heat swollen lips themselves, taunting her as they circled up one side and down the other. Then he pushed his face directly into her steaming sex and Brooke could not repress a cry of pleasure as her legs jerked apart involuntarily and her head jerked back in her mother's grasp.

She felt her father's fingers easing aside the swollen lips of her sex as his tongue moved up and down the length, and then his lips fastened on her clitoris and she flashed into another powerful climax which had her writhing and twisting in wild abandon.

They lifted her between them and set her on her bed, then climbed in on either side, their hands gliding up and down her panting, gasping body, their fingers making her twist and writhe as they took turns crushing her lips to theirs. She was on the edge of another colossal climax when they eased back.

"Please, please," she groaned.

"Please what, my little slave daughter?" her mother asked tauntingly.

"D-Don't stop!" she gasped.

"But why should we keep giving you pleasure when you give us nothing back?" she demanded.

She rose on her knees above her panting daughter, and then reached down, peeling her dress up and over her head in a single graceful motion. Beneath, she was nude, and Brooke saw again that firm, athletic body with its trim belly, high breasts, and naked sex. She moaned as her mother crawled forward and straddled her face, staring up in disbelief at her mother's glistening sex opening as her mother dropped herself lower.

"Show me what you know about pleasing a woman, my little slave daughter," her mother growled. "Show your mother mistress what use you would be as her slave girl."

Brooke was not completely inexperienced with women. It was fashionable, after all, to have a little fling with a girl. All the hotter girls had done so, and she, of course, had been no exception. She had liked the feel of a soft girlish body against her own, enjoyed the intimacy, the lack of time pressure brought on by men's' erections. She had not particularly enjoyed licking a girl, however, but partially, that was because of the hair, and now as she stared up at her mother's hairless slit, it looked cleaner, purer, and she pushed her tongue out as it came down against her mouth, twisting and curling it as she pushed it up into the tiny hole.

She could feel her father between her own legs, could feel his tongue taunting and teasing her pussy as his fingers pushed into her body. The thought that these were her parents could not fall entirely away, yet the heat seeping through her very pores were for the wild sexual lust her lovers were forcing upon her willing body, and she began to think of them in that way instead.

And so she pushed her tongue up along her lover's slit, searching out her clitoris as her own lower body rolled and bucked under her other lover's careful ministrations. A wildness filled her, and her body writhed and twisted in the grip of a wonderful, terrible sexual heat as she struggled to remember how to please her mother's sex while her father drove her nearly mad teasing her own.

Her mother tugged painfully on her hair.

"Ow!"

"More attention to detail, slave girl," her mother said tartly. "Lick my clit, my little slut. Harder. Ahh, yes, like that. My darling little slave girl."

Her mother's musk filled her nose, her juices soaking her mouth and cheeks as she rode back and forth atop the dazed girl, and yet it was difficult to focus because of what her father was doing between her legs, the way he kept sucking her clit until she thought her head would explode, then bit down lightly, pinching it painfully, the way his long, thick fingers would pump deep into her belly and then stop to lightly slap the glistening skin of her pussy mound, the way he would lick at her clitoris and then grind his teeth from side to side with it caught between.

"Please, please!" she moaned.

"Lick me, bitch," her mother growled, tugging at her hair.

Brooke gasped in shocked wonder and a terrible dark heat at her mother's words. She pushed her tongue up into her mother's sex, lapping wildly at her clitoris, groaning as her mother ground her sex back and forth over her mouth.

"Oh yes," her mother groaned. "I'm going to come on my little slut's face!"

Again, the words struck something deep inside her, and Brooke almost came as the frenzy of sexual energy spilled down her spine. But it was her mother who came, riding wildly atop her face, half crushing her beneath as she bounced and ground herself frantically against her daughter's tongue.

She groaned and slipped off, and Brooke groaned as her father stopped what he was doing an instant's shy of driving her over the edge.

"Please! Daddy! Fuck me! Please! Oh God! I'm so hot! "

"And now she begs like a slut," her father said, grinning as he rose up between her legs.

Brooke shuddered, twisting from side to side, her arms aching from her own body's weight.

She saw him undo his trousers and bring out his fat, long erection, and fire spilled through her veins.

"Fuck me!" she gasped.

"Do you want it inside you, Brooke?"

"Y-Yes!" she panted.

He rubbed the fat head along her oozing slit and she bucked up helplessly.

"Beg for it, my little slave daughter."

"Please fuck me! Please fuck me!" she gasped breathlessly.

Her mother lay on her side next to her, caressing her breasts, kissing the side of her neck lightly. "Call him father," she said in a husky voice, her fingers combing through Brooke's long hair. "Call him father."

"Fuck me!" Brooke moaned.

Her mother tugged on her hair and Brooke groaned in pain.

"Father," she repeated.

"Father!" Brooke moaned. "Please fuck me, father!"

"Say, please fuck your slut slave daughter," her mother growled, pulling back more cruelly on her hair in a way which made pain and wild heat roar inside the trembling girl's body.

"Please fuck your slut slave daughter, father!" she cried, her legs spread wide.

She felt her father's fat cockhead sinking slowly through the tightly clutching lips of her sex and groaned long and low in her throat, arching her back blissfully as his cock sank into her overheated belly.

"Oh yes! Oh God! Oh daddy! Oww!"

Her mother bit into the nape of her neck and pinched her nipple.

"Father. Only father," she growled.

Her father lifted her knees up and shoved them back to either side of her shoulders, then leaned over her, above her, and thrust his mighty cock home in her belly. Brooke cried out as the orgasm washed over her, a massive, all consuming sexual firestorm that had her twisting and writhing and bucking wildly as he ground his hips against her and began to ride her slowly.

The orgasm flared within her, and Brooke's mind spun and twisted under its power, her body thrashing weakly beneath him as her father began to thrust his erection home within her. It weakened only slowly, leaving her limp and moaning, yet still darkly, hungrily aware of his thick cock moving up and down inside her. She lay still, save for her heaving chest, content, weary, watching him through slitted eyes, grunting softly each time he buried his long lance inside her.

Yet the steady pumping began to drag her out of her lethargy, back into the wildness of their sexual hunger, and when her mother slid a hand along her belly and began to gently stroke her clit she shuddered and moaned.

"You love it, don't you, my little slave daughter?" she purred. "You love having your father's big cock up inside you."

"Yes," she groaned. "Oh yes."

Her mother leaned in, biting at her nipple, then turned to look up at her husband.

"Fuck her, Mark. Fuck your slut daughter until she screams, until her tight little snatch is bruised and sore. Pound her like you would a slave."

Brooke whimpered and moaned in heat and then gasped as her father picked up the pace, as his eyes became hotter, his muscles bunching and his hips moving faster. His fingers tightened around her legs now, and his hips began to slam almost painfully into her upraised bottom. His cock drove into her faster and harder, and she gasped and grunted in real pain now each time the head punched something deep inside her.

Yet the pain did nothing to distract her from the wild sexual heat enveloping her body and mind.

"Filthy little slut," her mother purred. "Getting off on your own father's cock. What a miserable little whore you are."

Brooke cringed a little, for the words evoked a terrible truth. Yet at the same time they only served to deepen her sexual hunger. What a wild, kinky, slutty thing she was doing! And yet she wasn't doing it! She was helpless, a shackled victim to their dark incestuous lust for her.

"Not hard enough," her mother growled. "Harder, Mark. Put her on her knees, like she belongs, and ride the little slut like she deserves!"

Her father drew back and Brooke cried out as she was flipped onto her belly, as her father's big hands slipped beneath her and yanked her bottom up into the air. She cried out again as he slammed himself home inside her, and her mother gripped her hair, yanking her head up and back so she could crush her lips against her mouth.

"Do you like that, daughter-slave? Does it feel good to be ridden like a slut?"

Her father was riding her violently now, his hips pounding against her upraised bottom, his big cock skewering her, driving even deeper into her belly as his hands roughly kneaded her bottom and shoulders and breasts.

"Rape her, Mark! Rape your slut daughter! Make her scream!"

And she did scream, her voice a long, warbling animal howl of sexual passion as a blinding orgasm tore through her already weakened body.

Three

Brooke groaned weakly, her insides sore and battered, her thighs aching as her mother stood beside the bed.

"Well, my daughter-slave, you've made a good start," she said. "But being a slave means a lot more than just being fucked with your arms shackled behind you. It means discipline, and you have precious little of that.

Brooke sat up, her embarrassment lost now as she looked up at her mother. She felt oddly awed of her tall, beautiful mother now, more so than she ever had before. She felt like a little girl again, like a helpless, silly, simpering, weak little girl. And oddly, she was not at all bothered about that. She felt - right, somehow, as though she were doing exactly what she ought.

"Wh-what do I have to do?" she asked uncertainly.

"Get off the bed."

Brooke grunted as she twisted her body forward to obey. She slipped off the rug onto the floor, then sank to her knees without being asked. Her mother moved to stand before her, running her fingers through her hair.

"Pain is discipline. And yet pain can bring pleasure. A true slave must learn to take pleasure in her own pain."

"I-I'm not a masochist, mom," Brooke said. "I mean, I don't think so."

"We will teach you to take pleasure in pain. And you will address me as mother-mistress. Do you understand?"

A thrill of excitement stabbed through Brooke's chest.

"Yes, mother-mistress," she said.

Her mother turned and walked to her bathroom, then halted, turning around. "Come here. No," she said, holding up her hand. "I want you to crawl to me on your belly."

Another hot thrill rippled through the girl as she awkwardly slid forward onto her belly and then wriggled across the floor. Her breasts ached slightly, her nipples even more, as she ground them across the rug.

"Into the bathroom, slut," her mother ordered coolly.

The word shocked and thrilled her, and Brooke wriggled forward into the large, brightly lit room.

Her mother had her crawl into the shower stall and roll onto her back, then lifted her ankles up and back above her, chaining her ankles wide to a towel rack above her head. She then moistened her daughter's sex, soaped it, and began to carefully shave the thin, neat line of pubic hair away.

"Slaves have no pussy hair," her mother said, her finger gently pinching one of her sex lips as she ran the shaver along the outside. "In fact, slave's don't have a pussy. Do you know what you have, daughter-slave?"

She paused and looked up at her daughter's face.

"No, Mother-Mistress," Brooke gulped softly.

"You have a cunt, Brooke. This cunt."

She thrust a long finger deep into Brooke's pussy.

"This cunt is for the use of others. It doesn't belong to you any more. As a slave, you merely walk around with it, while we make what use we choose or give it to anyone else we want to have it. Do you understand?" Brooke trembled weakly and nodded.

"It means we will give your cunt to anyone we want, and you will have no say in it. If we want a fat pig of a slob to fuck this tight little cunt then you'll kneel there and be glad of it. Do you understand, Daughter-slave?"

"Y-Yes," Brooke whispered, her skin flaring with heat.

"But you will be responsible for how well this cunt of yours performs. You will be trained in how to work your cunt properly, and your tight little asshole," she said, poking negligently at her daughter's anal ring. "When your father rams his cock up your ass you better be able to handle it."

"Oh!" Brooke gasped, wriggling as her mother's fingers moved along her slit and the shaver followed just to one side.

"There's a place I went to, a laser place, we'll send you to get your pussy hair done," her mother said. "So you'll be as smooth as silk from now on."

She took a towel to wipe the cream off her daughter's groin and smiled, running her hand up and down over her bare sex. "But this will do for now, my slutty little slave girl."

"I-it feels so - smooth," Brooke whispered.

"Does it?" her mother asked, raising an eyebrow as she rubbed at her daughter's clitoris.

"Oh! Oh yes! Oh!"

Her mother smiled and halted.

"Mommy!" she groaned.

"I told you, Brooke, to address me a Mother-mistress. You will be punished for disobeying."

"I-I'm sorry, Brooke said, panting.

Her mother snorted and stood up, then left her alone for a long minute. Brooke squirmed and moaned, laying on her shackled wrists with her toes pressed to the wall behind her head she felt the essence of the slut, and a deep hunger crept over her.

Her mother returned and knelt before her. She had a long, thick vibrator in one hand and a short thin leather strap in the other. "You will learn to cope with pain, daughter slave, to embrace it as part of your pleasure."

She clicked on the vibrator and let it run lightly along her daughter's sex, watching the young woman's body arch and twist in response.

She drew it away and brought the strap down lightly against her daughter's smoothly shaven sex. It struck with a soft, wet crack, and Brooke yelped in startled pain, staring up at her mother with wide eyes.

"Did you think punishment would consist only of the occasional spanking, my slutty little girl?"

She slapped the strap down against her pussy again and Brooke yelped once more, her body twisting against the shackles.

"We will punish you in whatever way we decide."

"Ow!" Brooke gasped, the strap slapping down against her bare sex with stinging pain.

The vibrator slid along her slit then, burrowing between her tight lips, sliding up and circling her clit as Brooke rolled her hips again, instantly heated.

Crack!

"Ow!"

"Nasty, filthy little slut," her mother said with a smile. "You need to be punished, slave-daughter."

Crack!

Brooke gasped and her head jerked back. It stung when the strap struck her pussy, yet at the same time the shocking nature of the "punishment" roused a wild, dark heat within her.

Her mother was strapping her pussy!

Her sex began to burn as the strap continued to snap down, yet each time, just as it seemed the pain must push aside the hunger and lust churning through her mind the vibrator would slide along her lips or drive deep into her aching belly and the fire would roar once again.

"Please, please!" she gurgled, writhing and twisting.

"You're not going to come on the vibrator, slave daughter," her mother said. "You're going to come on the strap. You're going to come as the strap hits your pussy. That's what will bring you off. Do you understand?"

Brooke, sweating, dazed, could only moan. Each new revelation, each hot, nasty word made her hotter and more aroused. The strap struck the soft flesh of her bare sex and she cried out, her bottom lurching up.

Her mother rammed three fingers into her sex, pumping them roughly in and out, then slapped the strap down against her sex once, twice, three times quickly. Brooke writhed and cried out in pain and heat.

"Nasty little fuck toy," her mother said. "Come, my slave daughter. Come while your pussy is being strapped. Show me what a slave girl you are."

And the sharp stinging sensations were rousing her, were twisting something in her mind, were pushing her closer and closer to the edge. The vibrator rolled back and forth across her swollen clit and Brooke cried out, bucking up wantonly, and then the strap struck down and she cried out again as the orgasm spilled over her.

Her mother strapped harder and faster, raining blows on her daughter's pussy as Brooke writhed and shook violently, the orgasm tearing at her mind. She screamed and twisted, pulling mindlessly against the shackles, her sex on fire as the strap sent stinging little shockwaves of pain rippling through her body.

Afterwards, her mother turned on the shower and focussed the spray into hard little needles which rained down against her daughter's aching groin until she begged her to stop. She switched the temperature from icy cold to burning hot and back again, laughing gently at Brooke's struggles and cries. Only when she was a half frozen, half drowned, moaning mess did she turn the water down and kneel beside her.

"You're just a sex toy now, Brooke, something for your father and I to amuse ourselves with. We will do anything we want with or to your body. Do you understand?"

She wrapped her daughter's tangled wet hair around her fist and yanked, and Brooke cried out in pain.

"Yes, mother-mistress!" she cried.

"Good, very good," her mother said.

She unhooked the shackles locked to the towel rack and helped the dripping, groaning girl to her knees, then raised her to her feet and patted her dry with a towel before brushing and blow drying it.

"Am I not allowed to call you mom any more, Mother-Mistress?" Brooke asked carefully.

"Of course you may, depending on the circumstances. If you're acting the role of the sex slave you must address me as mother-mistress and your father as father-master."

Brooke made a face. "It sounds silly."

"It serves a point to remind you of your place," her mother said sternly. "And if, as I suspect, you turn out to be a natural slave you may well choose to live your life as a slave, rather than simply taking on the persona during sex play. In which case you would be nothing but a sex toy for anyone who cared to use you at all times."

"All the time?" Brooke asked, swallowing.

"You would never wear clothes again unless it was to go somewhere outside where the lack would draw the wrong attention. You would be chained and naked at all times and be given menial tasks to do when you were not servicing your master or mistress. Perhaps we would find a good owner for you and sell you."

Brooke felt somewhat light headed at the thought of being a sex slave for real, at the idea of being "sold" to someone, a stranger, who would use her as they chose.

"Of course, you would have to be far better trained first," her mother said, brushing out her hair. "You would need much more discipline."

"You mean you would, uhm, whip me and stuff?" she gulped, her skin prickling at the thought.

"You would be subjected to strong conditioning and punishment in order to drive it deep into your psyche that you were a sexual object, a sex toy, a belonging, with no rights and no choice in anything anyone chose to do to you."

"Did you do that to that Melanie girl?"

"Not us, but yes Melanie is now a slave down to her very core. She is incapable of functioning as anything else. She is quite content, quite happy that way. We will start your training, but how far it goes depends on your reaction to it."

Still shackled, Brooke felt her body flare with a soft, seductive glow as her mother reached around her and cupped her bare sex. She stared at herself in the mirror and marvelled as her mother finished brushing her hair and took her arm to lead her from the room.

"Where are we going?" she asked breathlessly.

Her mother paused and slapped her bottom so that her hand cracked loudly. Brooke yelped and jumped a step.

"You will do what you are told to do, slave, and when to do it. Your questions are not welcome, and if you must ask them you will remember to refer to me as mistress or mother-mistress."

"Yes, mother-mistress," Brooke said with a blush.

Her mother led her down the stairs and then into the large front room where her father was once again reading the paper. Brooke flushed as she was led up to him and he turned his eyes on her newly shaven sex.

"Very nice," he said, reaching out and sliding a finger along her tight slit.

This is not happening! This is not happening, she thought with a sense of wild excitement and yet disbelief.

"Our little slut is starting to look the part."

Again her mother slapped her bottom, and Brooke jumped in pain.

"When your father-master gives you a compliment you will thank him," she barked.

"Th-thank you f-father-Master," Brooke said, wide eyed.

Her father smiled. "I think we'll be paying that pretty bottom of yours a lot more attention before the day is done, my pretty little slut," he said.

Brooke shuddered. It was simply unbelievable for her to hear these kinds of words from her father and mother. Every time they did so she felt a terrible flare of heady excitement flutter through her belly.

"On your knees, slut," he ordered, getting to his feet.

"I'll leave her with you for a few minutes," her mother said, abandoning her arm. "I have to see to those new drapes for the master bedroom."

She walked away and Brooke was left on her knees, the shackles tight around her wrists as she looked up at her father.

She watched him undo the zipper of his trousers and heat rose within her as he drew out his semi flaccid organ.

"Suck my cock, slut," he barked, gripping her hair roughly.

Oh my God! She almost fainted at his crude words, but her eyes went wider as he yanked her head forward against his groin.

She opened her mouth, licking at the head, sucking it into her mouth, rolling her eyes up at him as he bunched up her newly brushed hair in both fists to either side of her head.

"Take my balls into your mouth, slut daughter, and massage them. You're not spreading your legs for some young punk now but for a man who knows the feeling of an expert blow job. You are going to become an expert."

She moaned weakly, sucking his left testicle into her mouth and working it over with her tongue under her father's stern instruction. She shifted to his other testicle, then gently licked her way up and down his now erect cock before he began to pump into her mouth.

"Do you know how to deep throat, slave?" he asked, pulling free.

"N-No, Father-Master," she gasped.

He thrust his cock into her mouth again and scowled. "Selfish slut. You will learn."

He began to pump harder and deeper, holding her hair and head in an iron grip. Brooke began to gag and choke as his cockhead punched into the back wall of her throat. Saliva drooled out over her lower lip each time he withdrew, and she rolled her eyes up at him imploringly as her efforts at drawing back from his plunging cock were ignored.

He pulled free and she gulped in air, gasping, a long string of saliva spilling over her lip and down the front of her body.

"We're going downstairs, daughter-slave, where you will learn a few things."

He released her hair with one hand, lifting her to her feet with an arm beneath her elbow, then led the trembling girl out of the room and up the hall to the cellar door.

The cellars were extensive. It was a large house, after all. She had seldom spent much time in them, but was aware of a room at the rear where, she had been told, her parents stored old clothes and furniture from their earlier days. It had always been locked, and she had never really shown much interest in it. Now her father unlocked and opened the door, and tugged Brooke through.

The room was brick walled to either side, with a floor to ceiling mirror taking up the far wall. There were no windows. The floor was of stone, and there were a number of wood and metal frames dotted about it, as though exhibits in a museum. Yet her father led her into the middle of the floor instead and ordered her to sit.

"Slaves do as they're told when they are told, Brooke. Now sit."

Brooke bit her tongue and tried to ignore the thrumming heat between her legs as she sat up. Her father squatted beside her, holding several small chains.

He used the small chains, each about six inches long, to lock her restraints to rings in the floor.

"I want you to lift yourself up, slut daughter."

"H-How?"

"Rise up on your hands and feet. I want your belly flat."

With her hands on the floor next to her bottom Brooke raised herself up, grunting a little, her legs bent at the knees as she held herself above the floor.

"Like this?"

"That's it, slave."

Her father locked her ankle restraints to the floor as well, then, smiling, walked to the sideboard and unlocked it. "You will have time to think about what being a slave means," he said, pulling open a drawer and taking out a pair of long chains.

He brought a small chair across to Brooke and stepped on it, again carrying thin chains. Above her was another ring. He slid a long, thin chain through the ring so both sides dangled low.

"This will hurt a little at first," he said.

"What will?" Brooke asked anxiously.

Her father pinched her left nipple and then placed the jaws of a small metal clip around the rigid little pink button, then let them close.

"Ow! Ow! Fuck! Ow! Take it off! It hurts!" Brooke cried, twisting and pulling at the chains locking her wrists down.

"Pain is how we teach slaves, my daughter slut."

Her father rolled her other nipple between her thumb and forefinger, then placed another clip against it.

"No! I don't - ow!"

The jaws snapped closed around her nipple and Brooke twisted and writhed, held in place by the shackles.

"Stop whining," her father said unsympathetically. "It will ease up in a minute."

"It fucking hurts!"

Her father ignored her, attaching two small thin chains to the clamps biting into her nipples.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" she moaned.

Her father then clipped the end of the small chains, each about six inches to the end of the long chain which hung from the ceiling overhead, and pulled gently on the long chain. The clamps pulled up on her nipples, and Brooke yelped even louder.

"Ow! Ow! Fuck! Daddy!"

"You may call me father-master, or simply master."

"But it hurts!" she whined.

"Then you had best keep your body up firmly because this is going to hurt even more."

"What - ."

Her father forced her knees apart and moved between them, then, before Brooke realized what he intended, her fingers were spreading the lips of her sex and rubbing gently at her clitoris.

"Oh fuck! You're not going to - Daddy, you can't!"

The clip snapped closed and she screamed in pain, her body bucking and twisting violently, her wrists and ankles yanking at the chain holding them down. She lost her balance, her bottom dropping back onto the floor and for long moments she writhed and rolled there, clenching her teeth and gasping and moaning in pain.

"I'm sure the pain in your nipples is already fading, daughter slave. Soon this pain will fade, as well," her father said, gently caressing her belly and breasts.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Brooke sobbed, her head rolling back beneath her.

"Pain is a slave's friend," her father said. "The slave must learn to bask in the pain of her punishment, must learn the true joys of sexual servitude through bondage and pain."

"Take it off! Take it off!" she whimpered.

"Now get control of yourself, daughter-slave. Melanie would not be falling to pieces at such a tiny thing as this."

Her father backed out from between her legs.

"I told you to lift yourself up and hold yourself in position," he said sternly. "As you have not the discipline and strength to obey these chains will require your obedience."

He attached another chain to the clip biting into her clitoris, then rose, holding both chains between his fingers. He gently pulled them, and the pressure against his daughter's nipples and clitoris rose.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"Raise yourself up as you were," her father ordered.

The clips would permit nothing else, and despite the pain Brooke was forced to lift her bottom and legs off the floor, to hold herself positioned with her arms straight beneath her and her legs bent at the knees, her feet flat on the floor, her body flat, horizontal to the floor, her head hanging down.

She felt her father's hand gliding across her belly and then slapping it

lightly. A moment later the pressure on her clit grew, and tears spilled out of her eyes as she cried out.

"Raise your hips a bit more, my slutty girl. That's it."

The clips went taut as her father locked the chains off against the wall, then went back to the sideboard and took from it a long, thin quirt. He walked back and ran the tip of the thin wood along his daughter's abdomen, then sawed it lightly along her bare slit.

"You will maintain this position as punishment for your rudeness, your disobedience, and your impertinence, until further notice," he said.

"Daddy I - ."

The quirt snapped down across her belly and Brooke yelped in pain.

"I have told you that you may refer to me as father-master, or master. Henceforth when you forget you will be punished at once."

"F-Father Master," Brooke gasped, "My back is already starting to hurt."

Her body was quivering, her bottom starting to sag. But sagging even a little pulled her clitoris down against the clip biting into it, and she gasped in pain, pushing her hips up once more.

"That merely points to your weakness, daughter-slave. We will have to strengthen you considerably before you can be a proper slave."

There were steps on the stairway, and Brooke moaned in deliberately pathetic fashion, hoping her mother would be more sympathetic to her as she saw what cruelty her father was subjecting her to. Yet it was not to be.

"Well, well, well," she heard her voice, amused.

Her face reddened, and she closed her teary eyes briefly, though she could not see her with her head upside down and her at her other end.

"She has a lovely body," her father said.

"But poorly disciplined and lacking strength."

"Much like her mind," he replied.

"Yes."

She felt her father's movement as he came closer, squatting beside her, and heat filled her face as she felt his hand slide over her body, caressing and lightly kneading her breasts around the clipped nipples.

"We should get her pierced," he said.

"In time, when she's worthy of it," her mother replied.

"I-I can't hold myself up!" Brooke panted.

Her back was killing her, and her bottom felt as though it weighed a hundred pounds.

"You'll simply have to," her mother said. "Can't is not something a slave gets to say."

"Perhaps we can take your mind off it a little," her father said.

He moved forward and she saw him now, in her peripheral vision. Then he was in front of her, and she was looking upside down between his legs. She saw his hands go to his groin, undoing his zipper and her breath caught in her throat. Then his cock was pulled out, long and fat and white, and she gasped as he rubbed the head across her cheek.

"Suck his cock, daughter-slave," she heard her mother order.

Brooke was gaping more than obeying, with her mouth open, and then suddenly her father pushed his cock into her open mouth and her lips automatically closed around it.

"Suck cock, daughter-slut," her father growled.

Brooke almost gagged as her father pushed his cock deeper into her mouth and the soft, warm, spongy head pushed against the back of her throat.

"Suck," she heard.

And then the chain clamped to her nipples began to tug up insistently, repeatedly - painfully, and she moaned and cried out around the thick cock filling her mouth.

"Suck, daughter-slave," he growled. Brooke frantically began to suck, her tongue slipping wetly back and forth across his cockhead as she dazedly fought to keep from gagging. At the same time she tried desperately to keep her hips up, to keep her back straight as the clamp biting into her clit tugged painfully against it.

"You think being a slave is easy, Brooke?" her mother said, her voice sounding as though it echoed down the length of a tunnel. "You have much to learn, daughter-slave."

There was a click, then a buzzing, and then Brooke felt the unmistakable buzz of a vibrator as it brushed lightly against her aching clit. She felt her mother's hand caressing and kneading her buttocks, then sliding over her belly to finger her stiff nipples. Her father's hand gripped her thick hair behind her neck, pumping his cock steadily in and out of her mouth.

I don't believe this is happening, Brooke thought dazedly.

Her father reached down with both hands, his fingers twisting in her hair as he pumped. She felt her mother's hands moving gently along her body, felt the vibrator buzzing against her aching clitoris, then sliding upwards along her belly and over her breasts to press against her nipples one by one. Her mother's tongue lightly caressed her straining, stretched out clitoris, and she shuddered helplessly, gurgling around her father's cock as he carelessly pumped it in and out of her open mouth.

His fingers tightened, and he began to tug her face up as he increased the force of his thrusts. Brooke could only gurgle and gag and choke as he pumped, the fat head threatening to pierce her throat with every sharp thrust. Brooke wanted to cry out to him, to beg him to stop, yet she was unable to speak as he continued to pump his cock harshly into her mouth.

And then, suddenly, he pulled free, and she gasped as he exploded, as semen spattered across her face and cheeks and nose and mouth, and she realized with near frantic incredulity that her own father had come in her face.

And yet the dark shame of it only seemed to rouse her to new hunger, for the feel of her mother's tongue against her clitoris, the soft, steady throbbing of the vibrator, and the entire bizarre, shameful, wicked affair had her insides molten with hunger.

"Don't let the slut come," her father said warningly.

"I won't," her mother replied, caressing her clit carefully with the vibrator, then thrusting it into her pussy and burying it deep.

"Let her think about her sluttish ways for a bit," her father said, doing up his zipper.

And then they left, and Brooke stared upside down at the wall, semen dribbling slowly down her face as her body throbbed with need and her back began to burn with pain.

Without some support in her middle it was a near impossible position to maintain for long, especially for a girl with little muscle to her. Yet pain was a powerful inspiration, especially the sharp, stinging pain in her nipples and clitoris whenever she wavered. "Please," she moaned dazedly, her head throbbing as it hung upside down. "Please! Please! Please!"

Her body trembled violently, her back constantly threatening to give way. The pain burned at her mind, yet still her hunger remained. And then her parents were there, and she collapsed to the floor as the clips were removed from her nipples and clitoris.

An instant later she screamed in pain as the blood flow returned, twisting and writhing on the floor as she pulled against the chains holding her wrists and ankles.

Her parents removed the chains from her ankles, and then, each holding an arm firmly, removed those from her wrists. Yet she had little opportunity to do anything as they immediately hauled the gasping, whimpering young woman to her feet and led her towards one of the odd frames she had seen scattered about the room, one made of a series of stainless steel bars.

At one end was an A shaped frame of metal bars which rose from the floor, curved horizontally, and then curved back down again. There were straps at both ends, near the floor. On its opposite side from her was a similar stainless steel bar, this one rising higher, then spreading horizontally into a wider metal bar. Between the two and off to either side were two more metal posts rising from the wooden base, both about waist high, and both ending in a padded shackle.

Her parents removed the shackles from her wrists as the dazed girl was recovering from having her head suddenly righted once again, and then bent her belly across the first pipe, holding her arms out to her sides. They placed her wrists in the padded shackles, and then locked them tightly.

Brooke was now bent over at a ninety degree angle and helpless to rise. Yet her parents were far from finished. Her legs were spread wide and bound to the two vertical bars which curved in towards each other. Her parents used strong straps at ankle, knee, and thigh so that she was irreversibly bound to the firm metal frame. Her bottom and sex were thus raised and presented in all their helpless glory.

They gathered her long hair up and bound it into a loose, braided tail at the top of her head, then tied cord tightly around that and lifted it up, binding it to the centre of the overhead bar. This held her head up and prevented it from dropping low as it otherwise would have.

Her father patted her bottom, and Brooke swallowed nervously, rolling her eyes to try to watch as he knelt beside her. A moment later she gasped as she felt something placed against her right nipple. It began to suck hard, and she strained to see what it was.

"They made these originally for cows," he said by way of introduction. "If we use them on you often enough you'll start giving milk."

Brooke was astonished at the thought, and then overwhelmed with the sensations the device was raising in her nipple. For the worst of the pain from the clips had now faded, and her nipples were throbbing and swollen, crackling with pins and needles like a hand or wrist which had fallen asleep and was reawakening. The rhythmic sucking against her nipple almost made her climax at once.

Her father held up what appeared to be a glass cup with a rounded bottom and a tube leading from it. "Smaller versions of these," he said.

Brooke stared at the device wonderingly, then saw her father kneel, felt the glass device placed up around her breast, and felt more suction, this time from the glass thing sucking in alternating rhythms against her breast as it hung down below her. Two more suction cups were placed around her other breast, setting it afire as well.

Behind her she felt the buzzing of a vibrator, and gasped as her mother slid the device up and down her slit.

She groaned aloud as her mother ran her other hand over her bottom, caressing and kneading her firm buttocks, and could not help trying to drive herself back against the buzzing sex toy.

Her mother penetrated her with it, pumping it in and out, then sliding it deep - painfully deep, so that the nose jammed against what must be her very cervix and her bones began to vibrate in tandem. Then she heard a second vibrator and felt it pressing lightly against her anus. She moaned as the nose of the thing circled the tight, wrinkled anal opening, then began to slowly push into her body. It was evidently lubricated with something, as she began to feel a slickness at her anal opening.

Brooke had never permitted anyone to enter her anally, yet now she submitted meekly, even excitedly, as her mother slowly worked the fat vibrator deeper and deeper into her rectum.

"You have a gorgeous ass, Brooke," she commented. "A lot of men are going to want to fuck it, including your father."

She patted and squeezed her bottom affectionately as she worked the vibrator deeper.

"The trick to anal sex for a good slut is to know how to control her body's instinctive muscular contractions," she said. "Your muscles are trying to clamp down to keep the vibrator from pushing deeper. You have to relax them and only clamp down as the vibrator - or a cock, is pulling back. That will make it much less painful for you and much more pleasurable for whatever man is sodomising you."

She slapped her bottom suddenly and Brooke yelped. While she was distracted by the pain she thrust the vibrator several inches deeper.

"You see how easy it is to slide in when you're not fighting it?"

She reached beneath her and began to finger her clit, pushing it up and back towards the vibrator purring inside her.

Brooke groaned dizzily. Her scalp ached now, for her head felt quite heavy, and yet her hair was holding it up. And the two sucking cups on both breasts were making her breasts hot and swollen, and causing her nipples to burn and crackle with sexual heat.

She gave her bottom another slap and thrust the vibrator even deeper, her insides cramping at the deep penetration.

"Good," she said. "Now hold it there. Don't let it slide out."

She moved around in front of her, a small ring in his hand.

"Open your mouth, slut," she ordered, bending with the ring in her hand.

Brooke obeyed, shuddering again, and moaning as the hard steel ring was pushed up against the underside of her upper jaw, and the lower part wedged in behind her teeth. Her father then strapped the thing behind her head.

"That will keep you from doing anything else involuntarily," he said with a grin.

He grinned and looked across her body at her mother.

"Well, Karen, I'm about ready to throat fuck our slut daughter. Do you want to distract her a little more?"

Heat and anxiety flared all over Brooke's body, and she moaned around the ring, realizing now what her father meant. The ring held her mouth wide, yet he could push his cock through it easily and she could do nothing to restrain him.

He was going to force his cock right down her throat!

Her father stripped slowly, grinning at her, then padded across the floor to stand directly in front of her, naked now, his cock still a little wet with her saliva as it stood out from his groin.

"What a lovely sight," she heard her mother say from behind her.

She shuddered as her mother's fingers massaged her clitoris.

Her father placed the head of his cock inside her mouth. "Pleasure and pain, Karen."

"I know," she heard her mother say.

Her mother passed off to her left, and she saw, in her peripheral vision, her opening a sideboard and drawing out what looked like a long, thin wooden stick. She heard it cut through the air as she swished it back and forth. Then her mother returned, moving behind her.

"Now listen carefully, slave daughter," her father said. "Swallowing cock is a matter of mind over matter. There is no physical reason why you can't take it down your throat. But you'll instinctively try to gag and choke when it hits the entrance to your throat. That reflex is what you have to fight. You have to pretend you're a sword swallower - .."

"Or that you're swallowing a really big piece of meat," her mother said with a laugh.

"Or that, and swallow it, and keep swallowing it. You're not going to choke and we won't let you suffocate for lack of air."

She felt a hand at her right breast.

"Are we going to turn her into a little milk cow?" her mother asked.

"Why not?" her father replied. "It's been too long since I had a regular supply of slut milk."

Brooke moaned. It was all just so horribly, terribly, excitingly perverted!

"Your mother-mistress will help distract that notoriously easily distracted mind of yours, daughter-slave," her father said as he began to push his erection deeper into her helpless mouth.

Her mother's fingers stroking her clit told how, and Brooke shuddered and squirmed.

"Shove it down her slut throat, Mark," her mother growled. And her father did.

Despite the warning Brooke's eyes bulged and she began to gag as her father's fat cock pushed into her throat. Then a hard stinging blow against her behind tore her attention away from what was in her throat for the crucial instant it took her father's cockhead to push past the little gag thingee.

She yelled in pain, straining violently against the straps and shackles as her bottom caught fire. And then as the stinging pain began to fade she heard the hiss of the stick cutting through the air a second time and cried out in silent pain as a fresh line of fire was laid across her bottom.

Her father's big cock was halfway down her throat now, and before she could react it was even deeper, and another needle sharp blast of pain flared across her backside to momentarily keep her throat from clamping down.

"That's it, my sweet little slut," her father said, burying the last few inches in her throat. "Swallow that cock to the root."

Another painful crack of pain seared her bottom, and Brooke's body thrashed and twisted as her mother's voice called out from behind her. "Nasty little slut," she said, jeering, "taking your father's cock down your throat like that."

"Control your reflexes," her father ordered, grinding his belly into her face as her mother rubbed and caressed her clitoris.

"It's not going to choke you and you have to tell your body that."

Easier said than done, the dazed girl thought as she fought to keep from gagging.

Her father slid his cock backwards, and that felt even more unnatural to her now aching, throbbing throat. A sharp snap of pain in her bottom momentarily distracted her, however.

Her father's cockhead came free with an almost audible pop, and she gasped for breath as saliva drooled out of her open mouth.

"See? You deep throated a cock," her father said, pleased. "That wasn't so hard, now was it?"

He rubbed the spit wet cock all over her face, giving her time to recover her breath, then pushed it into her open mouth again and began to pump it up and down along her tongue. She braced herself each time it pushed forward, but did not see her father signal to her mother, and so was unprepared, crying out in pain at the whipcrack of fire across her bottom when her father thrust forward once again.

By the time she recovered he was halfway down her throat.

It was very difficult coping with the sensation, and very hard not to panic, despite her father's words. If he hadn't been her father, in fact, and she hadn't trusted him implicitly, it would have been impossible. As it was she tried desperately to brace herself and accept the strange tight, liquid sensation of the hard cock sliding up and down her throat. And after she got over her initial terror she found it more and more easy to accept.

The fact that her body was steaming with sexual need helped, of course. She felt a mild sense of dazed delight at being able to accomplish such a kinky trick. The movement of the cock was very odd, hard, yet not hard, sliding through her tight throat on a thick, layer of oozing saliva in a wet, tight, erotic movement that occupied every inch of available space and caressed the inside of her throat in a bizarrely intimate fashion.

She could not move her head, could not close her mouth, could not pull free, and so had little to do but accept the steady fucking of her throat as her father pumped in and out.

Behind her, she felt her mother's fingers at her clit, stroking it wetly, the thumb prodding repeatedly at the base of the vibrator so as to jab the nose painfully against her cervix. The crop snapped down across her right buttock and she jerked in her bonds, then again as the vibrator slid wetly free of her and her mother played the nose directly across her clit, rubbing and grinding it against her sensitive button so as to produce a mixture of pain and pleasure.

Her father drove himself fully down her throat once more, his belly blocking out the world as it covered her face, then he slid it back all the way up her throat and out. She gulped in air frantically, coughing and moaning as saliva drooled over her lower lip.

"You're doing very well, Brooke," her father said. "You're a natural little cock sucker."

"A natural slut," her mother said from behind her.

She thrust the vibrator deep into Brooke's quivering belly.

"A bad, bad, nasty little girl," her mother said coyly. "Who needs to be punished."

Brooke moaned yet at the same time felt a wild thrill of electric excitement. She braced herself, still gulping in air as her father rubbed his wet cock over her face, and an instant later heard the crop cutting through the air before it sliced into the soft flesh of her upraised bottom. She cried out at the pain, yet it was not as severe as it was, seemingly drowned out in the waves of sensory pleasure rolling through her body.

Another crack of noise as it struck, and then her father's cock filled her mouth. Her eyes rolled upwards at him as she quickly filled her lungs, then the cockhead was into her throat and she was swallowing even as her mother brought the crop down especially hard against her bottom.

Her breasts were afire with more sensation than she had ever felt in her life. The rapid little suction tubes were making her nipples simply ache as if they would explode and her breasts felt battered and overheated, the nerve endings twitching and spasming as the cup sucked hard and pulled them down.

What would one feel like over her clit, she wondered as her father's big cock slid back and forth in her throat.

A whipcrack of pain made her jerk in her bonds again, and pushed her mind into a state of intoxicated excitement. She was so wicked! She was so slutty! This was all so incredibly hot!

The crop snapped across her bottom again and an orgasm exploded within her body, an orgasm like none she had ever felt. Her entire body flared with a wild crackling sexual electricity so that she trembled violently and her mind rolled over like a turtle turned on end. For long, endless long seconds convulsions wracked her body and she simply vibrated, much as the sex toys in her pussy and anus, her eyes glazed over, her mind swooning with ecstasy.

As the orgasm hit her mother intensified her caning, and her father began to drive his cock into her mouth and throat with a powerful, quickening stroke, virtually raping her throat as he crushed her nose against his abdomen again and again and again.

It was all so - hot!

Four

Her father removed the cups and vibrators as her mother released her. Brooke sank quickly to her knees, then lowered her forehead to her arms as she knelt upon the floor, groaning weakly. Her father chuckled and began to put things away as her mother squatted beside her.

"Don't worry, my little slave, you'll get used to the orgasms," she said with a smirk as her hand caressed her daughter's back.

She slid something soft and leatherish around Brooke's neck and the younger woman rose, sitting back on her heels, her hands going automatically to her throat to discover a collar. She swallowed reflexively and felt her vaginal muscles spasm.

"Drop your hands, slut," her mother said not unkindly.

Brooke sighed and obeyed, wincing a bit as her sore bottom was warmed by the heat of her heels. Her mother's fingers buckled the collar tightly, yet not so tightly that it interfered with her breathing. Her father, still tidying up, tossed her a group of leather restraints, and her mother began buckling them around Brooke's wrists and ankles while the girl knelt submissively. Then, soft leather straps went around her thighs high up just below her groin, and around her legs just below her knees.

"We're going to let you rest for a bit, dear, and see how you feel," her mother said. "Come over here. No," she said, pushing down on Brooke's shoulder as she started to rise, "crawl."

Feeling another little quiver of lust, Brooke fell forward to her hands and knees, then, knowing her bottom faced her father, she felt a hot liquid heat ripple through her belly, and eased her knees further apart.

"Crawl, slave."

"Y-Yes, mistress-mother," Brooke whispered, crawling forward to where her mother directed.

She was led to the corner of the room, where the walls were mirrored and a large black dildo protruded from the floor.

"Face the corner and sink your pussy down onto that, slave-daughter."

Brooke would not have imagined that so shortly after the massive orgasm her body could become so strongly aroused, yet she felt her juices flowing as she eased in as close to the corner as she could, so that her breasts were actually touching the cool glass, then awkwardly sank back down. She felt the pressure of the rounded dildo against her moist sex, and sighed in pleasure as it forced aside the lips of her sex and began to push up into her body.

It was cool inside her, but she knew that would not last long.

"Sit back on your heels, my slutty little girl," her mother ordered, gripping her shoulder lightly.

"Now you can spread your legs wider and slip off your heels. They should be next to your bottom, not beneath it."

Her mother knelt and attached a chain to one of the leather straps around Brooke's right leg, the one just below her knee, then pulled it aside, tugging strongly until Brooke forced her leg far to the right. She watched as her mother clipped the chain to a ring set in the floor, then as she moved to her other side, attached a chain to the other strap, and pulled that leg wide as well.

With that chained down she clipped her ankle restraints to the straps around her thighs, then drew Brooke's wrists up behind her back, clipped them to a chain, and clipped the chain to the back of her collar.

"How do these feel?" she asked, rolling one of her daughter's nipples between her fingers.

"Oh! Oh! Don't! Oh!"

Her nipples were exquisitely sensitive, hot and swollen so that even a slight touch made them ache. Yet as her mother continued rolling and caressing her the nipple began to burn with another kind of fire entirely, and she felt that fire lick downwards through her lower belly so that her pubic muscles spasmed around the dildo.

Her father knelt next to her and Brooke gasped as he gripped her hair, forcing her head back.

"Open your mouth, slut, and stick out your tongue," he ordered, his voice colder than her mother's so that Brooke worried he was unhappy and disapproved of how sluttish she was.

She opened her mouth wide and pushed out her tongue without thought. An instant later she cried out in pain at a sharp pain to her tongue, yanking it back within her mouth. Yet there was something attached to it, something biting painfully at her sensitive tongue, and she could not dislodge it no matter how she tried.

"Open your mouth, slut," her father barked.

Whimpering, tears filling her eyes, Brooke obeyed and her father quickly attached a thin wire to a clip he had attached to her tongue, then drew it up and forward. There was a small ring set directly into the corner, and her father fed the wire through it, then attached a weight which tugged her forward. Perhaps to counter this her mother attached two similar clips to her earlobes and then attached wires to these, pulling them back, forcing her body back, until the wires could be locked off somewhere behind her.

And then her father attached a pair of clips to her swollen nipples, and she screamed as the sharp pain bit into her body. She twisted and strained helplessly, writhing under the bitter pain as her father and mother led the wires attached to the clips up and forward to small rings set into the wall.

"Now you think about what being a sex slave means, daughter," her mother said, kissing her cheek as her hand reached down between her trembling thighs.

An instant later the dildo she was impaled upon began to vibrate within her.

The sharpness of the pain faded quickly, and Brooke's tears began to dry. Her eyes rolled as she stared at her image in the corner mirrors, at her nipples distorted, pulled out, at her tongue drawn out over her lower lip and her

bare, vulnerable sex wrapped around the thick vibrator. How long would she be left like this? Was she being punished? Was this what was done with slave girls for no reason?

Her mind was a swirling stew of excitement and indignation, of sulky, pouting over the pain given to her and raw, carnal hunger at the cruelty and lewdness. She stared at the thick collar around her throat and her wrists pulled helplessly against the chain bound to its rear. The collar, she saw, with both alarm and a sense of wicked excitement, was actually locked. She did not know why the sight of the little padlock aroused her so, the knowledge that even were her hands free she could not remove it.

She rolled her eyes downwards and saw a tiny padlock attached to her right ankle restraint as well, and was confident they must be locked about her wrists. It added to her sense of utter helplessness, the sense she was completely unable to escape her bondage.

Her body shifted slightly and she winced as her nipples pulled against the wires. Yet she discovered the "wires" had give in them. They were not, then, wires at all, but some kind of strong elastic cord. They did not have much give, but it was certainly noticeable.

She noticed sheen upon her skin, and realized she was sweating heavily. It was hot in the now dimly lit basement, and her pounding heart and racing pulse had caused her body to warm further. She always hated sweating, yet now the sweat only seemed to add to her masochistic excitement at her condition, to the eroticism of being sexually bound and mistreated.

She shifted her body slightly and felt the firmness of the buzzing plastic vibrator within her. She groaned softly, shifting again, almost instinctively trying to raise herself up a little, to grind herself against the vibrator. She winced as her nipples pulled against the elastic cords. It stung, yet her nipples were so terribly sensitive that the raw sensation was almost - delicious.

Without conscious thought at first she began moving her body, tugging gently and repeatedly against the cords so that they plucked at her nipples. She could not really move up and down on the vibrator, but could shift her body slightly from side to side. And while she could not feel its powerful vibrations against her clitoris she could feel them thrumming through her body so that her clit quivered continuously.

Her bare, naked, glistening little clit, she thought, rolling her eyes downwards to see her reflection in the mirrored wall.

Her mother - her mother-mistress was being so mean to her, so cruel!

Brooke had always rather enjoyed feeling sorry for herself, feeling the martyr, yet she had never had such thoughts in a sexual context before now. Staring at herself, twisting weakly, moaning, sweating, feeling the thick, buzzing vibrator high in her belly, she felt herself wallowing in her own pain and punishment, in her own helplessness, in how cruel and sexually abusive her parents were treating her. Her breath came faster and faster, and the blood raced through her veins as she squirmed dramatically, her eyes wide at the lush sight of her bound body.

She came, came while her upper body jerked back repeatedly, plucking at her nipples. The orgasm shattered her mind and made her cry out around the clip holding her tongue. The pain to her nipples was raw and sharp, and yet only seemed to make the orgasm rage higher.

It faded, and she sagged, moaning weakly, her tongue and nipples and earlobes aching, yet she was not sated, and soon she was once again twisting and grinding and wriggling as another climax washed over her.

She sagged again, head pounding. The wires leading to tongue and earlobes kept her head in place, else it would have hung low. She groaned, staring at herself, thinking how piteous she looked, and thus how arousing.

Her mother appeared behind her and she started, blinking as her mother knelt beside her.

"And how is our sweet little sex slave doing?" she asked, her hand stroking Brooke's bottom.

She reached out and plucked the clips off her nipples, and after an instant relief Brooke writhed and twisted in pain as her mother held her and kissed the nape of her neck.

"Can't leave them on for too long at a time," she said.

She removed the clips from her earlobes, then reached out and removed the one from her tongue. More pain assaulted Brooke, and she had more room to express it now as she writhed and twisted in her mother's grasp until a fist tangled itself in her hair and yanked her head back firmly, pulling her head so far back she might have fallen were she not impaled on the long, thin vibrator.

She felt her mother's mouth over one of her throbbing nipples, then her fingers at her clit. Pain and pleasure hit simultaneously and then the pain faded and she came again, and then again.

"Such a responsive little slut you are," her mother said, pleased.

Her mother combed her fingers through Brooke's hair as the girl panted for breath.

"Have you ever been raped, dear?"

Brooke stared at her then shook her head mutely.

"That's too bad," her mother said. "I really think you should be raped."

"I - ."

Her mother frowned sternly. "No, it does a potential slave well to see just what a piece of raw meat she is in the hands of strong, hungry men who have no need to restrain themselves."

She straightened, nodding. "I will arrange for you to be raped."

Brooke stared at her, eyes widening.

"Gang raped, I think."

Her mother rose and walked across the room, then picked up a cordless phone and dialed a number as Brooke stared in astonishment and disbelief.

"Hello, Edward. I have a little task for you," her mother said. "I want to arrange a rape. Yes, of course. No, the usual. Oh she's very pretty. No one will be disappointed." She paused and smiled at her daughter. "I want at least five men, big ones, rough ones. I want her treated badly."

Again she paused, and Brooke felt the small hairs standing up at the back of her neck, felt a strange crackling heat run along her skin.

"Yes," her mother said. "I want brutes. I want crude, violent men. I don't want this to be gentle. I want her hurt, do you understand, Edward? Nothing permanent, of course. Nothing broken, no bleeding or anything, but tell them to treat her as badly and cruelly as they want otherwise. Rub her nose in what a miserable slut they think she is." Her mother smiled. "Thank you, Edward. You get back to me and we'll arrange the final details."

Brooke swallowed anxiously. "B-But mother - ."

"You'll survive, Brooke," her mother said. "You may even like it, slut that you are. But you need to be gang raped at least once just to see what it's like."

"But I don't - ."

Her mother squatted, gripping Brooke's hair and yanking it back so that she gasped in pain.

"It will be a wall of male flesh all over you, Brooke, their hands groping and slapping and feeling you everywhere, their cocks ramming into every orifice, coming in your mouth, in your face, in your hair, on your breasts, between your legs and all over those lovely ass cheeks. They'll twist you around and throw you down, bend you over, pull at your hair and slap your face. You won't be able to speak for the cocks and come in your mouth, and when they're done you'll be bruised, covered in semen and utterly exhausted."

Her mother's voice got progressively more excited as she spoke, her eyes alight with lust as she leered down at Brooke. "We'll have to see if we can get a video," she said with a laugh. "Maybe we can show it to the family."

She undid the chains holding her in position and helped the shaky girl to her feet. She left her wrists bound behind her, however and after bending her over a table slid the two vibrators which had already been inside her back into her pussy and anus. A black cord was tied around her waist, and then fed between her legs, wrapped around the base of the two vibrators to hold them tightly in place, then up between her buttocks to tie off behind her.

Her mother then combed her hair out and twisted it into a neat tail springing from the top of her head, then tied a cord to this and tied the cord to the end of a chain fed through a ring in the ceiling. She then pulled until her daughter was gasping in pain and standing on the balls of her feet, set it in place, and left her like that.

Although she was no longer in the corner she could still see herself clearly in the mirrored walls and Brooke could not help but be aroused by the sight of herself. She had thought herself sophisticated, even sexually sophisticated, but this was all well beyond not only her experience but even her imagination.

The thick vibrators buzzed within her lower belly, and she moaned as she shifted her weight awkwardly on the balls of her feet, her hair pulling sharply up at her scalp.

Her mother was so cruel to her? Poor her! She moaned and gave herself a pitiful look, the poor abused prisoner, the poor abused sex slave.

Her nipples throbbed. Now that the pain had gone they buzzed wildly, almost with pins and needles, and ached to be touched.

Her ankles ached, her feet burned, her legs and back were stiff and cramped, but it didn't matter. A sexual haze hung about her and she moaned softly, enveloped in the warm glow of arousal as an hour passed, then two.

It was soon exhausting maintaining her position. Her feet trembled and her legs shook. She moaned softly, gasping in pain every so often as her agonized feet dropped her minutely lower and the pull on her hair intensified. Yet the slow, gradual tightening of the pressure had the result of evening out the pull on her long hair so that all were pulling at her scalp at the same length. This spread the pressure of her entire scalp and the pain began to diminish.

As time continued to pass her ankles grew weaker. The cramps spread up her body, through her slender legs, up along her back, into her shoulders and down her arms. Maintaining such a rigid and uncomfortable position for such a length of time was agony to her soft young body, and the pain was almost enough - almost - to overcome the sweltering sexual heat filling her. Yet even with the pain just the sight of herself in the mirror brought her masochistic excitement frothing up within her mind and sent soft, rolling waves of excitement through her lithe young body.

Her ankles grew weaker, lowering her still further, or trying to. Yet she had now reached the limits of how low her body was capable of dropping. The pull on her hair was taut and constant, and the lessening of support from her

ankles merely transferred more and more weight to her scalp. The pain, the sharp, stinging pain of thousands of hairs tugging against her scalp at once, began to increase.

Brooke moaned, trying to force her feet into holding her up harder, yet it was a losing battle, for she was not a particularly athletic or muscled girl, and her ankles and feet were numb and beyond her control. More and more weight came down on her hair and less and less on her feet. She felt her hair tugging up at her scalp, and felt the skin over her face tighten.

And then her feet simply collapsed. Her toes and the front of her feet continued to touch the floor, yet the muscles had burned themselves out, and they held none of her weight. She gurgled weakly, eyes and mouth wide as she stared at her image in the mirror. The pain in her scalp intensified, a thousand, ten thousand needles digging into the top of her head at once.

She was hanging by her hair!

Even amidst the pain Brooke stared at herself in disbelief, unable to comprehend how she could be hanging entirely by her hair. Surely this had not been part of her mother's plan! Surely she had not counted on Brooke's feet giving way so soon!

Or had she? Perhaps she was jealous of her, Brooke thought, jealous of her long, beautiful hair and her slender, attractive body. She felt a new wave of martyrdom and sacrifice, of masochistic heat and helplessness. Poor her!

She stared and then, moaning softly, slowly eased her toes up a little from where they hung, wanting to see them completely off the floor, wanting to watch herself hanging fully and undeniably by her hair alone. She needed only to raise her feet horizontally, to keep her toes from hanging down, and that did it. She gasped, feeling fresh pain, but also a crackling sexual electricity caressing the skin of her body.

She stared, transfixed, and saw her body beginning to sway lightly. The pain stabbed at her, yet she held it off, watching as her body slowly turned on the hook, on the end of the rope, turned in mid air. And the pain was bearable. Her head was aching, to be sure, and the needles of pain sticking into her scalp made her moan and whimper. Yet the sexual heat was foremost in her mind and she felt a wild thrill of dark hunger as she watched her body turning slowly on the end of her own hair.

After a short time the muscles in her tired feet collapsed, and her toes and the balls of her feet dragged on the floor again. She was able to turn her body slowly back to face the mirror again, and stared, moaning, grinding her thighs together around the base of the vibrator holding her sex lips apart.

She was so close to a climax, so close and yet not quite there.

Feet sounded nearby, and she saw her father appear behind her. She saw his eyes gaze down at her feet and then up at her face.

"How are you doing, Slave girl?"

It was very difficult to speak. "H-hurts," she said, her voice slurred as she tried to keep her lips from moving.

"Pain is a constant companion to sex slaves," her father said.

He reached out and cupped her bottom, kneading her buttocks.

Brooke gasped as the movement shifted her body slightly, and ripples of fire moved across her scalp.

"D-Dadddy," she moaned.

"You know you're not supposed to call me that, slut."

He moved to the wall, to where the chain was ultimately attached, and Brooke felt a momentary disappointment that he was going to let her down. But then as she gasped in pain at the shifting of the chain, she realized it was, in fact, pulling her higher. A sharp ripple of liquid heat spilled down her belly and she could not keep her toes from straining, her heels from raising. She was six inches above the floor now, beginning to sway as her father fixed the chain in place and returned to her.

"You'll spend the rest of the evening like this, slut," he said, "as punishment for your misbehaviour."

He gave her breast a squeeze, then turned and left her, and Brooke, staring, watched herself in the mirror, feeling a hot shudder moving through her body, a shudder which grew in strength and power until, grinding her thighs together, she came with a wild, breathless gurgle of ecstasy spilling from her open mouth.

Her body swayed and twisted and turned on the end of her hair until she finally went limp, and even then the sexual heat clung to her glistening body like a sheen of static electricity running over the surface of her skin. She came again a short time later, and then again, more softly, before settling into an exhausted stupor, her body swaying lightly as the hours passed.

She was not aware of her father's arrival until the chain began to jerk and her body began to lower. Her eyes fluttered weakly, and she slowly became aware of a presence, then realized who it was as her feet settled onto the floor and her body continued to sink lower.

She hadn't the strength to support herself. And her legs slowly folded up beneath her as she sank lower and lower, until she was on her knees, still, for all intents and purposes, supported by the cord around her hair.

Her father untied the cord from the chain and she fell into his arms, moaning dazedly. He let her turn and fall across his lap, his hands moving gently over her nude body, rolling her nipples between the pads of his fingers, kneading her breasts, and fingering her clit until she regained some awareness of what was happening.

"Daddy," she whispered.

"Your master, slave girl."

She groaned weakly.

"I know you're exhausted," he said, softly stroking his finger across her clit. "We're taking you deeper and deeper into slavery, into the mentality which will accept your position as a slave without even thinking about protesting."

"M-Mom wants me to be g-gang raped," she said in a low, exhausted voice.

Her father chuckled and pinched her nipple lightly. "Yes, I know. I'm going to watch. It will be extremely exciting watching you being gang raped. It was with your mother anyway, the last time she was gang banged. It's a very odd thing, you know. Part of me wants to rush in and put a stop to it, and the other part is incredibly aroused at just how outrageous it is to watch some man or men roughly use my wife like that, so rough, so wild, so cruel."

He lowered her gently to the floor on her back and then moved to kneel at her head. He tilted it backward and dropped the head of his cock into her mouth.

"Suck cock, slave daughter," he ordered.

Dazed, Brooke closed her lips around his cock and began to suck. Her mouth was very dry, however, and it briefly occurred to her that she hadn't had a drop to drink - or anything to eat - since waking. Then her father's erection slid into her throat and her back arched, her hips rolling and twisting as he jammed himself fully down her throat.

Saliva began to appear now, almost enough to choke her as her father pumped lazily up and down in her throat, his strong fingers holding her head back. It was difficult for her to cope, weary as she was. She kept mistiming her breaths when he pulled out, not filling her lungs properly just before he thrust himself home again. Fortunately it did not take him long to finish, to pump his semen into her mouth and over her face.

"It's time for us to sleep," he said, fastening his trousers. "But not you, slave girl. A trainer is coming for you tomorrow, one with a harder heart than your mother or I, one who will take you further down that road to sexual slavery you want to travel. We want you well prepared to obey her."

With that her father moved her beneath an overhead ring and attached a chain to each of the thick leather restraints around her ankles. A turning of a crank then drew the chains upwards, her legs spreading wider as her body slid slowly along the floor. Her legs were held in the air above the hips at first, then her bottom rose, lifting higher and higher. Her shoulders slid along the floor until they were directly beneath the chain, then they too lifted into the air, and finally, her head rose as well.

Her father released her arms, then, and pain tore at the girl's mind as they dropped down below her. She cried out, her shoulders aching fiercely, her arms throbbing as her father drew them down and apart, fastening her wrist restraints to rings set in the floor.

The pain faded slowly, yet a new problem arose as the blood rushed to her head. She felt her father doing something at her groin, felt the vibrator in her anus withdrawn, then something else even thicker thrust deep into her belly. And then the lights were out and the only sound in the basement was her low groaning and the soft murmur of water moving through the pipes.

As her eyes became adjusted to the darkness she realized there was light coming from somewhere, and after a short time realized, staring upside down at the mirrored wall, that it was coming from a thick candle her father had driven into her anus.

Her head began to pound from the blood filling it, and the throbbing soon filled her world, leaving little room for thought. Hour after hour she hung in place, dazedly staring unseeing at the wall, groaning softly as if loudly breathing. Occasionally her body flinched and jerked as hot wax trickled down over her groin and then down her belly. Soon a fat layer of warm, dried wax coated her entire groin and much of her abdomen, but Brooke was not aware of it on a conscious level.

As morning approached the darkness began to fade into shadows, but the dazed, softly moaning girl did not notice.

Five

Despite her weariness Brooke's face flamed when she looked up from her bowl of milk and saw her Aunt Kim followed her parents into the kitchen.

Her arms jerked convulsively against the restraints binding her wrists together behind her, and then her face dropped in shame as her tall, imperious looking aunt stepped closer and looked down at her.

She was on her knees on the kitchen floor, and quite nude. She wore nothing but the wrist and ankle restraints and the collar around her throat.

"Well, I can't say I'm surprised," Aunt Kim said with a contemptuous snort.

She had always been a little afraid of her aunt. The woman was tall, broad shouldered and almost mannishly attractive, and also brusque, cold, with a haughty face and a deep voice. She had always been polite to Brooke, but there had never been any warmth or affection evident in her voice.

"Stand up, slut," she barked.

The word, now coming from her aunt, shamed and outraged Brooke, yet also thrilled her. She rose slowly to stand nude before her aunt, her eyes down at her feet until her aunt jerked on her hair and forced her face up.

"You look like a sex slave," the woman said harshly, eyes flicking up and down her body.

"But she isn't yet," her father said. "Not up here."

He tapped her head.

"She will be when I'm done with her," her aunt vowed, eyes glaring down at her niece.

"I don't want her treated too badly, Kim," her mother said uncertainly.

Her aunt sniffed disdainfully. "If I have to I'll break her, like I did you. But I don't think much is needed here. This is a weak, submissive slut who will, I think, take naturally to slavery. Like a duck to water, eh, Brooke?"

Her teeth drew back in what looked more like a grimace than a smile.

"We thought maybe you could do most of the work here," her mother said.

"With you too softies looking over my shoulder? I think not. I don't want you cringing just because she screams a little. You need to be tough as nails to break slaves in, and you two aren't there yet."

"But I don't - ."

Her aunt's hand shot out and she gripped her mother's hair. Brooke was startled to see her mother cry out in pain, her back arching as her aunt forced her head back, then sinking to her knees as her aunt pressed her downwards. Her mother made no attempt to defend herself, nor did her father interfere.

"What you want no longer matters," her aunt growled. "Does it?"

"I-I'm sorry, Kim," her mother gasped.

Her aunt glowered at her father. "You haven't been beating her, have you?"

Her father looked reluctant.

"String her up tonight and whip her properly. I know you let her play the part of dominant sometimes with weaker women, and she is growing into the part as she grows older, but there's still a submissive little slut in there, and it needs to be catered to."

"As you think best, Kim," her father said.

"Now get me a leash for this slut daughter of yours. I'll take her back to my place and get to work."

"How long - ."

"Not long, I shouldn't think," her aunt said. "Very pliable meat here. It shouldn't take much to set her firmly in her place."

"My wife has arranged for her to be gang raped."

Her aunt snorted. "A play party of weak men pawing at her. I'm sure I can arrange better. I did for her."

Her eyes twinkled and she twisted her fist in her mother's hair. "Do you remember that, Karen? Do you remember all those men and what they did to you?"

"Yes, Mistress," her mother whispered, trembling.

"Two solid days with the bikers. She was so swollen up at the end she couldn't have taken a blade of grass. How many cocks did you take over that time, slut?"

"H-Hundreds," her mother whispered.

Her aunt raised her eyes to an astonished Brooke. "That's what you do to a cock loving whore of a sister who won't do as she's told," she said. "Are you going to obey me, Slave?"

"Y-Yess, Aunt Kim," Brooke stuttered.

"You will call me Mistress now, not Aunt."

A dark thrill made her shudder. "Yes, Mistress."

Her father brought the leash and her aunt clipped it to Brooke's collar, then released her hair and her mother's hair and moved away, pulling on the leash. Brooke took a final, shocked look at her mother and father, then was pulled out of the kitchen and up the hall, then down a side corridor which led to the garage.

"Are you a cock loving whore like your mother, Brooke?"

"Yes, Mistress," Brooke gulped.

"Good. That's excellent slave material."

"I-I didn't know my mother was a slave, Mistress."

Her aunt led her across the garage to her black Mercedes then pushed her against the side of the car, turning her dark eyes onto the girl.

"I raped your mother when we were younger. She was soft, spineless, weak. I raped her and beat her repeatedly and turned her into my fuck toy. I gave her to my friends, then my boyfriends to play with as they chose. One of the

rougher boys I dated knew a biker. I gave her to them for two weeks and they used her mercilessly. After that I started visiting some of the nastier bondage clubs, bringing her with me."

She opened the passenger door and pushed her niece into the back seat, forcing her to lay on her belly, then forced her ankles up and back and locked them to her wrist restraints before going around the car and getting behind the driver's wheel.

She pulled out and drove down the winding drive to the street, then turned onto the road and accelerated.

"I grew tired of her at one point," she said. "I loaned her to a German I knew from one of the clubs - well, rented her, I should say. We told our parents she was taking a year to jaunt around Europe, but she spent that year naked and in chains as the play toy of Eurotrash. When she came back my friends and I used her for a time, then I sold her to your father."

She turned and looked over her shoulder, over the seat at the startled girl.

"You thought they were married? Your slut of a mother was never married, girl. She was branded. The brand is a small one on her perineum. It should be larger, for everyone to see, but your father isn't a very tough master. He lets her get away with a lot and doesn't keep her in her place. She's getting ideas now about being a dominant to other women." She snorted. "Well some do enjoy both sides of the fence from time to time, but your mother isn't strong enough to be a true dominant."

"Sh-she always seemed strong to me," Brooke gasped.

"If she was she wouldn't have produced a slut like you," her aunt said casually. "Her daughter would be strong willed and capable, not a cheap fuck toy for anyone's use."

The Mercedes pulled into her aunt's garage and her aunt was soon helping Brooke out of the rear of the car. Then, holding her leash, she led the naked girl through the narrow door into the house itself. They had no sooner rounded the corner, however, when they almost ran into her uncle. He stared at her with wide eyes, and Brooke's face flamed, her mind squirming with shame.

"For Christ's sake, Kim!" he exclaimed in shock. "The kids might be home any time."

Her aunt sighed. "Dennis, surely you don't think the kids are still in the dark about some of the things we do."

Her uncle glared at her angrily, but his eyes kept flicking up and down the nude body of his mortified niece. "It's one thing for them to know we have an open marriage and that you're bi. It's quite another to see their own cousin naked and chained in their living room," he snapped.

"As soon as she's downstairs they won't see her," her aunt replied mildly. "Do you want a piece, Dennis?"

Her uncle seemed to almost visibly tremble as his eyes strained to pull free of Brooke's firm breasts, then he turned and stomped off.

"He's such an old fashioned man in some ways," her aunt said with a shrug.

Then she led Brooke through the house to the basement, and down the stairs. They passed a kind of rec room, passed an open door containing a washer and dryer, another where the furnace and other gear was, then through an exercise area before coming to a closed and heavily padded door.

"The kids know about our little dungeon," her aunt said. "It's not as if they were children any more. I suppose they think it a bit gross that their parents have a sex life, but they aren't shocked by anything. Come over here, Brooke."

She pulled Brooke to a corner and opened a cabinet, drawing out a pair of leather straps. She unfastened the wrist restraints binding the girl's wrists, replacing them with a thick leather strap. The second strap went around her arms just below her elbows, and Brooke began to gasp and moan in pain, dancing from foot to foot as her aunt drew her arms back farther and farther. Brooke groaned in pain as her shoulders creaked, her arms forced back farther and farther.

"Aunt Kiiim!" she moaned.

"No whining, slut," she replied calmly.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Brooke felt her arms grinding together almost up to the elbows as the strap was finally buckled in place, and gasped in pain. To one side was a long, polished wooden post which rose almost to the roof. A second, narrower branch arched out from the post near the top, curving up and then downwards to end well above Brooke's head. Her aunt placed her beneath the tip and then lifted her wrists sharply upwards. This had the effect of bending the girl over, and Brooke cried out weakly at the pain to her shoulders.

Her wrists were lifted high, straight upwards, and then fastened in place to hold her in her bent over position, her bottom raised, her head hanging down. Her aunt gave her bottom a light slap, then moved back to the cabinet, drawing out a butt plug and a vibrator, both of which were soon inserted deep in her niece's belly. Weighted clips were hung from her nipples, the pain causing her to cry out and wriggle, begging her aunt to remove them. Instead she felt her aunt's fingers parting the lips of her sex, pushing back the hood over her clitoris.

She screamed out loud when the jaws of the clip bit into her sensitive clitoris, howling and twisting as tears filled her eyes.

Rather than showing sympathy, however, her aunt yanked her head up by the hair, and then pushed her hand into the girl's mouth, snapping a fourth clip around her tongue and yanking it out and down. A wire attached another

weight to that clip, and as her aunt let her head fall Brooke moaned and sniffled in pain, her tongue throbbing and burning.

"Such a baby," her aunt sniffed. "The punishment hasn't even begun."

She squeezed her niece's bottom, then prodded at the vibrator, turning it on, before returning to the cabinet.

"I am going to make sure you don't backslide like your slut of a mother," her aunt said, moving into position behind the girl.

Brooke moaned and tried to speak, but the clamp on her tongue, and the pull of the weight made it an unintelligible mumble. And a moment later as her aunt brought the riding crop in her hand down across Brooke's bare bottom the girl could only scream in shocked pain and twist helplessly, her shoulders burning every time she moved.

"You have a lovely bottom, Brooke," her aunt said. "I suppose you know that."

The crop sliced into the girl's soft buttocks a second time, and against Brooke howled and jerked in violent response.

"But you need to get used to the idea that beautiful rumps on slave girls are for spanking, cropping, and paddling," her aunt said, bringing the crop down sharply a third time.

The shocking sharpness of the pain almost took Brooke's breath away, and even as that instant of terrible pain faded it left behind a burning stripe across her bottom which continued to throb and sting. Another blow, and another, and another cut across her buttocks, and tears spilled from her eyes onto the floor below as the pain mounted.

This was not what she wanted! This wasn't sexy! This hurt!

Yet she could do nothing, could not even demand her aunt stop. Her frantic, cries and gurgles were insensible even to herself, and her aunt continued to strike her fiery burning flesh with the long, thin crop so that the pain rose higher still. Each whipcrack of noise as the crop struck her raised bottom was echoed an instant later by a whipcrack of pain tearing through the sobbing girl's flesh, until her entire bottom was a throbbing sea of burning nerve endings.

Then it stopped. Without a word her aunt put down the crop and went to the door. She opened it briefly, stepped through, and then closed it on her niece's sobs.

Brooke continued to cry for a few minutes, but the tears gradually faded into sniffles as her bottom burned with a lower but still intense pain. Her aunt, she thought, sniffing and moaning, was a mean, nasty old bitch.

She groaned as she pulled her aching head slowly upwards. It felt as though it weighed a ton, and as she lifted it the weight clipped to her tongue pulled it across her lower lip, the chain hanging down along her chin, the small weighted ball just an inch or so below. She blinked through her teary eyes and looked around the room, noting that the room was "decorated" in some ways much like her parents' little bondage chamber. It was larger, however, and one entire wall was covered in mirrored tiles.

She turned to gaze at herself, and knew a grudging approval of how exotically erotic she looked. The image of herself appealed to her masochistic sense of lust, even though the pain was still too high for her to feel any real arousal. She noted that her breasts looked larger as they hung below her chest as they did, and her nipples looked quite long as the clip pulled on them. Her hair was a tangled mass covering half her face, and her tongue lewdly thrusting out over her lower lip.

It was too hard to keep her head up, and it sank down, her hair spilling around it as she groaned in discomfort. Yet she felt the beginnings of arousal, as well now, and felt the buzz of sensations as the vibrator purred strongly within her pussy.

She had no way of measuring time as she stood there. Her arms and shoulders cramped terribly, and her back began to burn like fire. The intensity of the stinging in her bottom faded, and the arousal began to warm her groin. The door closed with a snap, and she moaned weakly as she fought to raise her head. She stared through her hair at the figure approaching, and started as she realized it was not her aunt but her uncle.

He smiled a little shamefaced as she came to her, his face slightly red as he licked his lips nervously. "Well uhm, hi Brooke," he said awkwardly.

Her face burned and Brooke dropped her head, letting her hair mercifully cover herself.

"I had no idea you were into this sort of thing," he said. "I'm a bit of a fan myself, though nothing like your aunt and mother of course."

He moved beside her, and she felt his hand alight on her back and stroke softly.

"I can't say I don't have my doubts about incest," he said. "I mean, well, but your mother and aunt, well, they have a special relationship, and it's not as though everyone weren't consenting adults." He laughed hollowly. "Uhm, I never uh, normally wouldn't even think of you in that way," he said, his hand stroking down along her ribs. "But you being intent on this, well, sex slave business, well that's uhm, kind of different, I guess."

Cringing with mortification, Brooke closed her eyes as she felt his hand move over her body.

He slid his fingers, damp and sweating and trembling slightly down to her breast and gave it a squeeze. "Seeing you naked like that, well, it really turned me on. I mean, you're my niece and all but geeze, you're really a hot looking girl, Brooke, and I have to admit I've noticed you before in those little swimsuits you wear."

His fingers kneaded her breast as his other hand stroked down along her bottom.

"I guess Kim gave your bottom a little striping," he said, running his fingers along a still stinging welt.

"She said that you needed strong men to help train you properly, and I guess I can kind of see that," he said, his fingers moving down to the vibrator protruding from her tightly clenched pussy lips.

She gasped as he seized the base and slid the wet, buzzing toy up the length of her pussy and out, then rubbed it lightly up and down around her clitoris.

"You like that?" he asked, sounding pleased.

Brooke most certainly did not like that!

It was one thing for her parents to see her nude and exposed like this, another for her aunt, an intimidating and imposing woman to control her. But having this vapid, tentative man, her uncle, a pasty faced middle aged boring man she had always dismissed as a nobody fondling and groping her was so humiliating she thought she might actually die of shame. Yet even more shameful was the fact that her body was reacting in helpless excitement to the feel of the vibrator sliding around and over her swollen, aching, burning, pinched clitoris.

"This will hurt a little, but your aunt said it would be over soon," he said.

With that he removed the clip from her clitoris. An instant later Brooke screamed as the pain tore through her body. It felt almost as bad, perhaps even worse than it had when the clip had first been snapped tight around her clitoris. Tears filled her eyes once again and her head shook from side to side, sending the weighted ball flying and pulling on her tongue.

The worst of the pain faded quickly, yet it still ached ferociously as she felt her sex lips being spread around something which was definitely not the vibrator.

She had wondered what her aunt saw in the man, and now she felt it, as the lips of her sex spread wider and wider, stinging, straining, much wider than the vibrator had opened them, wider even than her own father had stretched when he had pushed his big cock into her. She tried to raise her head, to turn, to see just how big he could possibly be as her pussy lips continued to strain tautly, to pull wider, and then she felt his hardness moving into her, sliding slowly through the opening of her sex and driving up into the moist pink heat of her belly.

"Fuck you're tight!" he gasped.

Brooke groaned as she was impaled on her uncle's stiff cock, closing her eyes again as she felt her insides spread wider, the walls of her sex straining as he forced himself deeper.

The pain of her clit began to fade now, turning to a kind of throbbing pins and needles sensation as her uncle thrust himself fully inside her and ground himself against her sore bottom.

"Ahh," her uncle groaned. "You have some kind of family, Brooke. You, your mother, your aunt. Fuck, what a bunch of sluts!"

He pulled back slightly, then jammed himself into her, grinding his hips again, working her sex tunnel open. And then he clicked the vibrator on and slid it in between her legs, down to the bottom of her sex opening, and played it over her clitoris. Brooke jerked in shock, and then began to tremble in helpless response as her clitoris, swollen and throbbing, reacted like a fire with oil poured over it.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she gasped, her body shaking.

The effect on her clit, still crackling with pins and needles, grew more and more intense, and despite herself she felt an orgasm soaring over her as her uncle began to pump into her for real.

It was a monstrous come, and her body shook frantically so that only her uncle's steadying hand kept her from trying to fling herself down, breaking her arms, perhaps, in the process.

Yet this was no mere orgasm. As her uncle's cock moved faster and faster inside her and the vibrator rolled back and forth across her clitoris the orgasm howled up and down inside her like an out of control roller coaster. It rose to screaming heights, plummeted low, and then rose once more, again and again.

Dazed, the gurgling, gasping, moaning girl clung to every instant of wildfire pleasure as ecstasy swamped her nervous system. And yet, it kept on and on, impossibly long, until some small thinking part of her realized it was no mere orgasm, but a string of them, multiple orgasms forced upon her by the vibrator and her aching clit, and by, she realized, the thumping, pounding sensations as her uncle thrust into her upraised sex.

For he was not being at all gentle now. His big cock was thrusting into her hard and fast, using long, deep, quick strokes as his hips slammed against her raised bottom. Her body jerked in time to the thrusts, sending the weighted balls attached to her tongue and nipples swinging below her with stinging results.

But nothing could lessen the power of the sexual firestorm gripping her, and Brooke shuddered as the climaxes rippled through her body like a string of firecrackers

Finally, they eased, leaving her exhausted. Only the pain in her shoulders and arms kept her from sagging down to the floor. She closed her eyes, groaning, still feeling her uncle's hips smacking into her bottom, his cock thrusting into her belly. God, he was big, she thought weakly. And it felt so - good, to be used so fully, to have a big cock pumping inside her. It felt so natural. And it took her mind away from the pain.

He groaned as he finished, and she felt him quickly soften as he pulled back. He thrust the vibrator almost immediately back into her pussy. He spoke no more, as if embarrassed, yet before he left he slipped the clit over her clitoris again, and then hurriedly exited.

The pain was intense yet somehow not as bad this time, and Brooke moaned as she held wearily still, her shoulders cramping fiercely.

Her aunt returned after a time, and yanked her head up by the hair.

"Did your uncle fuck you, little slave? Did he give you a good, solid raping?"

She plucked the clip off Brooke's tongue, and the girl cried out in surprise and pain. The pain was not as terrible as it had been when the clip had been removed from her clitoris but her tongue still felt sore and swollen.

She twisted Brooke's hair around her hand and yanked her head higher.

"Now you're going to show me how grateful you are," her aunt said, lifting her skirt and guiding her sex against her niece's mouth. "Come, slave, pleasure your mistress."

Sore as her tongue was the pull on her hair persuaded Brooke to action, and her tongue slid up and down her aunt's slit as the woman tugged and twisted her fingers sadistically.

"Higher, slut. No, to one side. Is this all your slut mother taught you? Miserable little cock loving whore! Do I have to show you everything?"

She guided Brooke's tongue and lips to where she wanted them, tugging and twisting her hair, and sometimes reaching down to slap at or painfully dig her nails into the girl's dangling breasts whenever she was less than pleased with her enthusiasm or ability. Brooke's entire jaw was aching and tired by the time her aunt announced her acceptance with a long, drawn out groan of orgasmic pleasure.

Her aunt released her hair, letting her head drop, then reached above her and unclipped her wrist strap from the post above. Brooke promptly sank to her knees, groaning in the wonderful pleasure of relief as she was able to straighten her spine again, as she was able to take the pressure off her shoulders. She sat on her heels, ignoring the pain there, slowly twisting her shoulders and arching her back in sensual pleasure.

Her aunt moved behind her and released the straps binding her arms together. Again she felt a wild flood of relief fill her body as she was able to slowly and gingerly bring her arms back to her sides and then to her front, groaning as she hugged herself, as she gently caressed her arms with her hands.

"Sex slaves are weaklings, but they must have strength in some ways," her aunt said, "Now lay back on the floor, slut. At once."

Groaning, Brooke obeyed, spreading her body out, feeling luxurious pleasure in being able to stretch and twist, to roll her hip, to slowly undulate and twist her body even as her aunt watched.

Her aunt pulled over a chair and sat down

"I want you to masturbate for me, Brooke. Go ahead. Use the vibrator and your fingers. I want to see you masturbate."

The order brought her out of her reverie, and she stared up at her aunt with a mixture of embarrassment and excitement. Yet her aunt's stern visage showed she was to be given no choice in the matter, and despite her embarrassment the thought of doing something that - lewd in front of her aunt sent a sudden wild heat to her lower belly.

Shamed, yet helplessly aroused, she spread her legs wider and hesitantly began to run her fingers over her body. The tips of her fingers searched lower, ran up and down her sex opening as her aunt watched, and then she found her throbbing clitoris and began to rub herself. It was nasty and naughty and wicked, it was dirty, and she loved the feeling of doing it anyway as her fingers moved faster across her clit.

Her other hand reached for the vibrator and turned it on, then began to slowly push it into her body, her eyes meeting her aunt's, then flicking away, searching them out again, then dropping in shame. She basked in that shame, bathed in it, revelled in it as she began to pump the vibrator inside herself, using it as a dildo, gasping in excitement as she let her knees fall farther apart.

She was on the verge of orgasm when her aunt's voice snapped out. "Stop!"

She halted in dazed surprise as her aunt leaned over and plucked the vibrator from her, then slapped her hands away.

"Get on all fours, slut."

Shuddering, Brooke rose to her hands and knees and saw her aunt held a small rubber ball in one hand, and a crop in the other. She tossed the ball across the room and looked at her.

"Fetch," she ordered.

Brooke stared at her incredulously, and her aunt brought the crop snapping down across her back. She squealed in pain, twisting away.

"Fetch, slut!"

Her back stinging, she turned and crawled across the room to where the ball lay near the corner, then reached out for it.

"No!" her aunt snapped. "In your mouth, slut."

A dagger of heat drove through Brooke's belly and she stared down at the ball, then, suddenly finding it hard to breath, bent and caught it in her teeth, then turned slowly and crawled back to her aunt, stopping, looking up at her as she reached her feet. Her aunt reached her hand out for the ball, holding her hand beneath Brooke's mouth, and Brooke opened her jaw, letting it fall.

Her aunt smiled thinly, then tossed the ball again.

"Fetch, my little bitch dog."

Her pussy throbbing, Brooke turned and crawled across the room.

"Faster, slut!"

She had to lean through a narrow opening in one of the devices and bend her head low to seize the ball in her mouth. But then she was drawing back and crawling back to her aunt with the ball in her mouth.

She cried out as her aunt cut the crop across her back.

"When I say faster, I mean faster," the woman growled, snatching the ball from Brooke's mouth.

She glowered, then bounced the ball across the room. Brooke turned quickly and crawled across the floor. Her knees were beginning to ache now, but the thought of the crop made her endure it as she hurried to where the ball lay and bent her neck, opening her jaw widely to bite into the ball, then turning and crawling back.

Yet it was not fast enough, and the crop slashed across her bottom. Yet this time the sexual hunger gripping her was strong enough that she almost welcomed the pain, the shame, the cruelty.

She was panting like a dog now, gasping for breath. Her aunt took the ball and sent it bouncing again, and Brooke turned, lunging after it, crawling as quickly across the floor as her sore knees would permit, to bring it back to her mistress' hand.

"That's a good little bitch," her aunt said, petting her head and sliding her fingers down along her cheek. "Stand up."

Brooke rose, panting, and her aunt turned her and then locked her wrist restraints together behind her head before dropping to her knees and clipping her ankle restraints together as well. She rose and smiled. "Now open your mouth."

Brooke obeyed, wincing as her aunt plunged her fingers in and she felt the jaws of a clamp pressing against her tongue. She cried out in pain as her aunt released it and quickly withdrew her fingers. The pain was intense, as always, and Brooke's head swung violently from side to side before her aunt gripped her hair to hold her still. As before, there was a thin chain attached and her aunt pulled it up above her head, painfully up, tugging on her tongue as she fitted the chain to a ring hanging over head.

"You may rest," her aunt said.

For a time, Brooke rose onto the balls of her feet. There was no real pull on her aching tongue then, but her feet had not recovered from the previous day when her father had done something much the same, and it took very little time before she was forced to sink back until her heels were flat on the floor and the chain was pulling painfully against her tongue.

She held herself as still as she could, gasping, panting, moaning softly, her legs and back straight, head tilted back, tongue thrust up through her open lips. Her tongue ached and continued to ache, and she had no measure of time except the pounding of her own heart. The pain in her tongue soon gave her a headache, and her back and legs began to go stiff, and cramp and ache. Her stomach rumbled weakly and her throat was painfully dry.

It was very hard to think straight, very hard to think at all.

Her tongue hurt.

Her aunt returned, calmly removing the clamp from her tongue, and Brooke cried out in pain, swaying weakly in place as her aunt half dragged her across the floor to where a rounded metal post stood up in the centre of a low metal frame. Her aunt bent and unclipped her ankle restraints as Brooke swayed dizzily, then unclipped her wrists.

"Stand here. Raise your arms up and apart," her aunt ordered.

Brook took a shaky breath, then, still concentrating on the pain in her tongue, positioned herself as her aunt required. She pressed her belly against the stainless steel post, feeling it run up the length of her abdomen as she lifted her arms high and apart. Chains hung from the ceiling here, and her aunt locked one to each of her wrist restraints, holding them loosely in place.

She moved to the post then and pressed her foot against a switch in its base, then pushed down on the rounded top so that the post began to sink. When it sank to the level of her groin she stopped and gripped Brooke's hips, guiding her forward over it. She was forced to rise onto her toes, and even then felt the pressure of the rounded metal pressing against her sex lips.

Her breathing began to come faster, and she tensed as the post began to sink into her, spreading her pussy lips apart.

Her aunt hooked a foot behind Brooke's left ankle and pulled, forcing it to shift apart. Brooke gasped as the post sank deeper, and then still deeper, beginning to cry out in pain. Yet her aunt was not impressed, and kicked at her other ankle, forcing that to shift to the side as well. The effect was to lower her body, and the chains went taut over her head, pulling against her wrists.

Her pussy sank several inches deep onto the thick, metal post, and her aunt bent and attached chains to her ankle restraints, spreading them apart so that she stood spread-eagled, arms and legs straight.

She bent and saw to the post then, and to Brooke's surprise she felt the pressure of the thing mounting, felt it lifting upwards, thrusting through the soft folds of her pussy, the cold steel driving higher into her belly. Her breathing came still quicker, her arousal a dark, masochistic glow within her belly and mind as she stared across at her mirrored image on the wall.

The metal post felt enormous inside her, and looked enormous in the mirror. Her sex lips ached with the strain of being forced wide enough to let it pass between. Her belly felt hard and aching, and as the thing drove slowly higher she felt cramping in her upper abdomen.

Her aunt placed a round, clamp-like device around the post just beneath where it entered her. She then attached to narrow metal pieces to the top of the clamp, each no wider than her little finger, and only a little longer. Her fingers gently forced the top of Brooke's sex lips back and exposed her clitoris, then let the two metal pieces press in firmly against her already moist skin no more than a fraction of an inch to either side, bracketing the throbbing little button of heat.

She stood, at last, and smiled at her niece, then combed her fingers through the panting girl's hair and moved away. She stepped to the wall, and Brooke noticed a small black box there, much like a stereo or DVD player, yet as her aunt bent over it she felt a sudden vibration from the metal post impaling her, and her breath drew in a sharp gasp. The vibration was not as steady as a vibrator, but came in slow rolling waves which rose and fell. And then she felt a thrumming within her body, felt the hair rising along the back of her neck, and realized that the post was not merely vibrating, but conducting low voltage electricity into her belly.

Her aunt returned to her, eyes serene, and cupped her breasts, kneading them gently and with obvious enjoyment. She let the tips of her fingers rub and roll the girl's nipples between them, pinching lightly and tugging them away from her body.

Brooke moaned softly, her insides aching yet throbbing with heat and hunger, her breathing coming in ragged gasps as her aunt pinched at her nipples and her body twisted softly against the hard metal pipe.

"You will know you are a slave before you leave this room," she said.

She abruptly yanked Brooke's head back by the hair sharply enough the girl screamed, then jammed a hard, leather ball into her open mouth. The ball filled her mouth, pinning her tongue down, and a strap which buckled behind her head ensured she could not force it out.

"Sometimes I enjoy the screams of young girls," her aunt said. "But not at the moment."

She moved to the cabinet once more and withdrew what appeared to be a whip. It had a long handle from which protruded perhaps a ten or so leather strips, each thin and no more than a foot in length. Brooke trembled, trying to brace herself, feeling a sense of disbelief wash over her as she watched her aunt in the mirror, as her body quivered atop the post.

She watched her aunt draw her arm back, and then clenched her teeth, crying out almost before the whip struck her back. The strips of leather felt like a patter of light scratches across her soft skin, and she arched her back in response even while feeling a sense of thrilling heat. Yet it hurt, but not terribly, and the heat of her own masochistic desires poured over her to wash the pain away.

Her aunt drew her arm back again and this time Brooke merely groaned, elated, excited, her body arching slightly as she felt the scratches again. A third time, and a fourth, and a tenth time the whip cut across her back, and Brooke was near orgasm, staring at herself, feasting on the image of her own punishment, her own torture. Her back was growing warm, beginning to throb, the flesh reddening, yet it was as nothing to the heat inside her.

Her aunt struck her bottom and lower back, and then let the whip swing sideways so that the thin strips began to snap at the sides of her chest, inching further and further towards the front of her body and her firm young breasts, now jiggling and shaking with her body's constant movement.

The whip curled lightly beneath her arm and the tips of the laces struck the underside of her right breast. She cried out, stung, yet intoxicated, her lower body grinding against the impaling post as she climaxed violently.

Another blow, and another, and another cut in beneath her arm to snap at her now stinging breast, all fuel on the fire of the orgasm roaring inside her.

Her aunt halted, and she sagged weakly, gulping in air, moaning tiredly, letting herself half hang from her wrists, head hanging low. She gasped suddenly, raising her head as she felt a shift in the power within her, felt it grow more powerful, setting her body to trembling uncomfortably. Yet still it was not pain, not quite pain. It was almost ticklish, in a way, a continuous crackling sensation running up through her belly and chest and down through her groin.

Her aunt moved before her and began to swing the whip once again, and the stinging grew worse as the narrow strips of leather came directly down across Brooke's chest, across her throbbing breasts. Yet she laid her head back, almost pushing her chest out, enveloped in a mindless sense of hedonistic sexual need. She winced and gasped as the leather began to sting her soft breasts, yelping whenever one fell more directly across a swollen nipple.

Her aunt let the whip cut across her belly and upper abdomen, and Brooke strained dramatically at her bonds, fully aroused again, her body flaring wildly with hunger and an almost intoxicating sense of sexual hunger.

Her aunt moved back to the cabinet, put down the whip, and took up another. This one had longer strips, and thicker. She moved behind the girl and examined her soft flesh, already covered in very thin pink lines, then drew back her arm and let the whip fly.

Brooke cried out in shock and pain as the whip struck. It momentarily drove the breath out of her as her back arched violently. If the other were soft scratches this was a painful clawing that left long red welts of fire burning along her back. Almost she begged her aunt to stop, but too late, for another blow flung her against the restraints and dazed her to speechlessness, and then a third flung her forward again, to fall back again, gasping and shuddering.

And then the shock and excitement boiled over in her mind, a wonderment that she was being whipped for real, not a by a tiny, almost painless toy either. She was being whipped!

It was much worse than the first one, though, she thought, perhaps the stinging was not quite as bad as the crop she had used on her bottom.

Six

The long whip slashed across her back again and Brooke let herself scream into the gag, scream as loudly as she wanted, let herself howl and shriek in abandon, feeling a strange sense of release at having no need to restrain herself in the slightest. The whip clawed at her soft skin and she screamed, twisting, straining against the chains, her body shaking in the mirror as she stared at herself.

The leather strips made fire burn across her back as they struck her again and again. Her aunt let the whip play up and down between her thighs and shoulders, until Brooke was sagging in her bonds and her entire back was afire. Then she began to twist it sideways. Exhausted, dazed, yet even so burning with hunger, she sobbed and screamed into the gag as the leather thongs cut across her ribs and snapped up against her breasts.

Her aunt paused, returning to the box, and the power edged higher. Now it made the dazed girl tremble as the power surged through her body, and she began to vibrate like a plucked tuning fork, gurgling weakly into the gag.

The whip curled around her side and the knotted ends snapped into the soft, warm flesh of her breasts, turning her gurgling into a sharp, high pitched scream of pain. Her eyes bulged, and in them she saw her aunt's mirrored image, saw the lust and excitement on her face as she sent the whip curling around her other side. Brooke howled as the knotted thongs snapped up against her breast with painful accuracy, her body thrashing weakly.

Her breasts were lined with fiery red stripes, now as thick as her finger, and more began to cut across them as the whip snapped down again and again and again. Her aunt moved before her, and Brooke shook her head frantically, eyes filled with tears. Her aunt smiled and the whip slashed across both breasts.

Brooke's body was hurled back against the chains, her belly jerking painfully against the impaling post. Again and again the whip clawed at her breasts and belly, until she was reduced to a sobbing, near mindless ball of flesh hanging weakly from her wrists.

The whipping stopped, and she groaned in relief, her head hanging back, teary eyes staring at the roof overhead. She hardly noticed when the blindfold was placed over her eyes, or when the headphones went over her head, the thick, padded speakers covering her ears.

Soft music began to play, and over it, a soft, female voice, speaking to her.

"I am a slave," it whispered softly. "I am a sex slave. I live to please others with my body. I hunger for their hands on my breasts, for mouths on my nipples and sex. I live to give others pleasure. I rejoice in my use. They own my body. They own my mind. I am a toy for them to use."

On and on it went as the music played in the background, speaking to her of the joys of slavery, of the need to obey and serve her mistress and master. And then came soft groans and cries of pleasure and ecstasy, still in the background as the woman's voice spoke softly to her. Some part of her recognized the voice as her mother's, and Brooke groaned weakly.

"I love the feel of naked flesh pressed against me," the voice whispered. "I love to kneel at their feet and press my lips against their toes. I grovel before them and glory in my sexual use."

All the while her body trembled with the flow of electricity through her belly, electricity which hovered just on the edge of pain.

"If I disobey I will be punished," the voice said, sounding stronger now, firmer.

And as it spoke, though she could not see it, a spark of power snapped between the two contacts framing her clitoris, a blue spark which caught her moist, swollen clitoris and sent her body snapping violently and helplessly up and back.

"I must obey," the voice whispered, returning to normal. "I must be a good slave girl. I must make my master and mistress happy. I must pleasure their bodies."

She was barely listening, dazedly hanging from her wrists, not yet recovered from the sudden shocking bolt of electricity. It took time for her mind to begin to function once more, for her to force strength into her legs to support herself and relieve the pressure from her aching wrists and arms.

And the voice whispered and whispered of the pleasure of the flesh as the sound of ecstatic groaning and moaning played in the background.

"If I do not obey they will punish me," the voice said sternly.

And another sharp blue crack of power jumped from one contact to the other, passing through her clitoris and sending her screaming back against the chains to hang trembling from her wrists, mind momentarily stunned.

The power began to change now from a smooth, steady flow to one which rose and fell rhythmically, the crackling power caressing her internal organs and dancing along the surface of her glistening skin. Yet every time the voice spoke of disobeying, perhaps every ten minutes, or was it every twenty, the contacts framing her clitoris crackled with power and she howled into the gag.

Her insides ached. Her arms and legs ached. Her back ached. Her skin burned. Her tongue was swollen. Her mind was blasted and dazed.

Alone in the basement in the dark she trembled and moaned as the power crackled through her body in endless waves. The night crept on into morning, and still she trembled and shook, gurgling, moaning, shaking like a mindless animal as the voice whispered into her ears.

The headphones were yanked from her ears.

"Wake up. It's time for exercise."

The voice was accompanied by a none too gentle kick to her belly and Brooke gasped and rolled over, panting weakly. She had not slept, not really. She could not really remember the last time she had slept.

"On your knees, slut."

Groaning, she rolled onto her side and draw her feet in against her bottom, then rolled onto her left shoulder and weakly pushed herself up and back, swaying before catching her balance and sitting back on her heels. Her knees shifted apart on the cold stone and she hung her head wearily, her back burning.

Her wrists were bound together behind her by rough hemp rope. More. The same rough rope dug into her arms on both sides of her elbows, pinning her elbows together. Her shoulders burned terribly. Yet the worst was a terrible knife like pain between her shoulder blades just above her spine.

But no, that wasn't really the worst. For another loop of heavy, coarse rope was bound together behind her back just beneath her arms, and two loops had been tied in that rope as it circled around to the front of her body, two loops which had been tightened around her breasts. Not so tightly as to squeeze them too savagely together, but only as a very tight corset or bra. And yet the coarseness of the ropes was a terrible, thing against her sweating skin.

Yet that raw, aching, discomfort was only a minor thing compared to the two thin strands of rope which had been worked free and then bound tightly to each side of the two loops circling her breasts. Those single coarse strands cut across the exact centre of each breast, pressing into the otherwise smooth surface of her slightly pinkened skin. And in the centre of each strand was a loop which had been pulled tight around her swollen nipples.

Oh how they ached!

But perhaps that was not the worst, not either. For around her hips was another loop of the rough, coarse rope tied off tightly. From high on each hip two more loops cut diagonally down across her abdomen and met between her sex lips, then slipped beneath her and up between her buttocks to tie together at the small of her back. The rope dug up harshly into her soft, pink flesh and made her itch fiercely.

And even that was not the worst.

For a single strand of that tough, coarse rope had been bound to the two ropes cutting down into her pussy, just at the apex of her slit, a single strand which tied the two ropes together, a single strand with a loop in its centre, like those squeezing tightly around her nipples, a loop which circled her aching, swollen clitoris. It was not so tight, so harsh, that single loop, as to deny the flow of blood to her swollen, throbbing sex button, yet it squeezed painfully around it.

And it itched! She itched!

When had she last washed?

Her hair was a tangled mess of oily, filthy, matted strings spilling over her face and shoulders. It had once given her a sense of discomfort when her hair had gone more than a day without washing. Now she did not care at all.

Her uncle gripped her hair without concern and she opened her mouth almost without thinking as his cock thrust between her lips. He hesitated for only a moment before plunging the long length of himself down her throat, and then forcing her lips in against his groin. She heard him groan in pleasure, but paid it no heed. She was as one half awake, and had been for - some time.

He thrust in and out, working her head against him, his fingers digging into her scalp. He was not tentative any more, not apologetic, not reluctant in any way to join in the training of his slave niece.

He used her throat roughly and quickly and then drew back with a grunt, spilling himself into her open mouth and over her cheeks and face. Brooke swayed weakly, swallowing painfully. Her throat was always sore.

And then the woman was there, whip in hand, and she whimpered softly, barely audible.

She placed a bowl of water on the floor, and Brooke felt her mouth begin to water. She moaned and stared up at the woman, no pride in her, not asking, waiting, reddened eyes ringed with black.

"Drink, slave."

Gratefully, Brooke let herself fall forward, her mouth plunging into the bowl as she sucked the water up through cracked lips.

"You are almost ready, slave. Perhaps we will bathe you today and begin to prepare you to return home," the woman said. "If you are obedient."

Brooke finished the water, and pulled her lips free.

"Yes, mistress-aunt," she croaked. "I'm a good slave girl. I love my mistress-aunt."

She licked eagerly at her aunt's leather boots, desperately wanting to please her, ignoring the aches and pains and discomfort of her sweating, whip marked body.

"Show me how much you love me, slave."

A fist gripped her tangled hair and pulled her head up. Brooke did not fight the pull, pushing her face in between the woman's bare thighs, her tongue thrusting out and dancing across her slit.

Her tongue was much longer now, and much stronger, as well. She could touch her own chin with the tip, though that ached a little. Now she let it slide up and down to either side of her aunt's puffy sex lips, then slip between and wriggle deep into her sex, pumping and squirming as her aunt sighed in pleasure.

"Ah, you're such a filthy slut," her aunt groaned.

Brooke moaned in grateful pleasure, her tongue pulling free of her aunt's moist sex and sliding up across her clitoris. Ample practice had taught her exactly what her aunt wanted, and she moved her tongue in a strong, artful caress that soon had the older woman grinding her pelvis forward.

When she was done they unwound the ropes from Brooke's aching body. Brooke sobbed weakly as the rope pulled away from her red, raw flesh. Freed, she crawled to the corner, to a drain which had served as her toilet, and her aunt produced a hose with a showerhead, and let water pour over her body.

Brooke winced and groaned as her skin stung, yet revelled in the soft warmth of the water as it flowed over her. Then came the slap, which stung much worse, yet she held her position, gasping and moaning as her aunt cleaned her, then rinsed her off. A pull on her leash and she crawled across the room and, for the first time, out of it, into a much smaller room to the side.

"Good slave," her aunt said, smiling kindly at her in a way which made the still dazed girl almost cringe back.

There was a small mattress in the room, and her aunt directed her to crawl onto it, then to her shock, bent and kissed Brooke on the forehead. "Be a good slave girl and you'll be treated much better," she said.

She produced a jar of some slippery stuff, and began to spread it over the girl's back and bottom. Soft, cool relief spread through Brooke and she groaned as her aunt's slippery fingers moved down between her legs and spread the stuff over her sex, and then between her pussy lips.

"Nasty, naughty little girl," her aunt said in a soft, gentle voice.

The oily fingers gently worked along the edges of the girl's throbbing clitoris, and the soothing relief flowed through her flesh. Her aunt worked the salve into her breasts and shoulders and arms, and then moved her hand down between her legs again.

It was too much, and as those soft, slick fingers gently caressed her clitoris Brooke came with a soft, shuddering cry of wonder, bucking her hips back against her aunt in wild pleasure.

"That's a good girl," her aunt cooed, as if speaking to a pet.

She locked padded restraints around her wrists and ankles, then placed a collar around her throat. The wrist restraints were locked together in front of her, but she was not otherwise restrained.

Her aunt drew back, still smiling. "Here, my pet. You can sleep now, or enjoy your lovely little sluttish body."

She pressed a long, thick vibrator into Brooke's hand, then rose and left the room, closing the door behind.

Brooke stared at it in wonder. It hardly seemed she could remember the last time she had been left alone without being in some kind of painful and uncomfortable position. True, her wrists were locked together, but in front of her. She stared wonderingly down the length of her slick, slippery body and then at the vibrator.

Her nipples and clitoris felt intensely sensitive, swollen and throbbing. Eyes almost glassy, she let the buzzing vibrator play gently over her nipples, hissing in some slight pain at the contact, but then groaning and gasping at the waves of sensations produced within her. Soon wildly aroused, she let the vibrator slide downwards. The instant she placed it against her sex she came, crying out, arching her back, bucking her hips up violently.

Another come, and another, and she did not care about the pain now as she plunged the heavy vibrator deep into her sex and frantically rubbed her fingers against her aching clitoris to bring her to another immensely powerful climax.

It made her body buck and twist and strain, so that convulsions wracked her body. And then as it faded her fingers went limp and she fell back, eyes glazing over, exhausted beyond measure.

She slept, the vibrator still protruding from her pussy lips.

"Wake, my sweet slave girl."

She opened her eyes to her aunt's smiling face.

"Mistress," she whispered.

Her aunt's mouth met hers, and another shock rippled through the girl. She felt her aunt's tongue dipping in between her lips, caressing her own, and after a frozen moment of fearful indecision she pushed her own tongue back, a flood of relief filling her at her aunt's moan of approval.

Her aunt was nude, and slid her body down atop her, her legs scissored between Brooke's right leg. Her own body was now dry, the salve having soaked in fully, and as her aunt pushed her bound hands up and back above her head Brooke obediently set them on the mattress above her and closed her eyes, groaning as her aunt's fingers and lips and tongue moved down over her body.

Her legs spread wide and she began to tremble and moan as her aunt's tongue worked at her clitoris, and then the climax was falling over her like an avalanche as she cried out in pleasure.

"Your hair is starting to grow back. We will do something about that today," her aunt said sternly.

"I'm sorry, mistress," Brooke gulped, terrified she would be punished.

"Then show me, slave."

She straddled her niece's face and settled her sex down on the long pink tongue which thrust up against her.

There was much less pain now, almost none usually. Instead there was pleasure. Glorious pleasure! Wildly eager to please, Brooke did everything her aunt or uncle ordered with an enthusiasm they could not fault. And in return they let her body writhe to the power of intense sexual releases.

Yet not all was pleasure. Her aunt used a device to pierce her nipples and clitoris and drive rings as wide as silver dollars through them. Her uncle used an electrical device to perform electrolyses on her groin and denude it fully and permanently of hair.

And she was never permitted to recover the pride they had broken her of. Crawling on the floor, on her belly, licking at dirt and toes and grovelling before them, she was meant to understand that her status in life was low indeed. It was difficult to even think of disobeying. It was as if the electrical device her aunt had used had left a permanent scar on her mind. Merely thinking of disobeying made her breath suck in and her hips jerk as if in pain.

"Come," mistress ordered.

"Yes, mistress," she whispered, crawling at her heels as she was led, for the first time, up the hall towards the stairs.

She wore only her studded leather restraints and collar, and, of course, the large rings through her nipples and clitoris. She crawled awkwardly up the stairs at her mistress' heels, and then, her eyes widening, across the kitchen floor and then up the hall.

And then, in the living room, she halted, wide eyes blinking at two new people, two people she had not seen in a long time.

"My God!" a pretty young blonde gasped, staring at her and shaking her head.

"I like it," the young man beside her said with a wide grin.

She knew them. And then some part of her felt a sense of shame, but not shame. She knew that she ought to be ashamed. Yet instead she felt only a sense of dark arousal as her aunt led her by a leash into the room and over to where her cousins sat, staring at her in fascination.

"Hi Brooke," David said with a grin.

Kristen said nothing, merely stared, her face flushed.

Brooke looked up at her aunt who nodded.

"Hello, Master," she replied.

"I don't believe it," Kristen said, making a face.

"This is what Brooke wanted," her aunt said. "We've been trying to tell you of how some people are affected, of the intense pleasure they get out of degrading themselves and allowing themselves to be used by others."

"I just didn't believe it. She was also so - snotty," Kristen said, looking at her in distaste.

"Now she's a pet," her mother said. "A pet to be used by anyone who wants her."

Kristen's face darkened with more embarrassment as her mother walked the slave girl before her and her brother.

"Show your cousin your tongue, slave," her aunt barked.

Brooke pushed out her tongue, and David chuckled while Kristen, after darting her eyes onto her, jerked her head away again.

"Bet you'd like to sit on that, sis," he said with a leer.

"You're a pig," Kristen said, but there was little force to her words.

David undid his jeans and drew out his erection. His sister looked at it, then looked away too quickly.

"Pleasure him, slave," her aunt ordered.

Brooke crawled forward and rose between her cousin's legs, then slipped her tongue over his cock and began to bob her lips up and down. Soon she was taking him fully into her throat, her lips not stopping, her fingers massaging his testicles as he groaned in delight.

"Fuck! She's better than you ever were, Kirsty," he gasped.

Kristen glared at him, then at Brooke. "She's a fucking slut," she complained.

"A slave," her mother corrected her. "For anyone's use."

After he had come in her mouth her aunt ordered her to perform on Kristen. Her cousin was reluctant, and pushed her back twice, but then gave in sullenly as Brooke pushed her face in beneath her skirt and tugged aside the crotch of her thong. Soon, however, she was drawing her knees back, spreading them wide, and groaning in pleasure as her cousin's expert tongue set her blood on fire.

After her third orgasm, with her head lolling back and her eyes slits, she barely noticed when her father entered the room, walked over beside her, and thrust himself into her mouth. Her eyes widened then, and she moved as if to draw away, but then she halted, her eyes closing again, groaning around her father's cock as Brooke drove her upwards to another climax.

She was her cousins' play toy for several more days before her aunt dressed her and drove her back to her parents' house. It felt strange, almost bizarre, to be outside, to feel the soft silk of her bra and panties against her skin, to wear the almost girlish summer dress her aunt had picked out.

They stopped along the way, her aunt patting her thigh as she got out. "I'll be back in a few moments. Don't move."

"Yes, mistress."

She obeyed, staring around her at the bright, sunny day, at people moving around in the parking lot. How long had it been? She had no sense of time any more. It could have been a week, or a month or many months.

The drivers door opened and she turned with a smile, the smile disappearing suddenly at a strange man sitting in the drivers seat.

"Don't move, slut," he growled as he backed up.

Fear gripped her, yet she felt herself unable to move, unable to disobey as the tires screeched and the car pulled out onto the road. The man turned and glared at her, then his eyes moved over her body.

"Nice looking body," he growled. "I think I'll like seeing it without those clothes on."

He was large, ugly, with a bald head and enormous shoulders. He had tattoos on his bulging biceps, and a thin, nasty looking growth of hair on his chin. Brooke stared at him with wide eyes, unable to bring herself to speak as they drove along.

Before very long at all the man turned into an underground garage and the sun disappeared. The garage was largely empty, and very dim as the man drove down into it, and then parked at its end. He jumped out and walked around to her side of the car, then yanked open the door and pulled her from the car.

"Strip, slut!" he barked.

Terrified, Brooke obeyed at once, tearing off her summer dress, and then, with regret, her lingerie.

Another strange man appeared, and then another, and her head twisted wildly between them.

"On your knees, bitch!"

She dropped to her knees, whimpering as the men moved in on her, all of them taking erections from their trousers. Rough hands gripped her hair and yanked her face forward, and a thick cock drove into her mouth and plunged down her throat. He was too rough, too fast, and she had no time to prepare. She choked and gagged as he pumped in and out roughly, cruelly, pounding her face against his groin.

He pulled free and another of the men yanked her hair over, thrusting his cock into her mouth. The three men surrounded her, their hips pressed together as first one, then another, then another used her mouth violently, until she was dazed and moaning, her throat aching.

There seemed to be more men, two more, then four more, then six, a wall of angry male flesh.

Rough hands yanked her up by the hair and slammed her belly down across the hood of a car. Her legs were kicked apart, and she was entered, roughly, hips smashing against her buttocks as she was raped. Laughter and jeers

showered down on her as her head was yanked to the side, pulled across the edge of the car, and then a cock was thrust into her open mouth and down her throat.

Curses and slaps shifted and moved her as cocks thrust into her body. She was flipped onto her back, then rolled onto her belly again. She was placed on all fours and used by two at once, then three, forced to straddle one man and sink down upon it as another sodomite her.

There were so many hands on her body she could not keep track of them, so many cocks pressing in against her face, against her buttocks, against her thighs. She was meat in their hands, slapped and pinched, bent forward and back, used violently in all three orifices until they ached fiercely.

Yet every man pulled out as he spilled his seed, pulled out to spew his heat over her groin and bottom, into her face and hair and over her chest. They dragged her over a low metal electrical box and bound her wrists and ankles down. Her head and shoulders hung over one end, her groin thrust out over the other, and they used her again, men sitting atop her chest to thrust into her cleavage as they pulled at her nipple rings and tore at her hair and rammed their cocks into her mouth and pussy and anus.

She did not know how long it lasted. She was only semi conscious for its ending, grunting dazedly as they used her. And then she was alone, the cars driving away, leaving her spread-eagled and covered in semen. Long minutes passed, then soft footsteps echoed in the empty garage. Fingers unbound her wrists and ankles.

"On your knees," the voice commanded.

Dazed, she groaned, her head aching for having hung over the edge of the box.

"On your knees, slut," another voice ordered.

Somehow she summoned the strength to roll sideways, spilling roughly over the edge of the box, gasping in pain as she fell to the floor, groaning as she slowly and weakly pushed herself up onto hands and knees, trembling the while.

She looked up and her mother and father smiled down at her.

"That was lovely to watch," her mother said.

"I want to ride the little slut right now," her father said, his groin bulging.

Her mother laughed, then picked up a hose. Cold water gushed over Brooke, who gasped and dropped her head, trembling as the water soaked her and washed away the worst of the semen.

"Are you ready to be mounted, slave?" her mother asked.

"Y-yes, Mother - Mother-Mistress," Brooke croaked, her throat aching.

Her father snapped his finger, pointing at his feet, and she crawled forward from the puddle of water, more water dripping from her hair and down her body as she approached.

"Turn and show me what you're made for," her father said.

"Yes, father-master," she croaked.

She turned, raising her bottom, spreading her legs wide.

Her father thrust into her and she shuddered in pain, her sex raw and aching. Yet she felt a deep sense of relief as well. She was home again, safe and in the arms of those who would care for her properly.

Her father grunted as he rode her, and then her mother was kneeling before her, drawing her head up so that Brooke could push her long tongue into her naked sex.

"Ahh, you've learned so much my little slave girl," her mother groaned. "Now it's time to go home."

Epilogue

Brooke lay on the floor with her legs spread wide, her hips rolling slowly and rhythmically as her breaths came in short, sharp pants. She felt overheated, despite the cool air pouring from a nearby vent. The dildo was thick, and more than a foot long. She held it at its base, her right thumb angled up along the shaft so that each time she thrust it home in her sex her thumb rode up across her clitoris.

Her left hand roamed across her body with a growing sense of urgency,

kneading her breasts, pinching her nipples, fingering her clit, caressing her bottom as her body undulated there on the floor. Beneath her was the soft, thick comfort of the living room rug, and she rolled her body on it with more and more energy as the heat inside her grew.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she gasped softly, her voice barely heard over the nearby television.

Each hard thrust drove the long dildo into her slick sex almost to the base, the nose thumping against her cervix.

And then the climax washed over her and she cried out, her voice a long, low, guttural groan of release, as she forced every last inch of the dildo up into her body and jammed the heel of her hand against it to grind the nose against her cervix. At the same time her fingers stroked frantically across her clitoris as her back arched and her head rolled from side to side.

Her father was seated at a nearby table. He looked up from his newspaper and smiled briefly as his daughter climaxed, then dropped his eyes again to the story he was reading.

Brooke collapsed with a groan, laying spread-eagled on the soft white rug.

She was nude, as usual, save for the studded leather restraints about her wrists and ankles and the thicker studded collar around her slender throat. There were two intricately made stars the size of a silver dollar at the centre of her breasts, made of golden wire. They had a small round hole in their centre through which her stiff nipples protruded. They were held in place by a pin through the base of each nipple.

This was as dressed up as Brooke got lately.

Brooke rolled wearily onto her side and then looked across the room at her father. She smiled and rose to all fours, then began to crawl towards him, her hips swaying, her movements cat-like as she approached. The dildo remained in her pussy, only the base protruding, holding open the lips of her naked sex.

"Daddy," she said in a long, musical whine.

He raised his eyebrows and looked down at her. She knew she wasn't supposed to call him that, and no doubt wanted to be punished, especially as the punishment usually ended with her father's cock deep in her belly.

She crawled to his chair and bent, licking at his feet, then rubbing her cheeks up and down against his lower legs.

"Fuck your daughter-slave, daddy? Fuck her hard?"

"Not right now, Brooke," he said patiently.

She let her cheek rub higher along his legs, her hands sliding up over his knees.

"Brooke, I said no," he said warningly.

He had already fucked her twice that morning and he had to save something for Karen.

As if the thought drew her Karen's mother appeared from the kitchen. She tsked and gave her daughter a hard slap on the bottom. "Go lie down," she ordered, much as she would a dog, in truth.

Brooke yelped and spun away, crawling to the nearby wall and looking pouty.

"The little slut needs another gang rape," she sniffed.

"She's had six in the last two months," her father said. "I think she's becoming addicted to them."

Brooke crawled a little ways away, then raised her bottom, laying her chest and head down on the rug as she reached back between her legs to finger herself.

"Make Daddy fuck his little slut, mommy?" she asked in a pouty, little girl's voice.

Karen's eyes narrowed. "If she thinks we can't punish her in a way she wouldn't like she's sadly mistaken."

She strode over to the girl, who rose onto all fours warily, then gasped as her mother grasped her hair and yanked her around.

"Oww!"

She forced the girl to crawl hurriedly along the floor and into the kitchen.

"Time for you to do a little work, slave girl," she sniffed.

Brooke looked up at her resentfully and Karen sniffed, then opened a nearby cupboard and took down a coil of rope. She knelt in front of the girl and looped it around her daughter's breasts, then led the girl into the greenhouse and fed the rope across the room to where a pipe ran along the wall. She fed the rope in beneath the bar and up high to a ring set near the ceiling, then tied a heavy pot to it so that Brooke gasped at the sudden sharp pull on her bound breasts.

Her mother then picked up a pail and poured in soap, filled it with water, and set it down in front of where her daughter knelt on all fours. She tossed a sponge to her and stood up.

"I want this floor to glisten, and you aren't getting out of here until it does," she said.

She reached down and plucked the dildo from her daughter's sex and walked away.

Brooke sulked as she looked after her, then gazed unhappily at the floor around her. But then the sexual heat began to thrum and she dipped the sponge into the water. Her breasts ached but she ignored them, beginning to clean the floor. It felt deliciously degrading to be naked on all fours and forced to scrub a floor, and the pull on her breasts was now a hot, throbbing which sent tingling excitement down into her lower belly.

As she moved the pot rose and fell, but the pull on her breasts remained steady. From time to time she paused to rub at her clit or pinch her nipples, and once she simply stopped altogether, thrust her hands back between her legs, and masturbated to climax before resuming her scrubbing.

It was all lewdly nasty and exciting.

She crawled along the floor, scrubbing at it, and then with a sudden start, had an idea. She went to the far wall, turned, and straddled the rope, letting it pull her breasts backwards, letting the rope run down the length of her body and up between her thighs, to rub against her clitoris.

She resumed her scrubbing, but now her bottom rolled up and down in constant motion, her mind blurring with sexual arousal as she paid less and less attention to her scrubbing and more and more to her own heat.

"You filthy little slut!" her mother said in exasperation.

Brooke barely acknowledged her, grunting as she reached back between her legs and fingered herself.

"We'll try something else then," her mother said.

She removed the rope and pulled on her hair, forcing her to crawl back through the kitchen and into the living room.

"Turn around and put your back against the pillar," she ordered.

Brooke obeyed quickly, of course, panting a little with excitement.

Her mother let her go and then moved to a nearby cabinet where she kept a number of implements for disciplining her slave daughter. She returned with a box and reached into it.

The pillar was of marble, smooth and rounded and a good foot and a half through. There were a number of small holes drilled into its side at varying heights, and she promptly screwed pins attached to rings into two such holes alongside her daughter's neck. She then had her squat with her back against the pillar, and attached two strong chains to the rings, then attached these to the rings set into opposite sides of her daughter's collar.

She reached between Brooke's legs and slid the dildo out, ignoring the girl's groan of pleasure. She then fit another pair of pins into the pillar and used chains to lock Brooke's ankles in place, drew her wrists up and back behind the pillar, and locked them two another pin above and behind her, and knelt in front of her excited daughter.

She clipped two short, thin chains to the front ring of her collar, removed the stars from the girl's nipples, and replaced them with rings, then clipped the chains to her nipple rings. They were of such a length as to only gently lift the girl's nipples, providing constant, but not intense stimulation. She then clipped another short chain to her belly button ring. On the end was a tiny clip. She gently pushed aside the hood over the girl's already swelling clitoris and snapped the chain to it.

Brooke gasped as the chain tugged on her clitoral hood, but the pain, though sharp, was comparatively mild. She took a thick dildo out of the box, and held it in front of Brooke's face, watching her expression become more excited. The dildo had a screw on the bottom, and Karen screwed it into the floor just beneath where Brooke squatted. At the height she was being held the front of the dildo just barely penetrated her sex. She straightened, looked down at her daughter for a moment, then smiled and walked away.

Brooke grunted as she tried to force herself down onto the dildo, but was unable to lower her body due to the tight hold on her wrists and collar.

Her mother returned with a little boxy device and some rubber tubing, then knelt in front of Brooke and slapped her hip.

"Higher, slut."

Brooke grunted, pushing herself up. This she could do more easily, at least for six inches or so. She watched her mother attach straps to her legs just below the knees, then at her mother's order, sank down again, to the extent she could. Her mother pulled the straps back behind the pillar, and Brooke's legs were forced wide, then wider still, until her legs were splayed and the tendons in her thighs ached.

For want of something else, her mother placed several paperback books between her legs, then put the boxy little device on them and plugged it in.

"What is that?" she asked warily.

"It's from an aquarium we used to have."

"What does it do?"

The device was an air pump which blew out a very thin stream of air. Her mother attached the tubing, and then carefully positioned the tube against Brooke's inner thigh, taping it in place with the small opening an inch away from her daughter's exposed clitoris.

"We'll see how you like this punishment, my sluttish little slave girl," her mother said triumphantly.

"You're going to have to gag her," her husband said.

"Yes, of course."

Her mother forced a thick, ball gag into Brooke's mouth and strapped it in place, then returned to the kitchen.

Brooke moaned weakly. She tried to wriggle downwards, but could not. The feel of the dildo resting just within the entrance to her sex was extremely frustrating. She was a girl who loved being deeply penetrated, and so the dildo was a terrible taunt. She groaned and gasped as she struggled to impale herself, growing more aroused as the little air hose blew a steady stream of air across her throbbing clitoris.

The stream of air was terrible! It tickled her clitoris and made her long for something firmer, made her frantic for a finger or a tongue or lips or... or anything!

She was becoming desperately aroused, yet with no way to find relief, and her eyes stared imploringly across the room at her father, hunched over his newspaper and paying her no attention.

After a half hour she was squirming violently. After an hour she was trembling, and vaginal juices trickled slowly down the dildo from the head lodged just inside her. Another hour had tears trickling down her cheeks. She did not remember ever feeling such intense frustration. It was driving her mad.

The doorbell rang, and her mother crossed the floor. Brooke heard voices, then her cousin David appeared. He grinned to see her, and she stared at him desperately.

"Look at what my slutty cousin is up to," he said with a wide smile.

He reached down for her gag and her mother appeared. "She's being punished," she said.

"She's actually leaking," David said with a laugh.

He eased the gag out of his cousin's mouth.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Please fuck me!" she cried.

"Maybe if you suck my cock right I'll tickle your clitty for you, Brooke," he said with a grin.

He plunged his cock into her open mouth, thrusting deep into her throat, and Brooke closed her lips around it, moaning, licking frantically, eyes beseeching him to reach down and touch her. He grinned, leaning over her. He ran a finger along one of the chains leading to her nipple rings, then plucked it lightly.

His hips worked in and out, in and out, fucking her face and throat without stop. Brooke had long mastered the ability to breathe while being throat fucked, and they all knew it well. Only when his cum began to boil out of him did he yank himself back to spray himself over her face with a groan of pleasure.

"Fuck me!" Brook groaned.

He thrust the gag back into her mouth and bent, then gazed at her soaking pussy entrance and exposed clit. "You look hot, cuz."

He gently fingered her clit and her hips bucked frantically, but then he pulled back with a laugh, did up his pants, and walked away, leaving her as she was.

Her mother returned finally.

"Do you want to come, daughter-slave?"

Brooke nodded her head violently.

Her mother took a riding crop from behind her back. The long leather crop had a narrow flap of triangular leather at the end, and she slid it down between the girl's legs, rubbing it lightly against her clitoris.

Brooke moaned and tried to roll her hips, tried to buck herself forward against the tight hold of the chains and straps, but could do little more than tremble. Her mother began to slap the tip of the crop against her clit using short light slaps directly against the swollen little clitoris and Brooke's eyes bulged, yet the pain was almost nothing as wild pleasure screamed through her veins. Her mother slapped the crop harder, and then still harder, the tip going back farther and farther as the blows came with more and more intense pain.

The orgasm howled through her mind and body like a cyclone, and she screamed endlessly into the gag as her mother slashed the crop down repeatedly against her spasming clitoris. Her mother reached down then, snatching at the two chains leading to her nipples, tugging on them in sharp, cruel movements that tore at her daughter's nipples.

The orgasm tore at the violently convulsing girl like a firestorm, her mind shattered as she writhed and twisted under the wild dark ecstasy consuming her. She was a slave girl, a naughty, slutty little slave girl, and nothing was more right with the world than to be punished by her mother-mistress. She screamed again, black dots dancing before her eyes as the orgasm hammered at her mind and then sagged with exhaustion, her clitoris swollen and hot.

Her mother reached down and brushed the damp hair from her daughter's face.

"My lovely slave daughter," she said fondly.

Then she turned and walked away. The stream of air blew gently against the moaning girl's clitoris, and her juices continued to trickle gently down the moist dildo. Slowly, her hunger began to build once again.

END