



Chapter 1

Katie bent low over the contract, squinting to catch the fine print. She made an impatient noise, then took off her glasses, cleaned them carefully, rubbed her eyes, then put them back on again. She studied the print, then made a small notation next to one of the lines.

She sat back in the chair and yawned, then rubbed her eyes again and glanced at the clock. It was almost eight. Mark was going to be mad again. They'd hoped to have a romantic evening together, to make up for some of the time they'd missed.

She made a wry face, then flipped the page and read down the fine print again. Late hours were a necessary part of life, this time of year, especially if you were the most junior editor at Baskin Forbes, one of New York's largest advertising agencies.

She stepped out of her little glass walled office and walked up the aisle between cubicles to the kitchen for a coffee. She hesitated briefly at the door at the sight of Peter Miller, then kept walking, nodding briefly to him as she passed by and went to the coffee machine.

She did not like Miller. He was a constant disapproving presence at the office, a man who has as much as told her he thought she had been hired only for her looks and who never failed to find some unflattering remark about her work.

She took the coffee back to her desk and sat down with a sigh. It was men like Miller that made her work twice as hard, just for the same recognition.

She wrapped up the work just before nine, then finally shrugged on her hip-length suede jacket, slipped into her sneakers, and headed downstairs to the parking lot. She didn't yet have the BMW she'd hoped for, but last year had managed to trade in the eight year old Toyota for a two year old Chrysler, so she was getting there.

She flipped a lock of coppery red hair out of her eyes as she started the engine, then accelerated smoothly, and turned out onto the street.

At this time of night the traffic was fairly thin, and twenty-five minutes later she was pulling up in front of her building...to find no parking spaces, of course.

She cursed at the Nissan in her space, then drove a block up and stole somebody else's. She stepped out of the car and shivered a bit in the late January

weather. She did up her coat tightly and slipped on her gloves as she made her way back down the street.

She walked along briskly, and a minute later Jerry, their doorman, was pulling the door open and smiling at her.

"Hi there, Mrs. Connors," he smiled.

"Hi, Mark," she said.

"Nuther late night?"

"Afraid so," she sighed, making her way to the elevators.

"Well, gotta climb that slippery ladder," Mark said.

"Just so there's plenty of gold at the top," she smiled, stepping into the elevator as it opened.

He watched her until the door closed, remembering the sight of her in the summer, wearing a tight spandex workout outfit when he'd delivered a package to her door. She was slender, but athletic, and with her bright blue eyes, and long, beautiful, silky hair was just adorable.

His feelings were mixed. Half of him wanted to pat her head and hug her in a paternal way.

The other half wanted to fuck her brains out. She had a fabulous ass, and the thought of her kneeling between his legs, and him plunging his pecker into that sweet mouth, was enough to get his rocks off every time he masturbated.

"Man, would I love to fuck you," he whispered to himself as the doors closed.

Katie turned and checked her face in the mirrored wall as she rode upstairs. She pulled some bangs down over her forehead, hoping to look waif-like, and defuse some of Mark's inevitable anger.

She tried out various sad smiles on herself until the elevator stopped, then she sighed and headed down the hall to their apartment.

She did love Mark, she really did, but...after six years of marriage...things were...not quite boring, but certainly it had been a while since sparks flew.

She shrugged and pushed her key into the apartment. She pushed open the door and peeked inside, then pushed it open all the way and flipped on the lights. Mark wasn't here.

She hissed worriedly, wondering if he'd gone out to get drunk or something. She closed the door, then hung up her coat.

"Mark?" she called.

She walked through the living room to the bedroom, then checked the bathroom and kitchen. He wasn't here, nor was there any sign that he'd been here recently. She checked his closet. His brown suit was missing. That was the suit he'd worn to work.

She pondered that for a moment. Surely if he'd come home he'd have changed immediately, and even if he'd waited an hour or two before getting disgusted and leaving, surely he'd not put on the same suit.

"I should have called," she said.

But she hadn't. At five she'd hoped she'd finish by six, and so get home only a bit late. At six she thought surely it would only be till seven. At seven she

had thought she'd be done by eight. and by eight she was too afraid of getting the phone slammed in her ear to call.

But she'd wondered why he hadn't called her.

She worried now that something might have happened to him, that he'd been hit by a car or mugged or something.

Then she heard a key in the front door and raced into the bedroom. She closed the door and stripped, dumping everything into her closet, then pulled on a green satin nightshirt that set off her red hair so well.

She ran to the door just as Mark opened it, fluffing her hair so it hung down over her chest.

"Oh," he said.

"Oh," she said.

"Uhm, look, honey, I'm really sorry."

"You are?"

"Yeah, I tried to call, but the pay phone wasn't working."

"And there's only one payphone in the city?"

"Ahhh, I was stuck in traffic. See, I had to go all the way out to Queens to check on a project we're running for the phone company, and it just took longer than I thought. I lost track of time."

"Hmmpf," she said, turning up her nose. "Some romantic evening."

"Well, aaahh, can't we make it for tomorrow?"

"We have to go out with Sara and Dave tomorrow."

"Oh, yeah, uhm, couldn't we cancel?"

"No, we couldn't cancel! It's their anniversary. We're going to the opera."

"Yuch."

He came into the bedroom and took off his suit jacket then undid his tie. Katie moved to the bed and sat on the edge, crossing her long legs.

"Did you eat something?"

"Yeah, I had a couple of burgers sent in," he said, kicking off his shoes.

He massaged his feet and sighed tiredly.

"Ohh, la, lah," she said as he bent over.

"Don't be such a dirty girl," he said.

"I can't help it. That's just the way I am."

"I married a cheap bimbo."

"And a forgiving one, lucky for you."

"Yes, very forgiving."

He stripped to his shorts, then came over and slid his hands around her head, leaning in to kiss her on the forehead, then on the lips. Her arms went around him and their tongues touched briefly as her hands slid down onto his ass.

He sighed and pushed her head away, smiling wryly.

"Honey, I am soooooo tired."

"So?"

"I mean, can we...like, wait until tomorrow?"

"You mean you're too tired to make love?"

"Well...kind of, yeah."

"I can remember a time you'd crawl through broken glass to get to me."

"Yeah, well." He smiled, kissed her on the forehead again, then stepped back. "That was before I had to work for a living."

Katie was so tired herself that she couldn't find it in her heart to blame him. All she wanted to do was veg out in front of the TV and relax.

"Do you know the last time we made love?" she sighed.

"A couple of days ago."

"No. We fucked a couple of days ago. I'm talking about making love. You know, when it lasts longer than twenty minutes."

"Jesus, Katie, can't we argue about this tomorrow?" he groaned, pulling on his lying-around-the-house sweats.

"What? In front of Sara and Dave? Anyway, I'm not complaining. I mean, I'm not blaming you. It's just that...we've both been so busy..."

"I know."

"I just wonder if we've become bored with each other or something. There was a time we couldn't keep our hands off each other. Now we can sleep in the same bed for days and not touch each other."

"I am not bored with you," he growled, sliding his arms around her.

"Well, maybe bored isn't the right term," she sighed. "Maybe...maybe we just don't...excite each other like we used to."

"We're just tired."

"Maybe," she sighed.

He kissed her and went out into the living room. She followed slowly. "Thanksgiving," she said.

"What?"

He dropped onto the sofa and reached for the remote as she slid down beside him.

"Thanksgiving night. That's the last time we made love."

"We made love plenty of times since then."

"Yeah, once a week," she snorted. "Anyway, I'm not talking about a morning quicky, or a fifteen or twenty minute session before we go to bed, I'm talking about making love."

"Honey," he groaned. "Neither of us has the time any more to spend two or three hours groping and necking on the fuckin' couch."

"If Cindy Crawford walked in that door naked right now you'd find the time and energy."

"Well...yeah, I guess."

"So you're not that attracted to me any more!"

"I am too! It's just that...men are whores, I guess. We like to sleep around with gorgeous fashion models whenever they throw themselves at us. Anyway, wouldn't you jump Tom Cruise if he walked through the room naked?"

"No."

"Liar."

"Well, maybe I would. He's sure got some kind of body."

"And I don't?"

"Not like him."

"Thanks."

"Do you think familiarity breeds contempt?"

"I could never have contempt for you? You're too gorgeous," he grinned, sliding his hand along her leg.

"Yeah, but what about me having contempt for you?"

"Oh, very funny. You're a funny lady."

She crawled over and straddled him, sitting on his thighs as she pushed him back and licked her lips seductively. Then she reached down and peeled her nightshirt up and off in one smooth motion, tossing it on the floor behind her.

He reached for her but she gripped his wrists and shoved his hands back.

"Do you think I'm sexy?" she purred.

He looked straight into the soft, high flesh of her breasts, eyeing the bright pink nipples, and smiled.

"Yes, you're very exciting," he said.

She held his hands, rubbing her ass up down on his thighs as she tightened her knees against his hips.

"Do I turn you on?" she growled.

"Sometimes," he said.

She brushed her nipples against his face, pulling her chest back as he tried to mouth them.

"Do I now?" she taunted.

"You're sure starting to," he said.

"Like what you see?" she teased, brushing her breasts against his face. He licked at them and she pulled back. She stuck her tongue out at him, then pulled up off his lap and stood up. She looked down at him, saw him staring into her crotch, and grinned as his hands came up and gripped her buttocks.

His tongue slid along her pussy and she laughed, then jerked away and jumped back onto the floor. She snatched up her nightshirt and pulled it on over her head.

"Just wondered," she said, grinning at him.

"Get your ass back here," he growled.

"No way. I know how tired you are. I don't want to exhaust you."

"Get back here."

"Nuh uh."

He jumped to his feet and she squealed and ran around behind the sofa. He chased her, and she circled the sofa a couple of times. Then he leapt over the thing and caught her, growling as he lifted her up over his shoulders.

He staggered back to the sofa as she writhed in his arms, then fell heavily into the plush cushion, grabbing her around the middle as she tried to crawl away.

"Let me go!" she cried, laughing.

"Not likely," he said, flipping up the bottom of her nightshirt to reveal her bare behind.

She twisted this way and that, and he got an arm around her waist and pulled her over his lap, tugging the nightshirt higher. His right hand slapped down against her ass and she yelped and squirmed harder.

"Hold still, you brat!"

"Pervert!" she cried.

He gripped her pussy and kneaded the flesh as her legs jerked and bounced on the sofa. Then she moaned and slowed her motions, spreading her legs.

"Ah ha, got you where it hurts, didn't I?" he grinned, rubbing his fingers up and down her mons.

"HMMMMMMMM," she moaned.

He slipped his hand out from between her soft thighs and cracked it down on her bottom again. She yelped and cursed wildly.

"You deserve a spanking for being a cocktease," he laughed.

"That'll be the day!" she cried, writhing and wriggling in his arms as she tried to escape.

She managed to twist around and get across the sofa, then flopped off onto the floor. He grabbed her again, falling atop her, and they rolled several times before he came out on top. She twisted, and tried to crawl away, but he grabbed her again.

He sat back on his heels and hauled her belly up across his knees, then pulled her wrists together behind her back and pinned them there with one hand. He flipped up the bottom of her nightshirt again and spanked her several times.

Both of them had been just enjoying themselves, fooling around, having fun, but something caught both of them in the guts as his hand slapped across her soft flesh, and both of them realized it.

For Mark, it was a feeling of power that seemed to swell his lust to a point he hadn't felt in months.

For Katie, it was a strange feeling of helplessness, something that appealed to all those adolescent fantasies about authority figures and rape.

Mark slapped his hand down harder, almost experimentally, ready to back off and apologise if she got angry. She didn't, though she cried out, and a red hand print appeared on her ivory flesh. Again he slapped his hand down, then again, then again, wondering at his response, feeling his rock-hard prick pushing against her belly.

Katie felt her eyes tearing at the biting heat in her rear end as his hand cracked down again. She cried out in pain, her breathing harsh and ragged as she tried to understand why her loins were so hot and moist and heavy, why the blows were setting her insides churning in spite of the pain.

She was a strong-willed feminist, a well-educated, independent career woman. How could she let him spank her as though she were some little girl? How could she let him live out some kind of adolescent fantasy by hurting her?

And how could it feel so good?

Finally his hand cracked down especially hard and she cried out in pain, her body thrashing away. She rolled several times, then leapt to her feet as he jumped up after her. She backed away, not speaking, her heart pounding.

She found herself backed against the side of the bookcase, hemmed in by Mark. She pushed her hands out to fend him off but he gripped her wrists and

lifted them high above her, pinning them together above her head, pressing them back against the bookcase.

They stared at each other, both panting for breath, then his right hand slid up and down her body, then undid the buttons, starting at the top, working downwards, until her nightshirt fell apart and bared her soft, slender body. Her breasts rose and fell on her heaving chest as she pulled her wrists against his hold.

His hand moved up and down her again, rough, fast, squeezing her breasts, then diving down between her legs. She gasped and arched her back as he palmed her pubic mound and squeezed almost painfully hard.

"Oohhhhh," she gasped. "Oohhh God!"

He forced a finger up inside her, then a second, jamming them in to the knuckles as she gasped and wriggled against the bookcase. Her legs twisted and her ass ground against the wood as he pumped his fingers inside her. Then he brought his thumb down on her clitty, catching it against his fingers, and began to roughly grind and rub against it.

"Fuck! Oh fuck!" Oh God!"

"Yeah, yeah! You like that, huh, baby! Come on, baby! Come on my fingers! Show me what a hot assed little slut you are!"

"Ohhh! OOh, Mark! Noo...nooo, Maa...Maaarrk!"

She felt the heat swelling inside her, felt her breasts aching, her nipples burning like glowing red embers. She slapped her bottom back against the side of the bookcase again and again, jerking her head back as the air puffed out between her lips.

"Come, baby! Come on my fingers!"

"Oooohhhh!"

Katie didn't know what was happening to her. She hadn't felt this hot in months, maybe years. Her insides were churning and roiling, and her head was roaring like an freight train. She felt a sudden blast of high-intensity pleasure rip through her pussy and bucked her hips forward violently, then arched her back as she trembled and shook.

An orgasm boiled through her nerves and sinews, and she shuddered as the power of it tore her mind to pieces. She gurgled in bliss, hardly able to breath as her chest tightened and her legs danced and jerked helplessly.

Mark jerked her away from the bookcase, throwing her against the back of the sofa. The momentum carried her upper body forward and down over the back of the couch, and she groaned as she stared at the cushions. She felt his hands on her thighs, ripping them open, then felt his cock against her pussy.

Mark's hands shook as he rubbed his cock up and down against her drooling slit. As a liberated woman, it was very seldom when Katie would allow herself to be taken like this, to be fucked from behind. She found it degrading.

Now, however, with the sex-heat fully in control of her, she didn't seem able to protest. He slid into her, then gripped her hips and thrust deeply. He heard her groan, a long, quavering sound of pleasure, as his cock drove deep into her belly.

He gripped her bottom, squeezing and kneading the soft meat, then raised both hands and slapped them down. She yelped, then groaned again, as his fingers dug into her bottom and he began to fuck her hard and fast. His cock pumped furiously as his hips spanked her pinkening cheeks.

He tore the nightshirt off her, then gripped her wrists, pulling them up and back behind her, raising them up high against her neck until she cried out in pain. He caught at her hair, yanking her head back as he pounded his cock into her slender body. The sofa shook with the force of his thrusts as Katie shuddered and moaned and cried out again and again, voice filled with passion and excitement.

He used the full length of his hard, thick cock as he drove himself into her belly. He watched his cock sawing back and forth between her soft, furred lips, watched the dark pink flesh within her, all moist and glistening as his cock pounded through it.

"Fuck!" he gasped. "Oh, man!"

He buried his tool inside her, then ground his hips against her bottom and thighs. He raised her wrists higher, drawing another cry of pain, and felt a sense of mastery, of power and control. He pulled her hair back against the fist pinning her wrists, holding it as well, freeing up his other hand to race over her body and slap at her bottom again. He felt her insides spasming and shaking and squeezing down on his boner, and felt his juices ready to blast, ready to blow.

He gripped her thigh and jerked it wider, spreading her open for him. She groaned again, but he didn't care. He drove his tool into her furry crack with total abandon, grunting with effort, groaning with pleasure as his hips pounded against her thighs.

Her glasses fell off, and she hardly noticed. She gurgled and grunted in bliss and dazed confusion as he drilled her exposed pussy crack, and spanked her with his hips. Her arms and shoulders ached, her head up and back, hair pulling against her scalp as he held her in his tight embrace. She felt overwhelmed, helpless, and her body was flooded with intense sexual need and lust as she felt his thickness pounding up and down inside her aching sex.

She was going to come again, and how long had it been since she'd come twice in one evening? She tried to think but her mind melted away under the howling pleasure as the orgasm lashed her body and senses. She felt a sense of wonder and shock as the pleasure grew and grew, spiralling up higher than she would have believed possible. This would be an orgasm to remember, she thought blearily, as the pleasure took her mind and shook it like a rag doll, her helpless, hapless body bucking against Mark as he continued to hammer himself into her from behind.

She gurgled in ecstasy, head jerking, hoping the orgasm went on forever, her entire body flaring with a heat she had never felt, all centred around her pussy, which felt as hot as a volcano with her husband's thick cock pounding in and out.

Then he came, his juices frothing out of his prick, flooding her insides. His hot, salty white cock-milk poured down into her wriggling body as he felt his balls draining and his cock slowly begin to soften.

"Oohhh, baaby," he groaned.

He reached down and pulled her upright, and her feet stumbled, then found purchase on the rug. He pulled her tightly against him, even as his softening cock remained inside her. His hands kneaded her breasts as he kissed and licked the sides of her throat.

"Who says you don't excite me?" he sighed.

"Bastard," she sighed.

Chapter 2

They were both quiet afterwards, neither quite sure what had happened. Katie tried to puzzle out what had turned her on so high, so hot, so fast. She'd never been one to experiment sexually. In fact, she was, she admitted, a little repressed.

She had had a few boyfriends before Mark, but things hadn't really developed very far. She'd done her first blow-job at seventeen, and done perhaps five or six more of them over the next three years. She'd lost her virginity at twenty. It hadn't been a terribly exciting time in her scholarly life.

At twenty one, having only four previous sexual experiences, two with one boyfriend, two with another, she had met Mark. She had fallen in love with him, and come, eventually, to enjoy sex, but more as an expression of closeness, of love and tenderness, than because of any real physical pleasure.

Oh it was pleasant at times, but stories about massive fireworks that she often read or heard about, she had dismissed as mostly exaggeration. She could count on one hand the number of times she had actually climaxed during intercourse, and she didn't think any had been remotely as powerful as what she had just felt while bent over the couch.

So the massive pleasure she had experienced during the rough, raw, violent sex was a tremendous puzzle. It made her uncomfortable, wondering if maybe there was something inside her that was masochistic, that craved abuse.

He had spanked her, for God's sake! And she had gotten off on it more than almost anything she could remember, without him doing more than slapping her behind and fingering her crotch.

He had gotten off on it too, which also discomfited her. What if it turned out he liked hurting women, liked hurting her? What kind of a man got off on hurting his wife? Weren't they just sub-human wife beaters?

She had always felt very close to Mark, but now she wondered if she knew him at all, and what was worse, if she knew herself any better.

As for Mark, he was wondering something along the same lines. He had felt an almost frightening pleasure as he smacked his hand down on Katie's backside. The sound of her cries were like music to his ears, and he had had a tremendously hard time restraining himself from doing worse.

The raw, violent sex was something new to him, something he hadn't dared with girlfriends, and of course, had never considered with Katie. It had been, without question, the most fantastic sexual experience he could remember. Never had Katie seemed to utterly sexual and erotic.

Every time he'd slapped her, every rough movement he'd made, he had anxiously expected her to protest, to demand he halt. But she hadn't. What did that mean? She had sure seemed to like it. But maybe she'd been acting. Maybe she was even now disgusted with him.

He wasn't sure, and didn't dare ask.

Their sex life over the next week was limited to the occasional kiss and pat on the behind. Katie was wary of both him and herself, and Mark was afraid to push things, despite his growing frustration. Each time he tried to get close to her in bed she found a reason to ease away, tiredness, headache, or just plain not in the mood.

On a Thursday night, almost a week afterwards, he didn't wait for her to get into the bed. She undressed and put on her nightshirt, then went to put on some kind of greasy stuff, which made it obvious to him that there would, again, be no sex tonight.

He rolled out of bed...he slept nude, as usual, and came up behind her, gripping her wrist.

"Put that shit away, will you?" he said, irritated.

"You don't want me to look old and wrinkled when I'm forty, do you?"

"I don't care what you look like when you're forty," he growled. He took off her glasses, ignoring her protests, then spun her around, and gripped the hem of her nightshirt, jerking it up.

"Mark!" she cried in protest.

He jerked the nightshirt up and off, flinging it against the wall and wrapping his arms around her, drawing her naked body in against his as he bit down on her neck. His hands dove to her bottom and squeezed it tightly as he ground his loins into her.

"Mark! Stop it! I...I have to be at work early to...tomorrow!" she gasped, pushing him back.

He ignored her, lifting her up and carrying her to the bed. He got into the bed, easing her down below him as he growled and gnawed and chewed on the nape of her neck. His hands came out from under her ass, sliding through her long red hair and over her rounded breasts as he let his weight down on her.

"Mark! I...I don't...I..."

He silenced her words with his mouth, crushing her lips. His tongue darted in between them, caressing her teeth and lips as he rubbed himself

against her. His cock hardened rapidly as it was ground between their loins, and he reached down for it, placing the hard little helmet against her gash.

Katie decided to give in. It would only take a few minutes and then she could put him off for another few days while she pondered her behaviour, and his, last week. There was no real violence in what he was doing, though he was certainly being more insistent than normal.

And more...more rough...more...aggressive. His hands were racing over her body, mauling and kneading her breasts as his mouth pressed down demandingly. He pinched and pulled at her nipples, making her yelp, then drove himself slowly, but firmly down into her tight pussy.

It was not a brutal thrust, yet it was also not the slow, in out, gradual penetration she was used to. She felt his organ sliding firmly, determinedly into her in one single deep drive, and groaned a bit in surprise, and at the strain and sudden bloating of her surprised body.

He tore his lips free of hers, then engulfed her nipple and a chunk of breast meat, biting, chewing, sucking fiercely. She gasped, but he was gone, his lips on her throat, then on her mouth again, then on her other breast, then her shoulder, darting here and there, biting and sucking and licking and slurping excitedly.

His hands kneaded and squeezed her breasts nearly continuously, crushing and rolling the soft, tender, orbs as he ground himself into her. His body rolled from side to side, and ground back and forth over her, even though he wasn't pumping, even though his cock was buried to the hilt inside her.

She felt it moving inside her, the pressure shifting from side to side in her belly, twisting around as he moved. She felt his weight on her thighs and belly and ran her hands across his shoulders and ribs as she felt herself heating up.

She spread her legs slightly, instinctively, then wondered why she had. She drew her knees up and apart, trying to kiss him back, but finding his head still moving rapidly, his mouth still shifting from throat to mouth to breasts.

She gripped his head and pulled his lips onto hers, and they kissed long, and hard, and deep and with growing passion on her part. He started to hump down against her, and she felt his cock thumping into the back wall of her pussy as it moved. She gasped in pleasure, drawing her knees back and spreading her knees wider, even though the tendons in her thighs were already aching from the strain.

She felt her heart pounding faster, felt the blood racing inside her as their tongues duelled, first in his mouth, then in hers. She ran her hands down his body and onto his ass, and dug her fingers into the flesh as he ground and humped into her.

He pulled himself free then, pushing himself up on his arms, taking his weight off her. He began to thrust into her with a hard, steady, driving rhythm. His cock pumped inside her, thrusting in again and again as she lay below him. His hips struck her thighs and bottom in a hard, steady tattoo as his cock plunged again and again into the depths of her tight, moist belly.

Then he shoved himself back, his hands gripped her legs behind the knees and he let his weight come down on them as he shoved them back against her

chest. Katie gasped as she stared up at him, as her knees were crushed back into her breasts and her ass raised upwards off the bed.

He began to fuck harder and faster, using long, deep strokes as he pounded his cock down into her.

Never before had they used this position, for she had considered it far too demeaning. She had the words of protest on her lips, but never got them through. She felt her body thrum with sexual energy as his thick organ drove into it, and felt every hard thump of his hips against her buttocks driving the pleasure onward.

This is demeaning, her mind cried. How can you let him use you like this? How can you be such a slut? She was embarrassed a little at how utterly exposed she was to him, at how her ass was raised and her crotch gaped.

But too much of her mind was reeling from the pleasure as his cock pounded down into her. She heard herself grunting softly with each hard thrust, and knew, without thinking, without any conscious thought, that she loved the hard pounding against her ass, that she felt a blast of pleasure each time his hips hammered her ass cheeks and drove them down.

She felt wanton, felt like a raw, carnal animal as he rutted down into her. She was always careful, so very careful of her dignity at work, of the clothes she wore and the way she moved, she could only imagine what her co-workers would think if they saw her like this.

And the thought of that, rather than crushing her, made her body burn like fire. She gasped and mewled in response as he shifted his weight on her legs, his hands travelling down them, down to her calves, then ankles. He threw his weight on them, unbending her long legs and straightening them back along her torso.

She felt a blast of amazement as he put his legs on her ankles, shoving them up over her shoulders. Her back ached, and the tendons in her thighs were hot and sore, but she didn't care about that. It was the position she was in, the sight of her crotch only inches from her chin, of her ass cheeks raised high, and his cock thrusting down into her that took all her attention.

She stared in utter fascination at the sight of his cock driving into her again and again, and then looked up at him and saw the fire in his eyes and, and gasped again. She knew how excited he was, and knew she was the cause of it, and that added to the roaring inferno that was raging through her own body.

And then he managed to shove her feet back further, and she could feel them, could feel her bare feet as he pressed them back against the head board, and she felt like the sluttiest, hottest whore in the world as he pounded his cock down into her, and her ass bounced wildly up and down under the blows.

And she came, came with a colossal, blinding firestorm of sexual pleasure. Her senses were flooded with ecstasy, and her mind bobbed and twisted and turned over and over as the raging tide passed through and over it.

She shuddered and trembled, mindlessly gurgling and moaning as fire rippled up and down her spine. The pleasure was a huge, towering thing that swamped her senses and shook her body to the core of her being. She felt light-headed, felt her chest tighten, her vision fading.

Then the come eased, and she felt a glorious, languorous sexual bliss gripping her. She moaned and let her eyes close, her body hot, her muscles weary, her heart still pounding.

And yet Mark was not finished. He still held her ankles pressed back against the sides of her head, and his cock continued to thrust down into her as his hips bounced her entire body up and down.

She was aware of this, and accepted it in a warm, soft, happiness, basking in the afterglow of her orgasm.

Yet still he plunged his tool down into her, and she felt the stabbing pinpricks of heat breaking through her all-encompassing bliss. She whined unhappily as the delightful comfort of her body was forced away, and she was brought back fully into the muscular aches and pains, the discomfort of her position, and the bruising impact of his hips against her soft, upturned buttocks.

Could she complain? Could she tell him to hurry and finish? No. She couldn't. How could she? Surely he wouldn't be much longer.

Yet he continued to drive his tool down into her, fucking, if anything, harder.

Then, much to her surprise she felt a tingling in her groin, down deep in her lower belly, down where his cockhead was punching repeatedly into her cervix. It grew and spread, sliding up her pussy to the mouth, setting her clitty tingling, then seeping through her belly and up to her chest.

She felt her breasts ache with wonderful pleasure under the repeated grinding of her legs, and felt her heart begin to race again. She was shocked, stunned, for to her this was impossible. An orgasm was, after all, often known as a climax for the very good reason that it was the peak, and the end of things.

Yet her body was rapidly being swept back into the sexual whirlwind she had just emerged from. That had never happened before, nor did she think it was possible.

She lay there in stunned amazement, her aching body throbbing with sexual heat as Mark drove his cock into her depths with near savage fury, thrusting down with all his weight, his hips cracking loudly into her ass cheeks. It was crude, violent, raw....fucking.

Fucking. She was being fucked. Now she understood the true meaning of the word. Making love certainly was no description for this. This was not having sex, or screwing. This was fucking. She was being fucked...hard!

She heard herself say the word, whispering it.

"fuck," she breathed.

"Fuck...fuck...fuck...fuck..." she whispered, chanting it almost as a mantra, not even knowing she spoke aloud, each word a gasp of pleasure timed to his brutal thrusts.

"Fuck...fuck...fuck...fuck...fuck..." she gasped. "Ooohh Fuck!! Oh! Oh! Oh! Ungh! Ungh!"

A second orgasm swept over her, ripping her thinking to shreds. Heat flared up along her nervous system, blasting along her body like raw, molten lava ripped from cracks in the earth. She screamed...for the first time in her life

she screamed in pleasure, helpless, massive, shocking pleasure that swept her out of the world and into its own embrace.

Nothing existed, nothing mattered, nothing but the pleasure. Caught in a howling, roaring hurricane of ecstasy she bounced and jerked like a spastic doll, blinded, deafened, she neither knew nor cared what was going on, what was happening to her. She turned and twisted and rolled in a vast pool of boiling water, her body steaming as it consumed her. Yet the water was inside as well as out. She held her mouth wide, felt the bubbling, churning ecstasy in her lungs and belly and groin, and threw senses wide to it.

She woke to Mark slapping her face lightly. He had some water and his hand was wet. She blinked her eyes, slowly trying to bring her sight into focus.

"Ma....aaark," she whispered.

"Thank God! Are you all right?"

"I...I...oohhhhhh."

"You passed out."

"I...I did?"

"Fainted," he said, his worry disappearing now, slowly being replaced by a certain arrogant pride.

"Oh my Gooooood," she moaned, bringing her hand up to her face.

"I was...uhm, kind of worried."

"I..." She turned her head, then raised herself up on her elbows. Mark helped her sit up, and put another pillow behind her.

"Jesus," she sighed, shaking her head. "Oh man!"

"I uh, guess you liked it, huh?" he said with a grin.

"I never felt anything like that in my life!" she breathed, staring at him in wonder.

"Well..." He shrugged nonchalant, feeling even more proud and cocksure.

Mark was not the kind of guy who'd ever bragged much about his sexual conquests, and he certainly spoke seldom, if ever about his sex life with Katie. But the very notion of her coming so hard she fainted made his head swell, and he longed desperately to call up his friends and tell them how he'd fucked her unconscious.

There was a certain age-old male delight in possessing a woman's body, a delight he'd seldom felt. Katie was, after all, hardly his plaything, his possession. She was as smart, as strong-willed, and as successful as he was. She decided when they'd have sex, and mostly how, and she shared in all other decisions.

On the other hand, he had just fucked her unconscious! Though he didn't think it consciously, the realization was there that if he could fuck her unconscious he was, undisputable, the one in charge. he was THE MAN. THE BOSS.

"Christ, what did you do to me?" she groaned. "My back aches. Ohhhh, my thighs."

She gripped her inner thighs and massaged the strained tendons and muscles. She felt bruised there, too.

"I uh, I guess you made me so excited I got carried away," he said glibly.

"Fuck," she sighed. "I bet I have bruises tomorrow."

She was so stunned at what had happened that she was trying to shift the discussion away from it, away from her fainting from pleasure, and on to his inconsiderate and rough sex.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Forget it," she said, unable to look at him. "Let's get some sleep."

"You uh, you liked it, huh?" he grinned.

"Mark...yes. I...liked it. Can we get some sleep. I'm absolutely exhausted."

He wasn't annoyed. He knew very well what she was doing, why she was shifting the discussion and blaming him. There was always a very subtle struggle for power within a marriage like theirs, and he had just won a mighty battle.

He kissed her, then grinned and turned away, turning off the light. He decided, though, to get a shot in before sleep.

"Don't forget to tell your girlfriends about that," he said in the darkness.

Shit, she sighed to herself.

What just happened, she asked herself. What was that? More importantly, how can I get more of it?

No, no, no! How can I regain control of my body. That's the question. How can I experience pleasure without giving up my pride and dignity. Jesus! I let him pin my fucking feet back behind my ears!

Do I really care? It is Mark, after all. I don't have anything to hide from him. I love him and he loves me. If rougher, harder sex feels so damned good why should I care about my bloody dignity?

It was a long time before she fell asleep.

The next day there was work, and lots of it, and little time to wonder at what had happened, or care about her motivations. Still, it kept popping into her mind, during board meetings, during discussions with colleagues. She would shift in her seat and wince a bit at the pain in her thighs, at the strain there, and remember, and her cheeks would get a little pink as she looked furtively around the room.

No one knew, of course. How could they. But if they did... Oh how it would shock them! Imagine if they knew what she had looked like, how slutty, how wild and wanton she had been. Imagine if they had heard her crying out in pleasure, knew she had actually fainted from it.

She was able to get home not much after seven thirty, and tried, with only a little success, to put it out of her mind as she and Mark ate dinner.

After dinner, both of them in their sweats, they sat on the couch and watched TV, and talked a little, about work, about friends. Not...NOT...about sex.

Around eight he kind of pulled her over towards him, so they were hip to hip, and kissed her affectionately. She tensed up worriedly, her mind churning. Then he lifted her legs up and over his lap as his arm went around her.

"It's kind of early, isn't it?" she gulped, smiling hesitantly.

"Is it?"

"It's..." she shook her hand out and looked at her watch. "just past eight."

"We have to wait until bedtime?"

"Well.. not... it's just that..."

His lips slid onto hers and they kissed softly, then harder. His tongue slid into her mouth, and his right hand moved between her legs, rubbing up and down over her pussy.

She wanted to push him away, to shove him hard and run into the bathroom and lock the door. But she didn't. The memory of the pleasure, the luscious, exquisite pleasure, was addictive, and she wanted it more than she feared for her dignity and pride.

A minute later he shifted her bottom into his lap, then put his arms under her and stood up, lifting her in the air.

"Maaark!" she gasped.

"Hey, you got no say in anything, woman," he growled.

"Woman?" she stared.

"I'm the man. What I say goes."

"Oh, really?"

He carried her into the bedroom and threw her on the bed, then gripped her sweat pants and pulled them down her legs, flinging them off the end of the bed. She stared up at him in excited confusion, wondering what, if anything, she should do to reassert her authority over their sex life.

He knelt there between her legs, growling and the sound raised the hair on the back of her neck and woke something hot and hungry in her belly.

He lifted the top of her sweats up, pulling her into a sitting position, then yanking them off and shoving her back down on her back naked.

She laughed, as if in amusement, though her heart raced anxiously.

His hands closed on her wrists and he pulled them up above her head, spreading them apart and putting his weight on them. She felt a sudden throbbing need in her loins, along with a desperation to say something, to remind him that she was his equal, that she was a strong-willed, independent...mature...

Then her body decided for her. This was something new and out of the ordinary, and if it resulted in the kind of pleasure she'd felt last night, and last week, then the hell with equality. Their sex life had gotten boring, and she wasn't about to protest if some kind of macho Tarzan act would liven things up to this extent.

He straddled her body, his knees pressing against the sides of her ribs, then let go of her left wrist and leaned forward, to the right. She felt something against her wrist and turned her head up. She saw, to her considerable shock that he was tying one of his old ties around her wrist.

"Mark!" she gasped in surprise.

He ignored her, and her next words were drowned by a flood of heat that seemed to make her body tremble with lust. He was going to tie her up, tie her to the bedposts. That was so kinky! So hot and sexy and...and carnal... and...

She felt her heart beating faster. She stared upwards at him, feeling the tie tighten around her wrist, then saw and felt the length of fabric tugging on her wrist as he slid it around the post and pulled tightly. He tied it off there, then leaned over to the left.

Again he produced a tie, wrapping it around her wrist. She closed her eyes and shuddered, her mind spinning with wonder at what he was doing, and at her reaction to it. How could she allow this? How could she not?

She felt the pull on her wrist as he cinched the thing tighter, then he backed off, easing his weight back. He slid his ass back onto her belly and let some of his weight come down on her. She pulled repeatedly at the ties, excited by the lack of give, by the tightness of the fabric against her skin.

His hands moved up and down her upper body, rubbing and squeezing her breasts, pinching and pulling on her nipples, then sliding his hands up alongside her head. He ran his hands roughly through her hair, then gripped it and jerked her head back a little roughly.

She gasped in pain as he leaned in and bit on her exposed throat.

"Oh!" she gasped. "M...Mark!"

He jerked her head forward again, crushing his lips down on hers, stabbing his tongue into her mouth as he growled. He backed off, getting off her, then stood next to the bed. She saw the bulge in his pants and the heat in his eyes, and knew he was as excited by this as she was.

He stripped off his top and pants, then, his cock sticking up hard and erect, moved to the foot of the bed. He leaned over and grabbed her right foot, then jerked it towards the lower corner post of the bed.

Katie felt her heat rising higher still as she saw another tie in his hands.

"Oh, Jesus Christ!" she gasped, letting her head fall back.

Her chest rose and fell as the excitement rippled through her. They'd never done anything like this before, never been...kinky...if that was the word. Last night must have affected him, as well as her. Maybe he had felt more pleasure as well. Maybe he had decided that this was the way she needed it, wanted it, that she wanted him in complete control, wanted to be...fucked.

He was tying her spreadeagled to the bed! The very words, the very image of herself in her mind made her pussy drool with lust and desire.

Chapter 3

He yanked her ankle downwards as he cinched the tie around the bedpost, then did the same with her other leg. She was splayed out helplessly, her legs wide, wide apart, and her mind was gripped with a desperate lust as she pulled and strained against the ties.

She arched her back, panting and straining, moaning as she felt the tightness and firmness of the ties binding her.

"Jesus," she panted. "Oh God!"

Mark smiled, then climbed into bed, kneeling between her legs. He slid his hands up and down her straining thighs, then up over her belly, moving them in a slow, circular motion. He slid them up her ribs and over her breasts, caressing them softly, running his fingers and palms over the firm round surface.

Katie continued to strain and pull at the ties, her breathing already rough and ragged. He eased his right hand back down her body and in between her legs, then slowly wriggled a finger into her, letting it slide through the tight, moistness of her pussy lips and down into the hotter, sucking tunnel behind.

He felt her pussy squeezing and pulling at his finger as he twisted it around, and saw her arch her back and shove her pussy up at him repeatedly. He eased his finger back, then thrust a second into her, making her gasp and groan.

He brought his thumb down on her clitoris, squeezing and rolling it against his fingers.

He was somewhat surprised and gratified at her response, but as he ground her clitty between his fingers and thumb he saw, to his amazement, her body begin to hump and shake and grind in desperate lust. He heard her gasps, and deeply passionate moans and whimpers, and saw her face drawn back in a wondrous mask of pleasure.

She came, humping frenziedly, gasping and crying out her pleasure as she ground herself against his fingers.

Katie's mind seemed to explode as the pleasure foamed through her veins. The veins stood out on her throat as she opened her mouth wide in a scream of pleasure. Her chest was locked as muscular spasms ripped through her, so no sound emerged but a long, low gurgle as she arched her back again and again.

Mark was fascinated as he watched her violent contortions, fascinated...and deeply aroused. In the years since they had been married he had never actually seen her come, not like this, not sitting back on his heels and watching.

As she came he continued to pump his fingers in and out of her pussy opening, continued to grind them against her clitty and rub his thumb against it. He also closed his fist against her breast, crushing and squeezing and mashing it she whipped her head from side to side and cried out in pleasure.

He grinned in smug pleasure as she slowly went limp before him. She twitched and spasmed and moaned, eyes closed, chest heaving.

He pulled his fingers from her and ran both hands over her breasts, then eased his own naked body down over her. He chewed on the nape of her neck as he caressed her flesh, then reached above her and pulled a black silk scarf from under the pillow.

He folded the scarf, then placed it over her eyes.

"Ma...ark?" she moaned.

He lifted her head and tied the scarf behind her head, then adjusted the front to be sure she could see nothing.

"Maaaarr? What...what are you doooing?"

"Shhh."

He chewed on her lower lip then eased back between her legs, kneeling there. He ran his finger into her quim and scooped out her moist honey, then pressed his finger to her lips and pushed it inside. She licked at it, then sucked weakly.

He had to restrain himself at the sight, had to fight down the desperate desire to jump on her and fuck her madly. He knew that if he did that he would spew within seconds.

"You belong to me," he whispered, running his hands over her body again. "Don't you. Don't you, baby."

"Yessss," she panted.

He mashed her breasts, then leaned forward and sucked her right nipple into his mouth, chewing and sucking it, then sitting back and sliding his hands between her legs once more. he shifted his legs back, then bent forward to get a close look at her steaming snatch.

He slid two fingers of his right hand into her pussy, then added two fingers of his left hand. She moaned softly as he slowly peeled her open, prying the pussy lips wide apart and revealing the glistening pink flesh inside.

He tongued the little hole, then lapped along the insides of the lips, making his way up to her clitty. He kissed it, then sucked on it. He lapped like a cat, then rubbed his tongue as fast as he could. He blew a stream of air across the sparkling little fuck button, then stuffed his tongue down her fuck hole and wriggled it around.

Her hips began to grind up against him as he worked on her, moving with more and more energy. She began to whine and moan, and arch her back. She began to curse passionately, and whimper in pleasure.

He stopped then, sitting back on his heels to watch her. He licked his lips, then wiped his mouth and got out of the bed.

"Mark!?"

He went to the closet and took out the camcorder on its tripod. He pulled it over beside the bed and set it up, focussed on her, then plugged it in and turned it on. He went back to the closet and got the other things he'd placed there earlier, bringing them back to the bed.

He climbed between her legs once again and knelt there, setting down his things beside him, then picked up a long feather.

"Maark? What are you doooing?"

He smiled at her eagerness.

"Something wrong?"

"Wh...why did you stooop?"

"Stop doing what?"

"Maaaark!"

"Tell me what I was doing?"

"I - don't tease meeee!"

"Tell me what you want, Katie?"

"Maaaark!"

"Tell me. Say it!"

"Pleeease," she whined.

"Tell me."

"Lick meeee?"

"What else?"

"Eat me! Suck me and eat me! Maark!"

She strained against the ties and groaned imploringly.

"What kind of a woman would beg someone to eat her?" he sneered.

"Only a real slut would do that."

He slid the tip of the feather up and down her right inner thigh, and she twitched, gasping in surprise.

"Are you a slut, Katherine Mahoney?" he breathed, sliding the feather up and down her other thigh. "Are you a whore?"

"Nooooo."

He eased the feather in a slow, circular motion around her pussy mound, then upwards across her belly and in between her straining breasts. He circled her tits, noting the sheen of perspiration on her body now, then moved the feather along the side of her throat.

"Maaark! Stop iiiit!"

He ignored her, sliding the feather down around her breasts again, then stroking her right nipple. She arched her back, trying to shove her breasts harder against the teasing, taunting feather, but he pulled it higher.

He stroked her other nipple, back and forth, then in slow circles. She whined and complained, then cursed him, but he didn't stop.

Instead he peeled her cunt lips open again, then flicked the feather across her clitty, sawing it rapidly back and forth as she humped upwards.

"Fuck meeeee!" she groaned.

"What was that? You want something, Katie?"

"Pleeeeeease?" she whined.

"Say it again."

"Fuck meee!"

"What's the magic word?"

"Please," she panted. "Please fuck me, Maaarrk."

"Begging for it?" he smiled, eyes filling with heat.

He leaned forward. "If you want it, beg," he whispered.

"Please fuck me," she begged.

"You must be a real slut to be begging for it," he said. "Are you a slut, Katherine?"

"N...nooo,"

"Then I'm not gonna fuck you."

"All right! I'm a slut! Pleeease!"

"Say it."

"I'm a sluuut! Please fuck meee!"

"You want me to stick my COCK in my, slut? Is that what you want? You want me to ram my prick up your slutty pussy?"

"Yeeeeess! Oh, God!"

"Say it."

"Maaaaaaaark! Pleeeasse!"

He twirled the feather across her clitty, then over her nipples, then her face, then he put it down and picked up a candle and lighter. He flicked the lighter and lit the candle, then gave it a few seconds to burn before holding it over her right breast.

He leaned over her and slowly turned it sideways, letting the hot wax fall onto her nipple.

She gasped, and arched her back, then shook her body.

"Mark! Ow! What are you doing!? Ow!"

He turned the candle further over, letting the hot wax dribble over her nipple and areola, then shifted to her other breast. She yelped and moaned and pulled against the ties as he dripped more hot wax onto her.

He moved between her legs and pried her pussy open, exposing her clitty, then dripped hot wax onto that. She yelled and cursed and humped and jerked wildly, until he finally stopped.

"Such a fun little toy to play with," he grinned.

"Mmaaaarrrrk," she groaned.

"Something wrong...slut?"

"Fuck meee!?"

"You'll have to beg harder...slut."

She groaned and pulled at the ties.

Katie had never experienced anything like this in her life. She hadn't been involved with previous boyfriends for very long, and never before had she and Mark practised sexual games of any kind. She loved the bondage, the vulnerability and helplessness that filled her.

She had expected him to simply make love - no, to fuck her once she was tied, yet instead he had, to her shock, masturbated her.

She shuddered, even thinking the word. He had masturbated her! And she had come with a terrible power, shaking like an epileptic in a fit, and then he had blindfolded her, licked and sucked her almost to the point of another orgasm, and was now - now - toying with her, taunting and teasing her in a way she found both confusing and exciting.

Her body was gripped by a monstrous lust, one that had begun as he'd eaten her, and then subsided, only to grow hotter, and more powerful as she felt his fingers and lips, and then what was obviously some kind of feather stroking her flesh.

When she'd felt the sharp heat and stinging pain in her nipples she'd been shocked, at first, but then as it continued, and as she smelled the scent of what was obviously a candle, she realized what he was doing.

She almost came, just by squeezing her pussy muscles so furiously and rapidly. The realization that he was dripping hot wax onto her nipples as she lay bound and blindfolded was perhaps the most erotic thing she had ever experienced.

She had never felt so alive, sexually.

She felt his tongue against her pussy again, felt his fingers inside her. The blindfold seemed to elevate her other senses, and her pussy felt incredibly tender as his tongue moved over it.

The sexual heat rolled through her, and she began to hump against him, whimpering and groaning as her body shook with pleasure. His fingers pumped inside her as his tongue twirled across her clitty, and she felt a towering wave of pleasure building up over her, ready to crash down and swamp her.

Then he halted. She quivered with anticipation, then anxiety, then moaned and strained at the ties again.,

"Maaaark!"

"Shhh."

"Fuck me! Pleeeeease!"

"You want my cock...slut?"

"YEees!"

"Say it."

"I want your cock!"

"You want me to shove it up your slutty cunt?"

"Yesssss," she sobbed. "Pleeeeease!"

"Tell me what a whore you are, and I'll fuck you."

"Maaaaaark!"

"Do it. Tell me how you want me to ram my prick up your gash. Tell me how you want me to fuck your slutty cunt hole. Tell me what a filthy nympho whore you are, Katherine Mahonie! Tell the world what a hungry little cunt little Katherine Mahonie has become!"

"Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!" she panted, twisting and writhing and straining at the bonds.

"Tramp."

"Fuck meeee! Fuck meee, Maaaark!"

"Beg for it. Beg for it up your hole, slut!"

"Fuck my hooole!" she gasped, the words blasting through her mind like fire. "I'm a slut! I'm a fucking cheap whore! I need your cock up my slutty cunt! Fuck me! Fuck my dirty whore cunt hole! Pleeeeease!"

He crawled up her body and straddled her, then leaned forward and lowered his cockhead against her mouth. He rubbed it back and forth across her lips and she opened her mouth and licked at it.

"Suck it, baby. Make it nice and wet like your pussy, so it can slide right in there."

She suckled on his cockhead like a baby on a nipple, moaning and slurping as she tongued it. He let his cock slide deeper into her mouth, letting her slurp and gurgle on it, then pulled free and got between her legs.

He rubbed his cock up and down against her slit, then shoved the cockhead through her lips, drove it in an inch or two, then dove on top of her, thrusting it deep inside with one, hard motion, burying it up her snatch as his body crushed down on top of her.

He grabbed her head and mashed his lips down on hers, silencing a scream of shock, then rutted with all his strength, deliberately ripping his cock

up and down inside her as fast as he could, ramming it up her snatch, tearing it free, then stabbing it in again, grinding and pounding his hips against her splayed thighs as he sucked and slurped wetly against her mouth.

His hips were a triphammer as he skewered her burning pussy with violent, furious passion. His mouth was voracious, sucking and chewing and biting and licking on her mouth and throat and cheeks as she thrashed and writhed beneath him.

The first hard thrust had driven Katie over the edge into a massive, shuddering orgasm, and as she felt his body grinding and bucking and crashing violently against her she could only thrash her head and cry out in ecstasy, the sexual electricity tearing through her body in uncontrollable blasts of crackling power.

Mark came inside her, and felt wad after wad of steaming jism blasting up her pussy. He groaned and bit down on her shoulder, gnawing at her flesh as the climax burst over him.

He lay there atop her panting for breath, then, recovering some energy, slowly pulled back, slipping his softening cock from her tight sheath and sitting back between her legs.

He climbed off and went to the camcorder, panning it slowly up and down her body, zooming forward to catch the beads of sweat on her forehead, then running down her body to her tight, moist sex. He pulled back, then refocused it and got back between her legs.

He picked up the vibrator he'd gotten from the closet, the one he'd bought just that day, and turned it on. He was virtually certain she'd never seen or felt one before, and hoped it had the effect he'd heard.

He rolled it around her right breast, circling her nipple.

"Maaark? Wh-what is that?"

"It's something made for sluts. A nice little toy that no true slut should be without."

"Maaaaarrrk," she moaned.

"Slut," he grinned.

He buzzed the vibrator over her nipples, then rolled it down her belly and in between her legs. He forced it through her soft, succulent cunt lips and drove it deep into her snatch.

"Oh," she groaned.

"That's how a real slut reacts," he said. "Tell me what a slut you are, Katie."

"Ooohhh. I-I'm a sluuuut," she groaned.

He pumped the vibrator in and out of her, then pulled it free and pressed three fingers against her hole, driving them in instead. He fucked his fingers in and out of her as he pressed the nose of the vibrator against her clitty and began to grind it down against the sparkling little bud.

Almost at once she began bucking up against him, panting and groaning and yelping in pleasure. Her head jerked from side to side and she arched her back as she whimpered and moaned in pleasure.

He pulled it free then and turned it off, dipping his hand into the bowl he'd had beside him, the one he'd gotten from the closet earlier, and pulled out a round ice cube. He pressed it against her pussy, then popped it inside, using his fingers to drive it deep into her fuck tunnel.

"Ahhh! Oohh! Maark! OOohhh! Ahhhh!"

Her hips bounced and jerked as she writhed and humped and strained against the ties, trying to break free.

"Stop it! Take it out! Take it out!"

Instead he picked up another cube and pushed that against her snatch, popping that down her pussy too. He slid a third, then a fourth, then a fifth cube up into her as she wriggled and thrashed and cursed him wildly. He had a full bowl of cubes, and he continued forcing them down her pussy, using his fingers and thumbs to force the cubes down to the very bottom of her fuck hole.

He kept pressing them in, ignoring her whines and curses and groans, until her pussy tube was absolutely packed with them, until her lips were swollen out and unable to close because of the mass of hard icy cubes.

He picked up another cube, then, unable to get it into her pussy, he slid it down to her anus and popped it in there. This produced another howl of outrage, and another violent thrashing and shaking.

He stuck his fingers between her pussy lips and gripped one of the cubes there, then tugged on it. It had melted against the other cubes, and didn't move. He pulled the cubes harder and slowly pulled them, in a mass, backwards.

Katie was shaking and trembling now from the cold, and groaned long and low as he slowly eased the entire mass of cubes back up her pussy. He pulled it free and examined it, seeing how the cubes had all melted together inside Katie's hole, forming a kind of thick icy dildo.

He slid his fingers into her pussy, feeling how cold it was in there as he pumped them in and out.

"Guess that cooled off your hot pussy, eh, baby?" he grinned.

"Baasstaard," she groaned.

He pushed the ice back against her opening, shoving it deep inside and pumping it back and forth.

"Ooohh! Take it ooooouuut!"

He pulled it out, then pressed it against her anal opening, prodding the little hole and pressing the ice forward.

"NOo! Maark!"

He shoved the ice dildo into her inch by inch as she screamed and cursed and shook in an effort to stop him.

He pumped her anus with the ice dildo for a minute as he rubbed her pussy, then he picked up the vibrator and turned it on, then shoved it back into her pussy. He pulled the ice out of her back hole and put it back in the bowl, then got up and went downstairs for a beer.

Katie lay there, panting and groaning for a few minutes. The cold and numbness began to fade from her guts as her breathing began to ease. She was more than a little amazed at herself...and at Mark.

What in the hell was going on? How long had she lain here? How long was he going to keep this up? What else would he do to her now that she was helpless to resist?

She had had not one, but two orgasms -again...and was just about to - would have had a third orgasm if that - that - filthy - rotten bastard hadn't pulled the - whatever it was, the buzzing thing, away from her and shoved ice into her pussy.

She'd never felt so cold. Her insides had nearly frozen over, and she'd trembled uncontrollably for long minutes. Now all she felt was a kind of quivering, buzzing. It had to be a vibrator. She'd heard of them but had never felt one before. It was an amazing sensation. It was like something was alive inside her.

"Maark?"

There was no answer, but she didn't know if that was because he'd left the room, or because he was teasing her, the bastard. She felt the buzzing vibrations moving up and down her spine, and felt the hardness of the plastic sex toy inside her belly.

If her friends could see her now! Friends? Hell! What if her parents, her God-fearing, bible-thumping Irish Catholic mother and father, found out what a-a-a slut she was? Katherine Mahoney - slut!

The very words made her quiver. Every time she'd done anything wrong the lecture would start with "Katherine Mahoney".

She'd been relived when she'd married, and gladly taken his last name.

She imagined her colleagues at work walking in on her like this, imagined them seeing her all spreadeagled, her hair matted against her face, a vibrator up her pussy.

I'm such a slut!

She pulled at the ties, straining against them as she felt her body quivering and shaking in tune with the vibrator. She felt a moist heat within her lower belly, felt it grow, grow so fast it astonished her. She moaned and writhed in the helpless fires of a sexual yearning that the ice had only delayed, not quenched.

She felt pressure on the bed, and knew he was back. She clutched at the vibrator with her pussy muscles, frantically trying to work herself higher before he could pull her back again. She whimpered and groaned and bounced her hips on the bed as the tingling and trembling grew more powerful, as the churning in her guts ate its way up through her chest.

She felt the tension ease on her ankles, then on her wrists. The ties were still around them but -it was as if they - .

She felt his hands under her, rolling her over onto her belly. She moved her arms and legs, and found that she could. She reached down to her crotch and gripped the vibrator, crying out in pleasure as she humped against it and jerked it back and forth inside her.

Then he grabbed her wrists and yanked them up and apart, slapping her hands down on the mattress. He was on her back as he tied the ties to the posts

again, cinching them tightly. She moaned and humped against the vibrator, hoping desperately the orgasm would come quickly.

He jerked her legs apart and tied them down, then got between her legs again. She felt his hand at her pussy, felt him pull the vibrator out.

"Noooooooooooo!" she sobbed. "Nooo! Let me come!"

"You wanna come, slut?"

"Pleeease! Mmaaaaaarrkkk!"

He scooped a wad of lubrication from a jar and rubbed it over his cock, then shoved his finger into her back hole, wriggling it inside and pumping it in and out.

"Maaaaarrrrk!"

He pressed his cock against her anus, then shoved the vibrator back up her pussy. She groaned in bliss, humping against it, almost ignoring the cock he was shoving up her ass.

Chapter 4

She groaned in pleasure as the heat rose inside her groin. She ground her hips down and humped feverishly, pulling, straining at the ties, basking in the wondrous sexual eroticism that was flooding her body.

Then she became aware of the sharp ache behind her, aware of it in the same way she was aware of Mark's hands moving over her, of his lips on her neck and throat. It was merely another sensation, another among a myriad of pleasures rippling along her overworked nervous system.

Then suddenly she knew it was for what it was. Understanding burst through the waves of pleasure and she caught her breath in shock, then rejection, then a terrible, dark passion seemed to catch at her throat. She held almost still, concentrating on the sensation of his cock going into her.

She had never been sodomized, of course, nor ever wished to, but now, it seemed the ultimate in sexual kinkiness. Now, as she lay belly down, tied spreadeagled, helpless, she pictured herself and pictured Mark, and pictured his stiff boner pushing down into her anus, and a wave of shocking, almost exultant sex-heat crackled through her mind like an electrical storm.

She felt his thick cock going deeper and deeper, working its way down her anal tube. She felt herself bloated out, felt herself opened, felt the walls of her anus caressed by his thick meat, and then bared down on her pussy muscles, chewing on the buzzing vibrator.

She screamed as she came, smashing her face again and again into the mattress as a stunning blast of ecstasy ripped through her body and mind. She

jerked spastically, shaking and straining and tearing at the ties as the climax bit into her guts and tore her mind through a wall of madness.

She felt, from a far distance, his cock thrusting harder, burying itself in her asshole, felt his balls mashing against her buttocks as he ground himself into her, then felt the first movements as he began to pump into her.

She fell into a deep, dark well, then felt a flood of flickering, sun-bright pleasure pouring over her. It swamped her senses, and she bounced and swayed and turned end over end within it, her mind basking in euphoria.

Atop her, Mark no longer felt the need for much gentleness. As she cried out her pleasure and her body thrashed and shook and rocked from side to side, he thrust his cock into her to the balls, ground himself against her, then paused only long enough to look down and see, with triumphant eyes, her tight round anus gripping the base of his tool.

Then he began to pump, fighting the tightness of her sucking anus, tearing up and down slowly, but with ever increasing speed as he beat down her muscles. He felt the buzzing and humming of the vibrator in her pussy tube, felt it against his cock deep inside her belly, and cursed in pleasure, driven to new heights as he pounded his cock feverishly down into her round rectal hole.

She continued to tear at the ties, her head bouncing, grunting and moaning and gurgling in pleasure. He rode her wildly, feeling a glorious pride, even arrogance, at mastering, humbling his strong-willed, dignified wife, at pounding his cock up her asshole as she came with uncontrollable passion.

Yes! He was the boss! And she was his! She belonged to him! He would fuck her brains out!

He panted and grunted in heated pleasure as he slammed his cock down into her asshole with forceful strokes. He let his body crush her to the bed, his ass rising and falling like a triphammer as he gave it to her, then he pushed himself up on his hands, shoving them down between her shoulder blades, straightening his arms to look down and watch his tool punching into her, reaming out her buttery little asshole.

"Fuck! Fuck! Yeah! Yeahhh! Take my cock! Whore! Slut! Ungh! Ungh! Up the ass! Up your ASS! Ungh! UNgh!"

He hammered his hips down against her soft buttocks, feeling the heavy impact shake her body, hearing the crack of noise as flesh met flesh. He speared his cock lust down into her anus, almost like a weapon, stabbing her again and again as his lust built up to almost delirious heights.

She had stopped her shaking, and was alternately still, limp, or straining at the ties. But he only had eyes for her round hole where his cock entered her. He rode her ass with a terrible pleasure, doing something he'd dreamed of for years, pouring out the years of frustration, the years of watching her tight, round, firm, beautiful ass and not being able to do what he'd so often dreamed.

But now he was, now she was laying there helpless, grunting like a bitch in heat as he ripped his cock up and down in her ass hole! As he fucked her up the ass! As he butt-fucked her!

Katie Mahonie, the proud, gorgeous, intelligent, wilful, feminist, laying there with her ass up getting BUTT-FUCKED!

His balls ruptured, his juice pouring out like a firehose, blasting up into her bowels like a sperm enema. He gnashed his teeth in pleasure as he dropped full length atop her once more, biting the side of her throat as he rutted against her asshole.

He felt her spasming hole sucking the juice right out of his cock as she gurgled and groaned, then he lay still atop her, moaning in happiness as he felt the last of his gunk draining into her ass.

Mark got up early the next morning to play softball. Katie stayed in bed, pretending she was asleep when he got up. After he'd gone she sat up, wincing, and tried to put her mind to what had happened yesterday, tried to understand how their sex life had changed, and why she was permitting it, much less enjoying it.

For her, sex had always been a thing of romance and love. Now, somehow, it had become a lewd, crude, rutting and grunting exercise that left her bruised, physically exhausted, and emotionally drained.

She had organized her life on the assumption that she was totally equal to any man, and her sex life was along the same lines. Sex was supposed to be a gentle, loving exercise that reinforced the bonds between two people.

Emotional bonds, not physical ones!

That she had permitted him to tie her up for kicks was not what really bothered her. What was bothering her was the intensity of the pleasure she was feeling, and the way her body took control of her, the way she was unable to restrain herself, much less Mark.

She had never believed she could experience such ecstasy. Even now, awash in guilt and uncertainty over everything, she knew she wanted almost nothing so much as to feel that pleasure again. She worried about what it was doing to her, to Mark, to their relationship.

But it didn't matter. That terrible, wonderful pleasure was better than anything she had ever felt in her life. The moment of ultimate pleasure, when her body had shook so hard her teeth had rattled, was more fulfilling than anything that had ever happened to her before.

She could not give it up. She couldn't! She had to have it again...and again and again - no matter what!

But were there no limits? Would she do anything, let him do anything? She had found the bondage intensely exciting. What did that say about her? Was there some kind of psychological problem buried deep in her subconscious? Why had she responded so powerfully?

And he had sodomised her! God! God! God! He had done that to her - and she had loved it! She was sick! Sick!

The memory was so fresh, so bright, so strong, that she imagined she could feel the ties around her wrists and ankles, could feel her body splayed out, his weight atop her, his cock churning up her guts...

She looked down and saw, to her shock, that he fingers had crept between her legs, and that she was unconsciously stroking her pussy slit.

She snatched them away, shaking a bit, wondering if the passion of this - this - feverish sexual heat would somehow render her mindless, destroy her will.

But still it didn't matter. She knew she had to have that pleasure again, knew she couldn't go back to the soft, romantic love-making that had left her stroking his head and smiling after his climax, but with no climax of her own.

She was addicted to it. She wondered if it was possible to be addicted to sex, to the terrible thrill that gripped her body when he used her so roughly. She couldn't ask anyone, though. The very idea of mentioning this to her friends made her blush. What would they think of her, feminists all, if she told them how she loved being tied up and sodomized, how she let him spank her and masturbate her, then use her like a cheap little whore?

She got up and went into the bathroom, stripping naked along the way, and stood in front of the full length mirror. She opened her legs and stared down at her crotch, noting the bruising on her inner thighs. She cupped her pussy, and felt the tenderness, then turned, bending somewhat, to see the lighter bruising, mostly red, sore areas on her buttocks.

There were also marks on her wrists, and she could only stare at herself in amazement, wondering how she was to cope with this.

She got into the shower, washed her hair too, then dressed in pants and blouse. She had breakfast, and watched the news. And by the time Mark had returned she had decided that their relationship would be split along a simple line. Outside of the bedroom they would continue to be equals. She would not allow him to dominate her, to take control. She would fight that.

In their sex life, she would let him have his way, let him - ravage her, use her, fuck her to his heart's content. She would be the cheap whore, the slut. It would be worth it for that pleasure, for that terrible rush of heat.

That was an amazing surrender for someone who had almost from the start insisted that Mark could be on top half the time, and she would be on top the other half.

There was no question who was on top now.

She felt a definite tightening in her stomach muscles at the sound of a key in the lock, but the feeling consisted of anticipation almost as much as anxiety. Mark came in and went to the closet, then tossed his baseball glove inside.

"Good game?" she asked.

"We lost."

"Oh, sorry."

"Ahh, life sucks, and then you die," he said, coming up behind her and hugging and kissing her.

"You're such an optimist," she said.

"Bought you something."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, come on in the living room and I'll show you."

"I'm cooking."

"It'll wait."

"Just a second, let me set it on low," she sighed.

She followed him out into the living room and saw him proudly pulling something out of a bag. Her heart skipped a beat as she saw the black lace. It was...a black bustier, garter belt, black stockings, and...a G-string. She'd never actually worn a G-string before.

"You going to model them for me?" she asked.

"No. You're going to model them for me."

"Maarrk. I can't wear these," she said, half amused, half scandalized.

"Sure you can."

"I'd look like a hooker!"

"No, you wouldn't. You'd look sexy. Come on, give em' a try."

"Well...uhm, later maybe."

"Now. It'll only take a second."

She reluctantly picked them up, then headed for the bedroom.

"Why don't you just try them on here?"

"Because I don't want to."

"I can help you," he grinned.

"No, thank you."

She went into the bedroom and stripped, removing her much less sexy lingerie. She watched the door carefully, not at all putting it past him to burst in on her changing.

First she pulled on the G-string. It felt surprisingly...erotic. He was right about how sexy it made her feel anyway.

She pulled on the garter belt and fastened it around her, then drew on the stockings, fastening them to the garter belt. Lastly she pressed the tight, lacy bustier against her chest, then slowly closed it and tied it in place. It was surprisingly tight, especially against her breasts.

She went into the bathroom and gazed at herself in wonder. She adjusted her breasts a little in the cups of the bustier, then stood back, looking at herself.

God! I look incredibly slutty!

She took off her glasses, then turned and posed for herself, then hurriedly brushed her hair, then put on some lipstick.

"Honey?" Mark called from the bedroom.

"Just a minute," she called.

She felt herself heating up as she looked at herself. She'd never really gone in for sexy lingerie. While in high school she'd been under the influence of her very Catholic parents, then in college it had been the feminists. Looking sexy was even more of a sin to a feminist than to the Pope.

There was one thing she needed, she realized. She needed high heels.

"Mark?"

"Yeah?"

"Look in the closet and get my black high heels."

It wasn't necessary to tell him which. He'd get the highest ones, she was sure.

He knocked on the door and she opened it just enough for him to pass the shoes through. She put them on, then made him stand back before she came out.

She came out almost swaggering, surprising herself at how brazen she acted. She stood straight, pushing her breasts out, knowing that the tight little cups which lifted them up and pushed them together also left them almost naked. The cups were almost transparent, and anyway, only covered the lower halves of her orbs, barely reaching the nipples.

"Hey, sailor," she said in a husky voice. "Looking for a party?"

She felt her blood boiling and her skin sizzling with excitement. Her pussy was moist, and she thought she could smell the musky heat of her sex as she leaned against the wall. His eyes excited her, for they were obviously alight with lust at the sight of her.

There was certainly no question any more that she excited him.

He whistled in appreciation, and she turned, bending slightly and showing him her bare ass.

"What a slutty girl," he growled, moving against her.

She turned around and her lips met his as his arms slid around her. His hands gripped her bare bottom as their tongues slid together inside her mouth.

She felt his groin pressing against her, felt his hardness through his jeans, and felt herself responding, felt her own heat rising with his.

She raised her right leg, curling it around him as their bodies ground together, then, a thought translated instantly to action. Without even thinking about it she reached down and undid his pants, shoving them down and pulling out his cock. She gripped it in her hands, still kissing him, still sliding her tongue along his, then pressed his cockhead against her snatch.

She eased the G-string aside and pressed his cock into her, then groaned in bliss as he thrust up and in, driving his prick high into her belly. He pulled a hand off her ass and tore her right breast out of the cup, then bent and sucked and chewed on it, his mouth voracious.

He gripped both breasts then, mauling them as he pressed her back against the wall. Her hands went over his shoulders and she kept her leg raised high as he bit on her throat, then her nipple, then slid his hands around her again, clutched her ass, and drove himself into her with a deep, powerful stroke.

She cried out ,and gripped him tightly, waves of heat suffocating her, drowning her in sexual passion. His body threw her back against the wall, and then she was in his hands completely, her legs both around him as he pounded his hips into her.

She pulled herself upwards, grunting and gasping as his heavy body pounded against her again and again. His lips suckled on her nipples, biting and chewing as his tongue slurped over them. His hands jerked her ass up to meet each thrust, and he fucked furiously, wildly, pounding his cock up her slit with unrestrained violence.

She felt herself approaching a cum, and knew only a moment's fear at how fast and hard it was coming, then, even as her mind warned her against this the orgasm rolled over her and she forgot everything else.

It was wild, and rough and crude...and she loved it, loved being smashed back into the wall, loved his hips crushing hers, loved the feeling of raw, carnal

eroticism as he growled and grunted and chewed on her throat and ears, and spiked his cock high into her belly.

And afterwards, after they had sagged slowly to the floor and lay there tiredly, he had pulled her head back, gripping her hair, and casually forced her head back, then crushed her lips in a casual, deliberately forceful way.

Then, helping her to her feet, he had virtually demanded she not dress. She had pulled her cups up, put her breasts, at least half of them, back into the bustier, and adjusted the G-string over herself, then gone back into the kitchen to finish cooking lunch.

It was the first time she could remember feeling sexy and erotic as she made lunch. He sat at the table and watched, and she knew his eyes roamed her body as she moved from place to place, new how naked she was, and how hot.

Even sitting at the table with him eating she had felt hot, her body aglow with lust as they ate, anticipating more of the rough, carnal sexuality he had displayed over the past week.

What she had not expected was for him to take her by the hand, lead her back to the living room, then calmly remove her sexy lingerie, stripping her naked, undressing her like she was a doll, his doll, his...sex toy.

He had removed her watch, her earrings, and even her glasses, which made her blink her eyes and squint just a little. Her eyes weren't very bad, but she was used to them.

Then he pulled another back out from under the coffee table and pulled from it a long length of rope. She gaped at it, even as he said "Put your hands behind your back."

She couldn't believe it, and even as the fires were blazing up within her she felt his hand crack against her ass, and yelped in pain.

"Hands behind your back, wrists crossed. Come on. Do as you're told, slutty girl."

As if in a daze she obeyed, squeezing her thighs together at the rush of heat and lubrication in her pussy. She crossed her wrists, and felt him carefully wrapping the rope around them, criss-crossing them and binding them tightly together.

He had an awful lot of rope for just tying her wrists together, but she didn't wonder at it, and felt only more excited, more aroused, as he brought the rope around her waist from either side, then looped them back around behind her and tied them off.

He reached down between her legs, slapping them so she'd open them, then pulled the rope between them, and up directly across her cleft. He pushed the rope through the loop around her waist, then jerked upwards hard. She gasped in surprise as the rope was forced up between her pussy lips.

He pulled the rope down over the loop around her waist, tugging that downwards, then pulled it back between her waist and up the crack of her ass. Again he tugged sharply, forcing that up between her pussy lips before tying it to the ropes behind her.

She looked down in amazement, shocked at the look and feel of herself like this, almost unable to keep her legs still as the ropes dug into her soft, moist,

pink pussy flesh and crushed her clit. She was almost ready to come just by rubbing her thighs together.

Still, he wasn't finished. She felt him pulling upwards, and then the rope came over her right shoulder, then also over her left. The two strands hung down over her swollen breasts, directly across her hot, sensitive nipples. She thought he would tie them down against the rope around her waist, but instead he moved in front of her and tied loops in both ropes.

"Bend over," he ordered, pushing on her shoulder.

She bent way over, and he squatted beside her, then reached up and took the rope that was dangling from her left shoulder. He drew it towards her right, then fitted the loop around her right breast. He pushed the loop right against her ribs, then slowly, and carefully adjusted the loop and tightened it.

"Maaaaark," she moaned, when it tightened painfully.

He ignored her, and she felt the tremendous pressure in her breast as the round orb was forced out into a fat, round ball of hardened meat. He pulled the rope behind her and tied it off somewhere near the small of her back, then too the other rope, the one hanging over her right shoulder, and pulled it to her left, putting the loop around that breast.

When he let her stand up her breasts were so taut, so tight she thought they would explode from the pressure. They stuck out like mushrooms, and she could hardly breath without the ropes digging into her flesh.

She squeezed her thighs together, and came helplessly, gasping and whining and shaking in place, moaning and humping feverishly. Mark quickly slid his hand between her legs and squeezed down hard, repeatedly crushing her pussy lips and the ropes inside them.

She sobbed in an agony of pleasure, her legs folding beneath her and dropping her to her knees. She moaned and felt her head boiling with an inferno of pleasure, engulfing her body in a sizzling blaze of sexual power.

Mark continued to squeeze her pussy, and also ran his hand over her taut breasts, pinching at the nipples as she came.

Only after her come had subsided, and she was laying there in the warm afterglow, did he stop, and continue with his ropes.

He led the two ropes down her back, then pulled them around her thighs just below her buttocks, tying them tightly, then led them further down her legs before looping them around her legs just above her knees. Again he tied them off tightly, then led them down to her ankles, looped them around, and tied them off tightly.

By then she had recovered some strength. Her body was still throbbing with sexual heat, though, and while she gasped in pain, she offered no resistance as he pulled her to her knees - partly by the arm, and partly by the hair. He had her kneel in front of him. She couldn't even sit back on her heels, for that made the ropes between her pussy lips cut up into her with tremendous pressure.

He stepped back and stripped naked, then, grinning, left her and went into the bedroom. He returned with the camcorder on a tripod. She turned a dark red, and though the idea of him taking pictures of her like this was exciting, it was also shocking enough for her to protest at last.

"Maaark! Nooo!"

"Why not?"

"I...I don't want you to take videos of me like this!" she gasped.

He grinned, then set up the camcorder, and went to the TV. He rolled the TV over so she could see it clearly, then turned on the VCR and put a tape in. She watched, her eyes going wide as she saw what was on it.

He let the tape play, watching her reactions as she saw herself writhing and screaming in orgasm, as she saw him running the feather over her. Her entire body seemed to flush red, and she thought for a moment he'd miscalculated, that she would abandon their games and be furious.

But instead she began grinding and rubbing her thighs together, and then slowly, groaning as she did, she lowered herself, sitting back on her heels. Then she began to rise up and down, as if she were fucking something, or - no - she was jerking off on the ropes between her pussy lips!

He watched in excitement and fascination as she stared at the TV as if hypnotised. She was breathing heavily, groaning and gasping as her ass humped up and down. Then she sat down hard on her heels and kind of ground her ass down on them. She flung her head back, arching her back, and making her breasts strain even more strongly.

Her head jerked back again, then again, then again, as her entire body trembled and shook, then she lost her balance and fell on her side, grunting and moaning as she rubbed herself against the ropes.

He looked up at the camcorder and saw with satisfaction, that she was still in it's vision, and that the small red light was on, signifying that it was recording.

He felt his bulging erection, running his hand up and down it, then got up and ran into the bedroom. He took the vibrator out of the box he'd stored it in and hurried back to her,

She still lay on her side, but the orgasm seemed to have passed. She was panting heavily, her eyes closed. He knelt beside her and turned her onto her back, then lifted her legs and pressed them back tightly against her chest. She groaned again, air puffing out of her mouth. He reached down to her crotch, gripping the ropes between her pussy lips. They were tight, very tight, but he was able to pull down on the rope around her waist, easing the pressure enough that, with some effort, he was able to slide the two strands just an inch to one side.

He picked up the vibrator then, turned it on, and pressed it against her exposed hole. With her thighs actually bound tightly together, her pussy hole was extremely tight. But she was soaking wet, her pussy hair plastered against her sweating thighs and drooling pussy mound.

He forced the rounded head of the vibrator against her hole and shoved it down, twisting it from side to side as he slowly worked it up into the groaning, moaning woman's hole. He felt the strain, the pressure around the plastic tube as he put his weight on it, shoving it inside her, forcing the thing fully inside her body.

It didn't quite disappear, though he pushed hard, but when he eased the two loops of rope back over it Katie groaned and writhed briefly, then her breath rattled and her eyes closed.

Chapter 5

He pulled her up onto her knees, and she groaned and shook her head weakly.

"Jesus, Jesus," she whispered.

"How's that pussy of yours feeling, baby?" he growled, sliding his hands through her hair. He dropped to his own knees in front of her, and ran his hands over her tight, taut breasts, marvelling at the sensation. His hands stroked over and over the round orbs, then his fingers pinched and pulled at her stiff, hard nipples.

He stood up, still holding onto her hair, gazing down at her with a feeling of ultimate satisfaction.

He tugged on her hair, unsure still, of how far he could go, pulling it up, forcing her to rise, even though he knew it hurt her, maybe because he knew it hurt. She gasped and yelped in pain, but rose, straightening somewhat. He held her hair in one hand and rubbed his cock over her face.

"All right, Katie, here's a nice hard cock for you," he breathed. "Suck it off, baby. Suck it off like a real slut."

Since she had first felt the tightness of the ropes around her wrists Katie's mind had been enveloped in a sexual fog. Her entire world had been reduced to the sexual pleasures being inflicted on her body. The more rope he had wrapped around her the more excited she had become.

The pressure of the rope against her pussy, against her clitoris, had only increased the force of that sexual passion. She was almost unable to control her body. In fact, it was more like her body was controlling her.

The heat in her groin was powerful, irresistible, it throbbed and glowed and tore at her mind, demanding attention, demanding sex, demanding penetration, yearning for a touch, for pressure, for anything.

Her breasts pulsed with heat, radiating it. They were glistening damply as she sweated, fat, and hard, centred by two burning hot embers that had once been her nipples, now so sensitive that the very air moving across them made her gasp in pleasure.

And now there was the vibrator up inside her, the tightness and heaviness in her belly, the hardness being gripped by her pussy flesh, the weight of it, and of course, the frantic buzzing and vibrations that was making her jerk her hips from side to side.

Every time she moved her ass she strained against the ropes between her pussy lips, making them dig up into her soft meat, making them press harder against the base of the vibrator, forcing it up harder against her cervix.

And now she was on her knees, and Mark was rubbing his cock over her sweating face, an outrage that would have ended their love making not that long ago. Now all it did was turn the roaring heat up higher, for she was a sex toy, and loved it, gloried in it.

He gripped her damp hair and jerked her face against him, and she cried out, but the pain was nothing to the pleasure, and she opened her mouth wide to take his cock, panting for breath before he shoved it in.

She sucked hungrily, bobbing her lips up and down as he roughly ran his fingers through. He started to pump his cock in her mouth, thus violating another old rule of hers, that he stay absolutely still when she had his cock in her mouth.

Now he actually held her head in his hands, squeezing down on it from either side, as he fucked his cock back and forth through her lips. Katie could hardly believe it, and the raw carnal nature of the act set her off again.

She humped and ground her hips violently, shaking and moaning and suckling desperately at his cock as she came. Her pussy bit and chewed on the hardened plastic buzzing away inside her. When Mark took one hand off her hair and ran it down to her chest and squeezed her hard breast she screamed.

Screamed.

The sound was not that loud, for it was muffled by the big cock in her mouth, but for the first time in her life she screamed in pleasure, screamed as the burning, crackling sexual heat slashed across her mind and body, tearing the world apart.

Her mind was dazed by the overload of sexual pleasure. She couldn't think straight. And didn't care about anything anyway.

Anything but pleasure.

Anything but the glowing fireball inside her.

Anything but the glorious sexual steam boiling her body from the insides out.

It wasn't until several sharp sensations managed to stab through the haze and fog that she realized she had stopped sucking on Mark's cock, and that he was slapping her face lightly to get her attention.

Not that lightly. It hurt. She started sucking again, working her mouth up and down his cock. She was drooling, but didn't care. She sucked and slurped and licked against his cock as he once again began to pump it in and out of her face.

"Yeah. Suck that! Suck my cock, slut! Slutty little whore!"

The words stabbed through the fog too, but she loved them, loved the way they made her feel.

Slut, she thought. Whore. Sex-toy. Little slutty boy-toy.

"Suck my cock, slut."

He fucked harder, and then, even as she began to hump her ass again, began to whine at the tingling and gnawing of the vibrator inside her, the

rasping of the now sopping wet ropes against her tender pussy flesh, just as she began to feel, with shocked delight, the approach of another orgasm, he thrust especially hard, and his cock somehow slid right down her throat.

Her mind was too blasted by sexual heat to react at first. All she could do was struggle with the discomfort and the nausea, to try to understand what had happened. Her throat - itched - no, it - it felt full, like she was choking on something.

She tried to pull her arms up, to raise her hands to her throat, but of course, couldn't, and as her mind slowly managed to wrap itself around what was happening, as she realized that he had actually got his cock right down in her throat.

She came.

it was yet another massive goad to her sense of dignity, to her sudden deep, gut-level need for him to use her in a raw, rough, carnal way, for him to treat her like a cheap sluttish sex-toy. She had heard of the term dep throating before, had even considered the very notion to be exciting.

But she had a distaste for sucking cocks, and couldn't ever imagine herself actually doing-that.

But now she had her lips pressed against the base of his cock, and his balls were against her chin. She was staring at his belly from an inch away, and her throat bulged with the thickness of his throbbing male organ.

It shot her off the edge of sanity, and she thrashed and shook violently, humping desperately back as she tried to scream and howl. Her throat was utterly blocked, however, and allowed no space for either words or oxygen.

She didn't care. She didn't care that she couldn't breath. She didn't care that her chest was tight and hot from lack of air, that her head was ready to explode. Her mind was fading out, but she didn't know or care about that either. She bathed in the fire of ecstasy as her vision blurred.

Then he pulled his cock out of her throat, and she could breath again. She fell back onto the floor and lay there panting for breath for long minutes. She had a - taste in her mouth, and knew - unconsciously, that he had come in her mouth - in her throat.

She moaned weakly, chest heaving as she tried to regain some sense of what was going on. The buzzing in her crotch didn't help that any, however.

Mark slowly untied her, starting at her ankles, then her knees, then her thighs, then untying the rope behind her and pulling the two strands up to her breasts, slowly easing their tight, biting grip around her sore orbs.

Her wrists were last, because they'd been first, and as soon as they were free she brought them around in front of her, to her pussy. She lay on her side, her thighs together, and slid her fingers in between them, curling herself up into the fetal position as she humped slowly, rubbing her clitty and pressing against the base of the vibrator.

Mark got the camera off the tripod and stood over her, then reached out with his foot and shoved her arm, rolling her onto her back. She hardly noticed him. She spread her legs naturally, rubbing her clitty as she moaned in pleasure.

He eased onto one knee and reached down for the vibrator with one hand, gripping the end and pulling it out halfway. He pumped it in and out, then left it alone with just an inch inside. He pulled back, and focussed the camera as Katie instantly grabbed it and shoved it up her sweating, drooling slit.

She pumped it in and of herself, head back, eyes closed, grunting and panting and moaning as she raised her knees and spread them wide. Then she came again, humping desperately, whimpering and sobbing as the pleasure ripped through her body.

Afterwards he pulled the vibrator out of her, then lifted her and carried her through the bedroom and into the bathroom, setting her down in the tub. He turned on the water and poured in some bubble bath, then climbed in beside her as the water slowly rose.

They sat hip to hip, his arm around her, her head on his shoulder as she tried to recover some control of herself.

"Hot little slut," he said affectionately.

"What's happening to me?" she breathed.

"You're having fun. Don't question it."

"Jesus Christ. I thought I'd go crazy."

"What a way to go," he smiled, caressing the side of her face.

"I thought my body would explode," she said, blinking her eyes. "It was so wonderful I couldn't stand it."

"You're making me jealous."

He slid his hand down and cupped her breast and she gasped and pushed his hand back.

"Don't!" she gasped. "Oh, they're sore!"

"Are they? Want me to kiss them and make them better?"

"No! That's the last thing I want. They'll get all - hard again."

"They looked great hard."

"Not that hard," she sighed. "Jesus."

She cupped her pussy and felt the aching there, the rawness from where the ropes had dug into her tender pink meat, and looked at her wrists, which had rope burns on them.

"Shit," she said.

"I didn't tie them that tight," he said. "It was your pulling at them that did this."

"I-I know."

"You really get off on being tied up, huh."

"I - yes, I don't know why."

"It kind of does something for me too, baby."

"You're turning me into - some kind of - masochist."

"No I'm not. You're still you. So what if you get off on vibrators and ropes. We won't tell the man-haters down at your agency."

"They'd never believe it."

"They would if we showed them the video tapes."

"Oh Jesus!!"

He laughed and kissed her before she slid down under the water. He pulled her back up and she rubbed the water off her face.

"What you are doing," he said, thinking for a moment "is coming to terms with your sexuality."

"Oh, don't give me that feminist bullshit," she said.

"Okay then, what you're doing is having a helluva lot of fun. Who gives a shit what other people would say? They aren't going to know."

They spent the rest of the afternoon in comfortable relaxation, not thinking much about sex, acting like they always had. He took her out to a restaurant, then they went dancing. That night they made comfortable, easy love in bed.

The next day she got out of bed in a relaxed, easy-going mood, and went to the kitchen. Mark shuffled in a couple of minutes behind her, kissed her on the side of the neck, then slid his hand under her nightshirt and squeezed her bare bottom.

Then he put his hands around her and hugged her.

"Good morning, Beautiful."

"Morning, handsome," she said, turning her head and smiling.

"Now why on earth are you wearing this?" he asked in mock surprise.

His hands began unbuttoning the nightshirt.

"Maaaarrk," she protested.

"A body this sexy shouldn't be covered up," he said, unbuttoning the nightshirt to the hem, then pulling it off her shoulders.

She considered protesting, but decided not to. She felt sexy, and liked it that he was turned on by her.

She made breakfast in the nude, then put his plate in front of him and hers on the other side of the table. He halted her, pulled her plate over next to his, then pulled her down on his lap.

"Maaark," she giggled. "You're being silly."

"Silly, am I?" he growled.

He buried his face in the nape of her neck and blew raspberries, then they took turns feeding each other from their plates.

After breakfast she washed the dishes while he went out and got the papers. When he got back she had the nightshirt on, and he took it off again, taking the time to fondle and grope her body and kiss her a little.

Then she stretched out on the sofa - naked, and he sat back on the recliner while they read the papers. Afterwards, Sunday being their housekeeping day, Mark scrubbed the floor while she did the laundry - in the nude.

It felt very strange being naked all the time, but Mark was insistent, and she felt too sexually free and alive to really argue. It was silly, but even doing something as dull as bending over to take the laundry out of the hamper, or squatting to sort it on the floor, or reaching, stretching to vacuum the curtains drew her mind towards sex.

Leaning into the hamper she leaned further than she normally did, and spread her legs as she did, imagining that Mark would come up like that and

fuck her. As she squatted, she imagined he was below her, his cock rigid. As she stretched, she imagined herself bound by the wrists while he fucked her.

Several times she went to him, pressing her lush, naked body against him, giggling and cooing, and trying to grope him, trying to excite him into sex. But he calmly refused, slapping her ass and sending her back to finish the chores.

It was, if nothing else, the most interesting time she'd ever had doing chores. She made him lunch, then tried to assess, while watching him, whether he wanted her to sit on her lap or somewhere else.

He pulled her against him, but stopped her from sitting. Instead he turned her around and pulled her wrists together behind her back.

"My wrists are still sore," she said worriedly.

"Don't worry about it."

He produced a length of silk, a silk scarf he'd given her once which she'd never worn, and wrapped it carefully around her wrists. It was loose enough that she could hardly feel it, yet she couldn't move her wrists even the smallest bit.

Then he pulled her onto his lap, having her lean back as he spooned up soup, directing every second spoonful to her mouth. Several times he spilled some onto her breasts, then licked it off. She found that incredibly sexy, especially when he sucked at her nipples.

He lifted up a roll and positioned it in front of her mouth but she shook her head.

"Put some butter on it," she said.

"Butter? The lady wants butter?"

"Of course I want butter. What kind of a clod eats a roll without butter?"

"You don't stop being rude you'll get a spanking," he warned.

"Sorry," she said, after an eternity's hesitation. She almost wanted a spanking. She was so turned on she had already decided that if he didn't do something she was going to go in the bathroom after lunch and masturbate. She also wondered where that vibrator was.

"Say please," he said.

"Please," she parroted.

"Please may I have some butter," he taunted.

"Please may I have some butter."

He reached over to the butter and dug his fingers into it.

"MAaaaark!"

"What? You wanted butter."

"Use a knife, pig!"

"I don't think I need a knife."

He took the butter and rubbed it over her nipples.

"Maaaark."

He licked at her nipples and she closed her eyes and sighed in pleasure. Between the chill of her nudity, and the excitement that had gripped her most of the morning, her nipples had been erect for so long they were almost painfully stiff.

He lapped and suckled as he reached for more butter. He dug out another wad, but instead of putting it against her breasts he slid it down between her legs and rubbed it against her pussy mound, digging his fingers into the soft flesh and forcing them up between her lips.

She spread her legs and groaned as he pulled her head back by the hair, forcing her breasts up and out tautly. He licked and sucked, moving between her nipples as his fingers stroked across her buttery clitty. He returned his fingers to the butter and drew out another soft chunk, shoving that against her muff, forcing it up into her pussy tunnel.

He pumped his fingers inside her as he rubbed his thumb across her clitty, and she ground her ass into his lap as she felt the waves of pleasure rolling across her body. He chewed on her throat, then licked at her nipples again as he jerked her off, then, as her moans became more passionate, her movements more desperate, he pulled his head back, lifting her head forward by the hair.

He stared down at her face as he thrust his fingers into her sharply, jamming three, then four fingers up her buttery opening as his thumb stroked rapidly over her clitty. He watched the passion played out on her face, watched the intensity of her pleasure as she panted and groaned, her mouth wide, her eyes tightly closed.

Then she stiffened, her back arching against him, her crotch humping furiously against his fingers as he stabbed them up inside her. She cursed and grunted, her legs jerking and bouncing in mid-air as she thrashed and shook.

Then she went limp, her head falling backwards. He pushed himself up, carrying her across to the living room before easing down to his knees. He set her on the floor, then immediately rolled her over, pulling her hips up.

She spread her legs willingly, still hot despite the shakiness in her limbs. She was on her knees, her shoulder pressed to the rug as his hands stroked her ass. She felt his cock against her pussy meat, rubbing up and down against the oily flesh, sawing back and forth between her pussy lips.

"Tell me what you want, slut!"

"Fuck me!" she panted. "Fuck me, Mark!"

"You want my cock?"

"Fuck mee! Fuck me with your cock! Stick it into me!"

She cried out as he thrust into her, driving his cock in to the hilt in one motion. He seized her hips and began to fuck with a harsh, rapid motion, using the oil of her body as well as the butter to send his cock pounding down her fuck tunnel with fast, driving strokes.

He slapped her bottom and she yelped. Then she felt his finger against her anus. She shuddered as it pushed in, sliding in to the knuckle and twisting around in her rectum.

He curled his finger back and used it to lift her ass upwards, pulling it up in time to his strokes. He pulled his finger out, then rubbed his hand against her greasy pussy. He gave her ass another slap, then thrust his finger up it again.

"You know what you need, Katie - Katie Mahonie - you know what you need - you need it up the asshole. Isn't that right? You need your ass pounded. Don't you? Don't you?"

He slapped her ass again, and she cried out.

"Tell me you want it up the ass, slut! Tell me how bad you need your ass reamed!"

"Maaaaark! Oooooohhhh!"

"Beg for it!"

"Noooo!"

He slapped her ass harder, and she yelped again.

"Tell me what a whore you are."

"I - I'm a whore," she gasped.

"You want a cock up the asshole. Don't you?"

"I - I - yes. Yessss."

"Beg for it."

"Fuck my ass!" she gasped, shocked to the core of her being at her words.

"Fuck me in the asshole!"

"Yeah! Up the ass, right?"

"Up my aaaaasss!" she moaned.

"You want to be butt-fucked? Beg! Beg!"

He slapped her ass even harder, and she cried out again, louder.

"Butt fuck me!" she sobbed. "Please butt-fuck me! Please fuck me in the ass!"

"You cheap slut!"

He cracked his hand on her soft flesh and she cried out in pain.

He tore his cock free of her pussy and pressed it against her anal opening.

"This is it, whore! I'm gonna fuck your asshole! I'm gonna pound my cock so far up your ass the jism is gonna come out of your mouth! Dirty slut! Ungh! Uhng!"

He forced his cock slowly down into her tight anus, and they both groaned at the sensation. He loved the tightness as her anal muscles squeezed down on him, and loved the sight of his cock pushing into his wife's ass.

He saw her wrists pulling and twisting at the scarf, and slapped her bottom again, then again, finding that it loosened her anal muscles and let him thrust forward sharply. He buried his cock in her ass and sighed in pleasure, stroking and kneading her buttocks.

"Theeeere you go, slut. There you goooo. Your ass is all full of cock meat now. You like that? Like that, slut?"

He twisted his cock around inside her, sliding his right hand under her chest to knead her breast, and his left under his cock to stroke her pussy. He began to pump down into her, delighted at his mastery over her, his teeth gleaming as he looked down on his newly submissive, sex-starved wife.

He began to pound his cock down into her with forceful strokes, gripping her hair and twisting it enough to make her groan and whine, using her ruthlessly. He rode over her, his arms around her and clutching her tight as he buried his dick in her ass.

Then his hands slid off her belly, one going high, the other low. He squeezed her breasts as he stroked her clitty, and was soon riding a bucking

bronco, his cock twisting from side to side in her rectum as she jerked and shook her ass.

He rodded it down into her as fast and hard as he could, straining to hold back the pressure from his balls, wanting her to come again before he spilled his juice inside her. She was groaning and panting and whining like a bitch in heat, and he knew she was close.

Then she came, and he let her spasming, sucking, squeezing asshole pull him along with her, felt wad after wad, thick and hot and wet, blasting out the tip of his cock and pumping up into her slutty anus.

Chapter 6

Katie spent the rest of the day naked. It was, she realized afterwards, the first day she had spent naked since she was a very young baby.

She had also spent much of the day with her wrists bound behind her back by the scarf. Mark had made dinner, for example, and fed her, cutting pieces up and putting the fork against her mouth. He had also washed her, spending a good deal of time at her sex - which produced two orgasms before he was finished.

She had even slept that night with her wrists tied behind her, wakened once to find him on top of her, to feel his cock thrusting deep and pumping wildly. She hadn't had time to come before he finished, but he had quickly brought her off by masturbating her.

Now she was dressed in a Christian Dior dress that covered her from throat to ankles, her hair perfectly brushed and hanging softly across her shoulders. She was at work, and appeared, to anyone who saw her, like the perfect, upward oriented career woman.

She looked, in other words, respectable, disciplined, intelligent, and self-confident, and was treated that way by her secretary, Allison, by her boss. Philip, and by all her co-workers.

And yet, all day long images of her weekend kept popping into her mind. She felt wicked, sinful, erotic. She knew that everyone at work would be shocked, astounded if they knew how she had spent her weekend, if they knew the things she had done, or the things done to her.

"How was your weekend?" Allison had asked when she got in.

"Oh, fine, same as always," she'd replied.

Allison was a pretty blonde just out of her teens, very earnest, very stern, even to the point of tying her long blonde hair back into a bun. She was an ardent feminist, and the thought of telling her the truth practically took Katie's breath away.

"Oh, my weekend was great," she could have said. "Mark tied me up with rope and shoved a vibrator up my pussy, then forced his cock down my throat. I spent all of Sunday naked with my hands tied behind my back. Oh, yes, and of course, I was tied spreadeagled to the bed Friday night so he could torture me with feathers, ice, and hot wax, after which he sodomized me."

Oh yes, wouldn't that raise the girl's eyebrows to the roof! Wouldn't that stun her friends and colleagues! Katie Connors, the perfect example of the independent career woman, tied up and butt-fucked while she begged for more.

She felt like she was living a lie, an exciting lie. They all thought of her as this intelligent, sombre woman, and yet she was a masochistic slut, a whore who screamed for cock meat, who said the most degrading things to get more cock.

It was a delicious secret, and kept her day from being boring. Whenever she found herself in some boring meeting she thought about her secret.

That kept her pussy on a kind of low heat throughout the day, and she made sure she got home reasonably early - by six, anyway. She was surprised to find Mark already there when she unlocked the door. He usually got in later than her.

"Hello, beautiful," he said, kissing her.

"Hi," she said. "You're home early."

"Couldn't stay away," he grinned, then leered.

She blushed a little, but felt her pussy triggered by the look, and beginning to warm.

"Let me help you off with your coat," he said.

"Thanks," she said, a little warily.

"And your boots," he said, after he'd hung up her coat.

He helped her off with her boots, then grinned, and moved to within inches of her. "Let me help you off with your dress," he said.

It was in her mind to protest that she hadn't even eaten yet, but didn't. Maybe he wanted her to be naked, so he could feed her again. That was okay with her for two reasons, one it was exciting, and two it meant he had to cook.

She let him untie the ties of her dress, and slip it over her shoulders and down and off. She stepped out of it, then let him remove her bra, panty hose, and panties. He also took off her watch and earrings, as he had the other day.

She felt her pussy growing even warmer, and her breasts swelling. Her nipples had already exploded out to the size of raspberries.

"I went shopping today," he said.

"Oh?"

"Bought you a few things."

"That's nice."

"Like to try them on?"

"Whatever you want."

"Maybe I should help you."

"If you want."

He led her, naked, to the counter that looked out on the dining room and living room from the kitchen, and she saw there was a bag there. Paul leered at

her again, then turned her around so her back was to it. She heard him take something from the bag, then felt him take her hand and pull it back.

She turned her head and saw a leather - thing - in his hands.

"What's that?" she blinked.

He wrapped it around her wrist. It was padded on the inside, yet hard, and studded on the outside, and had a metal ring set into the leather. She watched him clip the thing together, then saw him take a small padlock and lock it shut.

"Jesus," she sighed, her belly tightening as she raised her wrist to her face and examined the thing.

"It's called a leather restraint, or a leather cuff," he said. "It won't leave any marks like the ropes."

He took her other hand and put another restraint around it, then locked that with another small padlock. Katie examined them both with mingled anxiety and excitement. They looked - dangerous - somehow menacing.

He took two more out of the bag and attached them to her ankles, then took a studded leather collar out and put it around her neck, locking that tightly as well. Katie felt intensely erotic as she examined herself, and knew her pussy was moist and ready for anything.

He pulled something else out of the bag. It looked like nothing more than a ping pong ball attached to a foot long hank of hair, like a pony tail. She couldn't imagine what it's purpose was until he ordered her to bend over and spread her legs.

Then she felt the round ball pressed against her anus.

"Maaark. What is that?"

"Just do what you're told or I'll spank you."

She felt it slowly pushed through the tight ring of her sphincter, then felt her wrinkled hole snap closed behind it, the thin tail sticking out.

The last thing he pulled out was a leash, which he attached to her collar. He tugged downwards on it, forcing her to her knees, then to all fours, then walked forward into the living room, pulling on the leash. Her mind steamed as she crawled along at his side.

The tail, for that was, she quickly realized, what it was supposed to be, was very thin where it came out her, but fluffed out considerably, and hung down between her thighs, brushing her skin as she crawled.

He led her around the living room and dining room, then made her halt and kneel on all fours as he walked slowly around her, examining her. Katie felt intensely sexual, incredibly erotic, and yearned to be penetrated, to be rode hard.

"What a slut," he said.

She shuddered in pleasure.

"On all fours like a bitch in heat, just begging for it, aren't you."

"Yess," she breathed.

"Spread those legs, slut. Raise that ass higher."

She obeyed him, her body gripped by a wild sexual lust.

He was wearing sweats. It took only seconds to strip them off, then he gripped her leash and knelt in front of her.

"Suck my cock, slut," he said. "What should I call you, hmm? What's a good name for a bitch in heat?"

He held her leash tightly as he rubbed his cock over her face, then pushed it against her lips. She sucked it in eagerly, licking and suckling as he ran his hand through her hair.

"How about Rover? How about I call you, Rover? Hmmm? That sound like a good name for you, slut?"

He was pumping his cock in her mouth, and obviously wasn't looking for an answer. She continued to suck his cock, mewling in pleasure as he stroked and squeezed her dangling tits.

He pulled back abruptly, and made her turn around, then she felt his cock rubbed up and down against her puss.

"Ready for it, slut? Rover? Want it, Rover?"

"Yessss," she gasped.

"Beg for it."

"Please fuck me. Please fuck me, Mark!"

"Don't call me that! You're my little fuck-dog, my bitch in heat. You can call me - Master. Got that? Beg for it, Rover."

"Please fuck me, Master!" she gasped, the tightness in her guts now almost painful. "Please fuck me, Master. Please fuck Rover, Master!"

She felt his cockhead pressed against her burning hole, then cried out in pleasure as he thrust into her. He gripped her hips and - the word that occurred to her instantly was - mounted her. He mounted her.

That word made her body burn with feverish pleasure, and she humped back desperately, panting for breath as the heat overwhelmed her senses.

"Fuck me, Master! Fuck me hard!"

"I'm gonna give you a good ride, slut!" he growled, ramming his cock down her fuck-pipe with brutal force, hammering his hips into her tight ass cheeks as she groaned and whimpered and grunted in heat. His hands roamed up and down her body, squeezing and fondling her swinging breasts, then gripping her shoulders and jerking her back into his thrusts.

He gripped her leash then and tugged it back, forcing her head up and back. He jerked her back by it, slapping her bare bottom as he rutted into her.

"Yeah! Yeah! Fuck! Take it! Take my cock! Fucking slut! Fucking whore! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!"

"Fuck meee! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she gasped.

She felt like an animal, like a bitch in heat, or a filly being mounted, being ridden by its mate. She gurgled in lust and heat and excitement as she felt his stiff boner spiking up into her belly again and again, glorying in the lewd, carnal romp.

She was on the verge of coming, and hammered her ass back against him, even though the impact was almost painful. She impaled herself on his pumping staff, grunting in bliss with each deep penetration.

And came, thrashing her head wildly as she gurgled in pleasure, whining and moaning and mewling in delight as the fires of ecstasy bathed her shuddering flesh.

"Ohhh! OhhH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH!"

His jism spewed out of his bulging cock and gushed down into her sucking hot furnace of a pussy, pouring into her as he dug his fingers into her flanks and cursed in pleasure.

Afterwards, after they had recovered, and he had dressed, he turned her onto her belly. He removed her leash, then clipped her wrists together behind her back. Then, to her surprise, she brought her ankles back sharply and clipped them together, linking them to her wrists somehow.

It was very uncomfortable, but he let her turn onto her side, and that wasn't too bad. He left her on the rug, but was kind enough to turn on the TV for her to watch while he finished making dinner. She knew he wasn't finished with sex, and her pussy knew it too.

After ten minutes or so he came and got her, unlinking her ankle restraints and pulling her to her feet. He led her into the kitchen, but instead of having her sit on his lap he made her kneel beside his chair. Then he sat down and began eating dinner himself.

She was a bit confused at first, and also hungry, but then he turned with a piece of meat in his hand and held his hand before her mouth. She took a deep breath, and slowly exhaled, then, trembling only a little, she licked the piece of meat out of his hand.

That was the way the meal went. Every second or third piece he cut he would pick up and hold out to her, sometimes in his fingers, something in the palm of his hand, and she would lick it off and eat it. All the while she was doing it she felt intensely erotic, and the thought ran through her head again and again, of what her friends, family, co-workers would think if they could only see her now.

He had milk afterwards, and so did she, except hers was in a bowl he placed on the floor, and she had to lean in and lick and suck it out.

After dinner he unlinked her wrist restraints so she could clean the dishes. When she had finished them she walked out to the living room. He pulled her over his lap, then turned her belly down and caressed her buttocks.

"Have I ever told you what a gorgeous ass you have, Rover?"

"Yes, Master," she sighed.

"It really is gorgeous. It's a pity everyone else couldn't see your gorgeous ass, don't you think?"

"Yes, Master."

"Maybe I should invite a few friends over to fuck you. What do you think of that?"

Her mind flared with such heat she was almost speechless.

"Of course, then word would get out and everyone would know what a little whore you are."

His finger stroked softly along her slit as he spoke.

"Maybe I should just find a stranger, or strangers to come and fuck you. What do you think? Should I tie you up and invite men to come and rape you?"

She squirmed and moaned, and he put her on her knees before him, pulling her hair to force her mouth down on his cock as he opened his pants.

"Suck, whore," he growled.

She licked and sucked at his cock, bent forward, breasts pillowed against the sofa, bottom raised as he ran his hand over her.

"Can you imagine a man behind you right now, Katie, a big powerful man, a stranger, ramming his cock into you from behind while you suck my cock? Maybe two men, one sitting here while you suck, the other fucking you? Hell, maybe five men, all surrounding you, groping and shoving their cocks into this hot, horny little body of yours."

His words inflamed her, and she gasped, waves of heat rolling over her as she sucked his hardening cock, raising her ass, spreading her legs, imagining men mounting her, fucking her, using her like a whore, like a bound pleasure toy.

She came, with nothing but his one hand squeezing her breast, came, bucking and shaking to the image of herself being used by strange men.

After he came he combed his fingers through her hair, telling her softly of how beautiful and slutty she was, and how many men would get hard-ons if they could see her.

"Come on, you can watch a movie with me. Oh, wait, I think you can watch it better from over here."

He had her get up, then led her to the low hanging beam that separated the living and dining rooms, well, that gave them an illusion of separateness. She saw for the first time that he had driven two round rings into them about three feet apart.

She also saw that he had chains on the nearby table.

He stood on a chair to hang the chains on the rings, then got down and placed her directly under them. Her heart was pounding, and she offered no resistance as he lifted her right hand high, and linked the wrist restraint to one of the chains.

Then he moved over and lifted her other hand high. It wouldn't reach the other chain, though, and she thought for a moment he had miscalculated, but he actually lifted her body up, one hand around her waist, the other on her wrist, and linked her wrist restraint to the hook at the end of the other chain.

Then he let her go, and she found that she was hanging from the chains, that her feet dangled inches above the floor. All her weight came down on her wrists and arms and shoulders, and it took her a few moments to adjust to that.

Her wrists ached, but the sensation was tolerable, and her arms felt strained, and her shoulders tight and sore. She knew she must look amazingly erotic, though, and the very idea of hanging from the wrists was almost too much for her. She started rubbing her thighs together around her steaming pussy to bring herself off.

"Stop that," he ordered. "I don't want you jerking yourself off unless I tell you to."

"Ye-ye-esss, Ma-master," she panted.

"Jesus, you look hot," he said.

He rolled the TV over, then got the camcorder and plugged it in. She watched as she appeared on the TV. Her eyes widened as she saw herself.

"Oh Christ! Fuck me, Mark! Oh God, I look so - ."

"Yeah, like a real little slut. Like my sex slave."

He stroked her body, then slid his hand between her legs and started stroking her clitty with rapid movements. She grunted and moaned and tried to hump against him. That he was jerking her off was just one more astonishingly wicked things that made her mind one mass of sexual heat.

Then she came, grunting and moaning and shaking in the chains as the heat flooded her body. The fireworks blasted her thinking processes to pieces, and had her dancing in mid-air for long seconds before she went limp.

He pulled over a chair and sat down beside her as he turned on the movie he'd spoke of. It was a porn movie, and it involved bondage and sadism. She watched, her attention distracted from her sore shoulders by the action on the screen.

She saw woman after woman chained, roped, raped, beaten, whipped, caned. One of the most exciting scenes was when the woman was hung from her wrists, and a man whipped her.

She wanted a man to whip her. Well, actually she didn't, for she was certain it would be intensely painful, but the fantasy of a man whipping her as she hung there made her pussy boil again.

"You like that, slut?" Mark said, casually reaching a hand up, as he had on several occasions, to stroke her ass cheeks or pussy. "You want me to get a whip and whip you?"

"It looks so - exciting," she panted.

"Bet it hurts like hell, too."

"Ohhhh!" she gasped, as his fingers slid up her pussy.

Another scene came on, and he pulled his fingers away, much to her disappointment. On the TV a woman was bent over a desk and was caned. She heard the hiss of the cane, and watched as it cracked down on her firm white ass cheeks, and licked her lips in excitement.

They watched as the caning ended, and the woman's tormenter roughly sodomized her.

"You're a dirty girl to get off on this, aren't you?" he said, smacking her ass.

"Yes, Master," she gasped.

He got up and pushed the chair away, then stood there beside her, running his left hand up and down her belly and over her breasts, and squeezing and kneading her buttocks with his right.

"You think I should cane your ass, Rover?" he growled, slapping her ass hard. She yelped, but didn't answer. He continued to knead her buttocks, his left hand sliding down between her thighs and stroking her pussy.

"Are you a bad girl, Rover?" he demanded, cracking his hand on her ass again.

Again she yelped in pain, but said nothing, moaning at the sexual heat radiating upwards from her pussy pit.

His hand cracked on her ass again, then he stroked and squeezed her soft meat. Again he slapped it, harder this time, and she gasped in pain, her hips jerking forward.

"Dirty slut," he said. "I think you need to be punished. Don't you?"

She was grinding her pelvis into his fingers when he stopped.

"Noo," she gulped.

He slapped her ass with his hand and she yelped.

"I think you need to be punished, slut."

"N...Nooo," she gasped, her body glowing with heat.

His hand cracked against her ass again and she cried out in pain, then his fingers slid into her soft pussy meat and he began to rub her clitty with his thumb. She shuddered and arched her back. Then he rolled her clit between his thumb and forefinger and she whined and moaned like a bitch in heat.

"Bad girl," he said, taking his fingers out, then slapping her ass.

He went to the VCR and removed the tape, then inserted another and pressed play. He moved back to her and went behind her, his right hand sliding between her legs and stroking her pussy.

The TV lit up with images of her. She'd only seen the pictures he'd taken of her in bed, not these. Now she stared at herself as she knelt, tightly bound in lengths of rope, watched as she rubbed her pussy on the rope, as she ground her loins back instinctively, then fell to her side, grunting and straining and grinding her hips as an orgasm ripped through her.

"Slutty girl," he said, slapping her ass hard.

She cried out in pain, but couldn't take her eyes from the TV. She saw him shove the vibrator up her pussy, then saw her sucking him, watched as he forced his cock right down her throat.

He stroked her clitty then slapped her ass again, and again she yelped, but her voice was strained, dazed.

"Slut," he said.

On the TV she saw him untie her, saw her laying on her side, gripping her puss, saw him push her onto her back, saw herself pumping the vibrator up and down in her pussy as she moaned and writhed in orgasmic ecstasy.

"Oh fuck!" she gasped, stunned by the burning eroticism of her own actions.

"What kind of a woman jerks off with a vibrator while someone watches?" he growled into her ear. "What kind of a woman does it in front of a camcorder? Only a real nympho slut would do that!"

He slapped her ass, then again, then again, and she cried out each time, but the pain, as sharp as it was, only raised her heat higher, and she ground her thighs together helplessly as she watched the TV.

And even as the tape ended she continued, crying out in pain and pleasure each time he slapped her ass. He gripped her hair then and forced her head up and back.

"Are you a slut?"

"Yesssss! I'm a slut! I'm a slut!"

"You need to be punished, don't you, slut?"

"Yesss! Punish me! Punish me, Master!"

His hand slapped down hard against her ass and she cried out in pain. Her legs bounced and shook and her thighs slapped together, and the sex-heat was still there, still growing. She was torn between the heat in her crotch and the heat of her backside. Then they seemed to combine, and she came, thrashing and shaking wildly as he fingered her slit and slapped her ass.

He rammed three fingers up her pussy, grinding his knuckles against her taut pussy lips as he mashed his thumb against her clitty. He continued to crack his hand against her bottom as she jerked and writhed and bounced in mindless bliss.

Her bottom was red when he stopped slapping it, but he didn't move away. He moved in front of the now limp, groaning woman and dropped to his knees. He gripped her ankles and pulled them apart. There were rings set into the floor, and he chained her ankles well apart.

Then he knelt in front of her, peeled her pussy lips open, and began licking and sucking on her clitty and hole. It was only a few minutes before she began to hump against him.

"Oh, Jesus, Mark," she said, her voice breaking with emotion and passion. "What are you doing to meeeee?"

He stood up and moved behind her, then dropped his sweat pants. He rubbed his bulging tool against her anal opening, then slowly worked it into her, burying it deep in her guts. He ground his pelvis into her tight bottom as his hands squeezed and mashed her breasts.

Then he began to stroke, sliding his cock steadily up and down her anal tube. His left hand continued to grope and knead her soft breasts, as his right slid down her heaving chest and belly and his fingers found their way into her slit. He stroked and fingered her clitty as he fucked her helpless anus, and she whimpered and sobbed in delirious pleasure.

Her head dropped back onto his shoulder as he drove his cock up into her, but she humped against him, driving herself back onto his cock as he frigged her clit bud. She grunted repeatedly, continuously, her eyes closed, mouth slack, forehead beaded in sweat.

"Slut," he growled into her ear. "Whore! Fuck-machine!"

She whimpered and moaned and then, as he pounded his cock higher and harder and faster, came, came with a sob of exhausted pleasure, her guts torn and chest straining as her muscles snapped and jerked and her nervous system overloaded.

"Fucking whore! Fucking whore!" he cursed as he rammed his cock up her ass. "Cunt! Slut! Slave! Bitch dog!"

He bit down on the nape of her neck as he rammed his cock up into her ass and blasted his sperm out into her. She bounced and shook and went limp again, groaning weakly.

Chapter 7

As she hung there gasping for breath, Mark pulled his softening cock out of her and moved away. He returned a minute later and slid a chain of sorts around her belly. It wasn't very tight, and she paid it little attention.

But then he pressed something hard against her sphincter, and it wasn't his cock. Since her anal muscles had yet to recover from his hard pounding cock he was able to force the thing up inside her with little difficulty. She heard a flick, then felt a buzzing vibration inside her gut.

She raised her head at last and tried to look around, but couldn't see what he was doing.

"Maaark?" she panted.

He moved around in front of her and she saw that he had a second vibrator. He grinned at her, then sawed it back and forth along her pussy slit, and slowly forced it up her pussy. She groaned and looked down, watching as he thrust it up inside her to the base.

Then, to her surprise, she saw him take a very small, thin chain, one she hadn't noticed before, which was attached to the chain around her waist, and pull it between her legs. He attached it in some way to the base of the vibrator, then stood back.

She realized then that there was a similar little chain going down the crack of her ass and attached to the vibrator there. It was obvious that their purpose was to stop either vibrator from slipping out.

She didn't really care, though, for the buzzings of two vibrators up in her lower belly was making her twist and writhe in pleasure. Mark smiled and moved back. He positioned the chair he'd been sitting in so he was sitting about six feet in front of her, then brought the camcorder and tripod over and focussed it on her, watching and recording as she jerked and shook and came again.

Then he turned around and turned on the TV. He sat back in his chair, tuning her out as he watched sitcoms. Every now and then he'd hear rapid panting and groaning and passionate moans of pleasure, hear the clinking and shaking of chains, and sometimes her begging and whining for attention. At one point he heard a clattering noise and turned to see her thrashing her head furiously back and forth. She'd shaken her head so hard her glasses had been tossed off.

He mostly ignored her, though, except during commercials. Then he'd go over and finger her clitty, suck on her nipples, and grope her breasts - until the commercial ended, of course.

Then he went back to the TV.

He left her up there for a couple of hours, but though she begged him to fuck her, or suck her or jerk her off, she never begged to be freed.

Katie was caught in a blistering sexual firestorm. She threw her head back, screaming almost soundlessly as she arched her back again and again. She was intoxicated on the pleasure and sexual heat, on the carnal eroticism of her bondage. She pulled repeatedly against the chains binding her ankles, straining and twisting in the joyous grip of total gratification.

She came repeatedly, her muscles spasming, convulsions wracking her exhausted body until she hadn't the strength left to do more than twitch and shake and tremble. She tried, at first, to count them, but lost track, unable to focus her mind, to collect the shattered pieces of her mind together between orgasms.

By the time he let her down she was limp, and utterly drained, coated in sweat, her eyes glassy, her legs and feet twitching helplessly. He removed the vibrators and chains, then clipped her wrist restraints together behind her back. He clipped her ankle restraints together as well, then carried her into the waiting tub and setting her in the water.

They had a sunken tub, and he left her to soak in it for twenty minutes or so, then returned and pulled her out of the water, sitting her on the edge. He soaped her up all over, slathering layer upon layer of soap over her breasts, and crotch especially, but also over her shoulders and back and arms and legs and bottom.

He pulled her back into the water - he was naked himself by then, but without letting her ass down turned her around and bent her across the side of the tub. He stroked her soapy ass and crotch, then placed his cock against her pussy and sank it in to the balls.

She groaned weakly, but didn't react otherwise as he began to slowly pump his cock in and out. He fucked her steadily for about five minutes, then pulled free and pressed his cock against her anus instead. Again she groaned, and rolled her head from side to side, but he easily buried his cock and once again pumped inside her for long minutes.

He came, then sank back into the water, sighing happily. Katie remained where she was, too emotionally and physically drained to move. After a minute he got up and turned her over so she was sitting on the edge again, and unclipped her ankle restraints.

He pushed her back and spread her legs wide, then reached over to a small box next to the tub and took out her razor. He began shaving carefully away at her pussy hair, sliding easily on the thick layer of soap. At first he cut it away in thick masses, but after a few minutes only small whiskers came free.

He took his time, sliding his fingers up her pussy to position her muff properly, sawing away along the edges of her slit, then lifting her then down her buttocks. He pulled her down into the water again, and rubbed his hand over her snatch, then searched out every single hair remaining and rubbed away at it until it was gone, until her pubic area was as hairless as a baby's backside, and as soft and smooth as silk.

He realized at this point that Katie had fallen asleep, which he found more than a little amusing. He rinsed the soap off her body, then picked her up and lifted her out of the tub, carrying her to a chair.

He sat her down and pulled a towel around her, drying off her hair, then her body. She was still damp, though, when he carried her into the bedroom and put her to bed. He clipped her ankle restraints together, then found her leash, and locked it to the head post of the bed before going back to the living room and watching some more TV.

When he returned an hour later she was still asleep. He got into bed beside her and fell asleep.

When Katie woke up it was light outside. She was laying on her side. She groaned and turned over onto her back, then discovered her wrists wouldn't come out from behind her. She looked around for Mark but he wasn't there. She found her ankles locked, and when she tried to sit up found she was chained to the bed.

She fell back onto the bed and groaned tiredly. Every nerve and muscle in her body ached. She wanted nothing so much as to lay back and fall asleep. So she did.

She woke up again and yawned. Her body still ached, but she knew she had to get up. She looked around for Mark but there was still no sign of him. She slowly turned her head and looked at the clock, then cursed. She was supposed to have wakened up an hour ago to get ready for work.

"Mark! Mark!" she yelled. "Maaark!"

She pushed herself back against the headboard and managed to sit up.

"What is it?" Mark asked, frowning as he came into the bedroom.

"Christ, Mark! I'm going to be late for work!" she moaned.

"No, you're not. I called them and told them you were sick."

"What?"

"Happy holidays! I took today off too."

"Maark. I can't just take today off!"

"Sure you can. You've already done it. That's what sick leave is for."

"Sick leave isn't for this," she said with a snort. "Unhook me, will you? I can't believe you let me sleep all night like this. I'm so sore I can hardly move."

"That's not from the way you slept, it's from what you did before you slept."

She blushed a little, then smiled in remembrance.

"I got most of it on tape, too."

"Oohhh, Maaark," she moaned. "Would you please stop taping me like that?"

"Nope. In fact, one of the things I'm gonna do today is to edit the tapes of you. There's this place you can send amateur tapes, and they'll distribute them around the country."

"Excuse me?" she stared.

"Yeah, remember that video we got last month with the amateurs? We just made one too. I'll send it in and - "

"Forget it!"

"Come on. Think of all those thousands and thousands of people seeing you jerking off with the vibrator, or watching me pounding my cock down your ass and throat."

"Are you crazy, Mark?!"

"Nope," he grinned.

"You are not to show those tapes to anyone! Anyone!"

"Why not?"

"Why not? You have to ask?!"

"It'll be kind of a turn-on, won't it?"

"No! You think I want anyone seeing me like that!? Let me the fuck out of this!"

He unclipped her leash from the back of the bed, then sat down beside her and pulled her legs over his lap. He put his arm around her waist and slid his hand up and down her body.

"Mark! Untie me!"

"Remember how you looked in the tape? Remember how erotic, how gorgeous you were, how it turned you on, made you come just to watch? Can't you imagine all those other couples out there watching you like that, the men getting hard-ons, the women's pussies getting wet?"

"You're crazy!" she gasped, shaking her head.

"You don't find that idea exciting?"

"People would see me!"

"That's the idea."

"I mean people who knew me! My God, when I think of what they'd think of me if they saw that tape - "

"Oh, it's not very likely your friends would see you."

"I'm not taking the chance! Besides, I don't want to be walking down the street and have some guy see me and remember watching me - masturbating with a vibrator!"

"It'll add spice to life," he grinned.

"You are not sending that tape to anyone!"

"Okay, okay. Maybe I'll just let your brothers see it? Will that be okay?"

"You pervert!"

He grinned and rubbed her pussy, and her face took on a confused look as she looked down.

"What the - ."

He removed his hand and she stared at her crotch in shock. "What the fuck did you do!?" she cried.

"Doesn't this feel nice?" he smiled, rubbing his hand over her bald pussy mound.

"Holy fuck! When did you do that?"

"After I took you down from the chains. Well, actually, it was after I butt-fucked you."

"You're disgusting!"

"You weren't saying that when I was pumping your ass. You were groaning and moaning and begging for more."

He gripped her hair and pulled it gently backwards, forcing her back to arch, then pushed his fingers between her pussy lips and began rubbing her clitty.

"How long you think it'll take me to jerk you off?" he grinned.

"Maaaaaarrk!" she groaned. "Dooon't! I-I have to - get - to work!"

"I don't think so," he grinned, sliding two fingers up into her pussy tunnel.

"I think it's another day as a sex toy for you, slutty girl, another day of lewd, filthy debauchery and lust.

"Maaaaaaaaarrk."

It took two minutes to make her come, then he led her off the bed, unclipping her ankle restraints so she could walk. He led her, holding her leash, into the kitchen and pulled out one of the chairs. She stared at it, then up at him.

"Sit," he said.

The chair was wooden, and had a big black dildo sticking up out of the centre. The rubber toy apparently had a suction cup on the base which attached it firmly to the chair.

"Maark," she protested.

"Sit, slut."

She straddled the chair, and eased her pussy against the nose of the dildo, then slowly slid her hot, puffy sex down its length, groaning as it pushed high into her belly.

He wouldn't unlock her wrists, and carefully fed her piece by piece until she was done.

"I gotta go out for just a little bit," he said.

"Not more sex toys?" she stared.

"Maybe," he grinned.

He had her sit up, sliding her pussy off the dildo. He felt the dildo before leading her away and nodded in satisfaction at how warm and moist it was.

He walked her over beneath the hooks, and she saw a really long length of chain running through one of the rings.

"You're not gonna hang me by my wrists again are you?" she said. "My shoulders and arms feel like they're already about to drop off."

"I'll be nice. I won't hang you by the wrists. Sit down."

He sat her on the floor, then squatted next to her and locked her ankle restraints together. He locked one end of the chain to them, then stood up and pulled on the other end of the chain, drawing it tight. He started to pull slowly then, and the chain pulled up on Katie's ankles, lifting them, then her legs, then her ass off the floor.

"Mark!"

He continued to pull, and she slid along the floor until she was directly under the ring. It raised her hips up, then her back. Her shoulders slid a little further, then they pulled off the floor, and then her head left it as well. He pulled her up higher, until her feet were almost touching the roof, then locked the end of the chain off on a hook set into the wall.

"See you later," he said cheerfully.

"Maaark! Don't you dare leave me here like this!" she cried, swinging from side to side.

"Oh, of course. I forgot," he said.

He went to the table and picked up the two vibrators, both with fresh batteries, then moved behind her. He rubbed lubricating oil on each then stood over her and pressed them against her pussy and anus.

"Mark! No!"

"Katie! Yes!"

"Don't! Let me down!"

Instead he slowly worked the two vibrators down into her pussy and anus, shoving deep, slapping on the bases of the dildos until they were flush with her body. Then he gave her ass a slap and left.

Katie writhed briefly, then went limp, hoping that would stop her from swinging and swaying. Her head felt full, with the pressure in it growing rapidly. Soon it ached, and her entire body felt funny.

She wondered how long Mark would be gone. Surely he wouldn't leave her like this for long? Probably he was just going for papers or something. She looked down at the floor a couple of feet below, then, with some effort, raised her head and looked up the length of her body.

Her breasts looked strange. In fact, the whole place looked strange. Upside down was not her normal perspective.

She pulled at the wrist restraints, but after a few minutes gave that up as hopeless. She decided there was nothing to do but relax and - and - enjoy herself.

Except she didn't want to enjoy herself. The long series of orgasms she'd had yesterday while hanging by her wrists was exciting - but - it was also an ordeal. the orgasms reached a point where her guts ached and her body felt like it was shaking apart, where she thought that the next one would surely kill her.

She didn't want orgasm after orgasm. She wanted - wanted - what?

She wasn't sure what she wanted. Nor was she able to think very straight the way her head ached and throbbed, and the way the vibrators were purring away inside her guts. She tried to fight her body, tried to control its responses. She wanted to be as rational and balanced as possible when Mark returned.

Unfortunately, the more time passed the harder that became. Her hips kept shaking, humping, grinding, all by themselves, and it became harder and harder to stop it, to keep herself still. Soon her will began to seep away. Her pussy was hot and tingling, and her breasts were swollen and tender.

She gave herself to the pleasure, grunting and humping, twisting and shaking on the end of the chain as her body erupted in rippling spasms of pleasure. When she came she bounced and jerked like a fish on the end of a hook, and all her thoughts and cares disappeared into the maw of a devouring sexual storm.

It wasn't her last come either. She lost track of them, and lost track of time. When Mark returned she didn't even notice him. He got out the camcorder and taped her for a little while, then stripped and stood in front of

her. He pulled her head up, mashing her face into his crotch, then fed his cock to her.

She sucked mindlessly, mewling and moaning around his boner as he pumped it slowly in her mouth. He turned her body sideways so he wasn't blocking the camera, and placed his hands to get the best picture. After a couple of minutes of sucking he pulled his cock out and let her head fall, then pressed himself between her breasts and crushed them together against it.

He fucked his cock slowly into her cleavage, digging his fingers into the soft, sensitive meat as he mashed it together. He felt his balls getting ready to blow, and fucked harder and harder, then groaned in pleasure as his juices spewed out over her tits and dribbled down onto her face.

He gripped her thick hair and rubbed his cock dry with it, then put it back in his pants. He plucked the vibrators out of her, then let her back down to the floor. She lay there dazed and moaning for long minutes as he unwrapped some of the things he'd purchased.

"Had a nice time baby?" he asked as he squatted next to her.

"Baasstaard," she groaned.

"Yeah, maybe. I think maybe you want a bastard sometimes, though. Come on. Can you stand yet? I got you something nice to wear."

He unclipped her ankle restraints, then took a key out of his pocket and removed the padlocks. He opened the leather restraints and took them off, then did the same with her wrist restraints.

She sat up with a groan, rubbing her wrists, then her ankles. She ran a hand through her mass of tangled hair, then glowered at him.

"I didn't say I wanted to be a fucking sex toy all day every day," she complained.

"Course not."

She gave him a scowl and he grinned and ruffled her messy hair.

"You had a uh, tiring evening last night."

"Right," she snorted.

"So I thought it'd be nice for us to stay home today and - recover."

"This is recovering?"

"Well, I figured we didn't have to recover just yet. We can recover later."

"I want to take a shower," she groaned.

"Not a bath?"

"Whichever I take it'll be alone."

She pulled herself to her feet and staggered into the bedroom, then went through it to the bathroom. She decided that a relaxing bath was exactly what she wanted, so filled the tub with bubbles and the hottest water she could stand, and slipped in.

She basked in the heat, laying her head back with a groan and relaxing. Mark brought her an iced tea, then left her alone.

"Let me know when you're finished," he said.

She figured he'd bought her some more sexy lingerie and wanted to see her in it, but she didn't mind that. Just so long as he didn't make her shake her teeth out again for a few hours.

She washed herself, then her hair, then rinsed off and climbed out of the tub. She was gleaming wet and naked, and stared at herself in the mirror as she stood there, pushing her hair straight back from her forehead. She posed in different positions, hands behind her head, facing the mirror, turning from it, bending over. She grinned at herself, and at her full, trim body.

Then she grabbed a towel and dried herself, picked up the brush, and carefully blow dried her hair, taking her time. She brushed it into shimmering silk, then finally opened the door and walked out. She grabbed a robe, then hesitated. Why bother? Anyway, Mark had something he wanted her to wear.

"Maark?" she called.

"Coming."

He grinned as he walked into the room, his eyes moving instantly up and down her body with obvious appreciation. Katie straightened her back and gave him a sexy smile as he carried a small black box over to the dresser and set it down.

"Okay, pervert, what've you got now?" she snorted.

"Hey, you watch your tongue, missy, or you're gonna get a spanking."

He took out a small mass of black lace, then ordered her to lift her leg. He held it out and she saw a Y-shaped garment that looked about as large as a six year old child's bathing suit. She lifted her leg and he stepped into it, then lifted her other leg. He pulled it up her body, and helped her pull the thing over her shoulders, then turned her to view herself in the mirror.

The thing was almost entirely see-through. The lower part, from crotch to belly, was perhaps two inches wide. It split at her belly, split in two, with two narrow strips of black lace going up across her breasts. These strips too were only a couple of inches wide, and though they pulled tight across her breasts, they didn't cover much more than her nipples. Cover, of course, wasn't really the right word since they were see-through. As for the back, it pulled up tight between her buttocks and didn't cover much of them either.

"Just the kind of thing to wear when visitors are coming over," she said sarcastically.

"That depends on the visitors," he leered, sliding his hand up and down her ass. "If I invited a couple of guys over to enjoy my pretty little fuck-toy I'd say this is exactly what you'd be wearing."

She turned and stared at him in surprise, then let him turn her around as he reached back into the box.

The next thing he brought out was not soft lace but hard metal. It was a kind of gold plated metal bracelet about an inch wide. It parted in the middle, and had, she saw, a little keyhole, and a round ring. He snapped it over her wrist and when she pulled at it with her other hand it wouldn't come off.

"There's a bracelet you ain't gonna lose," he laughed.

"Mark, you're not gonna hang me up and leave me alone again are you?"

"I hadn't planned to, though you seem to find your own amusements when I do."

"Ha, ha," she said, a little annoyed, a little amused.

He took out another metal bracelet, identical to the first, and locked it around her other wrist, then took out two more. These were almost identical, but were a bit heavier and a bit thicker. He locked these around her ankles. Then, finally, or so she thought, he drew out a collar made of the same metal. It was about two inches wide, and fit loosely around her throat, though not so loose it could get off over her head.

But then he reached into the box again and brought out a length of chain. Actually, it was several lengths of chain, and it was gold plated like the bracelets and collar.

He snapped a short one...about six inches long...to her two wrist restraints, locking her wrists together in front of her. Then he took another one, this only a couple of inches longer, and locked them to her ankle restraints, or shackles as he called them. A much longer chain, he managed to attach to the other two, locking it to the middle of the chain between her wrists, and the middle of the chain between her ankles. It was loose enough that she could raise her hands as far as her lower chest, but no further.

Not unless she got down on her knees anyway.

Which she had a feeling she'd be doing soon.

Katie had been getting hotter and hotter since she'd donned the slutty black lace thing. The shackles, actual metal shackles, were incredibly erotic to her way of thinking, and chains were even more so. She turned around and around, staring at herself in the mirror, moving her hands just to feel the weight of the chains and make them clank.

"Wow," she breathed.

"Hot looking little slave girl, aren't you," he breathed, sliding his hand up and down her belly.

"Yeah."

"And who's your master?"

"You are, Master," she sighed.

"A true little slut."

"Yeah. I'm a slut. I'm a cock hungry little whore," she gulped, turning to see herself from behind.

"And you'll obey your lord and master, won't you? Otherwise it's to the dungeon for you."

He grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, though not too roughly, and bit down on the front of her exposed throat. She groaned in pleasure, especially after raising her hands, and finding they wouldn't go that high.

"This is all the clothes a slut like you needs, baby," he said, gripping her arm and giving her a kind of shove towards the door.

And for the rest of the day that was pretty much it. He treated her not much different than normally, except for more groping and more stroking and caressing, and a lot more dirty talking. She did some work on a file she'd brought home the previous night, she did some cooking and cleaning, and she and Mark watched TV, read books or papers, and talked about politics or gossiped about friends.

But she did it mostly naked, and in the chains.

There was two other differences, one, she was kind of horny all day, and two, whenever she disagreed with him, or he caught her trying to stroke her pussy, Mark would give her a slap on the ass, or the hip, or once on the breast.

Also, several times, once when she was washing the dishes, once when she was changing the bed linen, and once when they were watching TV, he slid his hand in between her legs and began to jerk her off, plunging his warm fingers deep into her pussy hole and stroking her clitty with his thumb. He would work on her until she was panting and moaning, and her hips were humping and jerking, then he would stop, and forbid her to touch herself.

Just being dressed - if she could call it dressed - like she was, and wearing the shackles and chains made her pussy warm and moist, and left her in an all day heat, but the rubbing and fondling made her pussy boil with lust, and had it yearning for a deep, hard, rough pounding cock. Even after she begged him to fuck her, though, he wouldn't.

Once she was so horny she said the hell with him, and continued to rub at her pussy after he stopped, ignoring him as he slapped her bottom several times. She was on the verge of coming when he grabbed her wrists and pulled her hands away.

She cursed him, but he held her struggling body, then produced another chain, this one that went snugly around her belly. It had a ring in the middle, and he attached her wrist shackles to it so she couldn't move them more than a few inches up or down. She was thus no longer able to rub her pussy.

Then to make sure she didn't rub her thighs to a cum, which she immediately tried to do, he got an ice cube and forced it up her pussy. She snarled and cursed at him for that, but couldn't reach her pussy with her fingers, and the discomfort eased her heat enough that she couldn't bring herself off by rubbing her thighs together alone.

As the day turned to evening he got worse, rubbing and groping her more often, and using the ice to cool her down when she was too hot. He got hard too, but wouldn't fuck her, even though she begged. He wouldn't even fuck her ass, though she begged for that too, thinking the hard pumping against her ass would make her come.

Instead he made her kneel and suck his cock, then had her deep throat it. She did so, hoping against hope he would then use his spit-wet cock to fuck or sodomize her. Instead he pulled it out of her mouth and shoved it between her breasts, crushing them together around it as he humped into her again and again.

His sperm shot out over her breasts, and he directed some of it up into her face and mouth, then bent her across the table, and used the vibrator on her pussy until she was screwing her bottom around wildly, and humping back against it while yelping and grunting in pleasure.

Then he popped an ice cube up into her anus, another up her pussy hole, and rubbed a third up and down her slit, then over her breasts and nipples.

She cursed him foully, and for that he turned her over his lap and gave her a spanking. The spanking made her bottom burn, and made her squeal and curse and cry out in pain, but it didn't make her come.

Immediately after that she straddled the arm of the sofa and rubbed herself back and forth against it, heating up her super-sensitive pussy once again, and bringing her so close to a come that had he not grabbed her and rushed her into the bathroom, then turned the shower on to cold and forced her into it, she would have been surely riding an orgasmic whirlwind.

Instead she came out of the shower dripping, and freezing and sulking.

He dried her, and brushed out her hair, drying that, then led her back into the living room.

"I swear to God I'm gonna get you for this, Mark," she growled as he shoved her along.

"If you really want a cock inside you, you had better start acting like it."

"What have I been acting like!?" she demanded in frustration.

"You haven't been acting like a good little slave."

"What do you want me to doooooo?" she moaned.

"Beg for it."

"I have!"

"Not really, not in the right tone. I want you meek and submissive and desperate."

She got down on her knees and made her eyes wide and round. "Please fuck me, Master," she begged. "Please fuck my slutty little pussy crack! Please fuck your dirty slutty little slave, Master! Please! Please!"

She rubbed her face against his thighs and crotch, much like a cat, moaning and whining. He stepped back and grinned down at her, and she felt a mixture of anger at him, and excitement at what she was doing, at the degrading way she - Katie Mahoney, was acting.

"Lick my feet," he said, pushing his bare foot out at her.

She felt a shocking charge of excitement, immediately bent over and began to slide her tongue over it, lapping steadily, then halting to look up at him with imploring eyes.

"You know, I don't think I'm man enough to handle a girl as slutty as you," he said. "Maybe I need some help."

She blinked her eyes in confusion.

"I know a guy who'd love to fuck you, baby. What do you say I invite him over?"

"What?" she stared.

"He's one of the guys I play tennis with. He doesn't know any of your friends either. He's got this huge cock that I bet your pussy would love."

"You're serious!"

"Yeah," he grinned.

"Jesus Christ, Mark!"

"Why not? Wouldn't you love to suck my cock while a another one else pounded up your pussy?"

"But - but - wouldn't you - care?"

"You love me, I love you, this guy would only be physical. Hell, you don't even have to know his name if you don't want."

"You want me to let another guy fuck me?"

"I'd like to see it. I'd love to see how you'd fry another guy's eyes, how you'd make his cock stick up in the air. You are so incredibly erotic and sexy that I want to show you off like this."

"I - but I can't - I mean, Jesus, I couldn't let a stranger see me like this!"

"You could. He's not gonna tell anyone you know."

"He'll think I'm a whore!"

"What do you care? Anyway, you are."

"I am not!" she glared.

"But you like acting like one, don't you."

"Well - yes but - I don't know - another guy - a stranger."

"Just think of the two of us getting you in a bed and fucking you till you can't scream any more," he growled, sliding his hands through her hair, then tugging it sharply to force her head back. "Just think of two naked guys pounding their cocks into you."

She did think of it. His words were so graphic the images sprang immediately to mind, and despite her fears and trepidations her loins began to burn at the idea. She had thrown so many rules out the window in the last week or so, had lusted after the rawness and bondage, that she was tempted to agree, tempted to allow this other man, this stranger, to come in and...and use her like a cheap whore.

But she just couldn't bring herself to do it.

"No," she said.

"You're sure?" he said, pulling her up to her feet by the hair, though not too roughly.

"Yes," she gasped, as he pulled her head back.

He stroked his hand over her breasts, then slid it down into the front of the lacy crotch, rubbing at her bare pussy crack. He slid his fingers inside and stroked her clitty, then pierced her fuck tunnel and pumped in and out.

"Just think how you'd blow his mind," he breathed. "Just think of how hard he'd get at the sight of you, at how excited. You'd be something he'd remember forever, the hottest, wildest fuck he'd ever had."

"Maaaaaark," she moaned, humping against his fingers as the images burned into her mind.

"Maybe I could bring over five guys," he taunted. "Or maybe ten. They'd all stand around you naked, their cocks all hard and throbbing. You'd be tied naked to the bed, and they'd fight to be the first to climb on top of you."

She moaned, and humped harder against his fingers.

"They'd fuck you one at a time, at first, one after the other, cock after cock, then they'd take you two at a time, one fucking your pussy while the other fucked your mouth, then maybe one more would fuck your ass, and another would tit-fuck you. Naked men would be pumping their cocks at you from every direction. Their hands would be all over you, groping and squeezing and rubbing and touching you."

He had her bent way back, her legs spread wide as she moaned and whined and humped against his hand.

"Gang banged," he growled. "Gang fucked, gang raped. You'd be fucked seven ways from Sunday, cocks shooting off all over you, pouring their sperm onto your tits and thighs and face."

"Maarrrrkkk! Oh God! Oh God! Fuck me! Fuck me! Ooh pleeease!"

"Time to watch TV," he said, removing his hand and letting her straighten up.

"NO! Fuck me! Mark! Fuck me, God damn you!"

"Not me. I've got a headache."

"Pleeeeease!" she almost sobbed.

"I bet Sean would love to fuck you."

"All right! All right! Bring him over! If you're not man enough bring over the whole fucking club! I'll take them all on!"

She said it in anger and defiance, but a thrill of shocking pleasure ran up her spine when she did.

She expected him to argue, or to go to the phone. instead he went to the door to the hall and opened it, then called to someone. She had just enough time to realize that someone was going to come in when a tall, broad shouldered blonde man came inside, and Mark closed the door after him.

She stared at him in utter shock, then turned red in embarrassment, gave a shocked yelp, turned, and tried to run into the bedroom.

Mark caught her, twisting her around and holding her in front of him, pulling back on her hair so that her back arched and her breasts thrust out. She was breathless, shocked, stunned, as the strange man's eyes bored into her. She had never felt as embarrassed in her life, and her face burned with shame.

Sean simply stood there looking at her, and her eyes jerked away, unable to meet his eyes, unable to speak for the humiliation she felt.

And yet - there was more than humiliation, and even the humiliation was tinged with a strange dark hunger and heat.

"You were sure right, Mark," she heard. "She's one of the most gorgeous babes I've ever seen. Talk about hot!"

"She's hotter than fire," Mark said with a note of pride. "She's insatiable.

She gasped as he forced her head even further back.

"See the chain around her belly? I had to chain her wrists to that to keep her from jerking off."

Katie felt a new rush of shame, and wanted to curse her husband, to snarl at him in rage, to strike him, to kick him. She felt a burning rage only suppressed by her humiliation before this stranger.

And by the dark hunger she felt between her legs.

She flicked her eyes over him, past him. He was as gorgeous as Mark had described, and there was hunger and lust in his eyes as he stared at her.

Her heart fluttered like a small bird trapped in a cage.

"Go on. Touch her," she heard Mark say.

She cringed, yet still said nothing, gulping and gasping and looking away even as she felt him reaching for her. She jerked as his hand met her belly, lay

flat, and stroked her gently. She pushed back against Mark, her head pounding, chest tight, and let off a small whimper as the hand moved upwards towards her breasts. Then he cupped her right breast, and she felt a gush of hot warmth between her legs as an almost electrical shock of sexual exultation crackled through her body and mind.

"Very nice tit," she heard, to her shame and excitement.

She felt his fingers on her nipple, then his other hand on her other breast.

Her hands pulled feebly against the chains locking them down as he fondled her breasts, growing bolder. Mark released her hair and there was no longer a reason to keep her head back. She stared up at him, jerking her eyes to one side at the leer on his face.

"I'm gonna fuck you, Katie," he said in a low voice.

The word were like a blow and she staggered mentally.

He pinched her nipples hard and she gasped, her eyes jerking up to meet his.

"Slut," he said.

The blood drained from her face, and then she cried out as he pinched tighter and raised his hands.

"Oww!" she cried, forced up onto the balls of her feet.

"Lovely little pink nipples," he said in a low growl.

He pulled harder and she was forced onto her toes, forced to dance awkwardly as he led her forward by the nipples.

"P-please!" she gasped.

"Will you suck my cock, little Katie?" he asked.

It was as if they were alone, just she and a stranger, and she stared at him in with a terrible mixture of lust and anxious shame.

"Down," he ordered, releasing her nipples.

He pushed down on her shoulders and Katie sank to her knees before him.

Katie couldn't help the lust that burned inside her, and the sight of his face, the smile and excitement on it, and the lust in Sean's eyes, made her defiant. Somehow the humiliation turned to excitement within her. She truly was a slut, she thought, a sultry, sluttish tramp that men used for pleasure.

She hadn't so much as touched either of them, but these two big strong handsome men were burning with lust for her, and both wanted to drive their cocks into her moist depths and fuck her brains out.

She stared as he undid his shirt and pulled it off to reveal a muscled torso. She licked her lips, turning her head to see Mark with the video camera in front of him. Another bolt of heat hit her in the belly and she turned away, trembling.

Sean kicked off his shoes, then removed his socks, undid his belt and opened his pants, dropping them to the floor. He wore a tiny pair of bikini briefs, and they bulged with the size of his erection. And then they were gone, and she was staring at his thick cock, the head only inches from her face. Her hands again pulled against the chain and she swallowed nervously, the shame beginning to leave her now that he too was naked.

He reached down and took her hair, pulling up sharply. Katie gasped, lifted off her heels, forced forward so that her face rubbed against his groin.

"This is for you, little slut," he said, taking his cock in hand now and rubbing it across her face and forehead. "All for you."

He pressed against her mouth and she hesitated.

"Eat it," he barked.

He pushed forward and she let her mouth widen to take him in, moaning softly as he filled her, as the head of his cock pushed against the inside of her left cheek, then her right, then forward against the back of her throat so that she gagged.

He held her hair in his fist, tightly bunched, and reached behind her with his other hand to grip her head.

"Swallow it, you fucking whore," he growled.

Again the words struck her like a blow, raising fire and shock and fear inside her belly as he pulled her head forward. She felt his cock pushing through, and gagged again, then he was inside her throat and pushing down, his head pulling her remorselessly forward as she stared up at his flinty eyes, stared up until he was crushing her face into his groin.

"This is how you treat whores, Mark," he said. "You show them their place and keep them in it."

A little shiver ran through her even as she fought to cope with the discomfort of his cock deep in her throat. She knew it was all a game, knew he was playing a role, yet he sounded so serious. She could easily imagine this was all real, that she was their prisoner, his prisoner, at his mercy to do with as he chose.

He eased back, pumping slowly in her throat so that she tried to cough and swallow, then pulled back entirely. She gulped in air, saliva dripping over her lower lip and down her chest as he rubbed his cock over her face.

"Dirty little slut. You need to be fucked, don't you? You need me to fuck you."

He thrust her back suddenly and she cried out as she fell onto her back. He moved forward and knelt, then gripped her legs in a grip of iron and flipped her onto her belly as if she were a rag doll. He caught her hips and yanked them up into the air then slapped her bottom sharply. She felt the heat roaring up inside her, and panted, her face against the carpet, moaning as he ripped the back of her lacy lingerie apart and tore it away from her pussy.

Another cringe of shame as she recalled how naked she was there, and another crackling shock of heat as his finger traced the line of her moist sex. His fingers spread the lips of her sex and his thumb pressed down firmly against her clit, rubbing.

"Oh! Oh!" she said in a choked voice. "Oh!"

"Dirty little slut," he said, slapping her bottom again.

"Please," she moaned in a choked voice.

"Beg for it, slut."

"Please" she groaned.

He slapped her bottom again, and his fingers caught her hair, twisting it painfully up and back.

"Beg for it, slut," she heard Mark call.

"Please fuck me, Sean," she gasped.

"Master," he said. "Call me master."

"Please fuck me, master," she panted, half in frustration, half in hunger.

She felt him push against her, and pull back, felt his cockhead sliding up and down the length of her bare slit. Then he just rammed it into her. She cried out, unprepared, her pussy aching a little at the force of his penetration. But her mind spun up into a hot, swirling cloud of eroticism as she realized she had him deep inside her, that she was being fucked by a stranger.

She shuddered as he began to ride her, to pound himself against her with total abandon. His hips lammed against her upraised rear as his cock pistoned inside her

There was a stunning eruption of wildfire heat inside her, a starburst of blinding sensory pleasure which turned to ecstasy and screamed along her nervous system to tore her mind to shreds.

Her body had been burning for so long, her mind so taut and strained by her need for relief that the hard pounding from the stranger was too much to take. She came. She came and came and came, the pleasure building past anything she'd ever felt before, shrieking higher and higher and higher as Sean's cock pounded down into her.

She tried to scream but couldn't breath. She was ripped by a devastating orgasm that seemed to have no end. Her mind howled insanely as her body spasmed and shook and bounced in animalistic sexual delirium. The world winked out, for nothing existed but pleasure and more pleasure.

Mark watched in excitement and fascination. It was so incredibly strange to see another man fucking his wife that he could hardly believe what he was seeing. He was gripped by feelings of jealousy and protectiveness. He was supposed to stop some guy from violently fucking Katie, not stand there watching while he did it.

Yet he also felt tremendous pride at being able to show off this hot, gorgeous sexual creature he owned. Oh sure, his friends might have met her and noted that she was beautiful, but that was nothing like seeing her like this, naked and writhing in orgasmic glee, begging for more, grunting and groaning and whining in pleasure as her hot, tight cunt chewed on a big cock.

And then there was the excitement - the excitement that was so high and hot that he had to fight from coming in his pants. He wanted to shove Sean out of the way and bury his burning cock in Katie's guts, not stand there and wait.

Fortunately he didn't have to wait long. Sean had been excited at the sight of her, and riding this wild, gorgeous, woman through a violent orgasm hadn't exactly left him capable of a long steady fuck. His eyes were bulging out of his head as he struggled to keep atop her, and even after, with a long, drawn out, shuddering moan she'd went limp, he'd continued to hammer his cock down

into her with blinding strokes, smacking his hips into her upraised bottom with enough force to jerk her forward on the floor.

Then he came, cursing and gasping as he arched his back, his cock pistoning inside Katie as she moaned and sighed in pleasure.

Katie sagged limply but he didn't care. Mark shoved him aside and tore his pants open. He pressed his cock against her round anus and thrust in violently. She gave a soft grunt and then a long groan escaped her as his cock rammed down into her ass and he was growling as he raped her rectum.

Sean stumbled to his feet, and went to the nearby video camera, still on its tripod. He pulled it around and started filming. Neither of them noticed or cared. Katie had been stunned nearly senseless by the force of the orgasms which had ripped through her, and Mark was too horny, too hot, and too excited as he rammed his cock up her ass with as much force as Sean had used on her pussy.

And then his seed burst out and flooded her asshole, and he could finally release some of the pent up energy and frustration he'd been holding in check.

It took all of them a few minutes to recover, needless to say. By then Katie had begun to feel embarrassed again, especially since the lacy fragments of lingerie which had covered her were gone and she was now entirely naked. She was still excited, though, and when the two men had her sit on the sofa between them, and then began to stroke and fondle her body, she quickly began to fall back into the sexual haze that had gripped her earlier.

Then Mark had put on the TV, and Sean had watched the lewd and carnal scenes he had taped over the weekend. Katie was both deeply embarrassed, and intensely excited by Sean seeing her like that. The worst, though, was when he saw her pumping her pussy with the vibrator.

Mark took the clips off her wrists, freeing the shackles so she could move, then gave her a vibrator and sat her on a chair facing the sofa, then told her to spread her legs and jerk off for them live. The idea was so horribly embarrassing that for a long moment she just froze.

But it was also so - wicked - so slutty, and, well, they had both seen her on the tape and - .

And she really wasn't thinking straight.

She drew her knees up and back and, her hands trembling, she turned on the vibrator, and rubbed the nose up and down along her naked pussy slit. She felt how hot and moist she was, and forgot her embarrassment as she fed the thing up into her snatch. She fucked herself with it, pumping hard and deep to be dramatic, to put on a really slutty show for them.

And when she came, she knew that, more than the vibrator, more than her fingers, it was their presence, their watching that drove her pleasure.

After that she was on her knees on the floor, and "forced" to suck Sean off. Her shackles were locked behind her back as he held her hair and "made" her suck him off, "made" her lick his balls and take his cock down her throat.

Then Mark was beside him, and she had to take turns, sucking one cock, then the other. Then both of them rubbed their spit-wet cocks over her face.

They put her on her side on the rug and forced her upper leg high, painfully high and back, then, kneeling at her crotch, Mark forced his cock up her pussy while Sean buried his in her asshole.

They fucked her long and hard, and she came repeatedly, lost in a world of sexual gratification and glassy eyed pleasure.

After they had both come inside her they took off the shackles and put on the leather cuffs, then forced the vibrators up her pussy and anus again and hung her spreadeagled from the ceiling. They called her obscene names, and suggested awful punishments for her as she came again and again, their words stabbing into her mind like fire and inciting her to greater and greater heights of ecstasy.

Afterwards, dazed and exhausted, she crawled across the floor on her belly, licking at their feet as she begged them to rape her ass or fuck her throat. Sean sodomized her a final time, then went home, and Mark carried her into the bathroom and washed her off.

Chapter 8

"I think we need more milk," Katie called.

She peered into the refrigerator then closed it and moved over to the counter to where she kept the grocery list.

"Get some more chocolate chip cookies too," Mark said from the table.

She nodded and picked up the pen.

It was such a normal activity it was hard to reconcile it with being naked, naked except for the black stiletto heels she was now required to wear, and the two small weights clipped to her nipples which swung from side to side as she moved - and the butt-plug thrust into her backside.

Her wrists were shackled together with a foot long chain. The chain between her ankle shackles was six inches longer. And the collar around her throat said had the word "Slut" engraved in the front.

"Get me another beer, slave," Mark said.

She opened the fridge again, a little stab of arousal flaring within her as she took out the beer, then opened it and got down on her knees. She crawled forward on her knees, as she had taught her to do, and handed him the beer, for which she received a pat on the head.

She crawled back to the counter and stood up to examine the list again.

Katie knew the wild sexual games were changing her, twisting her mind, and she could see how it was affecting Mark, as well. He no longer asked her opinion, no longer asked her permission. He slapped her bottom or pinched her nipples whenever she argued or disagreed, until she cried out and apologised. And yet she could not seem to bring herself to resent him, for the heat, the glorious heat was always upon her.

She wore clothes only at work, and only chains at home. Mark gave her orders and she, for the most part, obeyed, becoming his sex toy. It was hard keeping her mind straight, hard remembering that she was only playing a role, a game.

Mark made her crawl more often, and eat and drank from dishes and bowls he set on the floor. It felt deliciously degrading, and did finally cause her some resentment at his foolishness, yet it was also so hot, and made her feel so wonderfully slutty, that she obeyed.

She had to stare at herself in the bedroom mirror before work to remind herself that she was Katie Connors, chic young professional woman and not Katie the fuck toy.

Mark had her meet him after work one day at a restaurant. It was dark, lit by candles on the tables, and they had a quiet booth in the back. She was wearing a mid thigh length skirt and her normal business jacket and blouse, and felt a little shudder of excitement when she saw the look in his eyes.

He stood up and kissed her lightly, then guided her into the booth before sitting down next to her.

"You look hot and sexy as always," he said, "Even wearing clothes.

"Thank you," she said with a demure smile. "What's the occasion?"

"Do I need an occasion to eat out with my wife? My slutty wife?"

She swallowed a little at the term and felt a thrumming between her legs.

He leaned in against her. "I want you to lift your skirt up and take off your panties."

She felt a sudden thrill of excitement which tightened her chest.

"M-Mark," she said worriedly, looking around.

"No one can see you under the table with that tablecloth. Now do it."

A month earlier she would have argued. A month earlier she would have resented his tone. Now she trembled and reached down, tugging her skirt up, raising her bottom from the faux leather seat, lifting it past her thighs, over her bottom to pool around her hips as she sat back down. She looked around again anxiously, then reached down and gripped her panties, raising her bottom again and sliding them underneath, then down her legs.

She raised her feet, reaching down and pulling them off, then bunched them up in her fist as she sat back up again, looking around anxiously.

"Give them to me."

She passed them to him and Mark put them in his pocket, then took out something else, a large black dildo, and handed it to her under the table.

"Sit on it."

"Mark!"

"Do it!" he growled.

She felt a burning inside her, and was breathless with the wicked excitement which came over her. She pressed the nose against her sex, slumping back in her seat, eyes on the other diners and the staff. She grunted with effort, pushing harder, forcing the thing in slowly.

"Sit up," Mark ordered.

She swallowed nervously, then gripped the table and rose slowly as Mark reached in and gripped the dildo. He pulled the base in against the seat and held it there.

"Sit."

She sat back, gasping, eyes widening. It hurt as she impaled herself, but the pain was almost pleasant as she slowly sank down on the thick dildo, felt it pushing up through the soft flesh of her pussy, driving deeper and painfully deeper.

"Oh," she gasped.

Her buttocks met the seat and she gasped as the nose of the dildo jammed against her cervix.

"Good slut," Mark said.

She felt strange, twisted. She was too close to work, to the separate life she had there now. She was even wearing her work clothes. She was Katie Connors, young professional, not Katie the fuck toy. So it felt even more perverse to be acting this way with him.

The waiter arrived and Mark ordered for them, and it was a sign of how discombobulated she was that she didn't even think to protest. She was fighting to control her breathing, to ease the pressure of the dildo up inside her.

"Did you have a good day at work, slut?" Mark asked pleasantly.

"Y-Yes," she said.

"Yes Master," he corrected.

"But Mark - ."

He gripped her arm and his fingers dug into her flesh painfully.

"Yes master," he said sternly.

"Y-Yes, Master," she gasped.

Her body slowly adjusted to the dildo inside her as their dinner arrived. She ate sparingly, too excited, too aroused, too anxious to be hungry.

"Lean forward and spread your legs," Mark said.

She looked around warily, then, heart pounding, obeyed, gasping at the increased pressure against her insides. She felt Mark's hand slide down and his finger pressing against her clit, felt them rubbing back and forth, the intensity of her sexual need rising rapidly as she groaned and trembled.

"You are not to come," he ordered.

When he was finished he paid for the meal and pulled her with him. She gasped, reaching down to yank her skirt down as he pulled her into the aisle. Her pussy muscles tightened firmly around the dildo as a sudden fear struck her that it would fall out onto the floor before everyone's eyes.

"Wh-where are we going?" she asked as they headed North.

"Back to your office. You forgot something there."

She stared at him, stunned. "I did?"

"You forgot to get fucked."

"Mark!"

He glared at her and she corrected herself. "Master, what if - ."

"Do you want to be gagged?"

She shook her head, staring.

"Then shut the fuck up."

She stared at him indignantly, and started to say something, but she knew he would slap her if she did, and bit back her reply. She stared out the window anxiously, her mind trying to cope with this strange melding of the two worlds she had been living. She did not want to bring her fuck toy world to work and endanger her life there, yet her body was flaming and throbbing with heat, and as always it was hard to think, hard to resist anything with her pussy so moist and hot and heavy.

She signed them in and they rode the elevator up in silence, her pussy still gripping the dildo tightly. The office was empty, of course, and he led her unerringly to her small glassed in office and turned to smile at her.

"Take off your jacket."

She obeyed, heart pounding.

"Now the blouse."

"Wh-what if - ."

"Now!"

She obeyed, fingers trembling, baring her lacy black bra. Mark reached forward and tugged it down beneath her breasts, then squeezed them both up and together.

He took her arm and roughly bent her over her own desk, then yanked her skirt up over her hips. She moaned, spreading her legs, panting for breath as she felt him grip the dildo and pump it in and out. He pulled it free, and she heard his zipper go down, then cried out softly as he slammed into her.

Her fingers gripped the far edge of the desk as he ground his hips against her bottom. Then she felt the dildo pressed against her anus and moaned anew as he slowly worked it down into her.

"Bitch slut," he whispered. "My nasty, beautiful little whore."

"Oh!" she gasped as he thrust deeply into her.

He pulled her hands back and produced a pair of handcuffs, clicking the cold metal around her soft, warm wrists. Then his hand cracked across her bottom so that she let out a soft cry of pain.

"I don't want you to forget when you're at the office that you're my bitch," he said, "My slut, my meat, my whore."

She grunted continuously to his hard, almost cruel strokes, her hips grinding painfully against the side of the desk each time he slammed his hips into her.

He gripped her hair and forced her head back, lifting her torso off the desk so he could reach beneath and squeeze her bared breasts. She cried out in

pain as her scalp burned, yet continued to grunt and gasp to the steady pounding of his cock.

The door opened.

She hardly noticed at first, still gasping and grunting as her body shuddered to the violent riding, and then her glazed eyes focussed on the shocked face of Peter Miller, the senior account rep, his wide eyes and open mouth, and she felt a shock run through her, a horrified shock and a blossoming shame. Mortified, she tried to twist away even as Peter drew sharply back.

"Peter, hang on a minute," Mark called, halting his thrusts.

They had met a few times at Christmas parties and such, and Peter halted for a moment, face red.

"Our little game playing doesn't bother you, does it? I mean, you're not upset that my wife is fucking someone in the office?"

Miller was in his early fifties, with graying temples and thin, rimless glasses. He looked embarrassed and continued to ease slowly back. Katie cried inwardly. Of all the people to find her like this! Oh how he would love to tell everyone about it tomorrow! How he would delight in filling them in on all the lewd details!

"No, no, no. Sorry I interrupted. Didn't know - I heard sounds - I'll just go and - ."

"Hang on a second, Peter. Come on in. Katie likes an audience."

The man stared, a look of shock on his face, and shook his head rapidly.

Katie was too mortified to speak, and gasped as Mark pulled her hair harder, forcing her upright, forcing her back to arch.

"Peter," Mark said with a grin. "You can't tell me you haven't seen this lovely piece of ass walking around the office and not wanted to see her naked, not wanted to touch these fine breasts of hers."

Peter halted nervously. "Well uhm - I haven't been - ."

"How could any normal man resist the sight of this kind of gash in his office?" Mark asked. "Come on in. You can touch her. She doesn't mind."

Horried, Katie wanted to deny the words, but could still not bring herself to speak. Not him! She hated him! He had been a constant sneering presence in her work life since she'd been hired! Yet what if he told everyone? Her career would be ruined! The industry was so small, and everyone talked, everyone - ."

"Oh I-I couldn't - ."

"She and I like to play around," Mark assured him. "She's done other men before. I like it. Come on. You can't tell me you haven't dreamed about this pretty ass of hers."

She moaned softly and he ran his hand down between her legs, fingering her clit as Peter shifted slowly and uncomfortably forward, eyes drawn by the sight of her nudity even as he looked anxiously around to make sure no one was watching.

'You can have her, Peter," Mark was promising. "You can use this slut any way you want. You won't get another opportunity like this in your life to use a hot, sexy little tramp like my wife."

Her mind was screaming denial, yet a part of her knew that if Peter did take some part in their play he would be quiet about it, and another part of her felt a twisted heat at being so degraded, at being used by a man at work. Especially him!

Yet he was getting closer, shifting ever deeper into the office, eyes staring at her even as he shook his head reluctantly.

Mark pulled out of her and pushed himself back into his trousers, then pulled her back from the desk and walked her around to see him. She burned with the shame and humiliation as she was forced forward to stand a foot away from Miller, who licked his lips nervously as he looked down at her.

"Go on, Pete. Touch her," Mark urged. "She loves to be used by men."

And Miller raised his hand and squeezed her breast, reluctantly and tentatively at first, then with growing confidence when she didn't protest. She looked away, face burning, wanting to melt into the floor as Miller raised his other hand, and began to run them both over her body. She was almost light headed with the shame of it as Mark released her and stepped back.

"I'm going to get a coffee. I'll be back in a few minutes," he said slyly.

He shut the door behind, leaving her alone with Peter Miller, who leered down at her with more enthusiasm now that Mark was away.

"I always thought you were a slut," he said, squeezing her breasts painfully.

His hand moved down between her legs and felt her wetness.

"I wouldn't have believed you had a shaved cunt, though," he said, and then, feeling the dildo protruding from her anus, laughed and turned her around, bending her over the desk. "This is your best side, Connors," he said with a sneer in his voice. "Definitely your best side. I can see why Brad hired you."

He prodded at the dildo in her back hole, then pulled her up again by the hair.

"So you like being handcuffed? I wouldn't have guessed a tight assed little feminist like you would allow that. Then again I wouldn't have guessed you'd have a dildo up your ass, either."

He sat down, pulling her to her knees and undid his zipper. "This is something I've fantasised about, Connors. I'm sure you'll be as good as my fantasies."

He pulled her face onto his erection and she opened her mouth almost instinctively, moaning in shame as he thrust up into it and she began to suck.

"I guess you'll be a little less snotty around the office now," he said, reaching beneath her to fondle her breasts.

"Has she been snotty?"

Neither had noticed Mark's return, and Peter gasped guiltily.

"Don't worry," Mark said, holding out his hands. "If she's been snotty then she ought to be punished."

"She ahm, she does sometimes - ."

"Have an attitude? Yeah, I know all about that. And I know how to cure it. Just pull her up across your lap and tan her bottom."

Miller inhaled sharply, then stared down at her as she bobbed up and down on his cock. "Oh yes," he whispered.

He reached down and pulled at her arm, forcing her up, and then yanked her across his lap. She looked across at Mark with desperation in her eyes, but he only smiled as Miller ran his hands over her bottom and again prodded at the dildo.

Crack!

"Ow!"

"Harder, Pete. She needs a good spanking," Mark said.

He turned and left once again, and Miller began spanking her with a vengeance, bringing his flat hand down across her bottom with sharp, painful blows that quickly turned the flesh red and then began to bring tears to her eyes. The excitement was too much for him, however, and he pushed her off onto the floor, yanking her hips up and pressing his erection against her moist sex. He thrust in hard, and she cried out again, gasping and moaning as he pumped into her with savage excitement.

"Jesus! You are such a slut!" he gasped as his hips beat against her bottom.

He pulled at the dildo, pumping it in and out now as he fucked her. She felt utterly degraded and shamed as she knelt there, face against the rug, his hips slamming into her from behind, his hands moving over her body and his words cutting into her mind.

"You like that, Connors? You like it, you slut? Ungh! Yeah! Fuck! Tight little bitch!"

He pulled the dildo out of her anus suddenly and then jerked his cock out of her. She moaned and shuddered as he thrust down into her ass.

"Yeah! Yeah!" he gasped. "Oh man! Fucking you in the ass! Ungh! I can't believe it! What a gorgeous little ass!"

He leaned over, leering at her. "I knew you were a tight ass, Connors," he said, giggling.

He pumped harder, gripping her hips, riding her as he panted for breath, and then groaned as he came, half collapsing over her.

Mark returned, sipping on a coffee.

"Nice piece of ass, eh?"

"She ah, she's pretty hot," Miller said, fastening his pants as he stood up.

"You can keep an eye on her while she's at work," Mark said. "If she acts up you let me know."

"S-sure," Miller said.

Mark jerked her up to her knees and pushed his cock into her mouth, and she began to suck as Miller looked on.

"This is how women should be treated, don't you think, Pete?"

"S-sometimes," Miller said, staring.

Mark thrust down hard and she heard Miller gasp as his cock slid into her throat.

"You didn't have her deep throat you? You really missed something," Mark said.

He pulled out and spurted into her face, then smeared it over her with his cockhead and fingers before lifting her to her feet and uncuffing her.

They returned to the car, Katie shaken and trembling.

"Don't worry. He won't say anything," Mark said.

She lowered her head, still stunned by the shame of what had happened.

"Next stop, Vito's tattoos."

She raised her head in consternation. "What?"

He winked at her but said nothing as he turned into traffic.

"I-I don't want a tattoo," she said hesitantly.

"Would I mar that perfect, flawless skin with a tattoo?" he said mockingly, reaching down to caress her bare leg.

He slid his hand higher, up beneath her skirt, pushing it back as his fingers slid in along her inner thigh to rub at her clitty.

She spread her legs, her breathing growing a little harder as she looked around at the traffic surrounding them.

"Mark? Where are we going?" she asked, her voice tremulous.

She wasn't referring to the buildings passing by, but to their life, which seemed to be shifting and changing around her faster than she could cope or understand.

The car pulled to the curb and he drew his hand back. She brushed her skirt into place as he got out, easing out herself and looking around. There was a tattoo store just up the block, and she felt a quiver in her belly as he took her hand and led her towards it.

"I don't want a tattoo," she said, hating the quiver in her voice, wondering what happened to the strong, confident woman she had been.

"I am not getting you a tattoo. Don't worry."

They went inside, and he greeted the man there in a familiar fashion. The man was huge, with tattoos running up and down his bare arms and a big belly protruding over his jeans.

"Hi Mark," he said, shaking hands.

He gave her an up and down look and a smile, but didn't speak to her.

"Back here," he said, holding aside a curtain.

Mark led her down a small hall and into another room. This one had a kind of dentist's chair in it, and after taking off her jacket he turned her and began to unbutton her blouse.

"Mark!" she gasped, grabbing his wrists.

He frowned at her and pulled her hands away, lifting them up and back behind her head and holding them in place with one wrist. He unbuttoned her blouse to the skirt and tugged it up and out, then pulled it back over her arms.

They were alone, but she looked anxiously at the curtain as he reached for her bra and unfastened it.

"Mark?! What are you doing?!" she gasped.

"Lay back," he ordered, pulling her against the chair and pushing her down.

The big, hairy man came in and she squealed, trying to twist away as Mark pulled her wrists back, forcing her to lay back on the chair.

"You can just snap those shackles around her wrists," the man said casually, indicating a pair of cuffs under the top of the chair.

Mark pulled her wrists back and she felt the metal going around them, face still burning as the man moved around them, sorting tools on a low counter.

Mark produced a ball gag and thrust it into her mouth, then fastened it behind her head as the man brought a steel tray of sharp, and frightening looking tools over to her and sat them on a swing armed holder.

"Okay, now," he said, sitting down with a grunt. "This will hurt a little, but only for a bit."

What will hurt, she thought frantically, chest heaving as he produced a small pad and began to smear a substance across the centre of her breasts.

"Your nipples will be sore for a few days, and then you'll find they're very sensitive," he said, "More sensitive than usual."

Her nipples?! And then she realized that he was going to pierce her nipples, and stared at the stainless steel instrument in shock.

Oh my God!

Anxiety filled her at the thought of pain, yet there was also a relief that it was nothing more, and a kind of anticipation at the thought of having pierced nipples. She had seen a few recently, in magazines Mark had shown her, and thought they looked quite sexy.

Yet it was embarrassing to have this man staring at her bare breasts like this, and she continued to watch the gleaming steel instruments worriedly.

He lifted up a piercing and used a pair of pincers to gently squeeze her breast and force the nipple out more, then carefully caught the nipple between the two jaws of the device.

"Now don't move," he said.

She felt a sharp pinching, then a stabbing pain which was over almost as soon as she reacted. She stared down, wide-eyed, at the metal tube stuck through her nipple.

"You'll feel a little sensation as I draw the bolt through, but nothing terrible," he said.

He tugged on the thing, and she felt a strange sliding movement as it slid through her pierced nipple and came free. He then inserted a small stainless steel ring in its place and turned to her other nipple.

Katie pulled her head back to stare up at Mark, and he smiled down and stroked her head. "See? That wasn't too bad," he said.

It hadn't been, but she braced herself as the man focussed on her other nipple, and gasped at the sharp pain as it too was pierced.

She felt a relief that it was over, and a little excited and giddy as she looked down at her ringed nipples. They did look very hot there and - .

"You want to get her skirt off or lift it up?" the man asked.

She blinked in surprise, then gasped as Mark pulled her leg up and back and then placed it against a metal bar she hadn't really noticed, strapping it in place. He moved around her quickly, while she was still trying to understand, and pulled her other knee up and open. Her skirt fell back, exposing herself to

the strange man's eyes, and she blushed in new embarrassment as she pulled against the shackles on her wrists.

Mark smoothed her skirt back completely and the man leaned in against her once more, smearing the same stuff over her sex he had over her nipples. It was clearly a disinfectant of some kind, and she gasped as she felt his gloved fingers against her sex, fear suddenly gripping her.

She felt him catch one of her pubic lips down low, and then bucked as the thing stabbed into her.

"That's one," he said.

Another stabbing pain on the other side, and she twisted and moaned as her groin throbbed and ached.

She was - she was - Katie Connors - career woman, marketing whiz, feminist and - . "

"Don't ride her too hard until that heals," the man said.

Mark unstrapped her legs, letting them down, then smoothed her skirt with a wink. He reached behind her and unfastened the shackles from her wrists and turned away from her as the man led him back out front, talking about the need to keep the new piercings clean.

Katie stared at her nipples, then touched the rings hesitantly. She stared at herself in a mirror and felt a little shiver of excitement run along her spine. She lifted her skirt and stared at the ring piercing her pussy lips down low, marvelling at it.

"Come on, slut," Mark called from up front.

Flushing, she dropped her skirt and drew on her bra, wincing a little, then shrugged on her top and buttoned it up. When they walked out of the shop she looked - respectable - but didn't feel it. She felt like a slut.

And she wasn't sure whether she liked that.

"You should have - asked me," she said accusingly.

"You would have agreed," he said confidently. "You said the girl in that picture with pierced nipples looked incredibly hot."

"Yes but - ."

"And I figured you might as well get the pussy pierced at the same time."

"But I - ."

He drew her in close and leaned in. "Not that your pussy doesn't get pierced a lot anyway," he said with a leer.

He put her in the car, then crossed to the drivers said. She gasped softly as her pussy pressed against the seat below."

"Doesn't hurt too much, does it?" he asked.

"A little."

"You can take a pain killer at home."

He pulled away from the curb.

"You think that asshole Miller would have liked to see your pierced nipples?" he asked with a grin.

He laughed at himself and shook his head. "I thought he'd come in his pants when he saw you. I wonder how many times he's pulled his pud dreaming about putting you across his lap and spanking your bare ass."

"How am I supposed to work with him now?" she asked unhappily.

"You don't work with him. You work for him."

"He's not my boss!"

"Whatever," he said with a negligent shrug. "Just be a good girl and you won't have any problems."

Katie stared at him, remembering how indignant he used to get whenever he thought anyone was treating her with less than perfect respect.

What was happening to him? What was happening to her? What was happening to them?

As soon as they got home he ordered her to strip, then admired her rings for a few minutes before leading her over into a corner of the living room. He fastened a thick belt around her waist and had her lay down on the floor, then push herself up on hands and feet. He hooked the belt to a chain and drew the chain up, forcing her back high.

He lifted her back so that her body was bowed sharply, her arms up over her head, hands pressed against the floor, legs extended, groin raised. He then spread her legs so that she was on the balls of her feet, and shackled them in place before doing the same with her wrists.

He ran his hands over her bowed body, caressing her smooth flesh, then left the room, going up to the bathroom to shower. And change.

It took very little time for her back to begin to ache at the pressure against it, and for her breathing to grow faster and harder as her legs began to tremble.

"Maark!" she called as he returned. "My back hurts!"

"Don't be a whiner," he said. "And it's master, not Mark."

He had something in his hand but it was difficult to see from her upside down position. It was long and thin and dark.

He stepped closer, and she felt it sliding over her breasts, poking at her nipples.

"Master," he said. "Say it."

"Master," she gasped.

He smacked the thing against her breast, and it stung.

"Ow!"

"Again."

"Master!"

"Good slut. I'll change your position when I see fit."

"Ohh!" she moaned.

Again he snapped the thing against her breast, and again it stung.

"Obey your master, slave girl," he said mockingly.

"That hurts!"

It snapped across her abdomen and she yelped.

"It's for training little slave girls to obedience. I'm going to put you through the program slave Katie."

His voice did not sound serious, but she trembled nonetheless. He had changed so much in the way he treated her, the way he acted towards her, and

she had changed so much in what she allowed. She couldn't help wondering if he WAS serious.

She shifted her weight from foot to foot, trying to ease the pressure and strain. Her ankles were shaking, but easing up on her feet put more pressure on her back.

Mark ran his hands over her body again, sawing his fingers along her bare slit, then laughed and unfastened the shackles and belt, letting her collapse onto her back. He pulled her into a sitting position almost at once, however, and she groaned as he put a length of rope around her arms, pinning them to her sides.

"Master," she groaned tiredly.

"Silence, slave."

He put a half dozen loops around her waist, and she gasped at how tight they were. He tied her arms to tightly to her sides, then bound her wrists together in front of her. He produced a metal bar with leather restraints on either end and fit them to her legs just above the knees, forcing them apart, then crossed her ankles and tied them together.

"Stand up."

"What? I-I can't!" she gasped.

But he pulled her to her feet regardless. She gasped, swaying awkwardly, her ankles crossed yet her knees forced wide. He pulled the rope bound to her wrists back through her legs and up between the lips of her sex. She gasped as it cut across the ring piercing her labia and dug in hard.

"Oww!" she cried, forced to bend forward, almost collapsing.

Mark lifted the rope high and bound it to a hook overhead, then grasped her hair, pulled it together at the top of her head, and tied a cord around it, pulling that up high, as well.

"Master!" she moaned in discomfort.

He produced a small pair of bells, each on a tiny hook, and hung them from her nipple rings, the weight pulling down so that they stung, then moved behind her and began to finger her clit.

She moaned and trembled, her body swaying and jerking helplessly.

A vibrator began to play over her pussy, and another nudged against her anus, dipping lightly in and out.

What is he doing to me, she moaned softly as the orgasm came.

She couldn't bear to go to work the next day and see Miller, and begged Mark to let her stay home. He consented, but with conditions.

She spent the day on her knees, her ankles strapped to her thighs. Her arms were bound together at elbows, her wrists shackled, and then lifted up to a ninety degree angle, forcing her to bend forward a little. She was gagged, and the two weighted bells hung from her nipple rings. A small elastic cord was fastened to her pussy ring and tied to a ring set in the floor, and a large round, plug-in vibrator was duct taped to the floor between her legs so that she could press her pussy against it.

But to do so she had to ease slightly forward so that the elastic cord pulled against her pussy ring and stretched her labia back painfully.

He left the TV on for her, with a six hour tape in the VCR playing porn tapes. He also let her kneel beside the window, with the blind up and windows open, but the gauzy curtains drawn. It gave her a feeling of being exposed, especially when the breeze blow the curtains back, but let her look outside.

The porn tapes were, for the most part, boring, though they had their moments. She looked down between her legs at the vibrator. It was not shaped like the others he had used. It was clearly not intended for penetration, looking like a hammer with an extremely wide head.

She eased forward, feeling the cord pulling against her pussy lips, and felt the buzzing against her sex. She gasped at the intensity, and eased back. It was much stronger than the other vibrators.

She looked around her and then out the window, moaning into the penis gag.

God! It's like I'm a sex slave!

She marvelled at that, both worried and intensely excited.

She looked down once more and eased her pussy forward, gasping again at the intensity of the vibrations, but holding herself in place, moaning as the buzzing device rolled against her slit and she felt herself respond.

It stung when she pushed forward, the cord tugging firmly at her pussy lips, but the pleasure was too delicious, and she kept pushing herself, kept rolling her pussy over the device. Soon the pulling and stinging became part of the sensation, part of the pleasure, and she grunted and moaned in growing excitement as the steam of sexual heat built up within her.

She sucked and chewed on the penis gag, closing her eyes, imagining she was the prisoner of an evil Arab sheik. A sex slave! She ground her glistening wet pussy mound over the rounded vibrator and shuddered at the thought.

A woman was bent over on the screen, being sodomised. She had a lovely bottom, and Katie wondered if she had looked like that the other night when Miller was doing her. She must have, she thought, burning in excitement and shame at the thought.

She rolled her hairless sex over the vibrator and then began to grind and hump with growing energy as the come spiralled up around her and exploded within her groin. She cried out, twisting her head from side to side, rocking and grinding and bucking against the vibrator as the sensory pleasure rolled through her, then gasped and sank back weakly, head hanging low, moaning.

It was impossible to meet Miller's eyes the next day. She dropped hers, blushing, and hurried along the aisle towards her office, feeling his eyes on her all the way. Had he told anyone? She prayed not.

She was dressed in a white business suit which set off her red hair very well. But the skirt was considerably shorter than she would have chosen for herself. She admitted she looked great in it, but it made her uncomfortable at work, especially since she wore no panties underneath.

She wore a black silk blouse beneath the jacket, the better to disguise the indentations of the nipple rings she was wearing. Certainly her bra would do nothing to hide them since it was a lacy, cupless thing which lifted her breasts up nicely but left them almost entirely bare. Again, Mark had chosen it, and it made her uncomfortable, even though it did give her a mild sensation of arousal.

Her pussy and nipples ached a little, but it was tolerable, especially with pain pills. Her back was sore, as well, but that was something else again.

She tried to focus on her work, but her ears and eyes were open to any hint that anyone else knew of what had taken place the previous evening.

She didn't see Miller again until the noon hour, when he appeared out of nowhere in her office, following her back in after lunch.

"Have a nice meal?" he asked.

She whirled at her desk, gasping in surprise, her pulse suddenly racing.

"Y-Yes," she said, blushing and dropping her eyes.

"Your master called," he said.

She felt an icy hand clutching at her belly, and a moment later, light headed as a roaring heat engulfed her.

"He said you had some new rings you were to show me."

He moved in from the door and closed it behind him.

She looked down at the floor, feeling mortified, and, weirdly, desperately aroused. Why? She hated him!

"Let's see them," he said tauntingly.

She wanted to curse at him and throw him out, and at the same time her loins burned with every sneer he hurled at her.

She raised her trembling fingers to the buttons of her blouse and slowly unfastened it, then, face burning, opened the blouse to show him her breasts.

"Very nice, slut," he said.

He reached in and cupped her breasts, and the blood drained from her face as a terrible throbbing burned into her breasts. She unconsciously squeezed her thighs together, trying to hide from him how aroused she was. He squeezed her breasts together, and she let out a very soft moan.

"Peter," she gasped, trying weakly to pull back. "Someone will see!"

"No one is going to see, you little slut," he said, tightening his fingers against her breasts. "I ought to bend you over and fuck you again."

Do it, she thought dazedly. She saw herself bent over, used by this... prick, this miserable bastard, used like a helpless whore.

He put his fingers through the nipple rings and pulled up and out so that she cried out and grabbed his wrists.

"Please!" she gasped.

"Show me the other one, slut. Right now."

She moaned in pain, yet her hands waved feebly above his wrists, not touching them, and then dropped to her sides as the sexual tension in her body twisted within her. He looked a little confused at her submission, and tugged harder on the nipples. She gasped and rose to her toes, panting in short, ragged little breaths.

"Show me your cunt," he said, making the word as deliberately obscene as he could.

Humiliated, and unbearably aroused, she gripped the hem of her short skirt and eased it slowly upwards until her naked sex was bare and he could see the shiny ring dangling between her legs.

"That's even nicer," he said with a cruel leer.

He released her nipple rings and she moaned and dropped back onto her heels. He reached in and fingered the one between her legs, then penetrated her with his finger.

"What? No dildo up the ass today?"

"Please," she panted, mind spinning.

Fuck me, she wanted to say. But then it wouldn't be - what she needed. She wanted him to throw her violently to the floor and rape her, to ram himself into her as hard and painfully deep as he could.

Instead he merely laughed and gave her bare breasts a final squeeze before backing away and opening the door. She shuddered, and pushed the door closed, then turned, shuddering again, reached between her legs, and fingered herself to a powerful climax.

Her outfit the next day was just as respectable - on the surface; a black business suit with another short skirt. Underneath she wore nothing but black leather straps and metal rings. The thin leather straps crossed her shoulders to rings set above her breasts. More leather straps were hooked to either side of those rings, circling down around the outside of her breasts, hooked to more rings with more straps going behind her back.

The leather strips circled her breasts tightly, squeezing them in from all sides so they thrust out firmly. Leather strips descended from the bottom of each to join together in a ring above her belly button, then more leather strips went down and over her hips, around behind her and then down between her buttocks before pulling up tightly against her pussy and splitting apart at her hips.

It was shaped almost like a swimsuit, though, of course, leaving her almost entirely bare.

Her nipples held particularly large rings, and the leather pressing against her sex held in a thick dildo. It was tight and somewhat uncomfortable, and it

felt quite bizarre to be wearing it to work under the work clothes. It excited her, though, and made her feel wicked and wanton and wild.

Just after five Miller came into her office, grinning, and she felt her heart skip a beat. He closed the door and locked it, then sauntered towards her as she licked her lips nervously and looked away.

"Phone call for you," he said, handing her a cell phone.

She took it warily as he unzipped his pants, and held the phone to her ear.

"Y-Yes?" she asked.

"Hello you gorgeous little slut. Is your pussy hot and hungry?" Mark asked.

"Y-Yes," she breathed.

"Yes Master, you slut!"

She flicked her eyes up at Miller. "Yes, Master," she said, feeling the heat rush up her chest.

"Well, too bad. Because I'm not going to let Miller fuck you tonight. But you can suck his cock."

Miller drew his prick out and held it out to her and she hesitantly opened her mouth and slid her lips over it.

"He's going to want to deep throat you this time. He's never had a slut take him down the throat before and is really looking forward to it. I told him that if you didn't do a good job he could take his belt to your bare ass."

She was bobbing her lips up and down Miller's cock as Mark talked, sucking strongly and licking at the head each time it passed across her tongue. She braced herself and forced herself forward, swallowing the head and feeling the shaft sliding down her throat.

He moaned and gripped her head as her lips slid up to the base of his cock.

Katie felt like an absolute whore, and her body quivered with sexual tension because of it.

"That sounds like he's happy," Mark said. "You give him a good suck, my little fuck toy, and when you get home you'll get a good hard screw."

Miller was pumping excitedly in her throat as he spoke, and puling her head in and out as he moaned in pleasure. Katie let the phone fall away, gurgling and moaning around his flesh as he pulled her forward off her chair, onto her knees on the floor.

When Mark told her she was taking two weeks off work she protested, and refused, and he spanked her until, tearfully, her bottom on fire, she gave in. Afterwards she had to lick his feet and apologise for being a bad girl.

She spent that night in a large, padded chair, her wrists bound to the arms, her ankles lifted up and back and bound by a chain which went behind the raised back. Her pussy and anal opening were lifted up and vulnerable. He forced thick dildos deep into both orifices, with a chain to keep them in place, then gagged her and left her that way.

Her back and neck were soon aching, yet a strongly burning lust gripped her body and excused it even as her feet grew cold and numbed. In the morning

he took the dildo from her pussy and thrust himself into it, fucking her violently. It hurt, it ached, yet she came with a massive flash of white hot sexual ecstasy.

Though she stayed home that day Mark did not. He left her chained, spreadeagled upside down, blindfolded, gagged, and with dildos again filling her pussy and anus.

He placed a pair of earphones into her ears and taped them in place, and all through the day, as her head ached from being upside down, as she grew dazed and weak and dizzy, his voice whispered to her of what a slut she was, of how hot and sexy and lewd and dirty a whore she was, and how she was his slave, his bitch, his dog.

Her own voice was on the tape, as well, crying out in pleasure, begging him to fuck her, to sodomize her.

She needed to get to work, a part of her worried, even as her body burned with sexual need.

She felt hands on her body.

She had no idea how long she had hung there before the touch woke her dazed mind from the soft, half slumber which had gripped her. She groaned into the gag, trying to raise her head, and then realized there were more than one pair of hands. She whimpered in excitement as they moved over her body, kneading her breasts and rolling and pinching her nipples, sawing across her clit and probing at her anus.

An image flashed through her mind of Mark and Sean, but then with a gasp she realized there were more than two pairs of hands, and more than three.

He didn't even ask me!

Her mind wailed with shock, uncertainty and embarrassment. Yet it all slowly melted away as the hands continued to slide over her body. The two dildos were withdrawn, and two cocks were driven down into her instead. She moaned in delight at their soft, warm heat, then cried out in pain as her hair was yanked hard, lifting her head up and back.

She felt the gag worked out of her mouth, but before she could speak, could do more than cry out, a cock was between her lips and thrusting up over her tongue and into her throat. She gagged and choked, unprepared, yet her belly was empty, though it rumbled. She had, she realized, had nothing to eat or drink since the previous night's dinner. How long ago?

Someone was rubbing at her clit, while hands kneaded and squeezed her breasts, then sucked on the nipples.

How many men?! A part of her gasped, a wild thrill of sexual abandon sweeping over her.

Her head throbbed from lack of air, and her chest burned and ached. The cock pulled back and she gasped and coughed and gulped in air. She could still not hear them except as a low murmur in the background, for the sound of Mark's voice and her own gasps of sluttish pleasure continued to fill her ears as the tape played on.

The cock pushed back into her mouth, and she inhaled sharply before it drove into her throat again. They fucked her for long minutes, her body alternately burning with heat and throbbing with pain and discomfort.

Then she was lowered to the floor, her head spinning dizzily as she was finally released from her upside down bondage. The earphones came loose, and now she could hear them laughing, joking, could hear their obscene and hungry voices as they talked to her and about her. Her mind burned with both excitement and humiliation as she felt her wrists drawn back behind her and locked together.

She groaned as they rolled her over and yanked her hips up. She was penetrated and ridden hard as her hair lifted her head up and another cock was pushed into her mouth.

How many were there?!

And where was Mark!?

So many voices, so loudly - it sounded like the room was filled with men, like there was a crowd there around her!

After a hard, pounding ride the man behind finished with her and they lifted her up again, strong arms clutching her arms as she was pulled over someone, sat on someone's thighs, dragged forward and positioned so that her pussy nudged a thick cock.

"Down, slut," a strange male voice ordered.

They eased their grip on her arms and she sank, feeling the thick cock pierce her, sliding up into her pussy. She moaned softly, grunting as she sat and took it deep. A mouth closed around the centre of one breast and she felt teeth gnawing at her flesh as it sucked on her nipple.

"Ride it, slut. Ride it," several men called.

A hand slapped against her bottom, and she felt the man she was straddling thrust up. She grunted and pushed weakly, riding up a few inches before sinking back again. Another slap on her bottom pushed her upwards and then down, and then someone gripped her hair, yanking her head forward and to the side, and a cock filled her mouth, crushing her tongue down as it drove forward against the back of her throat.

Again her bottom was smacked, and again, and she rode up and down weakly, awkwardly, gasping as she tried to suck on the cock in her mouth. She felt herself pushed further forward, and a cock pushed against her anus and slowly drove inside.

She cried out as teeth bit down on her nipple, but the sound was muffled by the cock which filled her mouth. Her wrists pulled against her restraints uselessly, and she moaned and whimpered as hands pawed and fondled her body and cocks pumped in and out.

The blindfold was yanked off and suddenly she could see. Her eyes were filled by the pelvis of a naked man standing beside the chair as he held her hair and pumped into her mouth. She could see the outline of another man, the one she was straddling, and only a shapeless, shadowy form behind her. There was a crowd of flesh around them, however, too many to count with her head being jerked and her body being pummelled.

She felt a wave of embarrassment, of humiliation, with so many men seeing her naked, seeing her - like this - but the heat grew apace, so that, when the man came in her mouth and released her, she shuddered and swayed at the sight of them all.

Her upper torso straightened as the man drew back, and she stared around her at a sea of faces, all male, all grinning, leering, atop naked bodies with hard cocks.

There was no sign of Mark.

Where is Mark!?

Oh my God! There's so many of them!

Excitement burned through her even as she was struck dumb with a humiliation that was almost painful. She stared around at the men surrounding her, gasping and moaning as she rode up and down one man's cock - a slim Latin looking man - and another thrust into her from behind, pumping violently into her aching rectum.

Something seemed to snap inside her, a sense of self she had clung to all her life, a sense of who and what she was and what she would and would not do.

"Suck me off, whore!" a leering man shouted, yanking her head to one side and thrusting his cock into her mouth.

She sucked, moaning dazedly, mind spinning from the shock of seeing them all, of feeling so utterly naked and vulnerable and - and feminine - surrounded by a sea of lusting, hungry male animals.

She rode the cock beneath her, gasping as the man behind hammered his hips against her rear, and gurgled around the cock which thrust down her throat.

When one finished another took his place. And then she was twisted and lifted through a sea of naked male flesh and a forest of arms and hands. They dropped her on the coffee table, her head fallen over one end. One man knelt quickly at her head, forcing his cock into her mouth. She felt her legs spread and another cock driven into her body. Then the hard weight of someone straddling her, half sitting on her chest, dropping his cock between her breasts, his hands squeezing them up and in together as his cock slid through her cleavage.

And then she was on her knees, someone pulling hard on her arms, yanking her back to meet each powerful stroke as he sodomized her. Someone else was before her, thrusting into her open mouth and now aching, burning throat.

On and on, one cock after another, a half dozen hands always stroking and groping and fondling her body, a sea of laughing, leering male flesh around her with hard cocks that never seemed to grow soft.

Beer was spilled over her exhausted, overheated body, and she sputtered and coughed on it as it filled her mouth and nostrils. They turned her over, bent her over, and spanked her as another cock was jammed into her mouth. She moaned and cried out in muffled pain as hard hands cracked across her raised rump.

Then she was on her back again, on the sofa, straddling a fat man who groped her breasts while two others laughingly yanked her legs up and apart and held them tight. Another man had - had a cucumber - in his hands, a thick, fat cold green vegetable which he pushed against her naked, shaven sex. It ached, and she groaned with more and more pain as it was slowly worked into her. Twenty faces leered down at her in a tight mass as the hairy male hands pushed and twisted and thrust the cucumber deeper and deeper into her aching belly until she thought she would split open.

Only the tip remained and her stomach bulged with the thickness of it, and they turned her over, pulling her mouth onto another cock as finger pried and prodded at her rectum. She felt something else hard and cold pushing against her, felt it twisting and turning as it sought entrance. She ached, but it would not go in. Then slippery fingers pushed into her, pumping in and out, and the thick thing - another cucumber, she thought, was slowly, achingly pushed into her rectum until it too filled her up.

Hard fingers rubbed violently against her clitoris with enough force to bring tears of pain to her eyes, yet the rubbing, the pain, grew into something powerful, something terrible and wonderful that had her hips churning and her insides burning with a terrible intensity.

She came with a scream, a scream blocked by the hard cock in her throat. She thrashed and twisted, convulsing in wildfire sexual heat, crying out again and again as muscles flexed and jerked and the blood raced through her body.

The pleasure went on and out, building to an almost painful intensity before sinking and then rapidly building once again. She rode a helpless roller coaster of ecstasy, orgasm after orgasm parading across her battered, shaken, exhausted body as those laughing men looked on and those hard, almost casual fingers rubbed hard against her clit and jammed it in and back against the cucumber filling her.

It was too much. It was all just too much, and she collapsed inwards like a black hole, sinking into oblivion as yet another climax tore and flayed her mind.

She woke to find herself clean and smelling fresh. She was - damp - and her hair still wet as Mark lay her back on the bed. She was sore, aching all over, her throat raw and raspy and aching from the multiple penetrations.

"Wha - wha - ."

She had to clear her throat several times to get it to work.

"What did you - why did - ."

She wasn't sure what to ask.

"Where were you?" she finally gasped, her voice gravelly.

"I was there the whole time, watching. Wait until you see the video," he said, grinning as he stroked her face.

"Oh God," she moaned.

He rolled her onto her belly, and she hadn't the strength to resist.

"Wh-what are you doing to me?" she panted.

He laughed and kissed her gently, then drew her arms back and straddled her body. She felt something, a belt, a strap, going around her arms just below her elbows, tightening, drawing her arms back together.

"Ow," she moaned. "Mark!"

"Master," he chided, leaning in.

"Master," she moaned. "It hurts!"

"Only for a bit. Then it will be okay."

Her shoulders ached as the strap drew her arms back harder and harder. She moaned and shifted, trying to dislodge him to no avail. Then her elbows were grinding together and another strap was going around her wrists.

"It hurts," she complained in a raspy moan.

"You're a bad girl, fucking so many men," he said teasingly. "Did you ever think you'd be gang banged, Katie?"

Gang banged. The word lodged in her throat and she moaned as images of the crowd of men filled her mind. She had been gang banged!

"God," she groaned.

He rolled her onto her back, and she gasped as her weight came down on her bound arms and straining shoulders.

"My beautiful little slut," Mark teased, running his hand over her breasts.

She was so tired. She could not have been out for long, though it had been long enough for the crowd to leave and Mark to bathe her. Her eyes were heavy and her mind and body both battered and weary.

"I-I have to get to work," she moaned.

"You took two weeks off silly," he said.

He lifted her legs up and back and then rose on his knees, sliding his pelvis forward as her bottom lifted, using his weight to pin her legs back as he fastened her ankle restraints to straps on the corner posts. He eased back, then climbed off the bed, pulling at the straps from the corner, lifting her ankles back harder and higher, rolling her back onto her shoulders until her back was in the air and her bottom raised high. Her legs were spread wide, extended out above her to the back of the bed.

Her arms were bound somehow below, not merely together, but to the bed, for the pressure pulling on her legs sought to turn her completely over and only the pull on her bound arms resisted it, a pull which drew them downwards towards the foot of the bed.

Katie groaned, staring up above her at her sex and thighs as Mark grinned and moved quickly about, tightening or loosening the straps.

"Thirsty?" he asked.

She moaned in agreement and he moved out of her sight for a long moment.

He returned with a large glass of what looked like milk and bent over her.

"Open," he ordered.

She opened her mouth and he poured the liquid into it. It was warm, rather than cold, and definitely not milk. She sputtered and coughed, and he drew back with a frown.

"Katie!" he said in irritation.

"Wh-what is it?" she gasped.

He produced a small plastic cup, or at least, something which looked like one, and pushed it into her mouth. It turned out to have no bottom - more of a tube than a cup, she thought, and he poured the white liquid through it into her mouth.

"Swallow," he ordered.

It tasted - she realized what it tasted like then and her eyes widened.

"Yes, it's semen," he said with a sly grin. "I promised the guys I'd give it to you."

She tried to shake her head but he pinched her nostrils, and she had no choice but to swallow. It was not a merely squirt or a few wads but an entire mouthful of warm, slimy semen, and she almost choked on it.

"Good girl," he said, pleased.

He filled her mouth again, releasing her nose.

"Swallow."

She moaned but had no choice, swallowing another mouthful, and then, as he filled her mouth and the cup, another, and another, and another. She choked and gagged as he kept pouring, and some spilled over the edges of the cup into her face, trickling down her cheeks.

"You wouldn't believe it, Katie," he said in an eager voice, "There's a whole club of people like us. That's where all those guys came from, and they store this stuff up, quarts of it, to use with beauties like you."

He kept pouring as he spoke, keeping her mouth filled as she swallowed again and again.

"Now that we've joined I'll have to pull out before coming most of the time and save my juice in a little cup in the fridge. When they get a lot they feed it to pretty girls who love to come," he said, teasingly pinching her nipples.

She drained the cup at last and he drew back.

"They said not to let you sleep too much," he said. "Otherwise you'll wind up feeling guilty and ashamed and fall back into our boring old life and routine. It's always like that with women, according to Sean. Society conditions them to think badly of themselves if they give into their desires. But don't worry, it'll wear off soon.

She stared at him dazedly and he smiled.

"I wanted to find out how to do things properly, to make sure you didn't get hurt," he said. "That's why I talked to them and told them about how we were experimenting. They know an incredible amount about bondage and stuff. They warned me against some things I was considering, and gave me a lot of new ideas. It's going to be incredible once you're a little more used to it," he said enthusiastically.

He leaned in closer. "There are a lot of women in the club too," he said with a grin. "I've always had a fantasy of you and another woman together."

Chapter 10

After a time spent with her legs pulled back over her head Mark released her aching body and drew her down onto the floor. He knelt her there between the wall and the dresser and fastened a string of beads between the two so it ran between her legs and up against her pussy. It actually ran through the ring set into her pubic lips.

Her head was pulled back, her hair set into a pony tail which was bound to a cord running down to a butt-plug thrust up into her rear. Her nipple rings were pulled up and out by elastic cords, the nipples straining, and she was gagged and blindfolded, which helped disorient her.

The beads were each like thick marbles, slick and slippery against her pussy, sliding up across her clitty as she ground her hips. They kept catching on her ring, tugging on it stingingly before releasing, yet that only seemed to add to the arousal gripping her body and mind.

After an eternity, he released her, but made her crawl around the apartment, weighted bells dangling from all three rings so she tinkled as she crawled. He walked alongside, holding her leash in one hand, and a long, thin switch in the other, which he snapped down across her bottom with stinging results.

Gagged, her wrists bound behind her, she knelt, cheek against the rug, bottom raised, penetrated by two large dildos, acting as his foot rest as he watched television.

Then her ankles were pulled back against her thighs and strapped in place, and her arms raised above her head, pulling her up so that most of her weight was squarely on her aching knees. Still gagged, she was left in place for the night.

Within an hour tears were streaming down her face from the pain in her knees, and within two they were numbed so that she hardly felt them. By morning she was limp, half hanging by her wrists, chin on her chest when Mark came in and cheerily spread her legs further so he could sodomise her.

She spent that day with her legs tied together, her feet lifted high by a chain overhead so that her hips and belly were held above the floor. The weight on her breasts was painful, yet she could not turn over, for her wrists were bound up and out to either side.

Three men came over that evening. Mark made her answer the door, even though she was nude, wearing just her chains and rings. Her face heated to see

three strange men staring, smirking in at her. Her heart fluttered and she was speechless until Mark came up behind her.

"Hey," he said. "You guys are right on time."

"Hi, Mark," one said. "This the little slave?"

"This is her."

He casually yanked her back by the hair so the three could enter, then closed the door behind.

"Nice tits on her," one said.

"Beers?"

"Yeah," the three said.

"Go get us some beers, slut," Mark said.

Pulse racing, face red, she turned and shuffled quickly into the kitchen, then was reluctant to return with the beers until Mark called out.

"Get your ass out here, slut."

Shamed anew, she brought the beers out, putting them on the coffee table, forgetting to do so on her knees.

"Kneel," Mark ordered.

She knelt awkwardly, sitting on her heels, still blushing brightly.

"What did I teach you about how to kneel?" he demanded.

Even more embarrassed, Katie slowly shifted her knees wide apart as the four men looked down at her.

"You need to discipline her better, Mark," one of them said.

"Yeah, I guess."

"No guess," another said. "I don't see any whip marks on her, nor any cane marks on her ass. You'll never get her to be a proper, obedient slave if you're too soft with her."

"They expect to be treated as they are, Mark," the third man said.

"I know but - ."

"Do you have a riding crop?"

"I just bought one recently."

"May I see it?"

Mark walked across the room and returned with the long, thin crop, handing it to the middle aged man who had asked. The man was tall, with curly black hair and thin glasses. He examined the crop and made a face. "It's pretty light weight," he said. "You need something a little heavier."

"Katie does pretty much as I tell her," Mark said defensively.

"You don't want her making the decisions, Mark," another man, shorter and somewhat overweight said. "You want her acting immediately, on instinct."

"You have to train them like dogs," the third said.

The black haired man stood and hefted the crop. "May I show you?" he asked Mark.

Mark nodded and shrugged and the man turned to Katie, whose heart was beginning to pound with anxiety.

"Slut. You will respond Yes Master or No Master whenever you are given a command. Is that understood?"

Katie stared at him uncertainly. "Uhm, yes, master," she said hesitantly.

He shook his head. "Stand up, slut."

She stood up slowly and he turned her and pushed her belly down across the back of the dining room chair.

"You have more chain or straps?" he asked.

Mark brought out a small box of them and Katie's wrists were soon tightly chained to the front legs and her ankles to the rear. She felt terribly anxious about what they were going to do, still mortified at them seeing her, and acutely aware of just what they could see standing behind her with her bent over as she was.

"You stand to one side, like this, and roll your arm. Don't want to strain a muscle. Make the blow smooth and centred.

"Ow!"

Katie cried out as the crop sliced into the entre of her raised bottom.

"You have a gag? She's not very disciplined and you don't want your neighbours to complain.

Katie was soon gagged, and the crop snapped down across her bottom again, then again and again as the man demonstrated different ways of cropping her. Some of the blows were stinging, but several made her scream and jerk violently at their force.

She was soon gasping and panting for breath, whining and pulling at the shackles as her bottom burned with pain. Yet it was such an intense rush, so mind searingly exciting, that she could hardly think straight, and the pain did not seem to matter. She pulled repeatedly at the bonds, not to escape, but to reassure herself she couldn't.

She felt the crop tapping at her thighs just below her buttocks.

"Don't forget the upper thighs," the man said. "It's an excellent source of pain.

She screamed again as the crop cut across the backs of her thighs, her body twisting and bucking.

"You want her obeying at once, without thinking," she heard another man say. "If she has to think it makes it harder to be the perfect little fuck toy."

"Always leave her with at least one good stripe so she remembers what happens when she disobeys," another said.

The next blow made her scream again, and jerk frantically at the shackles. The sexual pressure and heat was almost more painful than the sharp stinging blows.

"These shackles are nice for effect," one of the men said. "But they'll leave bruises. You need to use good leather restraints when you're punishing her."

"May I?" she heard.

She moaned, staring at the seat, chest heaving, bottom hot, and then grunted as she felt an erection pressed against her sex, then thrust into her. She grunted as the man, whoever he was, began to use her, and felt a strange, dark shudder of excitement at being so casually used by strangers.

In fact, all three of the men used then used her, and she felt the sex heat grow and spread through her with each hard thrust. Her bottom ached, but the

sexual hunger which seemed to exult in her lewd, rude, crude use. She felt a small orgasm within seconds of the first cock being thrust into her, and then another, and another, and another, small, multiple orgasms rippling through her as their hips hammered her bottom. Then a searing blastwave of sexual ecstasy rocked her to the core of her being, stunning her.

They unchained her shortly afterwards and the man who had taken the lead, who Mark called Brad, then pushed the coffee table back to open the living room more.

"All right, slut. "We're going to put you through your paces. You will obey every order at once. Is that understood?"

She stared at him dazedly.

"I realize that you can't respond orally while gagged. You will nod your head that you understand."

She nodded weakly, her lower belly thrumming.

"Kneel, slut."

She knelt before him.

"Sit back on your heels."

She sat back, spreading her knees so wide her thighs ached.

"Now get on all fours."

She fell forward onto her hands, raising her bottom, shifting her knees apart.

"On your back, knees back."

She fell back as he ordered, wary of the crop in his hands, feeling almost giddy with lewd excitement at so degrading and debasing herself.

"Now straighten your legs and pull them back with your hands."

Again she obeyed, heart pounding, feeling extraordinarily sluttish as the three strangers looked down at her laying there, legs spread wide.

"Farther, slut."

She gripped her lower legs pulling back, rocking back on her back a little.

"Wider, slut," he ordered.

She spread them wider, gasping, and he knelt in front of her.

"Tell us what a whore you are," he said.

"I-I'm a whore," she said, panting a little.

He tapped the crop against her open sex and she winced.

"A clever little whore like you can be more inventive than that," he growled.

"I'm a dirty whore. I-I'm a slut. I love to suck cock. I'm a dirty, filthy cock loving slut. I love to be fucked and - ."

"Enough," he said.

Her face had gone red with excitement and embarrassment as she spoke, and a part of her wondered why she found degradation so arousing.

"Hold your legs tightly."

He slapped the crop more strongly against her open sex and she let out a soft cry of pain.

"If you let go you'll get worse," he warned.

"We'll tie you down and hit you ten for every one you would have gotten," another snarled.

He struck her pussy again, then again, short, painful little blows to the centre of her soft, shaven mons, each sending a rippling shudder of pain and - oddly, electrifying excitement through her body.

"Ungh!" she gasped, as he hit her again, harder. "Ohh!"

"Keep those legs straight, bitch!"

Katie stared up at him, gasping, a ripple of amazement passing over her that she was allowing herself to be treated like this.

The crop snapped across her pussy again and she clenched her teeth, moaning as a sharp, biting mixture of pain and hungry excitement washed through her.

"Nasty little pussy," the man said.

The air hissed out of her as the crop snapped across her pussy again, then again, making it throb and burn.

"Are you a dirty little whore?"

"I'm a d-dirty little - dirty little - whore," she gasped.

"On your knees, slut."

She groaned and released her legs at last, half falling, half rolling onto her side. She gulped in air, then weakly pushed herself onto all fours, trembling with a deep, churning excitement.

"Push that ass up and out, slut."

"Ow!"

The crop snapped across her already sore bottom and she raised it immediately.

"Spread your legs. You want a cock in there. Make yourself ready for it."

She felt almost dazed with the intensity of the sexual shockwave building within her. What was happening to her!? Why was she getting so intense over this?!

"Ungh!"

The crop cut across her back and she shuddered.

The man put a leash to her collar and ordered her to crawl. She did so, then halted at his order.

"Show us how much you worship your master, bitch," he commanded, gripping her hair and shoving her face down towards Mark's feet.

She mewled weakly, then, with the four men looking down, her bottom raised high, she pushed out her tongue and tremulously licked at Mark's feet.

"That's it, slut. Give it a good tongue bath."

She pushed her tongue out harder, licking strongly across the front of Mark's foot, grasping his ankle in both hands as she licked along the sides, and then, her insides squirming, pushed lower to lick at the gritty underside as he raised his foot.

They made her crawl into the bedroom then, and get into bed. It seemed even more demeaning to lay in her own bed, not even bound, and spread her legs for them, and then, one of them stayed, the short fat one whose name she didn't even know, and the others went out into the living room, closing the door.

He curtly ordered her to draw her legs back and then thrust into her, riding her strongly for long minutes, screwing his hips in circles, pulling free several times to rub at her clit, squeezing and sucking on her breasts as he fucked her.

With her hands free she was able to grasp his shoulders, put her hands behind him, to kiss him, and it felt bizarre to do so. She had been ridden by others while bound, while blindfolded, while Mark looked on. This was too much like normal, except that she had no idea who the man was.

Her insides squeezed down around his cock as he rode her, and she felt an orgasm building rapidly. Her breathing came in short, frantic gasps as the power spiralled upwards, and then she cried out as she came, thrusting her pussy up against his pumping cock until the power left her limp and she dropped, gasping.

He kept pumping until he was done, and then left her alone, closing the door. The next man entered, and used her in the same way, then the third man, taking her on all fours, grasping her hair, pulling it painfully, slapping at her sore bottom and calling her obscene names as he thrust himself into her burning pussy. She came most powerfully with him.

The men dragged her out of bed then, and, as Mark watched, chained her wrist restraints up and out to the two tall foot posts of the bed. One of the men had brought a flog, and after they had gagged her they preceded to show Mark its use.

Although she had come several times she felt a terrible thrill of heat as she realized they were actually going to whip her, to whip her on the back. She was dumbfounded at first, then she almost came at the understanding. Yet a quiver of anxiety ran through her as the first man stepped up and the flog swung across. She cried out weakly, the sound muffled, as the flog spread out and snapped at her back with a dozen little stings.

He struck her again, and again, and each time the pain sent her jerking and twisting against the bonds. Mark took his place, and they offered advice as he brought the flog down again and again and the pain in her back grew.

They thrust a dildo up into her pussy and then began to strike her harder. Her back burned but her chest and groin burned even hotter. She thrashed too hard and so they chained her legs down and apart before continuing.

Her back was like fire, screaming in pain as the flog continued to slash across her tender skin. Her eyes were huge yet glassy with unshed tears even as the excitement tore at her mind and body.

One of the men was whipping her. He grinned at the others and stepped up, reversing the flog, then thrust the thick handle of the whip up into her anus.

"Unggh!" she screamed into the gag, her body bowing forward as the flog handle speared painfully up into her.

"Dirty little whore," the man said, pulling on her hair to force her head back.

"This is how you treat bitches, Mark. This is how you keep them in control," she heard a voice say.

And then Mark was behind her, thrusting his cock up into her ass, gripping her breasts painfully tightly, his fingers digging excitedly into her soft flesh as his hips slapped violently against her bottom.

When he was done one of the other men also sodomized her, then they took her down and strapped her arms tightly together behind her back, pinning them tightly from elbow to wrist. They lifted her wrists high, then, until her arms were straight up in the air above her and she was bent at a ninety degree angle.

They gathered her hair, tied it with a cord, and pulled it down hard, ran it through a ring set in the floor, and then back up to her nipple rings. They thrust a thick vibrator up her pussy and clipped a tiny chain to the bottom, attaching it to the ring through her pussy lips. She was then blindfolded and left in place for the night.

A couple of hours later she dazedly heard Mark moving in the room. She felt his hands on her, squeezing her breasts and stroking her pussy. Then the vibrator was pulled out and he fucked her for several minutes before replacing it. There was quiet afterwards as he went to bed.

Chapter 11

She remained blindfolded the next morning. Mark half carried, half dragged her into the kitchen and removed her gag, then ordered her to suck his cock. After doing so he fed her by hand, then bent her over and pushed her mouth into a bowl of milk, which she drank thirstily.

Pulled up by the hair again she was walked out of the kitchen and knelt, then carefully pushed down until her pussy made contact with something hard and rounded. She sank down onto it, shuddering a little in pleasure, slipping down until she was sitting on her heels. Then her ankles were strapped to her thighs. Her hair was pulled back and something was thrust into her bottom, then she felt her nipple rings being pulled up and out. A moment later his fingers were at her sex, pulling and manipulating the ring there until she felt a steady downward pressure on it.

His hand stroked her head.

"Bye bye," she heard.

She moaned weakly in reply.

She rose slightly, but with difficulty, feeling the pull on her pussy and nipple rings, and sank back again. A sexual quiver rippled along her nervous system, strong but not powerful enough to bring her close to a come. Yet it

stayed there as the time passed slowly by. She was gripped by a sexual torpor which clouded her thoughts.

She wanted Mark to release her. Yet as she was often finding, now, whenever she really wanted him to stop doing something she was unable to voice her request.

She knelt, dazedly, head back, arms and shoulders aching, as the day slowly passed.

Her mind drifted through fantasies, all of them sexual, all of them with herself as the prisoner of cruel and lustful men. In one she was a captive of pirates. In another, a spy being tortured for secrets. She considered the lifestyle of a harem, of what it would like to be the sex slave of an Arab prince, then imagined herself as the ward of a Victorian age man sold to lecherous men to pay off his debts.

She rolled her hips as much as she could, wondering what it was she was impaled upon. It was like a hard, round tube, very solid, somehow driven into the floor beneath her. It was quite thick, far thicker than any cock, and deep inside her belly. It had been cold when she had first slid down upon it, but had now been warmed by her body. It was immovable, however, and it was difficult to work herself on it because of her bonds.

Her nipples were hot and throbbing with pain, stretched out in front of her by whatever means; something tied to her nipple rings, she supposed. Any little shift in her movements tugged against the cord bound to her pussy ring, and any shift in her head tugged against whatever hook had been pushed into her anus.

Her back was sore, her shoulders numbed for having her arms pulled back so tightly together for so long.

She felt helpless, a sexual prisoner, and thrilled because of it. She worked her pussy as best she could against the thick thing inside her, not only ignoring the pain but exulting in it as she twisted and ground her pussy up and down and from side to side. She made her upper torso pull back in short, rhythmic jerking motions which made her nipples sting, and felt a squirming, delicious sense of heat flowing through her mind at each little needle of pain.

How far, she wondered, would she go with this sinful, erotic exploration? As far as Mark, who seemed to be eager to delve deeper and deeper into the darkness with each passing day?

She shuddered as she imagined herself a naked sex slave, given to men and used as everyone's plaything. She, Katie Mahoney, a fuck toy for lust crazed men!

She groaned and rolled her numbed shoulders, feeling the tightness of her arms pressed together down her back, pulling weakly against the hook thrust into her anus to reassure herself of her helpless she was.

Mark's voice made her eyes flutter and pulled her out of a fantasy which had her wearing only a loin cloth and performing oral sex on an Egyptian Pharaoh before his court, and then hands were on her, more than two,

dragging her up off the thing impaling her, turning her and laying her flat on the rug. She groaned as her sore nipples were pressed into the rough fabric.

"... much better for this sort of thing because they eliminate the bruises and there's much less chance of a loss of circulation," she heard a man say.

Fingers were at the straps binding her arms and wrists, slowly releasing them. She groaned into the gag as rough fingers kneaded and massaged her shoulders, but she was unable to pull her arms free. She felt something leathery sliding over her hands, sliding up her wrists and arms, moving past her elbows. Then it began to tighten, forcing her arms together once more. Straps went over the leather at wrists and elbow, but not as tightly.

Fingers pushed against her eye sockets just below her eyes as the blindfold was pulled up. The fingers kept her eyes closed as something tight and rubbery went over her head and pulled down past her forehead, then the fingers withdrew as the rubbery stuff pulled lower still, tugging at her hair, squeezing tightly against her scalp as it slid down over her face.

She felt the gag pulled free and cried out in pain even as the rubbery mask pulled down lower and in under her jaw. She heard snaps clicked into place and moaned, trying to work her aching, burning jaws. Her entire face was covered except for a small hole beneath her nose, and a small space over her mouth.

Fingers pushed against her mouth and something was thrust into it. "... much better than ball gags," the male voice said. "Ball gags force their jaws wide, and after a while that can get painfully stiff. That makes it hard for them to use their mouths like you want them to when you pull it free."

Several men laughed at that, and she moaned around the tube stuck through her open mouth.

"This is much better because it lets them almost close their mouths but - Here, squeeze this pump."

She felt the thing inside her mouth expand as she heard a pump of air. It expanded again, and again, pressing down on her tongue, swelling to fill her mouth and push out against her cheeks.

"Now pull the pump tube free and close the front.

A strap went over her mouth and around behind her head.

"Note the ring at the top of the hood."

She felt the restraints removed from her ankles, then what felt like boots, long, rubbery boots were slipped up her legs almost to her thighs and tightened in place.

"Again you see there's less chance of a loss of circulation," a man was saying.

Her feet began to lift up behind her, pulling higher, raising her knees off the floor, then her hips and lower torso. Her legs were rising up and apart, pulled by something attached to the feet. She moaned softly as she felt something pull against the leather thing around her arms, pulling them up and back, raising her chest and head off the floor.

She felt them making adjustments, lowering this leg, raising that. A moment later something pulled at the hood over her head, pulled it up and back sharply.

Her legs were straight up, but well apart, her arms pulled straight up and back between them, her back bowed, her breasts dangling so that when they clipped weights to her nipple rings they pulled down hard. Her head was up and back, as well, so at least it was not upside down.

Her breasts were squeezed and fondled and her nipples pinched and rolled. More hands moved over her bottom and fingers thrust into her pussy and tugged at the ring through her pussy lips.

Then someone thrust into her, and she grunted as she was fucked. It did not last long, and then she was left to herself. She heard, through the hood, the murmur of the men talking, but unable to make out more than the occasional word.

The doorbell rang. There were voices greeting each other, and one, at least, was female. The bell rang again, and she heard more voices. Hands fondled her, moving over her body. She heard a female giggle, then the doorbell again.

Her pulse was racing with every new touch, and her skin felt raw and sensitive, as she waited what was to be done with her. She felt more wickedly embarrassed with every ring of the bell, with every laugh, male or female.

That she could hear women was especially degrading. What did she look like, hung as she was? She knew her legs were spread wide, and wondered if someone was standing there even then staring at her exposed sex.

How many were there? What were they going to do to her!?

What were women doing there!? Was Mark going to make her have sex with a woman? She felt a quiver of fear and anxiety. She had never had sex with a woman before, and wasn't sure how to. Of course, she knew how she liked to have her pussy licked, so presumably - She shuddered in excitement at the thought of being forced to lick a woman's sex.

Hands cupped her breasts and squeezed, and she heard a woman's voice very nearby. Was it a woman squeezing her breasts?!

Then there were fingers at her pussy, peeling her sex open, thrusting into her warm, wet interior.

She could hear the hubbub of many voices now, and quivered excitedly, mortified and desperately aroused.

The voices eased, and then something prodded at her sex. Something thick and -

She cried out in pain as her pussy was struck. It felt much like the riding crop the men had used on her the other day. It stung, and her body pulled at the bonds.

Again it struck, and again, and the stinging blows came faster and harder as she twisted and writhed and shook in her bonds, crying out in growing pain. She could not close her legs, and the blows continued to snap at her as she thrashed and bucked in growing desperation, crying out into the gag.

Yet she thought of herself being surrounded by a crowd of men and women, a crowd which was even now watching her being - being whipped - and her pussy burned from the inside as well.

She felt the weights removed from her nipple rings, and then something else was clipped to them. Suddenly they began to tingle and buzz, and she moaned in confusion. The tingling and buzzing grew more powerful, more unpleasant, and she rocked from side to side, twisting as if to escape the growing discomfort.

Suddenly there was a terrible shocking snap that had her screaming and jerking up. It was followed a second later by a second, then a third. Each one was a terrible, stunning shock which tore through her nipples and breasts and left her half dazed.

Then the crop struck her pussy again and she groaned weakly.

Mark stared, his cock fully erect inside his pants, watching as Sean worked the little generator.

Katie looked incredibly hot! Her body was bowed back beautifully, her luscious breasts dangling down, her legs spread wide. He saw Angela whip the crop down on her pussy and saw Katie twist and jerk.

She was faceless, her entire head covered by the black hood. It was almost as if she were no longer a person, but a thing, a body. Sean had been right. This was an incredible turn-on, and he was sure Katie was enjoying it as well.

The apartment was filled, everyone watching, grinning, holding their drinks, as his naked wife twisted and bucked. Then she jerked violently three times as Sean turned the generator up and sent three electrical shocks into her nipples.

The movements of her body were extremely erotic, and he felt his cock quiver again.

Denice reached down and squeezed his crotch, and he grinned at her, leaning in to kiss the side of her throat and cup one of her breasts.

Angela began whipping Katie's pussy harder and faster, and Sean sent several more sharp shocks through her nipples. Then Karl moved behind her and took out a thick Black cock. As the rest cheered and jeered, he thrust it into Katie and gripped her hips, pumping strongly.

"Come on, lover. Let's find somewhere flat," Denice purred, pulling him back through the crowd.

Katie felt fingers at the gag. The strap loosened, then the thing in her mouth seemed to deflate and pull back. Yet something was left, what felt like a hollow tube, a very short one, holding her lips open. Then a cock came through the tube and slid across her tongue, and a moment later hands were on her head as the cock was thrust down her throat.

She had now learned how to cope with deep throating, though it was uncomfortable. She was able to relax her throat enough to breath a little even as the cock pumped in and out. This was fortunate, for many of the cocks which

thrust into her that (day, evening, night?) took their time and were not especially careful about pulling out to allow her to breath.

She was also being used from the other end, grunting as men pumped into her and fondled her bottom and breasts.

One after the other, until she had long lost count, they took her in pussy, mouth and anus before finally lowering her to the ground.

Her arms were released, at long last, and she groaned in pain as her shoulders came forward and her arms were pulled apart. She was yanked to her feet, and her arms pulled up and out. Then her feet were pulled apart until she stood shakily on the balls of them and locked into place. The rubber thing was thrust into her mouth again and inflated, then strapped in place.

She groaned weakly, yet the sex heat was still filling her. She had come several times during her recent use, and was on the edge of another, standing there, knowing they were all watching.

The flog caught her by surprise and flung her forward. She cried out weakly, jerked forward onto her toes. She was more prepared for the subsequent blows, but they grew more powerful, more painful.

She felt a - rush, a frothing, seething rush of wild sexual elation. She strained at her bonds and cried out into the gag, feeling a bizarre freedom as the gag allowed her to howl as strongly as she wanted. She felt the leather strands hit again, raising a crackle of stinging pains across the surface of her back.

Her pussy squeezed down on emptiness, and she longed, yearned to be penetrated by something thick and hard and hot. She cried out as the flog struck her again, screamed and writhed and twisted as it struck again, and again. She felt a sense of wild sexual hunger, and thrust her bottom out frantically as the flog whipped across her back.

There was someone between her legs, now, fingers squeezing her bottom as a long tongue lapped at her sex. She screamed in a mixture of elation and pain as the flog struck again. They were all watching her. All those people, all lusting after her.

She felt the tongue lick hungrily over her clitoris and bucked her hips forward desperately. Who was it? Who owned that deliciously long tongue? Was it a woman? Was it a woman licking her? That was so wonderfully hedonistic!

The tongue was whipping furiously across her clitoris now, the mouth closed against her flesh, soft and warm. She felt the orgasm screaming up through her body and arched her back even as the flog struck again, and again, and again. Each sharp ripple of pain flung her deeper into a strange euphoric sense of sexual abandon and the orgasm seemed to grow almost too intense for her to bear.

And then it grew more powerful still.

It became more and more difficult to concentrate at work, to focus, to care about the drab, mundane things she used to enjoy. None of it seemed real. None of it made her live like the sexual games did. Mark and she often visited others, and she would be used and abused by strange men, sometimes two, or

three. Large gatherings like the one they had first flogged her were rare, though. Too rare.

Shortly after that second gang bang a girl named Denise came to stay with them. While she was chained, spreadeagled to the bed, Denise crawled over her, her eyes feral, and began to taunt and tease her with a tongue which seemed amazingly long and powerful. Then the girl joined Mark in tormenting her before placing her sex over Katie's face and teaching her how to perform oral sex on women.

It was something new and, to her, kinky, and she wanted desperately to do well. She thrust her tongue up hungrily, amazed and delighted with herself, tasting another girl's sex for the first time, searching for the girl's clit and eagerly stroking against it.

She felt a tight pain as her fingers tugged on her hair.

"No! There," the girl commanded, pointing.

She was to come to know that half sulky tone very well over the following weeks. For Denise moved in with Mark. She shared his bed while Katie slept, most often, on the floor, hog tied and gagged. But it was a special kind of gag. It too swelled within her mouth to fill her oral cavity. Yet it also contained a small clamp just over the lips, and her tongue was pulled out as far as Denise could force it each night and then clamped in place.

Denise did not seem to have a job. So while Mark went off to work each day she was at the girl's mercy. That mercy did not include letting her talk. Her mouth was gagged almost all the time at home now, usually with her tongue clamped to a weight tugging it down over her lower lip. Her tongue - grew, or perhaps it was more accurate to say it stretched out, the muscles strengthening and allowing her to push her tongue out further.

Denise rained verbal abuse on her, and despite an ever present sense of indignation (the ignorant little slut) Katie exulted in it, in being made to feel low and dirty. And every time what the girl did fed her sense of indignation or outrage she felt an even more heady sense of sexual thrill.

Denise made her dance, taught her to dance with a switch in her hand and a dagger on her tongue, snidely and sneeringly comparing her to cows and donkeys as she rolled her hips and swayed to the sultry music filling the room. She learned to strip, and Denise even bought her clothes for that specific purpose. She stripped and danced several times before a few of Mark's friends, and then the two of them brought her to a strip club and forced her to dance there.

It was a humiliating, degrading experience which had her so aroused she was physically trembling with sexual heat. All those men surrounding the low stage, all of them gazing at her with dark looks, jaundiced expressions, the occasional leer. It was not like she had imagined, with eager, shouting men. They were all, for the most part, quiet, some not even looking at her, but chatting together. It was dehumanizing, and yet every eye turned upon her as she removed the last of her clothes sent an intense thrill of excitement through her body.

The dance Denise had taught her were not aimed at teasing. There was no tease in sitting back on the brightly lit stage, back propped against one of the bars, and pulling her legs up and back, spreading them as wide as possible. There was no taunting in kneeling, bottom facing the audience, legs spread, grinding her hips in circles.

When she stood against the bar, grasping it high overhead, and ground her pussy into the slick metal, she didn't have to fake the look of excitement and arousal filling her eyes. The feel of the bar grinding against her burning clitty was agonizingly pleasurable.

"Oh I'll get those, Mrs. Connors."

Mark's mother smiled tolerantly, argued briefly, then let her help with the dishes. Mark's brother's wife Helen helped, as well, and the three of them cleared the plates while the men retired to the living room. It was all very old-fashioned and sexist, she thought, but she needed to get to her feet after sitting on those hard chairs during the long meal.

Visiting with Mark's parents was always a bit of an ordeal. They were so old fashioned in their belief of a woman's proper place in life. But it was more of an ordeal when she had to sit on a hard chair with two enormously thick dildos filling her pussy and anus.

Beneath the demure, ankle length dress she also had a small weight hanging by a three inch long chain to a clamp biting into her clitoris. She had no nipple rings - or bra. Instead, Mark had slid a thin cold chain through both nipples and pulled it around behind her back, then tightened it so that it dug deeply into the soft flesh of her breasts.

She wore the metal collar with "slut" on it, and metal shackles on wrists and ankles. Both were covered up by the long, high necked dress.

It was - odd, almost unnatural, standing next to the other two women, chatting about what trouble Mark's nephew had gotten into at school, and the mortgage payments his brother was making on their town home, while all the while her clitoris throbbed painfully between her legs and her insides bulged with the size of the two dildos.

As Helen talked she wondered what the petite blonde would look like naked and shackled, wondered if she would cry out in pleasure with Denise's riding crop cutting across her bare bottom, with Denise's big dildo pumping into her aching pussy.

She also wondered how the woman could stand her dull, boring life of PTA meetings and tuperware parties. How could tuperware make a woman as fascinated as Helen sounded when she talked about it!? The height of her week seemed to be the occasional restaurant meal with Mark's brother Jeff.

Is that what normal life was all about? Raising bratty kids and, dusting, vacuuming and cleaning the Volvo? What was the woman going to remember when she was old and gray? The excitement of a trip to the new supermall?

She had been considering her own life for some time now, especially since Denise had moved in, and had come to the conclusion that even it was too drab, too normal. They were horny suburbanites playing games. Even when they used

riding crops and bondage gear it was all just a game, naughty children playing at being wicked, giggling to themselves at how naughty they were.

She needed more.

"Are you crazy?" Denise laughed.

"No."

"Why don't you ask Mark?"

"Because Mark is just playing games. He'd never do it. He's too timid. And he still thinks he loves me."

"You don't think Mark loves you?"

Katie hesitated. "Mark cares deeply for me. I'm sure of that. But he can get by without me. It's not - love, like it should be. Otherwise - .."

"Otherwise he wouldn't be getting off on pimping you out to so many men?" the girl asked shrewdly.

"Among other things."

"I thought you liked that."

"I do, but he shouldn't."

Denise shrugged. "What makes you think I can find someone to sell you to?"

"You've been playing those clubs for a long time, a lot longer than Mark, and you had to be a lot more careful, to watch out for the men who would go further than you wanted to go. You could find the ones I'm looking for."

"And what will Mark say?"

"I'll leave him a letter, explain it to him, explain this is what I need."

"You're crazy," the girl repeated, shaking her head.

"If you don't I'll find them myself," Katie said determinedly. "But only after I get rid of you."

The dark haired girl's eyes narrowed and she glared down at Katie.

It might have seemed odd to the casual observer that Katie could threaten her. She was, after all, shackled and collared, nude, with a dildo thrust into her pussy, while the other girl was clad in leather boots and a short dress, twirling a crop in one hand.

"You think you can?" Denise asked slyly.

"Don't kid yourself, Denise. You're a plaything. But I'm more fun, and he thinks he loves me. If I say stop he'll stop all this tomorrow and you'll be gone."

"Has it occurred to you that if I do as you say you won't have the luxury of saying stop, no matter what?"

"Yes," Katie said, her heart skipping a beat.

Denise shook her head. "Your funeral, lady."

"I hope to avoid that," Katie said dryly.

Chapter 12

It took only a few days to find the man they were looking for. He was only in his twenties, slim, with short dark hair, narrow eyes and a small, neatly trimmed beard. He came over during the day, while Mark was at work. She had already quit her job and written and re-written the notes for Mark and for her family to explain where she had gone. Mark's was truth. The one for her family was fiction.

His name was Jorge, or at least, that was the name he gave. He was not going to be her owner, but would take her where she could be given over to one. He used her violently there in the living room as Denise looked on, then had her dress and pack before driving her to the airport.

They flew south, to Mexico, and then Brazil, and met with men Jorge described as flesh traders in a small hotel room. She was made to strip and stand before them while they examined her body and commented on its attractiveness and deficiencies. Then they haggled with Jorge about the price they would pay for her.

She was on edge, her gut clenched, nervous to the point of nausea about what she was getting into. Right there on the edge of her ability to pull back she felt something inside herself screaming in alarm, in protest, in terror. Where was Mark just then, she thought. Was he miserable without her? Was he happy to be alone with Denise? Was he angry at her for abandoning him without warning?

They settled on a price, in Spanish. The two men were short and slim and had narrow, darting eyes which seemed constantly wary and suspicious. They had searched both of them for microphones before the meeting, and had made a big deal out of making her repeatedly claim that she was there out of her own free will. She wasn't sure they believed it, but they wanted her to say it.

They had her dress and then left the hotel room, both close beside her, as if wary she would run.

"Do not speak a word," one growled curtly as they walked through the lobby.

He took her arm and his fingers dug into the flesh as he led her through and out into the night, then down the street to where a dark car was parked. He got into the rear with her while the other man got into the front, and they drove away.

Her heart was pounding, her pulse racing. She could not turn back now, she knew. They would not permit it. They had payed for her, purchased her. They owned her and would punish her, beat her if she dared try to deny them anything.

They drove for well over an hour, leaving the city and moving into the countryside. The air was cool and moist, and she rubbed her bare arms as the car bounced along unlit dirt roads.

They turned, and the headlights showed a low wooden structure ahead. The car pulled up next to another, and stopped. The driver got out, then the

other man, grasping her arm to pull her out with him. The door opened, spilling light into the night, and a large man stood in it holding a shotgun. The men exchanged terse words in Spanish then the man stepped aside and she was led inside.

It was a farmhouse, but a rich one. The wooden floor was polished like a mirror. The furniture was old fashioned, but heavy and expensive. The large man wore a checked shirt straining against an oversized belly. He was in his forties, with hair already beginning to gray. Two dogs sniffed at the newcomers, both large German Shepherds, and a thin, pinch faced Hispanic woman sat in a large overstuffed chair by a stone fireplace, narrow eyes examining her like something dirty which had just appeared on her perfectly polished floor.

She wore a long, conservative dress, and her hair was pulled back into a severe bun. She said something, and the larger man, whose name, I gathered, was Philippe, in turn said something to the man who had held her arm.

"Strip," the man ordered.

Heart leaping, she obeyed, feeling strangely aroused even as embarrassment clawed at her belly. She removed the dress, stepping out of it, and then undid her bra and slid her thong down and off. Naked, she stood before the men and woman, chest rising and falling to give the lie to her attempt at looking calm.

"Put a," she heard the woman say, to snickers from the men.

That meant whore, she knew.

The large man, Philippe, opened the drawer of a large, oak cabinet and took out a pair of thin leather strips. They looked no thicker than a man's watch band, and buckled around each of Katie's slim wrists, but then they were drawn back behind her and the two strips clipped together to hold her wrists in place.

He gave another command in Spanish, and again her captor translated.

"Spread your legs."

She shifted her legs apart on the floor, feeling her heart pounding as he ran his hands over her body in a casual way, squeezing her breasts roughly, then slid a finger down to her sex and forced it up inside her.

He turned and said something to the pinch faced woman, who snorted.

Then gripped her hair, yanking her head back so that she gasped in pain.

He said something else, and the woman nodded, then he jerked Katie forward and down a narrow wooden hall. He stopped at a heavy wooden door and tugged back a heavy bolt before opening the door.

He reached in and flicked on a light, then led her down the narrow stairs into the basement.

The light in the basement came from bare, overhead lights, and so much of it was in deep shadows. He led her past boxes and crates and machinery to where a cage had been built. It was about eight feet wide and was made of heavy steel mesh attached to floor to ceiling steel bars.

And it was not empty.

There were two pale forms inside. He said something to them as he produced a key and undid the padlock holding the door closed. Neither of the shapes inside replied.

He swung the cage door open and shoved her inside, then closed it behind her, putting the padlock back in place and walking away.

There were two women inside. Both were nude and bound as she was. One was a short, very busty brunette of about twenty three with shoulder length hair and brown eyes which were puffy with too many tears. One of her eyes was blackened, as well, and there were bruises on her shoulder.

The other looked even younger, barely out of her teens, if that. She was a very tall, beautiful blonde, with a model slim body and luxurious, waist length hair. Her face was very strong, with a firm jaw and high cheekbones. Freckles dotted her forehead and the bridge of her nose. She looked like an athlete, an athlete with a lot of arrogance and confidence in her abilities.

She also looked numb, slightly shocky. Her eyes stared at Katie in confusion until the lights were snapped off.

Katie sat down in a corner. Their owners had placed a mattress on the floor, and she sat on one edge as her eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness.

"Who are you?" the blonde asked, her voice surprisingly husky.

"My name is Katie," she said.

She felt old at twenty eight, and wondered if these two younger girls would bring a better price than her.

"Where did they get you?" the girl asked in a voice bare of emotion.

"I-I'm from Chicago," she replied.

Her skin was prickling now with the rising sense of certainty that neither of them were there willingly. That they had been taken and stripped and held here as prisoners.

"My name is Lisa," the blonde girl said. "I'm from California. I was visiting Rio with my boyfriend."

"What happened?" she asked with a sense of awe.

She could see little of the girl but her shape, but she saw her head turn in the darkness.

"He wanted to have sex outside. We drove to an isolated beach but - but then after I was naked he - ." The girl stopped talking for a moment as her voice began to quaver.

"I-I'm not sure. There were two men there, and he tied my arms behind my back, and then covered my mouth with tape, and then he - he gave me to the men."

Her voice was filled with shock and disbelief.

"They raped me," she said with dazed shock. "While he looked. He watched them rape me, one after the other. And then they put me in the trunk of their car and drove me here."

"Do you know where we are?" she asked desperately.

She shook her head, her stomach churning.

She felt a desperate sympathy for the poor girl, and yet - and yet she could also feel her loins burning with excitement and arousal. She felt a deep sense of guilt at that, and shame, and cursed herself for being sick and evil. Yet the thought of this lovely blonde being enslaved and sexually abused made her pussy burn.

"Who are you?" she asked the other girl.

"H-H-Heather," the girl said after several tries.

"How did they get you?" she asked, fighting to show her sympathy and not her excitement.

"I-I don't know," the girl wailed.

"She was at a disco and drank something. It was probably the date rape drug," Lisa said casually. "She woke up naked here in this cage."

"I want to go home!" Heather sobbed.

"We all do," the blonde said impatiently.

"What do you think they're going to do with us?"

Katie bit her tongue, excitement and sympathy still warring within her.

"I think it's obvious," she said, after a moment.

"Then why don't they do it and get it over with!?" Heather moaned.

"They already - did it - to me, and they didn't let me go," the blonde girl said bitterly.

"I-I think this is just a - like a halfway point," Katie said hesitantly. "I think they're going to send us somewhere else."

"But when are they going to let us go!?"

Did they really not know, she wondered? Or were they afraid to admit it even to themselves? She felt a little thrill of excitement at what the two young women were going to experience, and with it another pang of guilt.

Heather talked about her family and the farm they lived on, and her job as a bank clerk. She was not a very sophisticated girl, Katie decided. She was no virgin, yet far from knowledgeable about the darker aspects of life. Though younger, Lisa was clearly more intelligent, more sophisticated about life. She was upper middle class, a scholar and athlete at her school, on the debating team, involved in protests over the environment and civil rights. Yet if anything she was more innocent about sex than Heather. She thought of as half sport, half romance. She knew, intellectually, that there were men who would use force to gain from her what they wanted, but did not understand it. And she was a long way from understanding what cruelties could feed someone's sexual hunger.

As the light gave way to day the basement began to brighten with light coming through high barred windows. To eyes adjusted to complete darkness it was almost like noon, and the three looked at each other assessingly.

The two were very pretty, Katie thought. Heather's breasts would make a lot of men quite happy, large and surprisingly firm, with fat nipples. She was short, and very slightly chubby, and looked younger than her years.

Lisa's body was willowy, her breasts small, her arms and legs well-muscled. She was clearly fighting hard to keep control of herself and not give in to weeping, as Heather often did. She had spoken defiantly many times through the night of how she would beat, kick, claw, and otherwise damage the men who had captured and molested her.

They both stared at her as she sat, taking in her nipple rings and the one through her pussy lips.

"Where did you get those?" Lisa finally asked.

Katie looked down at herself.

"Uhm, a man did it to me. I mean, had my nipples pierced."

"You mean against your will?" Lisa asked in confusion.

She nodded.

"Where? How?"

"He was my owner," she said, knowing it would confuse them.

The door at the top of the stairs creaked open, jerking their eyes around. The lights came on and they heard feet on the wooden stairs, and voices in Spanish. Then the thin woman and the man named Philippe arrived

The two girls seemed to cringe back, half turning, trying to hide their bodies from the man's eyes. He unlocked the door and opened it, then ordered them outside. Katie hurried out and waited as the woman glared at her. The two girls continued to crouch, to turn away, trying to ease sideways past the man where he couldn't see them.

He slapped Heather's bottom so that the crack of noise echoed around the room. She screamed and leapt forward.

"Don't!" Lisa protested as he gripped her long hair and shoved her.

"Kneel there," the woman demanded, pointing at the floor.

Katie knelt, her knees apart, and the two girls knelt beside her, legs tightly closed.

The woman's lips pulled up into a sneer.

"Spread your legs, bitches," she snapped.

"No!" Lisa cried in anguish. "What are you doing? Let us - "

The man slapped her head hard enough to fling her forward onto her chest on the floor.

"You will do as you are told," the woman growled.

"Please let us go!" Heather cried.

"Be silent!"

The man yanked Lisa back onto her heels and the woman again ordered the two girls to spread their legs.

Heather did so slowly, reluctantly, face red, revealing the narrow thatch of brown pubic hair between her legs. Lisa stubbornly refused, and the man yanked her to her feet by the hair. She screamed and tried to kick at him and he slapped her face, sending her spinning.

"Stop it!" Heather cried, tears filling her eyes.

"We will show you what we do to disobedient little girls," the woman said.

Philippe forced Lisa's arms up high behind her back, forcing her to bend over, then bound a thick cord to her wrist restraints and threw it up over the low ceiling beam. He tugged her arms even higher, and she cried out in pain as he tied the rope off.

He took a long thin belt from a corner table and moved behind her, swinging his arm confidently.

Heather cried out as she saw the belt drawn back.

"No!"

The belt cracked across Lisa's shapely bottom with a violent snap of noise echoed at once by her scream of pain.

The man chuckled at her violent contortions, then swung again. Again the belt lashed across her tanned bottom, and again she screamed, cursing him.

"Fucking bastard! Fucking bastard!" she half sobbed.

Another blow made her cry out, and then another. She let out a broken sob as the blows continued, as Philippe swung faster and harder, and the belt turned her bottom a bright red.

"Stop hitting her!" Heather cried desperately.

Philippe turned almost casually and brought the belt down across her breasts.

Heather screamed and flew backwards to land on her back, and Philippe turned and continued to strap the sobbing blonde as Heather rocked from side to side, tears spilling from her eyes.

The woman looked at Katie and smirked in contempt, then turned her eyes back on Philippe as he swung the belt against Lisa's bottom.

He stopped abruptly and turned her, then wrapped the belt around her throat and yanked it tightly, yanking her head up. The woman gripped Heather's hair and forced her back onto her knees, forced her to watch as Philippe took his cock out of his pants and rubbed it against her face.

"Now you will please Philippe with your mouth or you will be beaten again," the woman said vindictively.

Philippe thrust his cock into the sobbing blonde girl's mouth, gripping her hair and twisting it cruelly until her lips pulled in, showing she had begun sucking.

"You are here to be pleasure toys for men," the woman said, her accent thick. "You will be good pleasure toys or you will be beaten until you learn."

Philippe was thrusting his cock into Lisa's mouth now, gagging and choking her with every hard, deep stroke. He pulled out, looking down at her cruelly, rubbing his spit wet cock across her face. Then he turned and walked to where the terrified Heather knelt, gripping her hair, forcing her to rise on her knees.

"Suck," he said in a gruff voice.

Her eyes were enormous, but she did not refuse, taking his cock into her mouth and sucking as her eyes rolled in terror. He grinned down at her fear, thrusting in deeply as Lisa continued to cough and gasp behind him.

He pulled out, turned, and rubbed his cock against Lisa's face again, then turned her body around and thrust himself into her from behind.

Lisa let out a sob and a cry of pain as he drove himself into her body, then wept softly and miserably as he gripped her hips and used her, his hips slapping powerfully into her bottom.

He pulled out, turning, and motioned to Heather.

"Turn around, bend over, and present your sex to him," the woman ordered.

"Please," the girl whimpered.

"Do as you are told!"

Heather turned and sobbed, dropping onto her shoulders as the man knelt behind her. He slapped at her thighs to force her legs apart, and then held his cock and rubbed it against her furry sheath.

Katie watched, feeling her own pussy burning and throbbing with excitement, almost breathless with the intense eroticism of what she was witnessing. She saw the man's thick cock driving through the young woman's pussy opening, saw his shaft driven deep into the girl's pussy as her body shuddered to sobs of misery, fear and humiliation.

She wished it were her.

Yet she knew she would not feel the misery and fear of the ordeal as these two were, and turned to look at the helpless body of Lisa, face hidden beneath a thick curtain of hair. It was real, she told herself, awed. They were really sex slaves. And so was she.

"You," the woman snapped.

Katie jerked her face around.

"The poor little thing feels sad. Please her with your mouth."

"Y-Yes, mistress," Katie said almost instinctively.

The woman's lips curled into a sneer and she gripped Katie's hair, but she did not have to pull hard to get her to shuffle over on her knees. She knelt behind the moaning Lisa and stared at the tight lips of her sex, then pushed her mouth into the folds of flesh and licked.

Lisa sobbed and twisted her head around, trying to see behind her, trying to pull away.

"Stay still, slut," the woman ordered, slapping her bottom.

Excited, Katie's long, powerful tongue caressed the girl's lips inside and out. She heard Heather's voice rising behind her as Philippe's pounded into her harder and faster. But she concentrated on Lisa, her tongue driving deep between the girl's tight lips, twisting inside her, stroking and caressing the inside of her pussy before sliding downwards and circling her clit.

She let her lips squeeze the soft little button and sucked gently, her tongue rubbing from side to side. Then a harsh grip on her hair yanked her backwards. Philippe had thrown Heather down onto her back and he now put Katie between her legs, shoving her face down into the sobbing girl's sex.

As with Lisa she licked and sucked, pumping her long tongue in the miserable girl's sex, squeezing and massaging her clitoris with her lips as the girl looked down at her in misery and revulsion.

Philippe pushed her out of the way and knelt between Heather's legs, thrust himself into her, then gripped her thighs in his huge hands, yanking them up and apart, lifting her bottom off the floor as he pounded his cock down into her.

Then he grunted and shuddered, groaning, eyes closing to slits as he buried his cock in the trembling girl's pussy and half collapsed atop her.

He pushed himself off, grunting as he put his softened cock back into his pants.

"Bastard," Heather sobbed miserably.

"You will learn to speak more respectfully to those above you," the woman snapped.

She barked at Philippe, who dragged Heather to her feet, then pulled on her hair, forcing her head back sharply and thrusting out her heavy breasts. The woman produced a thin crop, and whipped it down cruelly across her lovely orbs. Heather screamed in pain, twisting frantically against Philippe's hold. Yet the difference in size and strength between the two was far too great.

The crop sliced down across her breasts again, and again. The woman began to rain blows furiously, her eyes alive with excitement as the girl shrieked and twisted and howled in pain. The crop was a blur as it bit into her shaking flesh again and again, and her screams and sobs and desperate begging had no influence whatever.

The woman stopped and looked down at the weeping girl.

"Do you wish to call me a name for what I have done?" she demanded.

Heather's body was wracked by convulsions as she sobbed bitterly.

The woman stalked over to Lisa and yanked up on her hair.

"And you? Do you wish to speak badly of me?"

"N-N-No," the girl sobbed.

Philippe was wrapping rope around Heather's ankles. He yanked it up, lifting her legs into the air, then tossed the rope over a ceiling beam and dragged her upwards until she hung upside down, still sobbing weakly.

"Are you sure?" the woman purred, twisting her fingers in Lisa's hair, forcing her head back farther.

"P-Please!" Lisa moaned.

"Do you wish to please me?" the woman purred.

"Y-Y-Yes!" Lisa gasped.

"How good."

She reached down to the hem of her long black skirt and began to draw it upwards, baring her lower legs, then her knees, then her pale white thighs until her groin was revealed. She had a thick black mat of pussy hair and shoved it into Lisa's face.

"Please me with your tongue, slut!" she demanded.

"Oh, please!" Lisa sobbed. "I-I don't know how!"

"Then we will show you."

Philippe untied the rope holding her arms aloft, allowing her to straighten. He held her arm tightly as she swayed drunkenly.

"You, slut, show her!" the woman ordered.

Philippe put her on her knees in front of Lisa, who looked down at her in horror as she pushed her face up into the girl's groin. Katie did not hesitate, mouthing the girl's pussy lips, licking at them, then driving her face in hard against the girl's now moist opening, flicking her tongue deep inside her.

She raised her mouth, sucking rhythmically on her clitoris, flicking her tongue across it as the girl tried to twist her head away in disgust.

"Feel and learn," the woman hissed. "You will perform as well or you will be punished!"

She let Katie lick her for long minutes, then thrust her back as Philippe pulled the blonde down onto her knees.

"Now please me," she ordered curtly.

Lisa trembled, her face white, as she licked at the woman's hairy sex. Behind them, Philippe picked up his belt and began to rain blows across Heather's upside down body. The girl sobbed and screamed as the belt cracked across her belly and thighs and bottom and back, her body swinging and spinning.

Lisa continued to lick at the woman's sex, too terrified to disobey, her body trembling as she licked and sucked and tried to push her tongue in deep. The woman's own sadistic excitement aided her, and she was soon grunting and bucking against Lisa's face as she climaxed.

Several more men arrived, looking, much like Philippe and the woman, like common, rural people. Yet there was hunger and sadistic glee in their eyes as they made use of the three women.

All three were knelt and fitted with ring gags which kept their mouths open. Being throat raped was not a new experience for Katie, but the two girls choked, gagged and squirmed, eyes streaming as the men laughingly rammed their cocks through the rings set between their jaws, pounding thick cocks up and down their aching throats.

Neither had eaten in a day, so there was nothing their retching throats could bring up as their faces were repeatedly jammed into the hairy, sweating groins of the men surrounding them.

Dazed and cowed by now, the two were forced to perform oral sex on each other as the men stood and sat around watching and hurling obscenities at them. Katie was then equipped with a thick strap-on dildo, and mounted first Lisa, then Heather, riding them hard as a crop was brought down on her bottom to encourage her in her movements.

The other two girls were then bound together in their cage in a sixty-nine. Each was gagged with a two sided penis gag. The inside was deep enough to tickle their tonsils and make them gag. The outside was ten inches long and driven into the other girl's pussy, then strapped in place. Their arms were then strapped around each other's backs and they were left in place.

Katie was brought upstairs and knelt in the living room before the woman, who remained nameless.

"You are different from those other sluts," the woman said. "You do not need to be shown what you are. You glory in it. You will help me to break them."

"Wh-what would you like me to do - mistress?" she asked anxiously.

"You will tell them of your pleasure in being used by men, convince them of the rightness that sluts like they should be sold to men of strength to be used as they desire. You will help to train them to obedience and submissiveness. You will help them become resigned to their new positions."

"I will do my best, mistress," she said.

"You had better. You and they will be sold next week. I do not expect hysterics when they are presented to the buyers."

She picked up a crop and motioned to her.

"Now turn and present your bottom. I will remind you, in case you have forgotten, that you are now ours to do with as we wish."

Swallowing nervously, Katie turned and fell forward onto her shoulders, raising her bottom and trying to brace herself.

The crop sliced into her bottom hard, and she cried out at the sharpness of the pain.

"You think we play silly games here, woman?" she sneered. "You will not find light, teasing blows here."

Again the crop cut across her bottom, and again, and Katie gasped and moaned and jerked at each blow, something inside her thrumming with fire at the certain knowledge the woman would not stop unless she wanted to, that Katie no longer had the power to control anything anyone chose to do to her.

Her body jerked to every blow, sweat pain beginning to bead on her forehead, to rise across her shoulders and between her breasts. The crop slashed across her thighs, just below her bottom, and she let out a sob of pain.

"Enough," the woman said.

She shuddered in relief.

"Now please me the way that blonde whore was not able to. Show me what you learned in America."

Katie ate the woman to three orgasms, gasping and moaning as the woman tugged and twisted on her hair the entire time. During the third, Philippe knelt behind her and thrust deep and hard, bringing her to her own orgasm as he roughly groped and slapped at her breasts.

She was brought back down the stairs and the two girls were unlocked from each other, their arms bound behind them again. The gags were still filling their mouths, and they were knelt in front of and behind Katie, who spread her legs as the two slowly thrust the dildos into her pussy and anus.

The men were watching, laughing. They looked like farmers. Four of them, and Philippe, all drinking beer, slumping in hard backed chairs, chortling as they watched the show.

Yet the feeling of degradation flayed the two girls it only served to arouse Katie, who swayed between them, gasping as their dildos were thrust in and out of her pussy and rectum. The men, hard again, fell upon them, raping and sodomizing the dazed girls repeatedly while the woman kept her to herself, riding her mouth to another orgasm.

Chapter 13

It was everything she had ever dreamed of.

Katie's face was flushed. She was a little embarrassed, but thrilled with the sensual heat enveloping her as she walked out amidst the men.

She had spent a not very enjoyable week in the cage in the basement with the two girls. During that time she had made soft love to both of them repeatedly, despite their begging her to stop. She had shown them how to perform oral sex on both men and women and several times, deep in the night, away from the eyes of their captors, she had made their bodies writhe in orgasms.

They looked askance at her, wary of her, yet Katie knew they were lessons both needed learning, lessons not only in how to give pleasure, but in how pleasure could be given to them. And in truth there had been something deliciously, wonderfully wicked in making love to them against their will, her hands free while theirs were bound, sliding over their soft bodies, ignoring their protests as her breasts mashed against theirs and her lips sought theirs.

Grinding her hips into their thighs, a dildo driving deep into their pussies, ignoring their begging, feeling the tightness of their bodies, feeling the softness of their flesh. It was all quite a rush, and she began to see the other side of the sexual equation, what Mark and the others had felt when they had used her.

During the day the two young women were repeatedly and violently raped, and beaten at the slightest transgression. During the nights she caressed their moaning, pain filled bodies and let her tongue slide between the lips of their pussies.

Now she was nude, her wrists bound in the small, thin strap restraint their captors favoured, all the eyes of the several dozen men upon her as a stranger spoke to them, telling them about her, how well trained she was, how beautiful and soft and tight she was.

She felt small and helpless, a mouse caught under the eyes of all those cats, all measuring and assessing her. She would be bought by one of them. Bought as a slave!

She had already watched several naked girls being sold, including Lisa. They had all seemed dazed, numbed, frightened and cowed as they had walked back and forth before the eyes of the bidders, their eyes downcast as prices were flung at the auctioneer.

Lisa had been like that, trying to look uncaring, determined to show that she was not broken. She had walked straight backed among them, eyes glaring out at them defiantly. Yet she had done as she was ordered and not spoken as men had fondled her and fingered her and decided on her price.

Her face had turned a bright red as one man had thrust three fingers up into her pussy, pumping them in and out, forcing her to her toes, but she had kept her whitened lips closed.

Her face had turned a chalky white as she was bent over a low bar and the auctioneer had spread her long legs and fingered her recently shaven sex, and then she had been sold to a sleek looking middle aged man in an expensive green suit.

And now it was Katie walking back and forth under the light, breathless, anxious, a little disbelieving that she had arranged for it to happen, and intensely aroused as the men all stared at her and considered her price.

The warehouse was dark and smelled of gasoline from the cars which had been driven inside. The auctioneer had set up a small square in the centre and erected tall red curtains around it. He had placed folded chairs against the curtains and brought in flood lights to focus on the centre of the square. Now Katie walked slowly around in a circle as they watched. She felt electrified, her entire body sizzling and crackling with sexual energy as the several dozen men examined her.

She walked closely along the line of men, stopping whenever a hand reached out to grasp her leg. The men explored her body, feeling the softness of her skin, sliding fingers up into her pussy to measure its tightness, lifting and squeezing her breasts to ensure they were real. None of the men spoke to her. She was an object, not a person, a beat for sale.

Her sex was burning, and the fingers which pushed through her tight pussy lips felt her moisture.

She walked back into the middle of the square, rising on the balls of her feet when asked, then bending forward at the waist to show herself off. She dropped to all fours, her full breasts hanging below her, raised her bottom, and breathlessly spread her legs. Her chest was tight, the blood racing through her body as she displayed herself to the buyers.

She then knelt, straight backed, knees wide, as prices were called out, waiting to see who would purchase her. She was almost giddy with the sexual heat within her, fighting to keep her breathing under control. She felt somewhat dazed by it all, amazed at herself and what was happening. It was her fantasy come to life, and the knowledge that she had no choice, that this was no game, that she was being sold as a sex slave, filled her with a sense of wonder.

She was purchased, finally, by the same man who had bought Lisa. This surprised her, but she was not displeased. He looked handsome and wealthy, and she hoped he had more in mind for her than a dirty cage in a basement.

He collared her as an employee of his paid.

"What is your name?" he demanded.

"Katie, Master," she said meekly.

"You are alleged to be an obedient and well trained slave. I will expect nothing less of you."

"Yes, Master," she said.

The two girls found themselves in the back seat of a dark sedan following the man's limousine through the night.

"Where are we going?" Lisa asked anxiously.

"To our master's home," Katie replied.

Lisa shook her head, then let it fall back against the back of the seat.

"Oh fuck, I don't believe this," she moaned.

"Get used to it. You are a slave now. Do as you're told and things won't be so bad."

"Fuck you, you sick bitch," Lisa moaned.

They stopped at a small airport and boarded a twin engined propeller plane. It flew for just under an hour before landing at a private airstrip near a broad lawn on which a large house was situated. The man who had purchased them did not speak to them. He donned earphones and spoke with the other men and the pilot, but the two naked slaves were left to sit alone and look out into the darkness.

A balding, middle aged man took charge of them when they landed, and sat them on a golf cart which he then boarded and drove to the house. They entered through a side door and were taken to a small examining room where a doctor checked them out and took blood for tests.

They were then permitted to wash themselves, led to a small, but comfortable room with double beds, and allowed to sleep.

The door, Katie found, upon checking, was locked.

In the morning, still naked, they were led back to the examining room. There were two nervous looking young Hispanic women there, and the two slaves were forced to sit back on cots, spread their legs, and hold still while the two women used electrolysis needles to begin the process of permanently burning away the hair of their pussies.

After two hours of this they were permitted to eat, sitting at a small table, still naked. Afterwards they were subjected to more electrolysis until finally breaking for lunch. After lunch they were taken to a room with exercise equipment and made to run on treadmills and do other exercises until they were exhausted. Then they returned to their rooms, showered, and watched Spanish language television until bed time.

It was not exactly what she had imagined life as a sex slave would be like.

She hinted to Lisa that they might gain a little relief from their throbbing pussies by using each others' tongues, but was coldly rejected.

The next day went much the same. In fact, the next week went the same, as they were subjected to the snapping, burning electrolysis for hours each day, until not only their pussies, but their legs as well, were denuded of hair.

After that they continued their exercise, but were otherwise left to themselves. Lisa finally grew bored enough to permit Katie to make love to her, though she was sulky and angry as she consented.

"I like cock myself," Katie said, sliding her naked flesh over Lisa as the girl lay stiffly on her bed. "But a soft warm body can still get me high."

"You're a sicko," Lisa said sullenly.

Katie rubbed her breasts down against Lisa's, smiling, then kissed her delicately on the lips. "But you know I can make you come."

"It's a physical reaction, that's all," Lisa growled.

"Face it, honey," Katie whispered. "You're a sex slave now. You might as well learn to like it."

She let her hand caress the girl's body, fingers stroking gently across her clit, then she slid lower, mouthing one of Lisa's nipples, sucking gently as her fingers kneaded her firm breasts.

She worked her way slowly down to the girl's pussy, then expertly licked at her slit as she pushed her face in hard. Despite her sullenness Lisa's body

slowly began to waken to the heat Katie was raising, and her tight muscles began to relax, her legs to shift wider.

She began to breath more quickly, her head started to roll from side to side, and she moaned softly as Katie sucked rhythmically on her swelling clitoris.

Then the door opened and the nameless little man who had been their keeper bustled in. Lisa shoved her hard and she almost fell off the bed as the man, talking in excited Spanish, pulled them both to their feet and led them out of the room.

He took them up the hall to another room, where he produced a tiny G-string for them Lisa to wear. It was made of three narrow black leather strips. Two went around her hips and the other down between her legs. The three were joined together behind her back by a U shaped metal ring.

Lisa's wrists were strapped together behind her back. She was given a leather collar, and a thick black ribbon was wrapped around her chest, covering her nipples, and tied into a large bow. The man then brushed her long blonde hair out and, satisfied, turned to Katie, who had been looking on.

He had metal shackles for her, shackles a good three inches wide for wrists and ankles. A matching metal collar snapped around her throat. Strong chains linked her ankle shackles together. Another linked her wrist shackles. A longer chain dropped from a ring at the centre of her collar, clipped to the chain binding her wrists, and fell to the one between her ankles. She was given nothing else to wear.

Lisa was motioned to stay in place, then the little man took Katie's arm and led her out of the room, up the hall, and up a flight of stairs to a much more luxurious environment. The walls were gleaming walnut lined with portraits. The floors were patterned gray marble. The air was cool. She was led into an enormous living room where her owner sat on a high backed chair. A younger version of him sat on a sofa next to him, and gaped at the sight of her, half rising to his feet before sitting again.

She was stood in front of the two as the older man spoke to the younger, who continued to gape at her, his eyes filled with excitement and a rising sense of lust. The older man stood up, still talking to the younger. He ran his hands over Katie's body, then jerked her head back sharply by the hair.

He released it, then took a small, thin quirt the balding man handed him and turned to her.

"Do not move, slut," he said calmly.

She swallowed and braced herself as he slashed the quirt across her right breast. It ached like fire and she moaned softly, but held her position. He struck her left breast, then her right again, almost absently, his head turned towards the younger man as he continued talking in Spanish.

He put the quirt down and turned to her again. "Kneel and take me into your mouth."

She knelt at once as he undid his trousers and took out his cock. The younger man licked his lips, looking on as Katie opened her mouth and then slipped her lips over the man's cock. She bobbed smoothly up and down as the

man stood above her, hands on his hips, then, bracing herself, pushed her lips forward and took him down her throat.

The man put his hand on her head, stroking her lightly as she moved up and down his cock. He pulled back in a sudden violent motion, gasping lightly, and she knew he had been about to come.

"Turn and bend over."

She obeyed once more, dropping her shoulders to the floor, raising her bottom, spreading her knees as the man thrust himself into her and rode her powerfully for a long minute, then came.

She remained in place as he drew back and stood. The two continued talking, and the younger man was suddenly quite upset, rising, pointing at her, complaining. The older man smiled and shook his head, then signalled to the bald man. He, in turn, turned and hurried out of the room as the two continued to talk.

He returned with Lisa and the older man took her and magnanimously pushed her to the younger. With them close together Katie could see they were closely related. She wondered if they were father and son. The boy looked young enough. In fact, he looked younger than Lisa.

He tore the ribbon from her breasts and grinned as he fondled them. Then, happy, he turned and led her from the room.

The man who was her master sat back down and picked up a glass of wine, sipping lightly as he eyed Katie still kneeling, face against the thick carpet.

"You may kneel, slave."

She grunted with effort and pulled herself back to her knees, turned, sat back on her heels and spread her knees wide.

"I have told Manuel that in this day of disease it is not safe to sample the sluts which infest this country," he said. "That is why I have purchased you. I had intended to only purchase a whore for Manuel, but you were presented to me as a woman who knew her place and would present no difficulties. And so, I thought, why should a man such as much not also have a slave."

He sipped from his wine again.

"My wife is a wonderful woman, but she is a mother, and a sainted woman. I would not demean her with some of my sordid male desires."

He reached forward suddenly and gripped the chain dangling from her collar, yanking it, and her, halfway up across his legs. His other hand shot down between her legs and began to roughly finger her.

"But you are another thing entirely," he said in a low growl.

"Y-Yes, master," she panted.

She felt a sudden chilled fear, realizing that she was entirely his to do with as he chose, that he could literally kill her without anyone knowing or caring. And as his cold eyes bored into her she felt the intensity of his lust and moaned, driving her pussy down against his fingers.

She heard Lisa's scream from a distance up the hall and felt the hair rising on the back of her neck as the man smiled.

"My son shares my tastes, but has not my patience," he said in a soft whisper.

He stood up, still gripping the chain, and pulled her after him as he went in the opposite direction. She half tripped repeatedly, trying to keep up with him, her feet coming up short against the chain and throwing her off balance. He led her into another room, just as well-appointed, with a large, red Persian carpet occupying the centre of the floor.

He quickly removed her shackles and chains, placing thick leather restraints around her arms and legs and locking them to bars which held them wide. He hooked a chain to the bar between her wrists and a mechanism raised it up, forcing her onto her toes.

"Scream. I enjoy it," he said.

He held a whip in his hand, but not one of the short flogs or crops with which she was familiar. This was a long, finger wide length of coiled leather which he dropped to let snake along the floor behind him. She whimpered and her heart began to pound as he moved to stand behind her. She had been hurt before but no one had ever seriously - .

His arm, his entire shoulder was flung forward. The whip sliced along the floor and leapt into the air, then hissed the air to cut across her shoulder blades with the force of a length of pipe. She screamed in shocked pain as she was flung violently forward, lifted off her toes to momentarily swing freely, her back afire with agony.

She didn't even have time to recover, for her stunned mind to consider what she might do. Her toes had just made contact with the floor to lift the pain off her wrists when the whip sliced across her back again, this time lower down. Once again she was thrown forward, screaming at the intense pain tearing through her system.

Panic struck her as she realized that there was nothing - nothing - she could do to stop him from hurting her, that he would ignore any request, that she truly was entirely helpless.

The whip slashed across her back at an angle and she screamed and spun wildly, her toes leaving the floor once again.

He waited for her to regain her balance, watching calmly.

"P-please," she gasped.

He turned his shoulder and the whip flew forward again. This time his arm moved sideways and the whip struck her back and curled around her waist, laying a trail of fire around the front of her belly, wrapping completely around her waist so that the tip snapped at her side.

Tears spilled from her eyes. She knew screaming and begging was useless. She had sought this, had ached for it, had yearned for it.

The whip sliced into her back again, and she screamed involuntarily, again thrown off her toes, hanging fully from her wrists now, stunned, dazed, panting and gulping in breaths through her sobs.

Again the whip curled around her body, this time angling downwards, the tip slashing into the soft meat of her sex with stinging force, flinging her hips backwards in agonized response. She shrieked and twisted, but she could not close her legs, could not hide any part of her body from his attentions.

The whip snapped across her back again, and again, and again, and she sagged weakly, gasping, panting, moaning, aching, burning.

She felt a heady sensation, a sense of light headedness, yet her body felt suddenly super sensitive. She felt her pussy throbbing, and dazedly stared at the wall across from her, feeling a strange sense of disassociation.

The whip slid around her belly again and she moaned and shuddered at the violent energy wave of pain tearing through her.

Yet it wasn't that bad, she thought, weakly. She was being truly whipped, and surely the worse of it was now finished. She was a sex slave, a prisoner, an owned thing at the mercy of a sadist. And she groaned as the whip cut into her back, curled around her ribs and sank into the soft flesh of her right breast. The sting of it was intense and she kicked her legs slowly in mid-air, hanging from her wrists as she gurgled dazedly.

The whip cut into her breast again, then again, then again, sending it jerking and bouncing, setting it afire with agony. He moved around in front of her and she groaned weakly, hanging freely now, trying to focus. Her groin felt hot, and she tried again to close her legs but couldn't.

Whipped. She was being whipped. A slave girl. She was - .

The whip slashed across her vision and struck both breasts, flinging her backwards.

It was right. It was proper. This was how a slave should be punished. She could not think of anything she had done wrong, yet she felt a sudden humming in her mind, a sudden awakening of dark hunger and heat. The whip slashed across her lower chest, then her belly, rocking her mind and body, and she shuddered as the heat began to burn along her veins.

He turned to the side and his hand whipped up and out, sending the whip snapping forward. It wasn't as hard as it had been, nor as fast, but the tip was thrown in an upward direction and drive directly into the centre of her mons.

She was thrown backwards, agony flaring within her, but with it came a wonderful sense of flooding pleasure and relief, as if the pleasure, the sexual heat were a drug, an anaesthetic. He snapped the whip up again, striking her high on the left inner thigh, then again, striking her pussy again, then again and again, as the bar held her legs spread and she began tremble violently, convulsions wracking her body.

Another one and she would come, she thought dizzily.

Yet he switched his aim, and the whip cracked powerfully against her abdomen, her belly, her chest, then across her breasts again. He moved behind her, and struck at her back, and then sent the tip hurtling forward and up to stab at her wrinkled anal opening. It bit at the inside of her buttocks repeatedly before striking true, and she screamed as the tip actually drove through her wrinkled hole, drove an inch deep into her body before being yanked back.

The agony was - exquisite.

Again and again the whip curled around her hips, her waist, her chest, to snap at her belly, breasts and pussy, then he stopped, and she looked through the sparkling black lights clouding her vision to see him bend down before her,

felt him grasping the bar between her ankles and lifting it up, raising her legs into the air and lifting them up and back against her.

He lifted the bar over her head and fastened it to the same bar above her which held her ankles. He produced a pair of tight clips and let them crush her pussy lips so that she screamed again. He pulled the clips wide, then wider, then wider still, pulling on the cords attached to them, pulling the cords back behind her body to bind together with her pussy lips painfully spread open.

He picked up the whip again.

"P-Please," she whispered.

The whip slammed into the centre of her pussy, driving into her soft flesh.

Agony.

The whip slashed at her anus, then again, then again, then struck true. It whipped at her hole three times, and her body began to thrash in an overload of sensory heat. Agony and ecstasy twisted inside her body and mind.

The whip struck her clitoris and her eyes bulged. She screamed so loudly her throat ached. The pain was indescribable, unbearable, clawing at her already shaken mind.

She came.

The heaving, stunning climax was too much, the roar of power and energy battering at her mind until it twisted and broke under an avalanche of sensations.

She was not out for long, not long at all. Her legs were free, hanging below her to the floor. She felt the rug against the balls of her feet and the muscles in her legs began to quiver.

He released one arm, then, his arm around her, released the other, and lowered her to the rug. She groaned, eyes fluttering as she sprawled back onto her back. He stared down at her, calmly undoing his trousers. She felt the toe of his shoe against her left leg as he prodded it further apart.

Then he was removing his shoes, removing his pants and shirt. He knelt between her legs and ran his hands over them, spreading them wider still. He leaned over her and slapped her face stingingly hard, making her ear throb.

He thrust into her savagely, and she bucked and shuddered. Her pussy ached. The whip had shocked the nerve endings just inside the mouth of her sex. She felt as if her opening was swollen and raw, and his cock, as it pumped in and out, was like sandpaper across her burning flesh.

He laid down upon her, his warm flesh making her welts burn and sting. He seized her hair, yanking her head up, and his lips crushed hers with bruising force as his tongue thrust into her. He was grinding and thrusting hard, grunting with effort as he rutted against her like an animal.

Katie was too weak to do anything but lay beneath him and grunt as his hips ground into her, as his cock slammed through her swollen pussy mouth and deep into her belly.

She ached all over, burned all over, and yet as her mind began to recover she felt that sense of sexual hunger rising as well. She felt a sense of almost calm

delight that she had survived a real whipping, that she had taken so much pain, surely the worst she ever would, and yet climaxed at the end of it.

Slave. Sex slave. That was what she was, a whipped sex slave.

She moaned as he plunged into her, groaned as his cock sawed back and forth through her tight entrance. Her clitoris felt the size of a golf ball, swollen and hot, and as his body ground over her the slightest jarring movement made her hiss.

He was biting at her mouth, his hand almost slapping at her aching breast as his hips drove into her. Fuck me. Fuck me harder, she wanted to say. Yet she hadn't the energy. She grunted weakly in time to his thrusts, feeling like a mind trapped in a fleshy, gelatinous body without muscles or bones.

He pulled back and rolled her limp body over, forcing her legs apart once more. She shuddered as his finger probed at her aching anal opening. Then his cock was there, trying to force its way into her. The ache turned to pain, which bit at her with growing strength as his cock forced its way through her ring of burning flesh and drove down inside her body.

He lifted her hips up and rammed himself forward, burying his cock inside her. He leaned forward as he began to pump, filling his fist with her hair and yanking her head back, then up, actually lifting her limp upper body from the floor as he hammered his hips into her bottom.

He reached beneath, crushing her breast, then jabbed his hand between her legs and roughly ground his knuckles across her clitoris.

She jerked violently, then began to helplessly buck back against his cock as he continued to pump, continued to grind his knuckles over her screaming clitty. The climax blossomed and grew and screamed through her sweating, exhausted body, shaking her like a dog with a rat in its mouth. She could no longer think, could only bathe in the fires of the orgasmic storm and wonder if she would survive.

It took her two days, body slathered with salve, before the thick, ugly welts covering her body began to appreciably fade. She spent that time in the room on the bed, wrists bound behind her back, for her master had decided they would not be free again.

She was fed, bathed, and seen to by the little bald man and several other mostly female servants. The bald man took her in stride, though his eyes obviously enjoyed the sight of her. The servants seemed nervous, giggly, uncertain. The women in particular seemed half in awe of her, as if she were a mythical sexual creature.

She saw little of Lisa. Apparently she was sleeping in the Master's son's room. Katie wondered if the boy, being younger, had less cruel tastes than his father.

She had the run of a small portion of the place, for the most part, only where the servants were, including a small section of the back yard. The female servants avoided her, often averting their eyes whenever they met. The older women often pursed their lips in disapproval, glowering at her. The younger ones seemed more fascinated but quite embarrassed.

The male servants took every opportunity to stare at her with undisguised lust. It was quite odd, at first, being around them. She was far less conscious about nudity than she had once been, but being nude around those uninvolved in any sexual aspects of her life was quite strange.

All the servants, of course, were fully clothed. They were all ages and shapes, and carried on their business as normal. Yet she walked among them, nude, collared, her wrists bound together behind her back.

None spoke more than a few words of English except the little bald man who was her chief keeper. He told her that they had been instructed to give her any aid she required in the way of helping her to feed and bath herself, and the men warned against touching her. The Master's punishment for those who disobeyed was apparently to be feared, which did not surprise her.

She returned to her room from a brief walk, turning her back to the TV so her hands could turn it on. She sat on the edge of the bed, frowning, wishing again that she spoke Spanish.

Her door opened, but she didn't, at first, notice.

She heard a soft, female voice speaking, and jerked her eyes around to see a girl at the door. At first she thought her a bare adolescent, perhaps fourteen. She was tiny, not more than five feet high, but with long, thick, wavy black hair and a lovely face. She stepped into the room, apparently not shocked at the sight of a nude woman.

"You don't speak Spanish," she said, in a voice which sounded much older than she looked.

"N-No," Katie said hesitantly.

"I'm Juanita," she said, coming forward.

Katie stood uncertainly, and the girl looked at her doubtfully, then moved to one side to see her bound wrists.

"So, another one like the blonde slut," she said.

"You - know Lisa?"

She girl snorted.

"I thought at first she was a girlfriend of his. She looks like them. But then I saw the fear in her eyes, and saw how she gave in to him on everything. I watched from his balcony once as he took her. He called her slave, and he rode her like a bull taking a cow. It was quite magnificent, in a way."

Katie stared at her.

"Who are you?"

The girl moved slowly around her, her head turning.

"I'm Juan's little sister," she said. "I guess you belong to my father. I wonder why I don't get a slave, a nice handsome blonde boy with a big cock."

"Your father - would not like you being here."

The girl gave a rough laugh. "I'm sure he wouldn't. I'm sure he wouldn't like me fucking the chauffeur either. I'm sure he wouldn't like what I did with Jesus Martinez either."

She ran a finger along one of the now thinner, lighter welts which went across Katie's breasts.

"Did my father do this?" she asked.

"Yes."

The girl's eyes flicked up to her, then back at her breast.

"He actually - whipped you?"

"Yes," Katie said uncertainly.

The girl smiled and plucked at one of her nipple rings.

"And did you like it, slut?"

"I - a little," she gulped.

"My father says I cannot go to college. Do you know why? Because he says women do not need to know anything. He says they need only to learn how to keep a good house for their man. So I am to be married off like a brood mare to some piggish son of his friend and never see beyond this miserable village for fear I might grow disobedient."

She pulled on both nipple rings, curious.

"Are you disobedient, Katie?"

"N-No, miss," Katie gasped.

Her nipples were both still swollen from the whip blows which had struck them, and flared hotly as the girl tugged and twisted the rings.

"Y-Your father," she gasped.

"You are a slave."

"Y-yes," Katie moaned.

"A slave. A white woman who is a slave. You do anything you are told, yes?"

"Yes, miss," Katie said, panting weakly.

She saw the leash sitting on the nearby dresser and smiled, picking it up.

"Your leash, slave girl?"

"Yes," Katie said nervously.

"Should you not call me mistress? Say yes, mistress?"

"Yes, mistress," Katie said.

The girl smiled and placed the clip against the ring in her collar, then halted, her smile deepening. She let the clip move downwards, and then flipped it into the Katie's pussy ring.

She tugged on the leash and Katie gasped, jerking forward.

"I wish I had a slave," the girl said. "Come slave. Let us go and walk."

She turned and strode out the door, and Katie hurried to follow, gasping in pain as the leash tugged on her pussy ring.

"My brother took the blonde slut out to the tennis court and set Domingo in place to make sure I came nowhere near," Juana said. "Do you suppose he is going to do something other than play tennis?"

She led Katie up the stairs, then up another flight of stairs and down a long corridor to its end and into a small corner room. She flung open a pair of french doors and, tugging on the leash, pulled her out onto a wide, stone balcony, then leaned over and peered around a corner of the house.

"You can see the tennis court from here," she said.

She laughed. "Oh yes," she said.

She turned and smiled, then pulled on the leash so that Katie was pulled helplessly forward until her belly was pressed against the stone railing.

She could indeed see the tennis court. There were three men there standing shoulder to shoulder staring down at Lisa, who lay on her back on the court with her little tennis skirt up over her hips. She had the tennis court in both hands and was ramming it in and out of her pussy, grinding her hips up towards it.

"My brother likes to pretend she is a girlfriend who is a nymphomaniac. He invites his friends over and then has her do outrageous, sluttish things like she is now. It must humiliate her terribly. But of course, she is a slave and does as she is told. That is what slave girls do."

She pushed herself away from the rail and Katie cried out as the leash yanked on her clit ring, pulling her after her into the room. The girl swung about suddenly and looked her up and down.

"You must know everything about sex," she said. "You must have been had by many, many men."

Katie said nothing. She did not know how to treat the girl, or what to say to her. What if whatever she said or did got back to her father?

The girl sat back on the bed and looked her up and down.

"Have you ever made love with a woman?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress," Katie replied.

"I have never had a woman. I understand it is quite in fashion in Europe and America to take a woman for a lover."

She tugged on the leash and Katie jerked forward, gasping.

"On your knees, slave girl."

Katie knelt.

"You must do anything I tell you, yes? That is what a slave is."

"Y-Yes, mistress, but your father - ."

"Will not know what happens. Unless you tell him. Then he will punish you, yes, slave?"

She smiled coyly and jumped up, then closed and locked the bedroom door and turned back to Katie. She seemed nervous, suddenly, and shy. Then she reached beneath her skirt and slid down a pair of lacy white panties, blushing as she sat on the edge of the bed and hesitantly raised her skirt up to her hips.

"I have never had a man - use his mouth on me," she said. "Show me what it is like."

Her eyes blazed when Katie hesitated, and she leaned forward even as the girl jerked on the leash to pull painfully at her pussy.

She licked at the girl's thighs, slowly moving higher, stroking her tongue along the outer edges of her pussy lips as the girl spread her legs wider and stared with wide eyes.

She worked inwards, her tongue skating along her slit, then easing in between the two pudgy little lips, squirming deeper, sliding upward and over her clitoris.

"Oh!" Juanita gasped. "That feels so strange!"

Katie's tongue circled her clitoris, then began to lick across it. Her lips closed around it, rubbing and massaging, and she began to suck gently.

Juanita's hips bucked upwards and she began to gasp and moan, to curse in Spanish as she forced her legs even wider. She gripped Katie's head in both hands, pulling her down harder, and Katie licked more strongly across her clitoris.

Juanita had fucked a number of men to spite her father, but all of them had been hurried, desperate things with the men too frightened of discovery to put any real time and effort into things. She had never come with a man before. But she came now, came with an undulating cry of bliss as she arched and stretched and bucked against Katie's mouth.

Katie drove her to a second, a third, and a fourth climax, as the panting, frantic girl pulled at her hair and demanded more. When she protested at her aching tongue the girl leapt upon her, driving her back onto the floor, straddling her face and jamming her sex down until Katie licked her to another climax, then still another.

Each of her climaxes were loud and long and powerful. They were the first real orgasms of her life, for she had been taught that masturbation was disgusting and evil. And she quickly became addicted to them. She took insane chances of being caught to get at Katie and ride her long pink tongue whenever her father wasn't around. When she could not get at Katie one day she snuck into her brother's suite of rooms to find Lisa.

"Do you know where he keeps her?" she said, half in awe, half indignant. "He keeps her in a box under his bed. It is a tiny box and she must lay curled up in the fetal position with the sides squeezing in against her and the top pushing down on her shoulders."

Katie gaped at her.

"The blonde slut says he calls it his toy box. That is very clever for him. She has no welts or bruises on her because his friends would wonder at why his supposed girlfriend is so badly treated. Instead he uses electricity on her. You should see the devices beneath his bed. He puts them inside her and turns them on! The girl will soon not be sane enough for him to pretend she is anything but a naked body."

"That's - terrible!" Katie gasped.

The girl nodded but then smiled ferally. "But she is a slave girl, yes, like you? Slave girls are always mistreated. And her tongue is not as good as you. Her tongue is not as long or as strong. If she was mine I would beat her until she learns better."

She laughed, looking down at Katie, who lay beneath her thighs.

"Now that I know how wonderful girls tongues are I can find those who will please me in my own bedroom, and my father won't even suspect. Perhaps I shall even become a lesbian and shame him."

She ground her sex down into Katie's mouth and moaned aloud.

"Lick me, slut. Lick me!" she gasped.

Chapter 14

Katie's wrists were locked tightly to the back of her collar, forcing her shoulders back. There was a ring around her arms just below the elbows, a rope was tied to the ring, and to another ring around the vertical pipe on the wall behind her.

The pipe was cold against her naked flesh. She thought it must be a water pipe. The stone behind it was not much warmer.

Not that she really cared.

Her elbows were bound to the pipe. She could not fall forward, not to either side. But she could go downwards.

Her legs were spread wide. A pair of ropes hung down on either side of her body, and her feet had been placed into the loops on the end of each rope. The ropes were not in front of her, however, but out to either side. Not a lot, but enough.

There was a - thing beneath her. It was a post, thicker than any cock, but bearable. But there were rings, like donuts wrapped around the post. When her pussy had come down against the first ring she had stopped, of course.

At first she had thought the point of her master's torture was the pain which began to build up in the soft soles of her feet. But that wasn't it at all. For her legs were pressing down at an angle, not wide, but enough that her weight put a sideways pressure on the rope. It was easy to resist, in the beginning, but as time passed she felt her legs weakening, felt them trembling and shaking with the pressure. Inch by slow, trembling inch her legs shifted further apart. And as they did so the pressure grew much, much greater. Worse, as her legs spread apart her body sank lower, and the pressure of the donut thing against her pussy grew stronger. At first she tried to ease the pain and pressure in her leg muscles by letting her weight come down on the donut, confident it was too wide to enter her.

But the pressure grew and her pussy began to ache, and she felt her pussy lips slowly being strained, slowly spreading, and she gasped in shock as she realized the thing might actually pass into her.

It was too thick!

Her legs trembled and shook and inched slightly wider. She groaned, sinking lower. The pressure on her pussy grew greater and then with a cry of shock and fear, she felt herself abruptly forced wider and the donut was forced through her opening and into her body.

She had not realized how much of her weight had been on the donut. As it slipped into her the added weight on her legs was too much to take, and they were yanked further apart. She slid down the next two inches of pipe, the donut thrusting up deep, until her pussy pressed against the next donut. She groaned

weakly, gasping, staring at the man who sat across from her sipping wine and watching with interest.

Sex slave. I'm a sex slave. He won't release me.

She fought desperately, sweat beading her body as she tried to keep her legs from spreading wider. But it was hopeless. Her legs shifted slowly further apart, and more weight came down on the ring or donut. But her pussy lips had already been strained by one, and the second was much easier. She cried out as the donut passed through her aching pussy lips and she sank down the next two inches of pipe.

Her legs were obscenely wide now. The tendons in her thighs strained and burned.

"Please!" she gasped. "Please! Please!"

He smiled and sipped his wine.

She cried out as her legs were forced still wider. The fat donut like ring tore through her pussy opening and she slid down another two inches of pipe. She gnashed her teeth at the pain, writhing and twisting and pulling at the ring holding her elbows back.

He got up and put his glass down, then picked up a Cat O nine tails and strode slowly across to her. She whimpered, desperately concentrating on holding her legs still, keeping them from spreading wider.

The cat slashed across her breasts. It was not a flog. Its ends were tipped by knots which bit at her tender flesh.

The pain clawed at her and she screamed. Her legs were yanked wider, and she slipped over the next ring, fell down the pole with such force that the next donut tore through her opening without hesitation, and the next. Her legs were torn wider still. They were now almost horizontal, splayed so wide her toes were actually higher than her hips. Her thighs screamed with agony.

The cat slashed across her breasts again, and again, and again.

She felt a whirring sound, a machine sound. She felt pressure on her elbows, felt them pulling upwards. The ring around the pipe was also attached to a wire which fed upwards to the ceiling, to a motorized pulley. She screamed as she was lifted up, as, one by one, the fat donuts popped free of her aching sex.

The thing pulled her up until the last ring came free, and only the top two inches of post were inside her. Her pussy felt raw and torn. Her thighs were on fire. Her legs ached and trembled as she tried to hold herself in place.

But the damage had been done. Her legs, her thighs, hadn't the strength, and her pussy lips were battered and bruised and the muscles weakened. She slid down quickly now, her legs spreading wider and wider. The first donut popped in, the second, the third, as the cat lashed down across her breasts.

Her legs spread wider and wider, until her toes were up past her hips again. The cat lashed across her gaping pussy, clawing at her clitoris as she screamed and shrieked and howled.

She felt herself pulled upwards again.

"Wake up. I want your tongue," Juanita demanded, a pout on her face.

Katie moaned weakly.

"What happened to your tits? Did father whip them?"

She felt small hands running over her breasts and moaned.

"Like me to make them better?" the girl asked.

She bent and chewed on one of her aching nipples. The pain flared, and with it the heat began to rise.

"Please," she moaned.

"I show you what you teach me, yes?"

She licked and chewed and suckled on the moaning woman's breasts, then worked her way down between her legs, spreading them roughly apart and licking gently at her aching pussy opening. Her tongue was like a balm, raising heat to dispel the dull ache, and when her lips caught at Katie's clitoris she began to shudder and writhe in excitement.

The orgasm rolled over her and washed all her pain away.

The Master did not use her as often as she would like. And when he did it was always for some brutal purpose. Perhaps, she thought, because he was married, he did not need her for ordinary sex. Instead he merely used her to vent his frustrations and perversions.

He occasionally loaned her to men, friends, who stayed over. On those occasions the little bald man, Senor Cordenez, she had learned, would bring her to one of the spare bedrooms and place her in the bed for when the guest returned to his room. Then the guest would do to her as he chose while she acted as a receptacle for their organs.

Most of her use was by Juanita, who quickly became more enchanted with both the sexual pleasure and the sexual power she had over Katie. Katie was, after all, not only a beautiful woman, but ten years the girl's senior, yet she was a slave, and completely in her power. Juanita began to enjoy making her crawl before her, ordering her to lick at her toes and feet. It clearly sexually excited her, and she would ride Katie's face to powerful orgasms afterwards.

Unlike her father, though, she also took pleasure in giving Katie pleasure, though in a sadistic sort of way. She had become a quick learner at the keys to a woman's sexual pleasure, especially a slave woman's. She would draw Katie high into the heights of pleasure again and again without letting her climax. And when she did it was often roughly.

The first time she displayed this combination of expertise and interest she had the older woman across her lap, and raised her to such excitement that she was able to bring her to climax by sharply and repeatedly slapping her pussy. The second time it was with her fist buried in Katie's pussy, grinding and punching at her cervix so that she didn't know, as she screamed, whether she was screaming in pleasure or pain.

She was wary of leaving marks on Katie's body for fear her father would see them and question them. But she was not at all reluctant to cause her pain in ways which would not show. One day, while her father was away, she carefully did Katie's hair into a pair of pigtails, then bound them in cord and tied them up and out to a pair of posts so that Katie was forced onto the balls of her feet. She then carefully made small loops in a pair of very thin cords and placed

them around her nipples, slowly tightening the loops until they were painfully tight, then leading the lines up and out towards rings set in the wall.

She stood behind the Katie and carefully worked a thick dildo up into her anus, then knelt before her and began to lick at her pussy. It was difficult to maintain her balance and concentration as the girl's now talented tongue lapped at her pussy, and she kept jerking and pulling at the pigtails or at her the cords pinching her nipples.

And then she bound ropes to her ankle restraints and fed them around the pillars bracketing her, then pulled at them together to slowly force Katie's feet apart on the floor.

'P-Please! Please! M-Mistress!' Katie gasped as her feet inched apart on the floor. "Please!"

She was on her toes, then just on her big toes. The pressure pulling at her hair was enormous and her scalp felt as if a thousand needles were being driven into her head.

"I took hairdressing, you know," Juanita said. "It was one of the girlish things my father felt was proper for a young lady to know. I know all about how strong hair is."

Her toes quivered as the ropes pulled at her ankles. It was like what her father had done to her the other day, and she cursed herself frantically for telling the girl about it. It had probably inspired her!

She cried out as her toes left the floor. Her legs were too far apart now and all her weight came down on her hair. The pig tails were thick and long and most of her hair was wound into them so that her weight was, to some degree, spread out over thousands and thousands of tiny hairs. But the pain was still shocking, and many hairs snapped off to send a crackle of pain racing over her scalp.

Juanita carefully eased her legs wider still, until they were spread achingly far apart, then tied off the ropes and resumed her licking. Such was the heat which she had already raised in Katie that even the pain in her scalp was not able to completely extinguish it, and her own masochistic desires soon helped it bloom again within her lower belly.

She tried desperately to stay as still as possible, but when the girl forced a climax into her her body twisted and bucked through painful convulsions.

Not content with that Juanita continued licking, gripping the dildo in her anus and pumping it strongly in and out as she sucked expertly on her clitoris. Another climax wracked her body and she sobbed in pain as the pleasure poured over her.

"My brother has found a new box for his whore," Juanita said one day.
"Oh?"

The girl smirked. "Now that he has run out of friends to shock he is free to beat his little slut as he wishes and mark her body however it pleases him."

She ran a hand down between Katie's legs and fingered her ring.

"He has had her pierced, as well, but not her lips. He has a ring through her clitoris."

Katie winced, yet felt a little surge of envy.

"He keeps her in a cage now. Would you like to see?"

"Your father - "

"You're always talking about my father," Juanita snapped sulkily. "I know when my father or brother are around. You do not. Allow me to worry about them."

She attached the leash to her pussy ring and led her up the hall, then up the stairs into the family portion of the big house. If the servants who saw thought anything strange about the sight they kept it to themselves. No doubt none were eager to share any suspicions with her father about what his pretty and virginal daughter was doing with his slave.

They went to a part of the house she had never been before, and into her brother's suite of rooms. Lisa was in a walk-in closet off the bedroom, and the sight of her stopped Katie cold, her jaw dropping as Juanita smirked in satisfaction.

It was not a "cage" so much as a version of an ancient torture instrument Katie had once seen in a picture. It was shaped exactly like a woman's body, and the legs and arms were divided so that hers would fit neatly into them. The front swung open, the girl was placed into it, and the front closed again.

It was probably custom made, for it was the exact size of the tall blonde girl, with no room to spare in any direction. The bars were thin, like that of a dog or hamster cage, and squeezed in tightly against her body from all directions. Katie could see the depressions in her skin where the stainless still squeezed into her calves and knees and thighs and hips and belly and shoulders. Her breasts were squeezed almost flat against her chest.

There were a pair of thick steel bars rising from beneath and disappearing into her anus and pussy, and her lips were wrapped around what looked to be the base of another, probably attached to the inside of the door. There were two thick metal pads against the sides of her head, each attached to heavy screws set in the sides of the thing. The pads squeezed in against her skull. Two much smaller, padded devices pressed against her eyes from the front.

"Look, see?" Juanita whispered, eyes alight.

There were two sharp metal prongs, like the thorns of a rose, jammed into her nipples, and another into her clitoris.

And through it all Katie could see that not an inch of the girl's pale skin was unmarked by various sizes, thicknesses and types of welts, bruises and burns.

"Look. He still plays his electric games," Juanita said, picking up a control box attached to the cage by a thick cord. She pressed a button and Katie heard a loud click as Lisa's body quivered violently within its bondage.

"The things inside her and the thorns in her nipples and clitty are electrified," Juanita said. "You can play with the power and send it into any place you want, or all of them at once."

"Y-You shouldn't," Katie said anxiously.

"Why?" the girl asked, smirking. "She is a slave, is she not?"

She put the box down. "I don't have to do anything anyway. It is set on automatic so that it will deliver shocks to her regularly, sometimes here, sometimes there, sometimes big, sometimes small."

She snorted. "It is a clever device, but typical of his brutishness. If he causes her endless pain then what kind of reaction does he expect when she is with him? Soon he will just bore her and she will yawn when he wants her to writhe and scream. My father is more sophisticated, no? He leaves you alone for long periods so that every time he puts his mark on you your body screams at his touch."

She squeezed Katie's bottom and smiled.

"Should we let the little slut out to play with us? Or perhaps you would like to take her place in there?"

Suddenly there were voices in the next room. Juanita gasped and yanked her arm, pulling her out of the closet and closing it. Then they darted into the adjoining closet in time to miss her brother returning unexpectedly. He had two other men with them and they were chatting in Spanish.

The closet doors had small slits in them to allow the air to get at the clothes. She and Juanita could see only the open door of the closet as her brother and his friends went inside. Then they came back out, dragging the semi conscious Lisa with them.

Seemingly not bothered by her dazed state they spread her legs and took turns thrusting into her, grunting with effort as they laughed and joked to one another. By the time the three of them had finished the girl had wakened somewhat. Juan wakened her further with what looked like a cattle prod, a long, metal pipe shaped device which snapped and crackled whenever it touched her flesh.

He proudly and arrogantly put her through her paces as the others looked on, making her lick at his feet, to beg like a dog, to roll and twist and masturbate for them. Then he raped her with the wand, and they could hear from her wavering, warbling, moaning voice when the electricity was activated to send its crackling pain through her body.

She knelt on all fours, rutting back against the pipe as he thrust it violently into her sex. Her eyes were closed, her jaw slack, and her voice was a warbling cry of pain as he jammed his finger down on the button. Yet she continued to drive her pussy back onto it, perhaps somewhat immune due to the cage, or too broken to dare try to escape it.

Juan put a noose around her throat, then, and lifted it up, forcing her to her toes. She stared weakly back at him, eyes dulled even as the rope gently lifted her toes off the floor and she hung by her neck.

Juan let her slowly strangle, he and his friends laughing and joking as her face changed colours. When her eyes closed he let her down and loosened the noose until she was breathing freely again, then wakened her with smelling salts only to do it again, and again.

"He is very cruel, my brother," Juanita said, fingers rubbing at Katie's slit.

She was obviously aroused.

Katie, however, was not. Well, not more than a little bit. This was not the kind of lewd, depraved sexual torment she revelled in. This was too much. This was too cruel. The girl was being broken into a thing. It was like poking sharp objects into a dog's cage just for fun, just to cause it pain. It did not seem like sex to her at all, despite their obvious arousal.

This, she thought, is one very sick family.

And the blonde girl's body was so heavily marked it was no longer even remotely attractive. It was purple and red and blue and black, with cuts and scratches, bruises and welts everywhere. There was nothing erotic about such a sight, nothing in the least seductive in her gurgling breaths.

She felt a sense of righteous indignation, something foreign to her for some time. She had never resented what had been done to her own body, had even gloried in degradation and torture. She exulted in being a sex slave, in being an abused woman raped and whipped.

But not this. This made her angry. This made her want to go out into the room, take their cattle prod, and ram it up their own asses.

"Bastards," she whispered.

"Oh no," Juanita giggled softly. "They come from the finest families."

She worried about Lisa for several days, days when she pleased Juanita with her tongue, and waited her next call from the master. Her wrists were always bound, and there seemed little likelihood of her being able to do anything on the blonde girl's behalf, yet it was distracting her from her own sense of pleasure and well being in her situation.

And that was soon to prove painful for both she and Juanita.

They were in one of the spare bedrooms and Juanita was in the throes of passion, grinding her pussy up into Katie's mouth, cursing and groaning in Spanish as she neared orgasm. The balcony doors were open, and they looked out on the beach, where a boat was tied up. Katie considered the possibility of somehow freeing Lisa and getting her into that boat.

She should have been listening for the footsteps of an outraged father, for Juanita was past hearing anything as she bucked up into her mouth. And so neither had any warning when her father burst into the room, face red and eyes furious as he saw his daughter grunting and gasping and humping up into his slave's face.

He snarled in outrage, breaking them both free of their focus. Juanita screamed and snatched at a blanket while Katie fell back onto her heels as he stormed forward into the room. She could not understand what he was saying, but the rage in his voice was clear enough. At first Juanita was white faced, humiliated, but then she began to snarl back, cursing at him, sneering at him, pointing at Katie.

The message was clear; If you can, why can't I?

But her father was in no mood for such things. He was an old fashioned man, and the thought of his supposedly virginal daughter even experiencing lust infuriated him.

He snatched up the riding crop Juanita had been using earlier to slap playfully at Katie's bottom and yanked his naked daughter out of bed. She squalled and kicked and twisted in his arm but he gripped a fistful of thick dark hair and slammed her belly against the dresser, then pinned her arms and began flailing at her bare bottom with the crop.

Her snarls turned to howls and then to tears as her father criss crossed her bottom with the crop, and when he released her she ran fleeing from the room, tears spilling down her chest.

And then he whirled and turned his furious eyes on Katie.

Of course it had not been her fault. She was a slave. Slaves did as they were told. But the Master did not have to try to be rational with her. That she had dared touch his daughter - and his eyes had grown only more dark when she had nervously twisted her torso to show her bound wrists. For that was rebelliousness, that was arguing, and how dare she argue with him?!

She had touched his sainted daughter, at least, one part of her head.

El Caballo. It meant horse. That much she knew.

The thing was no horse, however, for it had no saddle. It looked like a two by four, or perhaps a 1 by 4 turned on its edge. And it was this "horse" that she was straddling. The narrow edge was jammed painfully into her soft pussy, splitting the lips of her sex and grinding against her.

Her legs were drawn up and back and her ankles tightly locked into shackles set in the rear of the horse. Her wrists were still bound, but now her arms were, as well, her elbows grinding tightly and painfully together. Tight steel clamps with alligator teeth bit into her nipples, drawing them up and out so that they, her areolas and her breasts strained outward.

But she could see none of it, for her head was tilted back.

One part of her had certainly touched his precious daughter. The Master had seen it when he entered the room.

She had had her tongue clamped before, but never like this. The clamp was far stronger, far tighter, far more painful, with sharp alligator teeth driving deep into the soft pink flesh of her moist tongue. The clamp was attached to an overhead chain and pulled up so hard that her tongue protruded more than two full inches through her lips.

The pain ran all the way down her throat and into her chest. Of course, so did her tongue. Although most of her weight was grinding down upon that narrow polished wood beneath her a not insubstantial portion was pulling down on her tongue, and her entire skull was screaming with the pain.

She would not wander again, the Master snarled.

He had a cane with him, thin and strong and long, and it cut through the air with a frightening sound as he slashed it down upon her feet.

He started with the soles, and pain ripped through her like sheet lightning as he reddened them with dozens of blows. When he thought them numbed he moved to the heels of her feet, then the balls, then her toes. Her feet were in stiff, hard metal shackles, unmoveable, completely vulnerable, and she could do nothing but scream and sob as he flayed them.

When he was done he left her there, hours passing as the agony of her throbbing feet was slowly overridden by the agony in her pussy and tongue. She felt as though she were sitting on a razor which was slowly cutting its way up into her body, and there was no way of easing that terrible pain.

The pain in her tongue, in her throat, was, if anything, worse, a terrible, sharp clawing all the way up her throat and filling her skull with fire.

"Are you still enjoying yourself?"

She rolled her glazed eyes to the left to see a shadowy form standing there, yet she could not make it out clearly through her tears. The voice was familiar, however.

"I can't tell. Are you coming? Because I'll tell you this, I'm going."

She moaned weakly and the girl leaned in and grasped the clamp attached to her tongue, then snapped it open. Her tongue pulled back, and more of her weight sank down onto the horse. She screamed in pain as her tongue burned like acid, and her body trembled and thrashed as the girl held her.

"Can you talk? Do you want to get out of here or not? I don't have very much time. I was just going to leave you here but thought I ought to at least ask."

Katie tried for several seconds to form a word, to say something, to remember how to speak.

"G-g-go," she gasped.

Lisa sniffed, and released the clamps from her nipples. Agony poured into her body and she screamed again.

"Try to keep it down. Not that anyone around here seems bothered by girls screaming."

She released her ankles and dragged her off the horse, then grunted with the effort as she let her sink to the floor. She rolled her onto her breasts and Katie hissed as her swollen, burning nipples pressed against the stone. Then for the first time in - a long time - her wrists were unbound and her arms fell free.

"Can you walk?"

She moaned weakly, unable to speak.

"We don't have all day. You liked the pain. So deal with it."

Katie groaned again, and then cried out when her swollen feet made contact with the floor.

She shook her head weakly. 'C-Can't walk," she gasped.

Lisa cursed softly. "I'll be back."

She left, and Katie lay sweating and panting and whimpering on the floor. The pain seemed even worse than when she had been bound, for the renewed circulation seemed to pump the agony to even greater heights. But slowly, slowly, it began to fade. Though the slightest touch against her sensitive flesh could rouse it again.

Lisa returned with a wheel barrow.

"Almost everyone's asleep, and nobody wants to talk to me, even if they do speak English," she said. "Get in."

"Wh-where we go?" Katie moaned, talking difficult with her swollen tongue.

"Juan uses a small private gate on the north side of the estate to get in and out without his father or his guards seeing him. We can leave the same way, get down to the town and hitch a ride on a truck. Put this on."

She had found a print dress for Katie to wear. It would have been very short on her, but was mid thigh on Katie, though terribly tight against her aching nipples.

"Nuther way," she mumbled. "Boat on beach."

"We never went to the beach," Lisa said, blackened eyes looking at her doubtfully.

"Saw out window," she said in a slurred voice. "Know way."

With her guiding the way, laying weakly in the wheelchair, Lisa wheeled her up the hall and around a corner, then another, and out through the kitchen entrance to the yard. They passed no one, and the yard was dark as the wheelbarrow moved down the stony path which led towards the beach. The boat was there. It was only a rowboat, and the beach was stony and covered in twigs and grass. The family had never used it, only the servants, so it was unguarded.

Lisa upended the wheelbarrow to dump her into the boat, then pulled it in as well before pushing the boat out into the river. Then she took the paddles and headed out into the centre of the river where the current was strongest.

"Where we go?" Katie asked.

"Anywhere away from there."

Katie nodded. "How you got loose?"

A save grin cut the girl's face. "Juan is an arrogant, swaggering moron. I played the dull eyed girl long enough that he forgot I had a brain or that I might dare to resist. I used one of his own fucking cattle prods on him."

"Wath he angry?"

"He's in the cage he had built for me. I had to work to get him all in there but he did manage to fit. He wasn't saying much once I jammed his ass down onto one of those pipe things and turned the juice up high. I doubt he's very happy, though."

She rowed downstream with the current, and Katie watched, wondering how she found the strength. Her eyes were both blackened and her face was one large bruise.

The whip curled around her waist and down across her abdomen, then directly down along the length of her slit. Katie screamed and thrashed violently, the familiar twin fires of agony and ecstasy tearing at her mind as her arms and legs pulled against the chains.

"I'm getting pretty good with this thing," Lisa said as her friends applauded.

Katie moaned exhaustedly, head dropping. Her body was sheathed with sweat and the hair was matted against her forehead and cheeks. Welts crisscrossed her body, especially her breasts and groin.

There were two others in the room, both butch dykes, like Lisa.

Lisa had gotten rid of her long hair, and now wore almost a crewcut. She had had enough of men to last a lifetime and now said that she had always felt a hunger for women.

She had resumed her studies at college, but lived with Katie, who had taken a new job with another agency. Without either of them seeking it, without any conscious or deliberate effort or desire, she had become the girl's slave.

Still not yet twenty, the younger woman was capable of treating her with a soft and gentle touch, but also had a strong need to display her dominance, to treat her with the contempt she held for any woman who deliberately subjugated herself to men.

Around the house, Katie remained nude, as she had with Mark. But Lisa's dominance was a more instinctive variety, and far more real than the games Mark had been playing. Katie was not sure if the girl even had any affection for her, though she seemed to at times. But she used her roughly and thoroughly and frequently, and that was all she really cared about.

Once a month she and her friends would round up a dozen or more men and Katie would be gang banged. Aside from that she saw only women; Lisa and her lesbian friends. She served them submissively, attending to their sexual desires as well as their more physical needs whenever Lisa had them over to dinner or to otherwise entertain them.

She bathed Lisa, washed her hair, dried it, brushed it, cut and polished her nails, applied her makeup, dressed her, did her laundry, cooked her meals and generally acted as her body servant. She did not speak unless spoken to, and sat on her heels with knees spread whenever Lisa had no need of her. She did not sit on the furniture - ever. She slept in a large doggy bed Lisa had purchased for her, curled up in the basket like bed in a corner of Lisa's bedroom.

She had been unable to walk for a couple of weeks after their release, and been forced to crawl on all fours. Since the two were a little shell shocked, and had stayed together, she and Lisa had both become accustomed to it, and she crawled often, needing permission to stand.

Neither had told their families where they had been or what had happened to them. Neither was willing to face the intrusive questions or see the looks in people's eyes as the tortures, humiliations and rapes were described. Katie didn't mind much. She was not as traumatized as Lisa apparently had been. She had enjoyed herself right up until the end. But Lisa, she thought,

needed someone around her who could relate to what had been done to her, and who she could work out her sexual frustrations on.

The whip curled around her heaving chest, sliced across the centre of her right breast, and the tip snapped directly down against her already aching left nipple.

"Oh good one!" One of the girls clapped as Katie bucked and thrashed and screamed.

And then Katie was pressed up against her body, and the long, thick, curved dildo she wore was thrusting up into her anus. Another girl pressed into her from in front, their breasts mashed together as another thick black cock was thrust up between the sweating lips of her swollen sex. The two gnawed at opposite sides of her throat as they thrust into her with passion and savage hunger, churning her insides to mulch as she grunted and shook and shuddered to the force of the sexual storm howling inside her.

She fell limp in her bonds as the orgasm passed, groaning weakly. There would be bruises and welts on her body the next day at work, but none would show through her conservative business dress.

Her secret life would remain secret, but wild and thrilling with heat.

It was not quite as exciting as being a "real" sex slave, but it had its advantages.