

Submitting to Mister Trask

By JJ Argus



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

Trask was gone, gone for another month. I could breath again. Could I start thinking again? That was the question, because it didn't seem like I did much of that when he showed up. For twenty four hours or so it was like my mind was submerged in this dark miasma of overheated sexual hunger and desire.

Now he'd gone away to – wherever it was he disappeared to, maybe L.A., maybe New York. I was alone again in this amazing, multimillion dollar condo on the shore, alone in my head, too, trying to get settled the wild, outrageous memories his latest visit left in my mind.

I spent some time trying to settle what had happened in my mind, did some writing, stared out at the sunsets on the Pacific, and tried to come to grips with what I wanted to do next.

The memories of what had happened were filled with shocked pleasure. It was impossible not to think about it and not feel that sense of almost gleeful outrage at the perverted and kinky things I had done. I masturbated frequently, several times a day now, and mostly, I thought about what had happened with Trask – and maybe his buddy.

I settled into my routine of exercise, writing, and surfing the internet, then chatting with or going out to dinner with friends. It was hard dealing with them, though, for I had this incredible experience and couldn't talk about it, couldn't ask for advice. This wasn't something I could tell anyone I knew about!

Trask was a pervert, and I should leave. That's what the intellectual side of my mind said, without any doubt or hesitation. But then there was the emotional side of me. The emotional side of me was caught up in the turbulent sexual emotions of what he'd done to me, or with me.

The sexual experiences I'd had with him were so wild and intense, and despite things like painful spankings, or even a whipping(!) there was such a crescendo of thrilled excitement and pleasure attached to every memory that it made me long for more!

And the condo was so incredible! And I didn't have to work! And I had this glorious view every morning, not to mention the sunsets! How could I give this up?!

A week after he'd left I got an email from him, which was a bit weird given I'd never told him what my email address was. He told me a Mister Flanch would be coming at ten thirty sharp every Tuesday from then on. Mr. Flanch was a chef, and would teach me how to make some of Trask's favorite meals.

I snorted derisively. What an arrogant jerk he was!

The email went on to say that Ms. Saunders would be coming at Two the same day, to help teach me massage techniques.

“Oh God!” I said to myself, shaking my head.

Well, he had mentioned the massage tutor when he was there, so that wasn't all that big a surprise. Still, I resented the email, and its brusque, businesslike nature. He could at least have said hi!

But Flanch was a funny guy and he obviously was dedicated to great cooking. I was aware I wasn't exactly the best in that category, so grudgingly decided I might as well learn whatever he was going to teach me, even if I never used it for Trask.

Saunders was more of a shock, for she brought a guy with her to be our teaching dummy. He was young and slim and hot looking, and grinned a lot. His name was Allan, and she set him up in the master suite bathroom with its little mini-spa that contained a massage table.

I was... reluctant, but they acted very professional, so I went along, and found the lesson rather interesting, and kind of exciting, to be honest. I mean, sliding my slick hands over this guy's nice, firm body, well... I had to be careful and try to keep it, uhm, professional, you know?

Two days later another email from Trask giving me the name of another tutor, one to teach me how to make drinks, like a bartender. I was very interested in this one, because it offered a job opportunity if I could become any good at it! Maybe I could work as a bartender somewhere.

Of course, I was still doing the exercise thing, and still had the very toned trainer Karen, who was working on my upper body strength and abs.

None of it was boring, and all of it was worthwhile, but a part of me still fumed

at Trask's making assumptions about what he could make me do or what he could make me learn. The man was so arrogant!

The fact that his visits were accompanied by a wall of sensation and emotions, though, made them unforgettable. Yes, they made me feel guilty, but not so much about being a slut. I mean, the sex was just too good to be guilty over that. No, I felt guilty about letting him treat me like, well, a sex slave!

I mean, it wasn't like I had even protested to him! And I was going along with his orders even when he wasn't here, like being naked and keeping on the collar and shackles and keeping the butt-plug in. Mind you, that last was kind of good for me given he was so huge and liked to sodomize me.

I sure had to do a lot of cleaning up, though, when my parents showed up to visit the place! The places where Trask kept a lot of his nasty sex toys were not locked at all, and I had a fear of my dad opening a cabinet and finding a bunch of whips, or my mom discovering giant dildos!

I decided to treat most of the place like a museum. I closed off almost all the doors, especially the ones to Trask's room and places like that room with cabinets. I would lead them around and open doors and let them look inside, but not touch anything.

Hey, it's not like it was my place, after all. It belonged to Mrs. Trask, or, if you believed him, to Mister Trask. I was just minding it. At least in theory.

That hadn't kept me from poking my nose into everything, of course, particularly, after his first visit ended, Trask's own bedroom. Unfortunately, his room was fairly ordinary. He only used it one day a month, after all, so there wasn't much there but clothes. And the walk-in closet was locked. God knows what he kept in there, but I couldn't find out.

It didn't matter. There was more than enough to show my parents to impress them. And to keep them from poking their noses too much into what I was doing. I was nervous about their upcoming visit for several reasons, but one of the more important ones was that Trask had put a new collar and shackles on me before leaving.

And they didn't come off!

They weren't like the previous ones in that these were more lightweight and kind of made to look like jewelery. The collar was again like a choker, at least, if you kept the ring in the back and covered it in hair.

The ones which went around my wrists and ankles were pretty, and the rings were actually set on a hinge so they pressed flat in against the metal, and had to be dug out in order to be used. They were made to look like part of the decorative shape and molding of the bracelets. So in that way it was possible to wear them without someone really staring, provided you took care.

I wore long pants and socks to hide the shackles on my ankles, and long sleeves to be discreet about the ones on my wrists. I also found a couple of large bandages to put across my newly pierced nipples so they wouldn't notice the rings through my blouse!

“Wow, look at this kitchen!” my mom said, jaw dropping as she walked into it.

My dad just grunted. He wandered past to look at the great room and marvel at how high the ceiling was, then got distracted by the wall of glass looking out on the Pacific.

It was a gorgeous condo, way beyond what ordinary people could afford, something you only saw on television.

“How long is this woman going to be gone?” dad asked, stepping out onto the deck.

“Well, she's in Europe for a few months but she might stay longer,” I said.

“Must be nice,” he said, looking down at the rocks and beach.

“It's sure nice living here,” I said, following him out.

“Ooo, a hot tub,” Mom said, coming out after us.

“Uhm, yeah, it's really nice sitting out here and looking at the ocean,” I said.

Given I'd had the wildest sexual experience of my life out here because of that hot tub it was hard to keep my face and voice even.

No, they'd never guess at the kinds of things which went on here. I was respectably dressed in jeans and tank top, with blouse over top, and I still looked like their innocent daughter the nerdy writer. Well, maybe I didn't look all that nerdy, but I didn't look like a raving slut either.

“What a marvelous place to write!” my mom said.

“It is. I try to get some writing in every day.”

“What's to stop you?” My father said with a snort. “You don't have anything else to do.”

It would have been too hard to explain the visits from the trainer, the massage lady, the bartender and the chef...

“You have to be in the right mood for it, daddy,” I said, going all artistic on him.

He made a face. “I have to work whether I'm in the mood for it or not,” he replied.

Daddy was a bricklayer, while mom worked at Wal-Mart. They'd never had a lot of money, but they'd always gotten by.

“Leave Melody be, Brian. Writing is a creative process,” mom said. “You need to be inspired. What are you working on now, dear?”

“Uhm...”

I sure couldn't tell her about the erotic bondage book I was writing!

“It's a fantasy about a girl in a tower and an evil king,” I said.

“And do they fall in love?” my father asked sarcastically.

He was convinced everything women might write would be about romance.

“The king is kind of a jerk, dad.”

“That never stopped a woman from falling in love with a guy before,” he said, “especially if he's good looking.”

I rolled my eyes. Not much chance of me falling in love with Trask, let alone vice versa!

We ate on the balcony. It was kind of nice being 'normal' again for a while, though in incredibly luxurious surroundings. I took them down to the beach for a walk and more chatting, then saw them off back home, went back upstairs, and completely unselfconsciously stripped naked again.

Why? I questioned that myself. I didn't have to. Nobody would notice. I mean, I could just lie to Trask later if he asked. But there was something kind of, well, exciting about this slave game of his, about pretending to be his kept slave girl.

Trask wanted me to learn to dance. He wanted lap dances. I did my best, or at least, what I thought was pretty good, but apparently his standards were higher than that of my previous boyfriends. So that was where Allison came in. She showed up at the condo to give me lessons – in lap dancing!

She was an amazing woman in her thirties, and said she'd started stripping when she was seventeen. She'd worked her way up to better, higher class clubs over the years, and taken dancing lessons to make herself better at her chosen 'profession'.

“Don't kid yourself, honey,” she confided to me, “Stripping pays really, really well. The only reason most strippers aren't rich is because most of the money either goes up their nose or up their boyfriends' noses. If you keep your shit together and have the right attitude you can make a small fortune. I own my own house, two triplexes I rent out, and a quarter share in a club up the beach.”

“Does Trask go to your club often?” I asked.

She snorted. “Guys like Trask don't go to clubs. The clubs come to them. There's a lot of money in dancing for people in their own homes, especially for parties and business gatherings. They're big tippers, and a dancer lives off tips.”

I felt like making it clear to her I had no intention of ever being a stripper, but then that was just to show I was above that sort of thing, and I was uncertain about just where I stood on the ladder any more. If I was a sex slave was that lower than being a stripper? I lived in a way better place, so that was way better, and I didn't have to grind myself against all sorts of guys every night.

Still, it seemed a bit much to stick my nose in the air if I was being, like, a sort of for-pay sex slave. That was uncomfortably close to being a hooker, though I thought there was a clear line between them. I mean, I didn't have a bunch of clients, just one. So what did that make me, a kept woman?

I could leave any time I wanted, of course, but though he wasn't paying me much, adding the condo in made this 'job' a very rewarding one.

I couldn't really hide it from myself, though. I was letting him do this stuff primarily because I was being 'compensated'. Then again, if I quit and moved into a small apartment, and Trask wanted to come over and unveil that fabulous body of his, was I likely to turn him away? He'd have to reform his attitude, of course, but I'd still sleep with him.

Because every single sexual experience I'd had with Trask was better than every single sexual experience I'd ever had in my life with anyone else. There was no getting around that, and so whenever I thought of him I couldn't help feeling a hot little thrumming sense of pleasure way down deep in my lower belly.

God! I could hardly believe I'd had sex with two guys at the same time! And I hadn't even known the other guy's name! Trask said I didn't need to know. I suspected he was someone Trask had hired, just like he'd hired Allison, who made me distinctly uncomfortable as she gave me lap dances, grinding her mostly naked body against me as she demonstrated what I should be doing.

Then I had to straddle her and do the same. That was all, as you can imagine, more togetherness than I usually had with women, especially those I didn't know. It was also hard work, and when we took a break from the lap dancing she moved onto stripping.

“I'm not going – .”

“I'm just teaching you what Trask told me to,” she said. “And you can strip for one man, you know, baby.”

She went through my clothes to find ones which were most appropriate for stripping, then she taught me how to move, how to 'seduce' men with my eyes and lips, and how to pose at the best angles as I slipped out of my clothes.

“Always think of yourself as on camera, and the camera is in his eyes,” she said.

“Be aware of what he's seeing, of how you're positioned. Never slouch, especially in a chair.”

Two days later some men arrived to install a stripper pole in one of the rooms. THAT was embarrassing! They seemed fairly casual about it, though. I guess if that was your job you didn't get too excited about such things.

Then Allison came back to show me some pole dancing moves, and she was added to my weekly tutors. Since pole dancing was a very energetic kind of thing that kind of doubled my exercise time, and my body was starting to look pretty toned by then.

The thing is, Allison had me stripping completely, and learning to swing around the pole and grind myself against it. That was kind of embarrassing at first, even if she was doing much the same, but it started to get kind of, well – exciting, before very long, hot even!

It was a guilty sort of hot, a kind I didn't admit to Allison, though it left me kind of breathless and trembly at times. And I had these... ideas about her, mostly because we were both often nearly naked or even completely so, and doing the stripping thing. I started wondering about what it would be like to have sex with a woman.

And I was willing to bet she was a lot more knowledgeable about that sort of thing than me. She certainly had to know something about my relationship with Trask simply from seeing me in the shackles and collar – which she never mentioned, by the way, but if it shocked her she never gave any sign of it.

There wouldn't be that exciting sense of penetration with a woman, of course, but it might be nice, in a softer, more gentle sort of way. The memory of going to the restaurant and feeling that redheaded girl's tongue against me was still quite clear in my mind.

Then, a week later, L.A. showed up.

She was preceded by an email from Trask, as curt as usual, telling me he was sending a tutor from Los Angeles to help me meld all my lessons together. I was confused by that, but he didn't answer my return email asking for clarification. He didn't even give me her name.

She turned out to be a girl maybe three or four years older than me. She was about my height and shape, with almost waist-length brown hair flowing over her narrow shoulders. She lifted dark glasses off her eyes and looked me up and down as she stood in the doorway.

“Hey L.J.,” she said.

“Uh, pardon?”

“I'm L.A., you're L.J.,” she said with a shrug, then walked past me into the condo.

I closed the door, bemused, and followed as she walked straight through to the deck and wandered out onto it to examine the view.

“Nice view. Mine is mostly beach, but I like the way the rocks break up the waves,” she said.

“Uh, you live on the ocean?”

“Trask always has his condos on the water. You should see Frisco's. She's up on a cliff.”

I stared at her, my jaw dropping in confusion.

“I've seen pictures of his place in New York. It's on the water, but the Hudson River rather than the ocean. Hell of a view of the city, though. I bet NY loves it.”

“NY?” I asked in confusion.

“His girl in New York. Wake up, L.J.,” she said, giving me a light knock on the forehead.

“I'm not... L.J.,” I said, still confused.

“Well, I could call you S.D, I suppose, since you're just outside San Diego, but L.J. Sounds better – for La Jolla, you know.”

“And you're...”

“His girl in LA. Duh,” she said, rolling her eyes.

Holy shit! He had a girl in Los Angeles just like me!? Well, I hadn't had any real illusions about him when it came to romance but still!

“How many girls does he have?!”

She shrugged. “He makes the circuit pretty regularly up and down the California coast, then out to New York and London. I'm sure he's got a girl in London. He doesn't like to sleep alone.”

“He keeps a girl in every city for... one day a month!?”

“For you it's one day a month,” she said, “because he doesn't need to spend a lot of time in San Diego. For me it's more like a week a month. I think Frisco is three or four days, and New York is another week anyway. But again, he doesn't always tell me where he's going, so maybe he has a girl in Miami or Paris. I don't know for sure.”

I guess I was kind of gaping at her because she snorted in amusement.

“You didn't know? He's really rich, and he's big into real estate. So why shouldn't he buy some condos and keep girls in there for when he's in town? Eventually he'll sell the condo for a big profit, and in the meantime he's got his slave girls waiting for him whenever he's around. You're his San Diego slave girl. I'm his L.A. slave girl.”

“Holy shit! What a ... what a ...”

“Man? Every man in the country would do the same if they had the money and the moxie,” she said.

“But... what... I mean, how long – .”

“I've been his L.A. slave girl for about four years now. He seems happy enough with me. I guess he must be or I'd be going back to working at Starbucks.”

She shrugged. “This pays way better, and the benefits are a lot better too.”

“It doesn't pay that well,” I said indignantly, “Well, unless you count the condo.”

“The condo is his. Don't get attached to it. He can sell it whenever he wants. He

pays us as... I'm not sure what he puts on his company's taxes, actually. It's something like consultant or independent contractor. Anyway, he can write us off on his taxes, so he actually doesn't wind up paying anything for his slave girls. The government does. Nice, huh?"

I hadn't really thought of this as a long-term position, but even so this all sounded kind of cold and institutional, and nearly like prostitution! It also sounded pretty temporary, since he could sell the condo at any time.

"But his mother asked me to stay here!"

"He doesn't have a mother. I mean, I suppose he did at one point, but if you mean the woman who asked you to come stay here I'm not sure who she is. She probably works for him. Wonder what that sort of job pays?"

"A lot better than this, I bet!"

She grinned. "But does she get as many orgasms as you do?"

I blushed, and she laughed.

"You're still new, still kind of being trained. I'm sure he'll up your 'consultation fee' soon enough. I get a thousand a week."

I looked at her in surprise. I only got a thousand a month!

"And since I don't have to pay for any bills, well, except groceries, I get to bank it all. I also strip a couple of weeks a month at a nice club on the west side of LA, and that brings in a ton of money."

"Uh, do you know a girl named Allison?"

She shook her head.

"He doesn't mind you working in a strip club?"

"Why should he? The only thing you can't do is have indiscriminate sex. If he finds out you're sleeping around, or worse, hooking, and he will, you're gone. He wants his bedwarmers clean. Aside from that if you want to make a little money on the side he's fine with it."

“I don't think I need to make any money on the side as long as I'm staying here,” I said.

She shrugged. “It can get boring waiting around for him to show up. And I kind of like the excitement. Plus, this doesn't exactly come with stock options and a pension. You might want to bank it while you've got the ability to make it, you know? Now, let's see what you've learned from your tutors, slave girl.”

I felt a jolt and blushed in embarrassment at her words, but she used them quite casually even as she turned and headed inside. I followed behind her, my mind still swirling at what she'd told me.

“Make me a drink, slave,” she ordered, pointing at the bar.

It was on my mind to tell her not to call me slave, but she scowled and I thought it best not to bring it up.

“What do you want?”

“No, no, no! Is that how a slave girl talks?” she asked, hands on hips. “Call me Miss, and be obsequious!”

“Obsequious?” I asked doubtfully.

“May I get you a drink, Miss?” she asked in a sort of eager, earnest voice.

“Uh...”

“Yes, like that. Haven't you ever worked in a restaurant? Suck up to the clients or you get no tips. Now try again.”

“Would you like me to make you something, miss?” I asked.

“Not eager enough.”

She reached around and slapped my ass and I yelped, grabbing my butt and glaring at her, her glare was worse.

“Try again,” she said sternly.

I licked my lips and tried again.

“May I get you a drink, Miss?” I asked, trying to smile and seem eager.

“Make me a margarita, slave girl.”

I blushed again, and wished she wouldn't call me that, but I went to the bar to make her a drink.

She only sipped it, though, then asked for a vodka tonic, then a martini, then a Mojito.

“Seems like kind of a waste,” I said.

“Don't question what your mistress or master says, slave girl,” she said. “Slave girls just do as they're told. They don't protest, and they don't ask “are you sure” or say “one minute” or suggest any sort of changes. That's not your role. You do what you're told. Got it?”

I nodded.

“Speak aloud, slave.”

“Yes... miss,” I said with a bit of a scowl.

“You want to pass this little test, slave girl and make all that extra money?”

I glared at her, confused by my reaction. Of course I wanted to make a thousand dollars a week! But at the same time, I didn't like to associate the money he was paying me with anything other than house sitting! I was indignant about the whole thing but... but a thousand a week was a lot of money! Especially if I had no bills to pay!

She snorted as I stood there considering, then hopped off the bar stool and left the room. I almost protested. I mean, where did she think she was going? This was my condo! But of course, it wasn't. It was Trask's condo, and he'd sent her here... this was all confusing!

She returned, apparently having little difficulty finding what she wanted. Maybe she'd been here before, but she'd gotten one of the short crops from the cabinet in that room where Trask kept a lot of his sex toys. I eyed it anxiously.

“You will treat me like Mister Trask, is that clear, slave girl?” she demanded.

“Uhm, yes, miss,” I said warily.

“Do I really get a thousand a week if I pass?” I blurted.

She grinned. “Well, if you perform well enough I don't see why you can't be an official slave girl and get the same pay.”

“Really?” I asked doubtfully.

“Okay, there's no official title. But the money is still good and you can bank almost all of it. I'll have you make me something to eat after we see how well you strip.”

I blushed again, nervous and anxious now.

“I've only been practicing for two weeks!”

“I know, but we'll see how much you know. Lap dancing too.”

This seemed bizarre to me, but on the other hand, she seemed a lot like me, and was easy to relate to. I was still blushing as she led me down the hall to the room where the strippers pole had been installed, then turned on the music, sat down.

“Strip, slut!” she exclaimed, slouching back with a smirk.

I blushed again, but she held the crop up and raised her eyebrows, so I started to dance to the music. I was self-conscious at first, but then she got up and danced alongside me, and she was way better than I was! That made me want to improve, so I did my best to dance as seductively as her.

Then she started to strip, so of course, I did too. Well, I'd done this with Allison, right? It was subtly different this time, though. L.A., and she hadn't yet told me any other name, was a lot less clinical and professional than Allison, and seemed to enjoy stripping more.

She was freaking good on the pole, though. She swung around and climbed up and hung upside down and did all kinds of stuff Allison could do, but I couldn't – yet. Still, I did my best, and she was encouraging.

Then came the lap dance. The thing was, she was naked now. And so was I! Allison had been wearing clothes when I practiced. It was a lot more anxious doing a lap dance on a girl who was naked, especially since she wasn't acting very detached at all.

“Lean in closer, slave,” she said, sliding her fingers through the big rings piercing my nipples to get me to lean in closer to her.

She had pierced nipples, too, by the way. She wore thin bands around her wrists that were a lot like the ones Trask had put around my wrists and ankles, and... I scanned downward to see identical ones around her ankles. She wore something around her neck which looked more like a choker than a collar, but still had the same sort of look to it.

I leaned inward as I ground my buttocks against her thighs, blushing hotly as she ran her hands up and down my thighs and sides, then around onto my back. They slid down onto my buttocks, then, squeezing them, pulling me in more firmly as my mind squirmed about the close contact.

Then her hands slid around me and came up my front to cup and squeeze my breasts. I continued to kind of grind against her, but was shaken, wanting to protest even while believing I wasn't supposed to. I was supposed to treat her like Trask, she'd said.

“Get up,” she said.

I obeyed quickly and she got up then scampered from the room. She returned with... the double headed dildo, and the sight of it gave me a jolt! She grinned at me, sat down, spread her legs wide, slumped a little, and fed one end of it up into her pussy!

Then she closed her thighs, with the other part thrust straight up.

“Okay, slave girl. Now I want you to stand right in front of the chair and dance for me.”

I was blushing hotly, with wild, dark feeling swirling inside me, but the order was reasonably easy to obey, so I did, nervous or not.

She gripped the thick dildo in her hands, pumping her hands on it and making a

lusting face at me.

“Grrr, I'm a horny guy loving this hot, naked slave girl dancing in front of me!” she said. “Now I want a blow job!”

She grinned at me.

“Do it, slave!”

I stopped dancing and she shook her head.

“Keep dancing, slut!”

I continued to grind my hips, to make my body undulate in time to the music.

“Now bend at the waist, still dancing, still rolling your hips, and slide your mouth down my hard erection, you filthy slave girl!”

This was nasty! But... despite the face I'd never done anything with girls aside from that time in the restaurant I found that I was getting aroused. So I bent way over, my hands on her knees, then sliding up and down her thighs as I put my lips on the dildo.

“No, no. Lick your way up my legs first. Make it slow and seductive.”

God, this was kinky! But I did it, licking my way up her thighs as her fingers combed through my hair, my heart beating faster the higher I got. I rose when I reached the dildo, licking my way up and down it, then sliding the head into my mouth.

I slid down as she pretended to groan in pleasure.

“Yeah, baby! Suck my cock, you hot little sex slave!” she growled.

I bobbed up and down, then slid lower as her hands pushed on my head, taking the dildo down my throat. One of her hands reached around to knead my breast as she ground my face against her.

“Keep rolling your hips, you dancing slut.”

I rolled my hips, still dancing, as I slowly bobbed up and down on the dildo. I

flinched as one of her hands began to knead my breast, while the other gathered up my hair in a bunch and pulled me up and down.

“Nasty little sex slave,” she purred. “You love cock, don't you, slave?”

She jerked me up by the hair and I rose, gasping.

“Don't you?”

“Yes, miss!” I gasped.

She shoved my mouth down onto the dildo and then down hard, then pulled me up again and jerked my face in against hers.

“I'm going to fuck you, you filthy little slave,” she said in a growl.

I gasped weakly, breathlessly.

“Now climb aboard and give me a ride,” she ordered, slapping my bottom.

I moaned helplessly, then ... then obeyed. I rose, slid forward, and she held the dildo up against my pussy, so that when I sank down, it pushed up inside me! God! I felt a wild rush of heat as I slid slowly down its long, thick length, in so close against her now that my breasts were almost pushing against her face!

She pulled me in closer, sucking and licking and chewing on my breasts, especially around my nipples, slapping my bottom to get me to ride up and down!

I was ... confused and flustered, though. This was sort of like, well, lesbianism! And that wasn't something I really wanted any part in! But at the same time, it was more like, she was substituting for a guy, even down to the cock. So I wasn't doing anything lesbian... uh, sort of!

She didn't like my hesitation, though. She grabbed my wrists and shoved them back behind me, then deftly locked the restraints together. Her hands then cupped and squeezed my breasts before her fingers slid through the rings.

“Ride me, you slut!” she said with a leer.

She lifted her fingers up, then pulled them down, lifted them up, then pulled them down, forcing me to rise and fall on the thick dildo

“Tell me you love cocks, slut!” she demanded.

“I-I love cocks!” I gasped.

“Nasty little sex slave,” she jeered.

She slid an arm around me, drawing me in closer, and began to suck and chew and lick at my breasts. Then her other hand slid down my waist and her fingers found my clitoris, rubbing skillfully as I rode the dildo. I moaned helplessly, my mind churning, my insides bubbling with ever increasing heat. This was wild and wicked and nasty and darkly thrilling!

I rode her cock faster and faster as she slapped my ass and pinched my nipple and ordered me to move my butt, and meanwhile her fingers toyed with my clitoris, making me burn with heat to the point I was near orgasm!

Then she stopped me.

“Off, slut. Onto the floor.”

I stumbled back, gasping, the dildo sliding out of my very hot, very wet pussy!

“Display,” she ordered.

That required I put my hands behind my neck, which I couldn't do because they were cuffed behind me. I opened my mouth to protest, but she interrupted.

“Arch your back, you slut!”

She slapped the thin crop down across my breast and I yelped, but stiffened, drawing back my shoulders and thrusting out my breasts.

“Nasty, filthy little sex slave,” she taunted, sliding the crop down my belly and then thrusting it between my thighs.

She drove the shaft up edgewise into my pussy, then let it grind back and forth across my clitoris.

“Are you a sex slave!?” she barked.

“Yes, miss!” I gasped, face flushed.

“Say it!”

“I’m a sex slave, miss!” I gasped.

“Submission!” she barked, stepping back and snapping the crop across my bottom.

I moaned weakly, half falling to my knees, then prostrating myself, my overheated breasts squeezed against the floor as I lay my chest down and raised my bottom high. This was again supposed to have my arms in front of me, but all I could do was keep them where they were locked together behind my back.

I flinched as the crop cut across my buttocks.

“Higher, slut!” she barked. “Now spread those legs!”

I obeyed quickly, a bit frantically, in fact, and she walked slowly around me.

“Ready for a man to come and fuck you? Nasty little slave slut,” she taunted.

She thrust the crop between my thighs and up between my labia.

“Answer me, slut!”

“Yes, miss!” I gasped.

She moved away, and I started to turn around, only to get a sharp blow from the crop across my bottom! I yelped at the stinging pain, and she put a foot on the back of my head.

“When positioned, you hold that position, slave girl,” she barked. “You don’t turn around or change position until ordered to do so. Is that clear!?”

“Yes, miss!” I cried.

It was very embarrassing taking this position around her, around a woman, even if she was a sex slave too! But I didn’t have a lot of choice!

She moved away, and I kept still, gulping in air, my bottom raised high, my breasts pillowed out below me, my legs wide. I thought she had left the room but didn't want to be caught looking. Then I heard her again, and a moment later she knelt behind me. I felt fingers at my sex, then something bigger, more solid – like a dildo.

I thought she'd gotten the double headed dildo, at first, as it slowly pushed into my body, and again my mind squirmed at the thought of submitting like this, prostrating myself like this, in front of some girl!

But... my time with Trask had turned me on to submission, at least to some degree. Oh, I hadn't taken the slave stuff seriously, but it was hot and exciting and thrilling, and so letting myself sink into that sort of mindset added to the heat sweltering around me when he used me.

Now I felt myself feeling that same outrageous excitement and heat, and felt myself sinking into that same mindset as she pushed the dildo deeper and deeper.

Crack! She slapped my bottom sharply, and I gasped in pain.

“Nasty little slave” she barked.

Crack!

“Tell me you love my cock!”

“I love your cock, miss!” I gasped.

Crack!

“Beg me to fuck you, slave!”

“Please fuck me, Miss!” I cried weakly.

And that was exactly what she was doing. She was fucking me, and fucking me hard, and doing a very good job of it! My insides were already churning, and they churned even more as she plunged that big dildo deep into my belly and ground herself against me!

She rode me hard and fast, and I was soon breathless and gasping and trembling

with heat again, the sexual fever having grown within me to the point where nothing else mattered!

She halted, though, and attached a leash to the collar, then made me crawl around, snapping the crop down on my bottom whenever she didn't like the speed or way I crawled.

Then she strung me up, spreadeagled, arms bound above my head, and whipped me to tears before thrusting the dildo she was wearing – a strap-on dildo – up into my ass and fucking me to orgasm!

After that she shackled my wrists together behind me again and put me on my knees before her, guiding my face in between her legs. She taught me how to perform oral sex on women, then returned the favor, giving me multiple orgasms as I writhed and thrashed and twisted in helpless paroxysms of pleasure!

*

L.A. got dressed, after we had a shower together, but insisted I remain naked, as Trask had ordered, and remain 'in character' as a sex slave. That included making me do all sorts of menial things, and smacking my ass whenever I was slow, or didn't show enthusiasm, or forgot to call her 'Miss'.

She seemed to take a great deal of relish in snapping that damn crop across my bottom, so I learned to move quickly when she gave an order! It was frustrating, frantic, and anxious, especially after hours of it!

But then she chained me spreadeagled to my bed and spent hours tormenting me with oils and candle wax and ice and pinwheels and feathers, until I was exhausted and worn out from screaming and crying and writhing and twisting and thrashing and, well, multiple orgasms.

I thought she'd just be there one day, but the second day was the same as the first had been, except the sex – both oral and with her strap-on, happened more often. She still took a great deal of delight in using the crop, though, at the slightest opportunity, so I did my best to not give her one.

We did exercises together, did strip tease practice and lap dance practice and stripper pole practice together, practiced cooking and massage. But she stayed in character as the aloof mistress and I had to stay in character as the naked slave

girl.

Right up until Mister Smith arrived.

I had no idea who he was really. He was an older man in a suit, wearing rectangular glasses. He was sitting on the sofa with a drink when I was led crawling into the room by LA. I was horrified, of course, mortified, but he wasn't the first stranger who had been introduced to me – not that he was introduced.

LA sat down and dragged me across her lap, then locked my wrists together behind my back and started to finger me. I was horribly uncomfortable and embarrassed about it all, but she didn't ask my opinion. I felt myself penetrated, not must by her fingers, but by thick dildos, and blushed hotly as “Mr. Smith” looked on with interest!

LA shoved them achingly deep, then started spanking me, and she gave me a really bad spanking! My bottom began to burn fiercely, and I began to writhe and moan and gasp in pain! And you know what, pain focuses the mind. As my bottom got hotter and more painful, I began to care less and less about this strange man watching me!

I never forgot he was there, but the pain was way more important!

LA spanked me until my eyes were starting to tear up and I was sniffing and half sobbing with pain. Only then did she began to caress my throbbing, overheated buttocks, and begin to once again finger me and work at the dildos she'd plunged into my belly.

LA knew what she was doing, though. I was so relieved when she stopped spanking I welcomed everything else she did, and obeyed everything she told me to do!

Like talk, like say I was a whore and a slut and a sex slave – in front of Mister Smith! God, that was embarrassing, despite it all, but I said it, as she pumped the dildo in my pussy and stroked her thumb against my clitoris.

Under her skilled fingers, and because of how breathless, dazed and emotionally overwrought I was from the spanking, I began to feel a wild, burning heat down between my legs. That heat warped my mind, like a drug or alcohol, it began to create an intoxicating buzz of sexual hunger and heat around me, so that I lost

most of the embarrassment at being watched by a strange man.

Then she pulled the dildo out, her fingers sliding into me instead. And as I confessed to being a sex slave and a cock loving whore and begged her to fuck me, she slid not just four fingers into me, but five! I was in a state of trembling disbelief as I felt the wedge of her thumb finally pushing through my aching, stretched pussy entrance!

Then her whole hand was inside me and sinking deeper!

While Mister Smith watched, LA pulled her fingers into her palm to form a small, hard fist inside me, then pushed deeper. It took a while, rotating her hand, moving it slowly in and out, slapping my bottom to distract me. But eventually she was able to start pumping her fist in and out with longer strokes.

And that just about drove me out of my mind! It was especially bad since she was fingering my clitoris as she did! She fucked me into orgasm after orgasm after orgasm, until I hurt my throat screaming and was exhausted from thrashing and twisting and bucking atop her lap!

Then Mister Smith left. He never touched me or LA! He seemed satisfied, though.

“Mister Trask wants you to be less embarrassed about your body,” LA told me when I asked why he had been there.

She stayed three more days, and during that time I was like a full time sex slave. Finally, she departed, leaving me in peace – if you could call it peace. I was still naked, still doing the exercises, still practicing, and still had the 'tutors' coming every second day. But I was able to relax on the balcony and start thinking about my writing again.

I had decided to write erotica instead of science fiction. It was much more in keeping with my thoughts of late. Mind you, her little addition to my wardrobe had something to do with that.

It was a narrow chain worn around my waist, and like with the shackles and collar, I couldn't take it off because it was locked. Two small chains hung from that one, front and back, and on the end of those chains were these, well, call them plugs. They were metallic, like the shackles, and had the same sort of

etchings and designs on them.

They were sort of like large bullets, well, fat ones. The chains attached to the base of the two 'plugs' and the plugs, of course, went inside me. The chains were exactly long enough to keep them in place there, stretching me open.

I could pull them out, of course, but they would just hang there on the end of the chains, bouncing against me as I moved. They got in the way, even if I was sitting down, so after experimenting with them a little it just proved simply to slide them into my pussy and bottom and go about my daily business that way.

The chain attached to the one in front passed right across my clitoris, though, and was continually moving against it in a way which over time built up the sensitivity to the degree I simply had to pause and masturbate. I didn't mind that, though, since I was masturbating several times a day anyway now.

A thousand dollars a week, I thought, would let me save up for college, and take Creative Writing! I could get a university degree in English! And since Trask only showed up once a month I'd hardly even have to miss any classes!

I still felt guilty over the idea of taking money for what I knew darn well had nothing to do with house sitting, but the thought of just packing up and leaving never seriously entered my mind. I was even enjoying the exercises now, and the effect they were having on my body. Even the pole dancing was helping build up my upper body strength as well as toning my thighs.

And it wouldn't hurt to know how to cook and make drinks and do massages either!

I was making pretty good progress on my newest book, about a beautiful princess who was cooped up in a luxurious tower by an evil, but very hot and sexy King, when my third month ran out and Trask showed up again.

The prospect of his arrival had, as always, filled me with anxiety as well as heat. I had no idea what he would do this time, or how painful or humiliating it might be. LA told me to expect more visits from strangers, since Trask was trying to make me understand that I was a 'sex slave' and that I needed to lose my inhibitions.

I thought I'd already lost plenty of those already! I mean, stuff had happened to

me which would have made me catatonic with shock only a few months ago! The mere fact I was spending all day naked wearing a collar and shackles had an incredible effect on my mind and my thinking.

Basically, it was hard not to think about sex – just about all the time! And now that I was writing about it that only made sex play an even larger part in my world. I had gone from being a girl who didn't think much of sex to a girl to whom sex was always present, if only in the background.

Like, even when I took off my clothes for a shower, or for the night, or to change, I had gotten into doing it in a sensual way, as if someone was watching. LA had taught me that, since it was such good practice for when Trask would be there. She was clearly right, but it did make me feel a lot more sexy a lot more of the time.

When he arrived for his third visit – I was still there. He sent me a text. He told me he had arrived at the building, and that I was to be kneeling 'on display' just inside the front door. I was also to have a vibrator inside me. He even specified which one – the stainless steel one.

He had a cabinet full of perverted sex toys, of course, which I'd explored while he was away. I was reluctant to do it, but not ready to defy him. I went and got the vibrator, stripped, pulled the other plug out of myself, slid the vibrator against my opening, and then, heart beating rapidly, eased it up inside me before sitting on my heels and spreading my knees.

I put my hands behind my neck and felt a mixture of embarrassment at doing something so... perverted and kinky and cliched, and breathless excitement at doing something so perverted and kinky and hot.

I was actually doing this! I mean, jeeze! I was kneeling naked by the door waiting for him to come in and ... do whatever the fuck he wanted to me! That was really unbelievable! It made my head spin a little! Every ten seconds I was almost convinced to just stand up, go and get dressed, and confront him over the way he needed to be treating me. But I never quite did.

Meanwhile, I felt the vibrator buzzing away inside me. It wasn't directly touching my clitoris but the vibrations seemed to travel through my body, helping to make my clitoris thrum hotly, even as the thickness of the sex toy spread my opening wide and gave me the thrilling sense of being thickly

penetrated.

And then the door opened, and my face flushed with embarrassment as I dropped my head low.

“Head back, slave girl,” he said, closing the door behind him.

My heart was racing as I jerked my head up and back, arching my back to thrust my ringed nipples up at him. God! This was so nasty!

He walked up before me and looked down, and my face reddened still further.

“Gorgeous,” he said, so softly it was almost under his breath.

I felt a rush of pleasure, despite myself.

“On all fours, slave girl,” he said.

I fell forward onto my hands and knees, and felt his fingers sliding through my hair. It was longer now than it had been when we'd met over two months ago. The hair stylist had trimmed it only slightly and changed the style, but he hadn't cut it, and Trask had sent an email instructing me not to ever cut it.

Shit.

He gathered it up into a thick mass now, near the top of my head, and then began to walk forwards. I gasped, twisting around and forced to hurriedly crawl after him as he led me deeper into the apartment, using my hair as a leash.

I crawled into the living room, and Trask pulled on my hair, leading me up to the wide, low coffee table, forcing me to bend across, then crawl up onto it.

“Submission,” he said, releasing my hair.

I gulped, heart pounding, and dropped my body low, raising my buttocks high, and spread my legs as much as I could.

“Excellent,” he said, his hand caressing my buttocks, then sliding down to trace a circle around the vibrator where it protruded from my body.

He moved past, to the bar in the corner, while I lay there, trembling slightly, my

insides churning with a dark, crackling storm of sexual anticipation and excitement. He made himself a drink, and I thought about my bartending lessons, somewhat disappointed I hadn't gotten a chance to show him what I could do there.

He walked back and sat down behind me.

“Draw your arms in and put them beneath you, slave girl,” he said.

I blinked uncertainly. That was something new. But it wasn't complicated...

I drew my arms back and then raised myself just a bit, sliding my arms down beneath my torso.

“Bring your hands up between your legs, sex slave,” he said.

I gulped at the words and obeyed, feeling my inner thighs with my fingers.

“Now grip the vibrator and slide it out almost all the way.”

My breathing was already getting ragged as I gripped the thick, buzzing vibrator and drew it slowly out of my overheated sex. Or almost out, anyway.

“Now push it back in, as deep as you can.”

I slid the vibrator deep inside, feeling an ache in the depths of my belly as the nose pushed against what must surely be the back wall of my sex!

“Now drew it out all the way, and rub the head against your clitoris.”

Gulping, I obeyed, gasping then as the vibrations increased enormously in power.

“Rub it back and forth, sex slave.”

I obeyed, gasping for breath, face burning as well.

“Take two fingers from your left hand and slide them into your hot little pussy,” he ordered.

God, this was so wicked!

I slid my fingers slowly through the tight walls of my opening as he sat behind me.

“Deeper, slave.”

I moaned and pushed my fingers in deeper.

“Don't forget to rub the vibrator against your clitoris.”

I did so, feeling my warmth and heat and wetness with my fingers.

“Make that three fingers.”

I groaned, forcing a third finger into my pussy, my mind swept by emotions and anxieties, heat and embarrassment, excitement and denial, anticipation and uncertainty, indignation and pleasure...

“Pump them in and out, slave girl. Faster. I want to hear the sound of those fingers moving in and out of you.”

I pumped my fingers in and out faster, rubbing the vibrator against my clitoris, grunting with effort, my chin shoved up and back by the table top so that my neck ached.

“Make it four fingers. Let me see a fourth finger go inside you.”

I groaned a kind of half protest, but slowly worked a fourth finger into myself. It was very tight, but I was very excited and very wet. I was getting close to climax, not, for the most part, because of what I was doing, but because I was doing them in front of him! It was so wicked and outrageous!

“Slide the vibrator back inside yourself, deep, slave.”

I moaned and almost reluctantly slid my fingers out of my hot little opening, then slid the vibrator deep inside.

“Close your legs and place your arms out in front of you on the table.”

I frowned uncertainly, but obeyed, my pussy burning around the thick vibrator which was now being squeezed between my thighs.

I sensed him rising, and then felt his hand on my bottom.

“Such a bad little girl,” he said. “Bad girls need to be punished, you know, slave girl.”

I moaned helplessly, breathlessly, heat sweeping through me as he stood there.

Crack!

“Oh!” I cried, jerking my head up and around.

“Don't move, slave! Face front!” he barked.

I moaned and obeyed. He was holding his belt, which he'd removed from his trouser loops, doubled up in his hand!

Crack!

I gasped as the belt snapped down across my raised buttocks a second time, leaving a line of heat behind.

Crack!

“Nasty girl.”

Crack!

“Naughty girl.”

Crack!

“Sex slave.”

Crack!

“Do you know why I'm strapping your lovely bottom, slave?”

Crack!

“Because I want to.”

Crack!

“Because I can.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I gasped and moaned and clenched my teeth against the mounting pain as the belt snapped down across my bottom again and again. The heat grew and spread so that my skin seemed to throb with heat, but I held my position.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Are you my slut?”

Crack!

“Are you?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” I cried in a strangled voice.

“Say it.”

Crack!

“I'm your slut, sir!”

Crack!

“Again.”

“I'm your slut, sir!”

Crack!

“Again.”

“I'm your slut, sir!” I cried.

There was a pause, and I gasped weakly, moaning, cringing as I felt his fingers on my bottom again. They slid down and gripped my thighs, then forced them slowly apart. A moment later I felt his lips, his mouth, pressing up against my clitoris. I gasped as his moist mouth and lips took my puffy flesh in against it and began to suck and lick.

And just like that, despite the tears in my eyes, despite how my bottom burned hotly, I began to feel an incredible rush of sensations while heat and excitement billowed up within my lower belly and filled my entire body!

Who cared about the strapping? That was over! Now I had his tongue licking its way up and down along the edges of my sex as he pumped the vibrator in and out! I moaned helplessly, a dazed, bedraggled girl with her face against the table and her bottom in the air, gasping and trembling as the wild excitement mounted.

Do you want your master to fuck you, sex slave?’

“Yes, master!” I gasped dazedly.

It was the second time I'd used the word without thinking.

“Beg me to fuck you.”

“Please fuck me, master!” I gasped weakly.

Crack!

“Put more emotion into it, slave.”

“Please fuck me, master!”

Crack!

“Let me hear how you need my cock.”

“Please fuck me, master!” I cried.

I didn't really even think about the word I was using. It seemed appropriate, after all.

Crack!

Beg harder.”

“Please fuck me, master!” I cried.

I really wanted him to fuck me! Not only was I hot as hell but I wanted him to stop hitting me with his belt!

“Please fuck me, master!” I cried.

And so I was sooooo happy when I felt him draw the vibrator back and felt his cock pushing into me! I groaned as he forced the lips of my sex in and back, wider and wider. Then I felt that glorious sense of thick, deep penetration as his cock pushed into me, deep, deep inside! I shuddered, chin against the table, bottom high, groaning and shuddering as he filled up my belly with his hot, thick flesh.

He started to use me, his hips grinding against me, drawing in and pushing forward, his big cock moving steadily inside me, building up speed until his hips were slapping against my upraised buttocks! It felt so good, so natural, so satisfying!

“Are you a sex slave?”

“Yes, master!” I gasped.

“Say it.”

“I'm a sex slave!” I gasped as he thrust into me.

“Keep saying it.”

So I chanted the words, breathlessly, gasping, moaning, and getting slapped whenever my voice faltered, while his hips began to hit my bottom harder and harder, until, with a helpless, guttural cry of pleasure, I gave into the power and pressure and an orgasm exploded inside me!

It was so good! Could anything be better than this, I wondered dazedly!? I ground my breasts against the table as his hips slapped against my buttocks, and my insides burned and thrummed and sent hot rushes of sensation up through my overloaded nervous system with every stroke of his cock.

I cried out as he gripped my hair and yanked it back.

“Are you a sex slave?”

“Yes! Yes!” I gasped.

“Say it!”

“I'm a sex slave !I”m a sex slave!” I gurgled.

So good! Sooo good! I was drunk on the pleasure, feverish with the heat, as his powerful hips slapped against me with bruising force, as his thick cock impaled me again and again, as the pleasure tore through my mind and baked it in an oven filled with pleasure heat.

He grunted and jammed himself into me, finishing, emptying himself in me, and then backed away with a gasp. He sat down behind me, leaving me dazed, and drooling on the table, my bottom still in the air. The orgasm had ended, but I twitched and trembled as the incredible intensity of it continued to resonate through my nervous system.

“Get me a drink, slave.”

So I got him a drink. He let me sit on the sofa, this time, or, well, sit across his lap, actually, his fingers skating over my body, caressing, kneading, touching me here and then with casual interest and pleasure.

“So, slave girl, did you like LA?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” I gulped.

“Did you like her tongue?”

I flushed slightly.

“Yes, sir.”

“I'm educating you, slave girl, turning you into a well-rounded little sex slave.”

“Yes, sir.”

“LA says you like money, sex slave. Is that true?”

I bit my lower lip, still a bit breathless. “I'd like to go to university, sir?”

“You would, would you? And I suppose you'd take writing or English?”

“Yes, sir.”

“A beauty like you could make a fortune as a stripper, you know.”

The idea made my mind squirm a bit.

“But you're still shy. We'll have to do something about that.”

“I don't want to be a stripper, sir.”

“Why? Very short workdays with a very high income. Sounds right up most young girls' alleys.”

His fingers slid casually up inside me as he spoke.

“But then, girls are raised to be inhibited. Sex slaves, of course, must have no inhibitions.”

He reached back for something, and when his hand returned it held a ball-gag just before my mouth.

“Open your mouth, slave.”

He held a ball gag. I opened my mouth wide, and moaned as the ball pressed against my lips, then pressed down harder. I felt my lips forced wider and wider, my teeth forced wider, my jaw opened up as the slick gag was slowly forced in.

It felt strangely, wildly erotic, maybe because of how aroused I was already, to have my mouth penetrated that way, so fully, so completely. My jaw could only open so wide, though, so it was the ball which had to give, but it was malleable to some degree, so it was squeezed in to get past my teeth, then expanded on the outside.

I felt it sliding into my mouth, deeper and deeper, expanding once past my jaws, pressing up and down, filling my mouth completely. Then the strap went behind my head.

“I don't put this into your mouth because it needs to be there, slave,” he said. “I don't put it there because I fear your screams or protests. I put it there because it will help you to achieve a sense of complete helplessness. And with that sense of complete helplessness comes acceptance that you belong to me and I can do anything to you I wish.”

He looked at me intently. “You have to know and accept that you have no say in anything I do,” he said. “You belong to me, and as a slave, you are subject to any of my whims or desires. If I want to whip you in order to punish you, I will. If I want to whip you simply because I enjoy whipping beautiful young women, then I will.”

He lifted me up and set me on the big coffee table again, laying on my now shackled wrists. He dropped low and attached a chain to the shackles, then fed it over the near side of the table. A moment later he drew first my left, then my right leg up and back until they my legs were pressing against my shoulders.

He attached chains to the ankle restraints and drew them down over the far side of the table to lock me in place, then his hand returned to my sex, his fingers pushing slowly inside, twisting and turning as I moaned at the wonderful aching pleasure. His thumb rolled and circled and ground against my swollen clitoris as his fingers pumped inside me, and my hips began to jerk and spasm as the heat mounted and my excitement rose to feverish levels once again.

I was nearly there, gasping, moaning, twisting and writhing, when he drew his hand back, smiled, then drew on a robe and left the room.

I moaned, staring down past my swollen breasts, down at my glistening sex, the lips swollen as I sucked in ragged breaths around the gag.

And then he returned. Only... it wasn't him!

I gaped at the man who appeared in the doorway. He was entirely nude, and probably a foot taller than Trask. He was a monster of muscles! Where Trask had been powerfully built, with a deliciously toned body, this man was all muscle! And there was not a hair on his body... his black, shining body.

He was black, very, very black, as black as the ace of spades, with a shaven head, and dark eyes that stared at my suddenly flaming face with hunger in them. He was very erect, and as big as Trask was, he was bigger.

I continued to gape at him, stunned, filled with a sense of disbelief, as if my eyes were somehow deceiving me!

His hands caressed my breasts, his fingers rolling my nipples between the pads of his thumbs and forefingers. I moaned as he plucked at them, then gasped as one hand slid down between my legs. Long, thick fingers slid into me, and his thumb stroked across my clitoris in almost the exact same way Trask had done!

I wondered if I was feverish, if I was imagining this, if it was Trask but somehow, I was seeing someone else! I felt a wild sense of panic, straining against the bonds holding me so tightly in place, moaning as he reached out to me with those huge black hands.

His fingers were warm and hard and slid deep inside me, twisting and turning, his thumb circling and stroking my clitoris as his other hand skimmed up and down my oiled body. I moaned and whimpered helplessly, mortified, panicky, and yet... and yet I didn't really feel any actual fear.

Then he gripped his cock and lay it along my sex, sliding it up and down, up and down, the head grinding over my swollen clitoris. I shuddered, staring at it in an almost wondering way, even through the storm of my emotional shock.

Despite the turmoil in my mind, my body responded to his touch, flaring hotly, helplessly, and when he positioned himself at an angle, I stared at the thick, fat head pushing against me, stared, gaping, moaning, as it slowly forced its way into the mouth of my sex, then, stretching me out, it slid deep into my body in

one long, sloooow push that had my legs spasming wildly and my mind spinning dazedly.

God, I felt so stretched! I stared at him, at his cock, stared at my pussy lips stretched wide around it, gaped at the sight of it pushing into my body. I trembled as I felt it deep in my belly, as I began to ache from the pressure, as he pushed deeper still.

My face was flaming at being seen like this by a stranger, but my lower belly was burning almost as hot, and as he began to pump in and out that fire spread up my body and into my mind.

I was helpless, completely helpless, a slave, a sex slave, and could do nothing but lay there. Trask had been right about that. The sense of helplessness was overwhelming. That should have frightened me, but instead produced a different sort of response, a kind of acceptance, then a shuddering jolt of heat and excitement.

It was a different world, a different place, and I was a sex slave here!

He started to ride me, pumping in and out, using long, deep strokes that soon had me squirming and twisting and moaning and gasping as my insides crackled with heat and power and lust. It was all so incredible, so wild, so impossible, so real, so intense!

He leaned over me, and the orgasm tore through my mind like a hurricane. I arched and twisted, thrashed and jerked helplessly as the storm of sensations boiled through my mind and body. It went on and on, and left me limp and dazed.

But he continued with long, deep strokes, and now my embarrassment had mostly faded. I stared at him, either at his cock or his face, moaning as he continued to thrust himself into me with those deep, steady, aching strokes, strokes that sent the head of his cock grinding against the deepest back wall of my sex with every stroke!

He sped up, and I gurgled and groaned and gasped as that fat helmet head began to punch me inside. But the aching couldn't do much to hold back the churning wall of overheated sexual hunger and pleasure, and I was soon climaxing again and again as the big man rode me, used me, fucked me, for long, long minutes.

During a few lucid moments I wondered who he was. He looked young, though not as young as me. He didn't look like the kind of guy who would be one of Trask's rich buddies. And I got the impression this was not being done for his benefit at all, but for mine!

In truth, he was fucking my brains out! I was going out of my mind as he continued to thrust again and again, as his hands pinched and plucked my nipples and squeezed my breasts, as his big hips slapped against my buttocks and his cock drilled deep inside me.

He shifted his movements, his lower body sort of undulating as he worked his cock in and out of me in long, steady movements. He thrust downward, then up, then buried it in me and ground his hips against my buttocks before giving me a half dozen hard, deep, straight strokes.

At some point Trask joined us, just watching, yet he was clearly excited by what he saw. I had no idea why, nor cared. My mind was just bowled over by it all, tumbling end over end with barely any pause between.

Trask moved to the top of the table. He reached under it, and a moment later the top fell downward, allowing my head to fall off the edge, to hang up side down, staring between his legs.

He reached behind and undid the strap, then removed the ball gag. I groaned, gasping for breath, my body still lurching against the straps and ropes as the big black man continued to thrust into me.

Trask was hard again, I saw, as he shed the robe. He let his thick cock slide into my open mouth, then drove all the way down my throat.

I gurgled weakly as he pumped in and out, in and out, hardly hesitating at all as he used the full length of his cock. With a grunt, he pulled out, then circled to the other side of the table. I felt the big Black man pull free of my pussy, and a moment later he appeared above me.

His cock pushed into my mouth, and he forced himself slowly down my throat as I stared between his legs at his balls dangling over my face. Meanwhile, I could feel Trask tugging at the butt-plug, drawing it free. I moaned almost soundlessly around the big black cock stuffed deep into my throat as Trask's cock slid into my ass.

It was so fucking impossible that this was happening to me! And yet it was!

The black man's cock was so thick and long that he could barely fit it through my wide open mouth. It was slick with my own juices as he pushed it slowly into me, drew it back, then pushed it in a little more. I gurgled weakly, my body beginning to move in time to Trask, who was now thrusting harder into my bottom.

I was becoming light-headed again for lack of air, moaning helplessly, unable to even signal either of them that I couldn't breath – assuming they would care!

Fortunately, he drew that long, slick black shaft back out and let me gulp in air while he played with my breasts for a few seconds. Then he pushed it back in, and this time pushed harder. I stared up at the thick gleaming shaft as he leaned into me, his hands reaching down to grip the back of my head as he pushed himself deeper and deeper.

And deeper.

I gurgled weakly, dazedly, feeling the shaft going way down inside me until, finally, he buried it in my throat, his hands holding my head up and into him so my lips were taut around the base of his cock and his balls were pressed against my eyes.

My body shook, at the same time, for Trask was thrusting harder and faster, using my body, his hips slapping against my buttocks.

I felt empty, like an empty vessel being filled by their big cocks.

The black man drew that long, long length of hard black flesh up out of my throat and mouth, letting me breath again as my body shuddered to the impact of Trask's hips. I was grunting dazedly with every thrust, his cock punching me deep inside, while he and the Black guy fought over possession of my breasts.

Then Trask eased up and back, murmuring something to the Black guy I couldn't hear because of the pounding in my head. My ankles were released, and the two of them eased my legs back down as I groaned weakly. Their big hands lifted me into a sitting position, then slid me off the table entirely.

I swayed dizzily as they guided me over to a chair. Trask sat down, and then the

two men gingerly lowered me onto his lap – onto his stiff, upright cock. I groaned as it pushed against my back opening, then slid up inside me. My sphincter muscles must have been battered into submission, for while it was tight it pushed up fairly easily.

I groaned as it pushed up deeply, too, so deep I ached. They sat me on Trask's lap, then lifted my ankles up and back against my shoulders, where Trask held them as the Black man leaned down and in, gripping the back of the chair as he brought his cock down and pushed it against my pussy.

I whimpered helplessly, still dizzy and gulping in air, groaning already from how thick Trask's cock was in my belly. Now the Black man's even bigger cock jammed itself against the entrance to my sex, and slowly forced its way inside.

My head was back against Trask's shoulder, so that his mouth was right near my ear.

“This is what being a sex slave means,” Trask said in a low growl. “It means your body belongs to others to do with as they see fit.”

I could only groan as that big cock pushed deeper into my belly and I gasped for breath.

“It means experiencing the kind of wild, nasty sex your friends can only ever fantasize about,” he added.

I cried out as my insides groaned with the fullness of the two big cocks burrowing into me. It seemed impossible there was room for them both inside me but the Black man gripped my ankles to force them back more sharply, and Trask cupped my breasts as he started to thrust up into my ass.

It was insane, and it was painful, and it was darkly, helplessly thrilling in a dazed sort of way. I was still filled with disbelief and outrage and shock, but a sharp, glittering sense of giddy sexual heat was swirling and churning inside me, as well.

When the two of them began to thrust, the sensations were unbelievable, and indescribable. I cried out again and again as a sizzling heat took hold of my body and mind, and then my mind began to bake in the heat, then broil in it as pleasure slashed across my mind like a whip, again and again, so that I could

hardly breath, much less think.

Another orgasm tore through me, tearing my insides apart with muscle spasms and leaving me gasping and dazed. It wasn't the last.

*

It was becoming easier to think of myself as a sex slave the longer I acted like one. Oh, in the back of my head, it was all still just a kinky game. Even so, I had to move quickly when given an order, or get a stinging blow from crop or strap or switch, and it hardly even entered my mind to refuse.

It was partly his size, partly his age, partly his confidence and the fact I knew I was poor and uneducated, and partly, well, I don't know. Maybe he was playing to fantasies I had in the back of my mind which I had rarely ever really acknowledged.

But I was finding this 'game' of sexual submission and slavery too desperately thrilling to want it to end any time soon, no matter what shocks it gave my mind.

And Mister Trask was determined to shock my mind until it could no longer be shocked every time he was with me!

And when he wasn't, well, there were the lessons in cooking, innocuous enough except I knew they were to please him. The lessons in bartending were useful, but I couldn't forget it was to please him. The lessons in massage were for the same purpose. And of course, there were the lap-dancing and stripping lessons.

So I had a full week every week of 'lessons' which were designed, and there was no way to really hide this, to make me a better sex slave for Evan Trask! Combined with being naked and wearing shackles and collar all the time, it was awfully hard to forget what was going on.

And every visit of his loomed large. For maybe a week after he'd leave I'd feel relaxed, then I'd start thinking about his next visit. When it was two weeks away I'd start feeling a little anxious. When it was one week before he was due my stomach would flutter just thinking about him, and I'd find myself sliding my hands over my naked body much more often.

It wasn't beyond my thinking that he might show up with someone. I was

anxious about it, but I knew it could happen. LA had told me he did stuff like that jar my inhibitions, but also because, like that big Black guy, he liked to watch sometimes.

LA was pretty wise about men, having had a lot more of them than I had, and working at a strip club part time. Men, she said, were pretty much all voyeurs. I couldn't argue with her on that score. She figured they hired these people from the same place as porn video producers did, since the men were all very hunky and had big cocks, and he would want to make sure they were all 'clean'.

So I wasn't totally shocked or anything when the door opened for his fourth visit and I could see someone was there behind him. My face flushed right away, though, as he came in, wearing, as he always did, one of those very expensive looking suits of his.

A woman followed behind him, and for a moment I felt relieved, well, a little. My experiences with LA had made me much more comfortable with the idea of having sex with women, after all. This woman, though, didn't look like she'd come off a porn site.

She was older, in her thirties, tall, and very sleek looking. She had short, stylish reddish brown hair, and was wearing a lovely black, floor length dress. It was more of a gown, actually, with lacy arms, a narrow waist, and wide, flaring hem. Her face was exquisitely made up, and she looked perfect on his arm, the picture of a sophisticated, wealthy, stylish woman.

She looked at me with a sort of raised eyebrow, her face a mixture of amused contempt and disapproval, and I felt myself becoming more and more self-conscious and embarrassed with each passing second.

“I thought this building didn't allow pets,” she said in a rich, cultured voice.

“It depends on the type of pet,” Trask said in amusement.

“I saw a sign which clearly said animals were not permitted.”

“Well, it's true she is something of a sexual animal, but I don't think the neighbors will complain,” he replied.

I was kneeling there in front of them, of course, in that pose, naked, utterly

humiliated as these two sleek, wealthy, sophisticated, older people stood over me! I wouldn't look at either, but stared between them, face flaming. I had never felt so... I don't know, inferior isn't quite the term, but it describes it well.

“Send your little whore away, Evan,” the woman sighed.

“We have some time to kill before the theater, and I want to refresh,” he replied, moving forward.

“Slave, make me a martini,” he said over his shoulder, “And get Catherine whatever she wants.”

He headed up the hall towards his bedroom, leaving me alone with the woman, my mind squirming. What could I do but get up and go into the living room, then over to the bar to make him a martini?

The woman didn't follow, at first, but then she sort of sauntered into the room and took a seat near the window, watching me. I was feeling very stressed out, both embarrassed, and worried about what was to come. I really didn't want to go near the woman but he'd told me to get her what she wanted so either I had to approach her or risk being punished when Trask came out.

I finished with the martini, then very reluctantly padded across the floor to where she sat, studiously trying not to see the look of contempt on her face.

“May I get you something, Miss?” I asked.

“What did you have in mind, slave girl?” she asked mockingly.

“Whatever... you wanted, miss,” I said anxiously.

She looked me up and down.

“Are those real?” she demanded, eyeing my breasts.

“Yes, miss,” I gulped.

Her eyes strayed lower and she made a face.

“And how deep is that thing you've got sticking out of you?”

“Not long, miss,” I said, face burning.

“So as a slave girl you do anything you're told, is that right?”

“Yes, miss,” I said, deeply embarrassed.

“Anything?”

“Yes, miss,” I said uncertainly.

Well, not anything. I wouldn't jump off the balcony, for instance.

“Shouldn't you call me mistress?”

“Uhm, if you want me to... mistress.”

She casually crossed her legs.

“Suppose I want to punish you. I can do that, right, slave?”

“Yes, mistress,” I gulped worriedly.

“Get down on your knees, slave, just like you were when we arrived.”

I obeyed, heart beating faster, then drew my hands together behind my neck, still avoiding looking at her and her fine dress.

“What a slut,” she said with a sneer.

Normally that kind of comment would have gotten me angry, but not now. Now it just made me cringe. Because, you see, I could not fault her for the judgment. I would have said the same if I'd come upon a girl looking and acting like me.

She uncrossed her legs, and extended a foot, with one pointy black shoe extended towards me.

“Clean my shoe, slave,” she ordered, “With your tongue.”

I flushed even more hotly. It wasn't the first time I'd been given such an order, but she wasn't Trask, and I hardly knew her. Besides, submitting to Trask, a big, powerful man, was one thing, but degrading myself in front of some strange

woman was infinitely worse!

I knew I had to, though! I dropped down onto all fours, then lowered my head and shoulders, cringing mentally as I heard her snicker down at me. I licked at her shoe, repeatedly, face flaming as she looked down.

It was a stiletto heeled shoe, with a long pointy, toe, and she raised her foot up so I could actually suck the entire stiletto into my mouth and suck on it! If that wasn't bad enough she made me suck on the toe, pushing the narrow shoe deeper and deeper into my mouth until it ground against my teeth!

Again, it was so different than with Trask, or even LA. This woman wasn't showing any sexual interest at all in me. Instead it seemed more that she just wanted to humiliate and degrade me!

“Get back on your heels, slut,” she sneered.

Gratefully, I pushed myself back upright, reluctantly shifting my knees apart as I arched my back and drew my hands up and back.

I wasn't look at her, and certainly didn't see her foot move forward. I felt it, though, as it pressed against my sex, and the plug jammed into me.

“Take that thing out, you little whore,” she said in contempt.

Red-faced, I reached down, gripped the plug, and slipped it out of my pussy, leaving it to dangle on the end of its chain.

“Rise up a bit, slut. Higher,” she ordered.

I rose on my knees, and felt the narrow toe of the shoe pushing

I looked down hesitantly, and saw her pressing the toe of the shoe against my opening, then pushing it through the swollen lips of my sex.

“Down,” she ordered.

I moaned uncertainly, wishing Trask would return, but then sank slowly downward, gasping as the shoe widened, of course, widened and pushed hard against my opening. The plug had prepared me for receiving Trask's big cock,

and I'd taken a tip from LA and slipped some lubricant inside me before kneeling by the front door.

But I hadn't expected to take someone's foot! I moaned helplessly as my weight slowly pushed me downward onto her widening shoe. She kind of jammed it up and I let out a cry of pain, my hands instinctively darting down to grasp at her ankle.

“Did I say you could touch me, you dirty little girl?” she demanded. “Put your hands behind your neck where they belong!”

Gasping weakly, I obeyed, and she wiggled her foot, so that I continued to sink down further and further. I felt so stretched out already! I could hardly believe it, and my breathing was ragged as I jerked my head down to stare, to see that the narrow part of her shoe had already disappeared inside me.

God, it was the wider part that was inside me now too! I moaned as she chuckled cruelly, working her foot up deeper.

“Down all the way, whore,” she sneered.

Then Trask came out, for I felt him seize my hair and jerk my head up and back.

“Head back, back arched, slave,” he ordered. “What have you been taught?”

I obeyed, panting weakly, shuddering, as he went past and got his drink from the bar.

“You didn't want anything, Catherine?” he asked, coming back.

“She never offered me anything,” she said in a sad voice.

Which was totally unfair! I had asked her if she wanted anything!

“Well, perhaps she prefers filling her tight little pussy to fetching you drinks,” he said in amusement.

“Not so tight. I have half my foot inside the slut.”

“Slave girl,” he said.

I moaned.

“Slave girl.”

“Y-yes, sir!?” I gasped.

“Do you like having big things inside you?”

“Y-Y-Yes, sir!” I gasped weakly.

I knew any other answer would displease him.

You may lower your arms, slave girl. In fact, bring your hand down to that swollen little clitoris of yours. I'm sure Catherine would like to see you masturbate for her.”

I felt a shock of humiliation roll through me at the words!

“Now, slave. Or would you rather I strap you while Catherine watches.”

“Oh, could I strap her?” Catherine asked with interest.

I cringed anew, and my hands reached down to my pussy, feeling how taut my lips were as they gripped her foot.

“Do it, slut!” Catherine demanded in amusement.

“Do it slave girl,” Trask ordered in a dangerous voice.

So I did it.

I began to manipulate my clitoris, I would say. I rubbed it almost clinically with my fingers, still gasping and moaning as my weight bore me down harder atop her shoe.

“I've heard of fisting but not shoeing,” Trask said in amusement.

Catherine laughed. I cringed.

But then I realized... this was on purpose. They were deliberately insulting me, deliberately taunting me, deliberately humiliating me. And just that realization

seemed to change things for me in a strange, warped way. Because they were doing it in a sexual way. They weren't two sleekly dressed sophisticated people who were taunting a naked girl because they were so superior.

No, this was more of Trask's 'training', more of his way of melting away my inhibitions so that I had no shyness left about anything! That still made this humiliating, mind you, but now it made it more darkly sadistic, which appealed to that newly discovered masochist side of myself.

I felt a sparkle of sensation under my fingers, and groaned as my super taut pussy inched slowly downward on her foot.

“What a filthy whore you are,” Catherine said. “Sitting there masturbating in front of me while you fuck my shoe! What a slut!”

The words were horribly embarrassing, but now they also caused me a strange dark sense of arousal. I could feel myself becoming the helpless victim, the princess in the tower being taunted and tormented by the evil King, just like in my book. I moaned helplessly as the sensations under my fingers grew more intense, as my fingers rubbed my clitoris with deliberate motions, knowing she would recognize the difference, humiliating myself on purpose!

It... hurt, having that shoe inside me. I mean, her foot was small, and the shoe was narrow and pointy, but even so my pussy opening was gaping wide under the pressure, and it ached as it slid lower along her foot! But that didn't seem to matter as much as the heat of arousal began to build within me.

This was so incredibly slutty and degrading! Why was I finding that exciting!?

“She's definitely a slut,” Trask said. “Aren't you, slave girl.”

“Yes, sir!” I moaned.

“I think you should call him master,” Catherine said. “Do it, whore!”

“Yes, master!” I groaned.

I gasped as I inched downward again, groaning at how utterly stuffed I felt by her shoe, by her foot. I sank down so that I had the whole of her shoe in front of her ankle jammed inside me, and God it ached! But my clitoris was swollen

beneath my fingers, and buzzing hotly as I rubbed it.

“Tell Catherine you're a filthy little slut, slave girl,” he ordered.

“I'm a filthy little slut, Mistress,” I gasped weakly.

Some dark side of me reveled at every degrading word, even as I cringed at saying them.

Still, it was horribly embarrassing, and I fought to show – nothing, to obey, but not let her see that I was the least bit aroused! I fought more and more frantically, though, as the heat inside me burned more hotly.

“Hands behind your neck, slave girl,” Trask said.

I gasped helplessly, but obeyed, swaying a little, groaning at the pressure inside me.

I heard Catherine laugh as he handed her something, but didn't know what it was, at first.

There was a click, then a low buzzing sound. She extended her arm, leaning forward, and I gasped as I felt a vibrator against my clitoris!

“Arch your back, slave,” he ordered.

I shuddered and obeyed, the sexual pressure building up inside me even as I fought to keep absolutely still and show no reaction.

“Do you think your little slut will come?” she asked.

“Of course she will. She can't help herself. She's a sexual animal, as you suggested earlier.”

Catherine laughed. “I want to see this!” she said eagerly.

I desperately did not want her to see anything! But she ground the vibrator across my clitoris, and my insides began to swirl and throb, my nerve endings crackling with sexual electricity and my muscles spasming repeatedly.

A sexual fever took hold of me then, and it took very little time to melt away any

care or concern I had for my image or pride or how I looked. I felt it all dissolve as the heat built up, and felt my hips spasming and my muscles twitching.

I groaned, slowly easing upward a little on her shoe, then gasped helplessly as I let my weight fall back, feeling a wild rush of sensual heat as I sank down even further! It ached! It hurt! It was humiliating and degrading! And I didn't care!

I forced myself up a bit, and sank down again, then did it again, swaying and trembling, my skin flushed all the way down my chest. Then with an explosive release of energy the orgasm burst inside me. I cried out in helpless, dazed pleasure, my hips spasming wildly so that I sort of rode her foot, fucking myself on it as the orgasm ripped through my body and mind.

“What a fucking whore,” she sneered.

I was, and I didn't care! I came violently, crying out, then crying out again, and again, almost falling backward. My hands jerked down and grasped her ankle to keep from falling, and I rode her shoe harder, clinging to her as the torrent of sensation swept through me in an overpowering deluge!

It almost knocked me unconscious! It was that powerful! I did fall backwards then, gasping weakly, chest rising and falling as I sucked in ragged breaths of air.

“You were ordered to hold your position, slave girl,” he said as he looked down on me.

“She's obviously not a very well disciplined sex slave,” Catherine sniffed.

“No, clearly I've been far too lenient with her.”

“Then you should punish her severely.”

“You're quite right, Catherine. I should.”

He reached down for me, wound my hair around his fist, and then half dragged me up onto my knees, then along the floor and out into the hall! He pulled me to my feet, slapped me on the butt, then marched me towards the front door. I knew a moment of near panic as he marched me up the two steps to the front hall, that he might throw me out into the hall naked!

Instead he turned us to the right.

“Put your leg across the railing,” he ordered sharply.

The entrance hall was a nine by nine room which was slightly elevated from the other rooms. You walked down two steps to the hall below. There was, nevertheless, a four foot long wrought iron railing between the stair and the wall.

I raised my right leg and he gripped it, lifting me up and sliding the leg across the bannister, then down on the other side. That had me straddling the thing, supported mostly by my left foot on this side of the rail. I gasped, for the rounded rail was chilly against my bare sex.

“Don't move,” he said in a stern voice.

I froze as he went down the stairs and disappeared! I found my chest was rising and falling rapidly, and my pulse was still racing. It had all happened so – so fast! I hadn't had time to do anything, to say anything, to respond in any way other than with obedience!

He returned quickly, black rope in hand. He approached the rail from the low side, wrapped the rope around my ankle and tied it there, then reached through the rail for my other ankle and jerked that one in and then back. I gasped as he lifted both my ankles up and back behind me, holding them there as he tied them off.

That left me straddling the narrow railing, all my weight pressing down on it, on my sex, specifically. He walked behind me up the stairs, gripped my hair, and jerked my head up and back sharply enough I cried out in startled pain. As I did, he shoved a ball gag into my mouth with brusque efficiency, then fed the strap behind my head and buckled it.

A moment later he produced a pair of nipple clamps, and a moment after that I was crying out in pain as they snapped down on my nipples! Both of them burned hotly and sharply as I writhed and moaned into the gag, but he ignored me, pulling the lines forward and then slipping them over two small hooks in the wall I had never noticed.

A moment later he slipped a rope out of his pocket, tied a slip not in it, and slid it over my head, bringing it down around my throat. He pulled it tight, though not

tight enough to interfere in my breathing, and tied it to the post behind me.

Finally, he took a vibrator from the pocket of his suit jacket and placed it atop the rail right in front of me. He shoved it forward until the rounded end was pushed against my sex, and then took a roll of duct tape of all things from his other coat pocket and ripped a strip free.

And then, with the vibrator buzzing, and taped in place, he left me be, disappearing into the apartment.

I felt long moments of anxious anticipation, waiting for him to return, then realized he wasn't going to, at least, not right away. I let out a shaky breath of dazed relief. I would now at least have a moment to settle my shaken mind and recover.

My nipples still burned with a sharp, stinging pain, but it had already begun to diminish. Most of my attention was drawn by that pain for another minute or so, until it had shrunk to a dull, throbbing ache. Then I could focus on my strange position straddling the railing and wonder what he was intending.

If he was going to press a vibrator against me that suggested this was going to turn me on, but his actions clearly suggested he was punishing me because of the cans, so what was going on?

I tested the bindings on my wrists and found them firm and tight. My ankles were also bound firmly in place to the rails behind me. Both that, and the pull on my nipples were causing me to lean forward. I couldn't lean far forward, though, because of the rope around my neck.

And already, the hard pressure against my soft sex was starting to ache.

I had some time to think, at least, and this was clearly a continuation of the nasty, wicked, sexually outrageous game he had started the previous month. Given the level of heat the memories of that day brought me I started to feel a growing pulse of excitement and heat as I found myself, once again, tied up in an outrageous position.

My back began to ache, but the sensation which was growing the most rapidly was the one between my legs, the strange mixture of hot aching from the pressure of sitting on the railing, and the tingling excitement coming from my

sense of arousal mixed with the vibrator he'd taped there.

It was difficult to measure time. I didn't think much had passed, but I was already kind of twisting and wriggling there atop the railing, moaning into the gag, and coping with rising sensations coming from various parts of my body.

That arousal grew deeper and more intense, and then pushed away all other concerns. My head was constantly turning, looking into the hall, looking up and down, trying to see him, wondering when he would return and what he would do.

My pussy ached, but it also throbbed powerfully, in a way which was a strange combination of pleasure and pain. The vibrator was making the entire rail vibrate a bit, but of course, the most intense vibrations came from the device itself.

As my heat deepened I began to try and kind of... grind myself against the vibrator, to jam my sex into it. I wanted to lean forward more, to push myself forward a bit more. The nipple clamps, though, were pulling my nipples forward but up. I wanted to roll my body downward to get my clitoris against the vibrator, but that meant pulling my nipples more sharply against the clips.

The rope was firmly tied around my throat, much like a noose, and it was tight. As soon as I started trying to work myself forward I felt the noose tightening further, and starting to cut into my breathing. Given how my pulse was racing and my heart was beating I was breathing heavily, but even so, the arousal was growing like a fire and taking over my mind.

I used my leg muscles, pushing against the ropes binding my ankles, trying to push myself forward more firmly against the vibrator. It was very difficult. The ropes were digging into my bare skin, and I was having to kind of arch my back sharply up because of the nipple clamps while trying to bow forward at the same time.

The rope around my neck tightened further, but I was able to get my clitoris almost directly against the vibrator! The sensations redoubled and I felt myself beginning to tremble and shake as a wild feverish need took control of my mind.

The orgasm flared wildly and I screamed in total abandon as it exploded with incredible power! Nothing else in the world mattered but riding that intense wave of pleasure as I trembled and shook and ground myself frantically against

the vibrator!

In the midst of it I felt the intensity grow when I tugged my nipples against the clamps, so I did that in a kind of quick, jerky fashion, even though the rope around my neck was being jerked in the same way, pulling in more tightly, loosening a little, pulling in tightly, loosening...

It pulled in tightly enough to make my eyes bug out at one point! But I didn't care! The orgasm was a wild, screaming storm of sensation which overawed the senses! It howled and howled within me and I shook like a leaf in a wind storm, uncaring about any sort of consequences, desperate to ride that storm as long as possible.

When the orgasm finally faded, I sagged dazedly, and as my mind began to waken forced my head back to ease the tightness of the rope around my neck. It didn't loosen a lot and it didn't loosen immediately, but it did loosen, even as I desperately sucked in long, weak breaths of air through my nose!

With the fading of the orgasm and the intensity of my sexual desire other things became much more apparent, like how sore my nipples were, and more importantly, how sore I was between the legs. I moaned and tried my best to adjust my position to minimize the pain, but there wasn't an awful lot I could do.

The vibrator kept buzzing, and given what was going on I began to feel a rising sense of passion and excitement again, but the pain between my legs was getting worse, as well, and was more than a little distracting. So my arousal now deepened very slowly, even as the pain between my legs continued to rise.

It was still enough to distract me in a major way, from the dull ache between my legs, so I seized upon it, letting my mind float in a kind of wondering haze, at finding myself involved in Evan Trask's kinky, nasty sex games once again.

I had planned... well, as much as I could have planned, to talk to him, to discuss things like rational human beings. I had thought of all these things to say, things I wanted to learn about him. I had thought maybe we could get to know each other, like normal people, you know.

Instead I had been overwhelmed from the start, and then found myself once again tied up and naked, and unable to speak, even before I'd been gagged!

What was I supposed to do now!?

There wasn't much I could do, of course, but sit there straddling the rail and wait for him to let me down. In the meantime, my pussy was aching more and more. At the same time, I was getting heated up, slowly but surely. I was getting heated up with both pleasure and pain, for the longer I was sitting astride that narrow metal railing the more I ached.

“Well, well, how is our little sex slave doing?” came a nasty, purring voice.

I jerked but didn't turn my head as Catherine came up beside me. She seemed amused, and I flushed hotly with new embarrassment.

“Such kinky little games you play, slave girl,” she said.

Her hand cupped my breast, then tugged on the lines leading to my nipples.

“I have to go, myself, for I have a board meeting to attend. You go on masturbating with the railing, dear. It seems to suit you.”

Bitch, I thought.

Trask came up, and the two embraced, then he saw her to the door. He didn't even look at me! He just walked past and disappeared as if I was part of the furniture!

I sat there, the railing jammed into my aching sex, groaning into the gag, wondering how my life had come to this. It was degrading and painful and... and darkly exciting despite that. I was alive, very, very, very alive! And despite the pain the heat came again. I tried to resist, to be stern and pretend that I was simply being cruelly punished by an evil man.

But the orgasm came anyway, came with bug-eyed swiftness as I pulled my neck forward against the noose, as I gasped for breath and my nipples tingled and sparkled and burned and my body lit up with a fire which threatened to consume my mind!

I trembled and shook through it, gurgling and moaning, and even drooling a little around the gag filling my mouth, and then it sagged and left me dazed again, breathless, and sore, very sore, especially between the legs.

More minutes passed. I had no idea how many. My pussy ached, my nipples stung and that vibrator continued to vibrate. This was so wicked! This was so outrageous! And it began, once again, to arouse me, despite the ache. The arousal, in fact, was a diversion from the pain, and so I welcomed it, embraced it, and helped it build higher.

I... writhed, for my sex was desperately uncomfortable and sore being jammed down onto the railing, and my body kept trying to adjust itself in any tiny way it could to ease that pain even a little. At the same time I was becoming breathless with need and hunger again, and my body was trying to grind itself forward against the vibrator.

That, in turn was pulling my nipples against the sharp teeth of the clamps and tightening the noose around my throat! My head was starting to throb with it, and I was gasping for breath, becoming light-headed even as the vibrations and the intensity of the hunger and heat grew!

As if he could sense it, Evan Trask showed up, then. He was naked, save for a black towel around his waist. His skin glowed faintly, as if he was fresh from the shower. He walked up the stairs and his fist closed on my hair, roughly yanking my head back.

At the same time his other hand plunged down my abdomen, gripped the vibrator, and jammed it in hard against me! Then his mouth came in against the side of my throat, like a wild wolf, his breath hot against me as he sucked and chewed and kissed me like ... like an animal!

I came, screaming, trembling and thrashing, as much as I could, the desperate intensity of the orgasm tearing through my body like crackling sheet lightning! He bit so hard against the side of my throat I was sure I must be bleeding! Not that I cared.

I rode the orgasm into a shattering, dazed sense of woozy, half-consciousness, as he tugged the noose free of my throat, then pulled the clamps off my nipples. I cried out into the gag at the renewed stinging pain even as he abruptly bent me over at the waist so that my breastbone was pressed against the railing before me.

He did something behind me, then leaned over me with that rope in hand, the soft, narrow rope he'd had tied around my neck. Now he looped it around my

breasts, pulling the rope up firmly against my ribs and slowly pulling tighter and tighter.

I felt the pressure growing in my breasts, as the skin became taut and firm. My nipples throbbed wildly as he drew the rope around behind my ribs, then lifted my already tied wrists up higher and higher, forcing them up below my neck before tying them there with the other rope.

I cried out dazedly as he yanked me up and back by the hair again.

“Do you want to spend another hour on this railing, sex slave?” he asked softly, his lips right next to my ear.

I moaned in denial, for my pussy, now that the wild flaring pleasure had subsided, was burning with all the throbbing aching power which I had previously been distracted from.

“Then you will do exactly as you are told. Do you understand?”

I tried to nod, but of course, couldn't.

“You will say yes, sir,” he said.

I was gagged, but tried to anyway.

He bent over and untied my ankles, then half dragged me off the rail and onto my feet, where I quickly sagged down to my knees. He reached behind my head and I felt the strap pop loose, leaving it hanging briefly before he gripped the gag and worked it slowly out of my mouth.

“Do not speak unless spoken to, slave,” he ordered.

I was too busy gulping in air, really, to speak, even if I had a good grasp on what I wanted to say – which I didn't.

“I want you in the Submission Position right now,” he growled, releasing me.

I swayed dazedly as he folded his arms across his powerful chest and glowered at me.

“Or would you rather go up on the railing for another hour?”

The threat yanked me free of my dazed state, at least enough to recall what he'd told me to do, and then recall what that meant. I awkwardly bent forward, moaning as my bound breasts pressed against the cool stone floor.

The way they were tied made them very taut, and made them kind of angled out to the sides a little. As I settled slowly onto my chest the pressure made them ache and pulse with every breath and every beat of my heart, but I forced myself into the position, raising my bottom and spreading my legs.

His bare feet were before me, and he raised one and let the toes slide along my cheek.

“Keep those legs spread, slave, ready for any man who shows up to mount you and ride you like a bitch in heat,” he said.

I found his big toe pressed against my lips, pushing against them, pushing inside! I gurgled weakly, but did little as he shoved his big toe, and then the two next to it into my mouth.

“Suck,” he growled.

I started to suck. What else was I to do?

“Let me feel your hot little tongue, sex slave,” he growled.

I moaned, licking at his toes and sucking as he stood before me. He pulled them back, settling his foot flat on the floor.

“Clean my foot,” he ordered. “Start at the toes and work your way back towards the ankle.”

It was an absurd request, and I didn't understand it because my mind was still kind of fuzzed.

“Or would you prefer going up on the railing?”

My pussy, even though my legs were spread wide, still throbbed hotly. I didn't want to know what it would feel like if I was up there for longer. I moaned and

licked at his toes. Why not? I mean, I'd already had them in my mouth, then started licking my way down along his foot.

He had just come from the shower, I thought, so it wasn't that icky or anything. It actually took me some seconds, believe it or not, to even associate what I was doing with any sort of sexual thing. I was licking along the top of his foot, approaching his ankle, rolling my eyes up at him as he stood there before me, and of course, it hit me then that this was supposed to be like, a degrading sex slave sort of thing.

Outrageous, really, when I thought about it. I mean, if you'd actually come out and said 'lick my foot' or something like that, at least when I was clear headed, my jaw would have dropped at the unbelievable arrogance!

But... well, I was already doing it! And he'd told me to and I didn't want him to put me back on that railing!

And so I kept doing it, getting a bit dazed again at the whole thing.

He dropped low, suddenly, gripped my hair, and yanked me forward. I cried out as I fell forward onto my belly and swollen breasts, but he was already behind me and flipping me onto my back. He gripped my leg and lifted it sharply up and apart, then gripped the other and lifted that one up too. It was all so fast and rough!

He was kneeling, sitting on his heels between my now-splayed legs as he shifted his grip up them to the knees, or just above the knees, lifting my buttocks and hips off the floor as he forced my legs up and apart.

Then he bent over and took my pussy into his open mouth!

It... hurt. I was very sore there

But he didn't care. His mouth closed against and around and over my sex as if he were going to devour me. I gaped up at him, my back and shoulders on the floor, my hips and legs in the air, my feet spread wide as his tongue pushed out and I got this insane mix of delicious pain, of the soreness both worsened by and soothed by the soft, warm slickness of his tongue.

My clitoris had been jammed against cool metal and then its nerve endings

inflamed by the wild vibrations of the vibrator. But now with his wonderful soft tongue stroking against it I knew an even more intense sense of wild tactile pleasure.

It rocked my mind, and I just lay there, gurgling and gaping and moaning as his tongue swept up and down across my clitoris again and again! My hips started to sort of grind and buck, but since he was holding them up in the air with my legs spread the only result was to grind my back against the floor.

OhmyGod that tongue felt so incredible! Then he started to suck hard and rhythmically, and I felt myself losing it, felt my mind tearing free of whatever anchored it and floating.

Abruptly, he dropped my hips and the world spun as he flipped me onto my belly.

“Submission Pose,” he barked. “Now!”

I wriggled dazedly, trying to get my muscles to work, trying to push myself up on my knees. I half got there, then felt his hands on my hips jerking them up further.

Crack!

He slapped my bottom, then yanked my legs apart.

Crack!

His hands closed around my waist, pulling it in tighter.

Crack!

Again, it was fast, rough, hurried, as if he had no patience at all!

I felt the nose of his cock rubbing up and down against my still sore opening, but I was slick and hot and trembling, and when he pushed himself into me, that thick, hard cock, I felt like an orgasm had kind of hit and then frozen in place over me. It wasn't an orgasm, though, not quite, just a rapturous sense of pleasure.

I was wet enough and ready enough that he was able to push that long, thick cock deep into my body before the real orgasm hit, then it all came together in one monstrous overload of sensations as he started to pump and I started to buck violently back against him, my hips working in a frenzied sense of need as the orgasm grew more and more and more powerful and overwhelmed... everything.

His powerful hips were smashing into my buttocks as he drove his thick, long spike of hot flesh deep into my belly again and again! Meanwhile his hands were on my waist, jerking back against him every time he thrust into me, redoubling the impact of his body against mine.

My bound breasts were aching and burning as my body rolled over them, as it jerked in and back, grinding them below me into the hard, cool marble of the floor, the nipples like live electrical wires, sparking and burning!

The orgasm seemed endless! Every time it started to relent he'd hammer himself into me even harder and that would jar something in my body or mind or nervous system which would send another churning rush of pleasure through me!

I was breathless, dazed, and my eyes had become glassy as the orgasm rolled my mind over and over again. I gurgled dazedly, my body still jerking to and fro as he impaled me on his hard cock, as he pounded me. I felt his hands sliding off my waist, pressing down against my back, putting more pressure on my aching breasts as he loomed over me, atop me, his hips still ramming into me hard and fast.

Then his upper body came down atop me, his arm sliding around my throat, pulling my head up against his as his hot breath washed over my cheek. I could feel his chest on my stomach as his right hand shot down beneath my hips, down my abdomen, his fingers finding my clitoris and rubbing savagely!

“Remember you're my bitch, slave girl!” he growled. “You belong to me! I own you!”

The orgasm surged higher, peaking at some point so insanely intense I was frozen in trembling rapture, gurgling and trembling with the wild cacophony of screaming sensations pouring through my nervous system. Then, slowly, it faded away, along with most of my consciousness.

I had become very much a kind of sexual animal, as Trask had suggested, but you know what, I wasn't regretting it. I had never experienced such a high, such a thrill, dark or not, such intensity of sensations and pleasure and emotion.

Every visit left me exhausted, both mentally and physically, worn out and aching, but not regretting it the next day. A sex slave had nothing to feel guilty about, after all...

I applied myself even more enthusiastically to my erotic novel, and finished it two weeks later. I published it myself on the internet, but didn't pause to see the response before starting another. This too was an erotic novel, about a slave girl living by the ocean.

My mind was filled, jam packed with all sorts of possible story lines, stories involving beautiful girls at the mercy of cruel, but handsome men, and the dark, jagged edge of sexual perversity which enveloped them.

Stripping? God, the thought of doing that in front of a room full of people! It caught hold of my mind and became almost an obsession! Oh, the idea was horribly embarrassing, but also incredibly exciting and wicked. I knew I was going to have to do it, and practiced more often.

Thankfully, Trask had removed those chains LA had put on me, because grinding my naked sex against a metal bar with those chains on wasn't easy!

It was another month before I worked up the courage, and that came after a visit from Trask and three other men, who I had to strip and do lap dances for, then perform oral sex on. It too was humiliating, and incredibly, intensely arousing.

I billed myself as the slave girl, of course, to explain the shackles and collar. I walked out onto a stage dressed like a prim and proper girl, and then stripped naked and spun around the pole.

And let me tell you, in the wild mood I was in, grinding my naked pussy against the pole almost made me come! Don't get me wrong, it was horribly embarrassing, but it was also overpoweringly arousing!

Maybe the men sensed my dark, conflicted enthusiasm, for there was a long list of them wanting lap dances afterward. I made almost a thousand dollars in just that one night!

I know a lot of people would think I was in a dark place, but you know what, I think the dark place was my boring life where I worked as a receptionist in a law firm and went home to watch TV. Now my life is filled with wildness and excitement, with seething pleasure and shocking, wicked experiences. Oh, yes, there's some small amount of pain now and then, too. Big deal.

Submitting to Mister Trask brought far more pleasure than pain, and I was willing to keep on doing it for as long as he wanted me!

End

[Owned by Mister Trask](#)

[Trained by Mister Trask](#)

[Disciplined by Mister Trask](#)

Submitting to Mister Trask

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

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