

TAMED

Argus

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Chapter One

A lot could happen over a few months time.

The relationship between Mark and Sonia was certainly proof of that.

When Zoe came home from school that May she was looking forward to a couple of long months of relaxing and zoning out. Because she'd gone south to Florida during Spring Break she hadn't seen her older brother Mark since Christmas. And truth to tell she hadn't missed him an awful lot. She considered him shiftless, lazy, and without ambition. The proof of which was that, at twenty-five, he still lived at home and had yet to get his first respectable job.

He was tall, dark haired, and handsome. His hair was too long and scraggly, however, and he was always poorly shaven, as if he couldn't bother to put a real effort into it. He was habitually clad in jeans and sweatshirts or T-shirts, usually dirty or raggedy, and slouched wherever he went, usually with a sulky expression on his face, as if the resentful at the effort required. When seated, he was always slumped down, legs wide.

It was a warm day in northern Florida, but Zoe was dressed for travelling, in a neatly creased pair of dark blue slacks and light blue blouse. They'd gotten a little ruffled on the plane, but were still presentable as she set her things down on the hall just inside the front door and wandered into the big

Table of Contents

[Chapter One](#)
[Chapter Two](#)
[Chapter Three](#)
[Chapter Four](#)
[Chapter Five](#)
[Chapter Six](#)
[Chapter Seven](#)
[Chapter Eight](#)
[Chapter Nine](#)

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house to see who else might be home.

She was an attractive girl, short and very slender, but buxom and round faced, with large, gray, serious eyes and long, thick reddish brown hair. She moved with a careful, precisely measured stride across the floor. She knew both her parents were still working. Her father was an investment banker, her mother a real estate broker. Both were ambitious people who worked long hours, and Zoe took after them a lot more than Mark did.

When she saw the movement through the big glass doors leading out into the back she suspected it would be Mark laying around the pool, and she was right, but not entirely. She slid the doors back and stepped out onto the deck, calling to him before noticing he wasn't alone.

Or that he was naked.

Or that he was handcuffed.

When she realized what she was looking at she froze, gaping, stunned.

Mark was laying back on a comfortable chaise lounge, his hands above his head. Nothing was unusual about that. It was a classic Mark pose, after all. But now that she was out in the sun she could see that he was nude. His legs were spread, and he had no pubic hair. Perhaps that was the reason she hadn't noticed at first. The lack of pubic hair almost caused her to overlook his groin, to focus on his

smoothly muscled chest instead. But then her eyes slid down his tanned body and saw his cock, which was semi-hard, and suddenly realized how shockingly visible all along its long length.

And then, just as she was taking in this shock, the fact he made no move to cover himself led her to another. The metal around his wrists and ankles glistened in the sunlight, and her jaw dropped further.

At first he gaped back. He pulled against the shackles as he instinctively tried to cover himself, and his face reddened. But then his cock began to rapidly harden, to swell and climb up into the air, thick and hungry.

“Hi, you must be Zoe.”

The voice was soft, thick and almost furry. She jerked her eyes away, glad of the distraction.

Sonia was a few years older than Mark, and just as nude. She was six feet tall, with a voluptuous body and a mane of long, thick, wild blonde hair framing a model perfect face. Her breasts were large and firm, and small silver rings dangled from both nipples. Like Mark, she had no pubic hair, and her tight, neat slit was quite visible.

Zoe was shocked and embarrassed anew, and jerked her eyes away from the woman’s pussy,

“We didn’t expect you until later,” she said. “We were playing a little game. I hope we’re not embarrassing you.”

She moved closer and Zoe could see the droplets of water trickling down her breasts as the woman’s eyes fixed on her. She felt as though she were a deer under the eyes of a lion, and took a step back, the hair on the back of her neck raising.

“N-No-no,” Zoe stuttered, face flame red. “Excuse me.”

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The woman caught her wrist. “I’m Sonia,” she said.

“H-Hi,” she said uncomfortably, trying to tug her wrist free without being rude.

“I’ve been looking forward to meeting you. Your brother has told me so much about you.”

“Uhm humm.”

She tugged her wrist and Sonia released it, smiling, blue eyes glinting as she raked them up and down Zoe’s body.

“Why don’t you get out of those and come join us at the pool?” she said, almost purring.

Zoe stared at her, backing away again. “I-I have to put my things away,” she gulped.

She turned and all but ran back into the house, ears burning as she hear Sonia's soft laughter follow. She snatched her things from the hall and hurried up the stairs to her room, still in a state of shock.

She fell against her closed door with a groan, closing her eyes, still horribly embarrassed. She had seen Mark naked before, of course, long years ago, but never - like that.

He had an excellent body, she admitted to herself. Clearly someone, perhaps Sonia, had convinced him to start working out. His chest had grown thicker, his shoulders firmer, and he had muscles on his arms and legs.

And a really big cock. That was a surprise. She had never given any thought about her brothers and their cocks, how big they might be. It embarrassed her to even think about it, and she made a soft, disgusted sound as she shook her head and moved away from the door.

Mark *would* be involved in sick shit like that, she thought, growing angry now. And that woman!

She had looked so predatory she was almost feral.

She put her suitcases on the bed and flipped them open, then took out most of the clothes and dumped them into the hamper just inside her closet. She stripped off her top and slacks and dumped them into the hamper, as well, then hesitated. She was hot, and would have loved to go down by the pool and cool off. That just wasn't going to happen, not now.

She slipped off her panties and bra and went into the adjoining bathroom. It was luxurious, like every room in the large house, and contained a whirlpool tub and large shower enclosure. She stepped into the shower, turning the water on to hot, first, then picking up the liquid soap and squeezing a thick mass into the palm of one hand.

She soaped herself up, but her mind was not on what she was doing. Instead it was on the weird scene out back, the memory of Mark naked and shackled, with his big cock hardening under he eyes.

Sick!

And the woman, Sonia. She was a predator. Zoe knew that instinctively. She had probably latched onto Mark because he was weak and came from a well-off family. She reminded Zoe of the thirty year old men who came to the clubs hoping to pick up a drunken college girl and "teach her about life".

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Neil. He had been just such a man, tall, sleek, sophisticated, or so she had naively thought. She had given into temptation, to flattery, that a "man" had been so interested in her, and soon found herself in his bed being used like a whore.

He had been smug and arrogant as he had used her body, as if he had all the keys to unlock what would give her pleasure, as if she were an ignorant schoolgirl who should be wide eyed with awe at

every new thing he had done. She had hated his attitude. Yet worse, she had hated that his arrogance was based on reality.

She had not been a virgin, but her hurried couplings, usually with half drunken boys, had not prepared her for Neil. He had made her come repeatedly, smirking as he did so, and he had used her roughly. She had been sore for a week afterwards. There had been no love in it at all, not even a pretence of friendship. He had wanted to fuck her, and that was all. She was just a pretty piece of ass.

It had been humbling and guilt-inducing. But at the same time it had been wild and lewd and carnal, and she had never felt like she had that night before or since.

He had sodomized her. No one had ever done that before. She had been more than a little drunk, but had been shocked, electrified. She had tried to stop him when she had realized what his intent was but she was a child in his hand and he had simply kept pushing himself into her.

And after the initial pain it had felt good, and she had lain there, dazed, moaning, as he rode her, as he thrust his cock into her ass and reached beneath to rub at her clitoris. He had yanked her hips into the air and fucked harder, and her face had lain against the mattress, gasping, eyes wide, moaning as he thrust himself into her, as his hips beat against her bottom, and had come.

She had been nothing but a piece of ass to him, and yet he had been the most amazing lover she had ever had. Even now, months later, she found herself instinctively rubbing at her pussy as she remembered that evening, remembered how arrogant he had been, how condescending. Embarrassment clouded her memories as she recalled the crude positions he had put her in, and how she had squirmed at the time, feeling ashamed even as she had spread her legs and pushed her sex back at him.

She sighed, her fingers sliding over her body, the soap in hand, and now her skin was slick, warm, moist, slippery. She ran her hands over her breasts, across her erect nipples. She circled them slowly, then pinched and rubbed at them as they began to tingle and throb.

She had been used, like a whore, and it had been the most exciting, arousing and satisfying sexual experience of her life. She could remember the shame, remember how it was wrapped in wicked pleasure as he had toyed with her. God! He had fucked her in the ass! She stroked her finger across her clitoris as she remembered the shame and heat, face down, ass high, the feel of his cock thrusting...

thrusting... thrusting into her back opening as a sexual fever swept through her.

Was the woman downstairs, Sonia, creating that same sort of experience for Mark? Was Mark filled with shame and excitement? She had never really thought about her brothers' sexuality, nor cared to. Now she imagined him - that strange powerful body of his - with his big cock, being tamed, being ridden, being used by that - that woman.

And a part of her felt strangely jealous.

A sound made her eyes flick open and she stared, a shockwave rolling through her at the sight of
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Sonia leaning naked against the open shower doorway.

“You started without me,” she purred.

Zoe gaped, then jerked her hands away from her pussy, only to try frantically to cover herself.

She felt mortified even as Sonia let out a soft, rippling laugh at her expense.

“Get out of here!” she cried.

“But darling girl, I can touch you in places you can never reach,” she said, sliding forward into the shower stall.

“Are you crazy!?” Zoe gasped, face red, trying to cover her breasts and pussy with her arms and hands.

“Such a shy little girl,” Sonia purred. “But a nasty one, too. Did the sight of your brother’s cock turn you on so much you had to come up and masturbate?”

The suggestion horrified Zoe. Her face burned with shame as the woman stood inches from her, eyes looking down.

She sputtered a denial and Sonia chuckled again. She reached forward and took Zoe’s soapy wrists, easily overpowering the slighter, shorter woman, lifting them up and pressing them back against the tiles above her head as Zoe flattened herself against the wall.

“But he belongs to me, little one,” Sonia purred. “You can’t have him unless I give my permission.”

“Y-You’re crazy! Let me go!” Zoe gasped, eyes huge.

The woman leaned into her, letting her weight hold Zoe’s wrists flat against the wall, smiling, smirking.

“I saw you fingering yourself,” she whispered.

“Get out!” Zoe was almost crying with the same and shock.

The woman’s face smiled. “Are you trying to give me orders, little one?”

Zoe gasped, and then cried out as Sonia brought her own wet body in and pressed it against Zoe’s naked, soapy flesh. It was soft, and warm, and undeniably pleasant.

“If you’re horny, little girl, I can give you what you need,” she said in a low breath.

“N-No! No! Stop it!” Zoe gasped, wriggling and twisting in an effort to pull free.

Sonia laughed and leaned in close, sliding her wet tongue up along Zoe’s cheek.

“Fuck! D-Don’t touch me! You... you sick bitch!”

“How ill-mannered of you to say so,” Sonia said with a look of mocking disapproval.

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Sonia forced her wrists together easily. Zoe was ten inches shorter than her, and not very much given to exercise. She felt her wrists jammed down behind her head, and a moment later the woman pulled her long, wet hair around them and wrapped it tight, holding wrists and hair in one hand, pulling back so that Zoe’s head was forced back and her chest pushed out.

“Stop it!” she croaked.

“You’re just like a pretty little doll,” Sonia said, sliding a hand slowly up and down the smaller girl’s trembling, writhing torso.

“Please don’t touch me!”

“Lovely breasts, too. So soft and squeezable.”

She kneaded Zoe’s breasts and the smaller girl twisted and wriggled in panic, though the sensations were again undeniably pleasant.

“Admit you want your brother’s cock,” Sonia said with a sneer.

Zoe felt another shock at the thought, and tried to shake her head. “No! No!”

And then she felt a new shock as Sonia’s free hand was thrust between her soapy thighs. She gasped and tried to close them, but the blonde yanked on her hair, forcing her head further back, and laughed as she rubbed her fingers up and down Zoe’s soapy sex.

“Nasty little girl,” she said teasingly. “I know how to handle pretty little things like you.”

She forced her knee in between Zoe’s thighs, then reached down and caught at Zoe’s left leg, her large fingers wrapping around it and forcing it up and forward, then gripping her just above the knee, lifting her leg up and pushing it to one side as she slid her own pussy in against Zoe’s

“D-Don’t!” Zoe half sobbed.

And then Sonia’s lips came down on hers and her tongue thrust into Zoe’s mouth as she began to grind her pelvis against hers. Zoe felt the blonde’s soft, swollen pubic lips rubbing and grinding against her own pussy as she used her, and with a shudder of wonder, realized she was being raped - by a

woman.

There was a strange sense of dark excitement at that thought. She had begun to play around with the thought of taking a female lover, just to see what it was like, to see if it matched the stories and the excitement. She had been, as in all the things she did, slow, a little timid, and unsure of herself, and had not yet found a woman she could comfortably approach. Now she was having her first real lesbian experience, and with a beautiful woman.

Sonia was not being rough. She held her wrists firmly, held her leg firmly. She was in complete control of the slighter, younger woman, and Zoe knew it, knew a sense of complete helplessness - as she had with Neil. They were alone in the house except for Mark, and the thought of Mark coming in on them was more horrifying than whatever Sonia could do to her.

Sonia was methodically grinding her pussy against Zoe as she held her pressed against the corner. As the shock faded Zoe felt a rising sense of anger, and tried to jerk her face away from Sonia as
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the woman's mouth and tongue pushed against her. Sharp tugs on her hair made her eyes tear up and she moaned and surrendered as the woman's tongue thrust deep into her oral cavity.

She was balanced precariously on one foot, jammed into the corner of the shower, her knee pushed up against the side wall, the other woman's body now as soapy as her own as it ground against her.

Again she felt a sense of anger, and bit on the woman's tongue, though not hard. Sonia jerked her mouth back and smiled hotly, then leaned in and bit the side of her throat, the nape of her neck, until Zoe cried out in pain.

"You like it rough, little sister?" she laughed, closing her teeth hard against the nape of her neck and biting into the soft flesh.

"S-Stop it!" Zoe sobbed.

Sonia's teeth gnawed at her earlobe, and she chuckled low in her throat as she ground her pussy in harder and faster, rubbing herself against Zoe, gasping with pleasure each time she stroked her hairless flesh against Zoe's mound.

Her rhythm grew faster and stronger and she gasped more passionately, then shuddered and moaned, obviously coming as she jammed her sex in hard against Zoe's pussy.

She staggered back a step, gasping in relief, releasing her hold on Zoe's wrists.

Mortified, Zoe huddled in the corner, trying to cover herself again, sobbing weakly as the woman grinned at her in smug contempt.

"Y-You fucking bitch!" she cried.

Sonia laughed and stepped under the stream of water coming from the showerhead, rinsing off the soap, then slid the door open, giving her a wink.

“You fucking whore!” Zoe shouted, her voice rising.

Sonia turned at the door and ran her tongue slowly, tauntingly along her lower lip.

Her pride stung, shocked by the sexual assault, outraged, Zoe stepped forward and swung at her. Sonia easily dodged it, gripping her wrist and yanking her forward, then twisting her body. In a trice Zoe found herself on her knees next to the toilet, one arm forced up painfully behind her back.

“You could thank me for being kind enough to make love to you,” Sonia said.

She gripped the loose hair behind Zoe’s head and jammed her face down into the toilet.

“No! Please!”

Her face was pushed into the toilet water and she closed her mouth and eyes, writhing and bucking, trying to throw the woman off. But her weight was heavy on her back, and her arm was like steel as she held her face under the water.

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Zoe’s heart fluttered and her chest burned as her need to breath grew rapidly overpowering. She thrashed desperately, knees scrabbling on the hard tiled floor as the woman held her face under the water.

Small black dots began to darken her vision, and then abruptly her hair was yanked up and back and she gulped in deep, shuddering breaths of air as she lay bent over the toilet. Her hair ached as the woman’s fingers pulled on it, and her breasts felt sore and cold as they pressed against the rim of the toilet bowl.

“Bad girl,” Sonia said in amusement. “You’ll have to learn how to behave around me.”

She pulled Zoe’s other wrist up and back, joining both together behind her neck, and then pushed her face down towards the water again.

“No! Please! Please!” Zoe gasped.

“Will you be a good little girl?” Sonia asked coyly.

“Y-yes!” she half sobbed.

“Say it.”

“I-I’ll be good!”

“Say you’ll be a good little girl.”

“I’ll be a g-good little girl,” Zoe panted.

She felt fingers at her sex, which was still soapy, felt them sliding up and down her pussy and then pushing into her.

“Please don’t!” she sobbed.

“Behave little girl, or back into the toilet you go.”

Two long, soapy fingers pushed deep into her pussy, then a third, sliding slowly in and out.

“Spread your legs,” Sonia ordered.

Zoe refused, and her face was pushed into the toilet water again. She struggled frantically, but uselessly, and then felt the pull on her hair, yanking her face up. She was so near her limit that she gulped in a breath an instant too soon and inhaled a bit of toilet water, then coughed violently as Sonia held her tightly in place.

“Spread your legs,” the woman ordered.

She shifted her knees apart, not caring about anything now but breathing, gasping and moaning and sobbing as she gulped in air.

“Dirty little girl,” Sonia purred.

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She pushed her face forward as she pumped her fingers in and out of her soapy opening.

“Let me see you lick the rim of the toilet bowl. Do it, little girl. Now.”

“No! Please!” Zoe sobbed.

She felt her face pushed down.

“I’ll do it! I’ll do it!” she screamed.

Her face plunged into the water, but was only held there for a few seconds before being pulled out again.

“Lick!”

Sobbing weakly, she pushed her tongue out and licked tentatively at the rim of the bowl.

“That’s it. Mmm. So good! Doesn’t that taste lovely? Harder, little girl. Harder!”

Her tongue pushed out farther, sliding back and forth over the rim. She gasped as Sonia forced her face down into the bowl.

“Lick the bowl,” she ordered.

“Please, please! Why are you doing this!?” Zoe sobbed.

Her face was pushed into the water and held there as a fourth finger was pushed into her soapy sex, pumping slowly in and out.

Dazed, she was pulled free, coughing and gasping.

“Lick!”

She licked weakly at the toilet bowl just above the water, licked up and down the insides as Sonia turned her head this way and that. Then her face was pushed into the water, crushed against the bottom of the bowl, and the toilet was flushed.

She heard Sonia’s laughter as the water gurgled around her head and face. Then her head was yanked up and back and she gasped and coughed weakly.

“Such a tiny thing, but so soft.”

Sonia’s hands kneaded her breasts and slid up and down her body, then her fingers pushed into her sex again, one, two and then three, pumping roughly in and out of her soft opening.

“You’re my little toy girl,” Sonia taunted, twisting her fingers around inside her tight sex.

She forced a fourth finger inside and Zoe groaned and shuddered.

“Raise your bottom. Higher! And spread your legs.”

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She felt her face pushed down towards the water again and obeyed, sobbing as she felt the woman’s four fingers thrusting roughly into her sex, pumping in and out.

“Have you ever fucked your brother, little one? I bet you’ve dreamed about it. I bet you rub yourself every night thinking about that long, thick cock sliding inside you.”

“I don’t! Please!” Zoe cried.

Her face was pushed into the toilet water again and held there as the toilet was flushed. Then her hair was yanked up and back she was thrown onto her back on the floor. Sonia was atop her instantly,

knees on either side of her head, her pussy inches above her face.

“Now I’ll give you something more tasty to lick,” Sonia said, leering down at her as if from a great distance.

She shifted her pussy directly over Zoe’s mouth and pressed it down against her lips.

“Lick me, slut. Show me how grateful you are for my not drowning you.”

She ground her pussy back and forth over Zoe’s mouth, laughing down at her, pinning her arms to the floor.

“Lick!” she ordered.

Dazed and weak, Zoe obeyed, pushing her tongue up and out to slide along the woman’s narrow sex, pushing in between as Sonia peeled her pussy lips back, following the woman’s curt orders, frightened now and feeling beaten down. She lapped at the woman’s clit repeatedly as Sonia ground her pussy back and forth against her.

Sonia let out a shudder, and a gush of liquid spurted out of her sex and splashed against Zoe’s face and open mouth. Another spurt and another as her pussy muscles spasmed and she jammed her sex down harder. Then her groin was pressed hard against Zoe’s face, almost sitting on it, her thighs squeezing in against her head as she rocked back and forth.

She got up after a long minute, standing, straddling her, smiling down.

“Hot little slut,” she said teasingly.

Then she turned and walked out, leaving Zoe gasping, white faced, on the floor, her face slick with her juices, her limbs sprawled out as she gulped in air.

Chapter Two

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Deeply shamed and shaken Zoe rolled slowly onto her side and pulled into a fetal position, rocking slowly as she sobbed for long, long minutes.

After a while she sat up and crawled to the door, then locked it. She stood up on shaky legs and, made her way back into the shower. There she washed herself off, scrubbing her face again and again, her eyes always shifting to the door, as if Sonia might return at any moment.

She brushed her teeth - and her tongue - and gargled several times before wrapping a robe tightly around herself and hesitantly unlocking the door. Her room was empty. She half ran across it to the door, closing and locking it, then staring around her fearfully.

She did not know what to do. She was terribly ashamed, and the thought of telling anyone of what had happened in the bathroom made her face hot and her stomach quiver.

She dressed quickly and sat stiffly, straight backed, in a chair, fearfully watching the door. She could not bring herself to look at the woman again, and hoped against hope she would leave and not return.

She was still sitting there when there was a knock at the door. Her heart flipped over, and her eyes widened as she stared at the door.

“Zoe? Are you there, honey?”

She felt a surge of relief at her father’s voice and sprang from the chair to the door, unlocking it and yanking it open.

“Daddy!”

She threw herself into his arms and he laughingly stroked her back and hair. “We missed you too, honey,” he said.

She pulled back, looking down the hall past him.

“Is she still here?”

“She who? Oh, you mean Sonia. She’s something else, isn’t she,” he said, chuckling. “Your mother was a little doubtful when we first met her, but she’s been great for Mark.”

“She what?” Zoe stared at him in disbelief.

“Yup. She’s got him studying again. Would you believe that? He’s taking courses to finish his high school, and he’s going to go to college. She’s been a great effect on him. Your mother’s been in

heaven. That boy has been such a worry to her.”

She stared at him.

“Oh, we were a little reluctant, at first. But you get used to her, and after all, it’s a big house now that the rest of you have gone, so she doesn’t get in the way.”

“You mean she’s staying here!?” Zoe cried, shocked and horrified.

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“For the last several months. I know it’s not exactly, well, moral, but after all, this is the twenty first century, and she and Mark are hardly children.”

“But - but Daddy - .”

“You’re at school most of the year anyway, hon, so it really shouldn’t matter to you,” he said.

“Don’t tell me you’re going to go all prudish on us.”

“Prudish?” she stared at him stupidly, knowing she could say nothing to justify her dislike, her hatred and fear of the woman without telling him about what had happened that afternoon.

And she could *never* do that.

“Come on downstairs and be nice. You won’t see that much of her anyway. She and Mark tend to go out most evenings.”

He was holding her hand and leading her down the hall, and short of physically yanking herself free there was nothing she could do but follow along as he led her down the stairs. Her mind was like a bird fluttering, trapped in a cage. She had no idea what she could do. She certainly couldn’t leave. She had no money and no job. Her parents had been paying for everything at school, including the dorm room and living expenses.

“Here’s Zoe,” he said cheerfully, as he led her into the living room.

Mark and Sonia were dressed now, though Sonia was wearing a skin-tight pair of short shorts and a tank top cut off just below her obviously braless breasts. If her father thought the outfit too revealing he didn’t show it as the two smiled up at them.

“Did you meet earlier?” he asked.

“Just for a moment or two,” Sonia said in a soft, friendly voice.

Her face lit up and she stood, holding out her hand. “I’m so happy to finally meet you, Zoe,” she said. “I’ve heard so much about you. I just know we’re going to be friends.”

Zoe tried to shy away but her father was behind her, and Sonia took her hand, shaking it as her eyes bored into her. She tried to pull her hand free and Sonia leaned forward, still smiling.

“I’m going to ram my fist up your cunt next time,” she whispered into her ear.

She stepped back, still grinning in a friendly fashion at the white faced girl. “I made dinner, Mr. Rogers,” she said.

“Well that’s great, Sonia,” her father said. “Wait till you taste her food, Zoe. Sonia’s an incredible cook.”

“Once you’ve tasted Sonia you never want to stop,” Sonia said, leaning in a little and leering at Zoe.

Her father laughed, apparently unaware of the double meaning, and with his hand around her Zoe had little choice but to accompany them to the dining room.

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She didn’t know if the food was good or not. Everything tasted the same, like cardboard, as her mind spun and her eyes darted around the room, trying to avoid Sonia. Every time their eyes met hers seemed caught and held by the woman’s dark, hungry, taunting look, a look which promised more of what she had done to Zoe that afternoon.

Her mother came home in the middle of the meal, apologising, as she usually did, for being late - as she usually was.

Even in her forties her mother, a fitness fanatic, had kept her figure and good looks. She could easily have passed for a woman ten years younger. She was taller than Zoe, but not by much, and almost as slender. The resemblance between the two was startling, at first, with the same gray eyes, rounded face, and reddish brown hair. Even the hairstyles were similar, though Zoe’s hair was six inches longer.

“That smells delicious. Sonia, you’re a treasure,” she said.

“Oh, you’re so sweet, Mrs. Rogers,” Sonia said with a wide, delighted smile.

There was something in her tone which made Zoe shudder.

Zoe escaped to her room as soon as possible, there to pace back and forth, frantically trying to think of a course of action which would get rid of Sonia. She would have to talk with Mark. The two had not been close in some years, but surely she could make him listen to reason.

But how - without telling him about what Sonia had done? But surely he knew how cruel she was! Or was she able to conceal herself from everyone? And how was she to talk to him when in her mind she

kept seeing him naked and chained like some - some kind of Greek statue?

She kept to her room most of the evening, the door locked, but listened intently for any sounds, wanting to catch Mark alone. His room was next to hers, so she would be able to tell if he came up for any reason. It would be very hard to talk to him after what she'd witnessed, but she would have to try.

But it just didn't happen. Mark never came upstairs, not until after her parents had gone to bed, and then he came up - with her. Zoe kept her ear pressed against her locked door, listening to the hated woman's soft laughter, then the sound of their door closing. She cursed softly. Well, she would have to wait until tomorrow. Surely that woman left him alone sometime.

She undressed and turned out the lights, then turned off the radio and tried to fall asleep. She knew it would be hard, though, and so it proved. Her face kept heating as she remembered what Sonia had done to her, how helpless she had felt, how disgusting it had been, how she had been forced to perform oral sex, to - to lick the toilet! The woman was evil!

She sat up slowly at a sharp, persistent sound. She frowned, wondering what it could be, and threw back the sheets to swing her legs out of bed. She padded to her door, then eased it open and looked out into the hall. The house was L-shaped, with her and the boys rooms on this wing, and her parents occupying the far end of the other. The sound was coming from nearby, however, and it took very little time to realize it must be Mark's room.

She felt a twinge in her belly, then her face flamed again as she heard the soft murmur of voices.

She couldn't make out what they said, but the male voice, at least, sounded - passionate. What was he saying? Was he angry at her? She licked her lips and tip-toed out into the hall. She was wearing only her **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter, <http://www.processtext.com/abclit.html>**

short nightshirt with a thong beneath, but that was sufficient given she was only going a few feet.

Now that she was outside it she realized that Mark's door wasn't even tightly closed. A thin line of light was easily discernable as she stepped closer. Then the steady sound she had heard earlier came again, the crack-crack-crack-crack which now took on an ominous tone.

Heart pounding now, she pressed her eye to the crack.

Mark was standing at the foot of his big, four-poster bed. His arms were up and apart, chained to the opposite posts. He was nude, and his body, even from behind, was magnificent, his back and shoulders powerfully muscled, his ass smooth and perfect. Except for the stripes appearing on it now as Sonia lashed him with something long and thin.

Zoe gaped, appalled, transfixed, at the sight of her brother being whipped. She saw the long thin whip cut across his back, and watched his back arch, his head thrown back. She could see that he was clenching his teeth, and hear his short gasp of pain as the blow struck.

“Tell me again, little boy,” Sonia purred.

“I love you, mistress!” Mark gasped.

Zoe’s lip curled, then she stared as the woman half turned. She had assumed she was wearing leather panties to match the tight leather halter encasing her breasts. But when she turned Zoe could see a long phallic like thing sticking out from the front of the thing. The implications of that were more than a little unsettling, and she started to draw back in revulsion.

The whip cracked across his back again.

“And will you obey me, little boy?”

“Yes, Mistress!” Mark gasped.

Sonia moved up behind him then, gripping his hair, yanking his head back. At the same time she reached around him, down, squeezing his cock, which Zoe could now see was throbbing red and fully erect. It caught her eye, to say the least, and she felt a strange flutter of interest. She watched the blonde woman’s hand move up and down along its length.

It was a scene of raw sexuality, and Zoe could feel herself stirring.

The woman turned, and now her body blocked much of Mark’s, but she heard Mark gasp and Zoe felt her face flaming as she realized that the blonde must be thrusting the thick - dildo - cock - thing - into his backside. Again she moved to draw back.

“Such a sweet little thing,” Sonia purred. “Your sister is a sweet little thing too.”

Zoe halted, biting her lip, not looking, but hearing, hearing Mark’s gasps grow deeper and more passionate.

“I think that I want her,” Sonia said.

Zoe’s jaw dropped.

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“I think I will fuck your little sister. What do you think of that, little boy?”

“Oh! Oh!” Mark gasped.

Zoe pressed her eye to the crack again. She could see Sonia’s hips moving in and out, thrusting up hard, could see Mark’s body responding, his hips jerking in and out, and her face was on fire with the knowledge of what was happening, even if she couldn’t see it in detail.

“Yes, I am going to suck those pretty tits of hers, and make her lick my pussy. You’d like that, wouldn’t you, little one.”

“Y-Yes, mistress!” Mark gasped. “Oh yes! Oh!”

“Maybe we can fuck her together,” Sonia purred. “Your little sister has such a delicate little mouth. I think her lips would look lovely around your cock.”

Zoe fled into her room, locking the door, heart pounding.

They were both sick perverts!

She slept very little that night. Images filled her mind, of Mark and Sonia, mixed in a little with what Sonia had done to Zoe herself, and even she and Neil. The images were frightening, disgusting, horrible, and yet strangely, darkly - exciting, in a wicked, forbidden way.

But the images kept tumbling over themselves in her half waking, half sleeping mind throughout the long night, and it wasn’t until after dawn that she finally fell asleep for real.

Mark was chained upright to the bottom posts of the bed, Sonia behind him with her thick toy cock protruding from her leather panties. And then, somehow, it was Zoe there, chained to the bed, arms outstretched, helpless, nude, heart pounding as Sonia ran her hands over her body and pulled back on her hair.

“Such a lovely little girl,” she purred, her breath warm against Zoe’s ear.

Then the blows against her back. They didn’t hurt, not really, not in this strange dream. They flung her body forward, bowed her back, made her gasp and cry out, but the pain was absent as Sonia pawed and fondled and whipped her. Then the woman was up against her, those heavy breasts pressed against Zoe’s bare back, and the big dildo probing at her anal opening.

“No!” Zoe moaned.

But she felt it sliding into her, and it felt - it felt exactly like it had when Neil had sodomised her, with the initial pain giving way to a feeling of pleasant, exciting fullness as the dildo drove high into her ass.

And as Sonia began to sodomise her she fondled and groped Zoe’s breasts, and reached down to finger and caress her hard little clit. Zoe felt her excitement soar, felt her body pulsing with heat and hunger, felt the thick cock pumping, pumping, pumping inside her as Sonia raped her.

And it felt so good; so very good!

She woke suddenly, gasping, her mind swirling for long seconds of confusion. Where was she?

What - .

It all fell into place, and she sighed in relief. What a horrible dream! And yet, her body still tingled with arousal, and her pussy felt moist and heavy.

She felt a strong urge to masturbate, to relieve the sexual tension, but resisted it. It was closing on ten already, and besides, the thought of becoming aroused at such a dream revolted her. She sighed and threw back the covers, realizing that the room was very hot, then peeled off her nightshirt. Why was it so hot in here? What had happened to the air conditioning?

She pulled on a pair of shorts, a bra, and a tank-top, then carefully unlocked the door and checked the hall. It was clear. She went downstairs carefully, hoping Sonia wasn't here.

No such luck.

Sonia sat in the sun room. The big glass walls could be slid aside to open the room to the back yard, to the patio and pool, and had been. Sonia reclined lazily there, wearing a bikini. Mark had been kneeling next to the chair, but now jumped to his feet, face red. He was wearing a speedo, a very small, very tight one, and Zoe averted her eyes from the bulge in the front, in fact, averted her eyes from both of them as she passed them by and headed into the kitchen.

It was an open kitchen, with only a long, wide counter separating it from the sun room, and so she could see them, noting now, the studded leather collar around Mark's throat as she poured cereal into a bowl. She looked down quickly as Sonia looked across at her.

Then Mark got up and went out to the pool. He stopped at the edge of the pool, hesitated, then reached down and peeled his speedos off before diving into the pool. Zoe shook her head in disbelief.

Why would he - ?

And then she noticed that Sonia was strolling over to the kitchen. She hurriedly got out a banana and poured milk into the bowl, then snatched up a knife, either to cut the banana or defend herself.

And then Sonia was there, with her nasty little smile, and Zoe turned at bay, heart thumping, holding the knife in her hand. Sonia looked down at it with a smile.

“Are you going to stab me?” she asked.

“I should,” Zoe growled.

“And how would you explain that, little girl?” she purred, stepping closer, her big breasts only a few inches from Zoe's face.

“Get away from me!”

“But I just wanted to be friendly,” Sonia said.

She tugged her tiny bra down and her breasts popped up and out nakedly, the bra now squeezing them up from beneath, supporting them.

“I said get away from me!” Zoe shouted, trying to push her back.

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Sonia laughed derisively, and then her hand darted out and caught at Zoe’s wrist, twisting it cruelly. Zoe cried out in pain, dropping the knife, and forced to her knees as the woman threatened to dislocate her shoulder.

Smirking at her, Sonia looked down, then raised her right foot, placing it on the top shelf below the counter. She reached down and tugged the thin fabric of her thong aside to show her naked slit, then gripped Zoe’s hair and yanked her face around and forward.

“Show me how strong you are, little girl, how dangerous and menacing,” she said mockingly.

“Don’t! Stop it!”

Her face was jammed into the woman’s sex, her mouth and nose rubbed up and down along the hot, moist opening as Sonia chuckled and twisted her arm a little more sharply.

“I am a strong woman, and you are simply a weakling, prey to be used however the strong wish,” Sonia said. “Lick me, little girl. Lick me before I twist your arm off.”

Sobbing, Zoe licked frantically, the pain in her shoulder clawing at her. Sonia eased off as she began to lick, and then also eased her grip on Zoe’s hair, combing her fingers through it instead, patting and stroking her as she licked.

“That’s my good little girl,” she purred. “You be a good little girl and Sonia won’t have to punish you.”

Kneeling awkwardly on the kitchen floor, gasping and moaning in misery, fear, anger and pain, Zoe could only lick at the woman’s sex, and do as she was ordered, thrusting her tongue between the pudgy pink labia, driving it deep into the woman’s creamy hole, then up across her clit. A thin, oozing substance slid over her tongue as she pushed it up into the woman’s centre, sliding into her mouth, and the taste was hauntingly familiar.

“Drink the tasty cream, little girl,” Sonia purred. “It’s your brother’s semen, you know.”

Zoe gasped and tried to pull back, but Sonia was waiting for it, laughing, gripping her hair in a tight bunch now, jamming her face in harder. “Lick me, slut. Lick me now,” she growled.

Her hips began to work harder, her breath coming in gasps and moans as she ground herself against

Zoe's now slick face - and came.

She sighed with relief and released Zoe's arm. It ached and burned, and she groaned as she clutched it to her side, going limp as the woman released her hair, as well. Then, abruptly, Sonia grasped her hair again, yanking up hard. Zoe cried out in pain, stumbling to her feet, raising her arms, including her weakened, aching left only to have the big blonde release her hair and shove her hard so that she staggered back against the counter.

Then Sonia was grasping the little tank top and ripping it up and over her shoulder before Zoe even knew what was happening. Zoe's arms jerked to her chest and Sonia laughed, spinning the smaller woman about and undoing the clip behind her back, then spinning her around once more, and throwing her back hard so she cried out in surprise and almost fell back across the counter. She had to throw her arms out for balance, and Sonia then yanked the bra up and off, tossing it behind her.

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A slap across the startled girl's face followed, then she was undoing her shorts and tugging them and her thong down and off before Zoe could react.

"S-stop - wh- no - !" Zoe gasped, dazed.

Sonia gave her no time to react to anything. She spun her around again, twisting her aching arm back behind her, shoving her forward against the counter. Now she snatched her other wrist and pulled it back too, and before the stunned young woman could react the blonde had produced a pair of handcuffs and was locking her wrists together behind her back.

Only then did she step back, smirking.

Zoe, still befuddled, gasping, ran past her, not knowing at first what had locked her wrists behind her, sure she could pry it loose. She ran up the stairs with Sonia's laughter following, darted down the hall and into her bedroom, then turned and shoved the door closed. Frantically, she turned her back to it and locked it, then ran to her mirror, jerking her arms out to one side, staring in disbelief at the handcuffs circling her slender wrists.

Chapter Three

“Those are Smith and Wesson handcuffs.”

Zoe let out a scream of shock, spinning around as she saw a man sitting at her desk looking at her, legs crossed casually.

She stared in disbelief, then her face flooded with heat and she twisted desperately away. Of course, the mirror revealed everything to him anyway, so she gave another cry, and ran to the door, realizing after a second she couldn't unlock it easily, then ran to the far end of the room, feeling like a wild, hunted animal with no way of escape. She squatted low, facing the corner, looking wildly over her shoulder.

The man simply sat there, smiling softly.

“G-Get out of here!”

“Why would I do that?”

“I'll call the police!”

“I sincerely doubt that. And in any event, what would you tell them?”

He was a large man. Even though he was seated she could tell that, a large man with broad shoulders and very thick arms. He had curly, dark brown hair cut short, and a neatly trimmed beard and
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moustache. He wore a leather vest and leather trousers.

“I want you to come here, Zoe,” he said calmly.

“N-No!”

“Are you afraid I will see your naked body? I have already seen it. It's quite lovely. You certainly have nothing to be ashamed of. You have an excellent body, very healthy, very desirable. Your breasts are large and full and nicely firm given your lack of athleticism. Your shape is quite womanly, your hips not too wide, your pussy quite attractive.”

“Leave me alone!” she cried desperately.

“Come here, Zoe.”

“No!”

His open hand cracked down on her desk and she screamed in fear.

“I said come here,” he repeated, his voice now firm and demanding.

It was a voice to be obeyed, a voice which promised retribution otherwise, and Zoe, whimpering, turned, bending forward at the waist, trying to keep her thighs tightly together.

“Lay down on the floor,” he ordered curtly.

Zoe didn't know why, but it would hide most of her body. She tumbled awkwardly forward onto her belly, her feet in the air behind her.

“Now come here.”

She looked up at him, confused.

“Now!” he growled.

She started to rise and his hand cracked down against the desk again.

“Did I tell you to get up!?”

Zoe whimpered in fear and alarm.

“You can get here on your belly. Just wiggle back and forth. Crawl here on your belly. Now!”

Zoe obeyed hesitantly, rolling her weight from side to side, her breasts pillowing out beneath her as she pushed herself slowly forward, as she brought her feet down behind her and used her toes to help shove her forward. She did not feel particularly demeaned at the time, crawling forward on her belly, only fear and alarm, and embarrassment.

She came closer and closer, and he sat and watched. When she reached the side of the chair he reached down and caught at her thick hair, lifting her head up forcefully. Zoe cried out in pain, her knees and legs jerking in beneath to help shove her upright, onto her knees. He pulled her head back until she

was kneeling, but pulled it down when she tried to stand.

“Kneel,” he ordered.

He let go of her hair, and Zoe knelt timidly before him, head and shoulders bowed low.

“Straighten up,” he said, his voice snapping out harshly so that she gasped in fear and responded.

Her face was on fire as she bared her breasts to him so closely and helplessly.

“Sit on your heels. That's it. Now spread your knees apart.”

His hand slapped down onto the desk top with another thunderous crash to emphasise his point, and the frightened girl jerked her knees apart on the floor, blushing even more furiously.

“Good. Now hold that position,” he ordered.

Eyes rolling wildly, Zoe obeyed, trying to control her breathing, trying to keep from bursting into tears, her mind spinning with fear and humiliation.

“Now, we are going to discuss a few things,” the man said.

He picked up a glass of some dark liquid from the table and took a sip, never taking his eyes off her.

“Your brother is a slave. Do you understand what that means?”

She nodded minutely.

“I require a verbal answer,” he growled.

“I’m not a child,” she gulped.

“Do you know what it means to be a sex slave?”

She blushed even deeper. “Yes,” she said between clenched teeth.

“Did you know he was on drugs?”

She had sort of, but merely shrugged.

“Now he is clean, finishing his high school, as he should have done years ago, and will be made into a proper, responsible adult. He is weak, however, and needs someone strong to oversee his life.

Weak people have lives which are worthless, which accomplish nothing, which bring them little or no joy or excitement.

He leaned forward in his chair. “You are a weak person.”

“I am not!” she gulped.

“Of course you are.”

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“I passed high school! I’m in college getting good marks!”

He waved his arm dismissively. “You are intelligent, but weak. Any idiot can pass high school merely by showing up. And what are you doing in college? Taking Sociology,” he said, making a face,

“the last refuge of those who have no idea what they want to do with their lives.”

He pointed his finger at her. “Shall I tell you how your life is going to unfold, girl? You will pass, of course, and then search for a job. That will not be easy. The world is not eagerly awaiting the next Sociology graduate. Eventually, you will get some sort of clerk type job, either with the government or some other large organization. You will meet a young, shallow man much like yourself and get married, have 1 child, live in a split level condo on the south side, play cards with your friends every other Saturday, retire with a modest pension, and spend the remainder of your days looking after your lawn and garden.”

Zoe looked back up at him darkly, angrily, beneath long lashes. Smug, arrogant bastard! Who did he think he was anyway?!

Her wrists pulled again at the metal encircling them, and she felt desperately helpless. Then she gasped as he reached for her, twisting away. He caught at her hair and yanked her back hard, pulling her up across his lap so she was sitting astride his lap, her back against the desk.

She squirmed in his grasp but with an arm around her waist and her hands locked together behind her she had no way of escaping, and after some seconds she settled down, panting weakly.

“What are you afraid of?” he asked.

“What do you think?” she snapped, looking away.

“Tell me.”

“Are you going to rape me?”

“Do you want my cock inside you?”

“No!”

“Then I won’t let you have it.”

She glared at him distrustfully.

“If I did force myself on you, would you die?”

She turned her face away, gasping in pain as he jerked back on her hair, forcing her head back, her chest out.

“I think you are no virgin. I think you have had cocks inside you before. I do not think another cock inside you would cause you immeasurable suffering,” he said.

She squirmed anew and he pulled back harder on her hair, so her chest pushed up and out strongly, back arching.

“Spread your legs.”

“No!”

“Spread your legs or I will punish you.”

There was a dark menace in his voice, and Zoe fearfully complied.

He eased up on her hair.

“Would you prefer to have Sonia discuss this with you?”

“No!” she cried.

His hand slid down between her legs and he cupped her sex, giving it a small squeeze. Zoe instinctively tried to close her legs, but could not now.

“I think sexual slavery would do you a world of good,” he said.

He leaned in, nibbling lightly on her earlobe, licking lightly down along the nape of her neck.

“S-Stop it!”

He responded by yanking her hair back sharply, And as she stared up at the ceiling behind her Zoe felt his tongue on her nipples, felt his lips sliding around one, closing, felt his warm mouth as he began to suck, as his teeth dug into the soft flesh surrounding it.

He eased up on her hair, then, and when she pulled her head forward he was pulling his own back with a cool smile on his lips.

“You taste very nice,” he said.

Zoe’s heart was hammering in her chest.

He continued to hold her hair in one hand, and removed the other from between her legs. Zoe was tempted to jerk her legs together, but afraid of his reaction.

He pushed aside something on the desk, and she gulped as she saw him pick up a small dildo.

“Do you like to suck cock, Zoe?”

Zoe’s face flamed and she turned her head away again, or tried to. His fingers tightened in her hair and jerked her face forward once more as he rubbed the head of the realistically shaped plastic cock across her lips.

“Answer me,” he ordered.

“No,” she said between clenched teeth.

He jerked back sharply on her hair.

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“You are a lesbian?”

“No!”

“Then you enjoy having sex with men?”

“Not with you!”

“You have not had sex with me so you couldn’t possibly know,” he said calmly. “Do you enjoy sex with men?”

“Why shouldn’t I!?” she demanded.

Again he jerked back on her hair.

“Yes! Okay!?! That’ doesn’t mean I’m a slut that anyone can do anything they want to!”

“No. But you are weak, which is much the same thing.”

He rubbed the dildo against her mouth again.

“So you have sucked cock before. You enjoy it.”

She looked sullenly down, and again he yanked her hair back. She winced in pain.

“Okay. Fine!” she cried.

“I want to see you suck this cock,” he said.

“No!”

“Why not? It’s merely plastic, quite clean. I want you to prove to me you’re not a lesbian, that Sonia should not be permitted to train you as a proper sex slave as she wishes.”

What!?! A lesbian!?! A sex slave to Sonia!?! That was disgusting! And horrifying!

“I’m not a lesbian!”

“Then suck this cock.”

“That won’t prove anything!”

“I can tell a woman’s desires,” he said with a smug smile. “I can tell what her soul’s calling is.”

You are full of shit, she wanted to snarl, but as she opened her mouth slightly he shoved the dildo forward and she gulped as it entered her mouth.

“Show me you even know how to please a man,” he sneered.

Bastard! Filthy bastard!

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She looked sullenly down the length of the dildo as she closed her lips around it. What was she supposed to do with the stupid thing? It wasn’t a real cock. But she licked at it anyway, and began to work her lips up and down its length as he looked on. She blushed more deeply again as he watched, feeling lewd and slutty, not liking the way she was putting on an obscene show for him.

Was his cock next? Was this the warmup for that? She was helpless to resist if that was what he wanted.

He turned the dildo idly within her mouth, working it in and out, pushing it upwards so the head rubbed against the roof of her mouth, then sideways into the inside of one cheek. He smiled as he did, and she hated him, glaring even as she obediently sucked and licked at the thing.

It was odd but she was starting to almost get used to being naked in front of him, she was starting to lose her mortal embarrassment at her nudity.

He pulled back on her hair again, tilting the dildo upwards as well to follow as her head was pulled back.

“That’s it, little slut. Suck that cock,” he purred. “Do you think mine is next? Don’t worry. I won’t let you touch my cock, not unless you beg first. And you will have to beg very hard before I’ll let you touch my cock. It’s clean and pure and you’re simply a filthy little weak slut.”

And he was crazy, and so was Sonia. Zoe felt as though she’d walked into a madhouse, but she had little choice but to go along, to suck and lick at the plastic cock as he lightly kissed and nibbled at the nape of her neck.

Then he released the dildo.

“Don’t let it fall,” he ordered.

She felt his fingers on her nipples, just the fingertips, pinching and squeezing, rubbing and rolling, plucking and twisting until they were both sore and aching.

He tilted her head forward now and she closed her lips more tightly around the shaft of the dildo lest it slip out of her mouth. He had something else in his free hand now. It was a stainless steel chain of some kind. There was a metal loop in the end and he placed it against, then around her erect, aching nipple. She saw there was a tiny screw at the side, and as he began to turn it she felt pressure against her nipple, felt it being pinched, then pinched harder, then pinched painfully hard so that she cried out and squirmed against his grip.

“Keep sucking, little slut,” he said.

Who was he to call her a slut, she thought angrily.

Now she saw he had another chain, no, the other end of the one - no, it was a Y-shaped chain.

He slid a loop around her other nipple, and sure enough, something inside began to pinch at her nipple more and more painfully, until she once again yelped and moaned and twisted on his lap.

He reached for the dildo and pulled it out of her mouth. It was wet with her saliva, which dribbled down the shaft as he smirked at her and brought it down between her legs. She tried to snap her
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thighs together, but his big fist was already between them, the dildo pressed wetly against the mouth of her sex.

“No! Don’t!”

He pulled back sharply on her head, very sharply, so much so that her back arched violently and she found herself looking across at the wall behind her, her head upside down. Her body instinctively tried to counter this helpless backward tilt by spreading her legs apart for balance.

The dildo slid into the mouth of her sex easily, then penetrated her and pushed inside an inch or so.

“No!”

“Do you think it will kill you?” he asked sarcastically.

“Bastard!”

The dildo twisted from side to side, then pushed another inch inside, then a third. She whimpered and moaned as her scalp ached and her body writhed. The dildo pumped slowly, pushing deeper and deeper.

Then, abruptly, he let her head come forward again.

“You bastard!” she half sobbed.

“Why? Did I hurt you?”

“Why are you doing this!?”

“Because I can. And because you deserve it.”

He had another dildo, no, a much smaller one. It was wider, but much shorter, more like the head of a very large cock than a real dildo. And it had a thick elastic cord attached to its base. He thrust it into her mouth and she gasped and choked, forced to open her mouth wider at the painful pressure on her teeth. The dildo was a spongy thing, and very thick. And then, at its base, was a thicker, harder ring of sorts, like a base. He jammed the dildo forward so the ring was caught exactly between her teeth, holding her mouth wide.

The softer cock thing, meanwhile, filled her mouth, pressing her tongue down as he brought the strap around her head and snapped it in place

It was a gag, she realized, feeling panicked. And now he was going to rape her!

He pushed her off his lap and stood up, holding the chain, then moved in front of her and tugged.

She yelped in pain as the chains pulled at her aching nipples, and lurched forward.

“Come with me,” he ordered.

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Chapter Four

The man pulled again on the chain, but held his arm down. Whenever Zoe tried to push herself up off her knees he tightened his grip so that her nipples were pulled downward, and she was forced to shuffle awkwardly forward on her knees, wrists locked behind her back, nipples burning as he pulled on the chain.

The dildo slid out of her and dropped to the floor, and he pulled downwards on the chain, forcing her off-balance, to fall forward onto the floor, bottom high, chest pressed against the rug.

He quickly picked up the dildo and pressed it against her pussy, then thrust it inside her. This time he pushed it deeper, and she gasped and yelped as he pumped it in and out, twisting it from side to side, and forcing it deeper.

She tried to close her knees, her thighs, but that did nothing in her position but make her pussy ache more as he pushed and pulled on the dildo.

And it brought a sharp crack as his hand slapped down across her soft buttocks. The stinging pain shocked her and she cried out into the gag.

“Spread your knees apart, slut.”

Sobbing, Zoe obeyed, and made no further effort to hinder him as he buried the dildo in her pussy and rubbed his palm across her opening.

Then he resumed pulling on the chains, forcing her chest up off the floor, forcing her to straighten her back, even to arch her back as she shuffled forward on her knees.

He unlocked the door and led her out into the hall, then into Mark’s room. She was led across the room to the far side, where a strange little frame of metal bars sat.

“Up, little slut,” he said, pulling on her chain.

Following the imperative of pain, Zoe stumbled upright, then gasped as he pulled the chain forward, bending her over the bars.

There was a bar pressed tightly against her lower belly, and another against her shins just below her knees. He pulled on the chain, forcing her onto her toes, forcing her to lean forward towards the far side of the little frame, where he wrapped the chain around another metal bar.

She was now upright, on the balls of her feet, bent forward at the hips, body straining, breasts thrust forward and down, nipples on fire as he moved behind her.

She shuddered as she felt his hand thrust between her thighs, lightly squeezing and rubbing at her sex.

He forced her legs further apart, so she was forced to support herself on her very toes, and
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eased the dildo slowly out of her pussy. She gasped, her eyes widening, as she felt it pressing against her anal opening. Her head shook frantically, and she threw her weight from side to side. But that only served to make her nipples burn more painfully as he twisted the dildo against her little rosebud ring, and slowly forced it inside her.

The dildo which had been in her mouth was now up her ass, and she saw him reach for something else, another dildo, she thought, getting only a glimpse out of the corner of her eye.

It pushed against her pussy, and though it was thicker than the first, it slid fairly smoothly into her body. She moaned in humiliation and anger and pain as her nipples stung, as the two dildos were pushed deeper and deeper into her belly.

She gasped and groaned as he twisted them from side to side, forcing them ever deeper. The one in her pussy was much bigger than the first had been, and was making her ache. Then it began to buzz, and she realized it was a vibrator. Her face was red mask of shame as he forced both into her to the hilt, and she flinched as she felt something - some branch or hook of the one in her pussy, angle down and press against her body next to her clit.

He pulled back at last, and she was able to close her legs, to ease the strain on her toes, and sink back onto the balls of her feet.

Why was this happening to her, she thought miserably.

“The weak are prey to the strong,” he said, as if answering her.

He smiled and turned away. “I will give you some time to consider that.”

He left, closing the door behind, and after a long minute she began to relax slightly. Only slightly, for she was certain he would be back. And what was he going to do then? He had said he would not let her have his cock unless she begged. She had no intention of doing so. So what more was he going to do?

She twisted slightly, this way, then that. She was held only by the nipples, but they ached fiercely whenever she tried to turn her body away.

The vibrator purred within her, against her. The sensation was not unpleasant, nor was the fullness in her pussy or bottom. She was beginning to lose her sense of panicky terror. She didn't think either this man or Sonia were likely to kill her and leave her in a ditch somewhere. So what was the worst they could do? Rape her? Sonia had already raped her. And how would his cock be much different from the plastic ones he'd already shoved into every orifice?

Five minutes became ten became twenty. And she found herself wishing for his return. Her nipples

ached and her feet were on fire. It was becoming hard to maintain her position on the balls of her feet, even with her belly bent across the first bar.

Then the door opened. Her head twisted around and her eyes went wide as she saw not him, but Sonia coming in. And coming behind her, led by a leash locked to his collar was - her brother Mark. He was nude, and his cock was hard and red, sticking straight out. He was blindfolded and gagged, and shuffled behind her as Sonia led him forward into the room.

She chuckled as she saw the wide-eyed redhead bottoms up across the frame, and winked at
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her.

Then she led Mark over to the foot of the bed. They paused there, and she unlocked the restraints which bound his powerful arms behind his back. He made no attempt to resist, however, and allowed her to raise his wrists up and apart and lock them to the bedposts above his head. Then he spread his legs, and she locked his ankles to the lower bedpost.

The man came in then, and Zoe moaned, feeling like she was caught in an insane play. What were they going to do?!

The man came to her, holding several thin, leather straps in his hand. He wrapped one around her legs just beneath the knees, binding them to the lower bar. A second went over her hips, just above her buttocks, then down to bind her belly tight to the horizontal bar.

The bar on the other side of the frame was higher, which was why her upper body was bent forward at an angle. But now he did something to it and the bar slid down so that Zoe was laying across the frame as it were a low table. She winced, though, as he pulled the chain down lower, increasing the pressure on her nipples.

He then pulled the light framework away from the wall, turning her with it. He reached down, and freed small wheels which had been locked in place, and now rolled the frame back and around.

She shook her head frantically as it was rolled up in front of where Mark stood, arms and legs spread, powerful, muscular body stretched out, cock sticking out hard and red. She watched Sonia fist his cock, pumping her hand on it. Then she saw her wrap something around the base of his cock and tighten it. It was a kind of ring, and she could see immediately that it made Mark squirm with discomfort.

“There, there,” Sonia said, sliding her hand over his chest. “I know you’re an obedient little boy and wouldn’t dream of coming without my permission. But now you needn’t fight the feeling. You can’t come until I release you.”

Was that what the thing was for, Zoe thought dazedly.

She watched as the woman put a pair of stereo headphones on Mark's head, then turned up the stereo. She could hear the rock music blasting even from where she was, and knew he would hear nothing at all of what went on.

She moaned and wriggled helplessly, her pussy buzzing and throbbing now, around the big vibrator the man had stuffed inside her. It would be wrong to say she was aroused. She was in too much shock for that, too filled with anxiety and despair to give rise to excitement.

Then she watched Sonia kneel right in front of her, watched her lick at her brother's cock and balls. At first she tried to avert her eyes, but she couldn't keep from looking for long. And when Sonia took her brother's big cock into her mouth and then pushed forward, Zoe gasped in astonishment.

Inch after inch of her brother's big cock pushed through Sonia's lips, into her mouth, and down her throat. Zoe was fascinated despite her revulsion. Sonia took the big long prick easily, pressing her nose against his groin, her lips tight around the base of his cock.

She felt a hand on her hair, pulling her head up and back. The man was beside her. "Would you like to be able to do that?" he asked softly. "Would you like to learn how to swallow a twelve inch cock
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so easily?"

Was that how long her brother was? Jesus, he was a fucking horse! She was forced to watch as Sonia bobbed up and down on his prick, then pulled free and began to suck and lick at his big, throbbing balls.

Sonia turned and smiled darkly at her. "Perhaps you'd like a better view, my dear."

She eased aside, and the frame was pushed in closer. Again, Zoe tried to avert her eyes, but her hair was yanked up and back and around, and she had no choice but to face the sight of the woman licking and kissing and sucking on her brother's big cock.

And then she felt strong fingers at her mouth, felt them pressing against the base of the little cock thing inside her. To her surprise, the cock thing slid outwards, leaving behind the hard ring which had been around its base. She groaned aloud now through her open mouth, trying to close it to no avail. The ring kept her mouth wide as the frame was wheeled further forward. Her eyes bulged as Sonia aimed Mark's cock at her open mouth, and the harsh hand on her hair prevented her from turning away.

His cock slid through the ring, just barely fitting, and she felt the moist head, lubricated with Sonia's saliva and his own pre-cum, on her tongue.

It pushed deeper, and her eyes bulged.

"You had better start working on it," Sonia said, putting her face up close to Zoe's. "Because if you can't make him soft in under a minute, he's going down your throat."

Down her throat!?! They couldn't!

Panicking, Zoe moaned around the cock filling her mouth, and then - she began to suck. She began to suck and lick and moan, arching her neck forward and back, forward and back, bobbing her lips on his throbbing purple headed cock now, trying to bring him off, disgusted at what she was doing, but more afraid of what would happen if she failed.

If she had been thinking clearly, of course, she would have remembered the ring around his cock, and what that meant.

Instead she merely sucked and licked with growing desperation as time ran out.

Surely they wouldn't... surely they couldn't...

The frame began to inch forward, and she jerked her head back. The frame inched forward again, and she was not able to pull her head back because of the angle, because of the way her nipples were being pulled down and forward.

His big cock slid deeper into her mouth, and she tried to turn her head aside, but his cock was deep in her mouth now. She sucked desperately, then gagged as the head entered her throat.

That was when a sharp, stinging pain to her bottom made her cry out.

The crack of pain was lost in her own cry, and she rolled her eyes wildly, but could see nothing but Mark's groin, and a little to either side. She could not see behind her, but could feel it as something
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long and thin and flexible sliced into the taut flesh of her bottom, could feel the hot, sharp sting that made her hips jerk violently forward and tore a muffled cry from her mouth.

And then the frame moved forward, and Mark's cock pushed deeper into her throat.

She choked and gagged, trying to draw back, but now Mark's hips were bucking violently, excitedly, ramming his cock down her throat, jerking it back, thrusting it in again in mindless sexual need.

Another blow sliced into her upraised bottom and pain ripped into her mind. Then again, then again, as she gagged helplessly on her brother's cock. His hips continued to lurch and buck, the cock thrusting wildly into her throat as they rolled the frame further and further forward.

She wanted to throw up, but her stomach was empty. Tears filled her eyes and her head and chest pounded. And then her nose was jammed against Mark's pubic bone, her lips wrapped around the base of his shaft as his cock filled her throat. A harsh hand on the back of her head pressed her forward more harshly, grinding her nose into his pubic bone as her entire body twisted and jerked and writhed in desperation.

Then the frame rolled back, and her mouth slid down Mark's cock until the head popped free.

She gagged anew, then coughed violently as she gulped in air. She was sweating heavily as she gasped, and her mind was spinning. Sonia and the man were on either side of her, and they each seized her long hair and braided it loosely, then pulled it up and back and wound cord into it. Zoe paid them no heed at all, fully occupied with breathing. Only when her head was pulled back and the pain from her scalp began to grow did she roll her eyes from side to side trying to understand what they were doing.

What they were doing was tying her hair, now in a pair of pigtails, to the side of the frame on either side of her head. And they were pulling her hair painfully tight so that her head would be locked in position and unable to move left or right, up or down, and certainly not back. She whimpered as the frame was rolled forward again, and her mouth, still held wide, slid over her brother's cock.

Then it pushed straight down the shaft, and she gagged anew as she took him into her throat. She could do nothing, and once again her brother began to buck his hips out to pound his cock up and down inside her throat, heedless of anything but his own pleasure, like a mindless sexual animal using any available hole.

Again the blows struck her bottom, steady, stinging blows that would have made her cry out again and again. She sobbed brokenly. The stinging pains were very sharp, the pain made up of jagged little explosions which ripped through her nervous system, and a deep, burning ache afterwards. And as the blows continued, the ache grew and spread.

She could not breath around her brother's wildly bucking cock, and her world was beginning to fade out, her vision blurring as her eyes became glassy. She felt the frame wheeling backwards, but was barely aware of it. Then instinct took over and she coughed and gasped for breath, moaning dazedly.

"There, there, little girl," Sonia cooed, caressing her breasts gently. "Stop fighting and give in.

You'll enjoy it much better. The pain will go away, and all that will be left is glorious pleasure!"

It sounded so attractive to Zoe. She wondered why anyone would refuse. But doing anything one way or another was quite behind her fuzzed mind at that moment. All she really cared about was breathing.

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Then the frame was pushed forward again, and the thick cock slid down her throat to the root.

She gurgled weakly, but her throat muscles were becoming used to the invading member now, and the gag reflex was, for the most part, psychological in nature anyway. It was thus far easier for her throat now that her mind was drifting.

She felt her breasts kneaded and caressed, and then felt the vibrator pulling out of her pussy, pumping gently, twisting and turning, then rubbing along her sex before pushing into her again. It felt vaguely

pleasant, but her mind was not really up to such judgements.

Again the frame was pulled back, and again she gasped for breath, moaning, eyes glassy, saliva dribbling over her lower lip as the cords bound into her hair held her head up and back and the ring kept her mouth wide.

The buzzing from behind her grew in power, and as her mind began to swim slowly up out of the haze which lack of oxygen had drawn around it, she became more aware of what was happening. She was so tired, though, she could not longer bring herself to care, much less fight.

Again she swallowed her brother's cock, and again it was easier. Her mind was more awake now, but she had felt it filling her throat several times so the fear and shock were gone. It was somewhat uncomfortable, but her throat handled it, and her mind became used to it. The frame was pulled back before she was entirely out of breath so the haze did not return.

Now the ring was pulled out of her mouth and she moaned in pain as she worked her jaw. She was pushed forward, and made no effort to resist, to keep her mouth closed. She knew they would only put the ring back. So she opened her mouth resignedly to accept her brother's fat prick, and gurgled as it slid down her throat, sucking avidly as she licked along the underside of the shaft.

She flinched and jerked with each blow to her bottom, but there was a throbbing heat growing between her legs, spreading itself out and pushing back the pain as the relative calm of her mind allowed her body to react to the sexual stimulation.

The frame pulled back and she gasped, drawing in deep breaths of air.

The man was there, now, in front of her leaning over, smiling. "Would you rather have my cock in your mouth, little girl?"

She hesitated. She hated him. But the thought was weak. Practicalities were more important. He probably wasn't as big as Mark. And it was less gross to have a stranger's cock in her mouth than her own brother. "Yess," she gasped, her voice slurred.

"Beg."

Face slack, Zoe didn't understand, but a sharp blow across the bottom wakened her slightly.

"Please," she gasped.

"You'll have to do better than that. Beg for my cock, little girl."

"P-Please can I s-suck your c-cock?" she panted, still gasping for breath.

"Master. You must call me master."

“Please can I suck your cock, Master,” she panted.

Another blow made her gasp and cry out.

“You aren’t begging hard enough,” he said.

She was turned back towards Mark, and wheeled forward. His cock plunged down her throat, and again he bucked violently, like a sexual animal, his pubic bone punching into her nose hard now so that by the time she was wheeled back not only was her throat sore but her nose ached.

“Beg, slut,” he ordered.

“P-Please,” she panted.

“Beg slut!”

“Please... please may I - may I s-suck your c-cock,” she gasped.

“Again.”

“Please, may I suck your cock, master.”

She felt a sudden strange jolt at the words, so strange, so bizarre, so submissive, so lewd and oddly erotic.

“Again, slut!”

Crack!

She cried out at the blow to her bottom.

“Please may I suck your cock, master!”

The frame thing was turned more and more, away from Mark, she thought with a dull sense of relief. The man unzipped his leather trousers, and then his cock was in front of her. It was big, though not as big as Mark’s. He pushed it into her mouth, and she sucked eagerly, hoping to make him come before he could push himself into her throat.

He let her, for a time, hardly moving his hips. But then he began to pump slowly in and out, his tongue stroking across her tongue, across her lips as he fucked her face. And then he pushed forward into her throat. Zoe resignedly accepted it, gagging still, but not as strongly as she had before.

She felt something at her bottom about that time, felt the dildo which had been pushed into her pulling out. But that hardly mattered - .

The frame was wheeled backwards, then more, and she felt something else at her round open hole, felt it sliding into her. Her opening was still not wide enough for it, however, and she was stretched wider as it pushed into her. She grunted weakly, but still did not care, her weak mind focussing instead on the cock in her throat and mouth.

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It pulled out, however, leaving her gasping and panting for breath, moaning weakly as the frame was pushed back, and the thing behind began to jab at her, to jab wildly, probing and prodding her opening, trying to force its way deeper, and succeeding. She grunted at the pain, though it was not as severe as the blows had been. But then she understood, as her mind began to swim back to the surface.

She knew. It was Mark's cock. They had turned her completely around, and pushed her back against her animal brother.

"Bastards," she half sobbed before the man pushed his cock into her mouth again.

So what, she thought dazedly, giving up even further. What did it matter?

The frame was pushed back further and further, and her brother's stiff prick forced its way deeper into her ass until, finally, he was all the way into her, and his hips were slamming frantically against her aching buttocks as he raped her ass. Sonia undid the straps binding her knees to the frame, then spread them well apart and bound them to separate side bars. This opened her up further to her brother's cock, and she grunted as it punched deep into her belly.

But she still had to focus on the cock in her mouth as it pushed into her throat. Breathing. That was the important thing.

So as her brother violently sodomised her she sucked and licked on the man's cock, and held her breath, desperately anxious for him to pull back, hoping he did before she ran out of air.

Instead he came, and she gasped in relief as his cock began to soften, his seed spraying the inside of her throat, then trickling down into her stomach. He pulled back with a chuckle, and then he and Sonia both left. Just... left.

Zoe gasped and moaned weakly, mouth still open despite no ring being in place, jaw slack, her hair pulling back on her scalp from both sides keeping her from dropping her head. She continued to gasp and grunt as her brother's cock pumped into her. But that was an oddly uneven thing. Sometimes he would halt in place, and she could hear him gasping for breath through his gag. Sometimes he would pump slowly and deeply. Other times it was like he had no control, and his hips would buck violently, ramming his cock painfully hard into her belly.

She wasn't going to say anything. She assumed he didn't know it was her, and was not about to tell him. There was nothing he could do anyway, except perhaps stop pumping. Or was he even capable

of doing that?

The vibrator continued to buzz in her pussy, the little branch making her clit ache with sensitivity.

She felt raw and sodden, and her nipples stung. She was drained, emotionally exhausted, and felt dirty and worthless. Nothing mattered.

Except pain, of course. At least she didn't hurt much now, though her bottom throbbed.

And pleasure, which was rising, as her dull mind freed her body to once more embrace the sexual stimulation. The pleasure caught at her mind, and while it was true that the mind influenced how the body felt, sometimes the reverse was true. The sexual hunger rising in her body was influencing her mind, and the sheer outrageousness of what was going on left her more than a little amazed and incapable of coping.

Her brother, who had been still, now began to pump into her using long, deep strokes. She **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter, <http://www.processtext.com/abclit.html>**

groaned weakly, but the thrusting feeling felt - good. It caught at her mind, as well, reminding her of another time when she had felt cheap and dirty and used, and when a terrible pleasure had washed over her mind and body. And so, as a drowning man might, in his misery, claw at any shore, so too did her miserable mind seek any light, and embrace the pleasure.

Mind fed on body, and then body began to feed on mind. The pleasure grew rapidly. She remembered Neil and his hard sodomy, and tried to pretend it was him again behind her. She gasped and moaned as his cock thumped into the back wall of her anus, gasped as he went into one of his wild animal phases and rammed himself furiously into her body, and then came with a long, drawn-out guttural groan of ecstasy as the pleasure flared wildly within her.

Guilt followed, of course, along with self pity and misery. What kind of woman had an orgasm while her brother was raping her ass?

Was life even worth living any more?

Her brother had not stopped simply because she had climaxed. If he were aware of it he gave no sign. In fact, if he were aware of anything, he gave no sign. He continued to pump into her ass, sometimes hard, sometimes soft. Sometimes he just held still, panting for breath like a fucking animal, like a dog, she thought in contempt.

Then Sonia returned. Zoe felt both relief and fear. She also knew deeper shame as the woman sneered and smirked at her and patted her head.

“And how is our little girl doing?” she asked sweetly. “Did she enjoy herself?”

Zoe did not answer, of course.

“But no need to answer. We can find out,” the woman said.

Zoe could not really turn her head, but rolled her eye to the side as the woman moved away from her, wondering what she meant. After a few minutes, giggling, she returned. She was carrying a laptop computer, the screen open. And she was filled with mirth as she held it in front of the bound woman.

“Look!”

Zoe stared, her shame deepening. She had not known there was a camera in the room, a video camera. Now she saw herself filling the screen, in living colour, viewed from the side. It showed Mark’s cock pumping into her bottom. It showed her breasts pulled down by the nipples. It showed her face, or at least, the side of her face as she was sodomised. There was sound, as well, the steady slap of Mark’s hips on her bare bottom, the creaking of the metal frame, and her grunts and gasps every time he drove his cock deep.

Then her head jerked back, and began to twist and jerk harshly against the pull on her hair. Her soft grunts became the unmistakable cry of pleasure as her body sought to buck back against Mark’s cock, as she pulled and strained against the straps and pulled her nipples against the chains.

Deeply shamed, she closed her eyes, seeing how totally overcome she was, and heard the woman’s laughter echo off the walls.

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Chapter Five

She spent the evening in her room. In bed. No one disturbed her.

She could have wished otherwise.

It was a comfortable bed, normally, but not this night.

The man whose name she still did not know, had placed her there, after binding her tightly with layers of soft, thin rope

She was hot-tied, her wrists bound to her ankles, her back bowed painfully back.

The rope he had tied around her chest, across the center of her breasts, was not soft at all, but coarse and harsh. It almost cut her breasts in half, and made it hard for her to expand her chest, so that she must breath in shallow gasps and gulps. The one he had tied around her waist was much the same, and the one which went down between her legs was so tight it had actually cleaved the lips of her sex apart and was wedged between, jamming into her soft pink flesh so she felt a raw ache.

The gag in her mouth was shaped like a penis, but longer than the one he had used earlier. It did not quite enter her throat, but the tip nestled dangerously close so that she had to get used to it, to avoid gagging repeatedly.

And so she lay, for hours, her back burning white hot as tears spilled from her eyes.

She was desperate - frantic for a relief of the awful pain to her back when the door opened at last and he came in. He closed the door behind him and walked across to her.

“Hot in here,” he said.

It was indeed. The air-conditioning had been turned back up, but turned off in her room, the windows opened wide. She lay in a miserable sweating mass of torment in the near darkness, gasping for breath.

“If you beg properly, beg meekly, beg with all your might, I remove these ropes and change you into a more comfortable position,” he said.

She moaned into the gag.

“Not so fast,” he said, kneeling now beside the bed, his face next to hers.

“You will have on chance to beg, to convince me of your desperation, of your need. One chance, and if you fail you will spend the rest of the night like this.”

He stroked her face, his finger easing aside some of the hair which had matted against her cheek.

“You will beg me to use your whore body. You will beg for my beautiful cock, beg me to rape you, to fuck you, to ride you like the filthy bitch in heat you are. If you beg strongly enough, you will sleep on your back this night. If not, you remain as you are. Do you understand?”

She stared at him, moaning, eyes desperate. She didn't care what she had to say. Her back felt as though a steel spike was grinding along her spine!

He worked the gag out of her and the words spilled out of her mouth; desperate words, words frantic with the need to please him, to give him what he wanted, to surrender, to ease the pain.

“Please fuck me, master! Please fuck my filthy whore body with your beautiful cock! Please ride me like the filthy slut I am! Please fuck my dirty pussy with your wonderful cock, master! Please rape me! Please use me! Please pound me with your cock! Please, please, please! Do anything you want to me! Please fuck me!”

The words tumbled out in a desperate sobbing plea, but as he rose with a tired smile, he said.

“Not good enough,” and turned to go.

Zoe's voice rose to a desperate cries, begging, ‘Please! Please rape me! Please fuck my whore body! Please ram your cock up my ass, down my cunt! Please let me suck your cock! Please rape my miserable slut body! Please!’

Sobbing and begging, her words were only quieted when, like a baby, she was given a pacifier -

in this case, his cock. She moaned and whimpered as she sucked him, as she worked her mouth over his shaft, as she licked desperately, rolling her eyes beseechingly up at him.

He pulled himself free as he undid the ropes around her.

“Oh thank you! Thank you, master! Oh thank God! Oh yes! Oh thank you!” she sobbed as they came free.

She was finally able to unbow her body and shuddered and groaned in pain and then overwhelming relief as she straightened her spine.

“Oh God yes! Ahhhh!”

She arched her back ever so slowly, revelling in the movement even as he climbed between her thighs and spread them wide.

“Remember, little slut. If you do not please me, if you do not show the proper desire, I will leave and put you back into the same position,” he said as he settled atop her.

“Yes, master,” she gasped. “Yes, master!”

It didn't matter what words she used, so long as she pleased him, so long as he didn't tie her up like that again.

She groaned as he penetrated her, as he began to thrust up into her. She drew her knees up and back, rocking in time to his thrusts. This bent her back so that a delicious flood of pleasure rolled over her. Her back had been arched so long that bending forward was simply glorious, and she drew her knees up and back in time to his thrusts, grunting in pleasure as he stroked inside her.

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“Yes, master,” she panted. “Fuck me, master! Fuck my whore body!” she gasped as he rammed himself into her. “Oh! Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes! Ungh!”

His mouth came down on hers and she kissed back immediately, her arms going around his shoulders as his hips beat a tattoo against her buttocks. And when he reached down, gripped her ankles, and forced them up and then down next to her head, she shuddered in bliss.

“Yess! Yesssss!” she groaned as he pounded down against her.

The blessed relief spread through her body, and it took very little for it to turn sexual as he continued to thrust into her. She was so happy, so relieved. Enraptured by the pleasure she grunted and moaned and rolled her head in dazed delight as he pounded into her, and the orgasm, though it was small, was intense.

* * * * *

The man kept his word. She was not tied again in the same position. Instead, Zoe spent the night tied to the four corners of her bed. Her limbs were held taut. Her wrists were bound straight to the top corner posts. Her ankles tight and straight to the bottom posts. But two more ropes had been added, bound to her thighs just above her knees, pulling straight out to either side, making her thighs ache and the tendons and nerves in her groin stretch and burn.

Within an hour all her limbs were aching and cramped, and she would have given almost anything to move them, even a little.

Within two she was sobbing and moaning in self-pity.

Within three she was screaming into the big penis gag which constantly threatened to plunge into her throat.

By morning she lay exhausted, whimpering weakly, staring sightlessly up at the ceiling.

She had eaten nothing the previous day, and the only liquid which had entered her throat had been the

man's come. But she didn't think about that. The absence of pain was all she sought, and she sought it with a despair and desperation she had never known she could possess.

When Sonia came into the room Zoe was quite prepared to put every bit as much desperation into her begging as she had the previous night, and rolled her eyes despairingly up at the smiling woman as she came to sit on the bed next to her tautly bound body.

"And how is our little girl today?" she cooed, her hand stroking gently across Zoe's quivering body.

Zoe moaned into the gag.

She leaned over the girl, smiling down at her, combing her hair back from her forehead.

"Would you like to be untied, pet?"

Zoe moaned desperately.

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"Well, I don't know," Sonia said, appearing thoughtful. "I suppose I couuuuld..."

She ran a hand over Zoe's breasts. "But then again, why should I?"

She giggled, then undid the gag, and the ever-present touch of its tip against the entrance to her throat was finally removed.

"Please, mistress," Zoe gasped in a choked, slurred voice, her jaw stiff and aching. "Please let me suck you. Please let me lick your pussy! Please fuck my miserable whore body! Please rape me!

Please let me lick your beautiful pussy! Please! Please!"

Sonia chuckled gently. "Well, such eagerness," she said.

She slid out of her loose shorts, then climbed into the bed, straddling Zoe's taut body. She ran her hands up and down her chest, squeezing the firm young breasts, then slid higher and higher until she was straddling the girl's face. She settled her moist pussy crack down onto a mouth already eagerly pushing its tongue up, and sighed in pleasure as Zoe began to frantically tongue her.

"That's my little slut, my little whore, my little bitch," she groaned. "Lick me, little slave girl. Show your mistress how much you love her."

Zoe didn't love her. Love and hate were irrelevant. Pain was all that mattered, and she licked wildly at Sonia's clit as the woman ground her dripping sex back and forth over her mouth. In short order, Zoe's face was slick with the woman's overflowing pussy juices, but again, she didn't care. She licked and sucked and did everything she could to pleasure the woman in desperate hopes of being untied.

Sonia spread her knees wide, riding Zoe's face, grinding back and forth so as to almost be masturbating against her lips and nose. She groaned and gasped in heated pleasure as the girl's tongue whipped upwards across her clit, and when she came it was with a shuddering moan that sent pussy cream spurting out over the young redhead's face.

But it got her untied, and as before, she revelled in the ability to bend her legs, to bend her back, to slowly turned and stretch and twist. It was glorious!

"You will join us for breakfast," Sonia said, laying out one of Zoe's summer dresses. "We do dress formally now, so wear this."

Then she set something else down on the edge of the bed. "You will wear this, as well. Don't worry, no one will know but me. If you fail to wear it, or if you try to leave the house, you will find yourself tied in exactly the same position all day and night. Do you understand me, little slut?"

"Yes, mistress!" Zoe gulped.

Sonia glowered. "Then shower. You're filthy, get dressed, and join us for breakfast."

She left, and Zoe, with a groan, continued to twist slowly, bending and shifting in utter relief. It was several minutes before she could bring herself to get out of bed and stagger to the shower.

She was somewhat amazed, looking at herself in the mirror, that she looked no different. There **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter, <http://www.processtext.com/abclit.html>**

was a thin line across the centre of her breasts where the rough rope had dug into her the previous evening, and another just at the top of each hip. Her buttocks, however, were unmarked, and there was nothing but a little redness on wrists and ankles.

She let the water run hot, and moaned as it poured over her face and hair, rinsing away the dirt and sweat. When she emerged from the bathroom she was more clear-headed, but almost sick with hunger. She gazed at the summer dress. It was simple enough, except that it was several years old, something she should have cleaned out of her closet years ago if she hadn't had so much closet space. It was light green and thin and had spaghetti straps going over her shoulders. It was not a dress which could be worn with a bra, and she was somewhat bigger on top now than she'd been when she'd last worn it.

But the thought of what Sonia would do caused her to shudder.

The other thing the woman had left on the bed was a long dildo made of soft plastic. Its base was wide and round and ended in a slightly suction cup. She wanted no part of it, but again, the thought of what that woman would do, not to mention her nameless male counterpart, made her bite her tongue.

She looked out the window. Could there be someone watching, that man perhaps? If she tried to flee would she be caught?

She could certainly not tell her parents!

She squatted on the floor and held the dildo base down, then slowly sank onto it. It was made of relatively flexible material, but she still winced as it pushed deep into her sex. She had to get it all the way in so she would be able to sit down. She did so, but it was a near thing.

She gazed at herself in the mirror, blushing a bit, even though she was alone. The dildo was buried inside her, the base flush with her pussy opening, flat against it. But the suction cup part was a half inch thick. She sat down on her desk chair, and inhaled sharply as she felt how the suction cup jammed up against the outside of her pussy. She sighed, got up, and pulled on the dress. It was knee length, so that was safe enough, but it was tighter than it had used to be, especially across the chest. The top of her breasts showed above its curving neckline, not indecently, but still, not the kind of thing she liked to wear to breakfast with her family.

Worse was the sides. The dress was meant for a girl with a narrower chest, and considerably smaller breasts. Her breasts stretched the front of the material forward, and because the back was so low there was really nothing on her sides until below her ribs. That left her breasts almost bare on the sides.

But Sonia had ordered it!

She bit her lip, anxiously wondering what to do. Should she wait until Sonia came up and show her? But what if that made her mad? What if she forbid Zoe from going down to breakfast? She was so very hungry now!

She decided to wear the dress, and hope for the best.

She opened the door and walked carefully down the hall, then took the stairs just as carefully, her back aching and throbbing despite the pain pills she'd taken. The dildo felt snug inside her, but she was still worried it would slip free. She kept her arms down and ready to pull forward a little. That would effectively hide how bare her breasts were from the sides to anyone in the right position.

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of course, would see nothing.

She could hear voices as she approached the kitchen, and froze, then moved forward slowly, pulse racing.

Then she stepped into the doorway.

Her parents were both there, sitting at the table. Mark was there, too, wearing a suit, of all things.

And he was there. The man. She froze, eyes widening, heart thumping.

“Hi Zoe!” Sonia said in a gladsome voice.

She bustled over and took her arm, then led her happily to the table, seating her across from her parents. Zoe sat gingerly, which was as well, for she winced as the dildo jammed up inside her, and the base ground against her spread-open sex. The strange man was on one side, and Mark was on the other.

Mark took little notice of her, but when she sat next to him he noticed how open the side of her dress was and did a double-take, then looked away.

“Have you met Sonia’s brother Jeremy, Zoe?” her mother asked.

Sonia’s brother!?

“How do you do,” he said.

“Hi,” she whispered, eyes down, blushing furiously.

“He’s a cruise ship captain,” her father said.

“A master mariner,” Sonia said with a broad smile, and a wink at Zoe as she slipped a tray of pancakes onto the table.

“But you can simply call me master,” Jeremy said with a straight faced look at Zoe.

Again she dropped her eyes as her parents chuckled.

Hunger took over, then, and her mouth watered as she began to eat.

It was not long, however, before she felt a hand on her thigh. She stiffened, but ignored it. It caressed her thigh, then tugged the material of her skirt up, bit by bit, until it could slide underneath.

Jeremy reached for the butter, and as he did, leaned in close to her momentarily.

“Spread your legs, you fucking whore,” he whispered.

Zoe felt a shockwave reverberate through her, and was almost dazed as she spread her legs.

It wasn’t just the shock of being called such a crass word there at the table with her parents across from her and her brother next to her. It was the strange, dark excitement which immediately sprang up inside her at the voice. Why in God’s name would such a crude, cruel, vicious slur arouse her for any reason? Had she become a masochist overnight? Was it because he said it so calmly, in such a

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normal voice, so soft, so matter-of-fact?

Was it the dildo stuck up her pussy? What kind of a girl came to breakfast with a dildo inside her? So what if Sonia ordered it. She could ignore her, could call the police...

And tell them what?

She felt his fingers caressing her inner thigh, then rubbing along the edge of the suction cup jammed against her pussy. They wormed in against the top of her slit, rubbing against her clit, and Zoe fought to show no reaction.

“So I said to Mrs. Hanson, that if you really think it’s a good idea to approach him we could get better results in our charity than if we kept to our usual donors,” her mother was saying.

Jeremy leaned in against her ear again. “You’re cock-sucking little slut,” he said softly.

“Move aside, Mark, dear, I want to sit next to Zoe,” Sonia said as she added a plate of bacon to the table.

Mark obligingly moved over and Sonia said on Zoe’s other side, increasing her nervousness.

Jeremy was already idly stroking his finger across her clit, occasionally turning it so the nail scratched achingly across it instead of the pad.

“I just know we’re going to be best friends,” Sonia said enthusiastically.

She leaned in a little “And I’m going to train that little pink tongue of yours so it can lick my pussy properly.”

Despite her anxiety, Zoe’s clitoris was responding to Jeremy’s touch, though she was in no danger of losing control of herself. Still, she felt more guilt, more self anger because of it.

Her parents left, finally, he for work, she for some sort of charity party. Then Jeremy led Mark off to play billiards. Zoe looked up nervously at Sonia.

“We’re going to stick together today, you and me.”

Zoe wanted nothing more than to get away from the woman, get out the front door, and run. But she didn’t dare say no.

“Pull your chair back a little, dear.”

Zoe obeyed, nervously looking around her. Only her brother was still home, but he was supposedly in another room.

Sonia undid the spaghetti straps tied behind her neck, and Zoe gasped and clutched at the thin material.

“Let it go,” Sonia demanded.

Gulping in fear, Zoe obeyed, and the fabric dropped away, baring her breasts.

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“Now slump back, draw your knees up and spread them wide.”

“Why?”

“Because I said so, slut!”

Zoe obeyed, nervously looking at the kitchen entrance.

“Put your left leg up on the table, slut.”

Again Zoe obeyed, feeling as a sense of bizarreness, as though she'd wandered into a strange new kind of world.

Sonia lifted her skirt up so it was pooled around her waist, thus leaving Zoe basically naked, slumped in the chair, one leg up on the table, the other, bent at the knee, spread out to the side.

“Rub your little clit for me.”

Zoe did, face red.

“Now pump the dildo in and out.”

She bit her lip, but gripped the base of the dildo, tugging on it, easing it slowly up out of her tight, snug pussy.

“Slump more. Lower.”

She slid down lower, her bottom now sticking out over the chair, her left leg sprawled along the table to her left, her right knee straight out to her side.

“Now use it, slut. In and out, in and out. Let me see it move.”

Face burning, Zoe pumped the dildo slowly in and out of her pussy as the older blonde woman looked on.

“Let me hear you say, I'm a fucking whore slut.”

“I'm a fucking whore slut,” Zoe said in a dull, toneless voice.

Sonia pushed her hand against the girl's mouth, sliding a finger through her lips.

“Suck!”

Zoe sucked and licked, and Sonia then brought the finger down to her clit, rubbing it as Zoe pumped the dildo in and out.

“Let’s go upstairs, pet,” Sonia said.

Zoe was relieved, and yet - oddly not. She was relieved because she had been afraid Mark might walk in. At the same time, despite her anger and fear, the pumping and rubbing was starting to turn her on.

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She let the dress drop, at Sonia’s order and then, nude, followed her up the stairs, dildo buried in her pussy.

Chapter Six

They were barely at the top when the front door rang. Zoe gasped and scooted up higher.

“Don’t worry, pet, just a few friends of mine,” Sonia said.

Sonia gripped her wrist and when they reached the floor above, tugged down.

“On all fours, now,” she said crisply.

Flushing, Zoe obeyed, and Sonia let go of her wrist.

Zoe understood she was to crawl along next to the woman. She felt a hint of anger, but also a strange dark surge of hunger and heat. She crawled down the hall and into her bedroom next to the tall blonde, her bottom high, the dildo protruding from her throbbing pussy.

“Scoot up on the bed and kneel with your bottom high.”

Zoe hesitated, then obeyed.

“Spread your legs, slut.”

Again she obeyed, wondering why she did, wondering why didn’t tell the hateful blonde where to get off - knowing that it was fear.

She grunted as the dildo was pulled out of her pussy. She felt vacant for a long moment, then another was inserted. This one was thicker, and she groaned as her pussy lips were strained. Sonia twisted and turned, pushed and pulled, and got most of it into her, then left her like that, ordering her not to change position. She came back with a butt-plug, and slowly worked that into Zoe’s ass.

“Now let’s see what you’ve got to wear,” she said, throwing up the doors to her closets.

She came back with a tiny plaid mini-skirt Zoe had once bought in a moment of daring and never worn, and a too-tight, midriff-baring tank top over braless breasts too big for it.

The highest heels she had went on her feet, and then Zoe was leading her downstairs. There were half a dozen people there, none of whom she knew. They were, apparently, friends of Sonia and Jeremy, though Mark seemed to know them too.

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It felt awkward moving around. The anal plug was thick, and the dildo, though flush with her sex lips, held them spread tautly wide. She felt very open and very lewdly exposed to anyone who might glance beneath the short skirt. In addition, the scoop neck of the tank top exposed a large amount of cleavage, and without a bra, the outline of her persistently hard nipples was very visible.

What made it worse, everyone else was dressed more formally, in suits for the men, and modest, knee length dresses for the women.

She was introduced as Mark's "little sister", by Sonia, who had done her hair in pigtails before bringing her down. Mark looked at her askance when he saw her, then struggled not to look at her as he and the others chatted.

There were three couples. Spenser was tall and thin with glasses. Morgan was short, with huge shoulders, and Shane was slightly dump looking, prematurely balding. All were in their early thirties or late twenties, she guessed.

The women were of a kind; blondes with big breasts. None were as tall as Sonia. In fact, Nicole was shorter than Zoe. But their hairstyles and builds were quite similar.

They settled in the living room, and right from the start Zoe was set to fetch things as they relaxed and chatted. She filled glasses, got snacks, lit cigarettes, and tried not to squirm whenever she sat down.

She felt extremely slutty, extremely exposed, very subordinate to the older, relaxed, better dressed people there.

When one of the men spilled a little of his drink on the floor, Sonia was quick to turn to Zoe.

"Zoe, get a cloth and clean that up," she ordered.

Zoe did so, almost without thinking, having fallen into the mind set of serving girl.

There was no question of bending over, however, not with her short skirt. She had to lower herself to her hands and knees to dab and wipe at the spilled liquid. When she chanced to look up she saw the man's eyes gazing down at her breasts, and flushed, finishing quickly.

She took the cloth back into the kitchen, and then hesitated. There was a small half toilet attached to the kitchen. She stepped in and looked at herself in the mirror. Then she leaned forward.

The blood rushed from her face as she saw how her braless breasts pulled down on the thin material, leaving a gaping opening at the top for anyone to look down into.

She straightened, red faced, and delayed her return to the front room as much as she could.

But the kitchen, though large, was an open concept room, with only that low counter. She could not hide in there, nor escape past the room next to it where Sonia and Jeremy were.

She went back in and fetched another beer for Jeremy

When she returned, Jeremy was telling Morgan where the toilet was. Morgan started forward, then halted and swung around to Zoe.

“Now this is what I mean,” he said to the others, apparently expanding upon some conversation they had been holding while she was away. “You see the affect of the high heels on Zoe?”

Everyone was looking at her, and Zoe flushed. None of the other women were wearing high heels.

Morgan moved uncomfortably close, familiarly close in a way strange men were not supposed to do unless drunk. He ran his hand up the outside of her leg and onto her hip.

“You see how it raises her bottom?” he said, his finger prodding at her right buttock. “Straighten up, Zoe,” he said, pulling back on her shoulder. “There, you see.”

He turned her so her bottom was to most of them. “You see how her backside is elevated to look better?”

Zoe pulled away, red faced, turning around as several of them chuckled.

“Doesn’t it make you want to go ungh - ungh!?” Morgan said with a laugh.

And as he did so he put an arm around her belly, pressed his groin into her bottom, and thrust into her twice before turning away and striding off for the toilet.

Zoe was left breathless and embarrassed, her pussy squeezing down around the dildo inside her, her mind anxious and uncertain, her face red.

Where was Mark? She noticed, for the first time, that he wasn’t present.

“Zoe? What size are your breasts?” Karen, one of the blondes asked.

Zoe flushed, not wanting to answer, painfully aware of the two men there looking on.

“Why?” she asked.

“Just answer her, Zoe,” Sonia said curtly.

“Thirty six,” she mumbled.

“What cup size?”

She rolled her eyes at a frowning Sonia. “C.”

“They look bigger,” Nicole said.

“It’s because she’s so small,” Andrea said.

“Take off your top, Zoe, and show them your breasts,” Sonia said.

Zoe gaped, the blood leaving her face. Sonia was glowering at her delay, and everyone else was waiting in seeming casual anticipation.

Zoe didn't know what to say.

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“Now, Zoe,” Jeremy said, slapping his arm on the side of his chair.

As if in a daze, Zoe peeled the tank top up and off, then dropped her eyes as her face heated like fire.

“Straighten your shoulders, Zoe!” Sonia snapped.

She got up and walked to her as Zoe straightened her shoulders a little, moving behind her and grasping her hair, then tugging her head up and back.

“Very nice tits,” Spenser said.

“And real,” added Shane.

“What's that supposed to mean?” Andrea demanded.

“Nothing against plastic tits, dear, you know I like them too.”

“She's got fat in her tits instead of silicon. Why does that matter?”

“They feel different,” Jeremy said.

“It does,” Sonia said, kneading one of Zoe's breasts.

Zoe's hands jerked up to cover herself and Sonia yanked sharply on her hair. “Hands down,” she ordered.

Zoe obeyed, trembling, mortified. Karen and the other two women came up and fondled her breasts, pinching and rolling her nipples, comparing her breasts to their own.

A strange, dark, swirling heat was beginning to catch hold of the young girl's dazed mind. Shame and humiliation were foremost in her thinking, but the sexual heat was swelling rapidly.

“I don't think you need this,” Sonia said.

She undid her skirt, and it slid down her thighs and off.

Everyone there could see the dildo forcing her sex lips apart, and her knees got rubbery, almost

dropping her to the floor.

No one commented on the dildo or the butt-plug, however. Sonia pushed her down onto a chair, and everyone else sat down again and continued talking as if nothing had happened. When Morgan returned, he smiled and noted her nudity, but didn't look surprised, and took his place next to Andrea.

"Zoe, another beer," Karen ordered.

Dazed, Zoe stood up, face on fire, and went into the kitchen. What was going on? What was happening? What was going to happen to her?

She got the beer and brought it back, but so befuddled was she, so dazed at her own nudity, that
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she didn't even open it.

"You didn't open it, you silly little slut," the woman said in irritation.

Zoe started to apologise, then blushed and felt a thrust of shame and dark heat at the woman's rude words.

"Perhaps you should punish her," Sonia said slyly.

"Maybe I should," Karen said.

She gripped Zoe's wrist and yanked her towards her, and such was Zoe's confusion she did nothing to resist and found herself face down across Karen's lap, her bottom in the air. Then three quick slaps to her bottom made her yelp and squirm before she was being pushed off again.

"Now go and open it, slut," Karen said primly.

Zoe did, stumbling, almost falling, running into the wall before making it into the kitchen.

Morgan joined her in the kitchen, however, and she was so dazed, she ran into him as she turned away from the back counter.

"Now, now," he said, gripping her arms. "Are you okay?"

She gaped at him, and nodded as if in a trance.

"Here, let me take that," he said, taking the bottle from her and leading her to the front counter.

The front counter, of course, faced the dining room, and the front living room.

Without a word, he pressed her belly against the low counter, and then spread her legs.

“Wha - .”

“Shh,” he said, pressing down on her shoulders.

She felt his fingers at the butt-plug, felt it being tugged down and out. She gasped, spreading her legs, moaning a little as the fat butt plug was pulled from her anus.

And then Morgan thrust his cock into her to take its place.

Zoe’s eyes went wide. The world was insane!

She shuddered and closed her eyes as Morgan drove himself deep into her ass and began an immediate hard pumping.

“Oh! Ungh! Oh!” she gasped as he thrust up and into her.

“There, there,” he said. “This will only take a minute.”

He did not bend her forward so much as held her around the waist, jammed against her buttocks, **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter, <http://www.processtext.com/abclit.html>**

his cock thrusting up again and again so as to cause her to lift off her high heels with every deep thrust, and grasp the edge of the counter for support. The other couples were in sight, not in the room in front of her, but through the open doorway just off it, and there she was being sodomised, having a cock thrust up into her ass by some man she didn’t know.

He dropped a hand to her groin, squeezing it, squeezing in against the base of the dildo there as he bit into the nape of her neck and squeezed her left breast hard. He drove himself up into her ass in short, sharp thrusts that made her gasp and grunt and shudder.

He was true to his word, however, and finished quickly.

He pulled out, thrust the butt-plug up into her ass, then handed her the beer bottle and slapped her bottom sharply. “Get going you.”

Whistling softly, he went into the little half bath and turned on the water as the befuddled girl shuffled around the counter, through the sun room, and then into the living room.

She had just been fucked in the ass!

She was as dazed when she returned as she’d been when she went to the kitchen, but her groin was throbbing more, her pussy was hotter, and in a bizarre way, her arousal was beginning to feed on the embarrassment and humiliation which was clawing at her mind.

Did someone deliberately stick out a foot, or was she just so numb she tripped over it? It didn’t really matter, as the beer was open and full ,and she staggered on her high heels, spilling some onto the floor

at Jeremy's feet.

"Stupid little slut," Nicole said with a sneer.

The words struck her belly like a blow, leaving her breathless. But her pussy throbbed powerfully.

"Clean it up, slut," Sonia ordered.

"No, slut, you don't need a cloth."

Zoe blinked. There was beer on the floor so how..."

"Lick it up," Sonia growled.

That tone made her quiver in fear, but the words made her clitoris throb and pulse. She stared at the blonde in disbelief, and saw the look of expectation and hunger on the other people present. She felt a sense of the inevitable, and knew there was no point in fighting. She felt helpless, used, abused, and her arousal deepened and spread as she shuffled over in a haze, and then, sank to her knees.

Her face was bright red as she bent over onto all fours, knowing everyone was looking at her, knowing what sight she presented from behind, her bottom raised, the dildo sticking out of her pussy, the butt-plug out of her ass. She bent her head low and licked at the hardwood floor, licking at the beer as everyone looked on.

"What a cheap little bitch," a man said with a laugh.

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"Look at how thick that vibrator is sticking out of her tight little cunt," said another.

"You got some on my shoe, slut," Jeremy said.

Something inside her broke for good, and Zoe's trembling hands reached for his foot where he held it out to her, bent forward, and licked at the beer along the top.

"Filthy little whore," she heard one of the women said.

"She's certainly a mindless little slut," another said.

"She has no pride at all," said a third.

"She's weak," said Sonia.

"She's got a tight little ass, though," Morgan said, returning from the kitchen. "It sucks your cock like a mouth."

“Her mouth is better still,” said Jeremy.

Overwhelmed by it all, Zoe made no protest as he gripped her hair, guiding her face forcefully up between his legs, up to his groin.

“Unzip me, whore,” he ordered.

She did, and then took his cock out and began to suck as everyone looked on.

She gasped as something struck her bottom, trying to pull her mouth off him, but he held her by the hair, and thrust up into her throat as another stinging blow landed across her upraised bottom.

“Filthy little cock-sucker,” a woman said.

Zoe moaned dazedly, massaging Jeremy’s balls as her lips rode up and down on his stiff shaft.

“Swallow that cock, you whore,” Sonia sneered.

Crack! The belt she had been wearing slashed down across Zoe’s bottom with stinging force.

She cried out, but continued to lick and suck on his cock as laughter rippled around the room.

Another crack against her bottom, then another, and another, slow and measured, making her bottom jerk violently as pain tore through her mind, momentarily shocking her from her task.

Harsh hands shoved down on her head and she gagged as Jeremy’s cock drove into her throat.

Then her face was jammed into his groin, her nose crushed against his pubic bone, and she was held in place as someone began to pump the vibrator in and out of her pussy. It was withdrawn completely, and fingers prodded at her sex opening, spreading her lips wide as comments rippled around her about how pink her pussy was.

Then it was thrust into her again, and as her throbbing head began to grow dazed, as the world began to swirl around her from lack of air, she felt another sharp blow against her bottom, and another,

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and another.

Then she was being dragged off Jeremy’s cock by the hair, jaw slack, semen dripping over her lower lip as she gasped and coughed and moaned weakly. She sagged, but a fist in her hair kept her up, arms hanging limp at her sides as her chest heaved.

She didn’t even know who was holding her as a cock was thrust into her mouth. She gurgled and gagged, and coughed as it pumped in and out. It pulled loose, rubbing across her face, over her lips, over her nose and eyes and cheeks as the people sitting around watched with broad smiles and grins. She was starting to get her breath back, the world starting to come into focus. The cock thrust into her

mouth again and she closed her lips and sucked.

Then she was pulled off, her head twisted to the side a little, another cock shoved into her mouth.

There were two of them standing there - no three, and her head was pulled off, and turned, as another cock thrust into her mouth.

Her head was slapped. "Come on, bitch. Use your hands," a male voice ordered.

She moaned and her hands came up. A cock was placed in each, and she began to pump them back and forth along the spit-wet shafts as she sucked on the third. Every time her hair was yanked cruelly back and she was pulled onto another cock she shifted her hand onto the one she had just left.

Then the cock in her mouth erupted, and semen filled her mouth and fountained out around his shaft, over her lips. She swallowed and swallowed, amazed at how much semen there was. But the cocks on either side began to spray her face with semen, then, and she moaned, her eyes fluttering as her face was pattered with white droplets, which then began to trickle slowly downward.

She heard female laughter and more insults.

"What a little cum slut!"

"She just got a great facial!"

"I bet that helps her skin!"

"Swallow that juice, slut!"

The men rubbed their cocks over her face, smearing the semen over her lips and nose, over her cheeks and forehead, then she was flung backwards to land, gasping, on the floor on her back, chest heaving, moaning softly.

A foot jammed into Zoe's side.

"What about us, slut? Are you too good for us?"

Another foot jammed into her ribs, a very sharply pointed high heeled shoe, and Zoe gasped in pain and sat up.

Then Sonia gripped her hair, pulling her to her knees and leading her over to where Karen sat, her dress pulled up to expose her pussy. Karen and Sonia jammed Zoe's face into the woman's sex, and Zoe tiredly began to lick along the shaven slit. Karen kept her fingers buried in the girl's hair and twisted **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter, <http://www.processtext.com/abclit.html>**

and pulled at them cruelly as, with a cruel smile, she urged her on to a better performance.

Someone groped and slapped at her breasts, and the vibrator was pulled free, rubbing against her clit instead. But Zoe neither knew who nor cared. The vibrator made her want to squirm, and caused her hips to buck and jerk as hands slapped at her sore bottom.

She concentrated on her job, on what she had been ordered to do. She licked at Karen's clit and did her best to please the woman. But the sensations rising from between her legs as the vibrator stroked back and forth, as it pushed in deep, then withdrew, were hard to deny. Her inhibitions had been torn away, and even her embarrassment at her nudity was gone.

And something was twisting within her dazed mind. Something dark and warped was growing and spreading, and in concert with the pulsing pleasure growing between her legs, was beginning to change her thinking entirely.

“Lick that cunt, you dirty, crawling slut!”

An obscene insult, a shaming insult, an insult to make her gasp, to outrage and infuriate her.

Once. Now a strange, savage hunger was writhing within her, spreading out its tentacles.

What kind of a woman was spoken to like that? A woman of sex and sexuality, a woman of heat and hunger. No dull, boring, whey faced woman was spoken to like that. No ordinary woman. No silly, suburban girl got spoken to like that, or treated like this. Something within Zoe began to revel at the thought of being a shameless, wanton whore.

And when she was dragged sideways to the next woman, she began to lick at her pussy without hesitation, excited at her own degradation, at the cruelties heaped upon her, at the sheer viciousness of their words and behaviour towards her.

There was a strange, almost unheard tone above and behind her, a soft whistling sound, barely heard, and then something struck her bottom. It did not have the weight of the belt or strap, or whatever they had previously used. It was a light touch, but the sting was so sharp that she cried out in pain, her head jerking up - to be shoved immediately back down, harsh fingers holding her in position as she let out a sob of startled pain.

She returned to her licking, still in a strange state of numbness about what she was doing. And then the soft sound came again. The blow was soft, light, thin, but the pain was shockingly sharp, and again made her cry out and tear her head up and back. She got an instant's look at a long, thin whip of some kind in Sonia's hand before her face was jammed back into Nicole's pussy.

“Lick my pussy, whore,” the woman said. “You deserve to be punished.”

“Yes, you dirty slut,” Karen said. “Of course you must be punished.”

Of course she had to be punished. It was only natural, a part of her thought. She deserved it. It was - important in some way.

The whip bit into her bottom again and she let out a sob of pain, but continued licking.

Yes, the pain was important, the punishment important. Somehow, subconsciously, it robbed her wanton behaviour of any guilt or shame. Did a dog feel shame? Of course not.

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Distinctively male hands spread her legs wider, and she was penetrated, a cock thrusting deep, hips slapping against her bottom. It began to pump right away, hands on her hips as the man rode her.

Zoe continued to lick, thinking only dazedly, that with the man behind her that sharp whip could no longer be used on her bottom. And so she was glad.

A dark sexual haze was spread around her as her body was pounded from behind. No one had ever fucked her before while other people looked on. That was, in some cloudy corner of her mind, forbidden, something no one but a slut would do. But she was a slut, wasn't she, a nasty, dirty little slut, sort of.

Hands groped her breasts and pinched her nipples as her body shuddered to the hard thrusting from behind. But she concentrated on her clit beneath her tongue as she licked intently. And when Nicole put her feet up on Zoe's shoulders and began to buck her hips up to meet her licking tongue she knew a sense of satisfaction at accomplishing what she had been ordered.

And was dragged sideways to the next woman.

Chapter Seven

Zoe did not sleep again that night. She spent it in the basement. She spent most of the evening on her back, arms straight down along her sides with her wrists bound to a post where her feet would have been had they remained on the floor. Her legs were lifted up and back and pulled sharply forward so that she was rolled up and back onto her shoulders, her back was bent painfully and she was looking up between her thighs at the roof above.

They had put a painfully tight clamp on her tongue, and attached it to a short, Y-shaped chain which was clamped to her nipples, pulling and stretching them up towards her mouth. The only light came from a long, thick candle which had been shoved into her anus.

After hours in that position the candle wax was dripping along her thighs and bottom but it was her back which was on fire.

She was permitted to beg for release then, and her body was straightened out and lifted onto her feet. She would not have been able to stand unaided, but her wrists were lifted up and apart and shackled in place to chains hung from the ceiling. Then her head was drawn back, her hair combed into a neat ponytail which was tied with leather cord and bound to a large butt-plug which was driven up into her anus.

A post was placed between her legs, and on that post was a large and powerful vibrator which was plugged into a wall outlet to ensure its power did not fade. A candle was jammed into Zoe's open mouth and lit, and then she was left in place, standing, head back, moaning, her mouth filled with the candle, squinting her eyes against the wax which began to slowly drip down the sides.

Zoe spent the night in a strange, numb state of exhaustion lightened only by the sexual haze which

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continued to surround her. She did not dwell on what was being done to her, did not think about the future or the past, on reasons or explanations. She simply coped.

It was hard to maintain her balance properly with her head drawn back so far, but the leather restraints around her wrists kept her from falling.

It was necessary to keep as still as possible, for whenever she moved the candle, its flame a good foot above her lips, threatened to sprinkle wax across her face. If she kept her head still, however, the wax trickled down the sides and hardened around her mouth.

The presence of the vibrator on its stand was almost irrelevant, at first. Her lower body was not bound, and she did not have to touch it, and so didn't. But the night was long and uneventful, with nothing in it but darkness, discomfort and pain. Whenever her lower body shifted in the unending effort at making herself as comfortable as possible, and her groin made contact with the vibrator, the sharp buzzing vibrations quickly drew a not uncomfortable sensation from her body.

And so, at first without even thinking about it, she began to subconsciously press herself against the vibrator, to rub herself lightly against it in an almost soothing way. The distraction against the discomfort and pain caught more of her attention, and she began to deliberately press herself against the vibrator. As her mind wakened a little, she shifted her hips so that her pussy, and in particular, her clit, rubbed against the powerful vibrator, and shuddered at the sensations this produced.

They were pleasant, a distraction from the discomfort. And the more she ground herself against it the more pleasant and powerful those sensations were. She moaned weakly around the candle, her eyes dark slits seeing nothing but the flickering candle light above her. She tried to keep her eyes closed, for fear of the candle wax, but that made her too dizzy, and she kept tilting one way or another so that wax spattered over her face.

Her wrists and arms were numb, her back aching, her legs stiff and cramped. A wide array of unpleasant sensations enveloped her, adding to her state of weak, dazed confusion. Amidst them all, the only pleasantness came from the vibrator, and she shuddered as she ground herself against it.

The first orgasm only wetted her appetite for more, and heated her passion so that little else mattered. She ground herself against the vibrator, gasping at its strength, then raised herself up on her toes, used the muscles of her arms to pull her up as high as she could, and eased her moist sex opening down onto the vibrator.

The feeling of penetration was glorious, and she sank down onto the vibrator with a moan of raw pleasure that almost made her come again. She shifted her legs further apart, and lowered herself as far as she could, so far her wrists were aching as she put heavy pressure on the restraints holding them aloft.

She ground herself around on the vibrator, feeling the hard sex toy twisting against her insides as she moved her body.

She wanted the vibrator deep, but could only take it halfway into her seething opening. No matter how she tried, even going so far as to spread her legs wide enough to be hanging entirely from her wrists, she could not descend further. She rose up and down weakly, then forced herself high, leaning forward, just the tip jammed against the very top of her sex, and let the vibrations burn through her swollen clit.

Another orgasm tore through her, and she closed her eyes as candle wax spattered down across her face. Her body danced and twisted wildly, her hips bucking and grinding, her back arching and head
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jerking convulsively. The orgasm shattered her mind and body, and her rubbery legs jerked and flopped as she hung entirely from her wrists, moaning and crying out around the thick candle.

The night only got more confusing thereafter. She could not open her eyes for the candle wax spattered over her face and still dropping. That made her balance uncertain, at best, and caused more hot wax to spill over her face.

She had slept little her first night home, not at all her second, and none this third night. Zoe was dazed, confused, and exhausted. She was a bundle of nerves and impulses, her emotions raw and flayed by the events of the previous days. When hands began to glide across her body, gently caressing and kneading her taut breasts, her body flinched and jerked, but her mind hardly stirred. She felt her nipples held between fingertips, pinched and twisted, rolled and plucked.

“On your knees,” Sonia’s harsh voice ordered.

Zoe would have complied if she had been able, though her thinking mind was still swirling with confusion.

She felt hands on her thighs, male hands, then a tongue licking at her clit. She shuddered and moaned around the candle. Blinded, the sensations seemed to become even more powerful than normal, and her body squirmed as strong male fingers squeezed her thighs to hold her in place.

The tongue was large and strong, lapping again and again across her clit, each lick sending a flood of hot, wild sensory heat up through her groin. Her clit became ever more sensitive, so that she gasped and moaned at each lick, her buttocks pulling up and back, as if to escape the pressure tumult.

She climaxed violently, her body thrashing and twisting on the end of the twin chains holding her aloft, the wax spattering down onto her face once again.

“Whore,” Sonia whispered into her ear. “Cock loving slut.”

Hands caressed her breasts.

“You want a cock up inside you, don’t you, slut? I know you do. You want your brother’s cock up inside you, don’t you.”

The words echoed inside Zoe’s skull, but she did not really understand them or care.

She felt the tight tension on her pony tail released, then reapplied. But this was not the steady hold of a cord. This was the uneven hold of someone’s fist wrapped around her hair.

“Come here, slut!” Sonia barked.

Zoe did not know what she meant. The demand was family, however, on an instinctive level. It was just that she was incapable of carrying it out.

She felt the plug in her anus twisting around inside her, then withdrawn. She groaned around the candle.

“Here, my slut. Put your cock in here,” she heard.

She felt fingers at her anal opening, two long, thin fingers sliding into her open ass, twisting around inside her, pumping in and out, then withdrawing. Something else pushed against her, something much thicker, and she felt fingers around it. She groaned as the cock slid up into her; two inches, four, six. She could feel the side of a hand pressed against her buttocks, wrapped around the cock, gripping it, squeezing it.

“Fuck her, my dog. Fuck her ass,” she heard.

The cock moved in and out slowly, and each time it thrust in six inches the side of Sonia’s fist pressed against her buttocks, as if she were holding the cock in her hand, using it to fuck her, to rape her.

“Pull harder on her hair.”

Zoe gasped as her hair was pulled back harder, her face spattered with candle wax again.

The six inches of cock slid in and out of her anus, her body pulling against the immovable vibrator inside her pussy.

“Now... pull her hair and... all the way...” she heard Sonia say.

The cock slid into her - and into her - and in - and in - and in - deeper and deeper so that she cried out in glory and pleasure and pain, sliding twice as deep as it drove up high into her belly.

She came again as it filled her to overflowing, as it sent cramps rippling through her belly, as she felt warm male skin grinding against her buttocks. She bucked and jerked and shook with pleasure, gurgling and moaning around the thick candle in mindless pleasure.

She felt Sonia’s hot breath in her ear as she went limp. “Whore,” she whispered softly. “Slut whore.”

“You love it, don’t you, slut,” the voice continued, soft and sibilant, sneering with contempt. “You love being sodomised. You love having your brother’s cock so deep inside you.”

The dazed girl did love it, after a fashion, but she was largely incapable of understanding why or even what. She heard Sonia, but not with any real understanding, as she grunted in tune to the thrusts of that big, thick cock in her ass. Her head drawn back, the candle wax spattering her face, her bottom high, she gasped and moaned as a large male hand slid down her belly and then cupped her sex around the vibrator, pulling her hips up and back to meet every thrust.

The cock was solidly inside her belly, pumping hard and steadily, moving faster and faster. She could hear harsh male breathing now over her right shoulder, but she didn’t really stop to think about who it was, or care.

“Whore,” the voice whispered. “Cock-loving whore.”

The hard force of the cock inside her raised her to her toes with each thrust, and she grunted and

moaned and gasped again and again.

It hurt but - it felt so *good* as it filled her, as it slid up inside her, as it impaled her. The impact of hips against her buttocks jarred her entire body at the point of deepest penetration, and made Zoe gasp in pleasure and pain.

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“Whore,” Sonia’s voice whispered, her breath warm against Zoe’s ear. “You love it! Slut! You love a cock up inside your tight little ass! Filthy little come slut!”

Fingers pinched and twisted Zoe’s nipples as the words echoed within her skull, accompanied by the steady slapping of hips against her buttocks and the hard, deep thrust of that big cock plunging up through her anus into her belly, lifting her onto her toes.

Another massive orgasm swamped her senses, and she writhed and bucked as her muscles spasmed and her body convulsed.

* * * * *

There was a fog around Zoe’s exhausted mind. She was not entirely insensible, however. She knew that she was crawling down the hall on the end of a leash, crawling on all fours, a metal collar around her throat. This did not bother her at all. She was wear to the point of collapse, and crawling seemed more natural than trying to walk at this point.

Her eyes felt raw and sunken, and her body ached everywhere. But at least she felt the deep, soulful release of being able to move and twist her limbs, of being able to bend her aching back and move her neck. A stinging blow across her backside made her gasp and lurch forward.

“Faster, dog,” Sonia ordered, drawing back the crop for another blow.

Zoey crawled faster, gasping as she strained against the leash. The woman pulled her into the master bath, where the big sunken tub was full, and guided her into it. Zoe felt a surge of heat on the outside, and a surge of pleasure on the inside. She felt filthy, dirty, sweating and sore, and the hot water soothed her aching limbs and back as she moaned and lowered herself almost fully into it.

It was a very large tub, however, with plenty of room for Mark, who crawled in alongside her.

Zoe felt a sense of discomfort as he knelt on all fours beside her, but a sharp slap to her head and Sonia’s stern orders had her kneeling alongside him even as the other man, Jeremy, came into the bathroom.

She and Mark knelt on all fours, side by side, shoulder to shoulder. Sonia and Jeremy sat on the sides of the tub, and washed them. The man, Jeremy, kneaded her shoulders with soapy fingers in a way which Zoe felt deliciously soothing. His hands caressed her back, squeezed her breasts, and then slid

up into her pussy, rubbing and caressing her so that her hips began to almost instinctively grind back against him.

Sonia, meanwhile, was soaping up and washing her brother, and had her hand wrapped around his cock, which was also causing him to grind and pump his hips.

When Zoe's mouth was guided onto Jeremy's cock she wrapped her lips around and it slid down without hesitation, moaning around it as she began to work her mouth up and down. She did not see Sonia urging Mark to turn, but she felt his hands on her flanks as he moved behind and rose up, and groaned in pleasure as he plunged into her hot sex and began to ride her.

He rode her mechanically, automatically, unthinkingly, like a bull or – or a dog., and Zoe perversely began to think of herself as something of an animal, something of a dog, as lips slid down to
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the base of Jeremy's cock. His hands were on top of her head, forcing her down, but she hardly choked or gagged at all as she pressed her nose into his groin and gurgled and grunted around his thick shaft.

The water began to splash as Mark rode her, plunging his own thick cock into her belly again and again, and when long, slim fingers pushed in between her legs and began to stroke her clit she felt a shockwave of sexual heat and pleasure washing over her.

“The little whore can go forever,” Sonia said. “That's the good thing about girls. You don't have to feed them Viagra or something else, and you don't need a cock ring to keep them from coming.”

“She's a cock loving little whore,” Jeremy said, but in an almost complimentary way, his voice laden with affection and approval. “She's one of the most multi-orgasmic little whores I've met yet. It's going to make it so much easier to train her.”

She was a cock-loving little whore, Zoe thought as her brother rode her, but what did that matter as long as she felt pleasure like this? Maybe it was good to be a cock-loving little whore. Maybe that was how she was meant to live her life. She had no other plans, after all, no real idea what she wanted to do with her life. What could be better than this?

Chapter Eight

The bikini Zoe was wearing was by far the briefest and most revealing she had ever worn. The tiny green crotch barely covered her slit, with two slender straps curving up across her hips and then meeting the thong bottom at the top of her buttocks. The bikini top consisted of a pair of thin triangular cups which cupped her breasts, squeezing them up and together, and covered just the centre of her breasts, leaving them bare to either side.

Sonia was wearing something similar, but it still felt weird with her parents present.

She felt a little light-headed. Sonia had let her eat chocolate, which at least gave her some energy, but her stomach rumbled hungrily, and felt weak and a bit buzzed.

Mark was wearing a brief thong, while Jeremy wore a speedo. Her parents sat back on the patio sipping drinks and chatting while “the young people enjoyed the pool.”

Sonia had insisted they toss a beach ball around, and do other things in the water. But she and Jeremy took every opportunity to rub up against her, to grope her, to fondle her. At one point, while Mark stood at the side of the pool, Sonia slid under water, released his cock, and took him into her mouth without her parents being able to see.

She didn't bring him to a come, of course. Mark wasn't allowed to come very often. But she did make sure his cock was rock hard when she slid the little bathing suit over it again.

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Playing tag in the water was even worse, as Sonia and Jeremy always managed to touch Zoe in ways and places which sent heat and adrenaline rushing through her veins.

Mark was - obedient. He was as docile as a child. He didn't look at Zoe, when she was looking at him. He always dropped his eyes, and looked away. But when she did catch him looking at her the expression on his face was lust and hunger, not regret.

Jeremy pulled himself out of the water and, dripping, sat on the edge of the pool. Sonia did the same, sitting next to him.

“Mark, sit here,” she ordered, patting the edge beside her.

Zoe started to climb out but was pushed back by Sonia, who smiled coolly.

Her parents were sitting about twenty yards behind and to Sonia's left. Jeremy motioned Zoe to come to the edge of the pool, where she could stand, then pulled his brief crotch aside to reveal his erection.

“Suck,” he ordered in a low voice.

Zoe swallowed nervously, but hardly thought of disobeying.

“So, Mark, tell me about your courses,” Sonia said, in a voice loud enough for her parents to hear.

Zoe licked at Jeremy’s cock, then slid her lips down its length as Mark and Sonia talked.

Her parents were very close, but they would not be able to see her, and would surely not suspect anything, Zoe thought, heart pounding as she gurgled around Jeremy’s slippery wet prick.

Sonia pulled Mark’s cock out and wrapped her fist around it, pumping up and down as he talked, and she heard the strain in his voice as he struggled to keep his words casual and the tone even.

Jeremy pulled up on Zoe’s hair, twisting her to the side, then forced her mouth down on Mark’s cock. Sonia’s hand joined his on her head, and Mark’s voice wavered as his sister’s lips slid down the length of his shaft.

Her hand was taken and wrapped around Jeremy’s cock, and she pumped her fist on it as she sucked and licked her brother. Then an imperative pull on her hair yanked her off Mark’s prick, and she slid her lips around Jeremy’s, her other hand rising almost instinctively to squeeze and pump against Mark’s shaft.

Sonia was now talking about the value of education, and, bizarrely, her parents were not only listening but responding, agreeing with her, speaking as Zoe’s lips slid up and down on Jeremy’s prick.

“Not only did I learn a lot about the world from university,” her father said as Jeremy yanked her off his cock and shoved her mouth down onto Mark’s, “but I had an awful lot of fun there. I met a lot of guys at the fraternity who are still my friends today.”

“Oh yes,” her mother said. “I so enjoyed the sorority house! The girls and I were like a family!”

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Zoe gagged a little as her lips pressed in around the base of her brother’s prick and her nose jammed against his wet groin.

“For people who want to do something with their lives, university is the only real path,” her father said.

“Of course, that depends on what they do there,” Jeremy said, yanking up on Zoe’s hair, then shoving her mouth down on his cock, “If they take a valuable program which will enrich them both financially and intellectually, well I fully agree. I took law, as you know.”

Zoe gurgled as her nose mashed against his pubic bone.

“But if they waste their time in some of these liberal arts classes that teach them nothing,” he said.

“I think it’s just an indication they’re postponing their time as adolescents, not wanting to get out into the real world and work.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” her father said.

Zoe imagined her parents looking towards them, seeing on their backs, having no idea Zoe was sucking Jeremy’s cock even as the man talked. It was wickedly exciting, for some reason.

They could hear the front doorbell ring through the open back door.

“I’ll get it,” her mother said.

“That will be the first of our guests,” Sonia said.

Zoe felt a chill run down her spine at the word.

There were four couples, and none of them were from the first group Zoe had - been exposed to. All of them dressed in revealing swimsuits as they joined everyone in the pool.

The first couple which came over were black. They walked up to the edge of the pool and looked in.

“Well, that looks good,” the black man said as he gazed down at the top of Zoe’s head.

The black woman dove into the pool and swam back and forth a couple of times while the Black man sat next to Jeremy. Jeremy yanked up on Zoe’s hair and pushed her to the side. The Black man took her hair and forced her mouth downward as he tugged aside his own thong. His black cock unfurled and swelled immediately, and Zoe gagged a little as he shoved her mouth down onto it.

Sonia rose and walked back to sit with her father at the table, chatting about her time on the beach at Rio as he poured her a drink.

The Black woman swam up behind Zoe and tugged her bra cups aside, digging her fingers into the quivering young woman’s soft, breasts.

Another couple arrived, and jumped into the water, and Zoe felt her face heating up as her hair was used to lift her mouth up and down on the Black man’s cock, then Jeremy’s, then Mark’s. The Black woman tugged aside Zoe’s thong to bare her slit, and had three fingers rammed up inside her,
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wriggling and pumping as she rubbed her clit.

Then the Black woman moved away, and the man who had jumped in came up behind her. Zoe felt his hard cock rubbing against her ass under water as the Black woman climbed out and walked over to the table, accepting a drink from her mother.

Another couple was there, as well, and now the man wandered over to join them as the man in the water behind her spread Zoe's legs and forced his cock up into her pussy.

Her hair was pulled back and the Black man pumped his cock in front of her face, then spewed, his white seed spattering over her face as her body was rocked by the man behind.

Jeremy then permitted Mark to come in her face, and then Jeremy came in her face as well.

"Rub your face, come-slut," Jeremy ordered. "And eat it down."

Gasping, moaning, whimpering, Zoe rubbed their come off her face with her fingers, then slid them into her mouth and sucked them clean. She felt like the most horrible, filthy slut. She felt degraded and used, low and cheap and worthless. But as degraded as she felt, her pussy still throbbed around the hard churning inside it.

"Where's the bathroom," she heard the black man ask.

"Right here," Jeremy said.

Zoe didn't understand. Her body was shifted sideways so she was directly in front of the Black man. The man with his cock up inside her hair, his knuckles jamming into her skull on either side of her head as he pulled back on her hair and bent her head forward. Jeremy gripped her right wrist to pull her forward, while the Black man gripped her left.

Then he held his cock in front of her face.

"Open your mouth, slut," Jeremy ordered.

Dazed, moaning, she obeyed, and the Black man began to urinate into her open mouth.

The taste of it inside her mouth shocked Zoe, but she was locked tightly in position and unable to move. She gasped and sputtered, closing her mouth and trying to twist away.

"Don't let it get into the pool, you slut!" Jeremy hissed.

She started to cry out as her hair was pulled more harshly. At the same time, however, she was jerked forward and the Black man's prick slid into her mouth. She was held over it as Jeremy gripped one of her breasts and twisted cruelly.

"Swallow it, whore! Swallow it!" he snarled.

She swallowed, gagged, swallowed, gagged, spilled some down her chest, and swallowed some more as the Black man continued to pour his urine into her mouth.

Behind her, her mother said "So I said, look Andrea, if you don't want to grow pink roses, then

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try something in a nice shade of purple to set off the gray stone...”

“Swallow it, bitch!” Jeremy snarled, his voice low.

“Drink my piss, white bitch!” the Black man growled, ruthlessly squeezing one of her breasts so that Zoe wanted to cry out.

Her brother looked on, excited.

Dazed, whimpering, Zoe was dragged sideways, her mouth forced over Jeremy’s cock, as he urinated as well. She drank it choking, gasping, gagging. Then it was Mark’s piss, pouring down her throat as her brother jammed his hands down on her head.

“You’re going to have to be punished for spilling some of that piss into the pool,” Jeremy said sternly. “Now go inside and wash your filthy body off. I don’t want to touch you.”

“And pull your bra together to cover your tits, you cheap whore,” the Black man said.

The man behind gave a final series of thrusts and came inside her, gasping weakly as his cock drained up into her belly. Then his cock softened and slid back out of her. He tugged her thong back into place

Another woman splashed in the pool behind her and called something out to Sonia as Zoe climbed out of the pool and turned away from where her parents were chatting. Her face dripping come and smelling of urine, she hurried to the house, her mind clouded. She hardly saw those around her as she entered the house, trotted up the stairs and went immediately into the main bathroom.

Moments later she was standing under the shower as it poured down over her, head tilted back, mouth open wide. She spit repeatedly, then, still dripping wet, climbed out of the still running shower to brush her teeth and gargle with mouthwash.

What have I become, she wondered dizzily as she stared at herself in the mirror.

The door opened, for in her haze, she had not locked it. She did not recognize the dark haired woman who came in. But the woman smiled, and she smiled tremulously back, even as she closed the door behind her.

“Such a pretty little girl,” the woman murmured, eyeing her nearly bare breasts, her body slick and dripping wet.

She kissed her, softly, then harder, her own bikini-clad body pressing against Zoe, their breasts mashing together as the woman’s tongue teased its way along the inside of Zoe’s lips. Her hands slid down to cup and squeeze Zoe’s buttocks, then a hand curved around front and dipped into her tiny little front, fingering her clit in a way which soon had Zoe gasping and panting in helpless response.

The woman pulled her thong off, then dropped to her knees. Zoe stared down at her, then shuddered

and arched her back as the woman's mouth enveloped her sex and her tongue began to stroke against her clit.

Zoe's breathing became short and ragged, her fingers clawing at the edge of the counter to keep herself from stumbling and falling as the woman's fingers dug into her buttocks and her tongue drove Zoe

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half mad with pleasure.

The nameless woman had Zoe's whole sex in her mouth, her teeth biting gently into the flesh around it as her tongue whipped up and down, now plunging deep into the mouth of her sex, now stroking expertly across her clit. Zoe's mind reeled, her body swaying drunkenly as her hips rolled and jerked and bucked against the woman's mouth in helpless sexual hunger.

The woman rose, smiling, pulling Zoe's bra off, then tugged back on her hair to bow the girl back across the counter. Two fingers slipped expertly up inside Zoe's dripping sex as her thumb stroked across her clit, and the woman's mouth began to suck and chew and lick at Zoe's suddenly throbbing, burning nipple.

Zoe was crushed back against the counter, shoulder jammed against the wall, when the woman dropped her own swimsuit bottoms and jerked up on one of Zoe's legs. Zoe, gasping, panting, overwhelmed with sex-heat, propped her leg high across the counter as the woman manoeuvred her pussy in against Zoe's and began a hard, rapid grinding motion.

Zoe's head lolled back as the pleasure coursed through her system, then it dropped forward onto the woman's shoulder as she clutched her tight, grinding back herself, panting and gasping in wild-eyed need as their slick pussies rubbed and ground together in passionate desire.

The orgasm tore through her with such power she could not keep from crying out again and again, her hips bucking frantically, her body grinding and writhing and rutting back against the other woman.

She had barely begun to sag with exhausted relief when the woman came, as well, and her ragged gasps and curses and moans filled the bathroom. Then she too sagged away, and Zoe almost fell to the floor.

The woman smiled and kissed her forehead. "What a lovely little sex-toy," she said.

Zoe smiled hesitantly.

The woman pulled on her own bottoms, but stopped Zoe from doing the same. She was a head taller than her, and took her hand as she opened the door, and while Zoe hesitated, the woman pulled insistently, leading her, naked, out into the hall. She led her into an empty room, a guest room, its window overlooking the back yard where her parents sat facing the pool.

Zoe was confused, but the woman merely smiled. She opened the dresser and Zoe saw a pair of

leather restraints.

“Hold out your hands, little sex toy,” the woman said.

Zoe did so, biting her lower lip uncertainly. She watched as the woman fastened the leather restraints around her wrists, then locked them together, gasping only when she turned and saw Jeremy come into the room. Her heart began to beat faster now, as his eyes flicked up and down. Then he moved past her, picking up a chair and dragging it into the centre of the room. He took a chain and a long, thick eye hook from the same dresser, and Zoe watched as he pushed the latter into a hole apparently already made in the roof beam and began to turn and twist it so it would screw in.

Swallowing nervously, she looked past him at the people in the back yard. She could see her
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parents, and the Black couple, and Sonia, but no one else. And then a man walked in behind them, the one who had fucked her in the pool. She blushed, then dropped her eyes as a couple came in behind him and, smiling, sat on the edge of the bed.

The man came up and hugged the woman who had fucked her in the bathroom, then gave her ass a squeeze.

Mark came in, then another couple, as Jeremy got down from the chair and pushed it away. He lifted her wrists up above her head, high enough so that she was forced to rise onto the balls of her feet, and hooked them to the chain there.

Zoe was blushing furiously, and yet there was a raw, ragged heat within her, a hunger which was becoming stoked by this public exhibitionism, but everyone seeing her naked, stretched out, helpless, by the anticipation of what new and wicked thing Jeremy might do to her, what horrible sexual indignity she was about to be subjected to.

And why should that arouse her? She had no idea. But the more degraded she felt the more she felt like little more than a sex object. And that was both shaming and darkly arousing, for she'd always considered herself nothing but a very ordinary, somewhat mousy girl.

Two couples sat on the bed, staring at her expectantly. Another were propped against a low chest. Mark was standing in a corner, arms folded, eyes alight.

Jeremy took a whip out of the dresser and showed it to the others. It had foot long handle, and a very thin, loose tail which was over eight feet long. He swung it around as he grinned at the others. “You need a large room for this,” he said.

He turned and looked across the room at Mark. “Mark, go over there and make your sister happy,” he said.

Mark seemed to blush a little, and dropped his eyes as everyone looked at him. Then he got up and

walked across to a nervous Zoe. He swallowed, not looking at her, then dropped to his knees and forced her thighs apart to put his mouth on her.

Zoe had just been eaten out by the woman whose name she still didn't know. But the excitement of being nude in front of all these strangers, the strange, dark heat she felt at being tied and helpless, made her pussy quiver and thrum as her brother's tongue lapped at it. This embarrassed and degraded her even more, as a flush crept up across her chest and she, like he, tried to look away.

She had never been comfortable being the centre of attention anywhere, much less here, naked, having her pussy licked by her own brother. But she could not bring herself to say anything. What could she say, with the heat swelling within her, with the churning hunger of her body rising and spreading out to envelop her mind and push aside all other fears and worries.

She barely had contact with the floor, her toes straining to keep her from hanging by her wrists as her brother held her thighs apart and drove his tongue up deep into her pussy. She bit her tongue and let her head pull back, jerking weakly, gasping as everyone watched her being eaten out, as shame and humiliation crushed her pride down while at the same time raising her ardour higher and higher.

“Enough.”

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He drew back, and Zoe, panting, pulled her legs together, able to stand more easily now on the balls of her feet, her heels just a little over the floor as Jeremy swung the whip lightly. He drew his arm back and then let the whip fly. Thin it was, and swirled forward to curve around Zoe's waist. It curled around her body twice over, but it was only the first foot or so which hurt. Which stung. Dreadfully.

She cried out as the whip bit into her soft belly, her body jerking convulsively. Jeremy yanked back the whip, which spun her, off-balance, like a top, briefly hanging by her wrists as she twisted around and the whip fell free. A red line across her belly showed where it had struck, and she gulped, heart pounding, as he prepared for another blow. Her head turned and she looked out the window, still able to see her parents at the pool.

Then the whip flew, swirling around her with the soft sound of torn paper, curving around her belly, this time, the first foot lashing at her back so that she cried out, back arching. Then she quickly spun as Jeremy pulled the whip back sharply.

He didn't wait but swung again. The whip curled around her ribs, the first foot laying a trail of fire between her shoulder blades, then yanked it to spin her dazedly around. Again the whip flew, hissing as it circled her body, the front cutting into the soft, taut flesh of her breasts so that her cry of pain was extra loud.

Again and again the whip hissed in to twist itself around her, then set her spinning as Jeremy yanked it back. Gasping, panting, her body lined with red welts, her eyes were glassy as sweat trickled down her body. The heat of raw pain enveloped her from thighs to neck.

And yet still the heat within her blossomed, the heat of dark exhibitionistic excitement as she was whipped and stared at, as they all watched and lusted and smirked and touched each other hungrily.

“Mark, be a good little lad and sodomize your whore sister for us,” Jeremy ordered.

A sharp spike of adrenalin rolled through Zoe’s system, swirling clouds of anxious shame and dark excitement twisting around it as Mark walked across the room, already hard, his cock bulging against his little speedo. He still didn’t look at her as he moved behind her and she felt his cock pressing up between her buttocks. His hands gripped her hips, then slid down to her thighs, forcing them apart as he pulled her backwards. Gasping, Zoe had to rise high onto the balls of her feet again as her brother’s hard cock pressed against the sweating ring of her anus, then pushed inexorably upwards.

He was lubricated only by the pre-cum on his cock and her own sweat, and she gasped and grunted, red-faced, shamed, aroused, as her brother forced his cock up her ass in front of half a dozen strangers.

Jeremy had moved around in front of her, and put down the long whip on the dresser. He took out a short, thin flog, the laces no more than a foot or so long, and came back to her.

“Ungh! Oh! Ungh!” Zoe gasped, her head jerking, body twisting, as her brother pulled her back onto his cock, as he thrust up determinedly, jamming himself ever deeper.

Jeremy swung the short flog and the laces sliced into the tender flesh of her breasts.

Zoe cried out, her attention instantly diverted, then cried out again as the second blow landed hard upon the sharp, stinging pain of the first. Another blow and another and another followed in quick succession, as Jeremy almost idly flogged her breasts, turning her aching nipples into throbbing, fiery

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stones.

Mark was deep in her ass now, and beginning to work himself in and out. Her sphincter muscle gave up quickly as she concentrated on the sharp, stinging blows of the flog instead, and Mark was soon thrusting eagerly up into her anus, almost throwing her off her feet with every hungry thrust.

Sonia came in then, or perhaps she had been there for some time. Zoe couldn’t tell, didn’t care.

Sonia had a vibrator, and began to run it up and down across her slit, rubbing at her throbbing, swollen clit as she stood to one side.

Jeremy lashed her belly now, then her abdomen, before moving back to her breasts.

Mark was thrusting and grunting, panting and moaning as he rutted up into her ass.

Sonia slid the vibrator up into her pussy, deep, then jammed her thumb against Zoe’s clit.

Zoe's hips bucked and jerked in time to her brother's sodomy as she gasped and moaned and cried out again and again, dazed and numbed, feverishly aroused and mortified at the same time.

She came - violently, her body wracked by convulsions to the point she lost control of it. It was a powerful orgasm that seemed to go on and on, but it was different at the same time. She'd had multiple orgasms before, especially recently, but always before there was a pause between them, perhaps a minute, at least forty five seconds. Now she fell out of one orgasm to come screaming into another with barely time to snatch a quick breath between. Another followed, then another, as her body and mind collapsed into shattering sexual overload.

And then everything seemed to go black.

Chapter Nine

Zoe spent the night on her knees, straddling a low padded frame. The frame was perhaps eight inches across, and helped keep much of her weight off her knees. Her wrists were strapped together above her head, and she was both hooded and collared. The hood completely covered her head, with nothing in place but a small hole for her to breathe. It blinded and partially deafened her, adding to the confusion of her exhausting lack of sleep and the mental anguish and trauma she had been through.

A leather harness dug into her body, thin straps cutting down over her bare shoulders, binding her ribs tightly, circling her breasts and belly, and cutting up into the soft, pink flesh between her sex lips.

Her breasts pushed out tautly, squeezed in from all sides. Her nipples were hard, throbbing pink pebbles, neatly pierced by Jeremy so that two thick silver rings hung from them.

She was not in much discomfort in this position. She could not rise, for her ankles were strapped up and back to the frame she straddled. But she could twist and turn, could bend a little and move her
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limbs. It was a considerable improvement over many of the positions she had experienced over the previous few days.

At first, she had simply knelt, head down, all but hanging by her wrists, barely conscious as sleep fought to draw her down into its depths. Then someone, Jeremy or Sonia, put a vibrator underneath her.

It was not the kind she had felt before, not the rocket ship or phallic shaped devices which had been pushed up into her body. No, this had a vert fat round end, which then narrowed into a long thin tube, something like a large microphone.

It was also stronger, especially the fat part. But it buzzed and shook all along its length.

The exhausted girl had ignored it at first, but that proved impossible. The vibrations made her pussy throb and pulse, and her hips were soon twisting, her body grinding, her pussy rubbing upwards along the thing, to the fat head, grinding her pussy across it.

But the strap which dug into her sex also covered her clit, preventing any direct contact. The sexual animal which Zoe had become found this increasingly frustrating as she gasped and moaned and her body twisted and writhed and ground down onto the thing. It took much longer to rouse her body to its highest peak. And longer still to push it over. But when she did the fall was spectacular, and she screamed into the ball gag filling her mouth as her body writhed and thrashed and twisted in mindless ecstasy.

The orgasms tore through her all night long, to the point where she simply hadn't the energy left to do more than quiver and tremble and whimper softly.

She half hung, head low, in a half-conscious state of mind-blasted delirium, with hardly any sense of self left. When a man came in twice, spread the opening of her mouth wider, drew out the gag, and then raped her mouth and throat, she was aware of it, in a drifting, hazy sort of way. But she did not know what was happening, much less why. Or who. Nor did she really care. She struggled to breathe as the fat cocks pushed up and down her throat, then gasped weakly as they came and withdrew.

Two minutes later she could not have said anything had happened.

She was flogged, across the back and breasts, and twisted and writhed and cried out at the stinging pain, but did not understand it. And again, whimpering, the pain and memory was lost from her mind a few minutes later. When her mouth was drawn against someone's pussy, a part of her recognized what she must do, and she licked mindlessly, unthinkingly, until the pussy was withdrawn.

* * * * *

“May I have breakfast, Sonia?” Zoe asked, eyes downcast, face slightly pink.

Sonia smiled. “You may.”

Zoe sat down gratefully, eyes downcast

She was dressed in a thin, tight, short nightie with a plunging neckline which exposed half her breasts. It was not exactly an indecent nightie, but it was not the sort of thing she would have chosen to wear around the house where her parents, brother and others were living.

But then, no one had asked her permission.

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She wore nothing around the house now but the revealing swimsuits, short shorts and short, tight halters and bikini tops, and little nighties which left little to the imagination but were, technically, modest enough for ones own home.

Her parents must certainly have noticed, but said nothing. There was certainly no way they could have missed how meekly she asked permission from Jeremy or Sonia for every single thing she did. She assumed they had decided that she had entered into the same sort of willing relationship with Sonia and Jeremy as Mark had, and had decided to diplomatically ignore it. Zoe wondered just how much they suspected about what kind of relationship that was, how wordly they might be about such raw, perverted sexual games.

As she sat down, as she had become accustomed to doing, she reached down and pulled her short nightie up so that her bare bottom sat fully on the chair with no cloth between. Her nipple rings were quite obvious against the tight, thin fabric of her pink nightie. And she stared down at the table as Sonia served her, then quietly picked up her utensils to eat.

Mark was bare-chested, as he often was. He wore a pair of short shorts, and ate as quietly as Zoe. Her parents discussed the latest politics with Sonia and Jeremy, ignoring both of them.

After breakfast, Mark was sent to clean the fireplace. Zoe was ordered to clean the pool. Sonia had suggested both, and both had, of course, quickly agreed. Their parents were pleased at not having to pay someone to do such unpleasant jobs.

Zoe wore the tiny little thong and bra cups as she ran the long handled net across the water.

Sonia came out to watch for a bit, then stepped forward and tugged on the string behind her back, letting the bra come loose.

“I don’t think it’s inappropriate for a girl to be able to go topless in her own nicely private back yard,” Sonia said.

Zoe did not exactly disagree, yet she blushed fiercely when, twenty minutes later, her father came out, accompanied by Jeremy. She turned her back to him as much as possible, but there was no way he could fail to notice her bared breasts, not to mention her pierced, beringed nipples, even if he did his best not to.

From then on, Zoe never wore a top in the back yard. And Sonia and Jeremy made sure to send her into the house on errands many times when her parents were there.

Mark wore his tiny G-string much of the day, without anyone commenting. He also wore a collar.

Zoe had started out wearing a thin, attractive choker, at Sonia’s order. She was given several more chokers to wear so that she always had something around her neck. Then matching bracelets. Gradually, the chokers became larger and thicker, as did the bracelets.

One day, while Zoe and Sonia were sunbathing, both topless, Sonia slipped off her bottoms, and instructed Zoe to do the same. Blushing, for her mother was sitting at the table nearby, Zoe obeyed. It was a half hour before her father wandered out and joined her. As before, neither of her parents said anything.

And Zoe never wore anything in the back yard again. Except the metal collar and “bracelets” on both wrists and ankles, and the thumb sized rings in her nipples and labia.

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Her parents surely must have known, but said nothing. They seemed as delighted in the presence of Sonia and Jeremy as they’d ever been. Her mother treated Sonia like her long lost daughter, and her father treated Jeremy like the son he always wished he’d had.

One day Zoe was kneeling on hands and knees on the grass in front of Jeremy, who had his feet propped on her back as he sat back in a lawn chair. Her father came out, and Zoe blushed and almost

made to move, but a nudge from Jeremy was all it took to freeze her in place.

“Jeremy, have you heard what that idiot Yancy has.... done?” he asked, with barely a pause as he saw his daughter on all fours behaving like a foot stool.

“I was expecting him to trade for a pitcher,” Jeremy said. “But Miller? I could hardly believe it.

We gave up too much for a bum like him.”

“Too much! A bag of hammers would have been too much!” her father exclaimed, sitting down next to Jeremy, ignoring the fact his naked daughter was kneeling with her bottom almost in his face.

They talked sports for ten minutes while Zoe knelt there, then her father got up, and she thought he stared at her oddly for a moment before jerking his head around and going back inside.

Zoe had been instructed not to speak to her parents for any reason except if spoken to. Her parents seemed curiously reluctant to speak to her, so their conversations became fewer and fewer, before all-but disappearing entirely. Zoe took over the jobs of vacuuming, mopping floors, cleaning windows, cleaning the bathrooms, doing the laundry, and many other household chores, sometimes accompanied by Mark, who had his own tasks.

After a while, both did these tasks naked, and stopped wearing clothes, except for collars and occasional harnesses, entirely.

One time Zoe was wearing a harness whose straps circled her ribs just above and below her breasts, squeezing them out taut, with another strap descending down her front and over her pussy, before climbing up between her buttocks in back.

Sonia had inserted a particularly large dildo inside her, as thick as a cola can, and it was too long to be forced fully within her body. The base pushed out a full inch, pressed in hard by the strap, but clearly visible as she carried a cup of iced tea on a tray into the living room where Sonia sat talking to her mother. She saw her mother catch sight of the dildo and stare for a long moment before jerking her eyes away.

Still, she said nothing, and Zoe walked away - stiffly - after Sonia had taken the cup.

Zoe spent every night in bondage. Sometimes she was in Jeremy’s room, for he had moved in too, of course, sometimes in Sonia’s room, and sometimes in Mark’s, bound together with her brother.

One night they were bound tightly together in a sixty-nine, with her pussy in his face and his soft cock pressed against her chin. Before long his cock was in Zoe’s mouth and his tongue was stroking along her clit as they both gasped and moaned in pleasure.

Another time they were bound with their wrists above them, feet barely touching the floor, bodies pressed chest to chest. It took some work, but he managed to get his cock up inside her, and Zoe

managed to get her legs wrapped around him as they ground and rocked against each other.

Sometimes she was bound naked to the foot of Sonia's bed, arms stretched up and out, watching as Sonia fucked Mark wildly, unable to participate, unable to look away. Afterwards, Sonia would have Mark whip her, calling her a pervert for staring at them.

When Sonia bought a puppy, ostensibly for Zoe, she also bought a large cage for her room. And Zoe began to spend her nights confined within the cage. She also began to crawl more often.

The first time her father saw Jeremy leading her, crawling on all fours, by a leash attached to her collar, he smoothly pointed to the dog laying nearby, and told him they were showing the puppy how to act. Her father accepted this with apparent equanimity, and the "show" continued.

This willful ignorance, if that was what it was, on the part of her parents, seemed to end some months later, while Jeremy and her father were discussing the nature of women.

They were in the big living room, which was chill with air conditioning. Nevertheless, Zoe knelt before him, Jeremy's feet propped across her back. He had positioned her in such a way that she was basically in front of her father, as well, making it hard for her father to sit comfortably.

"Just prop your legs here, George," Jeremy said with a smooth, perfectly natural voice.

There was a hesitation, then Zoe felt a second pair of feet propped across her lower back.

"George, the suggestion that we can never understand the mind of a woman is foolish," Jeremy had already said. "You need only place them within the proper category to really understand what drives and motivates women."

"Really?" her father said.

"Take Celia, for example. Your wife is a strong woman, with drive and determination to get what she wants."

"She doesn't take crap from anyone," her father said.

"Exactly. She's an Type-A personality. You treat such women with the appropriate respect - while being careful to make sure they don't turn you into a lap dog of course..."

Both men chuckled.

"And you'll get along fine. On the other side of the scale, you have what I like to call the Type-W personality."

“Type-W?” her father said.

“Whores. Whores, George. Now I’m not talking about women who simply enjoy sex. All women, unless they’re frigid, enjoy sex. I’m not even talking about those whose morals are somewhat elastic in who they partake of sex with, or how often. A Type-W is a particular type of woman, George.

They lack ambition or drive. They’re intellectually lazy. They like to be looked after, to be told what to do and how to do it. More importantly, they are completely captive to their body’s lust. Satisfying that lust is all they really care about. They have no pride, no care, no fear, no nothing, George, just the raw, **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter, <http://www.processtext.com/abclit.html>**

carnal, almost animalistic need to satisfy their body’s cravings.”

“Like a nymphomaniac?” her father said.

“No, that’s different, although most Type-Ws can certainly be described as nymphos, too. Like nymphos, they’re always turned on, always eager for sex, sex of any kind with anyone. They need sex the way a drunk needs alcohol, the way an addict needs his fix. But their needs are more powerful, raw, carnal and bestial. It makes them into beasts, George, sexual animals who have nothing on their minds but sex.”

Jeremy motioned to Mark as he passed through the room, carrying a broom and dustpan. Mark wore a tiny leather codpiece and nothing else but his collar, and quickly set down the broom and dustpan and came over to stand in front of the two men. Jeremy took his feet off Zoe and her father hurriedly did the same.

“Zoe, kneel upright,” he ordered.

Blushing, Zoe rose on her knees, turning to face Jeremy and her father.

“Mark, kneel behind her.”

Mark obeyed unquestioningly, and Zoe felt his leather codpiece jammed against her buttocks.

“Draw your Zoe’s head back by the hair.”

Gulping, Zoe felt her hair pulled back so her back arched.

“Now put your hand between her legs and get her aroused.”

Zoe was flushed, embarrassed, but aroused as she felt her brother’s fingers rubbing along her well-shaved slit, probing within, sliding inside her, his thumb flicking upwards and stroking across her clit.

It took very little time, for her body and mind had both become conditioned now, before her hips began to grind and buck forward against his fingers.

“You see what I mean, George? No shame, no care, no nothing but lust and hunger,” Jeremy said.

“Enough,” he said.

Mark released her hair and drew back, and Zoe knelt, panting, her pussy throbbing.

“Centre of the room.”

Zoe moved to the centre of the room, then dropped onto all fours. Her father and Jeremy were on her right, facing her, and her mind cringed as Jeremy directed her brother to move behind her.

Her father’s lips were pursed and his eyes flicked from side to side as if they wanted to look away, but when Mark thrust into her from behind all Zoe could do was cry out in pleasure, and thrust her hips back to meet his rapid strokes as her father and Jeremy looked on. Mark gripped her hair, yanking her head back, and filled his fist with her breast, squeezing and kneading it as he rammed his cock into her with unrestrained hunger.

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Zoe’s orgasm was loud and long and very nearly immediate, and though she was breathless, she turned at Jeremy’s order and took her brother deep into her throat with effortless ease, her hands rising to massage his heavy balls as he gripped her hair and groaned in pleasure.

Jeremy continued to talk, but she was paying no attention through the pounding in her skull, and after Mark had come and she had swallowed it, she looked shamefaced across at her father and Jeremy to see Jeremy smiling and her father looking embarrassed, uncertain, and - was he also excited?

“I’ve never seen that before,” he was saying somewhat breathlessly. “I mean, in a movie once but... well, I had heard of it of course but ...”

“Type-Ws are capable of enormous feats of sexuality,” Jeremy said. “I’ve seen your daughter take a cock a foot long down her throat without flinching. It’s an almost physical adaptation on the part of Type-Ws. Your normal woman would gag and choke on something that big sliding into her throat, but not a Type-W whore.”

He looked down at the bulge in her father’s pants. “Would you uhm, like to see it first-hand?”

Her father looked startled. “Oh ah, no, no, that’s quite all right. I uhm, I was just... well I ahh...”

“Zoe, show your father,” Jeremy demanded.

A month or two ago Zoe might have hesitated, but harsh whippings at any kind of hesitation had driven that from her. No matter what she wanted, what she DIDN’T want was to be hung from her wrists and whipped until she was covered in welts and barely conscious. She crawled forward between her father’s legs and unzipped him.

He stared down, frozen, but he was also hard, and she saw only a cock before her. It didn't matter who it belonged to. She took it into her mouth and began to suck and lick and bob up and down on it. When she sank all the way down she heard her father's delighted groan of pleasure.

"Oh my God!" he gasped as she slid back up.

"Wonderful feeling, isn't it?"

"I-it's the most amazing thing I've ever felt!" he gasped.

Zoe took him deep into her throat again and again he moaned in pleasure.

"She's a fantastic little whore," Jeremy said. "Feel these tits."

Zoe felt a hand on her breast, and after a moment, another hand on her other breast, both squeezing and kneading as she bobbed slowly up and down on her father's cock.

He came in her mouth, but sucking and licking at his balls soon had him hard again. Jeremy ordered her onto all fours, head low, bottom raised high, knees apart, and her father, as if in a daze, mounted her, his hips slapping faster and faster against her raised bottom as his excitement mounted.

Her father fucked her every day after that, but always in the same position, doggy style, so he wouldn't have to look at her face. He seemed to overcome whatever shyness held him, however, so she **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter, <http://www.processtext.com/abclit.html>**

could perform oral sex on him.

Her mother, she understood, was learning the pleasure of sex with a young, virile man like her brother, at approximately the same time. And soon her parents were treating them with the negligent interest of employers to servants. Her father even allowed Jeremy to show him how to beat Zoe, and seemed quite fascinated with the long, bull-whip, which Jeremy had acquired considerable expertise with.

"Let me show you how you make a Type-W masochist come without even touching her,"

Jeremy told him.

The whip began to slice into her flesh then, snapping at her back and shoulders, and curling around to bite into her breasts and belly and abdomen. By the time he let the long whip curve down into her sex she was dazed, sobbing, covered in welts, and half-conscious. The harsh cracks of sensation ripping into her from between her legs twisted something inside her, and despite the terrible pain she soon climaxed to the tune of her own screams and the crack of the whip as it sliced into her pussy.

Jeremy wouldn't let him use a bull-whip, since he feared damaging her, but her father did become adept with a lighter, thinner flog, and though it stung much less, was still able to learn to rouse her to heights of passion before bringing her over the edge while flogging her between the legs.

A few weeks later, her parents, Sonia and Jeremy were relaxing by the pool. Jeremy and Sonia were amusing themselves by throwing plastic dildos into the water for Zoe and Mark to fetch. Both were required to crawl, and to move quickly to avoid the bite of a short quirt the two each kept. With the dildo tossed into the water, Zoe or Mark would scrambled across on their hands and knees, fling themselves into the pool, swim across to where the sex toy bobbed, take it into their mouths, then climb back out and crawl back to set it into the hands of whoever had flung it out.

“Have you ever considered breeding her?” Sonia asked.

“Who? Zoe?” Jeremy asked. “I suppose. There’s no urgency to it, though.”

“Who uhm, would you breed her with?” her father asked.

“Why Mark of course. They’re both quite attractive, and their sexual drives are so high that they would almost certainly breed true for the Type-W strain.”

“But well, isn’t there a risk?”

Jeremy made a noise. “You mean of birth defects, two headed babies and such? With modern screening techniques there’s little danger, and the risk was only marginally greater anyway.”

“Well I wouldn’t mind having a... a normal child,” her mother said disapprovingly.

“Someone with strength and character,” her father said.

“We could breed them separately, as well,” Jeremy said. “The genetic trait is weak so should be as easily overwhelmed by a stronger genetic code as, well, as they are.”

He tossed the dildo across the yard and into the pool, and Zoe crawled rapidly after it, breasts swinging, and threw herself breathlessly into the pool.

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“Why don’t you two do it?” her father said. “You’re both strong willed, both attractive.”

“Well, that’s a thought,” Jeremy said.

“Stay with us and raise the kids,” her mother said eagerly. “You know we love you both. You’re like children to us.”

Mark emerged from the water, dildo in his teeth, and began to dog-paddle back to the side of the pool.

“I’m hungry,” Jeremy said.

They rose and wandered into the house. Zoe and Mark, both dripping wet, dropped the dildos and crawled after them.

Once inside, Sonia set out the food on the table, then set a bowl down in the corner for Mark and Zoe. They moved in, pushing their heads down and forward, knowing that using their hands would draw punishment, lapping up their own food as the others sat down to eat.

“Then it’s settled,” Jeremy said. “Though I’m not sure how many children we should get.”

“If we treat the girl properly, with hormones, she could have three or four at once,” Sonia said.

“That way she’d not have to be pregnant as often.”

“An excellent suggestion,” her father said. “I know I’d miss giving her my regular ride.”

Mark and Zoe fought for position in front of the bowl, their heads pushing against each other as they tried to eat. The close positioning of his sister’s slippery wet body soon had Mark’s cock hard, and he mounted her, thrusting into her pussy as she was still eating. She grunted, spreading her legs, but still wolfing down food.

“I don’t think you need to fear,” Sonia said. “Our little whores will be pleased to please you no matter what condition they’re in.”

They turned eyes on the humping, grunting pair as they fed, smiling and shaking their heads. It would be good to have more little mouths to feed, more kids crawling around on the floor.

* * * * *

Zoe’s eyes opened and she rolled onto her back as the room filled with light. She felt a little shockwave of anxious anticipation and fear swirling in her belly as her mother closed the door behind her.

“I was not pleased with Sarah’s reading test,” she said, shaking the flog loose in her hand.

“I’m sorry, mother,” Zoe said in a very soft, quiet voice.

“Position yourself, slut.”

Zoe had not slept in a cage in several years, not since the triplets grew old enough to move around and talk. It wouldn’t do for them to discover Zoe - the serving girl - in a cage naked, and start talking about it to their little friends. They were now in kindergarten, and her mother had made it clear
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that Zoe would be punished for any failure to thrive.

She spread herself out on the bed, nude, and gasped as the flog lashed down across her belly.

Her hands went beneath her, pushing up on hips, raising her sex high as the flog sliced into her flesh again and again, snapping against her belly and thighs and groin as she sobbed and gasped and cried

out in pain. Her body bucked and twisted, and her hands dropped out from under her repeatedly. When that happened the flog would lash her breasts savagely, and she would arch her back violently, gasping and moaning and shuddering in the heat of pain and pleasure.

She rolled and writhed, taking the lash on her back, across her shoulders, on her buttocks, and then, as she rolled again, pushing her sex up, across her pussy. She was wrapped in the fire of pain now, but pleasure began to surge forward, and when she succeeded in bracing herself once more, feet flat on the mattress, legs spread, pussy raised, hands up beneath her back, propped on her elbows, and her mother slashed the whip down against her pussy again and again as fast as she could, Zoe came with a shuddering wail of mindless pleasure.

Her mother folded the flog, and stared at her sternly. “You will go over the alphabet with her again, do you understand, slut? Make sure she memorizes it. Sarah is going to be a winner, going to get somewhere in life. She’s not going to be a brainless little fuck toy like you.”

“Y-yes, mother,” Zoe gasped, trembling in the afterwash of the powerful orgasm.

The triplets, as well as the twins who had come after, thought of Sonia as their mother, but it was Zoe “the serving girl” who was responsible for taking care of them and ensuring they knew their lessons.

Zoe didn’t mind. Years of virtual slavery had driven her low status into her so hard she could hardly think of saying no, could barely conceive of doing anything but what she was told. She wore clothes now, though quite revealing ones, when the kids were around, and crawled only when they were away or asleep. But she had not done anything but obey in too long, and had long since taken Jeremy’s theory of “type-w” to heart, wanting nothing but sex with whoever wanted to use her.

Perhaps the triplets would be different, she thought as she groaned and tried to find a comfortable position with her new welts. Or perhaps, when they grew up, she’d have company on her hands and knees.

But that didn’t really concern her. As her fingers slid in between her legs and she began to stroke them across her sore, swollen, well-whipped pussy, only pleasure mattered.

end

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