

THE DARK PASSAGE by ARGUS

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Chapter One

Danny let her head tilt back as the water poured down on her from two directions. She loved this shower. She absolutely loved it! In fact, she loved the entire bathroom. She'd never had a home which didn't have a dinky little bathroom not much bigger than the tub. Now with a whole house to herself she'd had the bathroom wall torn out and expanded it to take up the whole bedroom which had been next door.

The shower stall was in the corner of the open concept room. A pair of six feet high tiled walls nearly enclosed the a five foot square space in the corner, not quite meeting, leaving a wide space for an entrance, though there was no door, leaving the shower open to the rest of the room.

The sink was an antique, and chest high. No more bending over to wash her face off. And there were a pair of high, lead crystal lights framing the mirror rather than the usual dull, modern light panel. The tub was six feet square and four feet deep, with plant covered steps leading up to it.

But as she stood under the dual showerheads spraying water down on her she felt oddly like an exhibitionist. It wasn't something she could explain. The door was closed, after all, and she was alone in the house anyway. But the room was so large, and she wasn't used to taking showers out in the open - sort of. All her previous showers had been in a tiny, enclosed tub with the curtains drawn tight around.

Now she could feel the cool room air on her backside as she let the water rain down on her head and chest and shoulders, and turned slowly in place, sighing in pleasure as the gushing water poured over her naked flesh.

She ran her hands slowly up and down her taut belly, up over the curving surfaces of her breasts, so very firm as she arched her back. The droplets of water bouncing off the surface of her breasts was a warm caress, and those striking her nipples stung enough to cause them to swell and stiffen.

She let her hair fall back. Her waist length black hair was now a single wet mass and slid past her buttocks. She felt a sense of sexual pleasure - though not quite heat, enjoying the tactile sense of water streaming across the soft surface of her pale skin, trickling down along her hair between her buttocks, over her breasts and down between her legs.

No, she wasn't an exhibitionist, exactly, no more than most women. Which was to say she enjoyed being - attractive, even if she didn't admit it to herself in so many words, enjoyed the looks, the silent hum of appreciation she got from men. She enjoyed it and intended to keep it, however irritating it was to go through the dull routine of the exercises she'd just completed.

Twenty seven wasn't old, but it wasn't seventeen either. She had a very slim waist, very flat stomach, and high, firm breasts. All of them would go to pot very quickly if she sat around on

her trim backside, let dust gather on the exercycle and rowing machine, and didn't get her regular jogging in.

She had her own home now, after so long saving and scrimping and planning. And soon she'd have her own business. Danny was more than a little proud of herself, even if most of the money had come from her long deceased parents' will.

Perhaps because she was an orphan, had been an orphan for so long, she lacked confidence in herself. She had been so at the mercy of whichever group of foster parents she had been temporarily parked with, at the mercy of faceless officials and child care workers, bouncing from place to place, that she longed for absolute security, like a weary bird aching for a place she could relax and settle in.

Now she would have it; her own little nest, once she finally had everything done up properly, especially the downstairs which - .

The door bell rang.

“Oh shit!”

The carpenter was coming, but he wasn't due until later.

The door bell rang again, very insistently. She turned off the water and ran to the wall, snatching up a towel and rubbing it furiously through her hair.

The door bell rang again.

Carpenters cost a fortune, but this one had come highly recommended, and since he only did it part-time his prices were well below most. But he also had little time to waste, and a lot of people after his services. If he took off - .

For years she had planned for this, planned what she would do, how she would set up the perfect home for herself. She had examined legal documents, researched various kinds of businesses and locations, talked to scores of people, and now she was finally out of her cramped little apartment.

She'd bought an old brick turn-of-the-century home which had been converted to a rooming house. It wasn't in the best area of town, but it was no slum, and her research showed the area was slowly becoming gentrified, with homes being renovated and better class people moving into the surrounding area.

The rooming house was on a commercial street, and she'd knocked out the inner walls of the first floor to establish a used bookstore - which would appeal to the poor who were in that area now, and the yuppies she saw moving in soon. The store would have wooden floors that shone, wooden shelves that went up to the ten foot high ceiling, antique lamps and a cosy, homy environment.

One of the few pleasures she'd had in her life, one of the few escapes from reality, was reading, and she'd come to love books. She would surround herself with beautiful old books. People would come to her in search of treasures from the past, brilliant, witty pearls of wisdom from the ages.

She spent years scouring garage and estate sales, stuffing her apartment from top to bottom with boxes of old books to the point that visitors thought her loopy, but now she would have the perfect shop to display them, a shop people would delight in.

Upstairs would be a perfect apartment. It wouldn't be huge, but it would be cosy, with the gleaming wooden floors and greenery, big bay windows, lace curtains, and a nice little fireplace

she could sit before in the winter and on cool, rainy nights in the summer. She'd dreamed of it all through the long years bouncing from foster home to foster home.

She snatched up her robe as she flung open the door, and yanked it around her self, plunging her hands through the short sleeves as she dashed down the stairs. At the bottom, she pulled it firmly around herself and yanked the belt tight, then pulled open the side door, afraid of an impatient man who would give up and leave.

She snapped on the light over the porch and blinked her eyes in surprise as she stared through the window at the large, handsome, blue-eyed man looking back at her. She felt a sudden rush of blood through her veins as she opened the door, and a frustrated wish that she could have been dressed in something else with her hair not matted and tangled.

"Uhm, hi," she said.

"Hi," he said with a cheery grin. "You're Danielle?"

"Ah, yes. Come in."

She moved to unlock the door.

"Why don't you go through the front and unlock the door there?" he suggested. "I've got a load of wood for you."

"Really? But...well, I mean we haven't settled on a price or..."

"A couple of beers would be nice. I have to buy a couple of guys some drinks for helping me. We can settle on other charges later."

"But - ."

She wanted to tell him to wait, that she was only in her robe and - but she couldn't. He was already gone, trotting around the corner of the house as she cursed, feeling very - harried and rushed. She quickly closed the door and rushed through the shop to the big door, desperately trying to comb her fingers through her hair and bring it to some semblance of order.

As she flung the door back she saw him already there with another man, each holding up one end of a load of wood. He backed into the shop slowly, the muscles in his powerful arms outlined clearly as he moved easily to the back of the shop then slowly lowered the stacked wood.

"Hi," the second man said, eyes flicking over her.

She jerked her eyes around to find Paul, the guy at the store who had recommended Brian.

"Oh, fancy seeing you again," she said with a smile.

"Oh well. I wasn't doing anything tonight anyway."

His eyes flicked over her again, and she stepped back as Brian came forward again, slapped him on the shoulder. His eyes flickered over her too, and Danny became abruptly aware that she was wearing nothing but her short, light summer robe, a robe made of thin cotton which fell only a few inches below her bottom.

Worse, water was trickling lightly down her neck from her still very damp hair, and the light cotton was now plastered tightly against her body. It was far from see-through, but the damp had moulded it to her like a second skin, especially over her full, firm breasts.

Her face coloured, but there was no face-saving way to back off, not without embarrassing herself further. Brian was handing her an invoice with the list of wood, and insisted she look at it and listen as he explained exactly what he'd bought and why and how much it cost. Paul and another man were moving in and out behind him, carrying long lengths of wood and dropping them in the front room.

And she was terribly aware that only the thinnest, dampest cotton robe was between her damp, naked body and him, with just a thin cloth belt holding it closed

For that matter, the other two had roving, interested eyes each time they moved past them, carrying the wood.

Danielle was no virginal teenager. Men had seen her naked before, but - there was something so reckless and wild about wearing practically nothing in front of three large, powerful men, all of them complete strangers. She wanted to back off, to run upstairs and get dressed. But she was flustered, feeling a bizarre sense of sexual heat at how exposed she was.

And Brian, who was so goddam handsome and had a delicious, deep, rumbling voice and soft blue eyes was so attentive. Each time she kind of hinted at leaving he had something else to say, at once point sweeping a big hand behind her back and guiding her around to inspect the wood his friends were still bringing in. And that warm arm around her sent a pulsing wave of heat into her groin.

And then he guided her away into a side room, where they wouldn't be in the other men's way

Brian Morgan was well over six feet tall, with a broad chest and thickly muscled arms and legs. He had short blonde hair parted on the left and a face that was chiselled and weathered. And Danielle suddenly realized it had been a long time since a man like him had his arm around her.

"Listen, can I use your phone?" he asked.

"Of course."

But the phone for the downstairs was still in a box, so she had to invite him upstairs. She was blushing, as she did so. At the bottom of the stairs he'd done the "after you" wave with his arm, and she, unthinking, had started up, realized too late that he'd be very close to the bottom of her very short robe, and then been forced to hurriedly continue.

Her face was flushed when she got to the second floor and tugged self consciously on the bottom of the robe.

"The phone's over there," she said. "I uhm, I'll go put something on."

"What's wrong with what you've got on?" he asked with an appreciative grin.

She flushed a little more. He was very close. The lights were low, and she had on practically nothing. Her breathing was getting a little ragged, too as she let out a little rueful chuckle. "I uhm, wouldn't want to give you the wrong impression," she said.

But he moved even closer, so that she backed instinctively into the wall.

"The impression I have of you is a bright, gorgeous, sexy woman," he said, matter-of-factly.

"Although," he said with a wide, lazy grin. "You don't do a very good job of drying your hair."

He slipped his fingers through some of the loose hair dangling down past her ear and eased it forward, then gave it a tiny twist. A few drops of water fell off - right onto the top of her chest, where they dribbled slowly down into her cleavage.

Danny felt suddenly breathless, as though she were frozen in time. And then Brian's lips were on hers, soft and exploring, at first. She felt a wildfire thrill race up her spine. Her heart was pounding furiously as his lips pushed more firmly against hers and she felt his tongue slipping along her lower lip.

His face drew back and he looked at her. His big hands cupped her small, round face, his thumbs stroking lightly along her full lips, and he leaned in again, his lips pressing more firmly against her own, her green eyes widening.

She started to protest, almost instinctively, her hands resting against his powerful chest. But his tongue did a strange little dip that caressed her own, and she felt something akin to an electrical shock in her groin, a shock of sexual electricity that made her nipples burn and throb.

Then she felt his big hand slipping into her robe and cupping a firm, warm, damp breast, kneading it gently. His big, work-roughened thumb slid up to stroke across a raw, quivering nipple and she gasped in shock at the force of the sensation it drew from her swollen breast.

“Oh! Oh God!” she gasped.

His lips were at the nape of her neck now, his teeth lightly chewing on her damp skin, and Danielle’s head was rolling back against the wall as the heat roared inside her. A part of her was frantically demanding she resist. She didn’t know this man at all. Christ, talk about doing it on the first date! She hadn’t even had a date! This was insane.

And then his hand slipped down between her legs and her back arched violently, her head jamming against the wall as her mouth opened in a soundless, stunned gurgle of excitement and wanton sexual hunger. He cupped her in the palm of his big hand, squeezing lightly, and her bottom ground against the wall behind her.

She was abruptly so near an orgasm she lost control of herself, her mind flooded by passion and heat and arousal and need so raw she could not imagine where it came from.

Brian abruptly yanked open her robe, baring her body to him. She instinctively tried to cover herself, but he forced her wrists back, bending, sucking at one straining, eager nipple, his teeth chewing lightly at the soft flesh around it. Her nipple exploded with heat and pleasure and even the pain of his chewing teeth was somehow a wanton, wonderful sensual thrill.

He sank down in front of her, his hands gripping her forearms, pinning them to the walls as his tongue snaked down around her belly and over her abdomen. Then his face was jammed in between her trembling thighs. He opened his mouth wide and closed it on her sex, and Danielle arched her back in climax, her head thrown back as she gurgled in bliss and jammed herself onto his tongue.

And what a tongue it was! She was no virgin, but she’d never felt a tongue so big, so long, sliding so deep inside her, or stroking across her clit with such heavenly effect. Her hips bucked violently, but it was like he had her entire sex in his mouth and was eating her alive. The orgasm was like a crashing of cymbals which never stopped, her head thrashing, her vision blurring, her body flaring with wild, shocking sensory jolts of ecstasy.

Just down the stairs she could hear the other two speaking, could hear the thump of their heavy boots on the wooden floor, the jolt as they set down each load of wood. They were so close that she felt a thrill of fear, and yet excitement at the thought they might come upstairs as well and find her. And what then? Would they take her to, like the wild, wanton slut she was?!

She couldn’t support herself, began to sink to the floor, and his big hands released her wrists and gripped her thighs, almost encircling them, pinning her to the wall as his mouth devoured her. Her hands were on his head as she shuddered again and again, the orgasm - no, the orgasms - ripping through her body and mind with tremendous force.

Then it slowly seeped out of her, as though it were swirling down a drain, and she swayed

weakly, almost collapsing over top of him. Brian rose, gripping her arms again, holding her in place, smiling as he kissed her lightly as she gained control of her breathing.

“And those are just a few of the services I have to offer,” he said with a wink.

Suddenly blushing, Danielle tried to close her robe, but Brian gripped her wrists gently but firmly, lifting them up and back above her, pinning them to the wall to either side of her head as he looked lazily up and down her body.

“You are a knockout,” he said. “You are absolutely gorgeous. And you shouldn’t be hiding this incredible body from anyone.”

Danielle flushed. With the ferocious sexual hunger which had come upon her so suddenly was much sated now by the incredible multiple orgasms, and her mind was starting to gain control of her body once more, and to chide her furiously for what an incredibly stupid slut she had been.

Yet there was something so reassuring about his calm, friendly demeanor, something so boyishly attractive, and yet so strong and manly, that she made no effort to fight him as he pinned her there and looked with such obvious approval on her body.

“I think you owe me a few orgasms,” he said.

Danielle flushed again and her heart began to thump louder.

“Hey Brian,” a voice called.

“Come on up,” he said.

Danielle gasped, suddenly jerking her hands against him, but he only grinned, holding her in place, her body fully exposed, as she felt two sets of feet on the stairs.

“You were going to get us some beer, weren’t you, Mandy?” he asked with a grin.

The feet got louder, and Danielle’s heart pounded even harder as she squirmed against his grasp.

Then he winked and released her, his own hands beating hers to pull her robe closed, gripping the robe belt and tugging it together, then tying it tight. He turned her and gave her a gentle slap on her bottom, sending her scurrying into the kitchen.

She heard him greeting his two friends as she staggered into the kitchen, and there she gripped the counter to keep her rubbery legs from collapsing beneath her. She cursed wildly in her mind, amazed, shocked at herself. Why had she allowed that to happen!? And what was she going to do now!? She had no time for a new relationship! She was opening a business!

And yet the thought of him simply using her and walking away, without a relationship, made her feel a sense of abandon.

She shook her head. She would worry about that later. Right now there were two more men out front and she had to get them drinks. But she was still clad in just the little robe, dammit. And she couldn’t get to her bedroom without going through the living room.

The robe was black, thankfully, with silver trim and a silver belt. That, at least, meant it was not see-through, no matter how damp it was, and that the indentations of stiff nipples would not be easily seen. But it was short and thin, summer short and thin, meant for an apartment with no air conditioning. It was not the kind of thing to be worn around strange men.

She would drop off the beers and rush into her bedroom to change. That was all she could do. And she had to do it quickly, for she had a sudden fear that if left alone for more than seconds Brian would inform the other two men of what had just happened. Or had he already?!

Or worse, had they heard her!? Had she cried out in her orgasm?! She didn’t think so. She

thought that she was so breathless the sounds she had made would not have carried far, but, what if they had!?

That thought was mortifying. Yet again, she had no choice. She took three beers from the fridge and opened them, feeling rushed and flustered as she hurried out into the living room.

And now she had to somehow be- well, a hostess. The other two men had helped bring her wood and if nothing else Danielle had learned to thank people for their efforts on her behalf.

"This is just incredible of you guys," she said awkwardly as she set the beers on the coffee table. "I don't know how I can thank you enough."

The three men looked at her, and again she felt a wave of self consciousness about her appearance, about how short her robe was, and how tightly it was wrapped around her body. Brian had tugged the knot tight, and she hadn't been able to loosen it. She was practically naked in front of three strange men! What was next, a gangbang?!

Paul snatched his beer up and took a long deep draught, then let out a long sigh of pleasure before setting the bottle back down on the glass table hard enough to make Danny wince.

Brian on the other hand, raised an eyebrow at her, then picked up the glass and sniffed lightly, sliding the bottle from side to side under his nose. He took a sip and seemed to swig it around in his mouth like a wine taster.

"Domestic," he said. "How uncouth of you. Don't you know how refined I and my in law are?"

"How refined?" she asked uncertainly, her thighs tightly together as she fought the urge to dash into the bedroom.

"He's a beer nut," Paul said, taking another drink, then licking his lips. "Not that I ain't crazy about beer myself, but he makes his own. He's a real expert."

"I have some imported if you'd like," she said hesitantly.

"What brand?"

"Heineken?"

He smiled like a Buddha and nodded slowly. "Good girl," he said.

Danny felt embarrassed for a new reason now. She had not brought out the imported because she'd figured a couple of...well...men like them would be more than happy with ordinary beer. That was kind of snobbish of her, she thought as she opened another beer. She'd only graduated a couple of months ago and already was looking down at ordinary working men? Her father had been a shopkeeper, after all, and his money had put her through school.

She hurried back, slowing abruptly as she realized that long strides opened up the two sides of her robe, and then took very much smaller steps as she handed the bottle to Brian. He winked and looked meaningfully at his other hand, empty.

"No glasses?" he asked.

"Oh!"

She blushed and hurried back into the kitchen again for glasses.

"I have to - ."

"Sit down next to me," Brian said genially.

And he tugged her so she almost fell, turned around, and sat heavily on the sofa next to him, her legs tightly together, her hands tugging immediately at the robe to pull it lower.

"I think I should put something on," she said, her voice shaky.

"Oh what you have on is fine," Brian said.

"Oh yeah!" Paul and the other man echoed immediately, grinning at her.

"This is Mike," Brian said, introducing the third man, a bearded lumberjack type of fellow with a flannel shirt.

"Uhm, hi," Danny said.

"So tell me what you'd like in your shop, Danielle," Brian said. "All this guy said is a pile of bookshelves."

There seemed no good way to get away, and once again Danny was feeling a strange little thrill of wanton female arrogance, pride and confidence at the very obvious approval the three men had for her, for her body. She tugged on the bottom of her skirt again.

"Have you been to a bookstore lately?" she asked.

He made a face. "Think I saw one once when I was a little feller."

She blushed and he and Paul laughed.

"I'm sorry if I'm acting like a snob or something," she said.

"That's okay," Brian said. "Most people figure guys who use their muscles for a living don't have much inside their skull but more muscle."

He turned and gave Paul a sly glance. "And in most cases they're not far wrong."

"Hey, hey!" Paul said, glaring across the table.

"But that was before the day of...the union," Brian said.

"The union," Mike nodded.

"The union?" Danny asked uncertainly.

"Trade unionism, where an unskilled labourer can make twenty bucks an hour," Paul sighed.

"Wow," Danny said.

"Where carpenters make more than bank managers," Brian said, grinning.

"I knew you guys made a lot, but didn't know how much," Danny said.

"Well we ain't exactly driving around in limos," Paul said. "But it's a decent living as long as there's work available."

"But you don't want to be a carpenter any more?" she asked Brian.

"Oh I'll always keep my hand in." He grinned significantly at her and she blushed. "I love working with my hands. I have a particular talent with them."

He waggled his fingers at her.

"Then there's wood."

The other two men chuckled and their eyes roamed over her so that Danny immediately got the sensation they knew.

"Creating something solid with your hands gives a man a particular kind of satisfaction," Brian said. "Contracting is where the real money is, though."

"I think he just wants to boss people around," Paul said.

"That too. I like bossing people around," Brian said with a straight face.

"He's a control freak, a perfectionist," Mike said, shaking his head.

"Another beer please, ma'am?" Mike asked plaintively.

Danny rose almost instinctively, but under three pair of eyes she abruptly wished she

hadn't. But there was nothing for it but to walk into the kitchen, knowing the robe was tight around her waist, against her bottom, and get another bottle.

She opened the refrigerator and Brian was there suddenly behind her, his lips against the back of her throat. She gasped, and his hands were suddenly around her, holding her against him.

"They'll go home soon, then you and I can talk," he said into her ear, chewing lightly at her earlobe.

"I-I, y-yes," she stuttered.

Yet one of his hands was sliding inside the robe and between her legs, and she gasped as he palmed her sex as he'd done before.

"Brian!"

"Shhh," he whispered, his finger sawing lightly along her slit, over her throbbing clitoris.

"N-Not here!" she gasped.

His finger curled in, slipping easily through the swollen, moist lips of her pussy and up into her sex, rubbing up and down across her clit as he dipped in and out.

"Not here!" she said again, groaning.

He chuckled, and pulled back, and she almost stumbled.

He followed her back into the front room, where Mike and Paul were talking about bookshelves, and his arm guided her back to the sofa across from Mike and Paul as he sat beside her.

"So long as you have the right wood, bookshelves are a breeze," Mike said.

"True enough," Brian replied, "But you've gotta have man wood."

"Man wood?" Danny asked nervously.

All three grinned and eyed her. "Hard wood," Brian said.

Danny flushed a bit more and let out a rueful laugh.

"Not only hard, but it's gotta have a certain - thickness."

"And it's gotta stay firm and straight a long time," Paul added.

"Don't want it to bend in the middle." Mike smirked.

They all wanted to fuck her, Danny thought with a hot little shudder. They wanted to fuck her brains out. And she had a sudden insight, a sudden realization, that it might happen. She felt so weak, for some reason, her pussy starting to throb again, her breasts swollen and heated, her nipples hard, her breathing coming in more ragged again. God, what would she do if they all moved on her at once!? Would she even try to resist!? She felt like a mouse trapped between three smiling cats, just waiting to devour her.

"Well, I've gotta get going," Paul said.

It was as if he broke a spell, and the incredible sense of anticipation and anxiety suddenly fell away, though leaving a strangely heady sense of relief, and even more strangely, disappointment behind.

"Well, since he's my ride, I gotta go too," Mike said.

And now Danny rose with them, feeling another wild surge of anticipation. For soon she'd be alone with Brian, and Brian would - would do - would want to - talk. Oh sure, he'd want to talk! He'd want to tear her robe off and fuck her like a wild animal!

And when Brian made no similar remark, the two men looked at her knowingly, and grinned, and she flushed as they headed for the stairs. She followed, and Brian came behind. They

trooped down the stairs, and she thanked them again for their help in carrying in the wood.

Chapter Two

And then she was alone, not even daring to turn around, staring at the closed door, the handle squeezed between her white knuckled fingers.

No, she was going to have to talk to him, to put him straight. Maybe they'd have a relationship or maybe - His hand slid up under her robe and squeezed her bare bottom and Danny whirled around with a sudden gasp.

Brian grinned, as close, as overwhelming as before, and she put her hands against his chest - like before.

"Wait!" she gasped.

"Do you know how hot you look?" he asked.

"I look a mess," she said, nervously trying to comb her hair into order.

"I like your hair like that," he said, pulling her hands free, "all twisting and curling and tangled. It looks - hot."

He leaned in to kiss her and she put her hands against his chest.

"I think we need to talk!"

"Do you know how much those guys wanted to see this robe open up?" he asked, tracing his finger along the tight belt.

"You tied it so tight it wouldn't open if I'd wanted it to," she said impulsively.

He grinned again. "I can take care of that."

And his big fingers went to the knot. Danny gripped his wrists suddenly, but it was like gripping gnarled oak roots.

"I hardly know you!" she blurted.

"I thought I'd introduced myself pretty well," he said, opening the knot, then tugging the rope slowly away, inch after inch slipping out of the loops on one side as Danny's fingers flew to her robe to hold it closed.

But Brian pushed it back over her shoulders, pushed with increasing force so that she had to either let go or do something - significant - to resist.

The robe slipped from her fingers and went over her shoulder, then fell down her arms to the floor. She shuddered as she stood naked against the door under his eyes. And then he gripped her jaw, framing it in both big hands, and tilted her head up, up so high she had to rise onto the balls of her feet, and he kissed her long and slow, and with an expertise that had her nipples tingling as they pressed against his chest.

He eased her back, and then gripped her wrists, lifting them up and back against the door.

"There's something about doing a hot, sexy woman up against the wall," he said, his voice deepening, filling with the sound of hunger and sex.

It was an outrageous suggestion coming from a man she'd known less than an hour, a man she'd never dated. Or at least, it would have been if he hadn't already eaten her to multiple orgasms and if she wasn't standing in front of him naked and trembling like a schoolgirl.

"No!" she said, almost instinctively, pushing against his chest.

He grinned and took her wrists, lifting them up and pressing them back against the door above her head

“Have you ever been done up against the wall, Danielle?” he asked, his voice a low growl.

“N-No!” she gasped.

She felt him shifting her wrists together, crossing them above her wrists. Then he shifted his own hands, holding both her wrists in his left, drawing the right down to trace a circle around her nipple with his finger. Her chest was heaving now, and Danny stared at his finger, stared at his thumb as they caught her rigid nipple between them. He rolled her nipple between the pads of his fingers, pinching lightly, plucking at it.

His finger slid up, and then traced gently along her lower lip, rubbing lightly, slipping inside so that her eyes widened and fluttered.

He gave her a significant look as his finger slid along her tongue, and her lips hesitantly closed. Their eyes locked. Her chest heaved and her pulse raced. He moved his finger slowly in and out, and Danny began to suck, to lick at it. A smouldering cloud of heat surrounded her, and she moaned around his finger as it moved in and out of her mouth.

Then it pulled free, pushed slowly back into her mouth, and pulled free as their eyes remained locked together. But then it dropped between her legs, and Danny gasped and jerked against his hand as she felt the finger between the lips of her sex, sliding along the inside, rubbing over her hot, pulsing clitoris.

“Oh! Fuck! Don’t!” she cried, her hips jerking forward.

He chuckled throatily.

“Don’t fight it, baby.”

But she did, feeling a sudden sense of embarrassment, of shame, of anxiety. Her hips tried to twist to one side, then to the other, and she fought with sudden desperation against the heat rolling up her body. But his big, work-roughened hand remained between her thighs, his saliva-soaked finger stroking knowingly against her clitoris so that her movements became jerky and her voice breathless.

He moved in and silenced her mouth with his, and then she felt something else, something against her wrists, something wrapping around them. His lips pulled away from hers and he looked up above her. Danny, panting for breath, tilted her head up to see him tying her robe belt around her wrists.

She stared stupidly, not understanding even as the soft cloth tightened, pinning her wrists, even as he wrapped the belt suddenly around the big, old-fashioned door hinge above her head.

“Wh-what are - what are you doing!?” she gasped, starting to pull against it at last.

But it was too late. He drew back his hands, grinning, and Danny found that her wrists were securely bound above her head. She could scarcely believe it, stunned. But then he dropped to his knees again, forced her thighs apart, and pushed his mouth up against her sex.

“D-don’t!” she gasped in a shaky voice. “Untie me!”

But he ignored her. His thumbs pressed open her sex lips and his tongue lapped up along the pink, gleaming furrow like a big dog, then plunged in, grinding his nose against her clit as his tongue drove deep into her pussy.

“Oh! Please! Oh! Ungh! Don’t!” she gasped, writhing against the wall, pulling at the belt.

But the will to fight was rapidly draining out of her as sexual heat flooded her through her body. And then all will was gone as, her legs spread, she felt him devouring her again.

It was an amazing feeling, unlike anything she'd ever felt. Men had performed oral sex on her before, but not like this, nothing like this. Brian even growled into her, the vibrations of his heavy voice raising the hair along the back of her neck.

His tongue was fat and long and strong and he clearly had a good deal of expertise in using it. Despite her misgivings, despite her anxiety, despite her embarrassment, Danny was soon writhing and twisting and begging him for more, to lick harder, to plunge his tongue, his fingers, his cock into the raging inferno between her legs.

And there was something obscenely arousing and forbidden about having her wrists tied together as they were, about being helpless. There was nothing she could do, nothing she was supposed to do, nothing she needed to do. She was the recipient, not the partner, and her mind could simply let itself be swept away by the rolling waves of passion and pleasure as his tongue flicked wickedly across her clitoris.

Her head rolled from side to side against the wall, her back arching, her eyes glassy, rolling upwards as one hot, sensual jolt after another made her moan and shudder and buck her hips against his mouth.

And then he rose up before her, peeling his shirt off, revealing a powerful chest, and a trim waist. He kicked off his shoes, and undid his own belt as she stood swaying, tied against the wall, pussy thrumming with hunger and need. And as she watched, he slowly, almost tauntingly lowered the zipper, then pulled his jeans down together with his underwear.

She gasped as she eyed his stiff cock, a huge, fat long thing tanned brown, thrusting out from a mass of blonde curls. She felt a wave of lust and anxiety as they stared at each other, and her wrists felt the tightness of the robe belt around them.

God, he had a beautiful cock! It was thick and long and gorgeous and she desperately wanted it inside her.

Brian took it in his hands and stepped up against her, his chest pressing against her breasts as she tilted her head back. He rubbed the head up and down along her oozing pussy opening, rubbing it against her clit again and again, and each time it passed over her quivering little button she moaned and shuddered against him.

“Do you want it?” he whispered. “Do you?”

“Yes,” she moaned.

“Say it.”

“I-I want it.”

“What do you want, baby? Tell me what you want?”

“Fuck! Fuck me!” she groaned.

“Beg me,” he demanded.

“Please fuck me!” she groaned.

“Again.”

“Please fuck me!” she gasped, her voice sharper.

“Again.”

“Fuck. Fuck you!” she gasped, gasping for breath.

He let the head of his cock dip lightly into her sex and pull back. He dipped in again, and

pulled back, and she moaned and writhed against him.

“Please fuck me!” she moaned.

“Again.”

“Please fuck me!” she begged, feeling a strange, perverse excitement from the words now. “Please put it in! Please fuck me with your gorgeous cock! Please ram it up my - UNggh!”

He thrust himself into her, sinking the head and an inch of shaft, forcing her silken sleeve open, and then his big hands gripped her buttocks, pulled her legs wider, and he thrust smoothly up into her belly.

Danny cried out as that fat cock slid up into her. The orgasm followed almost immediately, and her hips bucked violently against him as he jammed himself into her to the balls and ground himself sharply into her. She curled a leg around him and pulled him into her frantically, gasping and moaning as she humped against his cock.

It felt so incredibly good inside her! It felt like the most wonderful, marvellous thing in the world.

She trembled and shook in the throes of orgasm as Brian ground his pelvis against her, and then, as the orgasm slowly drained away, he began to move, thrusting into her in short, sharp jabbing movements the punched the head of his cock against the back wall of her sex. And then he increased the lengths of his strokes, and Danny found herself almost hanging there, jaw slack, gripped by an incredible sense of bliss and languor as his big cock began to move in long, deep strokes.

It touched every part of her silken sleeve, and her world seemed to narrow, to focus on its movement, on the sensation of it stroking back and forth through her taut pussy lips and sliding up and down within the sleeve of her sex. But there was more, of course. There was his hot breath on her throat, his hard hands on her buttocks, his chest grinding into her breasts.

He crushed her against the door, and overwhelmed her. He was everywhere, inside and outside of her body. His cock kept thrusting up into her, driving up into her belly, an endless steady stroking, now hard, making her gasp and grunt, now soft and gentle, causing her to moan and sway.

And then her heat rose again, and she wakened from the slack, sleepy languor, gasping, panting, staring up at him, meeting his lips with her own, her tongue thrusting up into his mouth as he yanked her bottom forward, his cock thrusting almost painfully up into her now as their heated breathing filled the air.

Another orgasm gripped her, and she cried out, cried out as her fingers strained above her and her teeth bit into his lips, his own teeth biting into hers, their bodies thrusting desperately together.

He came with a gasp and a curse, thrusting painfully hard, exploding within her sucking hot depths, spilling himself deep inside her womb as she shuddered and moaned and bucked wildly against him.

For long moments they stood together, gasping for breath, then he drew back a half pace, grinning. “Maybe we should go upstairs.”

“Y-yeah,” she panted.

He reached above her, his fingers unwrapping the thin robe belt where it was wound around the hinge. She groaned as her arms came down heavily. But suddenly he had lifted her up

in his arms, cradling her easily, and then turning, he carried her up the stairs and set her gently in the middle of her bed.

She held up her bound wrists to him with a wry expression and he grinned, then reached for the belt. But instead of untying it he pushed her arms back down above her head and tied the belt around the crosspiece of her headboard.

“Brian!” she said in weary complaint.

He grinned and lay down alongside her, on his side. His big right hand gently caressed her belly and lower chest, then ran slowly over her breasts, softly caressing them.

“So, was that enough of an introduction?” he asked.

“I’m sore,” she moaned, “in places I’m not supposed to be sore.”

“Want me to kiss it and make it better?” he asked innocently.

“No,” she groaned.

But he did, licking his way down between her legs, spreading them easily, then ignoring her pleas to stop, licking her to another gut wrenching orgasm, then another before sliding up to lay alongside her again, hand again stroking her breasts as her chest heaved.

“Hi. My name is Brian,” he said, tweaking a nipple. “I’m your carpenter.”

Brian would only work in the evening, so the next day Danny was forced to go down into the basement alone to work on the floor. She felt a little nervous as she walked down the steep, narrow staircase to the basement.

It really did look to her like what she imagined a dungeon would look like. It was divided into three or four different areas by stone walls which ran straight out from the west wall to within six feet of the east. That meant she could not see the entire basement from anywhere, and left her mind free to imagine maniacs and killers hiding just out of sight ready to pounce.

The light came from bare bulbs hanging from the low ceiling, and left many dark, shadowy corners. The air was stuffy, the two windows on the south wall caked with dirt.

The floor was already down in the first two sections- or cells as she privately called them. Boxes of tiles lay piled along the wall along with jars of glue. She got down on her hands and knees and pulled over one of the jars, cracked it open with her trowel, then began to lay the stuff smoothly over the floor.

She could not get Brian off her mind as she worked. In fact, she was still sore from their violent lovemaking.

Lovemaking, she snorted. They hadn’t made love. They had fucked. He had fucked her hard and fast and nearly driven her out of her mind. Her wrists still had red bruises on them and her pussy and thighs ached. Jesus God she had never been done like that before! Nor had she ever felt a mouth, a tongue like his. What on earth was she going to do about him?

It wasn’t that he wasn’t incredibly attractive, for of course, he was. And it wasn’t that she wasn’t attracted to him, for obviously she was. But he treated her with a strange kind of - of paternalistic and possessive confidence she’d never experienced before. He ignored what she wanted, and did what he wanted. That should have outraged her. But somehow, it didn’t.

She began laying down the tiles, getting to within a few inches of the next wall. When she tried to lay the last tile, however, a protruding stone got in the way.

She knew there was a tool for cutting tiles to fit but she didn’t have one...and the tile she

did have was so close to fitting she decided to try and lop off a piece of stone instead.

She found a hammer and tapped lightly at the stone. When that neither worked nor gave any sign of collapsing the wall she hammered harder. Pieces of stone flew as the sound of metal on stone echoed through the basement, nearly deafening her.

She wiped her sweating eyes, then brought the hammer down especially hard. The stone gave a crack, then split and fell inward.

She stared at the hole in the wall then dropped the hammer and groaned. She'd wanted to nip it a bit, not knock the whole stone out - or in.

She bent over and looked into the hole. All she saw was black. She wasn't about to reach inside and maybe get bitten by a rat or something. This looked too similar to too many horror movies. She imagined some bony hand grasping her wrist and yanking her into the wall.

"Silly," she said, getting to her feet and wiping her hands on her overalls.

She had to climb up to the second floor apartment and dig through several boxes to get a flashlight, then trudged back down into the basement, snapped on the light, got down on her knees, bent over and peered into the hole.

The stone was just inside and to the left. But dead ahead, six or so inches from the hole was a small metal lever of some kind. She shone the light all around, but the hole appeared to be less than a foot deep and half that high. There were no signs of rats or anything else likely to cause her harm.

She reached through the hole and her fingers made contact with the cold metal, then pushed and tugged on it. At first it would not move in any direction, and she thought that perhaps it was some part of the house, a brace or - and it moved, slowly, and then there was a loud metal snapping sound which made her jerk back up and yank her hand from the hole.

She stared in amazement at a crack which had appeared in the wall. It was not a straight crack, but ran in and around and over the rounded, odd shaped rocks which formed the wall, set there in the mortar. And yet it ran roughly up and down, and as she scrambled to her feet she saw that the wall was slightly pushed in. She pressed her hands against it and pushed, and slowly, scraping against the floor, a narrow section of wall pushed back, revealing a narrow stone stairway beyond.

Shocked and thrilled, Danny stared in amazement, and no small anxiety. Yet it was very dark, and there was no sign of lights. She licked her lips, then turned and darted upstairs, fumbling in the kitchen drawers until she came back with a flashlight. She entered crept slowly down the stairway, wondering what she would find. Was it a long hidden wine cellar? A bomb shelter - relic of the sixties cold war? She reached the bottom and discovered a narrow passage to the right. Still, there were no lights. She eased into the passage slowly, shining the flash around. The passage was not much wider than her shoulders, and curled down and to the right. Then, suddenly, she saw an open area to the right, a whole other room! Jesus, she thought in delight.

She walked into it, and could see, along the wall, antique glass lamps, lamps which obviously worked on oil rather than electricity. How old this area must be!

The room was nearly bare save for an odd looking, but very large wooden frame in its centre and a cabinet off to its right. Although dust covered, it was evident, as her hand brushed it away, that the wood was gleaming, heavily polished and quite thick and expensive. She thought immediately about Brian, and what he would think of it.

The frame was square, its purpose unknowable, at first. The lower and upper horizontal beams seemed identical in that both had round holes in them towards the side posts, and hinged sides which apparently could be opened. But she passed them by for now, going to the old cupboard instead. The door opened easily, and inside, much to her astonishment, were shelves on which lay a shocking array of whips.

Some were thin and short, some long and heavy. There were narrow ones made of rubber or leather, stronger, thicker canes, longer, thinner switches, flogs with bulbous handles and many long, thin leather laces. There were paddles and straps and belts, and, on the shelf below, an array of shackles, metal cuffs, leather straps and coiled ropes.

Then on the top shelf were a wide variety of what could only be dildos. Most seemed made of wood and ivory, in various thicknesses and lengths. Some were studded, and one had bevelled sides, one seemed made of balls, one had heavily carved veins so that it seemed to have thick, rounded rings, and she could not help imagine what it would feel like sliding in and out of her pussy.

What kind of place was this!?

She shook her head and returned to narrow corridor, then continued up it. Only a few feet along was another room on its other side. There she found a kind of wooden table with a round wheel at its head. To her shocked and wicked delight she realized it must be a kind of rack. Yes, there were the leather cuffs at the top attached by chain to the wheel, and there at the bottom were more. A person would be lain upon it and then the wheel turned to stretch them out. How horrid!

Against one wall were actual metal shackles, the old fashioned kind which could perhaps be centuries old, attached by chains which were bolted to the wall. Danny placed her back against the cold stone and raised her arms, imagining herself imprisoned here, thinking back to how her wrists were held in just this position by Brian, and how he had driven her nearly mad with his talented mouth.

What a bizarre place!

A final room was at the end of the corridor, this one rounded. At its centre was a thick wooden post thicker than a man. As the light played up its length she saw that it was carved into the shape of a giant penis, including an uncircumcised head. There were leather shackles attached to the top, and a third of the way up was a small branch, much like the branch of a tree, and it too was a carved penis. It thrust not quite straight up, moving up and out at a bit of an angle. It took her no great leap of imagination to think of a girl pressed against the big penis, impaled on the smaller one.

She shook her head in wonderment and moved against it, pressing her body up against it, feeling the lower cock rubbing against her abdomen.

This home had been owned by perverts, that was certain. And she determined then and there to find out who they had been. It had once been owned by people with money before it had become run down. Perhaps they were famous in some small way.

Chapter Three

Danny headed back up the corridor, and turned into the first room again.

She examined the contents of the cabinet for some minutes, then returned to the odd frame. She bent and examined the bottom beam. The round holes were trimmed with leather or rubber, rubber, she thought, and she flipped up one half of the top to see that it had a strange interior, with springs and long rubber bands. Furthermore, she saw that the central part of the surface of the beam could move, sliding horizontally back and forth along the beam.

The holes, the way they were rimmed, and the way they opened and closed reminded her of a kind of stocks, something to hold the hands. Although, as she glanced upwards, she thought this was designed more for legs, for ankles, rather. So obviously one opened the top, put ones ankles in these holes and then closed the hasp, trapping them within, very similar to old fashioned punishment stocks.

One then had ones wrists trapped in the identical holes overhead and then, she felt a strange dark sense of excitement, then those whips and dildos could be used on you and you would be completely trapped, unable to move or resist!

Danny's pussy still ached, but the thought of herself trapped like that filled her with a dark sense of heat and excitement. Moreover, as she explored the device further, she saw that there was a small lever, and this lever would lock the moveable surface of the beam in place, or allow it to slide. Thus a girl whose ankles were trapped within these holes could have them shifted wide, or held almost with her legs closed.

She could only shake her head thinking about the amount of time and ingenuity which had gone into the device. And how old was it? A hundred years? More? Wooden dildos!? Surely that meant it was ancient! Had women been tortured here unwillingly!? The thought was quite dark, quite forbidding, and yet still it aroused her for some reason.

She had never been into bondage. Her sex life, in fact, what there'd been of it, had been quite tame and "vanilla", until her encounter with Brian. But with that encounter so large in her mind, the memory of the wicked, shocking pleasure so fresh, she felt a sense of hunger and desire as she ran her hand over the soft, smooth wood.

She stood up, and then gazed around her. She went to the walls and examined the lamps. They were lamp oils, and the wicks were still present. Whatever oil they had once held had long since dried up, however.

Danny had always been a careful sort, however. And packed in a corner somewhere was a box with a pair of storm lanterns and a can of lamp oil. She hurried back up the narrow corridor, and out into the basement, and there spent a frustrating hour getting dirty and sorting through unpacked boxes before finding the oil.

She returned to the little room and lifted up the glass of the first lamp, then the hinted metal support. There, underneath, was a narrow bowl for oil, and Danny poured in a cup full, then closed it, letting the wick sink into the oil and get soaked. Then, of course, she had to rummage through the drawers upstairs for a lighter.

Finally, however, she was able to light the wick and set the glass back in place. The room filled with a soft, yellow light which instantly made it feel warmer and less menacing. Grinning with her conquest, she went to the other three lamps along the wall, filled them, and set them alight.

Now the room looked almost cozy.

She looked back at the wooden frame, brushing off more dust. Now she could see a pair of small metal levers in the corners of the beams, and as she experimented, she saw that they locked the sliding upper and lower bars in place. The walls of the room were old stone, except in front of the frame, where the gold etched mirrored tiles had been lain, very old ones, she thought. Someone standing in place here would be looking right at herself.

She simply had to try it!

Still in tennis shoes and jeans, she stepped carefully into the lower horizontal beam, placing her ankles against the half circles of what would be the holes when she closed the lid again. She then eased the upper half lid down. Yes, it closed just as stocks would, and her feet were now locked in place. Once she snapped the hasp in place - and she did - now she could not get her feet out.

She looked up at the upper beam. It was slightly different in that the hinged portions moved inward, or rather, upward, rather than out. She experimented quite carefully with them, not wanting to be trapped, but she found that she could slide her wrists through the openings, and let the hinged half down so that her wrists were held there with no danger. All she had to do was push up, and the unlocked hinged half of the panel would rise, allowing her to extract her arms.

She stared at herself in the mirrored wall, feeling a rush of heat to her groin, and wondering how hot she might look if she were - if she really were - naked.

She withdrew her wrists, then bent and undid the hasp locking the lower portion and stepped out. She turned and stared at the frame, thinking of how many years it had been that it had been sitting here, trying to cast her mind back a century or more to when it was - in use.

No one put an object like this here and did not use it. So it had been used. And she stared at it, trying to imagine the women held there, arms and legs pinned, no doubt naked, at the mercy of - of whom? The room took on a darker tinge, then. This was a hidden chamber, after all. Had women been held here against their will? Raped? Tortured?

The idea was frightening, and yet - and yet it touched some strange sense of dark excitement inside her, and she felt a vicarious sense of arousal as she imagined beautiful women trapped and sexually tormented by lewd captors. She felt hot, warm, and realized the four burning lamps had warmed the air

But that was not the only heat she felt.

It was an absurd idea, but her body was pulsing to a thrilling sexual hunger, and she peeled her top off almost without thinking. She unlaced her shoes and stepped out of them, then peeled off her socks. She was only going to strip to her undies, she told herself, heart pounding, and she did so.

And then, her fingers almost trembling, she undid her bra and let it fall. Her nipples throbbed stiffly. She peeled her thong down and off. Now naked, she stepped to the frame, and hesitated. She went around it and examined the contents of the open cupboard. Had these been used on women? Had they been up inside some woman, used to torment her?

She picked up a small wooden ball. It was heavier than it had any reason to be, and was

attached to a short spring which in turn was attached to a small metal clip. There were a number of them, and she was not so innocent she had no idea what they were for. She hesitated, testing the clips on her fingertips. But the pressure did not seem to be severe.

She licked her lips nervously, placed one of the clips over her right nipple, and slowly let it close. The stinging pain mounted as she eased her grip on the clip. She winced, gasping, and almost stopped, almost pulled it off. The pain was right on the edge of what she could stand in the name of fun and games. But then it began to slowly ease.

She could take it. She picked up a second little ball and gently let the clip bite down on her other nipple, wincing and gasping and making faces as she did so. Now they both hung from her nipples. She stared at herself in the mirror, feeling a tingling in her groin, a hot, heady sense of heat and excitement as she saw the rounded balls dangling from her nipples.

“God,” she whispered.

She went back to the cabinet, slowly, for her movements made the balls swing and bounce and tugged stingingly on her nipples. She ran her hands over the dildos, considering, and then she saw something else, something propped against the corner just to the side of the cupboard. It was like a narrow baseball bat, except, no, of course it wasn't. It was too narrow, and too long, and it was made of the same dark, glossy wood as the frame. It had a fat, mushroom head, and beneath that the wood was dimpled with fat, round, half marbles for the first several inches. Then it was carved into a thick spiral shape.

She brought it back to the frame and saw immediately where it fit in the centre of the lower beam. She slipped it into the narrow hole and felt another surge of heat within her body. It would be just about right for her, though getting on would be a bit tricky.

This is insane, she thought to herself.

Nevertheless, she stepped onto the lower beam, her bare feet gripping the old wood easily. Standing on the beam, she brought her pussy, no very well-lubricated, against the head of the long carved cock she had placed there, and began to gently ease herself down onto it.

She was still sore from the hard use Brian had given her, but her hunger made her disregard the aching as she slowly forced the lips of her sex back and took the carved head into her pussy. She moaned in pleasure and heat, shifting her legs wider and wider apart so that she could take more of it inside herself.

Now the carved dimples began to slide through her taut sex lips, and she closed her eyes briefly at the sensation. She spread her legs wider, and took several more inches up into her pussy.

With the dildo five or six inches inside her she was able to slowly and carefully ease her right foot down inside the opening of the lower beam. The dildo slid deeper, and she felt the first of the thick ridges or spirals slide through her pussy lips, which closed behind it.

She was able to draw her other foot down and into the beam now, and stand there with a feeling of delicious heat and arousal, impaled on the woodcock. She bent over slowly, gasping as she felt her insides pushing against the immovable cock, and flipped the open half of the surface of the beam down to trap her ankles inside.

Not that she was really trapped, of course. The hasp was not closed, and if she pulled up with her foot, the surface would rise as well, freeing her.

Now she raised her arms up high above her and slid them through the narrow holes in the

lower part of the beam over her head. Her hands pushed the section of the upper beam up to admit them, and then let it fall down again so that her hands were trapped inside, the holes tight around her wrists.

And she stood still, thrilled, feeling trapped, feeling intensely aroused, her sexual heat nearly painful as she stared at herself in the mirrored wall. Her pussy burned at the sight of herself so helplessly, so hot, so defenceless and vulnerable, at the sight of the thick wooden cock impaling her, her sex lips spread apart around it.

She bent her legs a little, wanting to take the lower dildo deeper, and groaned as a second ridge slipped inside her, then a third. She straightened her knees, sliding her pussy back up the dildo. Each time one of the ridges slipped through her tight pussy lips she gasped in pleasure. Each time she moved the wooden weights tugged stingingly on her nipples.

Slowly, she began to ride the dildo, working her throbbing pussy up and down it with growing excitement. And as she moved her ankles tried instinctively to open - and did. She found that the central portion of the beam, the one which held the stock holes was actually two sections which could be moved apart. She groaned in excitement as she shifted her legs wider, thus taking the dildo deeper.

She began to ride the dildo again, groaning with heat as she rode up and down, up and down, taking the dildo painfully deep now as her legs shifted farther and farther apart. Her nipples stung, as well, the stings short and sharp and repeating as she moved up and down. But the pain did not seem to matter. In an odd way it was exciting, as well. She imagined the pain the women had felt here before, imagined other women trapped here, perhaps centuries ago, feeling this hard wooden cock up inside their bellies.

Had they ridden it too, perhaps while men watched, perhaps under the inspiration of the whips!?

It was all sick, perverted and unspeakably vile, and it made her body quiver and tremble with unbearable excitement. She ground herself against the dildo as her orgasm neared, her hips working, knees bending and straightening, shifting apart, and then pulling together. And then the orgasm hit and she cried out in pleasure, her head thrown back, her body jerking and straining, twisting and writhing in the grip of passion and heat.

It was so good! It was so fucking good, she thought.

Her legs slid apart slowly and smoothly, the round stocks sliding with them until with a groan she felt the head of the dildo jammed up against the bottom of her pussy, and she ground herself harshly against it, adding the strange dark pleasure of pain to the swirling sexual storm within her.

She felt and heard the metallic "click" as she did, but paid it no mind, no attention as she stood there, hips grinding and rolling in slow, sensual movements.

The orgasm eased, and she stood there, gasping, eyes slitted, gulping in air - warm air. The four flickering lamps had warmed the small room to the point that with her exertion she was sweating. Inside her pussy ached with the fullness of the dildo jammed up against her cervix.

She let out a huge sigh, and pulled her legs together - or rather, tried to. She blinked as they failed to move, and looked down at the two stock holes now spread almost to the side beams. Her legs were far, far apart now, so far apart she felt the tendons in her groin straining a little.

She tried again to shift her legs together, and again failed. Each little stock moved

separately in and out. They could not both be stuck, but then she remembered the clicking sound. Perhaps, she thought, when they had touched the side beams they had become locked in place somehow.

Well, it didn't really matter. She needed only to lift her feet up and the front half of the wood circling her ankles would raise, as well.

Except that it did not rise at all.

She pulled and pulled with increasing violence, but it seemed that in shifting the stocks so far to the side she had not only locked them in place but somehow made it impossible to lift up the hinged top. Worse, as she realized, with a sudden leaden stomach, spreading her legs so far apart had lowered her considerably. The leather which circled the holes around her wrists was now very tight against them. If she simply raised her hands upwards the hinged half of the wood would rise up and free them.

Only she couldn't. She could not raise her hands one inch higher than they already were. Not without getting her legs back together.

She tried. For long, long minutes she strained and shifted, pulling on first one leg, then the other, trying with growing desperation to either pull them back together or force her feet out of the narrow holes around her ankles. She could do neither.

Feeling a growing sense of panic she flung herself upwards, trying to pull herself by force, trying to strain her body up so that she could raise her hands - just a little. They didn't have to rise very far to allow that half section to push up and let them withdraw.

But it would not work.

Gasping for breath, sweating even more heavily now, she stared around her in horror. She was trapped! Like this!

This couldn't be happening to her!

The horrifying thought of someone finding her like this was followed very quickly by the even more horrifying realization that no one was expected for some time. She had no family to come and check on her. Brian was not supposed to start work until the following evening. And when he arrived and found the door locked and lights out, what would he do? Go home, of course.

She stared at the flickering lamps in dawning horror. How long would she be trapped like this!?

She moaned weakly, pulling against the overhead clamps. It was infuriating to know that she had only to push her hands upwards a few inches and it would force the still unlocked hinged side to swing up and release her. Yet she could not do it. She cursed furiously, pulling against the lower post until her ankles ached, but she could neither move them up nor closer together.

And that dildo was pressing quite hard against her cervix now. Her insides ached as the wooden nose jammed against the back wall of her sex. She tried to move her body a little to help ease the pain but could do nothing. She was locked in place, impaled on the wooden cock. For another hour she tried, twisting, pulling, jerking, straining, all to no avail.

Then she half collapsed, tears of misery filling her eyes. She was sweating like a pig, as well. The room was very hot now, and her exertion and fury had her heart pounding and blood racing. Now her body was soaked in sweat, her hair plastered against the sides of her head and face.

She felt exhausted, drained, and her head hung low as she moaned piteously.

She had come to accept that she could not free herself. And she stared downwards dully, her wrists hurting, her ankles hurting, the inside of her pussy hurting, sweat trickling slowly down her body.

Again, she wondered how many woman had stood where she was standing, impaled as she was, held prisoner for sexual purposes. Had some been willing prisoners? Others unwilling? Had they felt as she felt, trapped, hopeless? And who had finally come to release them, and to what fate?

The thought of Brian finding her like this was humiliating, and yet there was something else there, as well, a strange tenseness and anxiety. Brian had tied her up the entire time he had fucked her the other day. He clearly liked this kind of thing - and a small voice in the back of her head snickered that she apparently had, as well. Yet her sense of dignity and pride worried about what he would think, about what he would do.

God, he would think she was some kind of sick, bondage slut! All his fantasies come to life! He would take shameless advantage of her! And what was she to say, that she'd been trapped inadvertently? That someone else had put her in this miserable device? No. She would be unable to pretend. And he would expect more of the same from her.

How odd, she thought, miserably, that she had worried that morning about how to deal with him, about how to tell him to back off, to leave aside the ropes and nonsense. Yes, it had been good - great, really, but she had determined to tell him that the next time they made love she would not be tied up.

She would make that point very strongly. She was not going to let him take her for granted and be some kind of little sex toy for him.

But now what!? Now when he found her like this he'd be sure that a bondage slut was exactly what she wanted to be! It was infuriating!

The only thing worse was - that he would not find her like this, not find her at all. What would she do if he came, knocked, then left?! And that was, she realized, what was most likely to happen. How many days could she stand like this!? Would she die like this, to be found in weeks? And what a shameful, ignoble way to be found!

She imagined the policemen and photographers moving around taking pictures, snickering to each other, shaking their heads at her stupidity. The very thought made her face burn.

This led to another fifteen minutes of furious effort to free herself, effort which only made her sweat more, which exhausted her, and which sent tears trickling down her chest when she gave up. Her body sheeted in sweat, her pussy burning, her nipples throbbing, her arms and legs and back stiff and aching.

Another hour passed - she thought. And another. She stood weakly, head sometimes fallen forward, sometimes fallen back, sometimes resting on one or another arm. Her legs and arms and back were still stiff and aching. Her pussy was a sharp throbbing pain as the dildo remained pressed against her cervix. And her nipples were hot and very sore.

Another furious bout of straining, pulling and jerking against the leather and wood wrapped tightly around her ankles culminated in her deliberately moving her chest in and back, trying to send the weighted balls clipped to her nipples flying so that at least she would be rid of them.

And yet they clung stubbornly in place, and all she succeeded in doing was making her

nipples hurt even more savagely. Then she once again collapsed, whimpering and sobbing in misery.

Hours passed. She was tired and aching. But she had become somewhat resigned to her fate. And now she was bored. She stared at herself in the mirror, and as before, and despite her unhappiness, had to admit that she looked hot, hot and sexy. She could not ride up and down on the dildo any more, of course. But she could repeatedly ease and increase her weight to change the sensations within her. And she could still roll her hips, still push herself forward and pull herself back so that it seemed almost like the dildo was moving inside her.

And her movements caused the weights hanging by her nipples to swing and pull in a stinging fashion in a way which, while painful, began to become hot and darkly sexual, as well.

It was the strangest masturbation she had ever tried. The physical sensations rolling up her spine were all painful to one degree or another, and yet her mind seemed to be interpreting them differently. Jabbing and grinding and rubbing her sex against the wooden dildo hurt, and yet the pain began to feel hot and exciting and sensual.

The bouncing and swinging of the weights on her nipples hurt, too, but her breasts were swollen, her nipples afire for some touch, for sensation - and sensation was what they were receiving. She writhed and her body twisted, her hips grinding slowly, the dildo inside her pressing against different parts of her sex.

The orgasm, when it finally came, was unlike any she had ever felt. Always before, she had felt a great rush of sensory joy spreading up through her body from her loins. Now the strange kind of hot, stinging orgasm she experienced was centered almost as much in her nipples and breasts as her pussy.

She stared at herself as she came, as her body jerked spastically to the sensual impulses and overload within. Then she sagged weakly, moaning to herself, head hanging low.

Hours passed, and then more hours.

Her nipples were numb now, her groin a dull ache, her back terribly sore, her legs and arms so stiff that the mere thought of bending one filled her with an intense longing and frustration.

With nothing better to do, and in the hopes of easing her from the stiff soreness and ache for at least a few minutes, she tried to masturbate again. It wasn't easy, any easier than it had been the first time, but after some minutes she again succeeded, gasping and moaning as the orgasm made her body shudder and buck.

And more hours passed.

It must be night by now, she thought dully. Her stomach rumbled and her dry throat was beginning to prod her for attention, as well. She wondered what time it was, how late it was.

The lanterns were beginning to burn low now. She masturbated again, staring at herself fixedly in the mirror, climaxing with a guttural moan of pleasure before they burned out, one by one.

She was in absolute darkness now, without a glimmer of light.

And hours passed.

She masturbated several times, though it hurt her each time. And as before, every time she did so she thought of Brian, of him finding her, chuckling at her stupidity, taking advantage of her, using her, making her come and come and come. Sometimes he wasn't even alone.

Sometimes he had a whole crew of men with him, including Paul and Michael, and they all took her repeatedly.

Sometimes it was policemen or firemen, and they were so hot by her they used her again and again.

It was very bizarre, masturbating, the pain, the weary near exhaustion, the total blackness. And more hours passed.

She was terribly thirsty, and physically exhausted. And she began to fear that Brian would not come. There was only a very small chance that he would do anything more than knock and ring and then go away, she thought. It wasn't like they were seeing each other or anything. Despite what they had done - what he had done to her - they hardly knew each other. He would have no reason to fear for her safety, no reason to try to enter, to break in.

She began to pray that she had forgotten and left one of the doors unlocked. But she didn't think that she had.

What was Brian supposed to do, break a window? For what? Because she wasn't there waiting for him?

She moaned miserably. Had it already been long enough? Had he come and gone? Would he come back? Perhaps tomorrow evening? And, not finding her, what would he do? Go away again, most likely. Call her on the phone and leave her a nasty message.

More hours passed.

She was convinced by now that she was going to die there, and almost resigned to it, so when a bright light woke her from a half stupor she stared stupidly into it, not understanding, eyes glassy, and soon running.

"Danielle!?"

She hardly understood, but felt an overwhelming sense of relief.

"What the fuck!"

She groaned weakly as the figure behind the flashlight rushed forward, and she heard Brian's voice as he fumbled at the lower post and freed her. Then she was being carried up the stairs in his arms, and it was glorious to be free of what had seemed like the never-ending pain in her groin, and the never-ending sting and numb ache of her nipples, and to be able to bend her legs and arms and back. It was glorious to be alive and to be in the light.

She did not want to lie flat. Her back had been straight for too long. She bent and groaned and stretched and moaned, and sat up and arched her back and twisted and shuddered in pleasure.

And then Brian was holding a cup of water as she gulped its contents down. He spoke while all this was happening, but she paid his words no attention. They had to do with taking care around bondage and making sure there was always someone around and other such inconsequential nothings.

Oddly, she was not ashamed or embarrassed. She was too tired for that, and too relieved, and the removal of so much aching and pain was - bliss, wonderful, incredible.

She could not keep still, bending her arms and legs again and again, twisting from side to side on the bed, rolling her head, arching her back.

"You might be a little stiff, dear, but you're making me a little stiff by all that twisting and turning," Brian said in amusement.

And as she turned her ran a hand up her belly and over her right breast and she gasped and jerked in pain.

“Oww! Don’t!”

“How long did you have those clips on your nipples?” he asked, as they examined her throbbing, swollen red nipples.

“Hours and hours,” she groaned. “I don’t know how long I was down there. What time is it? What day is it?”

When he found out she’d been downstairs since the previous morning he was amazed, and as sympathetic as she could wish, stroking her and hugging her, and when her nipples pressed against his shirt she gasped and hissed as a kind of tingling heat rippled through her.

“Your nipples might be permanently stiff now,” he said in amusement.

But when he pressed his finger and thumb against her breast on either side and gently began to squeeze in at the base of her areola Danny felt a strange, dark heat and hunger begin to burn in her breast. Her nipples were now extraordinarily sensitive, tingling as if with pins and needles, and the lightest of touches made them throb.

She was feeling a heady sense of joy and relief at her rescue now, and deep gratitude to him, and giggled as she pulled his fingers closer. He laughed too, then bent and took her nipple and areola into his mouth.

She stopped laughing, gasping instead, eyes widening, then closing as she moaned at the wave of wild sensual heat which poured through her chest.

And when Brian slipped between her legs and began to work his magic tongue and lips over her pussy mouth the sensation was nothing short of rapture. Despite her exhaustion she climaxed violently, crying out weakly, her back arching and twisting again and again as she grabbed his head and tried to ram his face into her pussy.

Again and again and again her body shuddered and shook to the orgasms he roused in her, and then he was over her, thrusting deep into her aching pussy. For so long, for so many hours, she had felt that hard, relentless wooden cock. Now she felt his own hardness, felt it sliding like silk over her bruised pussy lips and up and down inside her sex sleeve.

And she basked in the glory of it.

Chapter Four

Even her hunger could not keep her awake. She fell asleep while Brian was getting her something to eat. She woke to find some cold fried chicken on her night stand, and wolfed it down, then fell asleep again.

She slept for fourteen hours, and when she woke her body was so stiff and sore it brought tears to her eyes. But her curse of pain brought him into the room, and now she felt the wave of embarrassment she hadn't the previous evening. She cringed at his presence, and tried to drag a sheet over herself. He was practically naked himself, wearing nothing but a pair of boxer shorts.

"How do you feel? Stiff and sore, I bet," he said.

He picked her up in his arms and carried her down the hall and into the big bathroom, where he had filled the tub. He climbed up the stairs with her in his arms, then stepped into the water and sank down, with her still in his arms. Every little movement made her gasp in pain.

And then she was laying in his arms in the deep, hot water, gasping weakly as he positioned her next to him.

"Just sit still and the hot water will ease those aching muscles."

She bit her lip, still embarrassed.

"You should never play with complicated bondage equipment like that without someone around," he said sternly. "Or did you have someone? Did he leave you there?"

"God no!" she said, embarrassed even more.

But his damp chest looked very attractive, and when he leaned her against it she didn't complain.

"If you wanted to play games like that you should have called me," he said. "I'd have been delighted to tie you up and play with you."

"I didn't intend to," she mumbled, red faced.

"And here I thought you were so shocked at my tying you up," he said, shaking his head ruefully. "I never imagined you were into bondage that much."

"I'm not!" she cried. "Those aren't mine!"

"What do you mean?"

"I found them like that. I found those rooms when I was trying to lay tiles in the basement. I was just - exploring and - and it well - ."

"Made you hot?"

"No! I mean, well, maybe."

"Well, next time you get hot and want to be tied up think of me."

Arrogant bastard, she thought. She certainly wasn't going to tell him she had been thinking of him as she masturbated.

His hand moved gently over her chest and she winced as it stroked across her still aching, swollen nipples.

"Or did you think of me?" he asked in amusement, pulling her half up onto his lap as she groaned a protest.

“What were you thinking of when you were riding that big wooden cock?” he asked teasingly.

“Brian! I don’t want to talk about it!” she moaned, face reddening.

Then his hand was between her thighs, cupping and delicately squeezing her there as she groaned and her legs moved and twisted from side to side.

“Don’t,” she said weakly.

“Did that hard wooden cock hurt your tight little pussy?” he asked soothingly.

“Don’t! Brian,” she moaned.

But the water was warm, and he’d put bath oil beads in it, and his fingers as they lightly caressed her bare pussy were slick, and he bent and began to nibble lightly at the nape of her neck. His other hand was softly kneading her left breast just below the nipple.

And Danny could not resist him. The stiffness in her body had eased, but every movement still made her groan. And now she found her pussy and breasts inflamed as his fingers worked them over.

“Oh! Oh! Oh shit! Oh! Ungh! Fuck!” she gasped as he tormented her with his light, slippery touch.

He pushed her on her soft back, forcing her to sit up, sit on his thighs.

“Get your legs under you, baby,” he said, manoeuvring her and drawing her in until she was straddling his lap, facing him. She didn’t want to do it, not really, but she was too tired to resist, and her pussy was throbbing with hunger now. And when she sank down on his stiff cock she almost collapsed in bliss.

“Oh Jesus Christ that feels good!” she gasped.

“Me too.”

He drew her in and began to gently suckle at her breasts. At first she just sat there, groaning, impaled on his stiff warm cock. Then his hands moved beneath her buttocks, slowly raising her up and down. Her muscles still ached, were still terribly stiff, but she had cause to use them now, and did, riding his cock, panting and moaning weakly as the sexual heat rose inside her.

The climax was incredible, and she buried her face in his neck and cried out in ecstasy as she jammed her pussy down onto his thrusting cock.

Afterwards he washed her, letting her lay back in languorous ease. Then he rinsed her off and lifted her from the tub. He sat her down, dried her, brushed out and dried her hair, then carried her into the front room and sat her on the sofa while he made her something to eat.

She was still nude. She had made a halfhearted request for her robe but he had ignored it, or perhaps not heard. But she was coming to feel oddly comfortable around him while naked, something she had never really felt around anyone else. And, too, there was a not very subtle sexual electricity going back and forth between them which she found comforting and exciting.

She was laying along the sofa, propped against the side arm. He sat down on the sofa, hemming her in, and held a spoon to her mouth. She reached for it and he pulled his hands away. “I’ll feed you.”

“I can feed myself,” she protested.

“Do I have to tie your hands together behind you?” he asked.

The electricity spat and sizzled, and she thought that yes, as a matter of fact she did want

him to tie her hands behind her - sort of. Though her wrists were aching and felt bruised.

Instead she let her arms drop to her sides, and took the soup he spooned out for her, mouthful after mouthful.

“How did you - I mean, I didn’t think you would come in,” she said, between swallows.

He slipped the spoon into her mouth again.

“Well, I was going to leave,” he said. “But I saw the window was open. I don’t know if you realized it but it’s been pouring rain for some time, and with the wind blowing north, well, I could see right into the room and see how the wood and floor below was soaked. I thought maybe you’d gone away and forgotten it.”

“How did you get in?” she asked, watching him as he spooned out her soup.

“That kind of old screen?” He snorted. “The frame has warped over time and all I had to do was pinch it on one side and swing the other out. Then I climbed in and shut it. I called out but you didn’t hear me. I was going to go. I’m not sure why I didn’t. I saw the door to the basement open, and you’d mentioned redoing the floor, so I went down. Then when I saw your secret passage, well, I was curious.”

“Thank God you were,” she said.

“Yes. Have I told you already how incredibly stupid it was of you to lock yourself up like that without someone nearby?”

“I didn’t plan to,” she said defensively.

“Of course you didn’t plan to,” he said scornfully. “But when you’re tied up, shackled, bound, helpless, well, anything can happen without someone nearby.”

His eyes flickered down to her still swollen nipples.

“I must say, though, that you did look absolutely incredible all spreadeagled like that, all sweaty and practically hanging by your wrists, that fat - cock - up inside you.”

She flushed and felt her nipples tingling.

He ran his hand down between her legs.

“It’s a good thing you didn’t have a weight clipped to your clit,” he teased, “Or you’d really have been sorry.”

“Brian!” she gasped.

He chuckled, and went back to the kitchen. He’d made her chicken, too, and now he sat down again, cutting them, feeding them to her by fork. It was very strange, but relaxing, and also very intimate.

He made her drink a full cup of milk afterwards, while he held the cup. She felt full, and lay back sleepily as he washed up.

Then he was back, kissing her on the forehead, then the cheeks.

“I’m too stiff and sore,” she groaned, as he mouthed her nipple.

“Really? I’m getting stiff, too,” he said.

And then his hand was between her legs, fingers stroking along her sex.

“Brian,” she groaned. “You pervert.”

She drew her legs back, and pushed at him with her feet. He grinned and grabbed her foot, pulling it up so that she was tilted back onto her shoulders, then to her astonishment, he licked at her toe, then took it into his mouth. She stared at him, feeling a bizarre fascination as he licked and sucked gently at her big toe, then began to work his tongue and lips over her other toes.

She was a little embarrassed at first, though her feet had just been washed - by him, for it was so intimate, and yet the sensation of his tongue sliding over and between her toes was becoming terribly erotic and exciting. She felt her heart beating more rapidly as he caressed her ankles and massaged her feet and sucked on her toes.

And then, slowly, in no hurry whatever, he worked his way up her foot, licking and mouthing, sucking and massaging, up her ankle, kissing and licking at her calf, at her knee, and the back of her knee, and then, as she felt a rising tension, slowly, slowly up her thigh, higher and higher.

By the time he buried his face between her legs she was a goner, and could only shudder and buck her hips upwards in bliss and rapture.

Afterwards, she lay back groaning tiredly, aching, sated. He got up and disappeared for a bit while she watched TV and thought about how lucky she'd been, and how lucky she was now, with him there.

But after a few minutes she began to wonder where he had gone, and then she thought she knew, back into the basement, back into - that room. She called out to him, but received no answer. After a few more minutes she swung her legs over the side of the sofa and, groaning, slowly pushed herself upright.

Her feet and legs were still very, very sore. She'd been standing on them for over thirty hours, after all. The thought of going downstairs, and then down to the basement was daunting. She took a few steps, her legs very stiff, very sore.

Then she heard his footsteps on the stairs and felt a sense of relief. He turned the corner, surprised to see her up, and grinned, waving his hands at her. She felt a sudden jolt at what they contained.

"Look at this stuff," he said. "This is first rate."

He had some of the leather things from the basement, the leather dark and glossy, the metal clips and hasps heavy and thick.

"I don't know who bought all of this stuff," she said doubtfully as he set them on the counter.

"Someone with good taste," he said, picking up a collar.

The collar was more than two inches thick, with a large metal ring in the centre.

"Oh no," she said, putting her hands up to fend it off as he tried to place it against her throat.

"I want to see it on you," he said.

His voice was calm, his tone even, but she knew he did want to see the collar on her, and she felt that crackling sexual electricity crackle even more strongly as she reluctantly let her arms drop and rolled her eyes down to try to watch as he slid the leather around her throat, then did up the buckle behind her.

"Very nice," he said.

He turned her to look at herself in the hall mirror. The dark against her throat was attractive, but the collar almost covered her neck from top to bottom. He picked up her right wrist as she looked into the mirror, and when she pulled her eyes away and looked at what he was doing she saw he had a leather restraint buckled around it, and was just doing up the buckle.

She said nothing, and allowed him to buckle a similar leather band around her other wrist,

then looked at herself in the mirror.

He produced a chain, about six inches long, and moved behind her. She felt his fingers at the back of the collar, then he lifted first her right wrist, then her left, pulling them behind her, bending her arm, raising her hands up until they were just below her shoulder blades.

When he let go of them they didn't move, held in place by the chain, locked to the back of the thick collar.

She turned and posed for herself in the mirror, and her body was quivering with sexual tension now, remembering how she'd looked in the frame the other morning, thinking of how helpless she looked and felt now.

She turned uncertainly to him and saw his eyes, and the hunger on his face. He was looking at her, licking his lips. His hands cupped her breasts suddenly, gently squeezing them, kneading them. His heavy thumbs stroked across her still sore, stiff nipples, and she winced. But he did it again, and again, watching her wince, hearing her light gasps of pain. Yet there was more than pain.

He removed his hands and shoved his pants down. His cock sprang up, not fully erect but rising fast. He said nothing, just looked at her, and Danny felt a tightness in her chest as she slowly sank to her knees on the floor in front of him and gazed at his cock. The pressure around her wrists and throat was ever-present on her mind as she leaned in and licked at the tip of his cock. Her eyes rolled up at him, and she licked again, then kissed it.

He was already rock-hard, and she let her lips part slightly as she pressed forward, kissing the end of his cock. She pressed harder, letting it slowly push through, force her lips aside. The head entered her mouth and she sucked lightly, then pushed forward again, taking it deeper, feeling it slide across her tongue as the shaft slid through her lips.

She moaned around his cock, pushing still further forward, licking lightly now. She bobbed her lips back and forth, getting him moist, slippery, then taking him deeper. He didn't do anything, didn't say anything, didn't move. It was - eerie. She felt an incredible sense of sexuality and sensuality surrounding her like a hazy cloud as she sucked on him. She bobbed her lips up and down, taking his fat head so deep she gagged.

She eased back, moaning again, rolling her eyes sensuously up at him. She slipped off his cock and licked at his balls, nuzzling them with her lips and cheeks, kissing them, then taking one slowly into her mouth and sucking on it. He still stood there, arms folded now, looking down at her, his face inscrutable. She felt challenged, and hot. She licked his balls, massaging them within her mouth, then took his cock into her mouth once more.

She bobbed up and down his shaft, and finally, now, he moved, his hands coming down onto the top of her head. They rested there, then slid through her hair, combing through with her fingers. They shifted apart, then closed around her head, completely enclosing it, following it as she bobbed up and down, then moving with it, urging her back and forth.

She gagged weakly as his cock pushed too deep, but he didn't force her, and she slid back. She drew him in again, and again, and gagged again. He was pulling her forward too deep. And she felt a sudden shockwave hit her at the thought of taking him into her throat.

She'd tried it before. In fact, she and a girlfriend had experimented with pot and a long dildo on the same evening and tried - and eventually succeeded in deep throating it. But they'd been pretty relaxed at the time, so to speak. She hadn't succeeded since.

He could just force his cock down her throat, she realized, yet she felt certain he wouldn't. She felt safe with him. Oddly, she almost wanted him to, wanted to feel herself forced, feel him take absolute control, to use her body as he chose, while she was helpless, restrained, a virtual sex toy.

She sucked and licked her lips moving up and down the thick, glistening shaft. It felt so slippery now with her saliva, and she just knew, somehow, that it could slide easily down her throat. And she wanted to so desperately.

She gagged again, and again, and then finally, as she slid forward she decided, in the blink of an eye, to just do it, and she forced her lips down. His cockhead punched through into her throat, and she gagged weakly, but kept going. His hands suddenly helped, pulling on her head, and her mind seemed to explode with excitement and shock and awe as she felt him going down her throat, as she watched his shaft disappearing through her lips.

And then she took the last inch and jammed her nose in against his groin, and she heard him groan in pleasure as his fingers tightened around her head, holding her in place. The blood pounded in her head, and her throat felt terribly uncomfortable, but she didn't care. She knew she had done something amazing, and knew he would be delighted.

"Shit," she heard him groan.

She felt smug, but then the need for air concerned her and she moaned weakly, trying to pull back. At first he held her there, and her fear peaked, but he eased his grip and she slid back, fighting her body's instincts now, fighting the sense that she was regurgitating something, mentally opening her throat as she pulled back. It felt more uncomfortable sliding back than in, for this was less natural.

But then he popped free and she gasped and gulped in air as he let his cock come free.

"Fuck," he said in a soft sigh.

She could only breathe deeply.

"You never told me you could do that," he said. "Hot little cocksucker."

"I'm a - a hot little - cock sucker," she said, the words amazing her for some reason, her body responding as if he had flicked his tongue across her clit.

She took him into her mouth again, bobbing up and down, and then, with hardly any effort, slid her lips down his shaft, impaling herself on his thick, slippery cock, moaning around the base as she jammed her nose against him.

His fingers were combing through her hair, and now grasped thick bunches of it to either side of her head. He drew back, not waiting for her, and thrust forward again. She gurgled weakly, not expecting it. But then he did it again, and it was easier now, easier to feel his cock moving in her throat. It tickled, and it ached, and she still had to fight the gag reflex. But she was so hot, so intensely aroused, so wild and alive with sexual hunger and excitement that she was able to just kneel there and let him fuck her face, fuck her throat, his big cock sliding in and out in larger and longer strokes.

"Fuck," he panted. "You - hot little - bitch!"

He pulled free and she gulped in air in ragged breaths.

"I want to pour my juice down your throat," he said panting too, "but I want something else more."

He bunched her hair up in one hand now, and she moaned as he pulled back, forcing her head way back, so that her back arched. Her hands reached up to grab at his wrists, but of course, couldn't move, and again she felt a wild thrill at her own helplessness as his other hand moved over her breasts, rubbing and twisting her sore nipples.

He drew her forward, again using that tight grip on her hair.

"Suck my cock," he growled, his voice harsh as he forced his cock into her mouth.

He pumped it in and out in short, fast strokes, jamming the head against the insides of her cheeks, sliding it along her tongue and the roof of her mouth.

"Yeah! Suck! Suck cock!" he demanded in a rumbling growl. "Suck my cock!"

She moaned and obeyed, licking and sucking, and then taking him deep into her throat once more as he groaned above her.

But then he pulled out suddenly, panting for breath, his own chest heaving. He pulled her head back once more, using her hair as a leash to control her.

"Nasty little slut," he said.

He flicked a finger against one of her stiff, sore nipples and she yelped in pain.

"I'm going to fuck your tight little pussy until you scream," he said, flicking her other nipple.

"Oww!" she cried. "Ooww!"

He pinched one of her nipples, then used his grip on her hair to pull her forward, then farther forward, and down. She yelped in pain as she was bent over, and only his grip on her hair kept her face from hitting the floor. But he eased her down completely onto her face, onto the side of her face anyway, and moved quickly behind her.

He slapped her bottom and she yelped once more.

"Spread your legs, slut," he ordered.

She obeyed at once, moaning as she felt his bit, rough hands on her buttocks, kneading and slapping and caressing the m. Then they were between her legs, cupping her mons, then tracing the line of her sex.

She felt his spit-wet cock doing the same, then pushing into her in a long, slow, steady penetration that made her insides twist and her muscles spasm.

"Oh fuck!" she gasped.

Deeper and deeper and still deeper. She gloried in that long, steady penetration, in the feel of his thick cock sliding deeper into her belly, so deep it ached, so deep the head mashed against something inside her. Her cervix? The end of her vaginal tunnel? She didn't care. It ached, and yet she loved it.

He slapped her bottom, and then he began to thrust, pulling that wonderful fat cock in and out, in and out, using longer and longer strokes. Soon his hips were slamming against her buttocks with bruising force, her body jerking and shaking there on her knees. Her cheek was on the floor, and she realized that she was drooling, but didn't care. Her eyes were glassy, and her head and shoulders were rubbing back and forth against the floor as his hips slammed against her upraised bottom.

She cried out in pain as she felt her hair yanked up and back. He had a thick chunk of it again and used it to lift her head and shoulders off the floor. At almost the same time she felt a finger against her clit, rubbing roughly, painfully. But the pain twisted and shimmered into

something else, and she felt herself rocketing upwards towards climax.

And she couldn't stop herself, and didn't want to. And then it arrived and she screamed, actually screamed in feverish, animal ecstasy, not knowing what she was doing, not caring. Her body was jerking violently as his hips hammered her bottom, and he yanked her hair back so far her torso was now horizontal to the floor, her head up and back, her jaw slack, her eyes closed tightly as the orgasm howled through her nervous system like a runaway freight train.

She screamed her breath out, and then simply grunted, grunted loudly with every thrust of his mighty cock, grunted and gasped and gurgled until he finally let her back down, released her hair, gripped her hips, and then actually thrust harder. Her body vibrated alarmingly as his hips slapped against her for long, long seconds, then he let out an enormous groan as he buried himself to the hilt in her sopping pussy.

Chapter Five

She drove downtown and parked, then walked to the County Hall of Records. Everything was on computer. It took very little effort to find her lot, and then the owner - her. A cross-index showed the previous owner, Mark Gantry, then a series of owners going back to eighteen seventy seven, when the house was built.

But was the little torture chamber a part of the original or was it added later on? The house had been built at the behest of a Miles Stirling, who had owned it for twenty one years. It had then been auctioned to pay taxes, and sold to a Gerard Bell, who had owned it for another seventeen years. Surely those two were the most probable.

By the time Bell bought it electricity would surely be in widespread use. That would suggest it was Gantry. But her history was a little shaky. Did people put electricity in sub basements in those days?

So who was this Mark Gantry?

The records for that period were open to the public, and the tax record for her property indicated he owned a business. She cross checked and discovered he owned a clothing factory. She could find little else in the county records, so drove to the local library and checked old newspapers.

There were some mentions of Gantry, but only in relation to business and the occasional party or social event. There was a mention that he had commissioned a portrait of himself from a local artist. She wondered what had become of it.

She went into the historical room of the library, and found short, thin man with glasses working behind a desk. He looked at her entrance, she saw the instant quickening of interest, almost as instantly suppressed as he smiled. She felt the familiar sense of feminine pride wondered if she would ever take such male approval for granted.

“Hello,” he said.

“Hi.” she smiled, not flirtatiously, but in a long familiar way she had once realized she reserved exclusively for men she wanted to help her.

She had mulled that over in her mind for some time before deciding she didn’t care, and that it was harmless.

“I’m looking for information on a person who lived in the east end around the late eighteen hundreds,” she said “He owned a home there, which I’ve just moved into, and a factory. I was wondering if there might be some mention of him here.”

“It’s certainly possible if he was a prominent citizen at the time,” he said, getting to his feet, eyes flicking over her.

She was not dressed especially to impress today. She had on a pair of form-fitting jeans and a dark blue shirt. That the shirt set off her glistening raven hair beautifully was, of course, by design. It was tight across her chest, but not normally thin enough to show the dimples of her nipples. However, they had remained sore and stiff since her unexpected imprisonment. Thirty hours crushed by those clips, with her body swaying and pulling - well. She hoped they hadn’t been permanently damaged. Then again, they were so sensitive now - perhaps she should hope they were.

“His name was Mark Gantry,” she said, following him into the shelves. “He owned a clothing factory - Gantry Shirts.”

He stopped and turned to her, as if inspired.

“Oh! I know who you need to talk to,” he said. “Tina Baxter.”

“Who?”

“She works in fiction. I mean to say, she works here and is assigned to the fiction department at the moment. She only graduated last year, you see, but she’s very good - anyway, she’s writing a book from a feminist and labour perspective on the sweat shops of the late seventeenth and early nineteenth century and their treatment of women.

“Maybe it wasn’t a sweatshop,” Danny said uncertainly.

He snorted in amusement. “All the clothing factories and mills were sweatshops,” he said. “They employed hundreds of women, mostly immigrants, who worked 14 hour days in terrible conditions. I’ll have a look for anything with his name, but I bet Tina can tell you almost at once if we’ve got anything on him and his factory.”

Tina Baxter proved to be a thin young girl barely out of her teens with dyed red hair pulled into a tight, short, thin pony tail. She wore small, round Harry Stonestyle glasses and had some kind of Native choker around her neck. She was quite pretty, in an earnest, oddly virginal sort of way, but her eyes were brightly intelligent and inquisitive as Danny approached and explained.

There was a spark of recognition in her eyes and a sudden eagerness on her face.

“Sure I know about Gantry,” she said. “He was notorious! He was one of the worst of the sweatshop owners. He crammed immigrant women into his factory, had miserable working conditions, and would not only fire anyone for the slightest reason he actually practised corporal

punishment on his workers!"

"Oh uhm, really?" Danny said, thoughtfully.

"He employed hundreds of women at a time in his factory, most of them between fifteen and twenty four, most of them immigrants from south and central Europe. The working conditions were miserable. Most lived in boarding houses his company owned, and wound up having most of their meagre pay deducted for their meals and board. Mind you, that's not at all unusual for the mills and clothing factories of that time. What is unusual is the corporal punishment."

"What - kind of corporal punishment?" Danny asked carefully.

"The traditional, caning on the bottom. Remember that this was standard for school kids at that time, right up to high school graduation. And Gantry and most of the other factory owners took a very paternalistic view of their young female employees. The girls were required to go to church, for example, and dress modestly. They were expected to be chaste until marriage and to reflect well on their employers."

"Again, all of this is fairly normal for that society. The physical punishment is what sets Gantry apart, and even that is only related through some of the private letters I found from the girls. Sometimes it was the open hands which were caned, but usually it was the bottom." She hesitated. "There are allegations - suggestions of a sexual element to at least some of the punishments."

"Oh?" Danny asked carelessly.

"Gantry often administered such punishments himself, alone, especially, according to some of the girls, on the more attractive employees. There were also rumours that he would favour a particular girl. Remember that men such as Gantry might as well have been gods to these poor, ignorant immigrant women. They had no rights, to speak of. The environment was ripe for sexual harassment."

"I uh, see."

She had a sudden image of wide-eyed young women brought to what must have seemed a palatial home, and then down into the basement and then - were they willing, she wondered, or pressured by their employer? Or were they hoping for something more, some favourable treatment, perhaps money? The little so-called torture chamber began to take on a more sinister light.

Certainly, there was little doubt now about who had put it there, or to what use it was put. Gantry might well have had "parties" with other men and women with the same interest as him, but it seemed more than likely many of those he brought there would be wide-eyed young women not particularly hoping to be stripped and - whipped.

She thanked the girl and returned home. The place took on a different atmosphere in her eyes now. As she gazed around the half completed front section of the house she imagined the elegant rooms where Gantry entertained guests, including very impressed young immigrant women. Did they know when they arrived what he intended for them, she wondered. Did they agree, or did they have little choice?

She wandered down into the basement and then into the open stairway leading downward. She lit the lanterns and turned off the power, looking at the room and trying to imagine back a hundred years earlier.

He must have used these very devices. These rooms must have rang to the screams of

those poor women. What had they thought, those wide-eyed young girls, who knew nothing of bondage and the perversions of the rich, when the leather shackles had closed around their soft wrists and Gantry had produced his whips?

She was enough of a feminist for the thought to cause her indignation and anger. But it was so long ago, so far in the past, that it was hard to get upset. And, in fact, anger was not really what she was feeling at all. She lay down on the long rack and extended her wrists high, trying to imagine what it was like, what had happened, how many girls had lain there exactly where she was lying.

She felt sexual electricity begin to rise within her body and rouse her, and sat up. She would not make the same stupid mistake again, but this was not quite the same thing. She stripped quickly, then placed her ankles into the lower corner straps. She lay back now, reaching up, stretching for the top shackles, and grasping them with her hands. Then she pulled herself, closing her eyes, fantasising, imagining she was Gantry's prisoner, a poor, illiterate girl from Ireland or Italy, staring up at the ceiling above, her limbs aching.

Her sex was moistening, the electricity tingling along the surface of her skin now, especially over her breasts. She opened her eyes and looked up. Above her was a chain, dangling from overhead. It was over the centre of her body, and she wondered at its purpose.

She released the top shackles and sat up, then drew her ankles out of the lower restraints and swung her legs over the side of the low frame, standing. Nude, she walked slowly out of the room and up the short passage to the end. There was the giant penis thing, and she drew in a shaky breath, imagining the girls bound there, being whipped.

She pressed her body against the soft wood, feeling her soft, warm breasts pillow out against it as she slipped her hands into the leather restraints. She moaned, letting her head roll slowly, thinking about the whip falling on her back, her body jerking and flinching, imagining the cries of pain rising from the girls who had been bound there a century earlier.

She had never been whipped, of course, and did not think she would like it at all. Of course, a very gentle whipping might be exciting, a sort of pretend whipping which didn't hurt very much. She wondered if Brian would be interested in that sort of game, but had little doubts he would be happy to see what her limits were.

She turned away from the large post and passed through the doorway, then halted. The last time she had come here she'd had only her flashlight. Now with the greater light she saw that what she had thought was a door to the room she'd just exited was actually placed against the wall beside it. Another room!?

It was a heavy wooden door, with old fashioned steel bolts closing it, three of them. They were a little rusty, and she had to grunt and slap at them to get them to slide back. She opened the door and blinked in surprise. It was a room, but a small one, not much bigger than a closet.

It held a cage, a low cage, only up to her waist. The cage filled the room entirely. Over it hung several chains, and shelves containing bowls, brushes, and an assortment of small clamps and shackles. The entire front of the cage was raised up so that the front stood open. Inside was a mattress of some sort, on which were several yellowing sheets.

She was amazed as she stared, shocked, and oddly aroused, to think Gantry might have kept girls prisoner here, in a cage, like animals!

Why should that arouse her, she thought, feeling guilty. It was certainly nothing to be

aroused about. It was disgusting. The man must have been evil.

She closed the door and walked back up the passage to what she thought of as the main room. She looked over the implements in the cupboard. There were just so many of them! And they looked hand made. She doubted Gantry could have bought this sort of stuff at a store. He must have had them specially made, and perhaps designed.

She wondered what those artisans thought of him, wondered if there was gossip about what a sicko he was.

She took out a dildo of sorts, rounded, covered with leather, with tiny, metal studs sewn into the base. She was hot enough that she simply brushed off the dust, and then squatted, straddling the thing, sinking down slowly, bouncing ever so slightly as she let it force its way inside her moist pussy. She inhaled sharply, then groaned as she sank halfway down the leather and wood dildo. It spread her out inside, which she loved, and high into her abdomen as she seized the base and pushed it up inside herself.

She made her way awkwardly back to the rack room, lay down, and used the dildo, thrusting it into herself as she imagined she was being bound there and that Gantry was using her, his leering face above, his cock thrusting into her again and again.

The climax was quick and powerful, leaving her breathless, and she lay there for long moments later, chest heaving. Orgasms usually sated her, yet she still felt hot, wild, wanton. She wanted to do it again. But the responsible side of her nature, that side which had always pushed her on to accomplish things intervened. She put it away and dressed, then went upstairs and worked for a couple of hours.

Sex, however, was never far from her mind, hot, nasty, kinky sex.

When she heard the doorbell buzz she felt a sudden surge of need and lust and dropped the box she was unpacking.

She hurried downstairs and smiled at Brian as she let him in.

"You're a bit early," she said. "I didn't expect you until after seven."

"I'm a light eater," he said with a smile. "Did Paul show up with my band saw?"

"No. I haven't heard from him."

He tsked, and set down his big tool chest.

"Well I can't do a lot without it," he said in annoyance. "Could I use your phone?"

"Sure. It's upstairs."

"I'll call ahead next time I'm early," he said.

"That would be a good idea. The phone is in the living room."

He sat down on the sofa and called Paul, but there was no answer.

"I'm sorry about this," he said, hanging up. "It's unprofessional of me."

"Don't worry about it."

Just then the door buzzed.

"Ahh," he said. "That's probably him."

She followed him downstairs, a little disappointed.

"Hey there," Paul said to her.

"You're late," Brian said.

"Yeah. That's life," he said with a grin. "Wanna help me carry it in. Thing weighs a ton."

Danny watched them manhandle the big saw into the room and plug it in. Paul waved

goodbye and left and Brian got right to work, cutting the plastic off the first pile of boards and beginning to measure and mark them off.

"Do you think I could be of any help?" she asked.

"Oh, that's okay," he said. "I'm just marking off the sizes right now. And I like to do that myself."

He had an L shaped metal ruler and she was impressed by how fast he moved it along the side of the boards and marked off distances. But while she approved of his fast work, it wasn't his carpentry skills she wanted just then.

She made sure the door was locked, then eased back behind the stairs and skinned out of the sweatshirt and pants before coming back, naked, save for the collar he had had her put on the previous evening.

"Are you sure I can't help?" she asked, moving around to the side, and looking out at him from under her eyelashes.

He looked at her then did a gratifying double take.

"Woah!" he said.

She grinned a trifle smugly. "Okay if I watch you work?"

He curled an arm around her and squeezed her bare bottom. "I'm not going to get any work done if you're like this around me."

He raised his other hand, kneading her bare breast as he kissed her lightly.

"And as I said, I am a professional."

"Oh I wasn't going to actually do anything with you," she said, pushing him back. "I just wanted you to see this uhm, historical collar in the sunlight. Very nice, isn't it? Now you can get on with your work while I go back upstairs."

"So you get me all hot and bothered and want me to try and forget it and work, right?"

"Just think of the reward your patience will bring," she said, smirking, "if you're nice, of course, and do a good job."

"Hmm," he said, hooking a thumb into the ring of the collar.

He hefted her up across his shoulder, then, and Danny protested only feebly, her heart hammering as excitement filled her. He took her down to the sub basement, her legs kicking weakly, her arms dangling behind him.

He carried her to the end room, where the giant post shaped like a penis stood and looked around, then up at the chains, before gazing at the post once more.

He set her on her feet, and she gasped weakly. He led her over to the post and looked down at the side branch, the little cock thing, and ran a finger up and down her pussy.

"Nice and wet, I see," he said.

"Wh-what are you going to do?" she panted, getting more aroused by the second.

He pressed her against the post, then pressed his body against her. He reached down and caught her inner thighs in his big hands and lifted her up easily, then manoeuvred her pussy in over the wooden cock. Danny reached down and grasped it herself, pulling her pussy in against it, and then moaning as Brian sank her down on it slowly. It was thick but she was very wet and very ready as it slid into her belly.

When she was on her own feet, albeit the balls of her feet, he raised her wrists up above her and fastened the old leather restraints around them, cinching them in tight.

Breathless, Danny turned her head around to stare at him, and moaned as he kneaded her buttocks.

“You can wait here while I get some work done,” he said.

“D-Don’t you dare leave me like this,” she gasped.

He grinned and walked out of the room.

“Brian! Brian! Brian? You bastard!” she cried, her head turned around.

She looked up at the shackles, but they were clearly on too tightly to remove. She let her head turn forward again, noticing something she hadn’t before. The post was covered in designs, carved designs which were, for the most part, made up of little squares with flowers in them. Some of the designs were cut out of the wood, but the flower patterns which her bare breasts were now pressing against were raised instead, so that her nipples were actually pushing against a narrow edge of the carving.

In fact, most of her breasts were pressing in against the raised patterns of a pair of large roses, and it felt rough and uneven against her soft, sensitive skin.

She worked her bottom around a little, and felt her pussy easing a little more open. She winced, but was able to sink slowly down until her heels were almost on the floor. The angled wooden cock was deep inside her then, and she didn’t think it would get any deeper.

She pressed her feet in harder against the post, and found that if she sort of wrapped her legs halfway around it she could push her torso just a little in closer, and that let her sink right down onto her heels. There was no longer any slack in the chains holding the shackles, and she stood in place, feeling arousal throbbing within her body. She moved her hips a little, gasping as she ground herself against the post, as her insides shifted around the hard wooden cock inside her.

Her arousal was deepening with every passing minute. She ground her breasts gently against the raised roses, and ground her hips slowly against the post, her bottom rolling every so slowly.

Her head kept turning to look behind her, but there was no sign of Brian. She raised herself onto the balls of her feet, shuddering a little. The wooden cock inside her was also carved, and she felt the uneven surface scraping along the soft, moist lips of her sex as she moved, as she drew her hot, sucking pussy upwards, then sank back.

God, she was wet, she thought, partly with alarm. Would Brian think she was a crazed bondage slut? The wooden cock was glistening with her juices, and despite its thickness it moved easily inside her slippery sex. She let herself down on it again, groaning as she felt it drive up through the soft flesh of her abdomen.

She slowly rolled her hips as she rose and fell on the wooden cock, lifting herself to the tips of her toes to sink slowly and deliciously down onto it, taking it deep enough to hurt each time, deliberately. Her skin was damp now, her breathing coming in ragged breaths as the corset squeezed down around her belly

Chapter Six

“It hardly seems fair that I have to wait for my pleasure but you can take yours now.” his voice called from behind her.

She gasped in alarm, frozen in mid stroke, her face flushing hotly as she saw him saunter in.

“Then untie me and let’s - .”

“Oh no, that wouldn’t be right,” he said.

He reached to side of the post, his big hand pushing against her back to flatten her against the post again. He drew out a thick strap and pulled it around her back just above her buttocks, then yanked it in tight.

“Oh!

It squeezed her belly in firmly against the post, and he fastened it somehow to the other side. He chuckled as she tried to move, and then reached between her legs.

“Let’s not forget this one,” he said.

Danny tried to look down. She hadn’t paid much attention to the strap dangling there. Brian raised it up between her buttocks, then hesitated. He let it drop, and without a word turned and left the room. Danny tried to pull herself up and down on the wooden cock again, but she could hardly move. Then Brian returned.

He had one of the dildo with him, a sort carved glass thing made up of separate little balls.

He gripped her hair and pulled her head back, and when she started to protest pushed the first of the balls into her mouth. Danny blinked up at him in surprise as he pumped the thing slowly in and out. He could only get two of the balls into her mouth at once as she moaned and started at him in confusion and heat.

But it was enough, apparently. He pulled the thing out and released her hair.

“What are you - .

She gasped as she felt the round end of the thing pressing against her anal opening, pressing insistently, turning from side to side. She felt her sphincter being forced, her wrinkled little opening spreading.

“Brian! Don’t!” she gasped.

She groaned as he pushed harder, feeling the soft, slippery ball pushing through her anal opening. She felt herself closing behind it, but then the next ball forced her opening wider once more, and when it slid into her she again began to slide closed, only to have the third ball pushing into her.

“Oh! D-Don’t!” she panted.

But there was no force behind her words, and she could only shudder and moan as Brian slowly pumped the ball dildo in and out of her anus, forcing it ever deeper until she felt cramps up high in her abdomen.

And only then did he draw the strap up from between her legs, pull it out through her thighs, and feed it up between her buttocks, over the base of the dildo. There was a ring in the

rear of the belt he had strapped around her waist, and he fed it through there and - pulled.

Danny let out a long shuddering groan, a cry of pain and pleasure and excitement as the ball dildo was forced even deeper into her ass, and then locked in place as he buckled the strap behind her.

“Now I’ll be back for you in a couple of hours. You hang tight till then,” he said, giving her bottom a smack.

“Bastard!” she croaked.

She felt cramped inside, stuffed. The immovable dildo she was straddling and the fat, round crystal or glass one he had forced into her anus felt as though they were pushing aside her internal organs, filling her belly to overflowing. Her breasts were pushed harder against the wood, now, pillowed out hard.

She could not move - and yet she could, after a fashion. She could push herself back against the strap running down between her buttocks, adding pressure onto the base of the dildo he had stuffed up into her anus. And her hips would move ever so slightly back, and to the sides, allowing her to grind herself in very shallow movements against the carved wooden cock.

But though it roused her it was not ultimately satisfying. She gasped and moaned, aching inside her, rolling her hips slowly, panting and wincing as she tried to ride the wooden cock. Passion and hunger set her body and mind aflame, and she grasped the post between her arms, rubbing her breast against the flowers, panting and moaning weakly as the dampness turned to moisture on her skin, and sweat began to slowly trickle down her face and ribs.

She felt a sense of disbelief, as well, at how quickly, how totally she had fallen into this bizarre sexual gaming. She had always had fantasies but she hadn’t really thought that the feel of restraints around her wrists would be so exciting, that being bound helpless would be so shockingly arousing.

Had those long ago girls who had been bound here felt as she was? Had they moaned in pleasure, gasping in the close air, waiting for him, for Gantry to return to do unspeakable things to them?

The restraints were tight around her wrists, holding a portion of her weight, For with her legs spread partway around the post and her body jammed tightly against it she was off balance. She could be whipped now, she thought a little dazedly. She wondered if Brian would whip her? Just a little. What would it feel like? Would it hurt? Of course it would, but how much?

The leather creaked with her efforts, with her motions, with the pressure of her body as she hugged the big post, the post which was carved like a cock. The symbolism did not escape her.

And - there was something - down there. Down at the base of the wooden cock, if she just got her legs a little wider, jammed her hips in slightly more, took just a little bit more of it into her belly.

“Ungh!”

She didn’t know what it was. It was like a small sharp knot of some kind. It hurt, sort of. No, it definitely hurt, and yet. It felt so good to push herself against it, to feel it grinding against her clitoris.

“Oh God!” she panted, slowly, straining against the pull of the belt, the strap, of the shackles, grinding herself against that wooden cock. She was soaking! She could feel her own

juices trickling down her inner thigh as she rolled and ground herself onto that hard little cock.

And ground her entire body against the big one.

“Oww!” she gasped as her clit jammed against that little knot.

She rose up, straining, gasping, and slid down, moaning breathlessly, gulping in air in the hot room. God, she was hot! Inside and out! She was sweating like a pig, and her insides were burning with passion and lust and animal hunger.

“How are we doing?”

She moaned weakly, not embarrassed this time as he came up behind her, feeling a flush of excitement as he grasped her hair and yanked her head back.

“Jesus it’s hot in here,” he said. “You need to get some electricity down here and get rid of those lanterns. The guy who built this little hidey hole didn’t provide nearly enough air flow. I’ll string a power cord and blow out the lanterns and - .”

“Nooo,” she moaned.

She couldn’t quite express herself, couldn’t think how to tell him that she wanted it as it had been a century earlier. It felt - carnal - raw - like she was part of an epic, a historical drama.

“I like the heat,” she panted.

“If you say so, baby.”

“B-Brian?”

“What?”

He was kneading her buttocks casually.

“Have - have you ever - I mean, do you think it would - hurt a lot, if you used one of those - those whip things on me?”

He was quiet for a long moment. “Everyone has their own limits,” he said. “But since you’ve never done anything with pain before I’m not sure how you’d react. If I was going to I would start off with something mild?”

“Yes! Something - small!” she gasped, moaning as she tried to grind herself against the wooden cock again.

He chuckled, and she moaned as his teeth nibbled on the side of her throat below her ear.

“Let’s see, shall we?”

He went away, and she was alone for long minutes. When he returned he had a number of straps and flogs with them. He dropped them on the floor, and stepped behind her with nothing in his hand but what looked like a belt.

“Strapping is about the mildest thing you can do,” he said. “Let’s see how you react to it.”

“Wait!” she gasped.

“What?”

“U-Undo the belt around my back.”

“No.”

“Brian!” she groaned.

That thing you’re on is not a modern dildo. It’s very hard, and it’s up in the middle of your abdomen, pretty high, too. I don’t want you jerking your body all around while you’re on it.”

“But - .”

The strap slapped against her bottom without warning and she yelped, more in surprise than pain. Brian paused as if studying her, then brought his arm forward again. The strap was

very light. It slapped across her bottom and stung a little, but - it wasn't enough.

"Harder," she groaned.

Her wish came true immediately, as the strap struck her with much greater force, and she yelped in pain, her hips driven into the post.

"Bastard," she panted.

"Slut," he replied, his voice sounding amused.

Then his voice changed. "Slut," he said, in a dark, dangerous growl.

The strap cut across her bottom with stinging force, and she cried out, her body driven against the post.

"Whore!" he spat

She groaned weakly, her mind flashing into a feverish state of arousal.

"You fucking cheap cunt!" he growled.

The words, and the tone they were spoken in made her gasp, and then the strap slashed across her bottom with stinging force, and she cried out.

"You like that, slut? Grind your hot little cunt against that dildo. Go on, whore. Dance on it, ride the dildo for me."

Again the strap cut across her bottom, and Danny cried out, the sound almost a wail of pleasure and dazed excitement.

"Oh shit!" she half sobbed.

Again the strap slashed across her bottom, with hot, stinging force that made her cry out.

"Slut!" he sneered.

Her entire body was - melting. She was squeezed in hard against that tall, giant - cock, her body grinding and trembling against it, threatening to simply dissolve into a puddle of mush against its surface.

The strap cut into her bottom again, and her body flinched, jerking against the tall post, against the wooden dildo jammed up inside her sopping pussy.

She was on the edge of climax, hovering there, trembling and shaking, nerve endings snapping, her insides flaming. She just couldn't quite go over.

And then Brian was behind her, undoing the strap at the small of her back, letting the lower strap fall down. He grasped the dildo in her ass, the one made up of balls, and slid it slowly out. Each ball made her anal opening spread wide, then squeeze halfway closed again, then open, then close. Danny felt herself about to come, felt herself ready to explode.

The ball dildo came free, and then Brian was pressed in against her, naked, his flesh hot against hers. His cock slid easily into her ass, and then drove hard and deep as he crushed her body up against the post.

She came, her insides blossoming with a violent sensory storm like none she had ever felt. She could not scream or cry out, could not breathe, could not move or think or do anything but tremble violently as convulsions racked her body again and again. Brian was not gentle. He ground his pelvis into her sweating buttocks, grasped the sides of the post up high to either side, and began to rut into her, hammering his hips against her bottom, ramming his cock up into her ass again and again and again in almost brutal strokes.

The force of his blows made her body jerk against the wooden dildo, threw her legs forward, dropped her clit down onto that knot thing at the base of the wooden cock and jammed

her against it again and again. Her mind felt as though it was going to tear apart as she gurgled and shuddered and the world spun around her. It was the most powerful, intense orgasm she'd ever felt, and it seemed to have no end.

Brian's big male body was crushing her against the wooden post, against the big cock, his hips slamming into her buttocks again and again and again. After that glass ball dildo thing his cock felt so beautifully, wonderfully soft and slick and sensual as it stroked up and down inside her that she almost swooned.

Her breasts ached as they were squeezed hard against the wood, her nipples and areolas grinding against the raised flowers. Her body and mind were sizzling with violent sexual energy, spasming and convulsing, bucking and trembling as the orgasm shook her like a rag doll.

She almost blacked out. For a moment she thought she had. Then she hung there, literally, her legs gone to rubber, her jaw slack, her sweating face against the wood as his hips continued ram into her bottom, his cock continued to thrust up achingly deep into her belly, lifting her to her toes again and again by sheer force, riding her up and down on the wooden cock at the same time so it sawed roughly up and down through the straining lips of her soft, aching sex.

Afterwards he carried her, this time in his arms, rather than over his shoulder, up the three flights of stairs to the top floor, ran a bath, and set her in it, with him beside her. He'd also brought a surprise. Grapes, which, with her wrists shackled behind her - and when had he done that, she thought wearily - he fed her, letting her lick the cool, cold grapes from his fingers.

He lifted her out of the tub, onto its edge, and spread her legs wide apart, then soaped up her groin. She was feeling very submissively, and sleepy, and she simply lay back, sighing, as she felt him cutting at her pubic hair with her small scissors, then shaving her. She thought - well, she wasn't thinking very much. She was still in the weak, languorous afterglow of that massive, exhausting climax. A part of her thought he was trimming her already neatly trimmed pubic hair.

But as his fingers slid into her, and he pulled on her sex lips, and ran the razor up one side and down the other, it became to dawn on her that he was not trimming, but removing.

"Wha-what are you doooing?" she said in a groan.

He rinsed her off, and then brought his mouth against her now totally bare little sex. Danny's eyes widened, and then she moaned and dropped her head, not caring about anything else as his soft tongue did amazing things to her sore, aching pussy.

The orgasms weren't as powerful, or as draining, but as she lay there on her back, on her bound wrists, moaning, arching her back, twisting her hips, pleasure coursed through her veins and pounded against her mind until she could think and care about nothing else.

Afterwards she felt weak, submissive, exhausted again. She let him dry her, let him brush and dry her hair, let him carry her into the living room in his arms and sit down with her straddling his body. He was clothed, she was naked. But she didn't care. It was beginning to seem natural to be naked around him.

She lay nestled against his chest, comfortable, relaxed. And when he produced the grapes again she took them from him, licking them from his fingers, sucking his fingers afterwards, sighing as he caressed her with his eyes and hands. Yet when she itched, she couldn't scratch it, and she ignored her suggestions he untie her.

"Brian," she groaned in complaint

“You don’t need your hands,” he said loftily.

He ran his hand up between her breasts, then squeezed and kneaded them gently.

“So what are you going to do with those rooms?” he asked.

“I don’t know. I’d like to find out who put them there.”

“Well, given there’s no electricity, I’m guessing they go back to the turn of the century anyway - that is, the turn of the last century. You’ll need to wire them to make much use of them

“I could use them for storage, I suppose,” she said, then took another grape into her mouth.

It felt very odd to be taking food from his fingers, to be licking the grapes from his hands, very weirdly stimulating in some way she couldn’t name.

“Kind of hard getting stuff up and down with that narrow stair,” he said.

She nodded as she swallowed

“A wine cellar?”

“How much wine do you think I have?” she sniffed.

“A games room of - some sort,” he said, waggling his eyebrows.

She snorted but felt a little stab of heat.

“If you wire them up, that main room where I found you could take a pool table. You might put a sauna in. Or - .”

He leaned in, chewing lightly at the nape of her neck, forcing her head back farther and farther as she groaned.

“Maybe we’ll turn it into a torture chamber,” he said.

“It already is a torture chamber,” she said.

“What an interesting idea.”

“Pervert.”

He smiled. “Cock sucker,” he said slowly.

She flushed, slightly insulted, yet excited for some reason.

He ran his finger along her lip.

“Cock sucker,” he said again.

“I am a cock sucker,” she said, a little defiantly.

“Slut.”

“Bastard,” she replied.

He pinched her nipple and she gasped.

“Show the proper respect, little slave girl,” he said.

“Bastard.”

He pinched her nipple again, this time giving a twist that had her jerking aside.

“Maybe you need a spanking,” he said.

“I’m sorry,” she said humbly.

He smiled, or started to.

“Bastard,” she said.

He snorted in amusement and buried his fingers in her hair, then pulled back, not quickly, but fast enough to make her gasp, forcing her back to arch very sharply. She felt his mouth covering the centre of her left breast, his hot breath on her skin, then his warm, moist mouth sucking as his teeth bit gently into the flesh. She moaned and writhed weakly, her breasts still

reddened and aching from being ground against the post.

“Oww,” she gasped as her achingly sensitive nipple protested.

But as before, the pain somehow twisted itself into a dark pleasure within seconds.

She felt his fingers between her thighs, his index finger sliding inside her. She was still moist, and still sore, and her bottom ground against him.

He pulled back, then and let her sit up. His hand was between her legs, and she looked down again, embarrassed and excited at the same time, as she had been ever since she'd seen herself so - so bare - so - naked, so exposed. Yet the feel of his fingers against her soft, bare skin, with no hair to intervene was delicious and made her want to grind her hips against him.

And then she did, unconsciously, at first, helplessly responding to the sometimes gentle, sometimes rough stroking of his thumb across her horribly bare clit, and the insertion of not one, but two fingers deep inside her pussy.

God, she was sensitive there! It ached when he touched her, but it was such a - a delicious ache that she couldn't help responding to it.

“You're turning me into a nympho,” she groaned.

“I like nymphos,” he said with a smile. Then he bent forward and took one of her still-sore nipples into his mouth, sucking, licking and massaging it.

“Brian!” she groaned.

“Too sore? Okay, I'll stop,” he said, dumping her off his lap onto the chair next to him, ostentatiously ignoring her as he picked up the TV's remote.

“Asshole,” she said.

“That's very rude,” he replied, still not looking at her.

“Bastard.”

He grabbed her abruptly and she squealed a protest as he yanked her back across his lap, but this time upside down.

“Don't you dare!” she cried.

“Hmm, don't see any marks on this white little ass,” he said, running his fingers across her bottom. “The strap is good for that. But apparently it wasn't enough to teach you manners.”

He slapped her bottom and she yelped and kicked her feet.

“Now don't you feel like a silly little girl having to be spanked for using obscene language?” he said, slapping her again.

“Oww! Stop it!”

He slid his hand between her wriggling thighs and cupped her bare pussy, rubbing it, sinking his index finger into her pussy, then slapped her bottom again with his other hand.

“I don't think so,” he said. “Not until you apologise for being rude.”

“Kiss my ass!” she shouted.

He did, then gave her three hard slaps in a row as she yelped and kicked her feet and legs.

“I'm sorry!” she cried.

He slapped her bottom again, working his finger, now two fingers, in and out of her moist pussy.

“Not good enough. You say `I'm sorry for being such a foul mouthed little slut, Mr. Morgan,” he said.

“You can go to hell!” she exclaimed indignantly.

He slapped her bottom again, and again, and again, as her hips jerked and twisted and she yelled and cried out in pain.

“Ow! Stop it! Oww! Bastard! Owww! All right! Oww! I’m sorry for being such a foul mouthed little slut, Mr. Morgan!”

He slowed his spanking and caressed her bottom, now pink and turning red.

“That’s better. You need to show respect to men, little slut. In fact, I think it would be better for you to call me Mr. Morgan from now on.”

“Are you kidding?” she panted.

“Well, let’s say, whenever you’re naked and your hands are tied up.”

“I always seem to be naked and tied up around you,” she protested.

“That’s the way women should be around me.”

“God, you’re arrogant!”

He slapped her bottom and she cried out in pain.

“Apologise for insulting me,” he said arrogantly.

He thrust three fingers deep into her pussy and she groaned.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Morgan!”

He pulled her upright, then twisted her around so she was straddling him. She raised herself up as he took his cock out of his pants, and then sank slowly down on it, groaning in pleasure.

“I love your cock,” she groaned.

“Of course you do. You’re a slut, after all,” he said, bending her head back and sucking on her breast.

She groaned, trying to ride him. His hands cupped her bottom and began lifting her up and down as he mouthed first one breast then the other.

“I could move better if my hands were free,” she panted.

“I like you just like you are,” he said.

With his help, his hands on her buttocks, she rode up and down, gasping and moaning at the pleasure and pain as she felt the sexual haze swirling around her. The orgasm was not as powerful as it had been downstairs, but it was enough to make her shudder and shake and roll her head in wonder and bliss.

Chapter Seven

She spent much of the next morning in her car, driving from place to place, getting supplies, filling out forms, and gathering books. She stopped off at several places selling books very cheaply, from garage sales to church fund raisers, then hit the hardware store and bought a long, heavy extension cord and some portable lamps for the sub basement.

It was a cold, blustery fall day, cloudy and blowing in the promise of winter. It started to rain, and the temperature plunged even more. She decided to head home before the promised freezing rain the radio promised materialized. She parked in the narrow lane beside the house, then dashed through the rain with her bags and up to the porch.

Inside, she shook out her hair, grabbed the mail and headed upstairs. She put the coffee on and went over the mail as she sipped it, wrote out a few checks, and filled out a form for the county registrar. That done she changed into a pair of short cotton shorts and a tank top. She didn't bother with underwear. No one was going to be around and it would just get sweaty. The ancient furnace worked surprisingly well, but tended to lose a lot of heat in the basement. That was good, for it kept the basement warm and very dry - perfect for storing books and papers.

That didn't make it pleasant to do heavy work in, though.

She headed back downstairs to the basement and began working on the floor. She decided, almost at once, to use the portable lamps she'd bought for the sub basement to brighten up the basement while she worked.

Then she completed laying tile and started in on more plywood walls, measuring and sawing to match the size of her walls. She knew she wasn't doing the most sophisticated job, but it was only going to store books, after all, and it wasn't like she could pay Brian to redo the whole house. Nor did she intend to impose on him for free.

A ringing upstairs caught her attention - eventually - over the music from a small radio she'd brought down. She wiped her hands on a dirty cloth and went back upstairs, surprised to see, as she crossed the floor, the face of the young librarian at the window.

"Uhm, hi," she said, opening the door partially.

"Hi. Miss Connor? I'm Tina Baxter, from the library?"

The girl looked like a half frozen, drowned rat as she stood in the doorway shivering and clutching a knapsack close to her chest.

"Come in," Danny said a little reluctantly.

"Thank you so much," the girl said. "I'm sorry. I'm dripping on your floor. It had stopped raining and I thought I could just dash to the car, but I couldn't find anywhere to park here and I had to run two blocks."

"I'll get you a - a towel or something," Danny said uncertainly.

"I wanted to see you about Mark Gantry," Tina said. "I was really hoping you would let me see the inside of his house."

"Well, I suppose there's no reason you couldn't look around," Danny said. "Come upstairs and I'll get you a towel."

The girl removed her jacket and hung it from the doorknob, then kicked off her tennis shoes and followed Danny upstairs. Her hair was still dripping down her blouse, and the bottom of her trousers were soaking.

“Why on Earth would you pick today to come out?” Danny asked, as they reached the top floor.

“I have this afternoon off,” the girl said. “And I really wanted to get a look at this place to see if it matches some of the stories I’ve found.”

“Oh really? Stories?”

She handed her a towel, then shook her head. “You better take those off. I’ll throw them into the drier.”

“Oh, I really hate to impose on you,” Tina said.

“I’d like to hear about these stories, but I don’t want you sitting on my sofa in wet pants.”

“Oh gosh, I’m sorry!”

“Don’t apologise. Here, put this on.”

She handed the girl a long robe, and pushed her into the bathroom.

“You want some coffee?”

“Yes, please!” came through the door.

The girl soon emerged and took the cup gratefully as they sat in the living room. She took some papers out of the knapsack and unfolded them.

“I knew I had heard some things about Gantry, and these turned up. This one is the most specific. It talks about how Gantry would pressure the young immigrant women to come to his house. It’s almost unbelievable in the modern age, but according to these he had a sort of torture chamber set up in his basement!”

“Uhm, oh?” Danny said.

“Listen to this. This was written by a young Scottish girl in eighteen eighty one. She had come to America at sixteen, and her parents had died of what sounds like typhoid. She’d started working in the mills and factories when she was seventeen. She was unusual in that she could write because her parents were missionary schoolteachers. Anyway, one day, right out the blue, she was driven to Gantry’s house. She had no idea why or where she was, of course, until she saw him. Everyone knew Gantry.”

“He said she was there because he liked to have dinner with pretty girls. Of course she was insanely flattered, and the food was ten times better than she’d had in the boarding house. Anyway, listen to this part. He’d fed her wine, and she’d wound up spilling some on the carpet. He got angry and told her she had to be punished. He told her the carpet was worth more than she could make in a lifetime - which might even have been true.”

She looked down and read from the notes.

“In the basement was a strange room where the air was close and warm. It was a round room, and at its centre was a great post carved out of oak which rose almost to the ceiling. And to my startled and embarrassed surprise I saw that it was carved into the resemblance of a male sexual organ. I had little time to ponder this, however, as Mr. Gantry, most angry, demanded I remove my clothes. When I hesitated he struck me across the face and, terrified, I complied and stripped to my skin.”

“I cannot believe that I was thinking straight for surely I would have refused had I not

consumed so much wine. But Mr. Gantry gave me no time to think, and soon, naked as the day I was born, my arms were being bound to the side of the great post and Mr. Gantry bent me over. It was then I saw that a fat peg had been attached to the side of the post, and this too was carved as a male organ.”

“Before I could react Mr. Gantry forced my mouth down upon this wooden peg, and then drew forth a strap which locked my head in place. With my wrists and head thus bound in place Mr. Gantry then fetched him a long, thin cane and began to whip my bottom.”

“The pain burned most horribly and I screamed around the thick peg within my mouth. Mr. Gantry used most obscene words that terrified me, for the cost of the Persian carpet was so great that one could surely feed, clothe and house an entire family for years on its value.”

“And then to my intense horror I felt his fingers on my most private parts, and felt a great sharp pain as he pushed something inside me. I was entirely helpless and unable to resist as Mr. Gantry did obscene things to my privates. These things, which I could not, of course, see, affected my body most horribly. It seemed impossible to keep still, and a great fire seemed to burn within my groin and belly.

“I know that I should have tried to resist in some way, but I was afraid that he would begin to beat me again instead, and surely what he was doing to me was much less painful, and in fact, most horribly pleasurable. And so I made little effort to resist as he turned my own body against me. Too late did I realize what was happening, and when he proceeded to thrust his own male organ into my body I was in such a wanton state I almost cried out in glory.”

The girl looked up, her face a little red. “Well, she goes on like this, uh, describing how Gantry raped her.”

“Apparently she liked it,” Danny said.

The girl flushed. “You have to understand that she was very innocent about sexual matters. Young women knew little or nothing before marriage, especially if they had no older female relatives willing to talk about it. I’m not sure what Gantry did, but, well, she was drunk and, who knows. In any case, she describes rooms in the basement with great wooden frames which held her prisoner. She was whipped, she writes, and Gantry told her that she would have to be his slave to make up the cost of the carpet. She was kept in a cage in the basement and sexual abused on a daily basis. Sometimes, uh, well, her descriptions.... well, she was very confused, as I said.”

“Did she ever go to the police?”

“Oh God no! The police wouldn’t have listened to a girl like this! In any case, it seems as if she fell in love with him. I guess an early version of the Stockholm syndrome, you know? Gantry was like a god to her, and I guess he was, when he wanted to be, a uhm, good lover. There weren’t many of those around back then, you know.”

“But the fascinating thing is her description of these rooms. She couldn’t have made them up, but surely that was going a little far, even for Gantry. I mean, a giant post shaped like a cock, uhm, penis?”

Danny made a non-committal noise.

“Anyway, I was hoping I could look downstairs and see if the rooms matched what she describes.”

“Sure, come on.”

Danny led her down the stairs, where the girl looked around the half finished rooms with sense of disappointment and doubt.

“Over here,” she said, deciding finally, to show the girl what she had found.

“I only discovered this a short time ago.”

She opened the secret door, and the girl’s jaw dropped. Danny lit a lamp inside the stairs and led the girl down and into the passage, then into the first room.

“Oh wow! Oh man I can’t believe it!” the girl cried, staring at it, running her hands along the wood. “It really exists!”

“Yup,” Danny said.

“Unbelievable! What about the uhm, the giant - .”

“Cock?”

Danny led the excited girl to the rack room, then to the final room where the large post was located. Tina’s eyes were filled with awe as she ran her hands up and down its length. “My God!” she sighed.

“I don’t know if anyone’s been in here since Gantry died,” Danny said. “I’d think if anyone knew about these rooms they’d have uhm, done something else with them.”

The girl examined the low, angled wooden cock, bending and touching it slowly. She straightened and walked around the big post, then returned and gave Danny a strange, quirky smile.

“You’ve uhm, been in here a few times since you found it?” she said.

Danny flushed. “What do you mean?”

The girl grinned. “Well, there’s dust on the sides of this thing, but not at the front, except up high and down low. See, the dust is gone from about uhm, your thighs to your head. Also the leather straps have no dust on them, and neither does this.”

She held the lower cock in her hand and grinned slyly.

“I don’t know what you’re suggesting, Miss Baxter,” Danny said with a scowl, but - .”

“Oh hey, I wasn’t trying to insult you or embarrass you,” the girl said hurriedly. “I mean, Jesus, look at this place. If a woman was a complete prude she’d be disgusted and lock it up, but a young, sexually - curious - woman, perhaps with a friend might - experiment?”

“I think we’d better go,” Danny said firmly.

“Oh please don’t! Look, I’d love to get pictures of these! Please!”

“As long as you don’t identify the address and what this house is being used for now.”

They went back upstairs and the girl fetched a digital camera from her back. Tina followed her down to the basement, then told her to go ahead. She really did need get some work done on her walls.

It was hard to concentrate, though, with the girl down there. Danny was embarrassed that the girl suspected she’d used the - frames - and was afraid the girl would somehow find more evidence, like dust gone from the centre of the rack, for example. She winced when she thought of that, and glanced at the stairs.

She put down her measuring tape and went downstairs. The girl was not in the first room, or the rack room. In that room she winced to see that there was an obvious bare spot almost free of dust right in the middle of the rack. She wiped off the sides, as well. The girl could make of that what she wanted.

She went to the last room and peered around the corner.

Tina had dropped the robe and was nude. She was bent over the large post just as the girl she'd described had been bent. Her mouth was actually on the wooden cock which had been up inside Danny's pussy only the day before. Her hands were on the lower restraints and her bottom was raised, her legs straight and bent.

Further, there were a pair of straps hanging from chains above. The girl had pulled them away from the wall and they were now wrapped around her thighs just below her groin, holding her bottom up, her legs apart. She must have read of them in the girl's stories, Danny thought, for she herself had hardly noticed them before, let alone guessed their intent.

As a means of reliving the past and getting a feel for how things were the girl was going just a little too far, she thought indignantly.

And yet, she hadn't been unaffected by the story Tina had read, and had imagined the poor young girl bound like that, experiencing sexual pleasure for the first time, being taken in such a degrading position, helpless to resist. And now watching Tina in the same position, her damp red hair spilling around her face, she felt a surge of need and hunger.

Tina had a slender body, with small, but well-shaped breasts, a thin but round bottom, and pale skin, much like Danny's. Her sex was shaven, as well, and Danny wondered about that as she moved into the room.

The girl's eyes were closed and her lips were wrapped around the wooden cock. Could she possibly taste Danny's juices from when she'd been impaled on the thing, she wondered, embarrassed.

"I can do the straps if you like," she said.

The girl cried out in surprise, hurriedly straightening up, or trying to. The straps around her thighs almost dumped her forward again, and she tried to struggle out of them.

Danny walked in and took her arm.

"It gets to you, doesn't it?" she said. "Thinking of those girls so long ago, in this very room, with this?"

Tina's face was red and terribly embarrassed.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean to - ."

"Maybe you should be punished," Danny said with a smirk.

She pulled on the girl's arm. With the straps holding her thighs apart, pulling up against the underside of her small buttocks, she was not very well balanced, and half fell, grasping the post to steady herself.

"Go ahead. I'll strap you in," Danny said, feeling a hot flush run up through her belly.

The girl stared at her, her eyes darting from side to side, not making any move to bend forward. But when Danny pushed her down she didn't resist either. Danny took her wrist and pushed it through the half open lower strap, then tugged the strap closed and buckled it. The girl's face looked stricken now, uncertain, but also very excited, and she let Danny pull on her other wrist, bending her over again.

Danny strapped that wrist in, and the girl let out a soft moan as she stared at the wooden cock. Danny guided her lips to it and the girl opened her mouth wide, then moaned aloud as she slid her mouth down onto the gleaming wooden shaft. Danny drew the belt in and down around the back of her neck to lock her in place, then stepped back.

“There were other things used with this sort of game,” she said. “Did you look in the cupboard?”

She walked back up the passage, leaving the girl, feeling a strange, heady sense of excitement. She'd never really done anything with another woman, well, except for one night of drunken fumbling with a roommate in college. Now she returned with the studded leather dildo and the round, ball one. She rubbed the former up and down the girl's slit as Tina moaned and panted heavily, then slowly forced it into her pussy.

It was fascinating to watch the girl's sex lips being pushed in and spread open, to feel their pressure and strain against the dildo as she slowly pushed it up into the younger woman's belly. She pumped it in and out, then thrust hard, wanting a reaction. She got it as the girl moaned, her hips grinding.

And Danny had a sudden realization. The girl actually was helpless, bound, unable to resist. She could do anything to her she wanted. She could invite Brian or some other men down to rape her, then lock her in the cage!

Which was ridiculous, of course, but the mere possibility aroused her still further, and she pumped the dildo slowly, then thrust it deep once again.

She produced the two metal balls attached to clips, and without warning framed the girl's pink nipples and let the clips close. Tina's eyes widened and she cried out in pain, her body jerking and twisting, her arms pulling at the straps holding them at the sides of the post, her head trying to rise off the wooden cock.

“The sting will ease up in a few seconds,” Danny said.

She eyed the third little ball in her hand, and looked down at the juncture of the girl's pale, slender thighs, at her smooth, completely hairless mons and the dildo protruding from her straining sex lips. Then she bent and let her fingers push back the hood over her sex and frame the throbbing, swollen little button with the third clip. She hesitated, then let it close.

That certainly produced a reaction, and the young redhead began to howl and twist - but only briefly. She quickly realized the moving her body swung the weighted balls and pulled harder at her nipples and clit. So she was forced to stand, to bend in place, trembling and moaning and trying not to move at all.

Danny stared with fascination at the sight of the ball dangling from Tina's clitoris, swinging from side to side. Then she ran her hands over the girl's smooth backside before rising and walking over beside her. She reached under and cupped a small breast, squeezing it.

“Now you're starting to feel like those girls did, I bet,” she said.

The girl's eyes rolled up at her. “Do you want me to let you go?”

The girl's eyes rolled again, and Danny undid the strap holding her head down, letting her rise up off the wooden cock.

“Oh fuck!” she gasped, gulping in air. “Oh God. Oh God!”

“Are you all right?”

“I - I need - can you - did he- did you find any - anything like - like a switch or - or whip or something... something...”

“You want to be punished?” Danny asked.

The girl's face was red, flaming, but the need in her eyes was obvious.

“Say it - slut,” Danny said.

The girl flinched, her mouth opening and closing. "I-I want to - to feel like the girls who wrote - ."

"Say it," Danny insisted.

"I-I want to be - to be punished," the girl said in a small voice.

"Do you know I had this wooden cock buried in my pussy yesterday?" she said, pushing the girl's mouth back down on it.

She pulled the belt around the back of her neck and tightened it further, until the girl was gagging, then buckled it in place and returned to the other room. This time she came back with a long, thin whip of some sort, flexible, about a three feet long, made of leather and wood. She paused first, then rubbed the rounded head of the ball dildo along the underside of the girl's pussy. She smiled at the moisture which coated it.

Then she pushed it against Tina's anal opening. The girl squealed, but could not exactly protest as Danny slowly forced it into her ass to the hilt.

She stepped back, feeling a thrill of power and hunger as she stared at the girl's shapely bottom, and the two dildos protruding from her holes. Then she whipped the thin switch down across her bottom. The girl cried out, her body jerking as the switch cut into her flesh. But there was no sign she wanted to be freed.

Danny started to swing the switch down slowly, increasing the force with every blow, waiting and watching for a sign that it was too much. Every blow made the girl's body jerk, and set the balls dangling from her clit and nipples to swinging and bouncing. The straps jammed into her inner thighs just below her pussy kept her bottom raised high, her legs open as Danny slashed the long, thin switch across her bottom.

It felt wickedly, wildly thrilling. The feel of each blow gave her an intense rush of satisfaction and passion, and Danny couldn't for the life of her have explained why. She stood behind the girl and off to one side, watching the long, lean lines of her slender body as they trembled and jerked in response to each blow. She watched the small balls dancing beneath her breasts, tugging and pulling on her tender nipples, and the other one, the one dangling between her trembling thighs.

She gulped in a deep breath and slashed the switch down across her bottom again, watching another thin red line cross the now pink flesh, watching the balls dance and the girl's body twist and buck. Part of her wished it was her bent over being switched, being switched, having her bottom tanned. But at the same time she felt an almost physical shockwave of excitement in her groin every time she struck the girl.

When the girl started making wild, passionate sounds, and her hips began to jerk and bounce on their own she knew she was experiencing a powerful climax. Her own pussy felt hot and throbbing, and she reached down, rubbing it through the short shorts.

"Yeah, you like that, don't you, little Tina," she said, cracking the switch down across the girl's bare bottom again. "You're a hot little slut, aren't you?"

She thrust the switch between the girl's thighs and up against her clit, rubbing it slowly back and forth. She stepped forward, gripping the base of the dildo, slowly pulling it out, then thrusting it home again, pulling it out, and thrusting it home - deep. The girl groaned, and as Danny pumped the dildo harder the girl's bottom began to push back against it.

The girl's pussy was sopping wet. It glistened, and small droplets of cream accumulated at

the mouth of her sex and dropped to the floor as she pumped the dildo in harder and faster.

She drew back a little, still rubbing the switch against Tina's clitoris, breathing hard herself now, wanting to strip, to join the girl. Yet there didn't seem anything for her to do on her own, any way to heighten the sexual heat she was already feeling save to plunge her hand down inside her shorts and rub at her own clit.

And she didn't want to stop what she was doing. She'd never done anything like it before, and was feeling a tremendous sense of power and kinky excitement from being able to use the girl as a sex toy. She drew the crop out and slapped at the side of the girl's breast, lightly, but firmly enough to make the hanging flesh dance and turn pink as she continued to slap at it.

The girl yelped and moaned and pulled against her straps, and her eyes rolled up and back wildly at Danny, who switched to the other side and began to slap at the other breast.

Chapter Eight

Danny had a sudden delicious idea. She returned to the other room and to the cabinet. There, among the wild assortment of sex toys was an old fashioned sort of strap-on dildo. She'd never used one before, of course, but then she'd never used any kind of dildo before now. Still, she knew what the thing was for, and after removing her shorts and some experimentation, she managed to fasten it to her groin.

This one was made of black ivory, and looked very much like an animal horn taken from a rhino. The horn was slightly curved, and grew thicker at its base. It was fitted to a hard leather base that was fastened to the wearer's groin just above her sex. A narrow strap at the base cut into her slit and pulled up between her buttocks before fastening behind her back.

Heart pounding, she returned to the other room, glad, in a way, that the girl couldn't see her. She moved behind her and pulled out the leather dildo, noting immediately that the ivory one was both thicker and longer.

The girl hadn't moved, of course, and Danny again felt a wild thrill of power and control, and, simultaneously, the strange sense that she wanted to be in the girl's position, with Brian behind her.

She saw the girl's moist, open sex the way she imagined Brian would see hers, and fitted the tip of the rhino horn into that opening as she imagined Brian would slide his own cock into her.

She put her hands on the girl's hips, and - thrust. The horn sank deep into her soft flesh as the girl groaned and her bottom rolled and rolled. All but the last two inches were stuffed into the young librarian's pussy fairly easily. Then she had to - lean into her. She felt the resistance, heard the girl's moan, and watched as the fatter, wider base slowly sank through Tina's straining sex lips.

Her hands moved up and down the girl's smooth, soft body then, feeling the tremors and trembling as she ground her hips into Tina's bottom. She slapped the girl's bottom, then drew her hips back an inch or so and leaned into her again, burying the dark shaft. She drew her hips out again, and leaned in, and repeated it, slowly wearing down the muscles of the girl's pussy, letting her move faster.

And as she did she noted something else. The quicker movements of her hips as she thrust the horn home made the strap-on shift up and down against her so that the strap driven down between her pussy lips ground up and down a little, only an inch or less, but what did that matter. It was rubbing against her clit.

At first the sensation was uncomfortable. Her pussy was still sore from its earlier abuse, and this certainly wasn't helping. Her excitement drove her on, however, and the soreness soon turned to a terrible and wonderful aching sensation as she thrust harder, working her hips in and out and in and out with stronger motions. The girl's bottom was bucking back at her, and Danny's hips were striking her soft buttocks hard.

The raw carnal excitement inside her, the wild, twisted sex-heat was growing more and more powerful. She was gasping and panting for breath, moaning and grunting as she thrust into

the girl, rolling her hips and thrusting the hard ivory cock as deep and hard as she could force it to increase the rubbing against her own clit.

She reached forward, driven by hunger and anger and a sense of total freedom and grasped the girl's still damp red hair, yanking back on it, drawing a cry of pain from the girl, who could not, of course, pull her head back. Danny gasped for breath, yanking and thrusting at the same time, slapping the girl's bottom, and then her breast, eyes slitting as a massive sexual storm swept through her body and mind.

She gasped and grunted hopelessly, her head pulling back, her back arching as her hips pounded and slapped into the girl's backside, her fingers unconsciously tightening in the red hair, pulling back even harder as a massive orgasm swept through her and she cried out in pleasure and bliss.

The girl's body was rocked by the hard thrusting, and the weighted balls swung wildly below her, dancing and jerking and pulling on her nipples and clit so that Tina was also yelping and moaning, though whether it was in pain or pleasure Danny couldn't tell - nor cared.

Her hips slowed, and finally stopped, her finger unclenching in the sobbing girl's hair. Danny leaned forward, panting for breath, sweating. With the worst of her hunger eased she began to feel a sense of guilt and embarrassment - and worry over what she had done. Her fingers fumbled at the strap over the girl's neck and then she released the straps around her thighs as Tina moaned and gasped loudly.

"I-I'm sorry if - uhm, I uhm, didn't mean to hurt you or anything," she said, red faced.

She reached between the girl's legs and opened the clip which was biting into the girl's clitoris. Tina screamed and Danny gasped in surprise, dropping the weighted ball.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Tina cried, her bottom shaking, writhing.

"Uhm, sorry," Danny said.

She reached in and anxiously pulled the clips from Tina's nipples. After a moment there was another cry of pain, and the girl's body jerked and thrashed wildly before, with a whimper, it went almost still.

Tina's eyes were closed, her jaw slack as she gasped for breath. With her mouth off the hard wooden cock and the straps removed from her thighs she slumped to her knees, trembling.

"Are you - uhm, are you okay?" Danny asked nervously.

Still the girl didn't answer, her chest heaving. She moaned weakly, and finally turned her head up and back, her eyes a little glassy as they tried to focus on Danielle.

Her voice was ragged and weak. "That - that was - that was - oh God."

She let her head sink against the post, groaning.

Danny undid the straps around her wrists, and Tina seemed to stare at them for a long moment. Then, grasping the sides of the post, she pulled herself slowly to her feet, her body glistening with perspiration. She moaned as she reached a trembling finger down to her sex.

And then she stared at the post in front of her, and the wooden cock now pressed up against her belly. With a strange little whimper she reached up higher along the post and raised a leg, bending her knee, half curling her leg around the post. Danny stared in amazement as the girl's finger gripped the upper restraints and she seemed to be trying to climb up the post.

"H-Help me," she panted. "I-I want to - I need to feel - to feel it - inside me."

And Danny realized she was trying to pull herself high enough to sink her moist pussy

down onto the wooden cock - the same way she herself had sank onto it the previous day. She felt a sense of relief the girl wasn't furious at her, and in an attempt to make amends for her cruel treatment she pushed on the girl's now stripped bottom, trying to help her raise herself up.

They succeeded, and she watched the little librarian work her hips against the post and try to manoeuvre her pussy onto the wooden spike. She succeeded, and then let out a passion filled groan of utter delight as the wooden cock split the swollen lips of her sex and she slowly sank down onto it. Danny watched, transfixed, as inch after inch of the wooden dildo slid up through the girl's silky sex lips.

And then her toes were on the floor and the girl was moaning and rubbing her breasts against the post. Danny reached up and gripped her wrists, placing them within the restraints and buckling them tightly, then pulled her legs to the sides of the post and strapped them in place. Finally she drew the belt around the girl's waist and cinched it tight.

The girl moaned, her upper body grinding against the post, and Danny, knowing what the girl wanted, went to the other room and returned with one of the fat ball gags and one of the flogs. Tina's head had not turned around. Her lower body was grinding, her bottom moving slowly up and down within the limit the strap around her hips would allow.

Danny gripped the girl's hair, thinking of the times Brian had used hers in a similar fashion, and forced Tina's head up and back, then showed her the ball gag briefly before thrusting it against her mouth. Tina stared at it, then let her mouth open, open wider, and moaned as Danny slowly worked the leather ball inside. She buckled it behind the redhead's head, then stepped to the side, swinging the flog slowly as the girl stared at her.

Tina's glassy eyes widened momentarily, then closed to slits, and she moaned as she rested her forehead against the post.

Feeling a thrill of excitement, Danny moved back and swung the flog experimentally, staring at the smooth, pale white back. Tina's hips were moving slowly in and out, in and out, as she ground herself against the wooden cock. Her bottom was more red than pale now, with criss crossing lines from the crop. Now Danny swung the flog around and watched it slap relatively harmlessly against the girl's back.

There was not much reaction from Tina as she tried again. This time she swung harder, and the leather laces spread out more. The girl gasped, and flinched, but her reaction was still mild. Danny tried again, using a wider arc to let the laces spread out and get more force.

They cracked against the girl's back with a satisfying sound and feel, and Tina cried out, back arching. A little blast of sexual heat lit off inside Danny's lower belly as she watched, and she drew her arm back to swing the flog again.

Again the girl cried out, her back arching sharply. But almost at once her hips worked more frantically against the dildo. Was the belt really necessary, Danny wondered. Brian had insisted on it for her, but he was switching her bottom then, not her back. And it was obvious the girl was trying desperately to ride the dildo.

She swung the flog again, and was rewarded by another shuddering, muffled cry, Tina's back arching again, head rolling from side to side, hips jerking.

Danny licked her lips, then leaned in and undid the belt behind her back. She stepped back hurriedly and slashed the flog across the girl's shoulders. There was another muffled cry, but now the girl's hips began to churn much more violently. The muscles in her arms and legs moved

clearly below the skin as she used her leverage to lift and lower her sex on the wooden cock.

Another crack of noise echoed in the small stone room as Danny swung the flog down on her lower back. Again the girl squealed and jerked, head thrashing as her hips pumped desperately on the dildo. The girl's back was pink now, with darker red lines where the laces had struck. Danny swung again, and again, and again, feeling a wild burst of heady sexual steam each time the flog landed, each time she watched and heard the lithe young girl's reaction.

Suddenly the girl seemed to go wild. Her body worked frantically as she jerked her pussy up and down on the dildo, and a series of violent cries and grunts came from her muffled mouth. Danny swung the flog faster, slashing again and again as she watched the girl climax. Yet after ten seconds, then twenty, she thought she must be mistaken. For Tina didn't stop in her desperate, maddened movements.

Danny continued to flog her, but slowed, wondering, as the girl continued to thrash and jerk and rut against the wooden post. And then she strained back mightily, back arching, head falling back, and her body seemed to tremble like a plucked wire.

And then she slumped unconscious against the post, hanging by her wrists, impaled on the thick wooden cock.

Danny stared at her in amazement, then concern. She dropped the flog and moved to the girl, stroking her head lightly. Her first instinct was to undo the straps binding her wrists, but she halted with her fingers on the buckles. The girl was impaled on the wooden cock. If Danny undid the straps around her wrists she would probably fall backwards, possibly seriously damaging herself.

But what was she to do? She certainly couldn't lift the girl off that cock. It was almost a foot long and absolutely buried in her soaking little pussy. She thought a little desperately of calling Brian, but how on Earth would she explain this without coming off as a complete and total slut? Not to mention a lesbian! What would Brian think of that? Men seemed to be turned on by the idea, but there were exceptions.

She worked the gag out of the girl's mouth, so at least she could breathe more easily, then ran upstairs and got a glass of ice water and a sponge, soaked the sponge, then hurried back. On the way back through the basement she snatched up a stepping stool and dashed back to find nothing had changed.

She pressed the soaking sponge against the girl's forehead and squeezed, rubbing it from side to side, watching the cold water spilling out over the girl's face and head and down her shoulders and breasts and back.

She thought with horror about having to call an ambulance for the girl. How on earth would she explain the marks on her back and bottom?!

But Tina groaned weakly, and much encouraged Danny poured more ice water onto the sponge, then rubbed it over the girl's face and head, then down her back.

Tina's eyes opened slowly, but sightlessly as Danny squeezed more cold water over her chest and face. Then they blinked and she moaned weakly.

"Are you all right?" Danny asked worriedly.

Tina groaned.

Danny undid the straps around her ankles and then slapped her face lightly. "Wake up,"

she said.

“Oh God!” Tina moaned.

“I can’t get you off this thing. You’ll have to lift yourself up. I brought a stool.”

“I-I don’t think I can,” the girl moaned.

“Of course you can. There isn’t any other way. Do you want to have some ambulance men or firemen come in here and lift you off? Come on. Wake up. There’s a stool right here.”

She pushed the stool into the side of the girl’s ankle.

“Step on it. Come on. Now!”

Tina put a foot on the lowest step, but her eyes were closing. Danny plucked an ice cube from the cup and pushed her hand in between Tina’s belly and the post, then forced the cube down against the top of her sex, holding it against her clit.

“Oh! Stop it!”

“Come on. Up! Up!”

She took another cube from the cup and ran it up and down the girl’s back, and Tina yelped and moaned. She held it against her wrinkled anal opening, even pushing it up inside and Tina’s feet scrambled at the stool, climbing a step, then rising up enough to pull her pussy off the dildo. Danny undid the straps around her wrists and then had to grab the girl as she all-but fell to the floor.

“Are you all right?” she asked anxiously.

“I can’t move,” Tina groaned.

“Well you can’t lay there on the stone. Come upstairs.”

“I can’t,” Tina groaned.

Danny muttered, thinking to at least get her a pillow or something to rest on. The floor was hard, cold stone. And then she thought of the door right outside this one, the door to the cage room. The cage door was open and inside was a mattress. It was no more than a half dozen paces away!

She pulled open the door, but the mattress did not want to come free, and she got another idea which made her a little shaky.

She turned and looked at the girl, moaning, stretched out on the floor, body glistening with sweat and water.

“Th-There’s a mattress over here,” she said. “You can rest on it.”

She went back to where Tina lay and gripped her arm, then, licking her lips, gripped her hair. Tina cried out weakly, but Danny was able to get her onto her hands and knees and slowly pull her across to the doorway, then prod and push her into the cage. Tina sank down gratefully, moaning. She lay on her side, but with her lower half tilted so that her bent knees were spread wide.

“I - I have never - never felt anything so - so powerful,” she said, in a low, rasping voice.

“I guess you uhm, came pretty good,” Danny said, abruptly reminded of the dildo on her hips.

She undid it and jerked it off, then searched for her clothes as Tina talked.

Tina, it seemed, had always been fascinated by bondage. But she had always been terribly shy around men, and always concerned with her dignity and how she was seen. She had never

really voiced her interest for fear of being thought of as perverted and weak.

She had been absolutely fascinated with the stories about Gantry's seductive cruelty. Finding the actual instruments and frames described in the diaries and letters she'd been reading had made her helplessly, intensely aroused. Experiencing the same kind of pain and bondage in the girls whose stories she had been reading had been - intense, especially as this was the first real chance she'd had to experiencing her bondage and masochistic fantasies in real life.

"I'll get you some more water," Danny said.

She hurried away, grabbing her shorts and top first, and dressing in the basement. She was confused about what to do with the girl. Now that the worst of her own heat had been eased she found herself feeling uneasy about the thought of lesbian sex - though it was not at all repellent.

She came back to find the girl on her back, legs spread, gently fingering her clit. Danny paused, a little embarrassed, and the girl looked up at her, stopping, flushing herself.

"I-I - the clip you put on me... it - it hurt. But the pulling, the stinging, it... I can't describe it, but it did this amazing thing to my mind. And when it came off, it hurt even worse. It was terrible. But then I-I became so - sensitive. I mean, it was like pins and needles, you know, like when your arm or leg falls asleep and then it wakes up. Pins and needles. But - but on my clit. And - , "She ran a hand over her breast. "And my nipples. Rubbing them against that post, oh my God it nearly drove me insane."

"You had a uhm, really powerful - climax."

Tina shook her head weakly. "I had a dozen climaxes, at least. The one at the end was just the last one because I couldn't stand it any more."

She looked up at the cage bars above her, then frowned. For the first time she seemed to notice where she was, and ran a trembling hand over the bars beside her head.

"I uhm, found this. I mean, it was really close to where you were, and uhm, so I thought you might like to lay on the mattress instead."

Tina stared at her, open mouthed, then at the bars again, as if entranced. Finally, she seemed to catch herself, to work her slack jaw. She said something, but Danny didn't hear.

"What?"

"Close it," Tina whispered, staring at the bars.

Danny bit her lip lightly, but then stood up and fingered the catch. She slid the heavy front section of the cage down and it dropped with a loud, rusting metal sound. There was a heavy hasp to the side, and she swung it closed. There was a fat, old fashioned key in the lock, and she turned it and took it out. Tina stared around her, and then through the bars.

"Why don't I leave you here to rest for a bit," Danny said with a bit of a smile on her face. "I have some work to do in the basement."

She turned to go. "I'll leave the door open. Call if you want something."

"No!"

She turned back.

"Close it," Tina whispered. "Lock me in. Please."

Danny nodded and swung the heavy door closed, then shot the bolts in place. She walked away a few steps, then turned and stared. She had thought she must be perverted, but Tina was obviously far more into this kind of thing than she was. She was obsessed, in fact.

She worked on the floor for about an hour, then returned to check on Tina. She could hear

nothing through the door, but there was a little hatch down low that she eased open - enough to hear the obvious moans and gasps of passion coming from within. Then she closed it and went back upstairs.

Chapter Nine

It would be today that Brian came early, she thought despairingly as she saw his face in the window and he knocked cheerfully. She put on a hesitant smile, trying to figure out how she was going to sneak Tina out before Brian found her.

“Hey gorgeous,” he said, hugging her, kissing her, and giving her bottom a firm working over.

“Brian,” she said awkwardly.

“Why aren’t you naked?” he demanded in mock severity. “Although,” he said, eyeing her short shorts and tank top, “This isn’t bad.”

“I was working in the basement, finishing the tiling and putting up the bracing for the walls,” she said.

She regretted her words at once. The last thing she wanted to do was draw his attention downstairs.

“This I have to see,” he said, closing the door behind him.

“It’s nothing professional or anything,” she said hurriedly. “I mean, it’s just to hold supplies. I know it’s amateurish and all.”

“Well, maybe I can give you a little advice on it. Have you decided what you want to do with that sub-basement? Or are you going to leave it as it is?”

“I’m not going to leave it as it is,” she said quickly.

“Right, you don’t have any interest in bondage, do you,” he sniffed, his arms going around her, his hands kneading her bottom again.

“I-I do but - I mean - I’m not a - a fanatic or - Brian,” she protested.

He slid his hands up and took her tank top with it, easily pulling it over her head.

“You have fantastic breasts,” he said, cupping them gently.

She blushed, and her nipples, still a little sensitive, throbbed as he rolled them under his thumbs.

“Brian! Someone might see,” she protested, looking out the uncurtained windows.

“Bet they’d be jealous then,” he said.

But he scooped her up and carried her upstairs, and she was so relieved to have his attention distracted from the basement she didn’t protest.

She did protest when he put the old leather restraints around her wrists, but not very much. The truth was that Tina, watching her, knowing how hot she was, the feel of her, whipping her in particular, had made her tremendously hot. And now Brian’s hot, powerful male presence had renewed her heat.

She let herself be collared, let her wrists be chained to the back of it, and then let him do with her what he wanted, laying under him, gasping and moaning, grunting and crying out as he thrust his hips into her again and again, ramming his cock painfully deep into her belly until they both climaxed repeatedly.

Afterwards, they were relaxing on the bed, and he grinned at her laying on her arms.

“Do you have any idea what an incredible turn-on it is to see you like that, all - helpless, my prisoner,” he said, grinning.

She did now, in fact, and she flushed a little.

“Bastard,” she said teasingly.

He laughed. “Maybe you want another spanking.”

“I’m sorry,” she said.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Morgan,” he said, correcting her.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Morgan,” she said, demurely dropping her eyes.

“Let’s go downstairs and see what else we can play with.”

She gasped in alarm. “Uhm, no, not today.”

“You don’t get to disagree when you’re tied up and naked. Remember?” he said, grinning.

He sat up, lifting Danny into his arms, and carried her across the room.

“I can walk,” she said breathlessly.

He set her down, then bent his shoulder and jammed it into her belly as his arm came around her. She gasped as he lifted her up over his shoulder, her head and chest upside down across his back.

“I have no intention of letting you walk down stairs with your hands behind you,” he said.

“Then undo them!” she cried as he started down the stairs.

“Baby, I might never untie you.”

He clasped her legs close to his chest, and slapped her bottom lightly, and Danny could only yelp, her head bouncing against his back.

“But... but... I need to - to go somewhere,” she cried.

“Wherever I tell you,” he said arrogantly, slapping her bottom.

Again, she was reminded of his strength and size, and of her weakness, especially now, shackled as she was. It excited her, and she felt her mind floating softly as they went down another set of stairs, then into the dark passage. There was just room to scrape through. He set her on her feet at the bottom and looked around.

“You left the lamps lit?” he said in surprise.

“Uhm, I forgot,” she said.

“These are stone rooms but you don’t leave oil lanterns burning unattended,” he said sternly.

And of course, he had to check each of the room. And, of course, he immediately spied the dildos, the flog, the crop, and the gag sitting on the floor in the far room, along with the stepping stool.

He turned and gazed at her, raising an eyebrow. She bit her lip and looked back helplessly.

“Well? Were you playing in here by yourself again after I warned you of how dangerous that could be?”

“Uhm, no. I mean, uhm - .”

He picked up the strap-on and raised his eyebrows again, then picked up the flog.

“What’s been going on in here, Danielle?” he demanded.

She blushed. “Uhm, I’d uhm, rather not say.”

He looked at her for a long moment then shrugged doubtfully.

“I suppose I don’t have any right to demand an answer,” he said.

He dropped the strap-on, blew out the lantern, and, taking her arm, led her back up to the front room.

“Kneel here,” he said, pushing her to the floor.

To her surprise she did, looking at him warily.

He went into the main room and lit the lamps, then brought one out, and lit the lamps along the passage, and in the other rooms.

“Interesting little toy,” he said, gazing at the frame.

Danny didn’t comment. She looked around, imaging a pool table in the middle of the floor instead of the - frame. Perhaps she could put a small bar in the corner. Then again, she could still use the place for storage, for books, she thought, looking around.

Brian was at the cupboard examining the whips and shackles and dildos, and glancing occasionally at her. Danny flushed and felt her stomach tumbling, wondering what he was thinking, what he wanted to use on her.

“This stuff is old,” he said. “It’s practically antique. I wonder if you could sell it?”

“To perverts,” she said.

“Like us,” he said with a grin.

He squatted down and pulled open a drawer she hadn’t noticed at the base of the cupboard. Then drew out what looked like a corset, white, made of some kind of very strong material. Beneath it were white - bands of some sort, and Brian handed them to her. They were restraints, she guessed, from the rings sewn into the fabric. But they were each long enough to cover her entire forearm, and made of the same tough fabric as the corset.

Under those were a pair of boots, very long boots again made of the same sort of fabric, lacing up the sides, with high heels. There were also several inserts, probably to change the size of the boots, she decided. And there was a fabric collar with a large ring set in the front. That too laced up at the rear.

“I think you just found a new outfit,” Brian said with a lewd, sly grin.

He removed the heavy old leather collar and tied the new, light, fabric one around her throat. Then he helped her into the boots. She was delighted to find something which had apparently distracted him from what she’d been doing earlier and gladly stepped into them. They were a little tight when he laced them up. They rose to mid thigh, and though the heels were high, she could manage.

She held her arms out submissively and watched as he wrapped the bands around her forearm, tugging the knots into place and tying them tightly. Finally, she pulled the corset against herself and held it in front as Brian did the laces up. She had to exhale to get it tight.

She gasped as he - tugged - hard.”

“Oh! Th-that’s too tight!” she gasped.

“Not hardly,” he said. “It’s not as tight as they would have worn them a century ago. They liked their corsets tight, baby.”

Again he tugged hard on the laces, and Danny gasped as she felt the tough fabric squeezing in hard around her waist and against her belly.

“Why do you think they invented fainting couches?” he said, tugging again.

Danny felt her insides squeezed, compressed. She felt a strange sense of pressure in her lower belly, in her abdomen, and groaned as he tied the laces together tightly.

The front had a low shelf at the top to help lift her breasts, but did nothing to cover them at all. She gazed at herself in the mirrored walls and posed seductively, smiling as Brian looked on admiringly. Then he took her wrists and pulled them gently together behind her back, locking their rings together somehow.

“Much better,” he said.

She looked at herself in the mirror and felt a thrum of heat between her legs. God, how could she possibly be aroused after that incredible orgasm!?

“Your skin is very pale,” he said, rubbing his hand against her cheek.

“I’ve always been light skinned,” she said absently. “It looks worse with the black hair.”

“So why dye it black?”

“Who says I do?” she demanded with a sniff.

He slapped her bottom and she yelped.

“Don’t be impertinent to your master,” he said in a scolding voice.

“It was a ratty shade of brown,” she said. “And I didn’t want to be yet another blonde.”

He was squeezing one breast, and she could see that he, like she, was hungry for more.

He looked into the cupboard, then around the room. Then he pulled her off to one side, and she gasped as he lifted her locked wrists up high, forcing her to bend deeply.

“Wha-what are you doing?” she groaned.

He was doing something above her, and she heard the clink of chains, then he moved back, yet her arms remained locked high, uncomfortably high. He knelt beside her, and she saw him fastening something, what looked to be a wooden bar with rings on its ends, to the ring set into the inside of the boot at the ankle. He slapped at her leg then.

“Legs spread,” he said.

She gasped, then moaned as he forced her legs well apart. This lowered her body and forced her arms up even more uncomfortably high. But she didn’t protest. She watched as he fastened the other end of the wooden bar to the inside of her other boot, thus locking her ankles in place. He got up, moved away, then returned, and she saw he had the same weighted clips she’d used on Tina in his hands. Before she could protest he had them snapped tightly around her nipples.

“Oowww! Fuck! Ohhh! Oooww! Take them off! Shit!”

He ignored her, feeding the chains attached to the clips down to a small ring in the centre of the bar spreading her ankles, and attaching it there.

“Brian!”

“It’ll feel okay in a minute,” he said, rising.

It did not feel okay in a minute. But the worst of the pain had faded by then, and her arousal was deepening, thinking of Tina, and how she had looked with the weighted balls dangling from her nipples.

He moved slowly around her, his hands sliding up and down her bowed back, massaging her shoulders, then squeezing and slapping her bottom as she gasped and panted and moaned weakly.

She felt something rubbing along her sex, her bare sex. Peering back between her spread thighs, upside down, it looked to Danny like some kind of thin wooden rod. Except there was something on its end, something leathery and black and flat. He was rubbing that part against her

clit now, and she was finding it hard not to thrust her bottom back and beg for more.

“A riding crop,” he said. “It hurts more than a strap, or at least, it can, depending on how it’s used.”

He slapped it lightly across her bottom and she gasped and winced. Then he drew back, peering into the cupboard. Perhaps because it was right up front the dildo he drew out was the one she had used on herself that very afternoon, leather wrapped around wood, and she groaned as he slowly worked it into her body, pumping and twisting slowly, gently. She ached there because of the wood, but the sensual heat and pleasure she felt at being deeply penetrated was too wonderful to protest.

He jammed it deep, then produced a sort of smaller dildo, little more than the head of one, in a way, except that it was wide, and he slowly inserted it into her back passage. She blushed a little, for she’d never been much for anal play. Yet it had felt so good when he’d sodomised her earlier - the first time she had ever enjoyed a cock back there, the first time she’d ever taken one without both physical and mental discomfort, that again she did not protest, but submitted meekly to his attentions.

He moved around in front of her, and Danny braced herself as she saw him twining her long hair around his fist. She gasped regardless as he forced her head up and back and she found herself staring at his groin, bulging a little.

“Tell me, slut, what was it you said you were upstairs?”

She gasped weakly, not understanding, and he jammed his groin into her face.

“Do you remember, slut, what you said you were?”

“I-I’m a cock sucker,” she gasped.

“A cocksucker. So you like to suck cocks, do you? Slut.”

“Yes,” she moaned. “I love to suck cocks. I’m a cocksucking slut!”

“Maybe, if you’re nice, if you beg, I’ll let you suck my cock,” he said, tugging on her hair so that she gasped and winced.

“Oh! L-let me suck your cock,” she panted.

He pulled a little harder and she gasped in pain. Lifting her head lifted up on her body. That put more pressure against her shoulders, which were locked in position, and pulled against her aching nipples.

“That’s not how you beg for cock,” he said in a sad voice. “Let me hear you beg for cock, little slut.”

“Ungh! Brian!” she panted.

“Beg, slut.”

“Please may I suck your cock!” she cried weakly.

“That’s not very convincing. I think you don’t really want my cock enough. Maybe I’ll just torture you instead.”

“Brian!” she groaned in protest.

He produced the third weighted ball, and she gasped, her body trembling as she placed it over her clit. She closed her eyes, trembling, bracing herself.

The clip closed and pain bit into her body. She cried out and trembled violently, but fought to keep herself from moving as the pain howled and burned in her groin.

He moved around in front of her, and yanked her head up by the hair. She moaned, her

mouth wide, and he thrust his cock into her, plunging it straight down her throat before she could even think to brace herself. Her eyes bulged and she gagged and shook as he jammed her face into his groin and held her there.

Her bottom jerked and rolled, but as it did she howled in pain as the weighted ball swung and tugged on her clit.

He pulled back and she coughed and gasped for breath.

“So what were you doing down here before?” he asked, holding her head up by the hair as he rubbed his cock over her face.

She gasped and panted desperately. “N-Nothing,” she croaked.

He thrust his cock back into her mouth, pumped it slowly in and out, then, forcing her head back further, drove himself down her throat and held her face against his groin again.

Her head pounded, her chest burned, and she moaned around the fat cock until he finally withdrew. Again she coughed and gasped for breath,

“What were you doing down here before?” he asked mildly.

He drove himself down her throat again, and now began to pump up and down, up and down, using long, slow strokes, holding her head in place by the hair as she struggled to control herself.

She belatedly decided he had gotten the wrong idea when she had deep throated him the other day. Maybe he thought she was really good at it, and so this was no big deal to her. But that had been her first successful attempt, and the movement of his thick shaft in her throat was making her gag and gasp and choke, and threatening to overturn her stomach.

He pulled out and she groaned, saliva spilling over her lower lip.

“Did you have someone else in that room, little slut?” he demanded.

She couldn't speak for her gasping and moaning and rattling gasps for air.

“Fine,” he said. “Don't tell me. I'll just go upstairs and get to work. But first...”

He moved behind her, and Danny shuddered as he thrust himself deep into her aching pussy. He began to rut against her, hammering his hips against her bottom. The way the weighted clip swung and pulled on her nipples and especially her clit made her yelp and cry out again and again. But what she was experiencing was so close to what she had done to Tina, was so close to what she had fantasised about as she had done it to Tina, that her body felt charged with sexual electricity, her skin prickling with pressure and heat and hunger. She gnashed her teeth and sobbed weakly as he rode her with deep, hard, powerful strokes.

And then she came, crying out in a joyous, pain-filled wail of pleasure as he gripped her hair, just as she had done to Tina, and hammered himself against her bottom.

Chapter Ten

Danny moaned weakly as she stared at the floor. The view had not changed at all except for a few drops of sweat which had dripped from her body.

Brian had left her as she was, going upstairs to work on her shelves and leaving her to consider whether or not she wanted to answer his question. She was indignant that he would dare to use such methods to get her to talk to him. At the same time there was something deliciously wicked about being, well, tortured for information, which was, in essence, what he was doing.

Not that she feared him, of course. But still, he was trying to force her to confess, to tell him what had happened.

She wondered if she would weaken and give in, and how she would explain it if she did.

She could not hear him upstairs. It was very quiet in Gantry's secret little underground suite. She could hear nothing but her own harsh breathing, her own groans of discomfort and pain. Her shoulders ached terribly, and her clit and nipples burned. Her back was starting to complain quite fiercely, and her head, hanging down, was throbbing.

He returned for her, and grinned, lifting her head up by the hair.

"Ready to confess your sins, slave?" he demanded.

She didn't speak, and he released her arms from the hook and helped her stand upright. She swayed weakly, and he had to hold her to steady her, massaging her shoulders as he did. He plucked the weighted clip from one nipple and she hissed in pain, gnashing her teeth and moaning. Then he plucked the other one free, and she cried out in pain.

"Talk to Master Brian," he taunted. "Tell him what you were doing in that room, little slut."

"Y-You bastard," she gasped.

"That's not nice. You need to learn to be more respectful to your master."

He plucked the clip from her clitoris and her eyes went wide. She cried out in pain, cursing, twisting, shaking.

Brian waited for her movements to ease, then reached down and removed the bar from her ankles. Now free to move, he led her out to the doorway. Danny thought they were going to go upstairs, but instead they headed towards the rear room.

"It occurs to me you haven't yet sampled the rack," he said in an evil voice. "Perhaps that will loosen your tongue, you slut."

"No," she groaned.

But as they were just at the doorway they both heard a pounding on the door and froze.

"What the - ."

Brian stared at the closed door, and Danny closed her eyes and groaned in dismay.

"What the fuck is that?" he asked warily.

He looked at Danny and she closed her eyes.

Scowling, he led her to the door, studied it, and shoved back the bolts, then pulled the door open.

“I need to go to the bathroom,” Tina said, kneeling in the cage, eyes blinking in the sudden light.

Then she saw who she was speaking to and gasped, trying to cover her naked body with her hands and arms.

“Well now,” Brian said. “This really does require an explanation.”

Both women were extremely embarrassed, especially Tina, who was scrunched up in the cage, her knees drawn up against her chest, hiding behind them.

Tina could not speak, so it was left to Danny to sputter and stutter and try and explain what had come over her, what had come over Tina, how the woman had always fantasised about bondage, how she had read the stories, how intensely, uncontrollably aroused she had become.

As she spoke Tina’s face became redder and redder, and she stared down at the mattress, unable to meet his eyes.

“So you’re not a lesbian,” Brian said, though Danny strongly suspected he was teasing her.

“You know that,” she said resentfully.

“And you? Are you a lesbian?” he asked Tina.

The girl shook her head, mumbling a denial.

“But you are a slut,” he said.

She flinched, and Tina almost protested.

“Look at me,” he ordered.

Tina looked up hesitantly and their eyes met.

“Are you a slut?” he said, casting the word at her. “A bondage slut?”

Her eyes dropped.

“I said look at me,” he ordered.

She raised her eyes again.

“Brian - .”

Brian forced Danny to her knees, and filled his hand with her hair, jerking back on it a little to silence her.

“Are you?” Brian demanded.

“I-I guess,” Tina gulped.

“Are you?” he demanded.

“I - yes,” she whispered.

“What?” he demanded.

“A - a bondage slut,” she breathed.

“Let me see your body, slut.”

Trembling, she unfolded, eyes blinking rapidly.

“Kneel, spread your legs.”

She obeyed awkwardly.

“Nice little pussy you have.”

Her face reddened.

Brian turned to Danny.

“Where’s the key to the slut’s cage?”

“B-back at the cupboard, on the counter there.”

Brian went back to the other room, and she looked at the girl uncertainly, wondering what was happening and not at all certain she liked it.

Brian returned, and he had her old collar and shackles. He put them through the cage bars. "Put them on, bondage slut," he said.

Tina looked at them, then as if in a trance, pulled the collar to her throat and slipped it around her neck. She reached up and did the buckles, and then put on the wrist restraints.

Brian unlocked the cage, then pulled the front up. When Tina blushing came out he turned her around and pulled her wrists together behind her back, then fit the chain to them and pulled it up to the back of the collar.

Then the two women knelt as he stood over them,

"Now, let me hear the whole, nasty story," he demanded. "I want the raw, uncensored version.

Danny was most able to speak, though she too was embarrassed, and for some reason it seemed to arouse her that her words made the girl squirm and blush. She found herself choosing words which would embarrass Tina the most, describing how set her pussy was, and how her pussy cream dripped down as she thrust the horn into her.

"Do you like real cocks or just dildos?" Brian demanded, yanking on the girl's hair.

Tina gasped in pain. "I-I like - real cocks," she gasped.

"Do you like to suck cocks?"

He twisted her hair and she moaned again. "Yes," she said breathlessly.

"Are you a little cock sucker like Danny?"

He turned to Danny, not waiting for an answer, and opened his trousers, drawing out his cock. He gripped her hair in his other hand, and pushed his cock into her mouth. She blushed but closed her lips around it as Tina watched, then began to suck as he pumped in and out.

"See what a good cocksucker Danny is," he said.

He pulled free, and turned, twisting Tina's hair back, then pushed his cock into her open mouth as she gasped in pain. She did not resist, immediately closing her lips around it her eyes rolling towards Danny, then up at him as she sucked and he pumped slowly in and out. Danny felt a surge of resentment and jealousy, but also excitement as she watched the girl's mouth being used.

He pulled out and thrust his cock into Danny's mouth, pumping in and out several times, then pushed it into Tina's mouth again. Then he pulled free, and Danny gasped as he pulled her hair way back, forcing her back to arch. At the same time he pulled Tina's head forward, pushing her face against Danny's taut breasts.

"Thank Danny for giving you such a good time," he ordered.

Face red, Tina licked and sucked at Danny's nipples. And as they were still extremely sensitive and sore from the clips Danny groaned and gasped and shuddered in response.

She felt her hair pulled harder, and then she and Tina were both being lifted to their feet and walked into the rack room, Brian holding their hair like leashes.

"Kneel, slut," he ordered Tina, and to Danny's surprise she did.

"Brian," she moaned as he pushed her against the rack.

"Silence, slut. You're going to be punished for screwing around behind my back."

He was using his "scary" voice, which sent a thrill along her spine, but she was very

uneasy and uncertain of having Tina present, and still feeling somewhat jealous about the girl.

Brian unclipped her wrists, and lifted her onto the rack, pushing her back against it and forcing her arms above her head. He quickly fastened the thick leather restraints around her wrists, then spread her legs very wide and attached the lower restraints. He moved to the top of the contraption, and Danny gasped as it began to clink and the straps tightened on her wrists. What surprised her, however, was that the lower straps pulled her ankles sideways as well as down, spreading her legs farther and farther apart, aching far apart, so that she gasped and moaned in protest.

Brian came around to the foot of the table, and reached down, grasping the redheaded librarian by the hair, forcing her to her feet, and thrusting her, belly down, across the foot of the rack.

“Now show Danny how a good little bondage slut rewards her mistress,” he ordered, pushing down on her head, jamming her face in against Danny’s spread open groin.

Tina hesitated, but a slap on the bottom made her groan, and then her tongue licked a slow, moist trail along Danny’s sex.

Danny gasped, her clit, swollen, prickling and tingling from the recent pain of the clip, responding instantly. She moaned in denial, again not wanting to get this involved, this raw and carnal with a girl, especially one she hardly knew. But she could neither resist the attention of the girl’s tongue nor pull free from the rack.

And then she saw Tina’s eyes go wide, and the girl gasped, her body starting to move forward and back. Brian was right behind her, above her, and Danny knew at once he had thrust himself into her pussy.

“Lick, you little slut,” he ordered, pushing down on her head.

Tina seemed to shudder and a flush spread down her body. She stared into Danny’s groin, then pushed her tongue out and began to lick. Her body shuddered from the blows of Brian’s hips against her buttocks, and Danny saw his hands come around her and fondle and grope her small breasts as his mouth began to chew and lick at the nape of her neck.

“That’s it. Lick her. Nasty little girl,” she heard him whisper. “You know you like it. You know you want it. Dirty little slut. All tied up and helpless. You’re our prisoner now.”

Danny groaned, her legs spread painfully wide, her arms stretched out above her, her body aching as the straps pulled her up and down. She was not at all sure she was okay with having a woman perform oral sex on her, no more than Tina had seemed to be at doing it. But like Tina her body’s arousal was sweeping her inhibitions away and she was beginning to grind her hips, or try to, up against the girl’s licking tongue.

Her head rolled and she gulped in air as she watched the young librarian licking with more and more passion and excitement, her tongue thrusting between Danny’s sex lips, thrusting deep into her pussy, her lips sucking and rubbing against her clit. And all the while the girl’s body shuddered to the blows of Brian’s hips, his big cock working away inside her.

She couldn’t see it, but it didn’t matter. The knowledge that he was fucking her from behind was enough, the sight of the girl rocking and jerking in time to his body’s movements was enough, and the feel of her excited tongue licking up and down her slit, and her lips sucking excitedly at her clit was more than enough.

It wasn’t enough to make her climax before Tina, but she wasn’t far behind. The girl began

to grunt very hard and fast, and her head jerked back in quick, rapid movements, forgetting her licking as her body convulsed to the sexual heat within her. Then, moaning, her face was pushed back into Danny's groin, and only after having her face rubbed against her pussy for long seconds did she begin to lick again.

She was soon back up to her earlier pace, however, and Danny's sex began to throb and burn with irresistible heat. Soon she was coming, as well, gurgling and moaning in passion as she tried to jam her pussy up into the girl's sex.

She lay back afterward, moaning softly, but the girl never stopped licking, not until she came again, crying out in short, sharp yelps this time as her body rocked to the thrusting of the big man behind her. She finally half collapsed across the low platform, moaning, eyes slitted.

Brian laughed softly, then he moved to the top of the table and released Danny's arms before going back to the lower part of the rack and removing the straps from her ankles.

"How do your legs feel? A little sore?" Brian asked, rubbing her inner thighs as her legs throbbed weakly.

"They're sore," she groaned.

Tina gasped suddenly, her head lifting up and back, back arching. Brian was behind her, and Danny could tell he had hold of her hair.

"And you, slut? How do you feel? Like you need more cock?"

"Oh," the girl moaned weakly.

"Say yes, master," he ordered, chewing on the nape of her neck as his hand came around her and began to fondle her pussy.

"Y-Yes, master," she panted.

Brian helped Danny sit up and then eased her down off the rack, but almost immediately turned her around and pulled her wrists together behind her back, then fastened them there, despite her groaned protest.

Brian took them both firmly by the arms and led them out of the room and back up towards the stairs, but halted at the first room and brought them inside.

"Bend over, slut," he barked at Tina.

Tina obeyed, and at a slap on her bottom spread her slender legs apart. Brian found a large leather dildo to stuff up into her hot little pussy, and from the effort needed and the sounds the girl was making Danny decided she was very tight. Brian slapped her bottom and called her slut and whore, and forced the entire long length of it up inside her, though, ignoring her gasps and moans of pain.

Then it was her old familiar studded leather dildo which was forced up into Danny's pussy. He found a leash which he attached to her collar, and then with a grin, forced Tina to bend over and snapped a clip to her clit. As before, she yelped and cried out in pain, begging them to remove it. He ignored her except to attach what looked like another leash to the clip.

"Let's go upstairs" he said.

Holding both leashes, he drew the two women after him, up the narrow stairs to the basement, then up to the main floor, and floor, and then up to the top floor. Tina winced and gasped and moaned and whined, but hurried along behind him under the persuasive pull of the clip on her clit.

Brian led them into the living room, then ordered them to kneel, their legs spread wide. He

sat before them on the sofa, looking unbearably smug to Danny, his eyes moving over their bodies appreciatively.

“Now before you two sluts give me a tongue bath, I’d like to hear more from Tina.”

Tina dropped her eyes, face flushed.

She seemed embarrassed, but thrilled at the same time. She made no effort to resist anything Brian told her, and he seemed to take it for granted she would obey him. For Danny, this was a wild, kinky little game that sometimes made her smirk at how corny Brian’s word could be. But Tina seemed to be much more aroused. There was an odd expression on her face, often exhilarated, and yet also somewhat haunted.

Brian spoke to Tina differently than he did to Danny, as if he knew he should handle her differently, treat her differently. Danny could see that harsh, even crude words only thrilled Tina more.

“Do you always take your clothes off and fuck anyone in reach?” he asked her.

Tina flushed, but her embarrassment didn’t seem very deep to Danny. On the contrary, his words seemed to excite her.

“No,” she whispered softly, shyly.

He tugged on the leash still clipped to her clit and she let out a soft cry of pain

“No, master,” he corrected.

“No, master!” she said quickly.

“How long have you been into bdsm, Tina?”

“I-I don’t know,” the girl whispered.

“Tell me when you think it started.”

“I-I’m not sure - .”

He tugged on the leash and she let out a little cry of pain.

“I-I think it was a concert I went to,” she panted. “When I was still a teenager.”

“And what happened at that concert?”

Tina dropped her eyes. “I was - I was r-raped.”

“And you loved it, slut.”

Her face grew redder. “No,” she whispered.

“Who raped you?”

She didn’t answer at first and he tugged on the leash to make her cry out again. Danny bit her lip, on the verge of saying something to him, but the girl seemed oddly flushed with excitement.

“A lot of guys,” she said finally.

“Ooo. This sounds like a good story,” he said with a leer. “Let me hear all about it. Spare me no details.”

“I-It was hot,” Tina said. “We were very hot. And - and I’d had some hash, and some beer. We were - we were on the edge of the mosh pit. It was dark. We couldn’t see much except the people who were crowd surfing. I thought it looked like a lot of fun.”

“And was it?”

She dropped her eyes again. “At first. I-I hadn’t done it before. I didn’t - know. I mean - I was wearing a pair of shorts and a bikini top. It was very dark and there was a thrash metal band playing. It was so loud, so incredibly loud. I was carried along no top of the crowd, back and forth.

But - well, some of the hands, they were - groping me.”

“No kidding,” he said sarcastically.

“I-I didn’t know,” she said. “I hadn’t really been to many concerts and - and I was a little stoned and - .”

“Spare me the excuses. Get to the good part.”

She chewed her lip a little.

“And keep your knees apart. I want to see that pretty little pussy.”

She jerked her knees wider apart.

“Hands, they were, they were moving me back and forth. I didn’t have any control at all over where I went. Then I felt a hand on my breast, squeezing it. It was quick, and I was moving along. Then I felt a hand squeezing me between the legs. Again, it was quick. And then another one squeezing my breast, and then another, and another and another. Some were tugging at my bra, and it kept pulling down, exposing me. I had to keep pulling it up.

But more of the hands were grabbing at my breasts and my behind and - and between the legs. I tried to fold my arms over my breasts, but my shorts were being grabbed and pulled, and they were kind of - low on my hips and - I had to grab at them.”

She drew in a shaky breath. “Somehow, someone pulled my top off, and then the groping really became fierce. My body was floating along on these hands, turning and twisting, rolling over and over. All those hands were grabbing and squeezing my breasts, over and over, and pinching my nipples, and then my shorts got tugged down, and then off.”

“So all I had on was my thong, and I was surfing along, being groped and fondled, and I knew the thong would be torn off any second. I could feel it being tugged this way and that as I passed over the crowd.”

But the thing is - I was scared, and embarrassed, but - but there was something else, something - wild. I felt - the most intense, weird, sexual excitement of my life. I mean, I didn’t like being groped but - it excited me. I was horribly embarrassed at having my clothes torn off. But it excited me, it aroused me, it thrilled me.

“I thought, I slid down, into the crowd, and I felt relieved at first, because I knew things were getting out of control by then, but these guys were all around me, grabbing me, kissing me, hugging me. There were hands all over my body, and my thong got torn off. So I was naked in the middle of them all. There were hands everywhere! There were hands on hands, fighting to touch me and squeeze me and grope me.”

“I tried to say no, but the noise was so loud I couldn’t even hear myself. Someone grabbed my breasts from behind, and then I felt my legs lifted up and apart. I thought they were going to push me up on top again, naked and float me around, but instead they only lifted me halfway up, and held me there. And then the first guy was between my legs, and I realized - wh-what they were going to do.”

Her voice was coming faster now, her words tumbling over themselves as her breathing grew more rapid.

“I felt him go into me, deep. It hurt, and then he started to - to do me, there, with all those faces and shapes all around, and hands still touching me everywhere, groping and squeezing my breasts, pulling on my hair. Then my head fell back, and I felt someone grabbing my neck. A cock pushed into my mouth, and started to pump in and out.”

“The music was howling, and the crowd was wild, and it was like I was being gang raped by everyone there. One after another they used me, turning me around, twisting me over. I was held right side up, and then flipped over. I was made to stand, bent over, my head between a guy’s legs while another man sodomised me. I was pushed from man to man to be raped and groped and fondled.”

“A man forced his cock down my throat. I threw up, but he didn’t care. He kept pumping into my mouth and my throat. Then another man used me, and another.”

Her eyes were definitely haunted now as Danny watched her.

“Finally, these two men, older men, old enough to be my father, they pushed everyone away and they dragged me out of the mosh pit, to the side, and through this treed area. I was almost unable to stand. They had to almost literally drag me. But I thought it was over. Instead they took me to a tent and they tied my arms behind my back.

“I didn’t understand, at first. I was still thanking them, babbling, moaning, when they flipped me onto my stomach and lifted my hips up. And then the first man spit on his hand, on his cock, and I felt him pressing against my - my - ass. And then he sodomized me.”

They took turns using me for the rest of the evening and into the night. They never seemed to get soft. And - and they licked me - between the legs. I mean, I’d never really been - nobody had really performed oral sex on me much and - I was - kin of groggy and - and drugged and - .”

“You liked it.”

She nodded weakly.

“The next day they gave me some stuff, drugs. I don’t know what kind, but for the whole day men came into the tent and raped me, and I just lay back and smiled and - and - .”

“Enjoyed it?”

Her face reddened and she nodded, eyes downcast.

“And did you tell anyone?”

She shook her head.

“Because you knew it was your fault, and you were a obviously some kind of a cum slut.”

Danny opened her mouth to say something angry but the girl nodded.

“And you needed to be punished,” he said.

“Yes,” she whispered.

“So what should be done with a littlecum slut,” he said, tugging in slow, sharp little pulls at her clit. “Should she be kept naked and in chains so she can be fucked every day by a gang of men? That sounds like a good idea to me.”

He grinned at Danny. “Let me see how friendly you two can get,” he said.

Chapter Eleven

Danny was feeling as conflicted as Tina looked. On the one hand the story of her gang rape was horrible, awful. On the other hand - the vision, the images she had dredged up in Danny's mind were incredibly vivid and - putting herself in the girl's place, Danny found that her pussy was soon throbbing and her breasts thrumming and her nipples tingling as she imagined herself carried along naked on a crowd of horny men, their hands touching her everywhere, fighting to grope and grab her, and then taken in the midst of them all, those leering faces looking on, surrounding her, the music pounding, their hands, their cocks...

Brian made them face each other, then rise on their knees and press their breasts together to kiss. The girl's body was hot and sweating. Danny felt odd as they kissed, as their tongues slid together. Neither of them was really into girls. But doing it was exciting them, especially with Brian looking on getting horny as he watched.

He knelt beside them, gripping their hair, pulling one girl's head back to arch her back as he pushed the others forward to lick and suck at her breasts. Then he forced Danny onto her back and made the girl perform oral sex on her again. As before, her clit was still very sensitive from the clip he'd used, and the dildo jammed into her seemed to throb as her pussy spasmed around it. It took very little time to make her come.

Then he pulled the clip off Tina's clit, and made Danny perform oral sex on her. She was much more reluctant this time, but his need and her own drove her on, and soon the girl was writhing and crying out again and again, her clit intensely sensitive. Danny licked her to orgasm after orgasm with little effort.

Brian was hard, by then, of course. He stood up imperiously, and drew their mouths to his cock and balls, then took turns fucking their throats. Afterwards, the two girls gave him a tongue bath, and then he spanked Tina's bottom hard and carried her downstairs.

"Where did you put her, in the cage?" Danny asked.

"No. I left her on her feet, with her hands chained above her head."

"I don't know about all this," Danny confessed. "Things are moving so fast. It's all so - so weird."

"But fun," he said with a grin, drawing her up onto his lap.

"Tina is - practically a stranger," she protested.

"So was I a few days ago."

"I know. That's weird too."

"Tina is obviously seriously repressed, or was. She had all these wild imagines and fantasies and there she was being a meek little librarian. She needs to get fucked - hard."

"I thought you already did that," she said sarcastically.

He grinned and pinched her nipple. "Jealous?"

"A little."

"Don't be. You have a better body than her and you're prettier, and you're a lot more enjoyable to be around. You're closer to my age, and you're not a nerdy little egghead."

“People have called me a bookworm before,” she said.

“You love reading books, but you’re not an egghead.”

“Does that mean I’m dumb?”

He laughed. “As if I would call anyone dumb. No, you’re smarter than me, I think. But that Tina girl seems to be one of those types who doesn’t ever live in the real world, you know?”

She nodded reluctantly.

“Being gang raped at that concert must have been an incredible introduction to her,” he said, shaking his head. “It did something to her head.”

“I think any woman would have been affected by that,” Danny protested.

“Yeah, but what really affected her was that she liked a lot of it. That’s not the way a good little feminist egghead is supposed to react. Heavy guilt trip there.”

“Any girl who goes crowd surfing in a bikini top deserves to be groped,” Danny snorted.

“Yeah, but that’s like what I said. She was this little geek type who probably didn’t have any idea what would happen. What a shocker. And worse that she enjoyed it. Then again, drugs will let you enjoy a lot of things.”

“So what are you going to do with her?”

He grinned.

“Besides the obvious,” she said.

He shrugged. “See what her limits are. I bet they’re a lot higher than yours, particularly her pain threshold.”

“That doesn’t seem right, somehow.”

“She can always say no. There aren’t any drugs in her now.”

He got up and went into the kitchen. After a minute Danny joined him and saw he was making dinner.

“I can cook if you undo this,” she said, pulling her locked wrists to one side.

He only grinned.

Danny thought about insisting, but the fact was she was finding things quite kinky and exciting, and had no particular desire to return to “normal” just yet. Instead she knelt, and, without being told, shifted her knees wide. She looked down at her pussy, though.

“Do you think I should get laser hair removal like Tina?”

“Sure. A pussy looks very neat and clean and inviting when it’s free of hair, but it can be a bitch to keep shaving it every day. And if you forget even for a day or two you get stubble, which doesn’t feel very good for you or whoever is fucking you.”

He finished making dinner, and then, as he had before, insisted on feeding her by hand, letting her lick bits of meat from his fingers before setting down a bowl of milk for her to drink off the floor.

After dinner they relaxed in front of the TV. Brian fondled and stroked her naked body, rousing her again and again, but always stopping before she could come. When she cursed him he spanked her until she apologised.

They went downstairs, then, to see how Tina was faring.

They found her standing on the balls of her feet, legs trembling, gasping weakly, head on her chest, arms stretched up and shackled together above her head.

“How are you, little slut?” Brian asked, running his hand up and down her slim body.

As his hand slipped between her thighs she let out a moan and her hips rolled lewdly forward, jamming her pussy against his fingers. At the same time her face flushed and her eyes rolled guiltily towards Danny, who was watching from the corner.

“Don’t look at her. Look at me,” Brian ordered.

She turned her eyes up to him.

“Bitch,” he said. “Whore.”

He had three fingers pulled into a tight wedge and was forcing them up into her pussy. Tina was trying to spread her legs wider to allow them deeper, but spreading them even a little forced her to rise onto the tips of her toes, and her legs got even more shaky.

“Slut,” he said.

He pulled his fingers out and then thrust them into her mouth without warning. Tina’s eyes widened, but she made no effort to fight him, sucking on his fingers as her eyes stared raptly up at him.

He pulled his fingers loose and wiped them on her hair, then turned and left the room. Tina dropped her eyes to the floor, then she turned her head and her eyes flicked up towards where Danny stood.

“Do you think I’m a slut?” she asked in a small voice.

The polite thing to say would have been ‘no’. But Danny was starting to see what Brian had already seen, starting to notice the dark yearning within the younger woman.

“Yes. You’re a filthy little slut,” she said.

Tina’s eyes dropped and she seemed to flush again. Brian returned, and he had in his hands a ball gag and a heavy strap. He handed the latter to Danny as he forced the gag into Tina’s mouth, then buckled it behind her head. He took the strap from Danny then, winking before turning on the girl.

“Sluts need to be punished,” he said sternly. “Sluts like you need to be taught their place, need to be disciplined so they aren’t out gang banging men - without permission.”

The strap was heavy, and about two feet long. He swung it sideways- hard, and the sound when it cracked against Tina’s bottom filled the room. She howled into the gag, her body jerking forward, but brought up short by the restraints on her wrists. Brian swung the strap again, and again her body jerked violently as she howled into the gag.

Danny winced at the force of the blows, which cracked into Tina’s small round buttocks with fearful impact. Each blow made her howl, and sent her hips jerking forward. Now her feet began to leave the floor as her legs lost the coordination needed to keep her on the balls of her feet. She began to twist and turn, howling at each blow. But the strap easily reached around to slash into her bottom again.

Tears were trickling down her cheeks now, and her face was red, but not as red as her bottom. The strap continued to crack into her buttocks with heavy, painful force as she sobbed and howled. Now she was all but hanging from her wrists, her body twisting, her feet trailing on the floor. Again the belt cracked into her, and again, and again, and Danny started to worry that Brian was going too far.

At the same time she was feeling sorry for the girl she was experiencing a dreadful fascination, a sadistic excitement combined with a masochists pleasure. She knew she could not take the kind of pain the girl was experiencing, but she found it terribly arousing nonetheless, and

her hands jerked against the restraints holding them back as she longed to finger her pussy.

Brian stopped. He moved to Tina and gripped her hair, forcing the whimpering girl up onto her toes. Then he undid her restraints from the chain overhead, quickly pulling them up behind her head, and down against the rear of her collar. He fixed them in place there, then forced her onto her knees, then onto her belly. He went to the wall and turned a crank which lowered the chain further, then produced a long spread bar and attached it to Tina's ankle restraints.

He went back to the wall, and began to turn the crank, lifting the whimpering, moaning girl's legs up higher and higher, and then still higher. Her belly, then her breasts dragged along the floor, then only her face, and then she was hanging upside down, her legs spread wide, her body taut, her hands behind her head.

Brian knelt and undid her gag, and then lifted her head up and back by the hair until her head was pressed back between her shoulders. Then he thrust his cock into her open mouth, muffling her sobs and whimpers. He held her head up and back firmly as he began to thrust in and out of her mouth, driving his cock straight down her throat with every stroke.

Danny went forward, at last, bent, and began to lick at the girl's clit. It surprised her only a little that the girl was so wet, and surprised her even less that her body began to jerk and her moans around Brian's cock picked up wildly.

When Brian finished he took Danny away from her licking. "Don't let the little whore come," he said, chiding her. He pulled her to the corner and ordered her to kneel, and for some reason it seemed perfectly normal to obey him. She even spread her knees apart at a harshly barked command, and then waited as he left the room.

Tina hung in place, quivering, sweating, moaning, panting for breath, but not protesting.

When he returned he had a two thick dildos in one hand, and a thick candle in the other. He put down the candle and forced one of the dildos into Tina's pussy, pumping it freely. Then he took it out and worked it into her ass, pumping and twisting, making Tina wince and moan as he worked her sphincter into submission. When he judged it ready he bent and picked up the big candle.

It was as thick around as a pop can, but twice as long. He pulled the fat dildo from the girl's anus and then thrust the base of the candle in. It didn't go in easily, but it did go in, inch after inch after inch of it, until the girl's rectum was stuffed with it, and still about eight inches protruded.

He then thrust the second dildo into the girl's swampy pussy, slapping on the base to jam it in almost to the hilt. Then he lit the candle.

"Good night, slut," he said.

He yanked Danny up by the arm and took her from the room, blowing out the lantern first, then the rest along the way. They went upstairs and he closed the door behind him.

They returned to watching TV, then they had a bath. Brian washed her, of course. And Danny didn't protest.

He dried her, brushed her hair, and her teeth, then took her to bed. He produced another chain, which he used to lock her collar to the headpost, and then he spread her legs and licked her to the edge of orgasm repeatedly before thrusting himself home in her dripping pussy and riding her to a violent, powerful climax.

And then he did it again.

He took his time, teasing and taunting her, and then thrust himself home and rode her slowly and patiently, their tongues twisting and dancing as their bodies ground together.

For the first time, he slept over, and Danny spent the night on her side, still bound, his arm around her waist, his groin pressed in against her naked bottom.

Three flights down, Tina hung, swaying slowly, moaning, body stretched out, legs spread. She felt stuffed, filled, and every inch of her skin prickled with excitement and heat as she stared, upside down, at the nearest mirrored wall. Her breasts felt heavy, her mind filled with mush. The flickering light of the candle gave the room a dim, eerie glow as it was reflected back by the wall mirrors.

It was so quiet here, except for her breathing. She felt as though she were in a tomb. How long would they leave her there, she wondered. Her bottom ached. How it stung! The strap had been a heavy, crude thing and it had bruised her bottom as well as setting the skin afire. She still marvelled at herself for going through it, amazed she had not screamed the place down.

Of course, she'd had no choice, had she? He hadn't exactly asked her permission, any more than he had now. He thought of her as a mindless fuck toy he could punish and abuse however he wanted.

The thought of that made her insides squirm.

The morning started with him atop her, his heavy weight forcing her thighs apart as he rubbed his erection against her pussy.

He rode her slowly and contentedly, half asleep. Danny's entire body was relaxed, but she still managed to come before him.

Afterwards he finally undid the restraints and removed them.

"God! What about Tina!?"

"Tina will be fine," he said with a smug grin. "I went down to check on her earlier."

"The candle - ."

"Is almost eight inches in diameter. A candle like that won't burn more than a half inch an hour. Don't worry. Her pretty little pussy is coated in wax. It won't burn."

"But... she's been hanging upside down all night!"

And loving it. I know how Tina's mind is working right now. I've seen girls like Tina before. She's having the thrill ride of her life. Soon this will be old hat to her, but for now it's all an incredible rush."

"What are you going to do with her? How long are you going to keep her hanging upside down?"

"Not that much longer. I want to get a few things at the store. You can go out and shop for more books. I'll change Tina around, then get working on your shelves. I should have done some work yesterday but - I got distracted."

Danny dressed, and weirdly, it felt odd to be wearing clothes. She visited the sites she had marked off for that day and bought more used books, filing several boxes in the trunk of the car. Then, flushing red as she did, she went to a hair removal clinic she had called earlier. The girl there was very efficient and very casual, but it was still quite embarrassing to have her gloved fingers moving over Danny's pussy as she zapped away the hair follicles.

When she got home she found Brian already there, wearing jeans and a t-shirt, with his tool belt around his waist, hammering and cutting and drilling as he made her shelves.

“Hi,” she said uncertainly.

She eyed the shelves already up. “You work fast.”

“I’m a pro, baby,” he said with a cheerful grin.

“Has uhm, Tina gone home?”

He snorted and shook his head with a grin. “She’s downstairs, getting to know that first frame where I found you a few days back. I figure she’ll keep while we get some work done.”

“We?”

“Of course we! Get your clothes off and grab a hammer.”

“Uhm, should I be doing construction work naked?”

He chuckled. “You’re right. That’s why I got you something.”

The “something” turned out to be a sheer black cat suit. It covered her from toe to throat, but hid nothing. Its seams were elastic at her groin, and would pull open easily.

On top of the sheer catsuit she wore leather restraints, ones he had purchased that morning. They were much lighter and more comfortable than the old ones, but functioned almost identically. She also wore a thick leather collar with three rows of studs. It had rings on all four sides, conveniently located to lock whatever he wanted to them.

The crowning touch was perhaps the T-shaped belt which wrapped around her hips, then dropped between her legs in front and up between her buttocks in back. The centre of the lower part of the “T” had a long, thick stuffed dildo attached alongside a shorter, fatter butt-plug. And Brian slowly worked them into her back holes through the opening in the cat suit before doing the belt up and locking it in back. It filled her, and yet stopped her from touching herself, keeping her aroused without any hope of satisfaction.

Danny was a little bemused, but also excited by this absurdity. Yet any doubts he had were erased by his approval at her recent laser treatment, which he tested out with his tongue. As he had done the previous evening he licked her to the edge of climax, then stopped, wanting to keep her aroused.

She wore a pair of short black leather boots, and then joined him on the main floor as he showed her how to saw and measure and drill screw holes in the new bookshelves. It was quite interesting, and Danny always liked learning new things. But he never let her forget the sexual nature of her dress, or that he was in charge. His hands were always fondling and kneading her bottom or breasts, and he managed to turn bookshelf making into a sexual experience.

When he asked for a tool she had to bring it to him in her teeth - crawling.

He lavished her with praise, telling her how gorgeous and sexy she looked, how perfect were her breasts, how taut and firm her ass was. And he talked of how his friends would love to see her as she was, about how she needed to be taken by many men at once. He asked her if she’d ever had a two on one, or a three on one, and if she’d ever had fantasies about it. She hadn’t, of course, done anything like that, but she had, of course, had fantasies. Most girls had.

So he talked about finding a pair of tall, handsome men to fuck her, right there, on all fours, as she was, and how hot she would look riding a cock with another up her ass at the same time. Yes, and perhaps another in her mouth.

It was impossible not to be aroused by his talk, by the way she was “dressed”, by the dildo

stuffed inside her. And having already had sex with a strange woman, had sex, if she could call it that, with two people in the same room, well, it was not so impossible a fantasy to do it with two men.

When they went downstairs she found Tina stretched out as she had been, the wooden post driven up into her pussy. It was wickedly exciting to see her there as she had been, and she felt her breath coming in shorter and shorter gasps as she looked at the girl's body shining with sweat and her pussy lips wrapped tightly around the wooden cock.

She watched as Brian called her names, speaking harshly, and used various soft straps, flogs and crops on her body. He called her a whore and a slut and a bitch and a fuck toy for anyone who wanted her, and threatened to have her gang raped by his friends.

Tina took it all in like a sponge soaking up water, her body jerking and flinching to the blows, her voice crying out in pleasure and passion and pain at the same time. After he had finished Brian eased her down off her feet, and then hog tied her, pulling her wrists and ankles back hard together. But first he produced another toy he'd bought while Danny was out - a vibrator. He stuffed that into Tina's pussy and told her that when he came back it would be with several men who would gang rape her.

He left her on the floor like that as he and Danny went upstairs to get lunch.

Danny was not unaffected by the beating and the performance, and she remained, for all intents and purposes, naked. Only now Brian locked her wrists behind her back as he made lunch.

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

"Horny," she replied, body tingling with hunger.

"Do you want a cock to suck on?"

"I want you to fuck me," she said.

"Do you? Beg for it then. Maybe I'll grant your wish."

"Brian," she whined.

"Beg, slut."

She bit her lip. "Please fuck me, Brian."

He laughed. "I think you need to do a lot better than that. And you can call me Mr. Morgan. Have you forgotten already, slut?"

"Please fuck me, Mr. Morgan," she asked, trying to put more emotion into her voice.

It embarrassed her, but it aroused her at the same time.

"Not nearly good enough, slut," he said, not even turning around.

"Please fuck me, Mr. Morgan," she whined. "I want your cock inside me. I love your cock. I'm so wet thinking about you fucking me hard and fast."

"Now you're starting to get warm," he said.

"I'm hot, not warm," she protested. "I want your cock in me. I'll lick your balls and take your cock down my throat. Then you can fuck me hard."

"I can, huh? And is that begging?"

"Please fuck my hot, horny pussy, Mr. Morgan," she begged in a whiny voice. "Please put me on all fours and ram your cock down my pussy."

"Or your ass, hmm?"

"Or my ass," she said. "Please fuck my ass, Mr. Morgan. Please ride me like a slut in heat. Please put my ankles behind my ears and ram your cock down into my hot little cunt."

The words were both degrading and arousing, and her chest was tightening as she said them, as she demeaned herself.

“Come here, slut,” he ordered.

She started to move forward but he held up his hand. “No. Crawl on your belly, you cock hungry slut.”

She grunted as if struck, then thrilled to the feel of the floor against her body as she sprawled out on it and wriggled her way across the kitchen to him.

“Now lick my boots,” he said smugly.

She rolled her eyes up at him and frowned indignantly. “I’m not going to lick - .”

“Then no cock,” he said arrogantly.

She glowered, thinking of telling him to shove it, to undo her. But the idea was, though degrading, so nasty, so wicked, that she considered it. And merely considering it made her pussy throb around the dildo. Swallowing, her heart pounding, she leaned in and licked tentatively at his work boot.

“Harder, slut.”

Thankfully, his boots were clean. She licked at them, licked at his ankles, looking up at him as her tongue pushed far out and ran across the cool leather.

“On your knees, slut.”

She grunted with effort as she rose off her belly.

“Now turn and bend over. Show me that tight ass of yours.”

She sighed with excitement, turning quickly, bending and putting her shoulders against the floor, shifting her knees apart as she raised her bottom. It was horribly degrading, and incredibly exciting.

She felt his foot against her groin, against the belt where it was joined with the dildo in her pussy. He pushed against her there in short, sharp little motions that ground the head of the dildo against her cervix and made her gasp and moan in pleasure and pain.

“You need to beg more if you want my cock in your sloppy, filthy little cunt,” he said.

“Brian,” she whined, grinding her hips back at him. “Please fuck me! Please!”

“Beg more, slut.”

And then the doorbell rang.

Chapter Twelve

Danny gasped in shock, as if caught at something filthy. She struggled up onto her knees, but Brian grasped her hair and held her in place.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

“But - .”

“Spread your legs, wide.”

She shifted her knees apart, pulse racing as she looked up at him and saw his grin.

“Who is it? I’m not expecting anyone!”

“A guy with a very large cock.”

She gasped and her eyes went wide. “You wouldn’t!”

“I would. But he’s here to fuck Tina, not you. Of course, he can fuck you too. He loves fucking white girls.”

“Wh-what girls?!” she gasped.

He grinned lewdly. “Kneel there. Keep your back straight and your legs apart.”

“You can’t let a strange man see me like this!”

“Like what? You mean like a gorgeous little bondage slut who needs to get a cock into her? Why not? It’s what you are. He certainly won’t be shocked. He’s been heavily into it his whole life.”

He headed for the stairs and stopped at the doorway.

“You can always go run and hide in your room. If you’re not here I’ll just take him down to Tina.”

He left and she stared after him, then struggled to her feet and hurried to her bedroom. But once there she stopped, panting, staring out, her head swimming with confusion amid a sea of lust and fear and excitement and embarrassment and confusion. Yes, it was a fantasy but... but... she didn’t even know this man and - .

And did she want to do this with someone she knew? Someone who was a friend? No! That would be even more humiliating, in a way. How would she ever be able to talk with him again normally?

She could hear voices, could hear footsteps on the stairs. She had to decide quickly, or Brian would find the kitchen empty and lead his friend back down to Tina. She would miss her chance. And what would Brian think of her? As a silly girl who was afraid of her own fantasies?

She walked slowly out of the door, then peeked around the corner. She couldn’t see them. She moaned weakly, uncertainly, then crept up to see them in the kitchen.

“Hey there.”

She let out a cry of shock and whirled to find an enormous black man grinning at her from the stairs. He was good looking, about her own age, had huge shoulders, and a shaved head. He was wearing a t-shirt that strained against his powerful chest.

“Ah, I see you’ve found my little bondage slut,” Brian said.

She whirled and gasped in a new shock, for there was another man with him, older, with

rich, dark brown hair. He wasn't as muscular as Brian or the Black man, but he was much cuter.

Danny felt like falling through the floor. Her heart pounded and her pulse raced. Her face was beet red, and she was gibbering on the inside even as Brian reached for her, gripped her hair, and pulled her against him. He pulled back on her hair so that her back arched, and then reached around to run his hand over her breasts.

"Isn't she a hot little number?" he said proudly.

"Nice," the Black man said.

"You want to fuck her?" Brian asked, the crudity of the question stunning Danny.

"Less he's a fag any man would wanna fuck that," the man growled.

"Take her. Do anything you want to her," Brian said, giving her a push.

She staggered into the Black man's arms, and he seized her firmly but gently and smiled down at her.

"I'm gonna take Todd downstairs and see the other girl. I'll be back," he said.

Danny stared at him, bug-eyed, wanting to scream at him not to leave, but she couldn't bring herself to speak. The Black man led her into the living room and pushed her down onto her knees on the floor, then pulled over a chair and sat in front of her, staring at her.

Danny dropped her eyes, mortified.

"What's your name, slut?"

She gasped at the word, at that word, coming from a complete stranger. And still couldn't bring herself to speak.

"I'll just call you bitch. How's that? That okay with you, bitch?"

She still stared down at his shoes and then gasped as he slapped her face lightly. She jerked her head up, staring at him.

"I asked you a question, bitch."

"I-I... m-my name is - is Danielle," she said.

"I prefer the name bitch. So that's what I'm going with."

His eyes looked her up and down. "I see those belts before," he said with a grin. "You got a big dildo up your cunt, don't you?"

Danny's face burned even hotter, and again she dropped her eyes, her mind squirming.

"I hope it's big enough to stretch you some. Cause otherwise you're going to hurt when I stuff my prick into you."

Talk about arrogant, she thought wildly.

And then he slapped her face again, harder, and she let out a little cry of pain, jerking her eyes up.

"Look at me when I'm talking, bitch."

He leaned in, and then deliberately slapped her face again, this time on the other side of the cheek. Danny gasped at the sting, and felt a rising indignation. Then he slapped her face again, on the other cheek. Again she cried out, her mouth opening to protest. He slapped her face again, and her head jerked to one side. She felt a little dazed. He slapped her face again, and she moaned weakly, swaying. He slapped her face again and she whimpered weakly, gulping in air, her eyes starting to fill with tears.

She blinked her eyes rapidly as she watched his hands go to his belt and undo it, then undo his jeans and tug down the zipper. He had no shorts beneath, and drew out a huge cock. It was

even bigger than Brian's, and Danny could not help be impressed, he startled at the sight of it as he held it up to her.

He rose up above her, and she cocked her head back. He gripped her hair, as Brian often did, and she moaned in pain.

"I heard you were a cock sucker. Is that right, bitch?"

She only gasped, and he pulled harder on her hair. "Answer me, bitch."

"Y-Yes!"

"Say it."

"I-I'm a - a cock sucker!" she cried.

"You love to suck cocks, don't you?"

"Y-yes!"

"Say it, bitch."

"I-I love to s-suck cocks!"

He slapped her face again. "Call me sir, bitch."

"I love to suck cocks, sir!"

He was rubbing his semi-hard cock over her forehead, across her nose, up and down her cheeks.

"See this nigger cock, bitch? This nigger cock is gonna choke you. It's gonna fill your fuckin' throat. You ever deep throat a black man, bitch? You ever swallow a nigger's cock?"

She couldn't answer that, and then the front of his cock was in her mouth, and she was moaning around it as her eyes rolled up at him.

"Suck cock, bitch," he said in a sneer.

His words set something inside her belly aflame, and she felt his cock throbbing against her tongue. She stared at it, and even as she did she felt it growing, hardening, stretching her lips wider. He pushed forward, and she licked at it and sucked at it.

Brian walked into the room then, and she felt sexual fire gushing through her like liquid heat as he stood and watched her sucking another man's cock. The Black man pushed forward, and she gasped as he fed her even more cock, then looked along the long length of his shaft at how much more there was and shuddered.

She began to work her lips up and down it, putting on a show for Brian. She felt giddy with excitement, feverish with sexual heat. She bobbed her lips up and down, then pulled off, licking at his balls, running her tongue up and down the long shaft, mouthing and sucking on it.

He gripped her hair again, twisting it hard, forcing her head back, hurting her. Brian did nothing as he pushed his slick cock into her mouth, and then, holding her head in two big hands, forced it right down her throat in a long, steady thrust as he pulled her forward.

"Yeah," he grunted. "You swallow that nigger cock, bitch."

Her nose was jammed against his pubic bone, and his cock filled her throat all the way down into her chest. He began to thrust against her, pulling painfully against her hair, jerking her face in and out in inch long strokes, jamming her nose against his powerful body again and again.

With her head throbbing and pounding and her chest burning he finally pulled free, and Danny gasped and coughed and moaned as he rubbed the spit wet cock over her face. She gulped in air, her chest heaving.

"We should string this slut up by the wrists and whip her," the Black man said.

“I don’t think she’s ready for that yet,” Brian said, leaning against the wall.

“Fuck what she’s ready for,” the Black man growled. “Tie her up and whip her hard! She ain’t got no say in it!”

His words were frightening, but Danny thought she could see through them, that they were as much an act as Brian’s harsh words with Tina.

The man forced his cock back into her mouth, holding her head tightly as he plunged down her throat. He used much longer strokes now, and it was much more difficult for her to cope as he fucked her face and throat. When he pulled out her throat ached and she coughed helplessly.

“I want some of this white pussy,” he said.

“Go ahead,” Brian said. “Fuck the little slut all you want. I’m gonna go check on Todd.”

He left, and as hot as him being there was making her his absence made her even hotter. For she was alone with this angry seeming stranger, this angry seeming Black man. And while Danny was a reasonably sophisticated woman she had all the usual fantasies about Black men.

He pulled out of her throat and slapped her face again, startling her, stunning her. He slapped her on both cheeks and she whimpered weakly, then he yanked her forward by the hair, putting her down her face.

“Push that ass up, bitch,” he ordered. “Push it up.”

He slapped her bottom and she whimpered and raised it quickly.

“You want my nigger cock up your tight little pink cunt, don’t you, bitch? Don’t’ you? Go on. Say it. Say it, bitch.”

“I-I want your cock!” she cried.

He slapped her bottom again.

“You want my black cock, bitch. Admit it! Beg for it, slut!”

“I-I want your black cock!” she moaned. “Please fuck me with your black cock! I want your black cock inside me!”

“Dirty little white whore,” he said with a sneer.

He knelt behind her and slapped her bottom again, then undid the belt at the small of her back and slowly peeled the butt-plug and dildo out of her pussy.

“Looks pretty wet back here,” he said, taunting her.

He threw the belt aside and Danny shuddered to be kneeling with her legs spread, naked, showing her bare sex to a complete stranger. She didn’t even know his name!

But she felt his hard helmet cockhead rubbing up and down against her pussy, her soft, hairless pussy, and her hips jerked and rolled in joyous response even as he slapped her bottom.

“Bitch,” he said. “I gonna fuck you bitch!”

Danny felt the pressure against her sex, felt her pussy lips spreading, pushed in, spreading wider - wider - still wider. She groaned in pain even as she felt his cock sink into her. He pushed deeper, gripping her hips, holding her still as he worked himself into her in short, sharp thrusts. He pulled back, then thrust in, pulled back, then forced himself deeper.

Despite the dildo which had filled her, despite how wet she was, Danny groaned as he stretched her, as his mighty cock sank deeper and deeper into her belly. Her wrists twisted against the leather restraints and her cheek ground against the floor. Waves of throbbing, burning heat rolled over her as the powerful cock pushed into the centre of her belly and kept going.

She gasped and choked out a protest, a mindless protest of dazed pain, but he only slapped

her head and kept going. She squirmed and moaned, and he finally drew back, and began to pump.

“The slut liking your cock?” she heard Brian’s voice asked.

The Black man laughed. “My cock gonna be coming out this whore’s mouth in a minute.”

“In a minute my cock is going into that whore’s mouth,” Brian countered.

The two men laughed, and the Black man began to ride her, thrusting, thrusting, thrusting. Danny grunted and moaned and panted for breath, helpless and pinned, impaled by his monster cock, aching deep inside her, and yet thrilled by the kinkiness and wicked excitement. Her clit was swollen and throbbing, and she knew if he barely touched it she would come.

Then Brian knelt in front of her, and she cried out as her upper body was lifted by the hair. She found herself staring at his own thick cock, and an instant later it was thrust into her mouth. She was locked helplessly between the two big men as Brian’s cock pushed into her throat, and the Black man rode her with quicker and deeper thrusts from behind.

It was a fantasy come to life, a wild, forbidden, dark, impossible fantasy that made sexual energy run like sheet lightning up and down her body. And when the Black man buried himself inside her and his hips began to slap against her bottom it was simply too much. She screamed as she came, screamed around Brian’s pumping cock as the two men rammed their cocks into her and their hands mauled her breasts and body.

She choked and gagged from time to time, but her mind was spinning out of control, hardly caring about the cock filling her throat. Her body jerked to and fro as the two big men jerked on her hair and hips and shoulders. And even after the orgasm passed and she sagged weakly their powerful hands held her up, held her as their continued thrust into her again and again and her burning body thrilled to the hard touch of their calloused hands.

And then, God help her, the third man was there. As Brian pulled out of her mouth and she gasped for breath she saw him standing there to one side, watching, smirking, and she felt a burning shame combined with a wild, ravenous hunger.

The Black man pulled out, and lay on his back, pulling on her hair, forcing her to straddle him. He held his cock up against her dripping pussy and she sank down on it, her mind squirming as the other two men watched, then he pulled her forward, crushing her lips against his as Brian moved behind her. She shuddered as his cock slowly worked its way into her ass.

She felt like she would be torn open, but didn’t care. Having two fat cocks inside her was a wild and stunning sexual high. And when the third man moved in and knelt beside her head she made no effort to resist as he twisted her face to the side and thrust his cock into her mouth.

Now she had three men fucking her at once, and the world disappeared behind a blur of male flesh, and male hands groping and slapping and pulling and squeezing, and male cocks thrusting forward into her squirming, writhing body.

She came, and then came again, crying out around the stranger’s cock, then again, her mind swimming, her eyes rolling back in her head, her body bucking and twisting uncontrollably.

They finished lunch, and Brian voluntarily washed the dishes while she dried. Then they went back downstairs where she helped...mostly by watching...him put together the first set of shelves. He had already done most of the work, with all the boards cut to the right sizes, and supporting braces glued and screwed in place. After watching him Danny was sure she could put one together as well, and they made very rapid progress through the afternoon, filling an entire wall with shelves.

"Well, the old place is starting to look pretty good," Tina said, standing back and gazing along the row of shelves.

"Sure is."

"With your help I'm sure I'll be able to finish these shelves in no time," she said with an airy wave.

"My help huh?"

"Some slight assistance on your part."

"I'm just happy to have you showing me the way."

"You're a good student," she said, patting him on the shoulder.

"I do my best."

"How long do you think it'll take us to finish?"

"You're the teacher."

"Come ooon."

"Well, if we work through the weekend..."

"Ick," she said, making a face.

"If we work through the weekend," he continued, "We could have it done Monday."

"I suppose that includes working tonight."

"Yes, Ma'am, provided you'll feed me again."

"Mmm, I don't have much time to cook," she said, glancing at her watch.

"I could order some pizza."

"Chinese?"

"That sounds good."

They went back upstairs and she ordered Chinese food from a place down the block. Brian

sat in the living room and flipped through the channels on the TV while she got plates, knives and forks in the kitchen.

It was strange, she thought, how comfortable she was around him, how natural it seemed having him in the house. She realized that, even though she had yet to have a single traditional 'date' with him she knew him better and had spent more time with him than any of the men she had dated before.

Chapter Thirteen

An hour later she lay on her back on the floor, panting, sweating, moaning, sore all over as Brian smiled down at her. The catsuit had been torn off her, torn apart, really, and so she was naked but for a few tattered bits of it. The other two men had left, gone down to Tina, and Danny could only groan at the thought of what the girl must be going through. She wanted nothing just then but a bath and a soft bed. The men had torn and pulled and slapped and used her violently.

It had been glorious!

“I hurt,” she grunted weakly.

“Bet you’d like to rest.”

She groaned in response.

“Don’t you want to come and watch what they do with Tina?”

“I’m too tired,” she moaned.

He let her rest as he sat beside her, but his hands moved softly over her body, gently kneading her breasts, sliding between her legs to stroke across her sore pussy, and she groaned in something other than exhaustion.

“Don’t!” she protested weakly.

“This is the most exciting day of your life,” he said. “You’ve never had an experience like this before. And you never will again, likely, because there’s only one first time.”

He produced a thin chain with clips on both ends, and snapped them around her nipples.

“Oww!”

Danny jerked upright, moaning and gasping and twisting in pain.

“Shit! Owwh! Take them off! Take them off!” she begged.

He shook his head and she saw that the chain was attached to another so that it was “T” shaped, much like the belt. It was a leash, in fact, as he demonstrated by pulling on it. Her weakness was forgotten as she scrambled to her knees, then up to her feet, pulled by the nipples.

He led her across the room and then down the stairs, ignoring her protests as he headed down into the basement. The pull on her nipples was remorseless, and Danny scurried after him, forgetting her tiredness with every step.

Then they were going through the basement and at the head of the stairway leading into the secret suite, and as they descended she could hear the blows of what she thought must be the strap against Tina.

She thought she was prepared, yet was shocked when they entered the room. She had expected Tina to be bound, and she was, hanging freely from her wrists, her legs spread. She had expected the Black man or the White one, Todd, Brian had called him, to be whipping her in some way, and in fact Todd was using a long, thick flog on her obviously well-whipped back.

What she hadn’t expected was that there were two more men there, and their eyes turned and filled with hunger and approval as Brian dragged her into the room. Her face went red again and she pulled against the wrist restraints as the men greeted Brian. The only name she got was Carl, a tough looking man with tattoos covering one arm.

Then she saw that Tina's small nipples had been pierced, and that small silver rings dangled from them. Another ring was hanging from her clit, or what she first thought was her clit, and then realized was the hood over her clit.

"Carl is really good with the needles," Brian said, taking her over to look at Tina's new piercings. "He'll do you too if you ask."

"N-No!" she croaked.

He laughed. "If you don't want, you don't get."

The room was crowded, he took her down the hall, into the room with the giant post shaped like a cock. Carl had followed, and after a few whispered words between them her wrists were unlocked and she was lifted up and back against the post. This time the lower cock, the one angled up from the centre of the post was pressing against her anal opening.

The men worked her carefully and then slid her down slowly, ignoring her moans and whispered please, letting the dildo sink up through her ass, lubricated only by the semen already there.

Danny struggled, but not seriously, and then not at all, as they lifted her arms up and back and strapped them to the sides of the post, then pulled her ankles back and did the same.

She wasn't sure what they were going to do to her, at first. Brian gagged her, then Carl tugged the nipple clips off so that she yelled and twisted against the dildo inside her.

Together, they ran their hands up and down her body, avoiding her nipples, at first, giving time for the pain to fade. Then, as one, they leaned in and took both her nipples into their mouths, sucking gently, licking soothingly, making her sparkling, prickling nipples throb and burn in their mouths. Their hands moved down between her legs, and Danny couldn't help climaxing against them.

It was Carl who produced the crop, a very thin, light crop. Danny's breasts were taut as her arms were held up and back, and he rubbed the crop across them, then began to strike each breast with short, sharp movements that made her yelp and squirm. The blows were not especially painful, though they did sting. But as they continued her breasts reddened and grew more and more sensitive.

Then their lips moved in again, and again they mouthed her nipples, nipples now sore from blows from the crop, nipples which burned in their mouths until she again climaxed.

A vibrator was pushed up inside her pussy, with a little hook near the base which pressed against her pussy. Then her breasts were whipped with very thin flogs, each of the men holding one, taking turns slapping them across her swollen breasts until they burned fiercely.

They shifted to her chest and belly and abdomen, then, and even her pussy, so that her body writhed and jerked and bucked in helpless pain. Then they returned to her breasts, and she came again, with no sensations riding her over but the slashing blows of the flogs against her breasts, and the vibrator in her pussy.

Danny trotted down the stairs and out into the shop, feeling a little thrill as she passed the book-lined walls. Tina, who worked for her now, was at the counter looking something up for a customer. Danny picked up the clipboard she'd left next to a pile of books and began to jot down the titles and catalogue numbers. It could have been considered boring work, but she was thrilled with it. She felt a great deal of pride in her little shop and the stock of books it held.

She hadn't exactly been overwhelmed with customers yet, but then she hadn't expected to be. Book stores took a while to work up a customer base, for word of mouth to get out that she was there.

She glanced at the fireplace mantle, where some of the older books she'd collected stood propped against low stands, opened to the day where Bill had given her the gold chain. There was an old romance from the turn of the century, an English schoolboy's textbook from the eighteenth century, with pencilled notes along the margins from one of the original owners, and, a copy, an original copy, of the Story of O, which none of her customers would know had any relation to the prim and well dressed young women who worked in the shop.

Tina was dressed in a loose purple blouse and a long black skirt. But underneath she wore a leather harness which squeezed her small breasts out and dug into her smooth little pussy. And she had a butt-plug jammed into her ass. Danny herself had agreed to get her nipples pierced and, like Tina, had small rings dangling from them beneath her own dark blue turtleneck. She also wore a collar which said "slave" under the sweater, and a chain connected the two nipple rings and the one in her clit so that as she moved it jerked and pulled on them.

She wasn't as deep into the bdsm thing as Tina. She didn't like the heavier whips or flogs, though her breasts felt raw from the light flogging they'd gotten last night.

She felt a little thrum of heat at the memory of herself naked, on her knees, legs spread, arms behind her head, back arched, holding herself as Brian used the short, thin flog on her breasts and chest, and at least half a dozen men looked on, waiting, ready to bury their cocks in her overheated body. Her nipples were still hard and sore, and her pussy was still raw.

As for Tina, beneath her loose blouse were the whip marks, the welts left by the heavier crops and flogs, and her bottom bore the marks of a nasty cane which had left it black and blue.

She never wore clothes except when she worked in the shop. The rest of the time she wore old metal shackles from downstairs as she cooked, cleaned and sewed, sorted books in the basement, and performed sexually for any man - or woman Brian brought home.

And then slept in the cage.

Danny had no idea how long she would be content with that, but for now she seemed to move around as if she were in a dream world, always breathless and excited and ready for anything anyone wanted to do to her.

Danny shook her head, humming to herself as she placed another book on the gloriously shining shelf, then wondered if she ought to consider piping in soft music, maybe Mozart, something to add to the atmosphere.

Wind chimes tinkled as the door opened. She turned her head and smiled as she saw Brian clutching a thick bouquet of flowers. He winked at her and came across the room.

"For me?" she asked.

He grinned and thrust the flowers out at her.

"She put down her clipboard and pencil and sniffed the flowers before taking them from him, then kissed him chastely.

"Thank you," she said. "Though flowers are supposed to be given to a girl on dates, remember?"

"Dates? What's a date?"

"Something we should have, one of these days."

He leaned in and whispered in her ear. “Why should I date a slut?”

She snorted and drew back. Yes, she was a slut, and she’d never had so much excitement in her life. She should have been a slut much earlier. Would she have gone this far if she hadn’t found the secret passage, she wondered. Would Brian have been able to seduce her to the dark, wanton world of bondage and punishment without those ancient frames, and the lucky happenstance of Tina’s visit?

She shrugged away the question. She had her lovely, respectable little book store, her lovely apartment, and underneath it all, that lovely, nasty little torture chamber where she and Tina could scream in pleasure and pain and do all the things good girls were never supposed to do. Unless someone forced them to, of course.

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