

# *The Girl in Lace*

By JJ Argus



# *The Girl in Lace*

By JJ Argus



# **The Girl in Lace**

**(Girl in a Kilt 2)**

**By JJ Argus**

*Copyright 2015*

**Smashwords edition**

JJ Argus has written more than 250 novels, and been published in hardcover, softcover, and innumerable magazines and digests. This work is the result of the long, hard effort and creativity of the author. Please do not post or resell it without permission.

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

My self identity has always been that of an intelligent, rational, serious, but also sometimes fun loving girl who is, I admit (and am happy to say) pretty cute. I'm not going to deny I'm sometimes proud of my looks, and I'm not going to say I'm too proud to use them. They got me my job at the Heart and Harp, for example.

My looks are not the basis of my self-identity, though. I'm in law school, and proud of that. There's a certain cachet to it, you know. It impresses people and makes them think you're both intelligent and going somewhere, a responsible person with ambition.

And so a certain degree of pride and dignity, both of which I've always felt were integral to who I am, is important to maintain.

In addition, of course, you can't be a lawyer and be a wimp, a pushover. You have to have a sense of inner strength and a strong personality. You don't let people push you around or bully or tell you what to do.

None of that fits in well with the notion of being a sex slave.

Being a sex slave is just a wild, kinky fantasy. It's something that can turn you on – secretly, of course, since it isn't something your friends will be impressed by, but it's not like a real title or anything. I mean, the whole notion is silly.

But Matthew Drake was treating me like one, though of course, he certainly didn't think it was real either. No, it was part of his silly, kinky sex game, one I'd joined more or less willingly, though with no intention of doing so. I'd sort of been roped into it, no pun intended.

My summer job is a server at the Heart and Harp. It's a kind of a sexist, upscale pub, and the uniform was sort of revealing. It wasn't totally immodest, or anything. It covered the essentials, but a short kilt and a tight, short tank were not necessary to serve food. They were to make us servers, all female, all attractive, eye candy for the mostly male diners.

I know feminists hate it, but I didn't mind. Like I said, I am attractive, and like it that guys look at me a lot. And wearing the uniform was an odd, freeing experience, because it was a uniform. Nobody could accuse me of dressing like that to show off, to be a cock-tease or anything. And since all the girls wore it no

one would judge me poorly.

All well and good until Matthew Drake, the super rich guy who owned the whole chain, with hundreds and hundreds of pubs, dropped by and selected me to be the 'server' at a little dinner he was throwing on his pool deck for prospective investors.

The uniform was even more revealing, and after the meeting had broken up I'd wound up in the pool, then naked, in a man-made cave under the waterfall, chained, if you can believe it, to the wall.

Drake had then proceeded to treat me like I was his sex slave, which would have made me more indignant if he hadn't given me more orgasms that evening than I'd ever had with all the guys I'd ever been with in my life.

He was that good, the bastard!

Drake didn't just fuck my body, he fucked my mind, and it was that which had really turned me on, and made me a quivering mass of excited nerve endings for his skillful hands and tongue and, uh, other body parts, to drive over the edge.

As for Drake himself, what was not to like? He was rich as hell, charming, good looking, with a nice body and that sexy Irish accent. Sure, he was maybe ten years older than me, but big deal. Compared to all the pluses that was pretty minor.

And if that was one of the reasons he was so... talented, it was more than worth it!

Let's face it, most guys aren't that great in bed. I was used to enjoying sex, but not usually coming, you know? I did on occasion, but often the guy was too impatient, and finished too soon. Not Drake. Drake seemed to attack sex like he did any other project. He had a goal in mind, and that goal seemed to require that I orgasm at least a couple of times.

He made me come more than ten times in one evening! That was freaking awesome! It was more than that, it was astonishing! How could I deny him anything when I was on a thrill ride like that!? Okay, he spanked my butt a few times and was bossy, but that was just to fuck with my head more, and it sure worked!

Which is how I came to wake up the next day in his bed, naked, with my wrists shackled to the headboard by a chain. I swear to God!

It was a big bed in a large room, in an enormous house, and it had a glorious view out of a huge window overlooking the swimming pool with a waterfall spilling down into the deep end. And I woke up to heat. I was aroused.

The reason why I was aroused was his moist fingers which had evidently been carefully caressing my clitoris in my sleep as he lay on his side next to me, head propped on his elbow. I woke up bleary, groggy, and confused at first.

WTF, you know?

Then I realized where I was. I was momentarily caught by the huge amount of light coming through the window, and the view – for we'd come in here after dark. My hands jerked instinctively against the shackles around my wrists, making the chain clink against the headboard. Then I stared at him, and blushed as he continued to casually caress my swollen clitoris.

“What are you doing?” I gulped.

He raised his eyebrows and his lip curved up in a quirky smile.

“Guess,” he said.

I didn't need to guess!

I jerked my wrists feebly, and gave him an indignant look, but he just smiled, and his fingers rubbed harder. My body was already thrumming with excitement, and it was growing rapidly worse as he bent and brought his lips down on the center of my right breast.

He sucked hungrily, his tongue circling and then sweeping across my hard nipple, while his teeth bit in firmly but not too firmly, sort of... softly... chewing on my breast!

“Oh! Ow! Ow! Ah!” I gasped, my body kind of writhing at the strange mix of pleasure and pain.

Here's the weird part, or maybe the even weirder part. I had never called him by

his first name. I'd called him Mister Drake during most of the day, and then when he'd come on to me with such a determined rush, well.. It hadn't changed. Then he'd made me call him 'Master' of all the ridiculous things, which had excited me for some reason.

So there I was chained to his bed naked, my blonde hair sprayed around me on the pillow, and this man sucking and chewing at my breast while fingering my clitoris, and my natural inclination was to call him Mister Drake.

“Mister Drake!” I gulped.

He raised his eyes and smirked at me, and I flushed a little, confused.

“Don't you mean 'master'?” he asked in that sexy Irish brogue.

“You're not my master,” I said firmly, if a bit breathlessly.

I mean, hey, it was daylight now, and the silly game was over, right?

He raised his eyebrows.

“Who's being a naughty girl now?” he asked.

He sat up and then moved to the foot of the bed, which caused me to be completely distracted since Drake looked very, very good naked. My eyes fixed on his butt, first, since he was turned away, and while I was admiring it he grabbed my ankle and jerked it out to the side. Then he reached down for a chain and fastened it to the shackle on my ankle.

On my ankle!? Where had that come from!?

“What are you doing!? Mister Drake!” I cried, protesting, sort of.

He chuckled, then rolled across to the other side, turning so that my eyes were instead caught by the front of him, and the stiffness and size of his cock! That distracted me again as he pulled my ankle wide – very wide apart, and then attached another chain to the shackle around that one!

Drake was the best at oral sex I'd ever encountered, and now he crawled forward between my spread legs like a panther, then lowered his lips to my sex as my

heart began to pound harder and harder. His tongue slid up and down the line of my naked pussy, then his thumbs gently peeled them apart so his tongue could push into me.

What was I supposed to do, complain!?

It was a big bed and my legs were spread so wide the tendons in my thighs ached. My chest was starting to rise and fall faster and faster as his tongue probed within my sex, then slid up and out and circled my clitoris. One of his fingers penetrated me, slid deep, angling up to towards the top, up behind my clitoris as his tongue started licking me there.

The finger began to pump in and out, the pad stroking the soft, warm, tight elastic flesh at the front of my sex, producing strange and erotic rushes of heat as his tongue lapped at my clitoris. Given I had already been heated up by his fingering before I'd even wakened I was very quickly gasping for breath, and straining against the shackles.

Pulling against the shackles was... weird. I mean, it was like this constant wild shock of realization that I was chained up and helpless. Chained up! Chained to the bed! My pulse was racing and my breathing was becoming more ragged by the second as he licked.

His finger continued to pump and stroke, pushing up against the flesh inside as his tongue licked down. And now he was using his lower lip to add pressure to his licking as my gasps and soft, guttural moans became louder.

God, this was hot!

He straightened up, and he looked like an Adonis to me! Except his cock was springing out thick and hard and pointed up the length of my body! He grinned, lowering himself, then bringing the head against my clit to rub it up and down and back and forth.

“Would you like this inside you, little sex slave?” he asked.

“Yes!” I gasped.

“Beg your master,” he said in a patient, smirky sort of voice.

And frankly, there was no way I was going to stand on dignity just then.

“Please fuck me, master!” I moaned.

“Hmm,” he said. “Who is it I'm fucking? My little sex slave?”

“Yes!” I moaned.

“Say it. Beg me to fuck my little sex slave.”

“Please fuck your little sex slave, master!” I moaned.

And just saying the words was – hot! It's like it caused a ripple of dark heat to wash down my body!

“Nasty little girl,” he purred.

He pushed himself against the entrance to my sex, and then pushed harder. He was thick, and I was moaning with excitement and heat, raising my head to stare as I gulped in air. I shuddered as the head disappeared into the mouth of my sex, and felt a rising sense of thrilled heat as I felt it pushing deeper inside me!

He leaned into me, his hands sliding up my writhing body until they could mash my breasts between his big fingers. Then his cock sank fully inside me and he let his hands come apart, sliding above me as he lowered his body atop mine.

I groaned in heat and pleasure as he filled me, just filled me! His elbows propped his upper body up a bit from my chest, but the familiar and delicious weight of him atop me was another rush of heat as he slid his fingers through my hair.

“Kiss your master, slave,” he ordered

He bent and kissed me and I moaned into his mouth, gasping and groaning as he sort of ground himself against me down there, his thick cock shifting inside me.

Our tongues slid together in a long, slow, passionate dance as he slowly began to pull his hips up and then lay them down atop me. The heat within my body began to pulse with every beat of my heart, and I gasped into his mouth as the sexual pressure built up to the point of an explosive release!

He drew back, then tugged sharply, even painfully on my hair to force my head up and back. I cried out in startled pain and surprise even as he began to chew lightly down the length of the nape of my neck.

“Am I your master, slave girl?” he asked.

I groaned without answering, then his hand seized my hard nipple, rolling it between the pads of his thumb and forefinger.

“Say it, slave girl” he said.

His fingers plucked at my nipple, then pinched it.

“Ow! Oh! Don't!” I gasped.

“Say it,” he teased.

“Yes! You're my master!” I cried, wanting only for him to release my burning nipple.

“Good slave,” he said, bending and softly sucking on my nipple.

“Asshole!” I gasped.

He raised up and I gulped.

“You did not say that about your master,” he said sternly.

“You're not my master!” I gulped, despite the heat.

He snorted and pushed himself up and back, his thickness sliding slowly out of me. He gripped his cock and lay it down along my abdomen, rubbing it gently up and down.

“I think I am,” he said. “I think you're my little slave girl.”

He penetrated me again, slowly, and I moaned as his cock slid down into me, but only a few inches, before he pulled it back. He rubbed it across my clitoris, back and forth, back and forth, sending jolts of pleasure and heat through my body.

“Would you like my cock inside you, slave girl?”

“Y-Yes!” I gulped.

“Say yes, please master.”

*Idiot! Jerk!*

“Yes please, master!”

“Ah, so I am your master,” he said, pushing himself slowly through the taut lips of my sex.

I hesitated, not wanting him to stop as he sank slowly deeper.

“Aren't I?”

“Yes, master!” I moaned.

He slid deep and dropped atop me again, his hips now thrusting into me using long, full hard strokes that took my breath away! I cried out again and again, the heat and pressure spiraling up until within half a minute the orgasm swept over me and my voice let out a long series of breathless gasps and cries of heat and pleasure!

His hands grabbed my hair and head fiercely as his lips crushed mine in a bruising kiss! His hips thrust and thrust, hard, deep and fast, almost painful in how rough he was being! But at the same time the pleasure was cascading through my nervous system as I writhed and twisted and strained against the shackles, my muscles spasming and my body flooded with heat!

The orgasm was intense, and it just went on and on, as all my focus was drawn to the feel of his big cock pounding into me! God, it was so good! I loved the pleasure! I wallowed in it!

“God! God! God!” I sobbed, back arching as his lips finally came off my mouth.

“Just your master, wench!” he growled, redoubling his efforts.

I cried out, squealing at the hot, sizzling jolts and shock-waves of pleasure and heat that kept sweeping up through my body! Even as the orgasm faded I was still consumed with lust and passion, and his cock was still pounding against my

insides, the nose, I swear to God, thumping against the back wall of my pussy!

He jerked on my hair again, painfully, exposing my throat again so his teeth could now bite into the soft flesh. I shuddered as he growled against me, sucking on my flesh as his hips continued to rise and fall in a hard, steady, pounding beat.

Another orgasm rolled through me, and I felt my back creak as I tried to arch so far back that my spine ought to snap! My ankles were jerking continuously against the shackles as I tried to draw my feet up and back or wrap them around his body.

And then, gasping, breathless, the intense power of the sexual heat within me began to fade as the orgasm relented. He continued to thrust for a long minute, then with a gasp and moan, he went still, laying full length atop me for long seconds, before beginning to kiss me more gently.

“Pervert,” I moaned.

He chuckled throatily, then rose and sat back on his heels. He turned, removing the chains from my left ankle, then my right, and I groaned, drawing my knees in and apart as he leaned forward to undo the chain from the shackles around my wrists.

He was moving calmly, and smoothly, while I lay there in a kind of languor, eyes slitted, chest heaving as I recovered. I wasn't prepared for him to suddenly grip my body and roll it onto my belly. Nor was I ready for him to take my wrists and smoothly draw them down and then in and back behind me, fastening the shackles together.

“What are you doing?” I groaned. “Take these off!”

“Don't you worry your pretty little mind about it, slave girl,” he said.

“I'm a lawyer,” I grumbled.

“You're a schoolgirl,” he said.

Neither was quite accurate, but then neither was entirely incorrect either.

He got off me and pulled on a pair of track pants and a t-shirt, then took my arm and half lifted me off the bed.

“Wait!” I gasped.

“Hmm?”

“I have to pee,” I grumbled.

“Ah. Not a problem.”

He led me into an ensuite bathroom that was like nothing I had ever seen in my life. The floors and walls were of large, dark gray tiles. The ceiling was white, and a large gray soaker tub sat to the right of the doorway. The wall angled in from the tub, and had a dusky gray cabinet with a white counter. Atop the counter were raised gray porcelain sinks. They were large and looked like rectangles whose sides had been bent up.

On the left was a huge shower. The walls were of what looked like gray and black bricks. It had a black bench on the back and right side. There was a large rain-shower head directly overhead, as well as shower faucets on two walls, and a hand shower. The room was lit by pot lights, both in the shower and over the counter.

“Holy shit,” I whispered.

“If Jesus wants to use it, that's up to him,” he said, pulling me over to the toilet, setting the seat down and then turning me and pushing me onto it.

Then he folded his arms to wait.

“No way. Unshackle me!”

“You forgot to say master,” he admonished me, wagging his finger.

He turned and turned on the water in the nearest sink.

“Forget it! I'm not going while you're here!”

“I'm already intimately familiar with that portion of your anatomy, slave girl,” he

said.

He filled a cup and then casually bent over and let cold water slowly trickle down onto my body, hitting me just above and between the breasts!

“Ah! Don't!” I cried, squirming.

He grinned. I really needed to pee and him trickling cold water on me sure didn't help!

“Mister Drake!” I protested.

“Mister Drake!” he said, imitating my voice.

The cold water trickled down across my breasts, then down my belly and in between my legs. I shuddered and tried to rise but he pushed down on my shoulder, then he sat down on me, straddling me, gripping my hair and pulling my head back to kiss me!

“Mister Drake!” I gasped again.

“Slave girl!” he said, imitating me again.

He pushed a button on the back of the toilet, and I yelped as something inside the toilet moved and I felt warm water spraying against me from underneath!

“What the fuck is that!”

“This is a paperless toilet, my dear little slave girl,” he said.

“What!?”

The idea was a new one to me!

It cleans and air dries you,” he said with a grin.

That idea was ridiculous but intriguing! More to the point I now had water hitting me... there! And my need to pee was greatly increased! Also, the sound of it was such that, well, it would cover any other sound, and so I went ahead, as his lips closed on mine, and peed.

How freaking weird!

He continued kissing me, his hands mauling both my hair and my breasts, bending me back across the low toilet. He pressed the button again and the water continued to hit me, which was weirdly arousing! Or maybe it was arousing because he was straddling me and kissing me!

Then a stream of warm air began to hit me down there! Unbelievable!

When he stood up and pulled me to my feet all he had to do was brush the water off my chest and belly with a tissue and toss it into the toilet.

Is stared down. There was a sort of pen-sized wand attached to the side, on an arm, and I looked at it in disbelief.

“Seriously!?” I said as if to the world.

He pulled me out of the room and up the hall, then down the stairs, while I was still trying to wrap my mind around a paperless toilet.

He led me into the kitchen. It didn't have much of a view, but the dining room next to it surely did.

“Down. On your knees, slave,” he said.

“Oh come on!” I groaned.

The kitchen, like the bathroom, was a marvel of masculine efficiency, yet also very attractive, in a deep, dark wood sort of way.

I rolled my eyes and grumbled as he pushed me down onto my knees.

“This isn't very soft on my bare knees, you know.”

“Knees wide, slave,” he said, in a lofty voice.

I was starting to feel a rush of playful excitement, so complied, kneeling there, shackled, with my knees spread wide as he went to the counter and began to get things out of the fridge.

I looked around at the kitchen, then down at myself.

This was weird! But... exciting, in a kinky sort of way.

“Nah, nah,” he said, coming over to me.

He reached down and gripped a long tendril of blonde hair in his fingers, then tugged it up and back.

“Head back, shoulders back,” he ordered.

I grumbled but didn't say anything, feeling that weird little rush of excitement again as he went back to the counter.

I watched him, feeling a sense of rising heat as I let myself kind of... seep into the role of sex slave. That made my stomach flutter a little, and I pulled deliberately against the shackles as he worked.

“Where's Eddie?” I asked, suddenly anxious.

“Eddie has this strange desire to only work eight hour days,” he said. “So either I make my own breakfast, or I make my own dinner. I chose the former.”

That made sense, and I was relieved, since it meant the cook wasn't going to show up and see me like this!

He carried a tray of things out into the dining room, then came back for me, pulling me to my feet by the arm.

“Have to get you a collar and leash,” he murmured.

“I don't think so!” I gulped, feeling a strange rush of heat at the thought.

He pulled out the high backed chair at the end of the table and sat down, then pulled me down sitting astride his lap!

“I-I can sit in my own chair,” I gulped.

“You sit where I tell you, slave girl,” he purred. “Besides, you have no hands, so I have to feed you.”

“You could just uncuff me.”

He was a reasonably big guy, and taller than me, so that even sitting atop him my head wasn't much higher than his.

He had a large bowl in front of him, and he dipped a spoon in, then brought it to my mouth. It looked like oatmeal, but I wasn't sure.

“What is that?” I asked dubiously.

He pushed the spoon into my mouth by way of reply, and since it didn't taste at all bad, I swallowed it.

“Oatmeal sweetened with maple syrup and cinnamon,” he said, taking a spoonful for himself.

“It's ... okay,” I said. “I don't usually eat breakfast tho.”

He slid another spoon into my mouth.

“But now that you belong to me you don't get to decide that,” he said loftily.

I snorted.

“I don't belong to you,” I said.

“Nonsense. I bought you.”

“Uh? And when did this happen?”

He slid another spoonful of oatmeal into my mouth.

“It was at the casbah,” he said, in what I guessed was a mock Arabic accent.

“You were on the stage naked and in chains, and the bidding was most fierce!”

I gulped, since the image in my head was kind of, well, outrageous but hot!

He took the next spoonful and slid the next into my mouth again.

“Many men wanted to buy you for their harems,” he said. “You were rude to one so the slave keeper whipped you in front of us all.”

“You have a bizarre and perverted imagination,” I said.

“Finally, I outbid the others, and dragged you off to ravish you all night long. You don't remember this?”

“No.”

“Ah well, I'm sure it will come back to you, slave girl.”

“I'm not – ah!”

His fingers slid into my hair behind my neck, and abruptly jerked my head up and back! At almost the same time I felt his mouth closing around the center of my right breast, his teeth digging in as he began to suck.

“Oh! Oh! Don't!” I gasped.

He eased up on the hair and straightened, then pulled a piece of some sort of bun apart and pushed it into my mouth. I accepted it, chewing it. It tasted very light and puffy, and a little buttery.

His hand coasted down my body, kneading my breast gently as I ate.

He popped a piece into his mouth, then another, before stuffing one into mine. Then his fingers slid between my legs, idly rubbing my clitoris, which produced a very sharp rush of heat.

“Always keep your legs spread wide, slave girl,” he chided me. “Men like to see what you have down there, and it needs to be available to any man who wishes to touch it or use you.”

“You're weird,” I said, a little breathlessly.

“Have we not settled this already? Rich people are not weird. They are merely eccentric.”

He picked up an orange and cut a piece out of it.

“Do you like orange, sex slave?”

I felt another jolt at the term! It was so... hot! I mean, he'd been calling me slave girl, but 'sex slave' was even worse – and more dark and kinky!

“Y-Yes,” I gulped.

He pressed it to my lips, then pulled it back.

“Yes, master,” he said.

“Yes, master.”

He fed it to me and let me eat it as he cut a piece for himself.

Every time he fed me something his fingers would slide down to gently massage my breasts, roll my nipples, or stroke my clitoris. It was by far the hottest, sexiest, weirdest, and most exciting breakfast I'd ever had!

He buttered a small scone and let me eat half, then ate the other. Then as I was eating his fingers slid down again, only now there was butter on them and I shuddered as they stroked against my clitoris, and slid into me.

“Oh! Oh! God! What are you doooooing?” I moaned.

“Playing with my sex toy,” he said calmly.

“I'm n-not your sex toy!” I gasped.

“Evidence says otherwise,” he replied.

Have you ever felt buttery fingers on your clit when you're already thrumming with heat? He curled his fingers in and up, sliding one, then two, then three up inside me as his buttery thumb began to stroke against my clitoris!

It took... a minute, and then I was coming, my hips bucking frenziedly against him even as he jerked back on my hair again and leaned in to suck and chew and lick at my nipples and breasts!

Now that was a very hot breakfast!

And it wasn't just that none of the guys I'd known had ever done anything remotely like it, it was that none had even imagined doing anything like it! Nor had I!

This was not a guy, I reminded myself, but a man, and a very rich and

sophisticated one!

He had me kneel while he put things away, then pulled me to my feet and led me back upstairs and into that beautiful bathroom.

“Time for a shower, slave girl.”

“I'm not your slave, you perve.”

“Are you looking to be whipped again?” he asked.

I felt a little jolt of anxiety. Would he? I mean, he was one of those bondage perverts!

“You wouldn't dare!”

He smirked at me, then stripped naked. I gulped, looking down at his cock, which was still soft.

“On your knees, sex slave,” he said softly.

I gulped uncertainly, but when he pushed me down I drew in a little shuddering breath, and stared at his groin as he ran his fingers through my hair.

“Nasty little slave girl,” he said. “You have to learn how to serve your master properly.”

“I'm not – Ah!” I gasped, as he jerked my head back by the hair.

“Now let's start here,” he said, guiding my lips to his balls.

I licked them – my lips, that was, then looked up the length of his body, feeling a little flutter of heat as I dropped my eyes, then let my tongue slide out and caress his balls. I let my lips open wider as I pressed them against him there, then slowly sucked his balls into my warm mouth, remembering the previous night and feeling the heat within me nudge upward again.

I massaged his balls inside my mouth, sucking rhythmically, and letting my tongue stroke against them, then slid back, mouthing his cock, sucking that easily into my mouth, then taking his balls, as well. He squeezed in against the

back of my head to hold me in place, apparently liking the sight as our eyes met.

I felt the head flutter higher as I instinctively tugged my wrists against the shackles and was reminded they were there. His cock was throbbing a little in my mouth as he eased the pressure against my head and I slid slowly back. I could feel him hardening as his cock slipped free of my mouth.

It wasn't hard, but it was ... harder, starting to lengthen and thicken and push forward a bit. I licked at it playfully, using short little licks, then mouthing it sideways and moving my lips back and forth as though it were a flute.

It hardened further, and I took the head in my mouth, feeling a bit breathy and excited, again remembering the previous night. I bobbed up and down as his cock thickened within my mouth, then determinedly forced my lips down, taking him into my throat.

He wasn't completely hard yet, so it was easier than the previous night. Plus I knew I could do it. After all, I HAD done it the previous night. I had to fight my gag reflex, and there were some dicey moments, but I was elated as I got it all down and my lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft.

I rolled my eyes up at him, our eyes meeting, my heart pounding.

“Sex slave,” he said with a grin.

I let my teeth close gently against him.

“Then you really would get a whipping,” he said.

I felt another little shudder of anxiety mixed with heat, but let my teeth open as I slid slowly back down the length of his cock, quite proud of myself as he popped out of my throat. I was a bit breathless, mind you, but I'd done it! And pretty easily!

So I did it again.

This time he threw me for a loop. The fingers of both his hands tightened around my hair, holding me in place with my lips tightly wrapped around the base of his shaft. Then he jerked his hips back a bit and thrust in all the way. I gurgled a bit, but handled it okay, though surprised. So then he did it again, twice in a row.

My eyes blinked, and I rolled them up at him uncertainly, my gag reflex a bit worked up, but settling down. My head was starting to pound, though, and so was my heart, since I couldn't breathe!

He drew his hips back a bit, maybe a couple of inches, then thrust in to the balls, did it a second time, then a third, then a fourth, before slowly drawing the long length of him out of my mouth.

I coughed and gasped for breath, face flushed, a bit light-headed from the lack of air.

“We'll turn you into a true professional of the art,” he said. “You'll be a girl whose oral sex men remember for the rest of their lives, comparing all other women to, and finding them so much less than you.”

I blinked up at him, my mouth open, of course, as I gulped in air, and he slid his cock into it again. I was distracted and, like I said, a bit light-headed, so I was not paying attention, and yet... I was paying attention, sort of.

His long, slick cock slid along my tongue, into my throat, and down it with hardly a pause, and I felt a rush of deeply erotic heat at the sensation, at that smooth, warm, slick, full penetration! It was the same sort of excitement I felt when I slid my pussy down someone's cock!

I moaned around the base as he began to move his hips in and out in a steady, short stroke. I gurgled and coughed a bit as his cock moved in and out in a steady motion, but I was handling it surprisingly well! It just felt... weird! And ticklish, and achy, and my gag reflex kept trying to kick in, watering my eyes when it did.

He pulled out, and I drew in deep, shaky breaths of air as he rubbed his spit-wet cock over my face.

“Nasty little slave girl,” he said. “You love my big cock in your mouth, don't you, slave girl?”

I gasped as he jerked on my hair, making my scalp sting.

“Say yes master,” he ordered.

“Y-Yes, master!” I gasped a bit dazedly.

He pushed himself down my throat again, held still for a few seconds, then began to pump slowly in and out, only this time he was using longer strokes. That was harder to handle, and I gagged a bit more, instinctively wriggling and pulling against his tight grip on my hair. But he held me firmly in place as his shaft slid back and forth along my tongue, up and down my throat.

He moved it in a slow, steady way, though, which made the sensations easier to get used to, and my throat, my gag reflex, began to calm down, especially as the heat began to churn more powerfully inside me.

He pulled out, leaving me gasping again, then drew me to my feet and turned me to the counter. I groaned as he bent me forward, and I felt his slick warm flesh pressed against my sex. He pushed into me, sliding deep, then drawing back as he gripped my hair and pulled me up off the counter.

“Ow! Oh!” I gasped, as he raised me back upright.

His hands kneaded my breasts, pressing me back against his body, my arms trapped between our bodies as he chewed lightly along the nape of my neck.

“Time for us to brush your teeth, little slave girl,” he said.

I was a bit dazed, and wasn't sure I had heard him right. I mean, what?”

He opened the cabinet and took out a toothbrush still in its little container, tore open the plastic, and took the brush out, then picked up a tube of Crest and put some on the toothbrush. His other hand slid up into my hair behind my head and jerked up and back so that I gasped and opened my mouth.

And he slid the toothbrush into my mouth and started brushing my teeth!

“What are you doing?” sounded very strange around the toothbrush in my mouth.

“You ask a lot of obvious questions,” he said, brushing carefully.

His cock was deep inside me as he brushed my teeth! I mean, who did stuff like this!? I was confused and... bemused.

“Spit,” he said, bending me forward.

As he did his hips thrust forward, burying himself in my pussy, and pumping casually in and out as I spit into the sink.

He kept me bent over, raising me up a bit, though, and holding a cup of water to my mouth. I rinsed and spit again, then did it again.

“Good girl,” he said.

I felt his foot against my right ankle, felt it shoving my ankle to the side, and moaned as I spread my legs and bent over. I couldn't bend over all the way, though, because he held my hair in a tight grip, forcing my head back. That just had me staring at myself in the mirror, my body jerking, a grimace on my face as he thrust into me from behind.

He reached down with one hand, groping my breasts freely as they hung below me, tugging and pinching my nipples, and ignoring my squeals and gasps of pain. His hips struck my buttocks harder, making my body jerk and shudder repeatedly.

“Oh! Oh! Ahg! God! Oh! Please!” I gasped, my scalp stinging as he jerked back again and again.

His cock was spearing into me with harder, and harder strokes, his belly slapping against my buttocks as he worked his hips faster. Then he thrust his right hand down over my hip, his fingers finding my clitoris, and began to press it back and down, rubbing it hard and fast as my mind began to bounce and shake along with my body!

My insides began to flare with more and more intense heat, the sensations sweeping up through my body until I felt as if my head would explode!

This was all so raw and wild and nasty and kinky and... and hot!

He bent me further forward, while still pulling sharply back on my hair, then pulled his hand from between my legs to slap my bottom sharp, then again, then again, before jamming it down between my legs again!

His other hand abandoned my hair suddenly, but darted forward, wrapping

around my throat from the front! He squeezed gently, still forcing my head up and back, his big hand completely enveloping my neck as his hips continued to pummel my upraised buttocks!

I could still breath, but it was getting harder, and my head was starting to pound, my face becoming more flushed. The sight was doing weird things to my mind even as the lack of oxygen began to make me light-headed.

The orgasm hit and I gurgled helplessly, my cries choked off as his fingers tightened further, his hips still pounding against me as the wild explosion of pleasure tore through my body and mind! It went on and on, as if his hand around my throat was blocking it from escaping!

My insides were pulsing with an incredible storm of sensory overload, and his pounding hips and thrusting cock were at the center of the wild rush which had my mind tumbling end over end amid the whirlwind!

He let go of my throat, and I coughed and drew in ragged breaths of air as he slowed, gave a final series of hard, deep thrusts, and then finished himself.

After that, we showered. He washed himself, and me, and his fingers took their time with my soapy body, exploring my sex and massaging my clitoris until my hips began to grind helplessly against them once again.

Then he rinsed me off, only to drop to his knees in front of me and use his tongue and lips to drive me over the edge once again!

He dried himself, and me, even blow drying and brushing out my hair.

“I don't do bangs,” I protested.

“I like bangs,” he replied. “And it's my hair.”

“It's not your hair!” I said.

“It's my hair. These are my breasts,” he said, squeezing them. You belong to me, remember, slave?”

“I'm not your slave,” I muttered.

He ignored me. When he was done he led me out of the room and made me kneel in his bedroom while he got dressed.

Then he dressed me, sort of.

He rolled black fishnet stockings up my legs. They had some very nice, heavy embroidery around the elasticized tops, which sat just below my buttocks. The shoes he put on my feet were sexy, though the heels were five inch stilettos which made me roll my eyes a bit. They were very strappy.

He finally removed the metal shackles, thank God, and then rolled these lacy black gloves up my arms. They were very long gloves, and they went right up past my elbows. In fact, they went all the way up my arms to just under my armpits!

“Did your mother make you play with dolls when you were little?” I asked. “You know, dressing and undressing them?”

*Crack! His hand slapped my bottom sharply and I yelped in pain.*

“No impertinence from you, slave girl,” he said.

“That stung!”

“The better to teach you manners.”

“My parents taught me that manners meant boys don't hit girls!”

“Slave girls are different.”

“How are – ?”

I gasped as he jerked back on my hair. “And I'm not a boy,” he said in a low growl, his lips near my ear.

He pushed me face down across the bed and drew my arms back behind me again. This time I felt something else going around my wrists, but it didn't feel like metal. It felt much softer against my skin, though he drew whatever it was in tightly around first one wrist, then the other.

I jerked the first wrist out in front of me as he was working on the second, and my eyes opened wider as I saw it was like... a black leather band, like a watch band only twice as wide and twice as thick. It was very strong looking, and buckled together. It also had a ring on one side, and a little sort of clip on the other.

“You really are a pervert,” I said, half in protest, half admiringly.

*Crack! His hand slapped my bottom sharply again.*

“Ow!”

“Insolent slave girl,” he said.

He grabbed my wrist and pulled it back behind me with the other, and when he let go of them both I couldn't pull them apart!

“Stand up, slave girl.”

He pulled me upright by the arm and grinned at me as he showed me something else. It was a collar, like a dog collar, only thicker, and much like the things he'd put around my wrists.

I gulped as he slid it around my neck, pulling it in firmly, but making sure it didn't squeeze on my throat. He buckled it in place, combed my hair over it in back, then snapped a leash – a leash! – onto the ring in the collar!

It was so kinky! God!

“Come along, slave girl. I have many, many people who want to meet you,” he said, pulling on the leash.

“This is .... wait, what!?” I gasped.

He smirked at me, then detoured into the bathroom and let me see myself. I gulped, eyes wide. I looked ridiculously... hot!

“Oh, forgot one thing,” he said.

He pushed me forward across the counter and ordered me to spread my legs, reinforcing the order with another slap to my bottom, then took something from

a drawer.

“Wh-what is that?” I gulped.

It was shaped like a fat teardrop, but with a short stem on the wide part attached to a round base. He grinned and then put some kind of liquid on it before pulling it out of sight behind me. I gasped, eyes widening as I felt it pressing against my back passage!

“Oh! Don't! I squealed.

*Crack!*

“Keep still, slave girl,” he ordered.

“Mister Drake!” I cried in protest.

*Crack!*

I felt it sliding into me, felt my sphincter slowly forced apart, then wider, then wider still, for the thing was wider as it moved forward. Then, abruptly, it narrowed to practically nothing, nothing but the little stem. He pulled me upright and turned me around so my back was to the mirror.

When he bent me forward, I turned and stared behind me. It looked like... like this round glass... quarter was pressed against me on the outside! I could feel the thickness of the thing up inside me, though. Boy could I ever!

“This is to get you ready for all the men who will want to fuck that beautiful ass of yours, sex slave,” he said, kneading my buttocks.

God, his words were also so kinky and perverted! And darkly thrilling!

He straightened me, then led me out of the room, out through his bedroom, and up the hall – on the end of a leash!

We went back to the kitchen, where I suddenly felt a twinge of alarm. What time was it? What time did Eddie show up?!

He pulled me into the passage between kitchen and dining room then slid the french door open and took me out onto the pool deck. The water glistened in the sun, and the waterfall was turned on, splashing merrily as he led me over to a chair, then he made me kneel again.

“Legs spread wide, slave girl. I like see your better side,” he said.

“Perve,” I gulped.

But I did it, feeling squishy and naughty and breathless. He went inside, and returned with a glass jug with some kind of juice in it, or ice tea, maybe? He set it on the table next to the chair, along with a glass and then sat down.

“Shoulders back, slave girl,” he said, looking at me.

“I'm not your slave,” I retorted, even while making sure my shoulders were back.

“You forgot to say master,” he said, pouring.

I snorted.

He frowned at me, then got up and walked back into the house. I glanced around, a bit nervously, thinking about Eddie again, and reminding myself to ask him about it. But when he returned it was with this odd sort of... thing.

It was about two feet long, flat on one side, rounded on the other, and flat on both ends. He put it down on the ground next to me, then plugged it into a nearby outlet.

“What is that?” I asked.

He gripped my hair, firmly but gently, and forced me up on my knees, tugging sharply enough to make me gasp but not to really hurt much as he pulled me to the side so that I was straddling the thing. Looking down, I saw now that there was a sort of round protuberance like a half a golf ball on top.

He had me sit down straddling the thing, which seemed to be covered with leather, and shifted me forward so I was jammed against the little half ball thing – which was vibrating!

I gasped in surprise, and was still taking this in when he strapped my ankle to one side of the thing, then moved around to the other side and strapped my other ankle against it there.

“What is this? God, you are so weird!” I exclaimed, though not altogether displeased.

It was a powerful vibrator! And I was already, let's face it, in very much a uhm, sexual mood, what with being pretty much naked and with a collar and leather cuffs on!

He sat down and picked up his glass, sipping as he looked at me.

“Pervert!” I said.

“You're looking to get your pretty little butt tanned, slave girl,” he said in a mild voice.

I gulped, a little anxious, a little breathless, at the prospect!

He leaned forward and looked down to where my sex was pressed against the little round vibrating thing.

“Tell me, slave girl. Do you like to perform oral sex?” he asked, in that same mild voice.

“Yes,” I gulped.

He nodded.

“So you like to suck cocks.”

I flushed a little. “So!?”

“Doesn't that make you a cock-sucker?” he asked with a grin.

“So!?”

“Let me hear you say it.”

“Why?”

“Because I told you to.”

“That's not a reason.”

“Because if you don't I'm going to bend you over and use this –,” He picked up a thin, two foot long flexible... thing, some sort of quirt or rod or stick. “ – on your little butt.”

“You wouldn't dare!”

His lips curled slowly upward and I felt another jolt of anxiety – and heat.”

“I'm a cock sucker,” I gulped.

Saying the words was... weird! It was a bit embarrassing, but also exciting, in a strange outrageous sort of way.

“Let me hear you say you love to suck cock.”

“I love to suck cock!” I said, with a challenging expression.

He was trying to mind fuck me, I knew. And that provoked both arousal and a thought that I would resist him.

He bent forward and gripped my right nipple between his thumb and forefinger, squeezing it sharply enough to make me gasp, then he reached out with his other hand, which held an ice cube he'd plucked from the glass, and rubbed it against my left nipple!

“Oh! Oh! Don't!” I gasped, trying to twist away.

Of course, that pulled my other nipple against his grip, which stung, so I had to desist!

“Tell me you love cock, slave girl.”

“I love cock!” I said breathlessly.

He slid forward off the chair, abandoning my nipple, gripping my hair behind my neck, and jerking it suddenly back sharply.

“Oh!” I cried, head forced back and back arching.

I felt the ice cube pressing against my right nipple, rubbing and rolling and freezing it with its cold!

“Oh! Don't! Stop! It's cold! Please!” I cried, squirming helplessly.

The ice cube retreated, and was replaced with his warm mouth. That felt infinitely better! He sucked and chewed lightly at my flesh, his tongue stroking back and forth over my frozen nipple to help warm it.

“Tell me you love cock,” he said.

“I-I love cock,” I moaned.

He released my hair, then gripped it again, this time jerking my head forward so that my face was like, an inch from his.

“Again,” he said softly.

“I love cock!” I gulped.

“Say it again ten times.”

I looked at him in protest, but then he picked up the ice cube again, so I quickly complied!

The buzzing between my thighs seemed to be growing more powerful, or maybe my response was just becoming more powerful!

He released my hair, then caught both my nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. He rolled and stroked and massaged them, pinched them a little, and pulled up and forward, before releasing them. Both nipples throbbed hotly.

He took something from his pocket. It looked like a little Christmas ball. You know, silver, with a loop of wire or cord on the end? He slipped the loop around my stiff right nipple, though, and then closed it – tighter and tighter, so that my nipple began to ache and throb.

He released it and the ball hung from my nipple. It weighed more than a Christmas ball! But its weight, though it tugged on my nipple, wasn't enough to distort my breast as he placed a second one on my other nipple.

I just watched, bemused, bewildered, amazed, confused, and... aroused.

People did stuff like this!?

I was grinding myself against the vibrator, by now, though not really noticing. He grinned at me and sat back in his chair, sipping from his drink again – watching me.

I moaned helplessly, a crackling sexual electricity gripping my body. I gazed down at the little balls dangling from my nipples, balls which swung and jerked whenever I moved, producing sharp little throbbing aches from both nipples.

This was all so wild and kinky!

I was... shifting my weight on the thing, grinding forward but also rolling back a bit, which ground my tail down on that little thing sticking out of my butt. The sensation that produced wasn't very strong, but it seemed to sort of jar the thing up inside me, and my body was finding that very attractive for some reason.

He plucked something else from wherever he was hiding things. This was another ball, a black one, and larger than the ones dangling from my nipples. He grinned and waggled his eyes at me then slid forward off the chair again.

“Wh-what is that?” I gulped.

His hand pulled my hair up and back sharply again, and as my mouth opened to gasp in pain he pushed the ball against it! I moaned as he squeezed it in, sort of compressing it so he could slide it through my already wide open jaws. It expanded again in my mouth, made of some kind of rubber or leather or... silicone, filling my mouth, pressing down against my tongue.

I moaned around it as he pushed it forward, but it wouldn't go in far enough for my jaws to close behind it. It was too large, and he guided a pair of straps around behind my neck to buckle behind me to make sure it stayed where it was.

It was a ball gag! I knew what it was, of course! I mean, I'd sort of seen pictures of them, though never seen one in person. I moaned around it, feeling very strange and excited at all this kinky stuff, especially with the vibrator buzzing powerfully against me.

He sat back again, sipping from his glass, and gazed out at the pool, pretending to ignore me.

Every time I moved the little balls tugged on my throbbing nipples, and I couldn't not move with that vibrator buzzing against me! My hips began to grind and roll against it and my breathing became more and more ragged. The sexual heat built up within me, a kind of haze forming before my eyes, and then the orgasm hit and I cried out – well, into the gag, so it wasn't very loud.

I arched and jerked, my hips grinding feverishly against the vibrator as my muscles spasmed and my insides reverberated with the screaming thrill coming from between my legs! And every movement made the balls swing and bounce

and tug on my nipples so that they throbbed and pulsed and burned!

I collapsed forward, gasping for breath, moaning weakly as he smiled at me in this truly smug way which made me want to slap him.

He had newspapers, the old fashioned paper kind, on the table, and now picked one up and began to read, again, as if he were ignoring me. I glared at him, but there wasn't anything I could do or say, so I just caught my breath and sat back upright, looking around at the beautiful back yard, and the water and falls.

I was a bit annoyed. I would rather have been sitting on one of the chairs chatting with him, or maybe swimming in the pool. It was early but starting to get warm anyway.

And I was starting to get bored, sort of. I mean, not really, but I had nothing to do, after all.

Sometimes I yelled at him, and he'd flick the paper down and look at me, then flick the paper back up and go on reading.

What an annoying man!

But the vibrator was still buzzing away between my legs, and so the sexuality of what was happening, added to the throbbing of my nipples and the vibrations between my legs, began to set my heart to racing once again.

He got up, then, and picked up a tube of something.

“Can't have your skin getting burned, little sex slave,” he said. “You'll be worth less at auction.”

It was suntan lotion, and he spread it evenly over my body, from the bottom of my feet up. Needless to say, he spent an extra amount of time and effort on my breasts, and on rubbing me between the legs, his fingers pushing down between my clitoris and the vibrator to massage the slick lotion into my flesh.

That just made it feel even more intense when I ground myself against the vibrator, so I came again, in less than two minutes!

He left me alone for a time, maybe fifteen minutes, to recover, while he read,

then he plucked a dildo from a container and waggled his eyes at me. It was a realistic shaped one, complete with head, and quite thick and curved. It had a flat base and he slid forward, rubbing the head back and forth over my cheeks, then down against my breasts.

“You know you love big cocks, slave girl,” he said.

I moaned helplessly, already starting to get aroused again.

He gathered together the two balls dangling from my nipples, and pulled slowly up and forward.

I gasped, forced to rise up and bend forward as he reached behind me with his other hand. I felt his fingers gripping the 'penny' and digging under it, then pulling slowly. I groaned as the thing pushed against me from the inside, the fattest part pushing and pushing, and then finally sliding out of me, with the rest following.

I felt momentarily vacant as the thing came free, but almost right away he pressed the head of the dildo against me there and slid it at least halfway in! Then he eased up on the balls, letting me sink back down, as he lowered the dildo to the top of the rounded platform I was straddling.

He set it flat, managing to somehow lock it in place somehow, then pushed me back. I squealed, eyes going wide, as my own body's weight pushed me down onto the dildo, as it slid deeper into my ass, way deeper than the other thing!

He released me, got up, and sat down again to read his newspaper. I sort of.. hovered where I was, with this thing halfway inside me. But then I began to slowly, carefully, ease back down. Well, I couldn't stay in that sort of half crouched, half bent position indefinitely.

I gaped and hissed as I slowly sank down, my insides finding the room to accommodate almost all of it, then all of it, though I ached.

Bastard! Pervert!

I glared at him. He ignored me.

I, however, could not ignore the thing inside me. And I couldn't ignore the

vibrator either. I couldn't ignore this entire perverted, thrilling scene!

He got up, suddenly, stripping naked! I gulped, pulse racing, but he hardly glanced at me. Instead he walked to the pool and dove in!

I was left where I was, while he swam laps!

And I was starting to grind myself against the vibrator again. Only now that had an impact on the dildo in my ass! Or rather, the dildo had an impact on me! I was getting breathless, and overheated, and there was a raw, carnal need within my body to... move!

I began leaning in and back, leaning in and back, then moving more, starting to ride the dildo as the hunger and dark heat crept higher within me. The balls swung from my nipples, tugging them every time I moved, and I felt an incredible sense of excitement every time I slid down the length of the dildo!

It was shaped like a real cock, but it also had... like, thick veins criss-crossing its surface so that it wasn't exactly smooth. For some reason, the feel of that sliding up and down inside me was incredible and inflamed my mind!

I rode harder, gasping and crying out, my hair flying around me as my head whipped back and forth, my face and chest flushed with heat as the pleasure baked my mind!

Drake came back to the table, then, dripping wet, and naked, and picked up a towel, throwing it around his head and face, then patting the rest of himself dry as he watched me. And that strange, almost detached gaze of his made my blood catch flame! This was so freaky hot and weird!

I came!

I was gasping and breathless, moaning into the gag as I stared at his naked body, as I rode up and down on the dildo and ground my clitoris against the vibrator! My nipples ached and throbbed as the round balls swung from them, and my mind was melting down under the wild rush of it all!

“Did you have a good swim, sir?”

I was near the peak of the orgasm when the words were spoken. I heard them,

but I my mind was tumbling end over end through the storm of sensation and wasn't able to quite grasp the meaning. They were innocuous, after all.

But they didn't belong to Drake. And they certainly didn't belong to me.

The jolt of understanding hit me just as the orgasm began to fade, and dropped heavily, impaling myself on the thick dildo, my head twisting in horror to see Eddie, who had come out of the house and was standing off to one side!

I dropped my eyes, face flaming, shocked, mortified! But since I was tied in place there wasn't anything I could physically do!

God! Never mind that I was naked! He had just seen me having an orgasm while riding up and down on a dildo! In my ass! I was horrified!

“Yes, thank you, Eddie,” Drake said in his mild voice.

“Did you want the usual for lunch or something else for your guest?” he asked.

I cringed mentally!

“You know us Irish and potatoes, Eddie,” Drake said.

I was aware, out of my peripheral vision, that he had tossed the towel down, and was stepping into his sweatpants again.

“So more french fries?” Eddie said with a snort of disapproval.

“Is there a better food in the world, Eddie?”

“Better for you? Yeah, lots.”

“I didn't hire a dietitian.”

“You should. But you want burgers and fries, you get burgers and fries,” Eddie said. “In the meantime, I'll get the laundry.”

He turned and walked away, and after I was sure he was gone I jerked my head up and glared ferociously at Drake! But he was already seated again and holding up his damn newspaper! I tried to yell at him, even with the ball gag in my mouth, but he paid no attention.

I turned and gazed at the house anxiously. Could he see me here!? God! The man had watched me riding up and down on a dildo and coming! Ack! I wanted to run away, far away, where he'd never see me again!

“The interesting thing about North American women, is how inhibited they are,” Drake said from behind his newspaper, as if out of the blue.

I glared fiercely at the paper, but he didn't drop it to look at me.

“For example, why be embarrassed when someone sees you naked, when you have a simply gorgeous body? You'd think a person would be proud and not ashamed of such a thing. But women here have been taught that anyone seeing them naked is shameful somehow.”

I continued to glare at the paper, not buying his Irish bullshit! Eddie hadn't seen me naked, he'd seen me riding up and down on a dildo while climaxing!

“And, of course, female sexuality is always something to be ashamed of,” he went on. “After all, we can't have it commonly understood that women enjoy sex, much less that they have orgasms. Only a filthy slut would do such common things!”

I still wasn't buying it for a second!

“Now Eddie has been a player in his day, though you wouldn't know to look at him. Eddie has had more girlfriends than you can shake a stick at, more lovers, really. He doesn't exactly have the personality to keep a girlfriend. But he's probably seen more attractive women naked than your average doctor, who, let's face it, has to take the good with the bad.”

I continued to glare at his newspaper.

“Of course, he's seen a lot of girls naked here,” he said. “Quite a few. It's a rather common occurrence, you see.”

Irish man whore, I thought angrily!

“Did you know Eddie helped give me some tricks on how to perform oral sex on women? He's a surprisingly knowledgeable person.”

I was still glowering, and he stopped talking. I was also still sitting there straddling the damn thing, with no way to move off, and no way to even demand he release me since I was gagged and he refused to look at me.

I fumed silently.

And then Eddie came out again! I gasped, dropping my eyes, as he brought out a new jug of ice tea and took away the other one. My face was flaming until he was well gone, then I glared up at Drake's newspaper again.

He ignored me!

I wasn't the least afraid, by the way. I was angry, and planning on just what I was going to do when the coward finally had to admit he couldn't keep the newspapers up forever and had to unstrap me! Oh, I was so going to let him have a piece of my mind!

And Eddie came out again ten minutes later! This time it was to talk about some Italian shirts which he thought should be dry cleaned, of all things! I was squirming mentally during the conversation, but I kept my head down, letting my hair curtain my face.

He left, and I looked up again, glaring at Drake's newspaper.

The horrible shock of humiliation had faded, though. I won't say I was getting used to having Eddie see me like that but... well, the shock wore off. He could only really see my bare breasts, anyway, and I grudgingly conceded that, as Drake had said, they were awfully good.

I mean, I'm not huge, but no one would ever call me flat chested, and yet my breasts are still very firm and round.

It still made me squirm that a strange man was seeing them, but each time he saw them it embarrassed me less.

Why the hell was he doing laundry anyway!? I thought he was the damn cook!

And he came out again!

“Phone for you, boss,” he said, I assume handing Drake a portable phone.

“You mean master, don't you, Eddie?”

“Yeah, sure. You ain't putting no collar on my neck, boss,” Eddie snorted.

I cringed. Really!?! Drake had said that!?! God!

I, of course, was wearing a collar!

Eddie went away, and Drake talked to someone on the phone about some financial deal for a few minutes before hanging up.

The vibrator continued to buzz this whole time, but I wasn't in the right frame of mind for it to have much of a physical affect. But the relaxation of my shame, and, oddly, the repeatedly visits from Eddie, getting me kind of used to him, were starting to ease the emotional shock.

And I was starting to feel it again.

I marveled at that, but that didn't change the fact my body was starting to thrum with sexual energy again. And that... kind of put me into a different frame of mind. Oh it didn't stop me from wanting to snap and snarl at Drake, and it didn't stop me from being embarrassed.

But it began to have this weird sort of influence on how I felt about it all. I mean, it was so outrageous to begin with, that I was shackled here on a dildo pressed against a vibrator with weights dangling from my nipples!

Add in that a strange man, like, Drake's houseman or something, was casually walking in and out as if this were an everyday thing, as if I were some sort of statue or piece of furniture, and it was all very, very freaking weird! Weird in a very dark, sexual kind of way...

As if I really were, like, you know, a sex slave or something...

And again, while I didn't for a minute think I was, I felt, under the inspiration of the rising sexual heat within, a sort of fantasy desire creeping over me, a sort of sinking into the role, which frankly made my chest tight and thrilled me wildly.

As a fantasy, mind you.

And given the way my body was starting to thrum with sexual pressure, given the way that pressure was building up, I felt myself, bit by bit, embracing the notion of myself as a helpless sex slave!

And the vibrator continued to buzz against me.

Waves of sensation began to roll up from between my legs, pulsating muscle spasms that made me gasp softly, and made me want to grind myself against the vibrator.

But I wasn't going to! That would give the bastard too much satisfaction!

But he couldn't see me through the paper, so my hips began to grind gently against the vibrator as my head twisted to look over my shoulder to make sure there was no sign of Eddie.

Did it really matter what Eddie thought of me, though, I wondered a little breathlessly. I didn't know him or anyone he knew and he certainly didn't know me or anyone I knew. When I left here he'd never see me again, and even if he talked about it to his friends it didn't matter.

I fought against the temptation to slide my butt up and down just a bit on the dildo!

This was all so freaking weird! And I was hot! I was hot inside and out! The sun was beating down on me and I kneeling straddling this... thing, and I was sweating and bedraggled. And then Drake put down the newspaper, got up, and slipped off his sweatpants again.

“Certainly is hot out,” he said.

I glared but he didn't look at me, instead walking over to the pool and diving in. Bastard!

Instead he swam slow, lazy laps before emerging, dripping wet – and naked, and coming back to the table. He looked at me then, and I glared up at him.

“I think it's time for another application of suntan lotion on you, my lovely little slave girl,” he said.

He dried himself, then applied the lotion to his own body as I continued glaring at him.

His hands sliding over his chest, oiling it up, caught my eye, and it followed his hands downward, especially when they slid over his abdomen and down over his cock.

I jerked my head to one side when he knelt next to me, as if in disdain, but then his oiled hand began to massage my breasts, and it was kind of hard to ignore that!

He plucked the dangling balls off my nipples, though, and I gasped, for they burned with the sudden removal! They burned as his hands slid down my lower chest and belly and over my thighs and down my legs. By the time his hands returned they weren't burning nearly as much, though.

His oiled hands moved over my shoulders and back and arms, and then down between my legs. By then my nipples were simply tingling a lot. When he jerked back on my hair, forcing my back to arch sharply, and he brought his mouth down over the center of my breast and started to suck, the tingling nipple in his mouth exploded with sensations!

“This is a vegetable based oil,” he said softly. “It's entirely edible and tastes somewhat like cherries.”

Then he closed his mouth on my other breast, sucking and licking the fiercely throbbing nipple.

Meanwhile, his fingers were rubbing my clitoris as my pulse raced and my breathing got more and more ragged.

God! God! God!

I hardly noticed when he unstrapped my ankles from the thing under me. He gripped my hair and pulled upward, though, as he stood, and I squealed at the sudden tug on my scalp, forcing myself upward, sliding up off the dildo until it came free entirely, and rising to my feet as he backed up and sat down.

And just like that I was straddling him instead of the thing on the ground, and he was sucking and chewing on my breasts as his hands raced over my body!

I moaned dazedly, remembering Eddie, and tried to squirm off him, twisting my head to stare behind me fearfully, but Drake's big hands were firmly in control of my body, and I wasn't even in control of all of my mind!

He forced my head way back by the hair, his other hand caressing my taut breasts, then sliding down my oiled belly to massage my clitoris, then he jerked me up and forward by the hair, making me rise as he rubbed his now very hard cock up and down against my oiled belly.

I cried out weakly, forcing my leg muscles to raise me, and then as I felt the head of his erection pressing against me, and he eased the pressure on my hair, I couldn't resist sinking back down.

I know it sounds insane! Eddie might come out again! And besides, I was angry at Drake for letting me get exposed like that in front of the man! But I was getting feverish with the sexual heat within me, and all that machine buzzing for so long had roused me, but left me feeling – vacant.

The one thing I'd been missing, that my body had been missing, was hard, warm, human flesh inside it. And now as he spread me wide and I began to sink down the length of his shaft I felt a wild rush of something like elation, a raw, carnal satisfaction as I sank down further and further and his big cock drove deep into my belly!

Oh God it felt so good! So good! So wonderful!

He was sucking and licking and chewing at my breasts by then, his fingers still rubbing my clitoris, and I was rapidly being overwhelmed by the animal heat he'd roused in my body. I simply couldn't help myself!

I started to ride him, moaning, gasping, whimpering, crying out as I jerkily raised myself up and down in short, uneven, jerky motions, my body elated every time I rose up and then sank down!

I felt Drake's hands under my butt, lifting, and began to ride up and down with longer movements, which meant the downward slide was even more delicious and exciting!

“Did you want cole slaw with the hamburgers, boss?”

Fuck! A part of me wailed, He can't come out now! We're fucking!

Drake halted his efforts and I sat still atop him, trembling, hiding my face in his shoulder.

“I don't. I suppose I should ask Kayla, but I don't think she's really in the mood to discuss menus at the moment, Eddie,” he said.

I heard Eddie chuckling behind me, and my face burned. Then there was silence, and Drake's hands lifted my butt up again, then sank me down, then repeated it. I twisted my head a little, gasping, wide eyed, and realized Eddie was gone.

God! It should have been mortifying, but instead... well, it was very embarrassing, but the heat was still there, and I was soon helping Drake move me up and down again. The embarrassment faded into a wild, shocking background of dark, thrilling erotic fantasy as the physical took over and I rode Drake's cock for all I was worth.

Animal heat enveloped me, and the orgasm took my mind away from any care or concern about who might have seen what or what they might have thought of it.

He just felt sooooo good inside me! So warm and hard! And yet so soft, and deliciously slick! It was like every time I rose up so that just the fat had was wedged in the mouth of my sex I had this glorious moment of anticipation, then... then down, down, down, oh God, down, down! Oh it was incredible!

Over and over, faster and faster until I thought my head would explode! And the fact that stupid ball gag filled my mouth and made it hard to breath as fast as I needed to was making me light-headed on top of everything else! And that was somehow making my orgasm even more intense, as if that incredible power was locked within my pounding skull!

And then, just as the orgasm was fading, and my movements were slowing, he shifted his body, reaching out for something, and I felt ... it was that thing, the butt plug, pressing up into my ass! I gurgled and trembled and shook as I felt it pushing up, forcing the thick wide body up into me!

I had another mini-orgasm, my body arching and twisting, jerking and writhing atop him as I sobbed for breath and rode his stiff cock. His hands gripped my ass and jerked me up and down as he started to thrust up into me, and my head lolled

drunkenly as I felt myself floating in the languorous afterglow.

Then he cursed and his fingers dug into me and he bit into the center of my breast as he came inside me!

So wild, so good, so incredible, so intense, such a rush!

How could I curse him out after that? I didn't have the energy, for one thing.

He stroked my hair and breasts, his fingers soft and gentle as he caught his breath, and I tried to catch mine. He worked the ball gag out of my mouth, which certainly helped with my breathing. Then he stood up, letting my legs drop, half supporting me until I was able to stand straight.

He snapped the leash onto the collar around my neck, and then led me back into the house, right past the kitchen where Eddie was working. He looked up and I dropped my eyes, flushing again, embarrassed, but also feeling this weird hot flutter of the outrageous and kinky.

I felt... intimidated, and oddly submissive, which is not like me, but I think it was just the situation, and having a stranger there. I felt less so once we were upstairs and in his room. Then I dared to glower at him.

“You were embarrassed that Eddie saw you,” he said.

“Yes!” I exclaimed. “Of course I was! How could – .”

He put his fingers against my lips.

“It was by design.”

I glared at him.

“I'm trying to ease your prudishness.”

“I'm not fucking prudish!”

“Your inhibitions, then.”

“It's not inhibited not to want some stranger to see you having sex!”

“Of course it is, when you're as beautiful and sexy as you are. Anyone who sees you doing it will either envy you or want you. Why should that embarrass you?”

He had a way of making the ridiculous sound almost sane!

“You know why!”

“Because you're not used to it. Well, the way to get used to it is to have it happen. Then you get used to it and do so surprisingly easy. How do you think girls in strip clubs get used to all those men seeing them naked?”

“I am not going to be dancing in one of your strip clubs!”

“Mens clubs, but that's fine. It's not required. You'll dance for me, though.”

I snorted and jerked my hands against the restraints.

“And get these off me!”

“That's not the way a slave girl makes a request to her master,” he said calmly.

“You're not my master, you pervert!”

He raised his eyebrows, then pulled a straight backed chair from the desk and sat down, tugging on the leash. I yelped and stumbled forward, but he kept pulling, pulling so that I fell across his lap on my belly.

His hand slapped down stingingly across my bottom.

*Crack!*

“Ow! Hey!”

His hand kneaded my buttocks, then slapped down sharply again.

*Crack!*

His hand caressed my round buttocks as I squirmed and wriggled atop him.

“Stop it!”

*Crack!*

“You need to learn how to be polite to your betters, slave girl,” he said.

“You're not my better!”

*Crack!*

“Ow!” I yelped.

His fingers slid between my thighs, and I gasped as they caressed my clitoris and then pushed slowly into my body.

“You... you kinky weirdo!” I cried.

*Crack! His other hand slapped down on my bottom again, sharply.*

“Ow!”

“Nasty little, disobedient sex slave,” he said.

His left hand slid up my ribs and cupped my breast, kneading it, while the other, the right hand, continued to stroke my clitoris, two fingers now inside me.

“Let me go!”

His hand came off my breast and slapped my bottom several times.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! Oh! Drake!”

“What happened to Mister Drake?” he asked calmly.

*Crack!*

“Naughty girl.”

“Ow! That hurts!” I cried.

“It's supposed to reform your rude behavior, little slave.”

I was going to yell that I wasn't his fucking slave, but then he added a third finger, and his fingers were not small! They slid into me, stretching me open, pushing deep, and angling upward along the front part of my narrow sheath to stroke across... I don't know, but some sensitive part of me that momentarily took my breath away!

His thumb was rubbing my clitoris with sharp little motions as the other hand ran up and down my body, kneading my breast again, then going back to slap my bottom once more.

I was still very wet, of course, and despite the intensity of the orgasm, and my embarrassment, and my indignation, I was still turned on. In fact, that... that crescendo of pleasure the orgasm had flooded my mind with was still there resonating through my brain, which wanted more!

My head was hanging upside down over the side of his chair and body, and so the blood was going to my head and making it throb even as my heart was pounding and pulse racing. That made the sensations he was rousing within me feel even more intense.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Oh! Ow! Ah! Don't!” I gasped.

“What's the magic word, slave?”

*Crack! Crack!*

“Please!” I cried.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“That's one magic word. What's the other magic word?”

*Crack! Crack!*

“I'm sure you can think of it, slave.”

*Crack! Crack!*

My ass was really starting to burn hotly! Every sharp little slap sent a burst of stinging pain into my body, which was acting like... like a vibration, as though the echo was making my clitoris tremble! So it hurt, and yet at the same time I was feeling this rising tide of heat!

“Master!” I cried!

“Yes, my little sex slave. That's the word.”

*Crack! Crack!*

“So put the two words together and what do you get, little slave girl?”

“Please, master!” I cried, my bottom throbbing hot.

“That's better. So, little slave, would you like your punishment to be something less painful?”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

Well what was I supposed to say!?

“Yes, master!” I cried, wriggling and panting, my bottom flaming.

“Very well.”

He pulled me up and back, and I was instantly dizzy as the blood which had gone to my head fell away. He stripped naked and got on the bed, pulling me after him with the stupid leash. He lay on his back and pulled me atop him, but he wasn't hard.

“Since your rude little mouth, as pretty as it is, was the reason for your punishment, it shall also be the cause of you making it up to me,” he said.

He jerked down on the leash and I gasped, falling forward across his chest.

“Kiss me, slave girl,” he ordered.

I glared at him, but his hand came around and slapped my bottom another stinging blow and I yelped, then grumbled and kissed him on the lips.

It was supposed to be a chaste sort of kiss, but of course, his hand slid up behind my head and into my hair to hold me in place, and his mouth opened and his tongue came out, so the kiss sort of... went on longer... and on.

And a lot of my annoyance began to seep away.

He eased my head back.

“Have you ever given anyone a tongue bath, slave?”

I looked at him blankly.

“Now's a good time to start, then,” he said.

So... so that was what I wound up doing. I started up high, and I worked my way slowly down his body. He'd been in the pool a couple of times, and still had some oil on him, but it was that edible stuff which tasted faintly of cherry.

I even kind of enjoyed it. I mean, at first it was easy, and I found I quite enjoyed kissing and licking his shoulders and his chest, and even, as I slid backwards, his belly and abdomen. I enjoyed his hips and his cock and balls, of course, which started to rise a little as I sucked and licked on them.

Working my way lower wasn't quite as enjoyable at first. I mean? Who wants to lick some guy's legs? When I got down to his feet, though, I felt myself hesitating. And yet, he had been in the shower, and the pool, and he still tasted of cherry everywhere, and I was feeling a lot more... sensual for all that kissing and licking and tasting of his body.

And I started to feel a rising sense of the erotic as I licked my way down his feet, and even, daringly began to lick at his toes and suck his big toe. I mean, this was, to me, so kinky and hot!

Every few seconds I looked up the long length of his body to see him looking back at me, and that added heat, for some reason, especially when I was licking and sucking at his toes.

He was still semi hard, and for some reason rolled out of bed, then pulled me out with the leash and arranged it so I was kneeling before him. I licked and sucked on his balls, drawing them into my mouth, then as he hardened, took his cock

into my mouth too, then my throat.

He alternated between letting me bob slowly up and down, all the way up and down, and gripping my hair tightly, firmly, and thrusting into my mouth and throat! The latter was a bit scary, but wild and breathless! And since he'd already come recently, he had staying power!

But he pulled out before he could come.

“I think my feet need a bit more affection, slave,” he growled.

And now I sort of understood, and felt a sense of breathless heat, easing back, then down, wrists still bound behind me, and licking his feet as he stared down at me.

Oh yeah! This was very slave girl like! And that made me thrum with excitement!

He drew me back up by the leash and plunged into my mouth and throat, fucking them hard and fast, so that I could barely cope, and then for the first time, came in my mouth.

Then, of course, he returned the favor, demonstrating once more how skilled his own mouth and tongue was.

He took some pity on my 'inhibitions' in not making me go downstairs to eat naked. He even undid the shackles on my wrists, though insisting I leave them and the collar on. I got a lacy thong to go with the stockings and gloves, and a lacy sort of slip-dress.

It was very short, very tight, and mostly see-through. It was entirely see through all the way up both sides, and over the stomach, but there were opaque sections over the lower front and my breasts. It didn't leave anything much to the imagination, but after wearing nothing in front of Eddie it somehow felt almost modest!

I was still blushing as we went downstairs and ate lunch – with Eddie serving, but that was as much for what he'd seen as what he was seeing now. Later, we went swimming – nude, of course. And somehow, that was sort of okay. I mean, it was swimming, so infinitely better than what Eddie had seen already!

But it was still a nervous, anxious, and strange time that had my stomach constantly fluttering!

“So, tonight I get to see you dance,” he said, afterward.

I eyed him uncertainly. “I am not dancing at one of your clubs!” I said emphatically.

“I was thinking more of D-Angelos,” he replied.

D'angelos was a very upscale nightclub downtown.

“I could do that but... I don't have anything to wear here.”

He grinned and I snorted. “No, I'm not going naked!”

“Fear not, fair slave girl, for I am like your proverbial boy scouts and am ever prepared!”

“Uh huh. And how are you prepared?” I asked warily.

“I have purchased a dress for you!”

“Oh, this ought to be good,” I said.

It was!

END

**[The Girl in a Kilt](#)**

**The Girl in Lace**

**The Girl in Boots\***

\*

**\*forthcoming**

\*

Have praise, suggestions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

*Erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus*

Zoe's New Job \* Working For The Smiths \* Wild in Wyoming \* What I Learned in College \* Two Teachers \* Twenty Nine \* Tomb of Darkness \* Thrown to the Wolves \* The Wolves' Pet \* The Wolf Girl \* The Tenant \* The Submissive Photographer \* The Submission Game \* The Student Librarian \*The Straight Girl \* The Secretary \* The President's Slave Girl \* The Personal Assistant to Mister Blake \* The New Neighbors \* The Nerd Girl \* The Naked Sorority Girl \* The Mouse \* The Millionaire and the Med Student \* The Master's Choice \* The Lady in the Castle \* The Interview \* The Girls in the Band \* The General's New Aide \* The Director \* The Debt Slave \* The Secret Room \* The Challenge \* The Butler \* The Banker's Payment \* The Banker Babe\* The Arrangement \* The Accounting Girl \* Stripped! \*Stocks and Bonds \* Slave of the Vampires \* Sir! \* Rich Man's Yacht \* Personal Services \* Nigger's Girl \* My Boyfriend's Father \* Molly's Black Master \* Molly's Two Black Masters \* Mister Stone's Lawyer \* Mister Stirling's Chauffeur \* Miss Sullivan's New Duties \* Miranda's Tower \* Masters Fine Leather \* Journey into Slavery \* Into The Past \* In the Vampire's Lair \* In The Summer Heat \* Her Very Own Pirate \* Fiona's Need \* Erin's Four Masters \* Emily's Debt \* \* Courtney's Boring Life \* Courtney Gets Caught \* Chained Heat \* Bound in Red Tape \* Biker Bitch \* Behind the Mask \* Back in Time \* An English Girl in China \* A Slave to the Pack \*Owned by the Pack \* An Office Affair \* A Life of Slavery \* A Different Kind of Pet \* A Darker Shade of Gray \* A Dark Spirit \* A Dark Desert Heat \* A Dark African Fever \* Anything \*