

# The Kinky Girl

By JJ Argus



Stories of Bondage and Submission

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**Smashwords edition**

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

He found her in a disco. He didn't know her, at first. The room was wild and dark with lights strobing and music pounding. She was wearing what looked like a filmy, tissue-thin, dark colored dress which hugged her like a second skin, tight across what looked like a really fine little ass. She was average height, slim but curvy, with a nice chest, and a mop of shaggy black, shoulder length hair.

She was dancing like she was on something, wild laughter issuing from her open mouth as her body twisted and writhed on the dance floor. Every time she raised her arms high it lifted her short skirt enough to see the bottom of her ass, and if she was wearing anything underneath it must have been a thong.

She surely wasn't wearing anything on top. Her breasts were very firm against the thin fabric of her dress, especially whenever she drew her arms back, and even in the uncertain light he could see the dimples of her nipples pushing against it.

It didn't look like she was with a guy at the moment, so Neil made his way closer, moving his body to the music until he was near enough to catch her eye. It didn't take any great seductive effort. Her eyes lit up and she laughed, and just like that she was dancing with him.

Not that he usually had much difficulty. Neil's face was on the border between cute and handsome. He was cute enough to make the girls swoon but handsome enough the guys didn't all sneer at him. And if they did, well, his shoulders weren't those of a linebacker, but they were well-muscled, as was the rest of him.

He grinned down at her cockily, but inside he was starting to feel a tug of uncertainty. He knew this chick, but from where? He had had a lot of girls in his life, not always when sober, but he was pretty sure he'd have remembered this one. She looked like an uninhibited girl, and would probably be the same in bed.

He pulled her in closer, and she didn't resist, sliding her arms up over his shoulders, giving him a feral smile, then sliding her tongue across her lower lip teasingly. His hands slid down to her ass, and she didn't even blink. He kneaded her buttocks as their eyes met in smoldering embrace, and there was no shyness in hers.

He let his right hand slide up her side and up beneath the swelling curve of her

breast, and felt her breathing skip a beat. But she didn't protest as he caressed the outside of her breast and let his thumb ease up across the center to stroke against that little dimple. It hardened almost instantly, and he could feel it through her dress.

Beautiful eyes, he thought, leaning to kiss her. She kissed back enthusiastically. She was on something, he was sure, but he didn't think that was responsible for her behavior. This was a party animal, and he let his tongue slide over hers as he squeezed her breast firmly.

\* \* \*

They were walking to his car, and her hand grabbed his ass, squeezing hard. He pulled it off, not being much inclined to public displays, at least not of himself.

“Shy?” she taunted, giggling.

His hand was on her back, and it slid up into her hair, hair which was thick and soft and rich, and made his pulse beat quicker at the touch. He gripped it and pulled her head back, a little faster and harder than he'd intended. She gasped, arching back, and he was an instant from releasing it and apologizing – he'd had a few drinks – when he caught the look in her eyes and her lips parted.

He wasn't sure since he didn't know her, but it looked like a sudden rush of excitement, not fear or pain.

He bent and kissed her, hard, and she responded, moaning into his mouth, her hands against his chest, rubbing and stroking him. One quickly, darted down, sliding in under his shirt, up his bare belly and onto his chest.

“Oh yeah,” she moaned.

He broke free, still holding her hair, experimentally jerking it back a bit. She didn't resist, dropping her arms to her sides.

“Are you going to be a brat?” he asked.

“Oh yeah!” she moaned.

He chuckled and released her hair, throwing an arm across her slender shoulders.

She was at just about the right height to walk with his laid comfortably in place, and she snuggled in happily.

“I wanna fuck you're brains out,” she said.

“Yeah, many have tried, baby, but nobody's succeeded yet. More likely I'll fuck your brains out.”

Assuming she had any. Right then and there he wasn't totally sure.

“What's your name?” he asked, leading her into the shadowy parking lot.

She giggled. “My name is, The Fellatio Queen,” she said teasingly.

“Yeah? You put that on a driver's license?”

She giggled even more, and turned on him, using surprise to let her slim body push him back against the side of a car as her lips sought his. He didn't exactly fight, his hands sliding down to cup and squeeze her ass. Throwing her arms over his shoulder and rising onto the balls of her feet had made her hem slide up and his hands slipped underneath.

She had no underwear.

He marveled at the brazenness of a girl who'd wear a skirt that short with nothing underneath. She certainly wasn't shy.

“You have a great ass,” he said into her throat as she moaned against him.

“You wanna fuck me in the ass?!” she panted.

He blinked in surprise. Brazen didn't begin to describe this one.

“Maybe, when I've fucked every other hole.”

She giggled again, her hand sliding down and cupping him through his pants, squeezing... too hard.

He grabbed her wrist, jerking it up and away.

“Not so hard, fuck!” he exclaimed.

There was no repentance in those big brown eyes, only excitement. She wagged her tongue at him and grabbed for his crotch with her other hand. He jerked her forward, dodging to the side, putting her against the car, then shifted his grip to her hair and forced her forward.

*Crack!*

His other hand slapped her ass, though not hard.

No repentance. No unhappiness. She squealed happily.

“Behave, you little slut,” he said.

“Make me!”

*Crack! He hit harder, and she moaned, pushing her ass out at him.*

“Pervy little slut,” he said, his hand jerking her short skirt up to bare her bottom as he scanned the parking lot.

“You better believe it!” she said hotly.

His fingers caressed the soft beauty of her buttocks, then slid between her thighs. She shuddered and let out a low cry as he palmed her bare sex. Not a trace of a hair could be felt, and he let his middle finger push in between her already moist lips, then slide up across where he knew her clit must be.

She moaned happily, panting. “Fuck me!” she gasped.

“What? Here? You crazy?”:

“Yes! Fuck me! Fuck my brains out!” she gasped.

“My place isn't far.”

“Fuck me here!” she moaned, reaching back and grasping her dress. She yanked it up along her hips, up under her arms, then jerked it up, pushing aside the hand with which he was lightly holding her hair.

Naked, and bent over a car in the parking lot. Jesus! This girl was hot!

“Fuck me!” she gasped, spreading her legs, raising her ass.

What an invitation that was! He could see, even in the shadowy light from nearby poles, that her breasts were full and firm and round and gorgeous. He pushed in against her, his hands sliding under her chest, filling with breast as he half raised her upright. He bit into the nape of her neck and she moaned, squirming, grinding her ass back against his crotch.

There was traffic going by, but none of it could really see them. There was the occasional pedestrian, too, but they were looking ahead, not into shadowy parking lots.

Fucking whore, he muttered, but she heard it.

“Yes! I’m a whore!” she gasped, “Fuck me like a whore!”

There was so much excitement in her trembling voice that his cock pulsed with an echo of it and he reached down, unzipping himself, jerking himself out into the warm summer air.

She threw herself forward across the hood of the car, raising her ass, spreading her legs again, clearly desperate for him. He gripped his shaft and let the head push in against her, riding it slowly up and down along her now sopping opening as she whimpered and moaned and tried to jam herself back onto him.

He slapped her ass again, almost by way of experiment, to see her reaction.

“Behave,” he said. “Stay still.”

She obeyed instantly, though her body seemed to be trembling, and her hips definitely were. He pressed in against her again, letting his thick helmet-headed cock slide up and down against her, across her clit, and back.

She let out a shuddering moan and ground back instantly.

*Crack!*

“I said stay still.”

“Fuck meeee!” she moaned. “Please! Please fuck meee!”

“Nasty little slut,” he said.

He pushed into the mouth of her sex, feeling the tightness of her pussy lips squeezing down around him, pushing through them and into her warm, silky body.

“Oh fuck!” she gasped, face and breasts pressed against the hood of the car.  
“Yes! Yes! Oh God that feels gooooooood!”

Neil wasn't a small man, not short, not skinny. But he wasn't a monster either. But he was plenty big enough to make a girl this size moan, sometimes in pain if not ready, otherwise in pleasure.

He knew which moans this girl was giving off.

He gripped her hips and pushed in deeper, then jerked her back and sank fully up into her belly as she let out a choked sob of pleasure.

“Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes! Fuck me!” she gasped. “Fuck me! Fuck me!”

“Shut the fuck up,” he said, worried anyone nearby would hear her.

He ground himself into her, his right hand sliding down beneath her chest to fill itself with her lovely breast.

He started slow, to give her time to adjust, but she clearly didn't want any. Her hips pushed back at him eagerly. It should have hurt, but if it did she wasn't giving any sign of it, gasping and moaning in what was clearly pleasure as he drove himself into her.

“Pull my hair! Pull my hair!” she gasped.

He obliged, and she shuddered and whimpered. Neil wasn't generally into rough sex, but that was, for the most part, because few of his dates were. This one was clearly different. He jerked back on her hair, twisting it experimentally, making her gasp and wince in what must surely be pain.

But it only seemed to excite her more, her hips slapping and grinding back at him as her breathing became more ragged and desperate.

“Fuck me! Fuck me like a whore!” she moaned.

He had no difficulty at all in obeying that command, and his hips slapped against her harder and harder. It was instinct to restrain himself, for he wasn't a lightweight but the signals she was sending were new to him.

He fucked harder, and his hips slapped against that beautiful ass, his cock driving hard up into her tightness, and there was nothing like protest coming from the gasping, whimpering, moaning girl.

Fuck, she's hot, he thought excitedly!

He wouldn't be able to last long at this rate, but she was clearly going to last even less time. Her gasps and moans were getting louder and more passionate, and he had to abandon her breast to cover her mouth with his big hand, leaning into her, over her, pressing her down against the car to keep her under control as he rammed himself up into her quivering belly.

Then she started to go really wild. For a moment he thought she was trying to twist free, that his hard pounding had hurt her and she'd had enough. It was only for a moment, though. Almost at once he realized she was coming, her body thrashing and her hips jerking back in frantic, desperate lust as he rammed even harder into her.

She screamed into his palm, again and again, her head twisting and thrashing even as he jerked on her hair to keep her under control. His big body crushed her beneath him, and he felt her toes actually leaving the ground as he rode her, her high heels kicking the sides of the car as they jerked and bounced in time to her spasming and his thrusting.

And then her squeezing, sucking pussy drew him over the edge too, and he poured himself into her as she continued to thrash and shake, biting into the nape of her neck, sucking hard to mark her as he rammed his hips forward in a final, convulsive flurry of strokes.

He eased back, slowly, easing his hand off her mouth, releasing her hair. She lay shuddering, moaning, naked, across the hood, her legs were so rubbery if he hadn't grabbed her she'd have slid right off and down onto the pavement.

“You okay? You all right now?” he asked, trying to put himself back into his

pants as he held her in place with one hand.

She only moaned in response, mind still apparently blasted.

He helped her stand, and she sagged in his arms, eyes slitted.

“Hot little slut,” he said.

He half carried her over to his Lexus, though he debated just leaving her there, now that he'd had his piece. But that would be fucking mean of him, and Neil wasn't a mean guy. Besides, this was still one seriously cute girl, and he bet she had a lot more to give. Fellatio queen, huh? He'd see about that.

He opened the passenger side and poured her in, naked, then went back to the other car, grabbing her little purse off the hood where it had dropped, then scooping up her dress. He looked around but didn't see anyone, and went back to the car, sliding behind the wheel.

It was just a thought, but he liked it, and tossed the dress and purse into the back.

God, she had a hot, firm body!

He frowned though. Something about that face, especially now that the inside car lights were shining on it.

“What's your name?”

“Brianna,” she groaned, smiling contentedly at him.

He didn't know a Brianna. Wait... !

“Brianna what?”

She opened her eyes a little wider.

“Why? You going to have me checked out by the cops?” she purred.

Instinct. He reached for her hair, filled his hand with it, and jerked her head up and back, but then in closer to him so he could kiss her. She instinctively started to reach for his hand, for his wrist, but then her hands dropped away almost as quickly. She let him use his grip on her hair to pull her in against him, kissing

him excitedly.

His other hand slid up and across her breasts, and she moaned as he flicked her stiff nipples.

“Nasty little girl,” he said, pulling a little more on her hair to make her back arch.

“I'm nasty!” she said breathlessly.

She was wearing nothing but high heels and a little bracelet. The bracelet had the initials B and M.

“What's your last name, Brianna?”

She smirked tauntingly at him and giggled.

Little bitch, he thought in annoyance.

He pulled her hair back and she moaned, arching her back, but her legs spread wide, her knees coming up and apart. He thrust his other hand between them, cupping her pussy, then slid two fingers inside her.

“Oh! Oh God!” she gasped.

“Name?” he demanded.

He eased a third into her, and she trembled, her knees jerking convulsively.

“Fuck me!” she gasped.

“Name.”

“Mackenzie!” she moaned.

Shit! Fuck! Crap!

The half formed suspicion crystallized. He'd doubted himself even when it had occurred to him, but now – .

“Fucking Brianna fucking Mackenzie,” he said, sliding his fingers out and

releasing her hair.

She moaned, falling back, slumped down, looking up at him.

“I'm Neil Ferguson,” he growled.

She blinked up at him uncertainly.

“Your brother's best friend,” he snapped.

She looked a little startled, then smirked. “Neil the dreamer?”

“It's not funny, for fucks sake!”

She evidently disagreed.

He hadn't seen her in several years. The last time he'd seen her she'd been a delicate looking high school sophomore during the wedding of one of his cousins. She'd been flat chested and she'd had red hair.

“How fucking old are you?” he demanded suddenly.

She smirked. “Just thirteen, mister!” she said in a little girl voice, widening her eyes.

“Don't fuck around with me!”

She laughed in delight.

“Someone should have taken you across their lap a long time ago,” he said darkly.

“What makes you think they didn't?” she teased.

“What makes you think I won't do it again!?”

“Promises, promises!” she said, pushing her tongue out at him.

He remembered her purse, and leaned back, reaching into the rear seat. He grabbed it and pulled it open.

“Hey!” she protested, grabbing at it.

He jerked it away, then found several cards. Credit card, insurance card, and an ID card for the local college. The latter had an age, probably so she could be vetted by campus pubs. She was eighteen, five years his junior, but quite legal.

“Lucky for you,” she said, smirking as he put it back and tossed the purse in the rear.

“If your brother found out – .”

“Does my brother know all the girls you've fucked?” she asked. “He surely doesn't know any of the guys I've fucked except Brad.”

“Brad?”

She sat up straighter, sighing, and folding her arms beneath her lovely breasts.

“Yeah, bad scene. He was doing me on the couch when my parents came in.”

He snorted in amusement.

“Well, shit, it's not like they thought I was a virgin or something.”

“Never know with parents.”

He thought of her father. He was a very big guy. Neil wouldn't have wanted to be fucking his little girl when he walked through the door.

“Did he kick your boyfriend's ass?”

“Brad was fucking fast. He just grabbed his pants and ran for it. I didn't even know my parents were there at first. I was on all fours and he came in behind me.”

He laughed. He couldn't help it.

“Ha, ha,” she said, glaring at him.

“Did you get a spanking?” he taunted.

She snorted. “Maybe you'd like to take me back to your place and give me one,” she suggested.

He hesitated. “I don't think – .”

“You don't need to think,” she said, sliding closer again, reaching for his crotch.

She rubbed him through his trousers.

“All you need to do is fucking pound me with your cock,” she said, eyes fiery.

“Do you do this often?” he gulped.

She sniffed and then sat back again.

“I like to have fun. If I see a hot guy why shouldn't I fuck him? You do the same to girls.”

“Yeah but I'm a – .”

“What? A guy? So guys are expected to do that but girls are whores, right, for doing the same? You already called me a whore and a slut.”

He felt bad about that now.

“I'm sorry.”

“Why? I am one. My father and mother would certainly agree with you. That's why they threw me out of the house.”

“Oh. I hadn't heard.”

“You think they talk about it much?”

He shrugged.

“They literally, my father literally threw me out of the house, naked, right then and there.”

“Fuck, really?”

She tossed her head and combed her thick black bangs back from her small, pale face.

“Yeah. I had to sneak down the street two blocks to my girlfriend's house and get her attention by tossing pebbles at her window. Good thing it was dark and raining.”

“Shit. Your old man was an asshole!”

“Still is.”

“So what'd you do then?”

“Got welfare, moved in with two girlfriends, and got a grant and loan for college.”

“What are you taking?”

She shrugged carelessly. “Secretarial science,” she said, rolling her eyes.

“Sounds exciting.”

She turned her head up at him. “What sounds exciting is you fucking my brains out like you promised. So what if I'm your cousin. It's not like it's illegal. Now let's go. I want to see that cock that you used on me. I'm still sore inside.”

“Sorry,” he said.

“Don't apologize. It's wimpy.”

His eyes narrowed. “It's polite.”

She sniffed and then grabbed the seat belt, drawing it across her chest.

She had no care at all about driving around naked, he thought, marveling.

“You don't want to put your dress on?”

She looked up at him and grinned. “You'll just have to tear it off again,” she said.

“What if someone sees you?”

She shrugged, looking out the window. “Then they'll get a thrill. I'm really fucking hot.”

She was.

He shook his head, still uncertain but bemused, and started the car.

\* \* \*

“This is your place? I mean, yours?”

He nodded as he backed into the garage.

“How the fuck do you get a fucking house at your age?”

“Watch your mouth,” he said.

“I'll watch it when it's wrapped around your cock. How do you get a house?”

The house was a ranch style on the edge of a ravine. It had three bedrooms, one of which he'd turned into a combination den and office. The back yard was big and private and he always enjoyed it when others first saw it. He was going to enjoy it even more tonight, he suspected.

“My grandmother Ellen. She left it to my mom, but only on condition she not sell it. Mom and dad both love the place, but the commute to work from here would be almost an hour and a half. They're talking about retiring here some day. In the meantime, I get to live here and pay them rent.”

“No shit?”

She didn't even wait for the garage door to come down before stepping out of the car. He'd never met a girl so comfortable naked. Most of them kind of hid themselves, hunched over, or covered themselves wholly or partially with their hands and arms. Shy girls were cute, but there was something so hot about a girl who moved naked as if she was clothed.

She followed him into the house, looking around curiously as he snapped on the lights. The front room had a granite fireplace, big, comfortable leather furniture, and a patterned blue rug.

“Fuck. How big is that TV?” she demanded, staring at it over the mantelpiece.

“Eighty inches.”

“Fuck me! How much did that cost?”

“I will fuck you,” he said with a grin.

She wagged her tongue at him. “Maybe,” she said tauntingly. “If you get lucky, if you beg and whine and plead.”

“Kinda sounds like what you were doing earlier.”

“But now I'm all satisfied. I don't need any more cock, thank you. So you'll have to crawl on your knees to get some. She pointed at the floor. Now. Go on. Crawl and beg.”

He looked at her, trying to figure out her game.

“Or what? You gonna walk out naked?”

“Wouldn't be the first time! I'm sure I can find some nice perverted man to take me in.”

“You've got one of those here.”

She snorted.

“On your knees,” she said, slapping his ass.

Trying to. He grabbed her wrist, swung her around, threw her onto the big stuffed sofa.

She smirked at him.

“Want a drink, brat?”

She shrugged, drawing her knees up, then spreading them wide.

He walked over to her, and she raised a foot, still wearing the high, stiletto heels, jabbing at him. He grabbed her heel easily and 'disarmed' her. She tried the other

foot and he did the same with that one. It didn't stop her from jabbing her bare feet at him and he grabbed her ankles, then raised them up and pushed them back. Firmly. He watched her eyes change hue as he forced her ankles back further and further, back over her head, back into the heavy cushion of the back of the couch over her head.

Just like that he was in position and she was helpless and panting.

“Now who's gonna beg for it?” he said with a smirk.

“F-fuck you!” she gasped, grabbing his shirt and tearing it.

“Hey! This costs money, you bitch.”

He jerked back, dropping her legs, examining the shirt, which was now missing several buttons.

“You're going to fix this?”

She smirked and gave him the finger, then abruptly twisted on the sofa, bending over, and showing him her ass. She slapped it a couple of times while looking over her shoulder.

“Kiss this!” she taunted.

He jumped her and she squealed and scrambled, but managed to pinch his thigh, then his arm before he managed to get the upper hand. He yanked her up bodily and twisted, dropping her across his lap, belly down.

*Crack!*

She squealed, but it was the squeal of giggling excitement, and he slapped her ass a second time as she squirmed and twisted and tried to escape.

“Brat!”

“Faggot!”

*Crack!*

“Ow! Bastard!”

“Bitch!”

*Crack!*

He managed to pin her arms at the elbows, holding them in one big hand as the other controlled her lower body by gripping her thigh.

“Are you going to behave?”

“No!”

“Didn't think so.”

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

*Crack!*

“Fucker!”

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

Neil's cock was hardening rapidly. In between slapping her ass his hand was racing over her body, exulting in the tactile pleasure of her downy skin against his fingers. He squeezed her breast firmly, then her pussy as her legs twisted and thrashed. A finger pushed into her, then two, and he pumped them in and out.

“Nasty little slut,” he said.

He regretted it instantly, but only for a moment.

“Yes! I'm a slut!” she gasped, hair tangled over her face. “I'm a filthy little whore slut! Spank me! Punish me! Then you can fuck me like a whore!”

At other times he might have paused to try and tell her that wasn't true, that she wasn't a slut, that her parents were wrong-headed and that nothing she'd done was shameful. But he wasn't in that kind of mood. Not now.

*Crack!*

“Fucking right I will,” he growled, feeling his hard cock pushing up against her taut belly.

But she continued to twist, and once she got her right arm free and punched him in the ribs. He recaptured it, then undid his belt carefully. He wrapped it around her crossed arms just above the elbows and jerked it tight.

Brianna gasped, and then went still, except for her heaving chest.

He had two hands free now, and let them move freely over her body. His right hand caressed her pussy, his fingers pumping in and out and stroking across her clit, while his left slid through her hair, then down to cup and fondle her breast.

She moaned helplessly, gasping, her legs parting.

“Nasty little slut,” he said.

He pulled his fingers free and slapped her butt sharply.

She moaned excitedly.

“You're going to suck my cock, and then I'm going to fucking pound you like a whore. Do you hear me?” he growled breathlessly, slapping her ass sharply again.

She moaned again and he slapped her butt even harder.

“Do you hear me?”

“Yes!” she moaned.

“Say yes sir,” he said, taunting.

“Yes, sir!” she gasped instantly, her voice taking on an even more excited tone..

Her pale face was very flushed now as he pulled back on her hair, and her eyes were hot once again. He pulled harder, and she moaned and gasped in pain as he let her tumble off his lap onto the rug at his feet. He spread his feet wide, then pulled her between his thighs on her knees.

“You better do a good job, slut,” he growled.

Yes, he was right. He saw the wildness rise in her eyes, the pulse of energy at the words, at the orders. He was feeling his way along here, for he'd never really had a girl like Brianna, but she was clearly seeking something hard and nasty.

He twisted her hair up and back, making her back arch, making her gasp in pain.

“You hear me... slut?”

“Yes, sir!” she moaned.

Oh yeah, he thought excitedly. This could get kinky!

He drew her forward as he unzipped, then opened his trousers and slid them down and off. She looked on hungrily, arms still bound tightly behind her back.

He jerked her in roughly as he leaned over, kissing her hard as his other hand crushed her breast. Then he sat back and pulled her down onto his cock.

“Get to work, slut.”

He didn't know if Brianna was the queen of fellatio, but she was certainly at least a princess. She knew her way around a man's cock, licking teasingly up and down his shaft, sucking his balls into her mouth and swirling her tongue around against them, then slowly pulling his head through her pursed lips and inch at a time until she was actively sucking and bobbing.

All the while, her hungry eyes looked up at him, and her hips rolled and spasmed as she moaned in barely suppressed heat.

But he wasn't ready to come yet, and he knew he soon would if he left her at it. He pulled back on her hair sharply, making her gasp in pain, forcing her head back so her back arched as he slid forward onto his knees as well. His right hand dove between her legs, fingers curling up to thrust inside her as he leaned forward to suck and chew on the center of her right breast.

He drew back, releasing her hair and seizing her breasts in both fists, making her moan in pain. He released them, but caught her nipples, pinching, tugging them up so that again her back arched sharply and she made startled little yelps of

pain.

“Nasty girl,” he said.

“Fuck you!” she gasped.

He snorted and pinched harder.

“Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!” she gasped.

“Are you a nasty girl?”

“I'm a nasty fucking slut!” she cried.

He gripped her hair again, jerking her hair back to bring his mouth down against hers. Then he jerked her head back farther, biting and chewing along her throat, then down onto her breasts.

Her hips ground against him as his fingers stroked rapidly across her clit. He bent her body back further, twisting his fingers in her hair, openly biting at her nipples as she trembled and moaned in helpless heat and hunger.

He flung her back to sprawl on the floor on her back, on her arms, shuddering with heat, and slid atop her, between her splayed legs. Cock in hand, he rubbed himself up and down against her opening, then plunged into her, grasping her legs, raising them up and back, then back again as he leaned into her.

Brianna cried out in pleasure, eyes wide and wild, gulping in air to the point she would soon hyperventilate as he started to thrust into her. He forced her ankles back further and farther, letting his weight bend her in two until the backs of her feet were pressed into the floor and her bottom was raised up below him. Then his hips pounded down against it as she melted down.

Her body began to twist and tremble and shake as much as it could in its folded-up position, and she began to cry out in harsh, passion-filled gasps of pleasure as his big cock drove into her slim body. Every hard thrust drew a cry of pleasure until her body began to shake violently and her breath softened to gurgling, breathless sobs.

He leaned into her, hips pounding, his own excitement rapidly mounting to the

point he didn't think he could sustain the hard thrusting any further, and then stopped trying, coming himself, pouring himself into her as she writhed and twisted and sobbed in the throes of what seemed to be an endless climax.

\* \* \*

“Come on, you,” he said, nudging her. “Get up. We'll shower and have something to eat and I'll drive you back somewhere.”

She nuzzled into the bed sheets and shook her head until his hand slapped against her bottom through the sheets.

“I don't want to go anywhere,” she said, opening her eyes into slits.

“Well, I have to go to work.”

“Tough for you. I want to stay here.”

“Tough for you.”

She rolled onto her back, tossing off the sheets, giving him a cat-like look as she spread her legs wide.

“Want to fuck me?” she asked.

“I've already fucked you.”

“Yeah, but I still have some brains left.”

He snorted, and she sat up, then turned and crawled atop him, kissing and licking at his bare chest.

“I can be your bitch,” she said, straddling him. “I can be your whore.”

“I don't need a girlfriend right now, thanks.”

And she would definitely not be it.

“I don't want to be your girlfriend,” she said, biting lightly at his nipple, “I want to be your bitch.”

“And what's the difference?”

He felt her hand around his cock, which was stiffened rapidly.

“I'll do anything you want,” she said in a soft, furry voice, “Anything. I'll be your little sex slave.”

“I don't need the hassle from Mike, or your parents, if they found out, and no offense, Brianna, but as fucking cute as you are and as wild in bed as you are, I doubt you and I are all that compatible.”

He was hard, and she raised her hips up, then positioned him against her and sank down onto him with a soft moan. She lay atop him, kissing and stroking, not really moving much.

“I'll be your fuck toy,” she said, “You can beat me if I disobey you.”

He looked at her in something like disbelief, but he was hard, and inside her, and not feeling particularly like arguing. His hands slid down her back, loving the soft warmth of her skin, loving it even more as his hands caressed the delicate curves of her buttocks and she began to slowly rise up and down atop him.

\* \* \*

She didn't want to get dressed, or didn't bother. She made coffee and offered to make breakfast, but he really didn't eat breakfast. She followed him into the shower, insisting on using her own small hands to soap him up. He couldn't find a good reason to resist, and it certainly made for a less boring, less routine morning as his eyes took in the lush beauty of her glistening wet skin.

The shower was delayed while she knelt and sucked his erection, taking it deep into her throat, bobbing her lips along much of the length of the shaft as if she didn't have a gag reflex. It left him weak-kneed, but not ready to give in to her. She was Mike's little sister, for fucks sake, not to mention kind of nuts. He couldn't have her staying with him!

Once she saw the back yard, though, she got even crazier. It was like she'd found a fairyland. True, the back yard was pretty impressive. It was completely private, with high hedges all around, and trees and bushes scattered around a large kidney shaped pool. The pool was made to look somewhat natural, with rocks

and brush around it, rather than concrete, and on the far side were a series of sandstone rocks eight feet high from which water poured over into the pool.

“I'll stay here while you're at work!” she gasped, staring around her in delight.

“No, you won't.”

In the end, he compromised at least a little, just to get rid of her. He promised to think about it, but said she'd have to go home for the day, pointing out she had no clothes or anything anyway.

“I don't need clothes,” she said. “I'll stay naked all the time!”

The idea twigged something hungry in his mind, but he wouldn't budge. So she put on the dress and shoes, grabbed her purse, and joined him for a ride back into the city.

He'd make sure not to answer his phone to unknown numbers for a while and not answer the door. Or at least, that was the plan.

When he got home that evening and opened the door she was waiting for him, naked, on her knees. She wore some kind of collar around her throat with a big ring in the front, and similar sorts of leather bands around her wrists.

“What the fuck – !?” he gasped, startled.

“I left a window open when we left,” she said with a little smirk.

“Jesus Christ, Brianna!” he snapped.

But the sight of her robbed much of his anger. God, she was hot!

She slid forward onto her belly, ass in the air, and grabbed his ankle! He gaped down at the sight of her as she looked up at him.

“Please can I be your bitch, Neil?” she begged. “I'll be your slave girl! I'll cook and clean and fuck you any way you want! I'll live in the garage or in the back yard!”

She bent and began to lick at his shoes as he stared in disbelief, and wouldn't be budged until he grabbed her hair and bodily yanked her upward.

Then she threw her arms around him, still on her knees, pressing her cheek against his thigh.

“Please may I stay, sir?” she moaned, then twisted her head around, rubbing her face against his groin.

Before he could get his mind together she had already unzipped him and her slender hand was into his pants. His cock didn't care about friends or parents. All it cared about was a very hot, naked girl on her knees in front of him, and the feel of her hand around it. His resolve melted rapidly away after that as his cock slid over her tongue and deep into her throat.

He was pissed off afterward, though, glaring at her as she pranced happily along before him.

“What's with the bondage shit?” he asked gruffly.

She turned and beamed. “I'm your little sex slave,” she said.

He sighed.

“I made you dinner, sir,” she said.

He paused at that. He hated making dinner, and usually just threw something into the microwave.

“What?” he asked doubtfully.

She'd made steak and mashed potatoes. It wasn't fancy, but it was good, and not something he generally took the time for. Then she insisted on kneeling on the floor beside him.

“Aren't you having anything?” he asked in confusion.

“If Sir wants me to,” she said coyly.

“Sir does,” he said dryly.

She didn't move but just watched him eat.

“Well?” he asked after a few seconds.

“That's a very big steak, sir,” she said.

It was huge, more than he'd ever finish, he knew. He wondered what she – and then he knew, and he felt a strange little sensation in his lower belly and a kind of tightness in his chest. He looked at her kneeling there, legs wide, shoulders back, breasts thrust out proudly, and cut another piece of steak, then hesitated before holding the fork out to her.

She leaned in, her hands at her sides, and delicately took it off his fork with her teeth without touching the actual fork. He cut another piece for himself, watching her chew.

God, she was weird.

But how could he get rid of her? He could refuse to give her any more food, he supposed, but he doubted she'd just starve. Or he could simply act like a bastard and provoke her to leave in a huff.

Now that sounded like a certain victory.

He noted how delicately she'd taken the food off the fork without touching it. Maybe she didn't want his fork in her mouth. Well, he'd solve that. He cut the next piece, but then picked it up with his fingers and held it out to her. She didn't hesitate, licking it out of his fingers.

And that provoked a strange emotional reaction in him he couldn't identify.

He cut her another piece, holding it in his hand, letting her literally eat out of his hand.

Angry at himself for finding it so fascinating, he held the next piece in his fingers.

“Open your mouth wide,” he said.

She obeyed instantly, and he tossed it in.

She didn't seem to mind.

He tossed her the next piece, but missed. It landed on the floor.

She bent over and licked it off.

It was like having a dog, he mused, only a far more attractive one than the kennel society would ever give a blue ribbon to.

And it was a dog that made dinner, he thought, and then cleaned up afterward.

This having a slave girl business could have some value in it.

“I suppose you got your clothes,” he said in annoyance.

“I got a few things, but I don't plan on wearing any clothes,” she said, “Not around the house.”

He could hardly protest that.

It was still light out afterward, and they went out back, She dove into the pool and swam around, while he relaxed on the chaise lounge. But the sight of her dripping wet, emerging from the pool soon pushed any thoughts out of his mind but one. She quickly had his clothes off and was straddling him, riding him as he sucked and chewed on her breasts and nipples.

She was on her best behavior for a couple of days, cooking, cleaning, doing his laundry, and demanding no real attention from him, apparently content to lay or kneel or sit on the floor while he watched TV.

“You can sit on the couch, you know,” he said in exasperation.

She rolled her eyes at him as if he didn't understand.

He scowled, remembering how he was supposed to act the bastard.

Apparently he wasn't very good at it.

But then he had an idea. So she was his little sex slave was she, he thought with a burst of satisfaction. So she'd do anything he told her, would she? Well, he bet he could surprise her.

When he came home the next day he wasn't alone. His brother Liam was with him. He hadn't told Liam much of anything other than, at the last minute, that Mike's little sister Brianna was staying with him.

"Brianna?" Liam asked in surprise. "Mike Mackenzie's sister? How old is she now?"

"Old enough," he replied with a smirk.

Liam gave him a surprised look as they drove into the garage.

"What does that mean?"

"She's kind of a strange girl."

"Yeah, so I heard, very spacy, and into all that vampire and emo shit."

"Oh she's into a lot more than that. More like into bondage and kinky stuff."

Liam stared at him but Neil didn't respond to his wide eyes, instead getting out of the car and then going into the house. Liam followed as Neil found Brianna on her knees before the door just as she always was. She smiled happily at him, right up until she saw Liam come in behind him. Then her face filled with shock, her mouth dropped open and her skin went dark red.

Neil gripped her hair and jerked her head up and back so that she gasped in pain. He forced her to look up at Liam, whose eyes were nearly as wide.

"You remember my brother Liam, don't you, Brianna?" he asked pleasantly.

"What the fuck!?" Liam gasped.

"This is Brianna. She's a slut," he said.

He started out speaking with a fierce satisfaction as he saw how embarrassed Brianna was. But almost immediately he felt his heart sink as he saw the way her eyes changed, the way her breathing changed. He could almost see the embarrassment being swept away under a flood of heat and hunger as she let herself sink into the role of slave girl. It was almost like the embarrassment aroused her!

He jerked forward on her hair so she almost fell and had to catch herself with her hands.

“Liam was just complaining the other day about not being able to get his shoes properly polished,” he said. “Take care of that for him, slut.”

Brianna apparently had more in mind, for she lowered herself to all fours, then lowered herself further, and started licking at Liam's shoes.

“Fuck me!” Liam gasped.

“Yes, sir,” Brianna said throatily, giving Neil a smirking look as she rose up.

She began to unzip Liam's pants, and he gasped, grabbing at her hands.

Neil shook his head. “Did you make dinner, slut?”

“Yes, sir,” she gulped.

“Enough for two?”

“Yes, sir,” she hesitated.

“Then go serve it.”

She turned reluctantly away from Liam, starting to rise. Neil put his hand on her shoulder, pushing her back down.

“Crawl,” he ordered.

She crawled away, around the corner and up the hall and into the kitchen.

“What the fuck?!” Liam demanded.

Liam explained as best he could as they went out to the living room. He left Liam there as he went to get into something more comfortable than his suit. He found Liam in the kitchen, eyeing Brianna hungrily as she served dinner. Brianna through coy little looks over her shoulder at him.

“So... she does anything you tell her?” Liam asked as Neil came in.

“Yeah, so far. Except leave.”

“Anything?”

“You name it. She'll do it.”

He was even more wide-eyed when Brianna knelt beside the table while they ate.

“What's she eat?”

“Whatever you toss her. Think of her as something like a dog.”

“You're shitting me!”

Neil smirked, then tossed a meat ball onto the floor. Brianna bent and licked it up.

“Fuck!”

“Needless to say, she likes everything doggy style,” Neil said with another smirk.

He looked at Brianna as she straightened. “Don't you, slut?”

“Yes, sir,” she said.

“You're a nasty little slut, aren't you.”

“I'm a fucking whore,” she said softly.

Liam stared.

“You want to fuck her?”

Liam gaped at him. “Wha – ?!”

He turned to stare at Brianna.

“Well, if she uh...”

“Doesn't matter what she wants. She does what she's told. She'll fuck anyone I

tell her to. Won't you, slut?"

Brianna stared at him, but again he saw that embarrassment swept away by a dark hunger.

"Yes, sir!" she gulped.

\* \* \*

It was exciting getting an outsider's point of view, as he watched Liam fucking Brianna. As he'd said, she did like it on all fours, or on her belly with her ass up in the air. He liked the position himself, but he missed the look on her face, the eyes popping every time Liam drove his cock into her from behind. He jerked back on her hair, slapped her ass, and groped her breasts with considerable enthusiasm, and Brianna clearly loved it.

The look on her face was like she was drugged, in a sexual fever as she squealed and gasped and moaned and shuddered, her slender body pounded by Neil as he rammed himself into her hard and fast and deep.

He left her laying on her belly, panting for breath, moaning dazedly as he stood up.

"Not shy is she?" he said, getting his breath.

"You could say that."

He picked up the remote and turned on the TV, and Liam stared at him.

"Why would you want to watch TV when you've got that there?" he demanded.

Neil smiled. "I've seen her naked for the last week."

"Man, you're spoiled."

He looked at her as she rolled over and sat up, eyes flicking up and down, and she stuck her tongue out at him, then gave him the finger.

He frowned and looked at Neil who just shook his head.

"She's trying to provoke you," he said

“Why?”

“Because she's a kinky slut and likes to get treated roughly.”

“She does, huh? Come here, slut.”

“Fuck you,” she said.

He got up and grabbed her by the hair, then half dragged her across the floor, more roughly than Neil ever had. Brianna squealed and twisted, grabbing at his arm, and he sat down and yanked her up across his lap.

“That won't work,” Neil said. “She like spankings.”

The crack of noise as Liam's hand smacked down across that soft round bottom was louder than it had been on the occasions Neil spanked her, and so was Brianna's squeal of pain.

The next spanks were just as loud, and Brianna began to twist and thrash in place, to the point Liam paused to lock her wrist bands together. Then he resumed, his big hand slapping down hard and fast across her bare bottom until it turned pink, then red. Her legs kicked wildly and her cries started to become sobs, to the point Neil considered intervening.

Liam stopped, though, yanking her head up and back by the hair.

“Are you going to give me the finger again?” he demanded.

“N-N-No, sir!” she whimpered.

He squeezed her breast hard, and she gasped in pain.

“Are you a cheap little slut?” he demanded.

“Yes! Oh! Ow! Yes! Please, sir!”

“Are you an obedient little sex slave?”

“Yes, sir!” she gasped.

“Then don't let me catch you acting snotty again! Do you hear me?”

“Yes, sir!” she moaned.

He shoved her off his lap.

“Go and kneel in the corner, facing the wall.”

Sniffing, she obeyed, crawling across on her knees, then stopping, facing the corner. She turned her head, looking back over her shoulder and he slapped his hand against the side of the chair.

“I didn't say you could look around. Face the corner!”

She jerked her head back.

Neil looked at him and he shrugged. “If she's a bitch, if she's a slave, you treat her like it, right?”

Neil nodded. Maybe Liam was more of a bastard than him, he thought. Maybe he could drive her out.

Though he wasn't precisely sure any more why he wanted her out.

Her bottom gradually lightened, to the point you could hardly see a mark on it, but she stayed in the corner as she'd been told, and silent.

“She has a nice ass,” Liam said.

“Very nice.”

“Come here, slut,” Liam called.

Brianna turned around and started to rise.

“On your belly. Crawl on your belly.”

She blinked in surprise, then rolled awkwardly forward onto her belly and wriggled across the floor.

“Bet those tits don't feel so good being ground against the rug,” Liam observed.

He dragged her to her knees by the hair when she'd reached them.

“Are you a sex slave?” he demanded.

He slapped her face and she gasped.

“Answer me, slut.”

“Y-Y-Yes, sir!” she gulped.

He slapped the other cheek.

“Say it, slut.”

“I'm a sex slave, sir!”

“Don't you mean master?”

“I... yes, Si... master!” she gasped as he slapped her face again.

“Try again.”

“Yes, master!”

He got up and left the room. When he came back he had a large cucumber in his hand. Neil stared, then jerked his eyes towards Brianna, who was staring even harder.

Liam grinned. “Guess what this is for, slut?”

She was sitting on her heels, knees apart. He pulled her hair, raising her up, then placed the cucumber, almost a foot long, beneath her, the rounded end pressed against her small wrinkled back passage.

“Sit,” he ordered.

She whimpered helplessly as he tugged down, but she didn't resist. He released her hair and sat down in front of her next to Neil as they both watched with interest.

“Do you fuck her in the ass much?”

“Not much. Never really gotten into it a lot for obvious reasons.”

“There's no obvious reason. Slut, you go out tomorrow and get yourself an enema bag,” he ordered her. “You're to give yourself an enema twice a day and keep a butt-plug in your ass at all times so you'll be ready whenever anyone wants to fuck your ass. You understand me?”

“Y-yes, sir!” she gasped, wide eyed.

He sat forward and slapped her face.

“Master,” he growled.

“Yes, master!” she gasped.

“Fuck, man,” Neil whispered.

“I know what this slut wants,” Liam said with a grin.

“Did you put anything on that cucumber?”

“Some butter on the first six inches.”

They watched her sink slowly, gasping, eyes wide, face flushed. She slid slowly down, moaning as she did, as more and more of the thick cucumber disappeared up into her belly. She was able to sit on her heels again but that didn't satisfy Liam.

“All the way, slut. Sink down.”

“I-I can't!” she gasped.

He slapped her face again and she gasped dazedly.

“Master!” she gasped.

He had her turn around so her back was to them, and they watched her wriggling atop the cucumber, watched her rise a little, then sink, rise a little, then sink, easing herself ever lower on the thing, until only a couple of inches protruded.

“Man, I don't believe she's taken so much of it!” Neil said, feeling his cock throbbing in his pants.

Liam slid forward onto his knees, grasped her hair and forced her face down into the rug.

“Keep your ass up in the air,” he ordered, slapping her bottom sharply. “Spread your legs wide!”

She obeyed, and he sat back beside Neil as they looked at her.

“Nice view,” he said.

“Very,” Neil agreed.

Brianna trembled slightly, but remained otherwise still for a few seconds.

“Please,” she moaned. “Please fuck me!”

“I think you need to beg more, slut,” Liam said.

“Please fuck me, master!” she moaned. “Please fuck my whore ass!”

“If you had a dog you could probably get it to fuck her and she'd love it,” Liam said.

“Man, you're as perverted as her.”

Liam chuckled.

“Hey, slut. Would you like a dog to fuck you?”

“Yes, master!” she moaned breathlessly. “Please make a dog fuck me! I'm a dirty little whore!”

“Come here, slut.”

Brianna rose and turned, crawling back to them, eyes wild. Neil grabbed her hair and yanked her in between his legs, unzipping, and his cock was soon buried in her throat as she moaned around it. Liam watched, reaching out occasionally to squeeze her breast or slap her ass.

When Neil dragged her up by the hair she eagerly straddled his cock and sank down onto it with a shuddering moan of pleasure, riding eagerly up and down as

he sucked on her nipples. Liam reached behind her and gripped the cucumber, twisting and pushing, then pulling, throwing off her stroke, making her gasp and moan.

Then he slid off the sofa and moved behind her. He eased the big cucumber out of her ass and she whimpered and groaned in relief, but then he positioned himself behind her.

Neil wasn't sure what Liam was doing at first, then it became evident, and this time he got to see Brianna's face turn to shock, then shocked arousal as she felt Liam's cock sliding up into her ass. She became something akin to frenzied, then, and they had to hold her as she trembled and shook and squealed and moaned.

They thrust into her, working together, altering their stroke, and tightening their grip on her when she began to cry out and thrash in orgasm. She came again and again and again as they worked her over, especially when one or the other of them rubbed her clitoris as they drove their cocks into her trembling body.

\* \* \*

Dave heaved the big bag of topsoil out of the rear of the pickup and into the wheelbarrow, then put three more on top. His son had promised to look after the house, but neither Dave nor his wife were under any illusions about what he'd do with the plants and bushes out back. Neil just wasn't the gardening type. So Dave came over now and then to make sure the weeds were pulled and things were properly trimmed.

He wheeled the topsoil around to the back, opened the gate, and wheeled it through, closing the gate behind. He set it down and turned just in time to see someone young and female and very naked, running through the door into the house.

He snorted and shook his head. Well, the boy was single, so he supposed it wasn't a big surprise.

Looked like a very nice ass on her, too.

The weeding looked like it had been done, very much surprising him, and so he went to the door and let himself in, not minding at all if he caught his son's

unnamed girlfriend in the process of changing. He looked around with a frown. There was no sign of Neil's car, now that he thought of it. Was he letting some stranger stay here? Well, he was renting the place, but still.

He looked around for her.

“Hello?” he called. “I'm Neil's father. I own this place. Who's here?”

He checked around, frowning. Where was the girl? He went into Neil's room and heard a sound, turning to look towards the closet door.

What the hell, he thought in confusion.

He went to the door and opened it, and blinked in amazement as he saw the naked girl there, face pressed into the wall. She wore some kind of black studded collar around her neck, and he could see similar bands around her ankles.

“Hey,” he said. “Who are you? Come on out here.”

She turned her head timidly, and that was when he got his next shock.

“Brianna!” he exclaimed.

“H-H-Hi, Mr. Ferguson,” she gulped, face red.

“Get out here,” he ordered.

She eased out and he saw she had similar leather bands, restraints of some kind, around her wrists, and they were bound together with a foot wide chain.

“What the hell is going on here!?” he demanded.

“Uhm, I'm staying here for a bit,” she said, clearly squirming with embarrassment.

Dave shook his head wonderingly. Christ, Patrick would go crazy when he found out what Neil and his daughter were doing! He'd lived next door to the man for ten years now and he knew how short tempered he was.

But despite that thought his eyes were drinking in the little beauty, from the rings in her nipples, to her naked, hairless little sex with, yes, another ring there at the

top. Shit! But that was just the beginning. She had some sort of stainless steel... thing sticking out of her pussy, linked by a tiny chain to the ring down there. And as he pulled her forward he saw another one sticking out of her ass!

“What the hell is going on!?”

She dropped her eyes, face burning.

“I asked you a question!” he said, fighting to ignore the throbbing coming from between his legs.

“I... I'm Neil's sex slave,” she gulped.

“His what!?”

“I'm his sex slave,” she said, eyes downcast.

“If he's done anything to you against your will I'll – !”

“Oh no!” she exclaimed, raising her eyes at last. “It was all my idea! Really!”

He stared at her and she dropped her eyes again.

“Put some clothes on,” he said “And we'll get to the bottom of this.”

“I-- I don't want to wear clothes,” she said.

“What?”

“I'm a sex slave,” she said, flushed.

He stared at her in disbelief.

“What kind of sick game are you playing at, Brianna?!”

“I am sick!” she said defiantly. “Surely daddy has told you what a slut and a whore I am!”

He sighed. “Your father has very old fashioned – .”

“I'm a whore. He said so. I'll fuck anything that wants me. Would you like to

fuck me, Mr. Ferguson?”

“Don't be disgusting!” he exclaimed.

But his body was thinking otherwise, and his voice held something less than certainty in it.

Her eyes grew soft and limpid. “Please, Mr. Ferguson! I've been laying out there all slippery with suntan lotion and getting all hot, but Liam said I wasn't allowed to climax without permission.”

“Liam! Liam knows about – .”

“I'm Liam's whore too,” she said. “I'm every man's whore.”

She fell back onto her back, and he gaped at her as she spread her knees wide and slid her hands up and down her body.

“Fuck me, Mr. Ferguson! Please fuck me!” she moaned. “I really need cock! I really need to come! I'm so desperate to come! Please!”

He stared in disbelief, and she eased back to her knees, then pushed her face against his groin, rubbing her cheek against the hard-on growing inside his pants.

“Stop that, Brianna!”

“Or what? You'll tell my parents?” she asked.

She unzipped his trousers, and for some reason his hands wouldn't obey him when he tried to stop her. Then his cock was in her mouth, and he was lost. When she swallowed him his eyes bulged and he cried out, grasping her hair, jerking her face hard against him, thrusting frantically as his orgasm blew his mind away.

\* \* \*

When Liam arrived he could hear the unmistakable sounds of fucking coming from the living room. His instant thought was that Neil had come home early. He was astounded to see, when he rounded the corner, his father, and his uncle Jeff standing naked on either side of Brianna, who was on her knees on the big

square ottoman. Her wrists were locked behind her, and her face was pressed against Uncle Jeff's groin, so she clearly had his dick down her throat. Meanwhile his father was hammering into her from behind.

He stood there, gaping in astonishment. His first flush of embarrassment and horror, though, at their being caught, quickly dissolved as he realized that in this instant, being 'caught' was not going to result in any kind of parental punishment.

Then his own cock started hardening. Brianna looked so young and helpless, so slender as the two grown men used her. Now why did that make his cock as hard as steel, he wondered.

The way his father was pounding against her he knew he wouldn't take long. He waited a minute, and sure enough, he finished.

“Uhm, hi,” he said.

Both men looked over at the hall, guilt filling their faces, at least at the start.

“Uhm, Liam,” his father said, quickly grabbing his shorts.

“I see you've found Brianna,” Liam said sardonically.

“Uhm, yes, and uh, well...”

“Couldn't resist her charms?”

His father sighed. “When a beautiful, naked young girl half your age begs you to fuck her, well, it's a stronger man than I who can resist.”

“Less than half your age,” Liam said, enjoying needling him.

His father scowled, then looked at his brother. Jeff was standing there with a gradually shrinking cock while he held Brianna by the hair, kind of hiding behind her.

“I called Jeff for advice,” he said.

“And I can see what his advice was.”

“I couldn't resist her either,” Jeff said.

“She is kind of irresistible.”

“I'm a whore,” Brianna said breathlessly. “I'm a slut and a sex slave!”

“I was in the navy,” his uncle Jeff said, shaking his head. “I've had a lot of women in my life, but never one as wild and responsive as this one. She must have come ten times already!”

“I'm a slut!” Brianna said, panting weakly.

\* \* \*

Neil saw his father's car in the garage and his heart skipped a beat. If Liam had been here, and he should be by now, surely he'd been able to hide the little slut before his father came into the house! Hoping against hope, he fumbled at the door and hurried inside.

His shock was even greater than Liam's had been.

Brianna was laying back across the Ottoman, legs splayed, masturbating. Liam, his father, and his uncle Jeff were sitting side by side on the sofa in front of her watching. Liam had a riding crop, something he'd bought recently, and smirking at her. As Brianna's hips began to buck convulsively he shouted “Stop!”

Brianna gave a sob, and her cuffed wrists jerked back as Liam let the tip of the crop slap down repeatedly against her swollen clitoris. She cried out again and again, her head thrashing and twisting.

“Please!” she cried. “Please may I come, Master!?! Please! Please may I come! Please!”

“Not just yet, slut.”

Liam slapped at her clit with the flat tip of the crop hard and fast until her gasps became pained instead of heated, then stopped.

“You can start over.”

Whimpering, Brianna's trembling fingers slid down to her groin and she began to finger her aching clitoris again, gasping and shuddering as her fingers stroked

against herself.

“What the fuck is going on!?” Neil finally cried.

The three men turned to look at him. Brianna ignored him.

“Dad found Brianna,” Liam said. “She was her usual persuasive self, and when I got here he and Uncle Jeff were uh, disciplining her.”

His father blushed, Neil saw in shock, and Uncle Jeff shrugged helplessly.

“She's more girl than any one man can satisfy anyway,” his father said apologetically.

Brianna's hips began to buck, and Uncle Jeff slid onto his knees, grabbing her cuffed wrists and forcing them up and back. Her hips continued to buck as she gulped in air, chest heaving, and Neil watched his father take an ice cube from his drink and lean forward.

“Please!” Brianna sobbed. “Please let me come! Please!”

But his father placed the ice cube against her clit while Liam and Uncle Jeff held her legs apart. She squealed and sobbed and thrashed, but they held her easily enough.

“You guys are... I don't fucking believe this!” Neil said wonderingly.

Uncle Jeff snorted. “Like Dave said, who can resist this?”

“Are you ever gonna let her come?” Neil asked, turning his attention to the whimpering girl.

“Sure, just about now.”

They dragged her off the Ottoman as Uncle Jeff lay lengthwise on the sofa. Brianna was half dragged, half lifted up onto him, straddling him, sinking down onto his cock. Liam slid in behind her, and his father moved in from the side, grabbing her hair and forcing his cock into her mouth.

With three cocks pounding into her Brianna didn't last more than seconds. She

started to twist and thrash and gurgle around his father's cock, and for long seconds it looked like she was having convulsions. Then she went limp, though not for long. He counted seven climaxes before his father emptied himself down her throat.

There was no way of getting rid of her now. His entire family would have been furious at him, at least the males. A few days later Uncle Jeff brought his son Jacob over to introduce him to what Neil had come to think of as the family slave. At least the two took her away into the guest bedroom to enjoy while he watched the football game.

The next day Jacob returned with his brothers Caleb and Alex, and again dragged Brianna away, this time down into the basement. Liam arrived soon after and joined them down there. Neil resisted as long as he could, stubborn and irritated, but then finally went downstairs to see what was going on.

They had Brianna stretched out between two support beams, spreadeagled, arms stretched tautly up above her and legs pulled wide apart below. Her body was covered in sweat, and she had a dildo sticking out of her mouth. They were torturing her the same way he'd observed the other day, by turning her on and then not letting her climax.

This time they had vibrators, among other things, and Brianna seemed to be losing her mind.

The four young men were clearly both aroused and amused, taunting her and making suggestions to each other about what to do next. Brianna had what looked like a huge dildo sticking out of her pussy and another out of her ass, and her body was writhing and twisting, her hips grinding.

“Why don't you guys just fuck her?” he sighed.

Caleb grinned. “You lack imagination, son.”

Neil snorted.

“Besides, this is more fun.”

“And lasts longer,” Liam added.

“You're going to drive her out of her mind.”

“Who says she isn't already there?” Caleb asked.

Liam beckoned him forward, and despite himself Neil could feel his cock was already rock hard in his pants.

He was startled when he saw what Liam handed him. It was a whip.

“What is – .”

“It's a flog. It's not a heavy one as you can feel.”

It wasn't. It consisted of a thick handle with a dozen or so foot-long, thin strips of leather attached.

“Use it on her breasts.”

“I don't think – .”

“Use it and watch her face.”

Neil licked his lips, then swung it lightly against those beautiful, firm round breasts. The laces snapped against it with little force, but Brianna's eyes widened and she stared at it, at him, and down at her chest.

“If you hit harder you'll make her come,” Liam said.

“Don't be ridiculous.”

“Do it.”

He swung harder, and her body jerked violently, her head jerking back in what was clear excitement. Well, he knew she was kinky. But what shocked Neil was how excited he felt at swinging the flog. He swung again, harder, and then again, and he saw her starting to writhe and thrash again.

She started screaming into the makeshift gag, the dildo they'd stuck in her mouth.

And then her screaming took on an even more intense pitch, and he realized he

was swinging hard and fast, the laces cutting across her breasts again and again, turning her chest pink as her hips bucked desperately against the vibrator Liam was holding.

The orgasm seemed to go on forever, and he watched as Jacob moved behind her and drove his cock up her ass. That didn't stop her climax, but seemed to make it growing stronger. Jacob rammed himself up into her ass, jerking back on her hair as his hips pounded against her. And only unconsciousness finally had her going limp.

“Kinky slut,” Caleb said with a grin.

Neil nodded breathlessly.

Occasionally his uncle or father or cousins would bring a friend over, but for the most part, they shared Brianna only among each other. The problem, from Neil's perspective, was that none of the others would take her in. Clearly neither his father nor his uncle Jeff could do it. And neither Liam nor his cousins had a large enough place for her. That left her at his place.

Which wasn't, of course, a terrible thing. But as he'd said to Brianna that first day, she wasn't his type. Oh, he enjoyed fucking her, of course. He also enjoyed having an unpaid maid/gardener/cook around the house. But he felt towards her something like he would towards a beloved family dog.

He continued dating, but how could he bring his dates home with her there?

He and Liam found the solution in an old dog cage they found at a flea market. It was big enough and they could put a bowl of water in it, and some cushions. On nights where he had a date he'd put her in the cage and put the cage in a storeroom in the back of the garage, with a blanket covering it.

Brianna seemed to find it exciting to be caged, especially since they left her a dildo to play with on the condition she put the ball gag in her mouth when she used it.

That worked out well for much of a year. When he started getting serious about Peyton, though, Neil knew it couldn't last. Peyton was a very stylish woman, a lawyer at a very good law firm. She was very prim and proper, at least, in public. It took him a while to get her into bed, and it took him longer still to relax her

inhibitions to get her to do anything more than lay still.

But he was a skilled lover, even more given his experience with Brianna, and pleasure tended to overcome inhibitions, especially over time. He managed to loosen Peyton up considerably in the bedroom, but he had no idea what he was going to do about Brianna until a misplaced joke fell flat.

Again, it was Brianna's influence. He had to constantly remind himself that Brianna was not like other women and that he couldn't treat other women like he did Brianna. But his joke, after they'd just had a very satisfying sex, about bringing another guy into bed because of how insatiable she was didn't get the snort of outrage he'd expected.

“Maybe we should get another girl instead,” she replied.

She wasn't serious, of course, but it gave him the idea, and he worked on it over time. He also worked on introducing her to bondage, which she took to with curiosity for the bonds holding her spreadeagled on the bed, and then a real enthusiasm as he worked on her with vibrator, dildo, ice, and hot oil.

She was more than a little nonplussed when he introduced her to Brianna, his slave girl being naked and as submissive as ever. But he could see the subdued excitement in her eyes. He also discovered, much to his shock, that she'd had experience with lesbian sex before.

“Well, dear, I did attend an all-girls college,” she said, as if pitying him his naivety.

She also instantly grasped the delights of having a slave girl do all the chores around the house. And, much to Brianna's pleasure, she proved a stern taskmistress who didn't hesitate to bring out the strap or crop to discipline her.

She also proved quite adept at a long tailed whip, and with Brianna spreadeagled in mid-air, would send it darting out again and again to set the girl writhing and howling as it snapped at her nipples and pussy, as it cut across her back and buttocks, leaving her striped and exhausted.

At their wedding, Brianna was the maid of honor. Though she went through the wedding with dildos jammed up both her lower orifices, and no panties beneath her dress. Then she was stripped and took on a good portion of the men in

attendance in a back room at the inn they held their reception.

Neil didn't count the number of times she was ridden, or the number of climaxes she had, but he and Liam had to hose her down afterward, before dragging her dazed body into the house.

Then it was back to her role as family slave, though now that Peyton was there his family had to take her into the basement to 'play', and she insisted on soundproofing the room down there.

“Really,” she said, “I don't want to hear her howling every evening.”

Of course, she howled quite a bit herself on those evenings Brianna got her mouth clamped over her blonde pussy and her tongue deep inside her.

And so Neil's life went on quite happily, and almost normally, all things considered, with kinky Briana taking up the position of family pet – already house trained.

\* \* \* \* \*

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