

THE SLAVE TRAINER

By Argus

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One

Sara yawned and stretched out in her bed, then rubbed her eyes and slowly sat up. Her gaze turned immediately to the window and she felt a slight surge of pleasure at the bright sunlight and the cloudless sky.

She had a game today, after all, and the last thing she wanted was for it to be called on account of rain.

She threw back the covers and swung her long legs around and over the edge, then stood up. She walked across to the window and looked out again, just to make sure there wasn't a storm somewhere off in the distance. There wasn't. She sighed happily, leaning on the window sill, only peripherally aware of the weight of her breasts pulling down against the thin, cropped halter she habitually slept in.

Below the light, somewhat worn halter she wore a pair of thin, high cut panties, the narrow triangle of fabric over her mons held tightly in place by two thin strips curving up high across her hips, her buttocks peeking out of the rear as it was pulled tightly across her bottom.

"Right on," she said, straightening and turning away, then strolling across the room to the door. She flung it open and trotted down the stairs, then into the kitchen.

"Hi," she said.

"Good morning," her mother smiled.

"You iron my uniform?"

"Sitting on the table."

"Thanks."

"What do you want for breakfast?"

"Uhm, I dunno," Sara said, pulling her blouse up and shaking it out.

"You have to eat something. You're too skinny."

"Oh right," Sara snorted.

"You are. You're tiny. You're all skin and bones."

"Hardly, mother."

"The only thing big about you is your boobs."

"Mother!"

"Well it's true."

"Look, I'll have a couple of pancakes, okay."

"That'll do."

Grumbling, Sara carried her blouse and skirt upstairs and into her room, then laid them out and went down the hall to the bathroom. She grabbed a big towel from the linen closet, then closed the bathroom door and locked it.

After hanging up the towel she turned and looked at herself briefly in the mirror, eyeing her loose, shoulder length blonde hair, reasonably pretty face and...

She reached down to the hem of her little crop top and gripped it cross-handed, then, as sexily as she could, she peeled it up her body and over her head, then hung it on a hook, then slipped her thumbs into the thin waist of her bottoms and peeled it down and out, bending, her breasts hanging heavily as she stepped out of them before straightening. Naked, she looked at herself again.

She had a tiny waist, but her hips were wide. She turned and looked at her behind in the mirror. It wasn't bad, really, quite round and firm, though small.

She faced the mirror again and stood straight, pushing her chest out. Funny, she thought, they did look rather big now. When she had clothes on they seemed pretty normal, well, noticeable, maybe, but not this big. Now, naked, they seemed somehow too large for her body. Maybe it was because of her tiny waist, her thin frame.

Sara was something of an athlete, and her body looked trim and firm, the musculature of her chest and belly clearly showing when she pushed her chest out. Her thighs were toned, her legs strong and well-proportioned, nicely contoured all the way down to her ankles.

She was no more a narcissist than any other girl her age, which wasn't saying much, but enjoyed the sight of herself naked. It was still a reasonably new body, after all, only a few years since she had "sprouted". She was well aware of how attractive she was to boys, how they lusted after her, longed to get their hands on her.

That kind of turned her on. It wasn't just boys any more either. Men too were glancing at her with lust and interest when she moved past now, real men, men with real jobs, men old enough to be her father.

She knew - vaguely - what was on their minds. She was a virgin, but knew all the details involved in sex. She hadn't gone all that far with guys yet, mostly because she was worried about her reputation, and kind of scared and disgusted at the idea of a guy putting his - thing - inside her body.

It was exciting, too, though, and she had many fantasies where she and some gorgeous guy writhed naked in front of a fireplace, or on a beach, or in a field of grass...

But so far she hadn't dared. The furthest she'd gone was when Joey Morgan had gotten her top open in his car one time and had sucked and chewed on her nipples before she'd managed to draw together enough strength to push him off and close her shirt.

Every time she thought of that her heart gave a little lurch at the pleasure and the intensity of the lust which had rippled through her young body.

But she'd never dared repeat it, afraid of the stories which would get out, afraid of a reputation, and afraid of herself, of her own weakness. Father Frasier had given many sermons on the topic of extra-marital sex, on the subject of immorality and moral weakness. She was determined to be strong, to follow the will of God and not give in to lewd, immoral debauchery.

She was eighteen, after all; a woman - if for all of five weeks. She needed to conduct herself like a lady, and was determined to be a virgin on her wedding night. She would save herself for her husband, as the Church said she must.

But oh it was difficult sometimes!

She cupped her breasts and then slid her fingers onto her nipples, pinching them just a bit, and pulling them outwards. They were small and bright pink, but she remembered how hard and sensitive and long they'd gotten when Joey had sucked. How they had throbbed and burned and set her chest on fire.

She shook her head in annoyance and turned, stepping to the bathtub. She turned on the water, got in, and began to soap herself up.

Her thoughts turned to the game that day as she casually ran her hands over her soapy young flesh. She was playing right wing on the school's field hockey team, and anticipated a win today, since Sherman Oaks was a weaker team than St. Mary's, her school. It was her last year, after all. She'd be off to college in the fall - where any manner of lewd things might happen, she thought a bit daringly.

She dried herself in the towel, then blow dried her hair so it was thick and full and fluffy, with just the right amount of bangs. That took awhile, and she didn't really have time for breakfast. Her mother made her eat it anyway.

She raced to the corner just in time to catch the bus. It wasn't a school bus, just a regular city one, and more than a few of the men eyed her with less than paternal thoughts as the pretty blonde girl in the blue jacket and tartan skirt made her way down the aisle

She ignored them, mostly, though she was aware of some looking a bit longer than was polite. She sat in the back, her legs chastely crossed, and looked out the window as the bus lurched along. She pulled her math book out of her gym bag and buried her nose in it, ignoring the world for the half hour ride to school.

The world, however, did not ignore her. It was a boring ride, and every one of the men in back let his eyes flicker across to the pretty girl from time to time. Some merely exercised their eyes, scanning her nice legs and soft, golden hair, enjoying her as they would a pretty picture.

A few let graphic daydreams slide over their minds, their eyes trying desperately to slide up under the tartan skirt as they imagined her on all fours, bottom in the air, or on her back with her knees shoved back against her tits.

And then there was one whose mind was far more calculating. He never stared, but his eyes seldom left the girl. He assessed her age, her likely measurements, whether the blonde hair

was real (He was sure it was), whether she were a virgin (probably, he guessed), and more importantly for Sara, whether she was worth the careful effort of following, and grabbing.

He watched her eyes when they came up from the book and looked out the window. They were a very bright blue, and seemed almost unnaturally wide as she looked upwards. She had a small, pert nose, a sweet mouth with full, pouting lips, and a narrow, elfin chin.

Very pretty. Lovely, in fact, with a certain special... something, a certain character that he found quite appealing. She was of an age for training, certainly. His only problem lay in her schoolgirl uniform. It covered and shaded too much. He couldn't be sure of her figure. Only the best would do.

She appeared to have good legs, from what he could see, but the chest was uncertain. He studied her as the bus moved, then studied more carefully as she put her book away and stood up. His eyes narrowed as he saw the jacket held out by her chest.

Perhaps. Yes, perhaps.

He rose and got off behind her, staying well behind as she walked down a couple of blocks amongst a group of similarly clad teenagers. They turned into a large grey stone structure, St Mary's Catholic High School, it said on a sign.

He nodded his head and turned away.

"Karen! Over here!" Sara yelled, slapping her stick on the grass. The ball came skidding across the grass and she raced for it, beating a Sherman Oaks girl and elbowing her aside as she moved in on goal.

She saw the goalie running forward to block her off, stick handled to the right, swung, then feinted left and backhanded the ball past her and into the net.

There were cheers amongst her team and she jumped up and down in glee, clutching Karen and Susan as they yelled in victory. They trotted back, laughing and joking as the unhappy Sherman Oaks' girls glumly followed.

"Sara."

She turned at the tap on the shoulder to see Amy Simpson, a small, black haired girl.

"You're off," she said, thumbing towards the sidelines.

Sara glared indignantly towards the coach, then sighed and trotted off.

"Why'd you pull me off?" she demanded.

"There's only ten minutes left, Sara, and we're up by three."

"So?"

"So I want to see how Simpson plays."

"She plays lousy."

"Don't be snotty. Sit down and rest."

Sara mumbled to herself, but didn't dare say anything out loud. Coach had a quick hand, and she'd felt it on the side of her head often enough to know better than to mouth off.

"Nice goal," Toni said.

"You see how I decked her?" Sara grinned.

"Yeah, dumb cow."

"They're all losers."

"Yeah."

"Hey, are you going to the mall after school?" Tricia asked.

"I don't know. I got homework in Science." Sara sighed.

"I hate science."

"Who doesn't?"

None of them noted the van across the street, and if they had would not have suspected there was a high powered spotting scope in the back trained on them, trained specifically on Sara. The scope was powerful enough that her face filled the entire field of view.,

When it panned down, the watcher had a close-up of her chest, then her crotch. The shorts and t-shirt she wore left little doubt about her figure, and the watcher doubted strongly she'd bothered to stuff her bra before a game, especially with other girls watching.

She turned and he caught her chest in profile, humming to himself, then caught her bottom once again, a bottom that he guessed must be incredibly firm and round from the way it pushed out behind her like it did.

The game ended, and St. Mary's senior girls' field hockey team headed back to the school in victory, while the visitors moved dejectedly to their bus. The locker room soon filled with laughing, happy young women in various states of undress.

Sara stripped off her T-shirt without a second thought, then slid her shorts down and stepped out of her running shoes and socks. She felt a slight arousal as she slid her bra off and skimmed down her panties. As always, being naked around others turned her on just a little.

True, they were only girls, and they were naked too, but it still felt odd and vaguely erotic to be moving around in semi-public utterly naked. The other girls all felt the same way, though nobody mentioned it, and nobody thought much about it.

They all moved about their business, mostly ignoring each other, trying not to look anywhere they shouldn't, lest someone start rumours. All of them felt the little tingling between their legs, though.

Sara moved into the shower room, where at least a dozen girls stood washing, and moved under an empty showerhead. She turned on the water and soaked herself, then began to soap up.

She was not thinking of how luscious her body was, or about how soft and silky her skin felt as her hands moved over her soapy flesh. She noted, casually enough, the other girls in sight, and what they looked like, almost routinely comparing herself to them.

Tori's breasts were bigger, but looked saggy. Susan had small, conical ones. Angie was almost flat chested. Kate had nice ones but not as good as hers.

That was part of being a girl, comparing oneself to others, and she did it routinely, without really even thinking about it. Her breasts, she thought, were just about the best. Ashley Fisher's ass was a bit better, and she thought maybe Cory O'Neil had better legs. But then she was almost six feet, and her legs were really long.

Content in her own looks she continued soaping up, thinking about whether she could do her Science homework later and still go to the mall. Tomorrow she did volunteer work at the hospital, so couldn't go to the mall then, and the next day she had a date with Mark Hunter.

He was kind of dreamy looking, and had a nice car, and half the girls at school made goo goo eyes over him. Sara had been much more dignified, playing a kind of, who cares game, and it had worked.

She rinsed the soap off, then turned off the water and went to the wall, grabbing her towel. She towelled off quickly, then wrapped it around her soaking hair as she walked naked out of the shower room.

Other girls were similarly clad, so there was nothing to be embarrassed about. She wasn't consciously showing off, though she didn't mind that other girls would see her like this and be a little envious. Whenever she caught a girl eyeing her body, out of the corner of her eyes, she felt a little shivery, a little naughty. Pride was one of the deadly sins, after all, and especially pride in - well - in naughty things like her breasts and bottom. Father Frasier would be very upset.

She dressed and finished drying her hair, then headed off to class on what she thought of as another routine day.

He followed the girl with his eyes as she walked to the bus stop. There were too many others around to grab her here, but he was patient. If an opportunity arose, he'd make his move. Otherwise he'd wait, study, and plan.

He followed them to the bus, then followed the bus after it picked her up. Half an hour later he saw her get off. She turned down a side street and he picked up speed, the van passing her. He slowed, looking for a likely place, somewhere he could do a quick grab, but then she turned another corner behind him.

He cursed and turned around, getting to the corner just in time to see her walk up the driveway of a large Tudor style house. She went to the door, produced a key, then unlocked it and let herself in. He frowned unhappily, wondering if she were alone there.

He studied the terrain around her. Tall hedges bordered her home's lawn on either side, so only the people directly across the street would see anything unusual. This was quite good. He drove up and parked beside the hedge, then eyed the house with binoculars.

He saw no car, but the garage door was closed. Did he dare sneak up to the house in broad daylight and check? Better not. The risk was too high. He studied the surrounding area one more time, then started the engine, preparing to back off, maybe get the girl on her way to school tomorrow morning.

Then she appeared at the door. He couldn't believe it. She turned her back and brought out the key again, and he hurriedly got out of the driver's seat and slid the side door of the van open. He jumped out and dropped lightly onto the sidewalk, his hand going to his pocket.

He pulled out a plastic bag, opened it, and then discarded it, holding the rag in his gloved hand. It had been previously soaked in chloroform, and would make short work of any resistance the girl put up.

He watched her covertly as she walked down the driveway. She was clad in jeans and a red, button down blouse now, and didn't appear to even notice him. He turned his back to her a bit more, judging the timing expertly.

Suddenly, as she passed, he whirled around, his hand jamming the rag into her face as his other arm slid around her and crushed her against him. She gave a startled yelp into the rag, then started to struggle as he carried her to the van. It was only a couple of steps, and by the time he reached it she was limp.

He tossed her body in and slid the door closed, then threw the rag away and got in the driver's door. He looked around anxiously, but nobody seemed to have seen anything. His heart racing, he started the engine and drove off, Sara Miller unconscious in the back.

Sara woke slowly. She felt a little sick, and very dizzy and confused. At first she didn't know why, or remember anything. She was a little more confused that her legs and arms didn't seem to be moving properly, but not alarmed about it.

Then real awareness returned, and she blinked her eyes against blindness. There was something over her eyes, she realized, and something holding her wrists down at her sides. Her ankles were also bound, and wouldn't move an inch.

Fear blasted into her, raw, hot, gut wrenching. She remembered the man, then, the man and his rag jammed into her face, the medicine smell, the numbness in her arms and legs, then the blurred vision.

Where was she? What had happened? H-Hello?" she gasped.

Nothing.

She pulled more determinedly but her wrists and ankles were held tight. Where was she? What was he going to do her?

She had a pretty good idea about the latter. She'd been grabbed by some kind of nasty, evil pervert, and he was going to... to... to rape her!

She had to get away! Again she struggled desperately, but her wrists and ankles stayed where they were. She thought about screaming. In fact, she was on the verge of screaming in sheer, raw terror, but was afraid the only one who would hear would be.... him.

She was still wearing all her clothes. Had he raped her and then dressed her again? She didn't feel anything different down there. She'd heard that Angela Cooper had gotten drunk at a

party and passed out, and that Phil Bradshaw and Bill Arron had fucked her. Supposedly she hadn't even known about it until a few days later when they'd started bragging.

She trembled in terror, her head moving from side to side, trying to see something... anything, but there was only total blackness. Her heart was racing, and she was starting to sweat. What would he do to her? What would it be like? Would he hurt her? Would he... kill her?

She pulled again and again and again but couldn't free her arms and legs. She gave up, panting wearily and laying her head back on the... whatever.

She was on some kind of bed, she thought. It was padded, anyway, even if there was no pillow. She listened, but heard no sounds. She smelled damp air.

A noise! Her heart went into overdrive as she heard the sound of a heavy wooden door opening, then closing. She stared around her desperately, wondering where he was.

"Hello."

She let out a short scream, her head tilting back as she looked up towards the voice.

"How do you feel?"

"Wh... where am I?" she gulped.

"Home."

"M-My home?"

"Your new home."

She felt a blast of terror at that.

"Feeling better?"

"Y-yes."

"Good."

"Please... untie me," she begged.

"They're straps."

"Could you... could you let me up?" she gulped.

His voice was soft, calm, almost casual. "I could... if I wanted to."

"What... what are you going to do to me?"

"Anything I want," he said.

She trembled, and bit back another scream. Her heart was racing so fast that she thought she'd faint.

She felt hands, fingers down at her ankles, and felt the... straps opened. Her legs were free!

But a second later she felt something else, something leathery, wrapped around first one ankle, then the other.

"Wh... what are you doing?" she gulped.

"Don't ask questions," he said.

She felt his fingers at her right wrist. The strap was pulled loose, then another leather something was wrapped tightly around her wrist. He unstrapped her other hand, and again wrapped a leather something around it, then, his hands tightly on her wrists, he pulled her into a sitting position.

"Swing your legs to your right," he ordered.

Still terrified, she obeyed, and felt them drop over the edge of the... bed. Her feet touched the floor.

"Now you're going to stand, and go where I lead you. Understand?"

"Yes," she said in a small voice.

A thought slipped into her mind. Maybe he had just kidnapped her for money. Maybe he thought her parents were rich or something, and would let her go when he found out they weren't.

Or maybe he'd kill her.

He pulled on her wrists and she slid off the bed. She tried to stand but her legs were surprisingly rubbery and weak, and if hadn't been for his tight grip she would have fallen. He lifted her hands up high and pulled her forward, and she shuffled awkwardly along until he stopped.

He raised her hands even higher, and then took his hands away. She swung her arms a little, but they were caught on something up there, like a rope or something. She turned her head from side to side fearfully, wondering what he was doing.

She gasped as she felt his fingers in her hair.

"Your hair is very soft," he said.

She swallowed nervously, saying nothing.

"What's your name?"

"S-S-Sara," she croaked.

"Sara. That's a lovely name," he said, sliding his hand down along her cheek, stroking her skin.

Her heart beat louder.

"Sara?"

"Wh...what?"

"I want you to kiss me."

"What?"

"Kiss me."

"Bu...but...Please don't!"

"I want you to kiss me."

"I-I can't," she whimpered.

"Are you going to be a good girl?" he asked, sliding his hand around behind her head, his fingers tightening.

"Yes!" she squeaked.

"Say it."

"Sa... say what?"

"Say you're going to be a good girl."

"I-I-I'm going to be a good girl," she gulped.

"Master. Say master."

"Please, she whimpered.

He jerked her hair back and she gasped in pain.

"Say it, you slut!" he hissed.

"Master! Master! I'll be a good girl, Master!" she cried.

His grip loosened, but her chest heaved as she gulped in air.

"Do you want me to take off your blindfold, Sara?"

"Y...yes," she whimpered.

She felt his hands at the blindfold, felt it tugged up and off, and blinked her eyes rapidly as she looked up at him. She gasped and averted her eyes as he smiled smugly.

He was a big man, with a thick chest, about her father's age. He wore heavy black boots and a leather vest. Aside from that all he had on was a kind of leather G-string. He stepped forward as she turned her head to the side, his hands going to her head, squeezing it and turning it to face him.

He bent and his lips slid onto hers, his tongue slipping through and into her mouth. She gave a muffled, choked gasp of terror and embarrassment, but could do nothing to resist him, and didn't dare try. His tongue was squirming around in her mouth as his lips bruised hers, and she fought down terror as she anticipated her imminent rape.

He pulled his lips back and smiled grimly. "I said kiss me," he hissed, his eyes turning angry.

He jammed his mouth in against hers again and she kissed back fearfully, sliding her tongue up against his and sliding her lips over his.

He pulled back, still smiling, though his eyes were cold.

"Sara, tell me about the first time a man fucked you."

"Please let me go!" she begged.

He glared. "I thought you said you'd be a good girl."

"I-I did but..."

"Then do as you're told!" he screamed.

She screamed in fear and tried to pull back, but couldn't.

He snarled into her face, then stepped back.

"Tell me about the first guy who fucked your dirty cunt!"

"I-I-I... never... I didn't... I mean... I haven't... done it... sir."

"Master!" he screamed, nearly making her heart explode.

"Master! Master! I didn't do it, Master! I haven't done it, master!"

"You mean you're a virgin?" he said quietly, smiling pleasantly.

"Ye...ye...yes," she squeaked.

"Why you filthy bitch." He glared at her. "You walk around in your tight pants, showing off your ass and wagging your tits around, and you don't let anybody shove their cocks into you!? You filthy little cocktease! I'm going to punish you for that!"

"But...but I-I..."

"Shut up!"

He stared silently at the trembling, terrified girl, revelling in her fear. His lips curled in a nasty smile.

"How old are you, bitch?"

"E-E-Eighteen," she gasped.

"Eighteen. A good age. A woman's body with a girl's mind." He nodded his head thoughtfully. "I can train you."

"T-Train me?"

His fingers slid up around her face and his hands enclosed it, then he kissed her gently. He eased back, his hands sliding down her cheeks and onto her throat, then down over her shoulders and over her breasts. He squeezed them gently, smiling as he felt her heart fluttering like a little bird.

He unbuttoned the top button slowly, teasingly, then shifted his fingers to the next one, then the next, saying nothing as she trembled and shook.

"Please," she whimpered. "P-P-Please don't!"

His hand drew back and he slapped her face hard, throwing it to one side. She cried out in pain and shocked fear as he continued to undo the buttons down her shirt.

"I have told you that you must say master whenever you speak. Do not forget again," he said, his voice soft, calm.

He tugged the red shirt out of her pants and gazed in at her firm, tight belly and the only partially clad breasts. Then he walked over to a nearby table and picked up a pair of heavy shears. He came back to her and carefully cut her shirt off her arms, then tossed the ragged remnants onto the floor.

Terrified and feeling a growing flush of embarrassment, Sara looked away, seeing the small cot in the corner, the stone floor under her and the stone walls around her. There was no window. The door was of thick, heavy wood. There was a big, rough table in one corner, a dresser

next to it, and some strange looking wooden things scattered around, none of which she recognized, but all of which looked frightening.

She saw that her wrists were encased in leather restraints, and the restraints were locked to chains that hung down from the ceiling. She gasped, her eyes returning to the man as his hands cupped her breasts and squeezed them.

"You have lovely breasts, Sara," he said. "I will enjoy sliding my tongue over them."

Sara thought her head would explode with the humiliation and terror as the man stroked and fondled her breasts through her bra. Then he slid the heavy scissors over the straps, neatly snipping the elastics and cutting the bra apart. It dropped away and her breasts were utterly bare.

Never had she been so mortified, or so frightened, as the man stood there only a foot away and feasted his eyes on her body. She sniffled, tears filling her eyes, then began weeping as his hands stroked and cupped her breasts, then began squeezing and kneading them.

He bent and began to lick her nipples as she sobbed in misery and hopelessness. His tongue rasped hungrily against her round pink buttons, and then his lips closed around them as he began to suck. He nipped and gnawed with his teeth, pinching and chewing her sensitive nipples, ignoring her weeping as his hands mauled her firm, young breasts.

His hands stroked up and down her belly and over her sides and back, but his lips never strayed from her breasts and nipples as he licked and lapped and sucked them for long minutes. Despite her shame and fear her nipples quickly grew erect, as she continued to suckle and lick and chew grew more and more sensitive, throbbing and tingling in his mouth.

Finally he pulled his head up and his arms went around her, cupping her bottom through her jeans. He smiled down nastily, then licked the tears along her cheeks before sliding his lips over hers again. He kissed her roughly, his tongue forcing its way into her mouth, but she was too miserable and hopeless to respond.

He pulled back. "I thought you said you'd be a good girl," he said, sounding regretful. "Maybe you need to be punished, hmmm?"

"N-N-nooooo! I-I'll be g-good," she whimpered.

He kissed her again and she made an effort to kiss back as his lips crushed hers and his hands squeezed and fondled her naked breasts. In the midst of the kiss she felt his hands sliding down her belly and unbuckling her belt. Her heart rate surged higher as she felt it released, then felt the catch pop loose.

He smiled at her as he stepped back, then slowly, tauntingly, lowered her zipper. He smiled and pushed the jeans down, baring her pink cotton bikini panties. He shoved the jeans down around her ankles, then reached down and yanked them loose.

Of course that also yanked her legs out from under her, and she gasped as she swung freely by the wrists before her feet found the floor again. Her shoes had been popped loose, and since she wore no socks she was now in bare feet, the stone cold beneath them.

He smiled, the nastiest smile she'd seen on anyone, and gripped her panties, then ripped them free. Sara cringed and closed her eyes in mortification as her body was laid utterly bare before him. She trembled as his hands slid over her belly, one going up to fondle her breasts, the other...

She moaned and started to weep again as he cupped her pussy mound and squeezed it tightly.

"Nice little pussy," he crooned. "Gooooood pussy,"

Sarah shuddered in terror. Clearly he was mad.

"Tell me how much you want my cock, Sara. Tell me how much you want me to fuck you."

"Nooo," she sobbed.

In an instant he changed.

"Don't disobey me, you whore!" he screamed into her face, his eyes bulging, his face filled with rage and hate.

She screamed in fear and cringed back as he glared angrily at her.

"So you don't want me to fuck you, is that it?"

"I-I-I'm a v-v-virgin," she whimpered.

"Okay then, I won't fuck your cherry away until you beg for it. How's that sound?" he said.

He moved away behind her and then came back a moment later carrying, of all things, a pair of black shoes. They were extremely high stiletto heeled shoes which she'd never have worn willingly.

"Your feet must be cold on the floor, Sara," he said. "Here's some shoes for you to wear."

He bent and lifted one of her feet, forcing the shoe onto it. It was too tight, but he didn't seem to care. He lifted her other foot and forced the other shoe onto that one.

He moved away again, and then returned with some kind of black wooden rod. It was a couple of feet wide, and he bent down again and attached the rings in her ankle restraints to either end of the rod. She realized immediately that she couldn't close her legs now, and again her terror rose.

He moved behind her again, then once more returned, but didn't come around in front. She turned around as his hand stroked her bottom, and gasped as she saw what was in his hand.

"You like this, slut?" he smiled. "Ever seen a riding crop before? It's used on stubborn ANIMALS that don't know THEIR PLACE!!"

She whimpered and her heart pounded as her blood raced. He raised the crop as his other hand slid over her bottom lovingly. "Such a pity to mark up this nice round little ass," He smiled. "But then you have to learn YOUR PLACE!"

Two

The crop rose higher and higher and his eyes gleamed as he stared at her twin buttocks, so firm and round and lovely, raised so perfectly by the stiletto heels, sticking out so invitingly. Then he swung the crop down. It hissed through the air with a ripping sound and cracked against the blonde's girl's bottom.

Crack!

Sara felt the impact against her soft skin, then, a split second later, a sharp, shocking pain tore through her mind.

"Ahhh!!!" she screamed, her body thrashing and shaking in maddened pain, unable to do more than dance and shake in place as her bottom continued to burn like fire.

"We don't take no for an answer here, slut," he said sternly. "You don't wag your ass at us and then tell us not to fuck you. Here, you beg for ME to fuck YOU!"

He swung the crop down again and again there was a ripping motion followed by the crack of noise as it hit her soft bottom.

Another needle sharp blast of agony tore through the blonde teen's senses and she shrieked in pain, her hands pulling desperately at the chains above her as her legs jerked and shifted helplessly. Again the crop lashed across her bottom, then again, then again, each blow a horrific stabbing lash of pain and heat that drew an animalistic shriek of agony from her shaking body.

"Dirty whore!" Crack!

"AGHH!"

"Stinking slut!" Crack!

"NO! AARGHH!"

"Cheap tramp!" Crack!

"STOP! AAGH!"

"Like that, slut? Like that!" he demanded with a laugh.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

"ARRGHH! AAAHIII! AAARGhghh! Aaaeeiiii!"

The room resounded to the sinister blows as the crop raised angry red welts all over her perfect round bottom. She screamed and howled and shrieked as tears poured down her cheeks and her body strained against the bonds holding her in place.

"Do you want me to fuck you now, bitch? He demanded. "Do you love my cock now!!?"

"Ye...e...eeee...ee..e...eeeeesssss," she sobbed.

Crack!

"Yes Master!" he snarled.

"AHHrhrhghh! Yeeee...ee.e.eeesss Ma...ma.mmm.aaaaasssteer!"

"Say it again, slut! Say master!"

"Maammastteer!"

"Again!"

"Maassteere! Maassteer! Maasster," she sobbed.

"You want my cock?" he shouted

"Yees, maaastteer."

"You want me to ram it up your dirty little cunt hole?"

"Y...yyy...yeesssss, maassteer," she wept.

"Say it! Beg for it, whore! Cheap, stinking slut!"

"Fu...fu...uffffuuuucck meeee," she sobbed.

Crack! Crack!

"MASTER!" she shrieked. "Master! Master! Please fuck me, master! Please fuck me, master!"

"Tell me how you love my cock," he asked with a smile.

"I-I...loovee your cock, master," she said in a choked voice. "I-I love your c-cock. I want your co-cock."

"Where, slut? Up your hole, your cunt, your TWAT!?"

"Yes, Masssteer," she sobbed.

"Say it, whore!" Crack!

"Master! Please, master! Please fuck me, master! Please fuck my dirty hole! My cunt! Please fuck my...my twat! I love your cock, master! I love it! Please fuck my cunt with it, master!"

He gripped her hair and yanked her head back hard, making her cry out as fresh pain tore into her.

"You slut," he sneered. "You're just a big walking fuck hole! All you're good for is fucking! Aren't you?! Aren't you!?"

"Ye...yee..e.esssssss," she sobbed hysterically.

"Say it, slut! Tell me what a cheap whore you are!?"

"I'm a whhoooreee!" she cried. "I'm a cheap whore! I'm a slut!"

"A cock hungry slut!"

"Yes! I'm a cock hungry slut," she screamed.

Crack!

"Ahhhrghg!"

Crack!

"ARRGHH! NOOOO! Master! Master!"

"Don't forget it again, whore!" he snarled.

"I'm a cock hungry slut, Master! I'm a cheap whore, master!"

He went around in front of her and smiled his nasty smile, then reached down and gripped the bar holding her legs apart. He yanked it up, pulling her feet off the floor and letting all her weight hang from the wrists. He smiled, then lifted the bar higher and higher, pulling it straight up and forcing her ankles up with it.

He raised the bar over her head, ignoring her sobs of pain and discomfort as he bent her practically in two, jamming the bar over her head and then letting it down behind her neck. Sara groaned in pain and discomfort as her body was squeezed together. Her ankles were pulled up back over her shoulders and her ankles were pressing into the sides of her head.

Her back ached, and her spine threatened to snap. Her legs were burning from the strain and stretching, and her arms ached even more since all her weight now lay on them.

But perhaps worst of all was that the pressure of the bar against the back of her head was forcing her head down, forcing her to look down at how utterly exposed, how lewdly displayed her private parts were to the horrible man who'd kidnapped her. Never before in her life was herself so crudely and roughly exposed.

Her mind howled in misery and mortification as he stared down at her sex, and then slid his hand over her pussy and buttocks.

"Nice," he smiled. "Very nice. Now, Sara, you're going to tell me a little story."

"Wh...wh...a-a... s-story?" she moaned.

"A story, slut."

"Wh....what...what about?" she panted.

His face suddenly turned angry.

"Master! Master! I'm sorry, Master! What about, Master!"

He calmed a little, but still slid the crop between his fingers.

Amy was excruciatingly uncomfortable, and every part of her seemed to ache or sting, from her wounded, burning buttocks, to her strained thighs and back, to her fiercely aching arms and crushed wrists, and even her hair, which he had yanked and pulled liberally.

"This is a story about a dirty little girl named... Sara," he said with a sot, mad smile. "Let's see now, it's the story of how... Sara... fucked her pet dog Rover. I want you to tell me how slutty Sara crawled around on all fours shoving her pussy into Rover's face, and how Rover fucked her to a dozen orgasms."

Sara was stunned and appalled. The very thought was too horrifyingly disgusting to have ever entered her mind. Fucking a dog!? This man was utterly insane!

"Do it now, slut! Tell me the story of how you fucked your dog!"

She didn't even have a dog! What was she going to do?! She trembled in fear, her mind spinning as his face got progressively angrier.

"I-I...uh, I was...naked," she gulped. "And, uh, I uh, crawled around on the floor...where my dog Rover was, and he uh, he started sniffing at my...my...pussy."

"Yess, yesss!" he smiled lustfully. "And did that turn you on?"

"Ye...yeeesssss," she gulped. "I uh, I felt his...nose against my... my pussy and I got... horny and... and I uh, spread my legs for him... and... and he began to... to lick me. To lick at my...pussy."

"And you loved it, didn't you, slut?"

"Y-yes. I loved it. I got even more.. h-horny, and I started...shaking my ass and he... he climbed up on me.

"Like the dirty bitch in heat you were!" he snarled.

"Yeesss," she moaned. "And he... he put his thing in. He... pushed it into me and he...fucked me."

"Go on! Go on!" he said, eyes alive with excitement as he pulled his G-string, or whatever it was down, and his cock stuck up thick and round and...

She stared at it in horror. She'd never seen a man's cock before. She'd seen the odd picture, very odd, and the occasional boy's cock, but never anything like this! His cock was huge, bloated! It looked as thick as her wrist and long as her arm. It was an angry red and purplish colour and pointed right at her exposed, defenceless sex.

"Go on, slut! Tell me how you humped back at the dog! Tell me how he fucked you!"

"He... .he... he fucked me," she gulped. "He... he pumped his cock in me really fast and his paws squeezed around me. I felt... really...excited," she gulped.

Never having been fucked she didn't really know how to describe the feeling, and was at something of a loss for words. And as she saw him squeezing that monstrous cock, and pushing it closer to her own softly furred sex, she lost her voice entirely, staring in horror.

He pressed it against her slit, then his hands gripped her round little bottom, his thumbs sliding over to her pussy lips and roughly prying them apart. She gasped in shame and pain as he forced her sex open, revealing the gleaming pink meat inside, showing the round little hole, a hole that was so obviously too small for his massive cock that she thought he'd surely abandon his attempt at rape.

But instead he pressed the ugly purplish head against the little hole and began to try to force it in. The pain mounted, and she groaned and whimpered and gasped for breath as she watched the thick organ jamming and grinding and twisting against her little hole.

She cried out as her pussy opening burned and ached, and then, incredibly, she saw the giant cockhead slowly forcing its way into her. It disappeared inside her, and she saw her pussy lips clamped tightly and tautly around the shaft as the man giggled in happiness and her pussy burned in pain.

"Oohhhhhhh," she moaned.

"Quit whining, slut! You begged for it!"

He grunted and she gasped in pain as his cock ground through her pussy lips and into her tight, virgin pussy. Her breathing came in sharp, short pants and she clenched her teeth against the pain as his cock drove deeper and deeper into her pussy.

Then she felt it pressing against something, some obstruction, her cherry, she knew.

"Here it comes, slut," he sniggered. "Tell me you want it! Tell me to rip that cherry and fuck you! Do it! Beg me!"

"Please," she whimpered.

"Beg! Beg me to rip your cherry out! Beg me to fuck you full of sperm! Beg me to rip your cunt open!"

"Fu..fuck meeee," she whimpered. "Fuck my cherry out! Fuck me full of sperm! Please fuck me, Master! Please rip my cherry out and fuck me t - AAAAHGH!!"

He rammed forward and tore through her hymen, then gripped her bottom and forced his cock balls deep into her quivering, spasming, burning sex tunnel. She sobbed in pain and misery as he laughed and ground his loins into her exposed groin and bottom, his hands under her buttocks grinding her right back against him.

"Slut!" he sneered. "You're not a virgin any more, slut! Your dirty cunt is filled with cock meat!"

He tore his cock back, drawing another gasp of pain and shuddering moan, then rammed it deep once more. He twisted his cock around inside her as she began to weep, laughing and sniggering as he felt her insides suck and squeeze his cock.

He gripped her buttocks and jerked his cock out, then slammed it back. He did it again, then again, fucking into her with short, savage strokes, swinging her back and forth against him to double the force of his fucking as he tore her pussy open.

He thrust harder and faster, using longer and longer strokes as he crushed her pussy's resistance and numbed her muscles. He began to hammer his cock into her, to stab it in with lustful cruelty, hammering his hips against her upturned buttocks with the loud crack of flesh against flesh.

His hard prick thrust into the depths of the quivering girl's belly again and again, pistoning inside her as she sobbed and moaned and whimpered in pain.

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah," he gasped. "Dirty slut! Dirty whore! This is what you're made for! Cunt! Bitch cunt! Unngh! Unghh! Unghh!"

His hips were a blur as he pounded his cock into the weeping girl's sex opening with wild, brutal abandon, using his cock as a weapon as he repeatedly spiked it deep into her defenceless pussy tunnel and hammered his hips against her soft bottom.

Then he came, spewing his hot, salty sauce into her pussy, pouring his juices down into her belly as his balls unloaded and her pussy sucked it down.

"Uhhhhh Yeahhhhhh!" he groaned. "Now you're drinking it! I'm coming inside you, slut! I'm pouring my jism down into your slutty cunt hole!"

He buried his cock inside her and halted, panting for breath.

"Yeah," he gasped. "Nice. Nice cunt meat."

He slowly drew his softening cock out of her torn pussy and smiled cruelly down at her.

"Thank me, slut," he said as if in exasperation.

"Th...th...thank y...you, master," she whimpered in a small voice.

He gripped her hair and forced her head back. She cried out in pain, staring dazedly up at him.

"Say...thank you for your sperm, master," he ordered with a smile.

She stared at him as though he were crazy. "Tha..thank you for your... sperm, Master," she gulped.

"Did you like your first fuck, bitch?"

"Ye...yes, master," she whined. "I loved my first fuck, master."

"You'll get lots more, slut," he smiled. He gripped her pussy, then slid his finger against her anus and slowly wriggled it in.

She gasped in shock, and she whimpered in denial.

"I bet you'd love a cock up here, wouldn't you, slut?" he grinned. "Let me hear you beg for it. Let me hear you beg me to ass fuck you. Tell me how you want to be sodomized by my big cock."

"Nooooo," she moaned dazedly.

"What!? You filthy whore!"

"I...I mean..I..."

"Too late," he smiled.

The crop was on the floor next to him. He bent and picked it up, then slashed it down directly against her pussy pad. It hissed through the air and smacked down into the furry little mound with brutal force.

Sara's mind exploded with agony as the crop struck her sensitive pussy. She screamed so loudly her throat ached. The pain was evil, cruel, a rip sawing blast of boiling agony mixed with dizziness and nausea.

Again the crop lashed down on her pussy, directly against the slit. She howled and shrieked as she jounced and jerked in the chains. He snickered and lashed her pussy again; then again, then again, aiming directly for her slit as her screams filled the air.

"Next time you'll beg for an ass fuck, whore," he sneered as he halted.

He looked up above her, then gripped the bar holding her ankles and lifted it off her and up higher. He fastened it to another chain up higher, then unhooked her wrists from the chains holding them and let them fall. She swung down and gurgled as her belly threatened to heave. She was upside down now, hanging by the ankles. At first she was grateful. Anything was better than that terrible pain. Her pussy still burned and hurt terribly, but the whip crack blasts of pain had stopped when his blows had.

He pulled her wrists up behind her and clipped the restraints together, then, humming to himself, he wheeled over a little cart. There was what looked like a stereo on it, and to her surprise, that was what it was.

He bent and pushed a ball-gag into her mouth, tightening it around her head. Then he put a blindfold over her eyes. Next something, she could no longer see what, was put over her ears. It felt like headphones, the big heavy type, only these had a kind of chin strap that fit snugly to keep the thing in place.

Soft music appeared in the headphones, and then a voice, speaking hypnotically. It wasn't his voice, she noted at once, but a girl's voice.

"I love my master," it said. "I must obey my master! I'm a bad, bad girl. I'm a dirty slutty girl! I only love my master. I must never disobey my master! I love cock! I love my master's cock. I love to be fucked! Fucking is wonderful. Fucking is the most wonderful thing in the world. I love it when my master fucks me...."

It went on and on like that, the words soft and the music low. She hung there helplessly, upside down, her head throbbing as the blood all rushed to it. Pain burned her from end to end, and she moaned quietly into the gag

Hours passed.

She didn't know this, however. She soon lost all concept of time. Her head was dazed from being upside down. She couldn't say or see anything, and could only hear the soft music and that girl's soft voice saying what a cheap, useless whore she was and how she loved the master.

Some time during the night she urinated, the yellow liquid trickling down her belly and chest. She hardly noticed.

Through the night she hung upside down, blinded, dazed, her body throbbing, aching.

In the morning came pain, blasting into her out of nowhere, harsh, white hot pain that sliced into her buttocks and pussy like it had before. Blast after blast of agony ripped down into her as she felt her buttocks whipped and lashed again and again.

She screamed into the gag, and jerked helplessly like a fish on a hook. Then the blows ceased.

She hung there still, for how long she couldn't imagine. Then she was lowered. She was dropped onto the cold floor, where she lay limply, groaning in dizziness, her head swirling as the blood began to leave.

She screamed in mindless pain as her hair was pulled. She was dragged across the floor by the hair, then flung into some kind of water, a tub of water. Rough hands with a rough brush scrubbed her body, and she choked and groaned and whimpered helplessly.

She could hear again, she realized. The soft music and the girl's voice were gone, replaced by grunts and splashes and her own moaning. Her buttocks stung as the brush scrubbed over them, and she cried out into the gag, but not much emerged.

The leather restraints were removed from her wrists and ankles, but she made no move to resist, or even move her limbs. She still felt too weak and dizzy, and wasn't able to even think straight.

She was dragged out of the tub by her now wet hair, but couldn't stand. He cursed her, and she felt a slap against her face that made her ears ring. Then he dragged her over to a chair and dropped her into it. A blow dryer came on and heat rushed over her head as he began to brush her hair. She sat there moaning, not sure what was going on, not caring.

The dryer turned off and she was dragged to her feet, by the arm this time, then shoved down onto her knees. The blindfold was removed and she blinked up at him, her eyes squinting against the light. He smiled, the same nasty smile as he always seemed to use, then removed the gag as well.

"Thank me for washing you, slut," he ordered.

"Tha...thank you, ma... master," she said in a dry, choked voice. She coughed several times and tried to moisten her mouth, but couldn't. She suddenly felt an overwhelming need for water.

"Water?" she whimpered. "Master?"

"You want water, slut?"

"Yesss. Please! Please, master?"

They were in some kind of wash room. There was a shelf with odd looking boxes and jugs and jars on one side, with a big concrete sink next to them. There was also, she noted, a big steel tub in the middle of the room, filled with soapy water.

He walked over to the sink and turned on the tap, and she stared at it thirstily.

"Crawl over to me, slut," he ordered.

"Ye..yes, master," she said, not caring about anything but the water.

She crawled forward until she was right next to him, then he held his palms together and let them fill with water. He bent over and held his hands under her, and she stuck her mouth in and sucked it up greedily.

"More, master?" she begged.

He filled his palms again and again held them out for her. She slurped it down quickly.

"Thank you, master. More, master?" she asked hopefully.

"Just once more, slut," he smiled tolerantly.

He let her drink from his palms again, then turned off the water. She was still terribly thirsty, but the edge had been taken off, and now she was aware of her rumbling stomach as well.

"Can...can I have something to eat, please, master?" she asked.

"Are you going to be a good girl?"

"Yes, master. I'll be a good girl."

"If you're a good girl I'll give you something to eat, and maybe more water."

"Thank you, master!"

He walked towards the door and motioned for her to follow by slapping his thigh and saying "Come."

Amy crawled after him, and then followed out of the room, finding herself in the other room, the one she'd been in the other day. She crawled over to the side, where a table lay, and knelt there on all fours as he produced a studded leather collar. He bent and fitted it around her throat, then locked it there.

He smiled and she smiled back hopefully, terrified of his anger, and so relieved at his smile. Then he produced a leash and snapped it to a ring in the side of the collar.

"Now, slut, we're going to go for a little walk," he said. "You will crawl right beside me as I move."

He began to walk, pulling on the leash, and Amy hurried to keep up with him. Her knees hurt each time she brought them down on the cold, hard floor, but she didn't dare fall behind. He walked around and around the room as she crawled desperately after, panting for breath and grunting in pain.

Then he halted. "Sit," he ordered, turning to her.

She blinked in confusion, then let her knees fold under her and sat back on her heels. He smiled approvingly and she smiled back, blinking her eyes in the hopes he'd feed her.

He patted her hair like she was a dog, and she knew she should be angry about that, but couldn't begin to care. She had far more things to worry about than her dignity or pride. At the moment her belly was growling for food, and that... along with avoiding any more pain, were the primary considerations occupying her mind.

"Kneel," he said.

She blinked her eyes, then returned to all fours.

"No, slut!"

She cringed as he cuffed her, and her ear ached and burned.

"When I say kneel I want you on your knees, not your hands and knees."

He pulled up on the leash and forced her up on her knees.

"Keep your back straight, slut, and your hands at your sides!"

She obeyed as well as she could, and he ran his hands through her hair, then unzipped his pants and brought out his cock. He rubbed it over her face then pushed it into her mouth. She didn't have to be told what to do, though she'd only done it once or twice before.

She began to suck and lick at his cock. It was difficult, because she couldn't get much moisture into her mouth. The little bit he'd let her drink hadn't been nearly enough to sate her after a night of chewing on a leathery ball.

His cock was soon hard, though, and he held her head and fucked it into her with slow, deep strokes that threatened to choke her.

Then he pulled back.

"All fours," he said.

"Yes, Master," she gasped, falling forward onto her hands.

He walked behind her and he dropped to his knees.

"This is the position of a bitch in heat," he said in a conversational voice. "This is the natural position for dirty sluts like you."

She felt his cock against her pussy and winced, her pussy pad still aching from the riding crop. She grunted as he jerked her thighs apart and cracked his hand against her bottom. His cock thrust into her and she shuddered as it drove deep into her already growling, aching belly.

He gripped her hips and began to hump into her, tearing his cock back and forth in her pussy without the slightest consideration for her comfort.

"Ahhhh," he groaned. "Tight teenage pussy early in the morning! That's just what I need to start my day!"

He pounded his hips into the kneeling girl, driving his thick prong up into her guts with harsh, deep strokes until his balls exploded and his semen sluiced into her belly.

He sighed and then got to his feet. He gazed at the teenager kneeling there, then turned aside and picked up a length of rope.

"Stand slut," he said.

Amy got shakily to her feet and he moved behind her. He gripped one of her arms and jerked it cruelly behind her, then wrapped several lengths of rope around it. He gripped her other wrist and jerked that up behind her as well, binding it tightly to the first.

He reached for the leash attached to her collar and snapped it off, then turned the collar so the ring was directly behind her neck. He lifted the rope up and slid it through the ring, forcing her bound wrists up painfully high before tying it off.

"All right, whore, upstairs," he said.

He gripped her elbow and jerked her towards the heavy wooden door, then pushed it open and dragged her through. She found herself in a basement, a Rec room to be precise. It had a pool table, a big TV set, and a pin ball game, along with chairs and a card table. She noticed that the door he led her through was disguised as a bookshelf on this side, and when it was shoved back would completely hide the room behind it.

She had little time to look around, however, because the man continued to pull her across the room to the stairs at the other side, then up the stairs. They emerged in a small kitchen. She glanced at the nearby door, but didn't even think about going for it. After all, the way her wrists were tied she wouldn't be able to open it anyway, even presuming he gave her time.

"Kneel," he ordered.

She almost missed the order, then dropped quickly to her knees.

"Sit."

She sat back on her heels on the floor.

"Keep your knees apart and your back straight, slut," he growled.

"Yes, Master," she gulped, doing as he'd ordered.

Three

He looked down at her with a crude, smug smile. "Roped girl meat," he laughed. "Just what the doctor ordered, huh slut?"

"Ye...yes, master," she whimpered.

He put a bowl under the tap and poured water into it, then set it down on the floor in front of her.

"There you go, whore, some nice water for you."

She looked down and licked her lips, then looked up at him.

"Go ahead, drink," he said.

She bent over and began to drink thirstily, gulping down the water as he stood over her. She finished it in a few seconds, then, with a grunt of effort, straightened up and spread her knees again.

"Good slut," he said, patting her head like she was a dog. "Gooooood slut."

He went to the fridge and opened it, then took out a can. He put it under the can opener and opened it, then spooned some moist, brown gunk into a bowl. He put the bowl in the microwave to warm it then set it down next to the empty bowl of water.

"Eat, slut," he said.

Sara bent over and wrinkled her nose unhappily. Whatever it was smelled horrible. She pulled away, looking up at him unhappily.

"I said eat," he ordered.

"I...wh...what is it, master?" she whimpered.

"It's dog food, of course. What else would I feed a bitch slut in heat."

She looked down at the dog food and then back up at him.

"Eat it," he glared. "I spent good money for that and you're going to eat every last bit of it."

"I-I'm not hungry," she gulped.

"Eat!"

She lowered her mouth to it then slid her tongue out tentatively. She tried to block out the horrible smell and pretend it was hamburger, then bit into it and almost threw up. She spit out the food, gagging and choking.

"I told you to eat it, whore," he snarled.

"I...I caann't," she wailed. "It's awful!"

"Stinking little whore!"

He grabbed her by the hair and dragged her to her feet, then slammed her into the wall.

"You'll learn to obey me, you whore!" he yelled.

He dragged her back down the stairs, ignoring her whimpering pleas and apologies, then, when the desperate girl tried to pull away from the bookcase door, knowing punishment awaited her, he twisted her around and slammed his fist into her belly.

She gurgled and choked and folded over, but he jerked her up by the hair and then punched her in the face, throwing her back against the wall where she fell heavily to the floor.

Enraged, he stalked over to her and slammed his booted foot into her side, throwing her back against the wall, then grabbed her hair and pulled her to her knees, hurling her end over end across the floor.

She fell on her back, legs sprawled awkwardly as she sobbed and whimpered and groaned in pain. He stalked over to her, then rammed his foot into her pussy. She howled in pain and flipped onto her stomach, trying to curl into a ball.

Another kick sent her rolling over several times. She whimpered in fear and pain, trying to get to her feet, but his foot came slamming down on her bottom, hammering her hips back flat on the floor. His foot drew back then slammed up into her pussy, sending her tumbling and writhing in pain.

"Fucking whore!" he growled as she sobbed and screamed.

He dragged her to her feet and slammed her belly down across the pool table, then spread her legs and slammed his knee up into her pussy from underneath. The blow lifted her feet off the

ground and blasted her mind with nausea and pain. She bounced back only to be slammed up again by another knee to the pussy.

"Never resist me," he hissed. "Never disobey me."

He dragged her off the table and shoved her against the wall, then held her there with both hands on her throat. She choked and sobbed and gurgled in a dazed stupor. He let her slide down the wall just far enough for her legs to come apart, then slammed his knee up into her pussy, making her bounce upwards.

Her eyes bulged and her mouth opened and closed as she made pain-filled gurgling noises. His knee slammed up into her pussy again, then again, then again, as he held her by the throat. Each time she bounced upwards only to fall again onto his knee.

She was too blasted by pain and terror to do anything as complicated as close her legs. Her eyes rolled, then crossed as his knee slammed up into her repeatedly. Urine streamed down her legs as her shattered mind lost control of her bladder, and he cursed her and flung her away.

"Filthy, dirty, stinking creature," he screamed.

She lay shaking and twitching and trembling on the floor, eyes glassy and mouth coughing and choking. He walked past her, reach down, gripped her by the hair, then dragged her across the room and through the door into the hidden room.

There he cut the rope from her wrists and replaced them with the leather restraints. He hefted her and then, one arm at a time, attached the restraints to the chains again, leaving her hanging this time.

He wheeled over the cart, put the earphones over her ears again, then turned on the tape recorder. Muttering to himself he turned off the lights, slammed the door, and left.

Sara hung there, twitching and shaking, her mind swirling and bleary, her body wracked by pain and dizziness.

"I must obey my master," the voice said. "I must be a good girl. I must always obey. I am a worthless slut. I am only good for fucking. I am a filthy whore. I love being fucked. I love my master's cock," the girl's voice said.

Hours passed, and she hung there in the dark, moaning weakly, her pussy aching and throbbing. Finally the door opened and the light snapped on. She didn't look up from the floor, though her eyes squinted in the light.

He reached up and unclipped her wrists, then let her fall to the floor. She groaned and lay on her side, her hands sliding in between her legs to cup her pussy. He knelt and jerked her hands away, then put his boot against her back and shoved her so she rolled several times.

"Get out there, whore," he hissed.

She tried to rise and his foot came down on her back. "Crawl, whore," he sneered.

She crawled weakly, whimpering in pain and fear, terribly aware that he was right behind her, that at any second he might slam his foot up into her pussy. She crawled as fast as she could into the other room, where he led her over to the side.

There was a puddle of urine on the floor and she halted just short of it.

"See the mess you made, slut?" he growled, slapping the side of her head.

"I'm sorry, master," she whimpered.

"You disobeyed me and tried to resist going into your cage, then made a mess. You're a bad, bad, bad girl!" he growled. "Now clean up this mess!"

"Ye..ye...yeeesss, maasster," she squeaked. She knelt there uncertainly, however.

"Well?" he snapped.

"I-I-I don't have anything to clean it with," she whined.

"Where did this piss come from?"

"I-I...from...from me?" she whimpered.

"That's right, slut, so put it back where it came from."

"I-I don't understand," she whimpered, her body filling with terror at being unable to obey him instantly.

"Lick it up," he snarled.

She blinked her eyes in shock, staring at the piss on the floor.

"Are you going to disobey me again?" he growled in an ominous voice.

"No master!" she gasped.

"Then lick it up!"

She bent and began to lick the urine up, fighting down the nausea she felt, trying to suppress the bitter, acid taste. She licked and slurped her way through the puddle as he stood behind her, cursing her and slapping her bottom whenever she slowed her licking.

When every last drop was licked up he jerked her up by the hair, making her sit back on her heels.

"Good job, slut, now I want you to sit there and open your mouth wide."

She opened her mouth as he unzipped his pants and drew out his cock. It wasn't hard, but she didn't much care. Sucking or fucking was far better than pain. He didn't put it in her mouth, though. He stood a couple of feet back.

"Don't move or I'll whip your cunt again," he said.

Urine spurted out of his cock and the narrow stream splattered against her face before he adjusted his aim. Then it poured into her open mouth.

"Swallow it, whore," he taunted, as the yellow stream filled her mouth and began to pour over her lip. She shuddered, then swallowed again and again. After a few seconds though he

shifted his aim, raining urine over her face, then against her breasts, then down against her pussy, laughing as the warm fluid splashed over her body.

He shook the last drop off then put his cock back in his pants.

"Now clean up this floor, slut. There's piss all over it."

Again she had to crawl around on the floor licking at the urine and drinking it down. Only when he could find no more urine anywhere did he let her crawl back into the other room. Reeking of urine, she was hung upside down from the ankles, then left alone in the dark again with the words of wisdom in her ears.

More hours passed as she hung there helplessly. She didn't wonder why this was happening to her. She didn't think about escape, nor worry about what her parents would think. She didn't think of much of anything. Her mind was a throbbing, shattered mass of scattered thoughts. It was entirely consumed with the pain she was feeling.

When the door opened fear was added, terrible fear...fear of more pain. She trembled as the man came in and smiled at her.

"Please! Please! Please!" she moaned. "Master! I'll be good, master! I promise, master!"

He let her drop to the floor, where she immediately fell to her knees, shaking in fear.

"Get into the room and crawl into the tub," he ordered.

"Yes, master! Yes, master!" she whimpered, crawling hurriedly across to the door.

He walked after her, then opened the door and let her crawl in. She crawled into the empty tub and looked up at him, desperate to please.

He put a hose on the tap and turned on the water, then let it pour down into the tub. He sprayed it over her body and face, and she opened her mouth and let the thick, heavy stream pour into her mouth and rinse it out.

He poured water over her hair, soaking it, then tossed a bar of soap to her. She began to soap herself up as he let the hose spray directly into the tub, starting with her hair.

She soaped it up and then bent over and stuck her head into the water, rinsing it out. Then she soaped up the rest of herself, wincing and gasping now and then whenever she soaped a cut, or ran her hands over a bruise.

There were lots of both.

Finally, dripping wet, she was thrown a towel. She dried herself, then sat obediently in a chair as he brushed and dried her hair.

"You're going to be a good little slut, aren't you?"

"Yes, master!"

"You're not going to disobey my orders again, are you?"

"No master! I'm sorry, master!"

"Crawl into the other room, whore."

She slid off onto the floor and crawled across and through the door to the other room. He came behind her and then ordered her to halt.

"I know how uncomfortable you are being naked all the time, slut," he said, his voice a cruel sneer. "So I'm going to let you wear a bikini. Would you like that?"

Her mind spun furiously. What did he want her to say?! What did he want her to say!?

"If you want me to, master," she gulped fearfully.

He laughed and picked up some thin ropes, then straddled her as she knelt there. He slid the rope under her, then carefully circled her breasts with it, closing the loop slowly, keeping it tight against her ribs as it forced her breasts together then dug into them.

He tightened the loop squashing her soft, dangling breasts tightly at the ribs, then brought the rope around behind her. He drew it around her a second time, then up over one shoulder, around behind the neck, and down over the other shoulder to tie off with the rest.

"Stand up."

She stood, gasping and clenching her teeth. Her tits were bloated out into hard, taut balls of flesh, the ropes digging deeply into them from the sides.

"Ooh! oh! Ohh!" she moaned.

"That's the top. Now for the bottom," he leered.

He circled her waist and tied the rope off, then drew the rope down between her legs and up the cleft between her buttocks. He yanked hard, then harder, holding her down to keep from lifting her in the air. He put the loop through the one around her waist, then drew it down between her buttocks and up between her pussy lips again. Again he tugged it up savagely hard, crushing the rope up into her soft pussy meat.

He tied it tightly to the front of the loop around her waist, then stood back.

"Now that's a nice looking bikini," he grinned. "Do you like that?"

"Ye...ye..yesss, Masster," she gasped between clenched teeth.

"Walk around, slut. Let me see you move in it."

She shuffled slowly, gasping and clenching her teeth as the ropes dug into her pussy and tits.

He sneered at her awkward movements, arms folded over his chest as he watched.

"Come over here and kneel, slut," he ordered.

"Ye...yess, master," she panted, shuffling back, then awkwardly getting onto her knees.

"Now you're going to learn how to suck a cock, you cheap, useless slut. Your pitiful attempt at cocksucking yesterday made me want to throw up! You'll learn how to suck properly, like a real piece of cunt meat should."

He took out his cock, then rubbed it back and forth over her face.

"Close your mouth, whore, and make a kiss."

She obeyed and he pushed the head of his cock against her lips. "Now keep them tight, but slide it slowly down over my cock, licking your tongue against the underside of the head."

She pushed her mouth forward, letting his cock force its way through her puckered lips, then sliding her tongue against the underside of the head as it came in. She took the cock in as deep as she could, then began to bob her lips slowly up and down.

"Cup my balls with your hands and massage them, and do it gently if you know what's good for you."

She raised her hands and squeezed and rubbed his balls.

"Now slide your lips off the end of my cock, lick your way down the shaft to the base, then suck my balls into your mouth one by one."

She sucked his cock as he gave her instructions, doing everything exactly as he ordered, instantly. Nothing at all crossed her mind except fear of failure, fear of angering him, fear of more horrible pain. She sucked anxiously and eagerly, licking and slurping over his balls and cock as he stood above her, legs spread, arms folded, smiling smugly.

"Now take it out and rub it all over your face," he ordered.

She obeyed, blinking her eyes up at him, trying to smile as she rubbed the spit-wet head all over her cheeks and nose and forehead. Then she slid it through her lips again and sucked on it.

"Now, slut, you're going to learn how to deep throat a cock. Every true whore has to know that, and you certainly are a true whore."

He pulled his cock out of her mouth and rubbed it over her face again.

"Tell me what a dirty slut you are, cunt."

"I'm a dirty slut, Master," she gulped. "I'm a worthless slutty whore. I'm a cheap sluttish tramp. I'm only good for fucking and sucking."

He shoved his cock back into her mouth and smiled in satisfaction. He pushed down on her shoulders, forcing her lower. At the same time he pulled her hair, forcing her head to tilt back. Suddenly he shoved his cock forward, jerking her head towards him at the same time.

His cock punched right through and into her throat, sliding right down the surprised blonde's gullet as her eyes bulged in shocked surprise. She tried to pull back but he held her tightly in place. Her hands rose and frantically pushed against his belly but he gripped the back of her head and forced his cock deep into her throat, not satisfied until her lips were pressed up against the base of his shaft.

"There you go, slut," he groaned. "Now your throat's full of cock meat. Ahhhhhhhh."

He slid his cock up and down her throat as Sara wriggled and jerked in terror and discomfort. Not a sound, not even a grunt emerged from her, because her throat was completely blocked by his thick cock. He enjoyed the silence, smiling down at her as he fucked her throat.

He waited until her face turned red, then started to turn white before pulling his cock free. She coughed and choked and drew in great, haggard gasps of breath as he rubbed his spit-wet cock over her face.

"Get ready, whore, here it comes again," he warned, jerking her head back and shoving his cock into her mouth.

She drew in a harsh, strangled breath, then cock meat pushed into her throat and down its long, thin length.

He filled her throat with cock and sighed in pleasure as he forced her lips against the base of his shaft. He fucked her face with long, deep strokes, sliding his cock up and down in her throat as she trembled and shook and writhed in his grasp.

He pulled out again, not wanting to come just yet.

"Time for more punishment," he smiled.

"Ma...mas...master!" she coughed. "No, master! Please! Please! I'm a good girl! I'm a good girl!"

He smiled and dragged her to her feet, then pulled her hands high and fastened the leather restraints to chains above her.

"Please. Master!" she whimpered. "Please! Please!"

"You pushed against my stomach when I shoved my cock down your throat, slut," he chided.

"I didn't mean to! I'm sorry, Master! I'm sorry!"

"Too late," he smiled.

He moved to the table and picked up the riding crop, then returned.

"Please! Please!" she whimpered.

He smiled, then raised the crop. She stared at it in terror, then watched as it slashed down, seemingly towards her face.

Instead it cracked into her right breast, already hard and red, bulging out from the pressure of the rope tightly binding it. The throbbing meat exploded in agony as the crop cut into it, and Sara's shrieks made him wince with their strength.

He raised the crop again and slashed it across the other breast, laughing as she danced and shook and thrashed insanely, gurgling and howling and screaming in mindless agony as her tits burned. He cracked the crop down again and again and again, reining savage blows on her squashed, bloated breasts, trying to hit the nipples dead centre as her feet danced and kicked and the chains jingled and jangled above.

Tears poured down her face as she howled and sobbed in pain and misery. Never had she imagined anyone would ever use her like this, that she would ever be so cruelly beaten, her sensitive, beautiful breasts subjected to such evil brutality.

The crop lashed across them a final time, striking both nipples. She shrieked in agony, her throat ragged from screaming as the pain lashed her body and mind.

He moved behind her, and she felt his fingers at the ropes around her waist and groin. They parted, and he ripped the rope free of her pussy lips. It hurt terribly, but the pain was nothing compared to her burning breasts, and she cared little about it.

He stroked her bottom, then slid a finger up into her anus, pumping it slowly up and down inside the shaking, trembling, sobbing girl's anus. He stepped forward a little, then drew out his cock, rubbing it up and down anal cleft.

He pushed his cock into her, finding little resistance in her spasming, shaking, pain blasted body. He sighed happily as he felt her insides clutching his erection, and shoved deeper, gripping her thighs and pulling them wider as he forced his cock up her rectum to the hilt.

"Ahhh," he sighed. "Now that's nice. What a nice, warm little asshole."

He ground his balls in against her buttocks, then let go of her thighs and slid his arms around her to squeeze her tightly. His hands slid up onto her aching breasts and squeezed them, drawing another howl of pain from her, making her rectum spasm and squeeze down on his cock.

He dug his fingers into the taut, red flesh, mashing and squeezing them as he ground his loins into the teenager's bottom. He twisted his cock around inside her rectum, enjoying the squeezing and heat against his prick.

"You'll learn not to resist me, won't you, little slut," he said into her ear. "You'll learn to obey me always. To obey me instantly, without hesitation. You'll learn to be grateful for the discipline I teach you."

He squeezed her breasts again, drawing more shaking sobs as he began to pump his cock up into her anus. He slid his hands back down her body, stroking her belly for a moment, then sliding down to cup her pussy. He put one hand over the other as he squeezed her pussy and ground his balls into her buttocks. Then he slid his hands apart, gripping her thighs and pulling them back and apart.

He jammed his cock into her rectum as he held her thighs open, then began to rut furiously, thrusting deep and hard, smashing his pelvis into her soft buttocks as he skewered her buttery little anus. His big cock pounded back and forth inside the sobbing' blonde's anus with furious speed, pistoning wildly as his body hammered against hers.

He groaned in pleasure, then spurted his juice up into her bowels, thumping his cockhead against the end of her anal tube as his gunk pumped into her belly.

"There you go, slut," he panted. "Now you've been pumped in all three holes. You're almost a professional whore."

He pulled his cock out of her anus and moved around in front of her. He smiled again, then rubbed the tears off her face.

"Tell me you love me," he smiled.

She continued to sob and moan, and he slammed a fist into her unprotected belly. She choked and coughed and groaned, her eyes glazing over as he smiled down at her.

"Tell me you love me, slut," he said.

"I-I-I- l-l-lo..."

His fist slammed into her belly again, and again she choked and groaned and gasped in pain.

"Tell me you love me, slut," he smiled.

"I...Lo...lo...love you, master," she gasped.

"Good girl," he smiled, stroking her head.

Four

He left her hanging there for several more hours, her breasts an agonizing mass of throbbing pain, her mind blasted and dazed. When he returned she didn't even look up. He gripped her hair and tilted her head up.

"Ma...master," she moaned, eyes dull.

"Do you love me, slut?"

"Y...yes, maasteer," she moaned.

He smiled.

He let her down and she groaned in pain, shaking hands trying to hold her aching breasts without causing more pain. He produced a knife and cut her breasts free, and she cried weakly, moaning and sobbing as the returning blood made them hurt even more.

"Are you going to be a good girl?" he demanded.

"Yes, ma..masster," she sobbed. "I'll be good. I'll be good."

He sat down with a sigh.

"Come here, slut," he ordered.

She groaned as she took her hands from her wounded breasts, then slowly crawled over to him.

"My feet seem to be a little dirty," he said carelessly. "Clean them for me."

He held one of his bare feet up in front of her face and she slowly reached out and took it in her hands, then began to lick it, sliding her tongue up and down the heel, over and in between the toes, and all over the top and sides.

He sat there smiling.

It had been less than twenty-four hours since he'd taken her, and in that time his deliberate brutality and feigned madness had changed a bright-eyed, self-confident, self-assured young woman into a whimpering, grovelling animal eager to do his slightest bidding.

He marvelled sometimes, at how easy it was, at how their minds broke and splintered under the force of pain and his sneering anger. While a male would react to screams and blows with anger, a female tended to cower back. A female's instinctive response was to do whatever was required to please her attacker and stop him from hurting her.

It was an instinctive survival mechanism, and it served his purpose well. The angrier he seemed, the more eager she would be to please him, to try and make him happy and halt the pain. Pride and dignity were shredded and vanquished in her desperate desire to please him, to make him happy with her.

He did not think she would resist anything now, anything at all. There was still some treatment required, followed by a few more tests for her to pass, but after that it would be time for the second phase of her training. He would start rewarding her with kind words and treatment. This would be such a shocking change that she would be even more eager to please, convinced that this was what was making him "like" her. A single harsh word would send her cowering and whimpering.

He watched as the blonde licked at his toes, her eyes beseeching him, imploring him to like her, doing her best to be appealing, to do what he wanted, to make him happy. He smiled, and her eyes lit up. She sucked his big toe, blinking happily at him as she worked her tongue over it.

Her tongue was kind of dry, though, but that was part of her training. She'd had only the one bowl of water in the past twenty-four hours, and had sweated copiously. She'd had nothing to eat whatever, and that too had its effect.

He checked his watch and shrugged. He would give her water, but it was too late to get her food now. The wife and kids would be home soon.

He shoved his foot against her face so hard it sent her tumbling end over end. Then he stood up and walked into the other room. He filled another bowl for her and brought it back, setting it on the floor.

"Drink," he ordered.

She gladly crawled over and began to drink, gulping the bowl dry in less than a minute.

"All right slut, over here," he ordered.

She crawled quickly over to where he stood, eager to please. He snorted and reached down, grabbing one of her ankles. He lifted it roughly, jerking her off balance. She gasped as he pulled her leg high into the air, lifting her off the ground as he got her ankle restraint up to one of the hanging chains and hooked it there.

He considered leaving her hanging by one foot, then disregarded the idea. He pulled up the other ankle and fastened it to another chain a few feet away. She hung upside down, legs apart, hands touching the floor. He bent down and pulled her right hand to one side, then snapped a chain to the restraint and locked it to one of the rings in the floor. He locked her other wrist to another, so she was, tightly bound upside down, spread-eagled.

He rolled over the cart that held the tape recorder and squatted next to her head. He shoved a ball gag into her mouth and locked it behind her head, then put a blindfold on her. He snapped the earphones over her ears, then put a different tape in the recorder and turned it on to continuous play.

Lastly he picked up two thick, metallic objects, long, glistening tubes with wires sticking out of the base, and shoved one down into her pussy to the hilt, and the other down into her little round anus. A flick of a switch started them humming and vibrating, as he forced both in as far as they could go.

He stripped off his leather gear, then got into a golf shirt and pants. Then he left, turning out the lights behind. He carefully closed and locked the soundproof door. He looked around carefully, but there was no sign in the Rec room to indicate the girl had ever been there.

He went upstairs just as the kitchen door opened.

"Hi, daddy," Holly said.

"Hello, sweetie," he smiled, reaching down and kissing her on the cheek. "Have a nice day at school?"

"Are you kidding?" she said, rolling her eyes.

"School can be fun," he said.

"Maybe if you're a teacher and get to give all the work to kids," she said.

"I don't give that much work out."

"Well, MY teachers do."

She tossed her book bag on the table with a sigh, then headed up to her room. She was only ten, but would be a real beauty one day, he told himself proudly.

He started dinner, whistling to himself as he prepared. His son Mark came home a half hour after his sister, then an hour later his wife Susan bussed him on the cheek as she came through the door.

Julian MacDonald had a wonderful life. He had a wonderful, beautiful wife, two beautiful kids, and a great job, as a psychology teacher at the University. His house was large and beautiful, and fully paid for, though few guessed how that had come to be.

Susan thought he had inherited money from an uncle. Neither she, nor any of his family or friends dreamed that the big house they'd moved into some years back had held a bomb shelter which he had carefully hidden behind a bookcase.

Certainly none could have imagined the luscious young female flesh he secreted away there from time to time, young screaming females of particular physical beauty who would find their minds and spirits expertly crushed by the good natured professor, their bodies cruelly and lewdly abused again and again.

It had started eight years ago, on a trip to the Middle East. There he had met Abdul Muhammed, also a psychologist, and the subject of young western women and their delicate, fragile psyches had come up in the conversation.

He had found the idea of breaking, then re-making a mind to be an intriguing one. The sexual aspect had been somewhat exciting as well, of course. And then when Abdul had mentioned the fantastic moneys that would be paid to a discrete man who had a...pliable, submissive young beauty to sell...well, he had decided to give it a try.

He had found it a rewarding experience, in every way. The sexual pleasure he derived was almost secondary to the tremendous ego gratification he got from blasting their delicate minds away and making them into the true little sluts that all men fantasised about.

And then there was the money, of course.

He had been too kind, too reasonable with the first girls, and it had taken longer. Now he knew precisely what was required, and allowed no hint of kindness or sympathy to show as he screamed wild-eyed at them and sent them squirming and sobbing into cowering, terrified submission.

When they were ready he loaded them into a box, drove the box to a local warehouse, and dropped it off. From there it would be flown, as diplomatically protected baggage, aboard a private plane to the middle east, and there the girl would be sold to one of the many wealthy Arabs oil sheiks who lived in large, secluded, well-protected palaces.

He didn't consider what he did to be particularly criminal. Oh, it was true that the girls suffered a little, but just in the first few days. After that they were generally happy, if only on a simple level. In fact, he was probably doing them a service.

He was removing them from a life of boring drudgery, where they'd be expected to spend decades in some miserable office job, and sending them where they would be able to lounge around a pool, and have the freedom to enjoy their sexual desires, instead of repressing them.

There would be no wants, no worries, no fears...so long as they were obedient. And he made sure they were that. They would be quite happy with their new lives.

Anyway, there were lots of them around. It wasn't like they were an endangered species.

As far as he knew the police did not pay any particular attention to his little business. He always grabbed the girls in different locations, in different ways and times. He spotted some on busses, some at malls, some at beaches or pools. He never grabbed anyone from where he lived, nor, except on one occasion, had he ever taken a girl from the University.

There was no pattern to alert the police. The girls were all beautiful, but some were blonde, some redheads, some brunettes. They were of various ages, and from various places, taken from a half dozen different counties in the area.

He generally took a girl a month, not wanting to be greedy, and not wanting to take time off from his job. Sara was, to his count, the ninety ninth girl he'd taken, broken, and sold. Hopefully there would be a second hundred, and a third, and a fifth. Maybe he could get in a thousand before he retired.

No, not likely. Not unless he decided to do it full time.

Of course, he could take two at a time. Now there was an idea. Would they reinforce each other's bravery, or would he be able to play them off against each other and speed things up? It was an intriguing notion, one he thought about as he served up dinner to his family.

Beneath the happy family, in the darkness of the stone room, Sara groaned low in her throat, eyes glazed behind the blindfold, head throbbing with the pressure as she hung upside down. Her arms and legs, all stretched tightly, ached, and were beginning to cramp. Her back ached too, and she would have given almost anything to be able to bend over.

The...things, in her pussy and behind continued to buzz and purr, but she couldn't guess their purpose. They didn't hurt, and that was all her mind cared about. She had more than enough other pain to occupy her miserable thoughts.

Not that she thought, as such. There was no real thinking going on behind her eyes, just a glazed, dull acceptance of whatever was happening.

The girl's voice continued to speak into her ears, the words much like before, but with a few new phrases added. "I must be a good girl," she said. "Master will like me if I'm a good girl. Master will make me feel good. Master will give me pleasure. I love master. I love master's cock. I love it when master fucks me."

She wasn't really listening to it, and paid it very little attention as the words went on and on and on.

The evening passed above her. Julian's kids went to bed, for tomorrow was another school day. He sat up with Susan and watched the news, then they too went to bed, and he made love to her before they drifted off into slumber.

Two stories below them Sara's dazed thoughts caught something new and unfamiliar, it was...nice.

She didn't understand it, didn't recognize it, didn't know what it was or where it came from. Her mind was working only on a very primitive level, and she wasn't able to actually think and make decisions, only to respond to stimuli.

The stimuli was...pleasure, something she could scarcely remember. It was mildly distracting from the pain that filled her world, though, so she tried to focus her attentions on it. She welcomed it, and it grew. She didn't care where or why.

Her groin seemed to be the source, though there was some pain there too. The pleasure was growing, though, nudging out the pain, and she unconsciously tried to reach for her groin. She groaned a little as the heat and pleasure made her hips roll and grind, then felt a wave of....something...sweeping through her.

She shuddered in pleasure and her head jerked spastically as it washed over her. She groaned in happiness as her body was for a brief period, free of pain.

Then the pleasure faded, and the pain returned.

Julian went to work the next morning, not bothering to check on the slut in the basement. He taught two classes, and then went home, knowing he'd have the place to himself.

He went downstairs and unlocked the secret door, then turned on the lights and closed it behind him. He looked at the girl hanging there upside down. She smelled badly, and was a bedraggled, twitching, sweating, moaning mass of flesh, with little there that could be called intelligence.

He wheeled over another cart and picked up an alligator clip from the top. It was attached to a thick wire, and he carefully eased the girl's pubic lips open and singled out her clitoris. He clipped the thing to her clitty, and she jerked and thrashed weakly for a few seconds before lapsing to soft trembling motions.

He picked up another clip, then squatted in front of her and slid the teeth around her right nipple, then let them snap closed. Again she jerked and spasmed, a small groan escaping her gag. He ignored it, reaching up for a third clip, which he snapped onto her other nipple.

He went into the other room and stripped, then put on what he thought of as his "working" clothes. He returned and walked around the girl, humming to himself, letting her get used to the tight, sharp aching at her clit and nipples.

He turned off the tape and plugged in a microphone, then bent and pulled the gag out of her mouth. She coughed and gasped for breath as he played with the machines, setting them properly.

Then he picked up the microphone.

"Are you a good girl?"

She didn't answer, and he turned a switch, sending a sizzling bolt of electricity into her clitoris.

She screamed and bucked and jerked helplessly for long seconds, then he turned the dial down.

"Answer me, slut. Are you a good girl?"

"I...I..'m a goooood giiiirl," she moaned.

"Are you a slut?"

"Yeesssss, Maaassteer," she groaned.

He turned the power up to the vibrators, then flicked more switches to send electricity to her nipples and clitty. It was just the right amount to make them buzz and tingle pleasantly.

"Do you love your master?"

"Yes," she groaned. "I love my master. I love his cock."

"Do you want to run away from your master?"

She blinked her eyes in confusion, for this required her to actually think, not something she was used to doing.

"Do you want to run away, to escape, to leave your master, to never see him again..."

He turned the power up slowly as he spoke, so it went from pleasant to burning, to aching, to agonizing. She jiggled and shook and gurgled in the grip of the crackling electricity as he continued to speak into the microphone.

"Do you want to go away? Do you want to escape? Do you want to resist? Do you want to disobey? Do you hate your master? Do you think you're a human being? Do you..."

He turned the power down but it took long, long seconds before she stopped twitching and shaking and gurgling.

"You love your master. You love his cock. You love being fucked. You're a cheap, worthless slut. You're only good for fucking and sucking. You belong to your master. You must never ever disobey. You are happy to see him. You love him touching you. You want him to fuck you."

He slowly turned the power up again. "You hate your master. You want to escape. You want to disobey! You think you're special! You want to resist! You..."

Back and forth it went for the next hour or so. Every time he spoke of disobeying or resisting or defiance the pain made her shriek and thrash. Then he would speak of loving her master and obeying him and the electricity would purr gently.

He removed the alligator clips, slid the earphones off, pulled out the electric vibrators, and then cut her down. She lay limp and semi-conscious, eyes glazed as he looked down at her. He dragged her into the other room and put her in the tub, then washed her body and hair.

He lifted her out and put the restraints back on, then carried her out into the other room and set her on the floor. He snapped her wrists together behind her back, then snapped her ankles together. He set down a large bowl of water and a bowl of dog food, then left, locking the door behind him.

He went back to work to teach his afternoon classes. By the time he got home Susan and the kids were there. He watched TV, ate dinner, then played a little pool downstairs with his son.

The next morning after the others had left he went downstairs and entered the secret room. The blonde lay in the same position he'd left her on the floor, but the water and food were gone. He smiled in satisfaction, then went into the other room and filled up the bowls again.

The girl was awake when he returned, and looked up at him through large, anxious eyes.

"So. Awake at last, hmm?" he smiled. "That's good. I hope you got plenty of rest."

He got the leash and snapped it onto her collar, then unclipped her wrists and ankles and jerked on the leash. "Up," he snapped. "On all fours, slut."

She groaned, then pushed herself up onto her hands and knees.

"Let's go for a walk," he said.

He walked around the room as she crawled along next to him.

"Keep your head and ass up," he snapped.

They walked around and around, then he halted and removed the leash, standing back.

"Tell me what you are?" he said.

"I-I'm a dirty slut," she said in a flat, dull voice. "I'm a worthless piece of meat. I'm a cunt hole. I'm a cheap whore. I'm a filthy scummy fuck machine. I'm a..."

"Enough," he said. "Sit."

She paused, as if searching her shattered mind for the memory of what to do, then her knees collapsed and she sat back on her heels, spreading her legs and straightening her back.

"Keep your back straight and knees apart," he nodded. "Now, I'm going to give you new tricks to do. I'll explain once, and only once. Any hesitation, any failure to perform properly, and you'll be punished. Understand?"

"Yes, master," she said anxiously.

"Ass up! When I say that you press your face down against the floor, spread your arms and raise your ass as high as you can, spreading your legs apart. Understand?"

"Yes, Master," she said.

"Ass up!"

She slid forward, gasping in pain as her breasts were crushed against the floor, then she raised her bottom and spread her legs.

"Sit!"

She pushed herself up and sat back on her heels, carefully spreading her legs and straightening her back.

"Kneel!"

She hesitated briefly, then rose, pushing herself up off her heels and bringing her knees together.

"When you do that put your hands behind your back, slut," he said.

"Yes, Master."

"Sit."

She sat back on her heels.

"Beg! That means beg like a dog. It's the same as kneel except you bring your hands up and out like a dog's paws."

"Beg!"

She knelt, arms up and paws out.

"Sit!"

"Lie down! That means lay back with your hands above you and your legs wide."

"Lie down!"

She fell back and spread her legs wide, then raised her hands, spread-eagling herself.

"Knees back! That means bend your legs and raise your knees. Pull them back and spread them wide."

He put her through various tricks, most of which had no real purpose other than to degrade her. He had her crawl around some more, roll over and play dead, beg, then had her whimper like a dog while she begged. He finished up by sitting down and having her crawl across the floor on her belly and lick and suck on his toes.

She showed no emotion the entire time, no hesitation, no thinking...nothing but complete acceptance of his orders and authority. He wasn't happy about her lack of emotion, but that could be changed in the next phase.

For now she was a perfect little fuck machine, three holes for anyone who wanted in.

"Ass up!"

He dropped to his knees beside the girl and stroked her bottom, then pressed his cock against her exposed pussy pad. He slowly worked it down inside and then began fucking her, using her casually as she held still like a masturbation machine.

He dropped his semen inside her belly, then slapped her bottom lightly, got up, and left.

Five

For the next phase of his training he would begin to treat her with kindness. First he would show her exactly how he wanted her to behave, get her to begin acting in the way he wanted, then, as he reinforced her acting with treats and kindness, she would begin behaving that way naturally.

He hoped.

He certainly didn't want a dull-eyed, apathetic piece of meat. Nobody would pay much for that.

Before leaving, he brought in a TV set and a bunch of pornographic books and magazines. The TV was hooked to a VCR, and the only tapes it played were porno tapes of happy women in chains being fucked and reamed, and sucking cocks to the hilt.

She was lying on the floor as he walked in. She looked up at him through the same unemotional eyes as she had the day before. He smiled at her, this time making it a nice smile, a calming, friendly smile.

"Are you a good girl?" he asked.

"Yes, Master," she answered automatically.

"Really?"

"Yes, Mater," she said, a bit of worry creeping into her voice.

"Do you think you deserve a treat, then?"

"I..." She blinked her eyes, trying to think what he wanted her to say.

"Here," he said, holding his hand out.

There was a bit of chocolate in his palm. She looked at it, then up at him, then got to her knees and licked it out of his palm. He smiled and patted her head,

"Have you been watching the movies I left for you?"

"Yes, Master," she said.

"Did you see how the sluts acted? How they groaned and moaned and begged for more when their masters fucked them?"

"Yes, Master," she blinked.

"I want you to do that too. I know it'll take a little time, but I'm sure you can do it. Let's start by smiling."

She curved her lips in a sickly attempt at a smile.

"Not good enough, slut. Now I want you to smile! Come on." He smiled himself, and she slowly curved her lips again, smiling tentatively.

"Well, it's a start. Now let me hear you groaning pleasure. OOOoohh!" he groaned, making a face of pleasure.

"Ooohhhh!" she groaned weakly.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! UHHhngggghh!"

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! UNhhghghhhhh!" she imitated.

"Stand up."

She stood and he turned and turned on the stereo. He smiled at her again, and then stepped against her, taking one hand in his, and putting his arm around her.

"Let's dance," he said.

She was completely surprised, and only moved because he moved her. After some seconds she began to imitate him, though, and after a few minutes they were dancing with a fair degree of grace. He stopped as the music ended, and let her go.

"Very good, slut!" he said, smiling happily. "You're a very good dancer. Can you dance to faster music? Like rock?"

She blinked again. "Uhm. I uh...I guess so, Master," she said.

He turned the stereo to a rock station and nodded at her. "Dance for me, slut," he said.

She swallowed uncertainly, then began to sort of sway in place awkwardly.

"Pick up your feet. Come on," he said encouragingly. "Dance for me!"

She swayed more energetically, swinging her arms and moving her legs. He danced himself and she began to dance more freely, smiling a little as he smiled. When he stopped she stopped, but he motioned for her to continue.

She had her eyes almost closed as she danced, tuning into the music and shaking herself, swinging her arms and rolling her head. He let her dance through the music, then clapped his hands. "Very good! Very good!" he said, clapping.

He went over to her and hugged her, then kissed her on the top of the head. "For such great dancing you deserve another reward," he said.

He went over to the far end of the room and took out a key, then stuck it in a small keyhole just above his head. He twisted it and pulled, and a section of the wall fell forward. He lowered it to the floor, and it turned out to be a hideaway bed.

"How's this?" he smiled. "It will be much more comfortable for sleeping, don't you think?"

"Yes, Master," she said, looking at the bed.

"You're a very pretty little slut, you know. You deserve to sleep on a nice, comfortable bed, not on the floor. Get in. Get in."

She climbed into the bed and sat down.

"Comfy?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. Good. Now, why don't we run through your tricks? Hmm? It'll be much easier on you to do it in a nice, soft bed than on the cold floor."

He had her go through the various positions for the next fifteen minutes, finishing it off with new ones...namely moaning and groaning and making faces, all of which she found fairly easy.

"Okay, slutty girl. Now we'll have you dance for us again. Come on." He took her hand and pulled her gently out of bed, then kissed her head and pushed her to the centre of the room. "I want you to move exactly like I do. Okay?"

"Yes, Master," she said, her voice a little more alive now than when he'd first come in.

He swung his hips slowly as she imitated him. He smiled, and she smiled, then he smiled seductively, slitting his eyes. He slid his hands up and down his body slowly, then over his chest. He humped slowly out at her and she humped back.

For the next ten minutes he did his best attempt at a bump and grind routine while the blonde teenager did her best to imitate him. He complimented her effusively, patting her head and telling her what a pretty slut she was, then went into the other room and brought out a full length mirror, which he hung on the wall.

"You can practice in this so you get it down perfect," he said. "There's a tape here that you can watch. It's got some really good whore dances on it. Ahh, here it is. Watch this and dance the way these girls do."

"Yes, Master," she said.

"Do you love your master?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good girl," he smiled, stroking her head again. "Now, I think you deserve another treat. Would you like that?"

"Yes, master."

"Good. Good girl. Okay, lay down on the bed."

She got into the bed and lay down, spreading her legs. He stripped and got into the bed between her legs, then knelt and stroked his hands along her thighs.

"You have really soft skin, baby," he said.

"Th...thank you, master," she blinked.

He stroked his hand softly across her pussy mound, then bent forward and licked his tongue gently along her slit. He ran his tongue up and down the pussy cleft several times, pushing slowly deeper. Then his thumbs eased into her, pulling her pussy lips apart and exposing her soft, pink skin.

"What a pretty little pussy," he said. "You're such a pretty girl."

He licked slowly along her pussy meat, then screwed his tongue down into her pussy and pumped it in and out. He tongued her clitty repeatedly, lapping gently, then rubbing his wet lips over it. He sucked it in and blew softly, then sucked again.

She lay there for a very long time without responding, but he was patient, and he knew how to lick pussy better than almost any man in the state. He blew streams of air across her clitty. He rubbed it with his fingers, he ground and rolled it between them, he licked and lapped and sucked and tongued it until the blonde slowly began to move her bottom on the bed.

He eased a finger slowly down her fuck tunnel and pumped it in and out as he sucked her clit. Her bottom started to grind and her pussy jerked helplessly up towards him.

"Does that feel good, sweetie?" he purred.

"Ye...yes, Master," she gulped.

"Good. I want to make you feel good."

He slurped on her clitty again, then sucked it in and whipped his tongue across it some more. She gasped and shuddered, groaning as the pleasure took hold of her.

"Good girl. Don't worry about anything but the pleasure. I want you to feel good, baby."

He opened his mouth wide and vacuum locked it around her pussy meat, sucking and slurping and chewing and lapping at it as she began to hump up faster and faster.

"Ooh! oohhh! Uhhhh!" she gasped, eyes fluttering as she panted for breath.

"Sexy girl," he purred. "Hot, sexy little slut."

He licked faster and harder and she started to groan and moan with greater emotion. Her head rolled on the pillow and her legs jerked spastically alongside him. Her chest heaved and her eyes rolled back in her head as she came.

Her back arched violently and her head jerked back as he gnawed and sucked hard on her spasming fuck button. She thrashed and gurgled in pleasure and lust as he sucked the hot, sparkling pussy cream out of her pussy opening and gulped it down.

Then she went limp, panting for breath as she lay there. He crawled slowly up alongside her, sliding his body half over hers. He kissed her gently, first on the head, then the forehead, then on the lips, as his hand stroked her breasts softly.

"There, there. Wasn't that nice?"

"Ye...yess, Master," she gasped.

"That's what you get when you're a good girl," he smiled, kissing her.

"Do you love me, slutty girl?"

"Oh yes, Master," she sighed.

He decided to give his idea of breaking in two girls at once a try. It would take a little bit of experimenting to get it right. He wasn't sure yet whether it would be best to get two girls at the same time, or get one first, break her, then get the other girl and use the first to help break her.

If he decided that was the way to it would probably be a good idea to start right now. After all, the blonde slut was almost completely ready. It was too late for some new girl to come in and do much damage to what he'd done there.

And, he was forced to admit, two girls offered some interesting possibilities. He wouldn't mind watching a little lesbian show now and then. For that matter, maybe he could use the blonde to do most of his work. Would she be capable of whipping a new girl, of beating her and maybe raping her with a dildo?

It would be fun to see anyway.

He went downstairs a couple of days later and found her lying on the bed.

"Good morning, Master!" she said, jumping out of bed and crawling over to him. She licked at his shoes as he stood there, and he leaned over and patted her head.

"How are you feeling, slut?"

"Good, Master."

"Do you love me, slut?"

"Oh yes, master!"

"Stand up."

He drew her to her feet, then slid his arms around her. She hugged him as well, eagerly tilting her head back to bring her lips against his. Her tongue pushed against his as she ground her pelvis against him, and his hands slid down onto her bottom, squeezing and kneading the tender flesh there as they kissed.

He pulled back and smiled. "What are you made for, slut?"

"Fuck and sucking, Master!" she said eagerly.

"And you love to do both."

"Yes, Master!" she cried.

"Suck my cock, baby."

She dropped to her knees and her hands went to his pants, quickly undoing them and sliding them down. Her lips slid over his cockhead and she sucked it and the shaft into her mouth as she stroked and squeezed his balls.

She sucked eagerly and happily while he ran his fingers through her soft blonde hair. He looked down tolerantly, letting her bring his cock to life and then sighing in pleasure as she bobbed her lips up and down the full length, easily taking the whole thing down her throat.

"Ahhhhh, ass up," he said.

She pulled off, spun around, and dropped her face and chest to the floor, throwing her bottom up and out.

"How do you want it, slut?" he grinned.

"I love your cock, master," she groaned. "Fuck me hard!"

"I love your pretty round ass, baby!"

"Fuck me in the ass, master! I love being fucked in the ass!"

"Well then, I think that's just what I'll do."

He dropped to his knees and pressed his spit-wet cockhead against her wrinkled little anal opening, then slowly sank it into her. Sara groaned happily. She reached back and gripped her buttocks, prying them wide as he sank his tool down into her butt.

"Nothing like a good butt-fuck to show a girl what a cheap whore she is," he said.

"Yes, master! I love a good butt-fuck!" she said.

He drove his cock in to the balls, then ground it around inside her as he caressed her softly contoured buttocks, then began to pump, moving slowly, but working up to speed as her rectum adjusted to his pumping cock.

"What a tight, round little ass you have," he groaned.

"My ass loves your cock, Master," she groaned. "Rape my asshole! Fuck it hard and deep! Ream me out, Master!"

"I will, slut," he grunted, fucking faster.

"Oohhh! Oohhhh! I love it! Fuck me! Fuck my ass! OOohhhh!"

He rodded his cock in faster and faster, pounding it down her rectum with wild abandon as she moaned and groaned and yelped and panted for breath.

"All fours!" he gasped.

Her hands clawed at the floor, then she pushed herself up onto all fours and began to ram her hips back onto his pumping prong, grunting with each impact.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Oohh! Yesss! Master! Master! My ass! Oh, fuck my ass! Ohhhh!"

He skewered her with furious, stabbing thrusts, hammering his hips against her rutting buttocks as she drove herself back onto his spiked pole. His hands slid along her sides, then under her, cupping her swinging, bouncing breasts, digging his hands into the soft flesh as she yelped in glee and grunted in pleasure.

He came, groaning in delight as her rectum sucked the juice out of his balls and threatened to rip his cock right off with it. He groaned again and collapsed over her, letting the last dregs of his juices dribble down into her belly as she knelt there.

"Nice," he panted.

"I love your cock, Master," she said.

"I know you do, slut."

He got up and went into the other room, then pulled an inflatable sex doll off a shelf. He pumped it up and returned to the other room. "Look what I have, Sara," he grinned.

She looked up from the bed in surprise.

"What's' that, master?"

"It's something for you to practice on."

He hung the doll from the wrists, then tied the ankles down and apart to the rings in the floor. He picked up the riding crop and motioned the blonde over. She approached worriedly.

"Here, take this," he said.

She took it gingerly; looking at it like it was a poisonous snake.

"Now, I want you to whip this whore here, Sara. Whip her ass. Go on."

She swung the crop awkwardly and it bounced off the rubber doll's buttocks.

"Harder."

Again she whipped it, then again.

"Who is that you're whipping?"

"I...I don't know, master," she gulped.

"That's a whore, Sara. Tell her what a whore she is."

"Whore!" Sara shouted, whipping the crop on the doll's ass. "Dirty slut!" she cried, whipping it down again.

"That's it. Again! More!"

"Cheap cunt!" Sara yelled, snapping the crop on the doll's bottom.

"She's a bad girl, isn't she," Julian smiled.

"Bad girl!" she shouted. "Bad girl!" she cracked the crop down again and again.

"Good. Now come around front and whip her breasts."

Sara moved gingerly, very much remembering how her own breasts had been whipped. Even days later they were still kind of sore.

"Remember, she has to be trained," he said. "She has to learn not to be a bad girl."

She nodded and whipped the crop onto the doll's breasts.

He laughed and watched. He moved up behind her and slid his hand down her bottom and in between her legs, then fingered her pussy as she whipped the doll's breasts, then slashed it between the legs.

"Very good," he smiled smugly.

He checked his computer and found where his last dozen girls had been taken from. He decided the next girl should come from Conora County. He spent the next several days scouting there, riding the bus lines used by high school and college kids, touring the malls, and driving around the local hangouts.

Finally he settled on a girl with curly brown, shoulder length hair. He didn't know her name, but she was short, busty, and smiled a lot. She didn't look any too bright, but who could tell until they talked.

She lived with a boy a few years older than her, which meant, of course, that this one was no virgin. Well, that hardly mattered in the long run. He took her in the garage as she was about to step into her car, using much the same method he had with Sara. He wanted to spend a little time alone with her before introducing her and Sara. That meant he couldn't use drugs this time. Instead he used a stun gun, which had much the same effect.

He left her in the van as he went inside and downstairs. Sara greeted him like a little puppy, and he patted her head, then led her into the other room. He settled her in a corner chair, then locked her restraints behind her, put the earphones on, and told her to stay there until he got her. He turned on the stereo to a fairly loud rock station, then left her, closing the door behind him.

He went back upstairs and got the new girl, hefted her over his shoulders and brought her downstairs. He dropped her on the floor, then removed the cuffs he had placed on her wrists and ankles and stepped back.

She jumped to her feet and backed away from him, terror in her eyes.

"Hi there," he smiled evilly.

"Le...leave me alone," she gulped.

"Why should I?"

"I...I'll tell the police!"

"No you won't."

"I will!"

"What you'll do is behave yourself."

She stared at him in fear.

"If you're a good girl, and obey me I won't have to hurt you," he said. "otherwise..."

He walked over to the corner and picked up the riding crop, then turned to her. She stared at it in fear, then yelped as he swung it down against the side of the table.

"This will hurt an awful lot," he growled. "And you'll scream so loudly you'll hurt your own ears."

He stepped closer. "But nobody will hear you," he smiled. "Nobody can hear anything down here."

"Y...you leave me alone," she whimpered.

"Obey me!" he snapped, cracking the crop against the table.

She jumped and whimpered harder.

"Now. I want you to take off your clothes."

"Wh...what?" she gulped.

"Strip!" he screamed, slamming the crop against the table.

She yelped and jumped back, banging into the wall.

"Strip now!"

Her hands darted to her blouse and her shaking fingers unbuttoned it, then jerked it off.

"P...please mister!" she whined, blinking back tears.

"Strip!" He cracked the crop down again and she screamed, then started crying.

She undid her skirt and let it slide down around her ankles, then stood there cringing in bra and panties as he glared and swung the crop threateningly.

"Get your bra off! I want to see those TITS!"

She sobbed and shakily undid her bra, then lowered it, looking down at the floor in misery and shame.

"The panties! Let's see your CUNT!"

She tried to cover her breasts with her arm as she scooped her panties down and off. Then she stood there, trying to cover her pussy and breasts.

"You whore!"

"P...P...Pleeeasse!" she sobbed.

"Put your hands behind your head and spread your legs...SLUT!"

She sobbed even harder, then did as he ordered as he approached and stood over her.

"Filthy piece of fuck meat," he yelled. "A cheap, two-bit whore made for fucking and sucking! That's what you are, you bitch! You're a stinking, filthy fucking slut!"

She shook and trembled and moaned in terror, her tears trickling down her cheeks as he slid the riding crop over her breasts, then down between her legs. He sawed it along her pussy lips and laughed in her face, then reached up and clutched one of her breasts, squeezing cruelly.

"You filthy, shitty, slutty, lowlife piece of worm meat!" he snarled. "You're only good for one thing! Do you know what it is! It's fucking! That's all. FUCKING! You're a piece of CUNT!"

She shook, gut wrenching sobs spilling out of her as he snarled and screamed down into her face.

"Turn around!"

She turned and he grabbed her wrists, slamming her hands against the wall.

"Push that ass out and spread your legs, you WHORE!!"

She obeyed, shaking and weeping as he slammed the crop against the wall.

"If you move, I'm going to whip your cunt with this. UNDERSTAND!?"

He went into the other room and got Sara, uncuffing her and removing the restraints. He pulled down a pair of leather pants and had her step into them. She did so casually, for she'd worn them on several other occasions, usually when she whipped the doll or fucked it with the strap-on dildo he'd given her.

He took down the stiletto heeled boots and helped her into them, then helped her put on the leather bustier, a garment that covered hardly an inch of her breasts, but merely served to shove them up and out attractively. Finally he put on a pair of elbow length black leather gloves.

"Good," he whispered. "There's a new slut out there and you're going to help me train her."

"Yes, master," she said, since she could hardly imagine saying anything else.

"Don't say anything I don't tell you to, and look nasty. Remember how to look nasty?"

She gave him her nasty look and he smiled and kissed her head.

"Remember, do it right, or I'll think you're a bad girl."

"Oh I'm not, Master," she said, eyes wide.

He walked out into the other room, Sara trailing him. She let out a startled gasp as she saw the other naked girl standing by the wall, but she never said anything.

"See this filthy piece of cunt meat here?" he snarled.

"Y...yes, master," she gulped.

The girl turned her head and stared in shock and embarrassment at Sara.

"We're going to train this good for nothing piece of cunt meat. We're going to make her a good little slut just like you."

"Yes, Master," Sara blinked.

"Turn around, slut," he barked.

The girl turned slowly, her arms going to her breasts again as she whimpered and shook.

"Put your hands behind your head!" he screamed, making the girl and Sara both yelp. The girl jerked her hands up behind her head instantly.

"Sara, get me a pair of wrist restraints."

"Yes, Master," she said.

She went to the table and picked up two of them, then hurried back to him.

"Put them on this slut here, and buckle them tight."

Sara swallowed nervously then moved behind the brown haired girl and buckled the restraints around her wrists.

Julian tilted the girl's chin up and smiled into her tear-filled eyes.

"What's your name, whore?"

"L...L...Li...Lisa," she sobbed.

"Lisa. Not much of a name. But then, you're not much of a person. What do you think of my little slut helper here? Her name is Sara."

Lisa continued to tremble and shake, sniffing and whimpering helplessly.

"I asked you what you thought of her, slut!" he hissed, gripping her hair and jerking it painfully.

She cried out in pain. "I...I don't knooooow," she sobbed.

"Do you think she has nice tits?"

"I...I don't know."

"You good for nothing slut," he said in disgust. "You don't know anything do you? Well I'm going to teach you a lot, me and Sara here. You're going to learn how to suck cocks and how to eat out pussies. Will you like that?"

She sobbed louder not replying.

He got a ball gag and joined Sara behind the girl, first jamming the thing into her mouth, then tying the leather strap around behind her head.

"This is so your screams don't hurt our ears when we torture you, Lisa," he said conversationally. "You can scream all you want now. Just remember, if you become a good, obedient little slut like Sara, you might be treated a little better.

"Or maybe not," he sniggered.

Six

He pulled Lisa's wrists down behind her back and cuffed the restraints together, then he turned her around and smiled.

"Now the first thing we should do, is give you a good and proper raping. Don't you think?" he smiled. "I want you to kneel down on the floor, bend over, put your head on the floor, and spread your legs. Then I'm going to take my dick out and ram it up your fuck hole."

She stared at him in terror, groaning into the gag.

"Go on. Do it."

She whimpered, turning her beseeching eyes on Sara, as if she would help.

"Don't bother looking at her. She's got a strap-on dildo and she's going to rape your asshole after I rape your pussy."

Lisa's eyes bulged in shocked horror.

"Go on now, bend over and stick that little ass up for us."

She trembled and shook, slowly backing away. He laughed and followed her, then he grabbed her by the hair and swung her around. He forced the snivelling, yelping girl to the floor, then raised her bottom as he knelt behind her.

"There's nothing like a good rape to get a girl used to her new duties," he said. "Don't worry, slut. You were built for fucking."

He took out his cock and rubbed it up and down against the shaking girl's pussy slit, then slowly forced the head inside. He peeled her pussy lips open with his thumb as he drove his cock deeper and deeper, grunting with the effort. He slapped her bottom several times, then thrust forward hard, burying the entire length of his prick in her heaving belly.

She sobbed piteously as he ground his hips against her bottom and stroked her soft flesh, then he began fucking, tearing his rigid fuck-pole back and forth inside her, raping her pussy open as he dug his fingers into her hips and jerked her back to meet each thrust.

"Ahhh, nice pussy," he said. "What a nice little cunt hole you have."

He hammered his prick into her with furious, brutal strokes, spiking his cock into her again and again and again as she sobbed and shook and whined in misery and pain.

"You bitches all think your pussies are made of gold," he grunted. "Well they ain't. Neither is the rest of you. You aren't worth shit. You belong to me now and I can do anything I want with you."

He rode her long and hard, intent, not on his own pleasure, but in her misery, on prolonging it and degrading her as much as possible.

"Stupid whore," he sneered. "Look at her whine from a little fucking. Wait until we let the dogs fuck her, huh, Sara? Wait until we get all my friends in here to rape her asshole for her."

Sara had no idea what he was talking about, but wasn't about to say anything. She watched the furious raping with some sympathy for the girl, but also some envy. She had begun to enjoy the fuckings master had been giving her, and wasn't happy that he was wasting his erection on a stupid girl who didn't even seem to be enjoying it.

She watched as he speeded up his strokes, knowing he was about to come. She felt even more envious, then sighed unhappily as he slowed and stopped, knowing he had dropped his hot, juicy sperm into the new girl's pussy, and that his cock would soon get soft.

He pulled out and stood up, then turned around and kicked Lisa in the side, throwing her sideways and sending her tumbling across the floor to land on her back, groaning in pain.

"Get your strap-on dildo, Sara," he said in a nasty tone of voice.

She hurried to comply, stripping off her leather pants and then stepping into the straps and drawing them up to her thighs. She buckled the top strap around her hips, then turned back to him.

"Get on this whore and fuck her cunt as fast and as hard as you can."

"Uhm...uh...yes, master," she gulped.

She'd only used the strap-on dildo on the sex doll, but it was really no different to fuck a real slut, she told herself.

She got down on her knees as the girl groaned and blinked her eyes up at her. Sara found it hard to look at her and turned her eyes away, looking at the girl's slit as she held her dildo and pressed it against the pussy cleft.

She sank it down into the shaking girl's belly, then lay down atop her, sliding all ten inches up Lisa's pussy. She felt strange with her breasts rubbing against the other girl's breasts, but she began to fuck and grind her hips as she'd been shown before with the sex doll.

This doll was groaning and grunting and sobbing below her, though, and Sara was not really enjoying herself as she pumped the dildo inside her pussy. She didn't like the idea of hurting people, even if they were bad girls.

"Okay, now lift her legs up and shove them back against her tits."

She pushed herself off the girl and got to her knees, reaching down and gripping her legs. She raised them, shoving them back as she tried to keep the dildo inside, then leaned forward against them to force them back. She fucked some more, averting her face from the other girl's tear stained, wretched eyes.

"Okay, now take the dildo out...and RAM it up her ASS hole!"

Lisa mewled in protest at the harsh words, but was hardly in a position to resist as the blonde slowly pulled the long, thick dildo out of her pussy and pressed it against her anal opening. She groaned and cried out in pain and mortification as the dildo slowly drove down into her rectum, feeling every inch of its progress as it forced its way deeper and deeper into her guts.

"Rip her ass hole open!" Julian leered.

Sara gulped and sank the dildo all the way in to the hilt, then began to pump her hips, raping Lisa's anus. The girl shook and moaned and sobbed miserably as Sara pumped the dildo up her anus, and Sara felt like sniffing herself.

"Harder! Harder! Ream out that ass hole. Butt fuck this little bitch till she bleeds!"

Both girls winced, and more tears poured down Lisa's cheeks as Sara fucked harder and faster, pounding the dildo down into her anus with long, deep, hard strokes, her own round bottom rising and falling like a blur as her hips smacked against the other girl's.

"Enough for now," Julian said.

Sara slid the dildo out of the girl's bottom, throwing her an apologetic look.

Julian leaned over and grabbed Lisa by the hair. He yanked her to her feet and brought her over beneath a set of chains, then unlocked the snivelling girl's wrist restraints and raised her hands high above her. He locked them to the chains and stood back

"Go and get the riding crop, Sara," he said.

Sara scurried to fetch it, then brought it back to him.

"Did you see how this bitch disobeyed me when I ordered her to get on her knees?" he asked.

"Yes, Master."

"She has to be punished for that, doesn't she?"

"Yes, master."

"You do it."

She blinked in surprise, then looked at the girl standing there.

"You've done it before. You can do it to her. Go ahead. I'll tell you when to stop."

The only times she'd done it before had been with dolls, and Sara wasn't at all happy about the idea of doing it to a real person. She held the crop hesitantly until Julian's snapped command sent her scurrying around to the girl's rear.

She stared at Lisa's soft round bottom for long seconds as he glared at her, then raised the crop and, closing her eyes, swung it down against them. The crop hit, but without the necessary snap in her wrist to really make much of an impact.

Lisa yowled in pain anyway, but it truly wasn't all that much. Sara swung it again, but was holding it too tightly, and again didn't snap her wrist as she should have.

"You call that a beating!?" Julian screamed at her. "Whip that ass red or I'll hang you up there and remind you how its done!"

She whimpered in fear, then swung the crop harder, snapping it properly so it bit deeply into the brunette's buttocks. Lisa screamed into the gag as an angry red welt appeared across her twin cheeks.

"Harder! Harder!" He screamed into Sara's ear.

She swung harder and faster, lashing the crop against Lisa's buttocks as he snarled and cursed.

"Whip that ass! Whip it! Show this slut what it feels like! Go on! Harder! Faster!"

The blows landed in a flurry, Sara's arm swinging wildly as the crop lashed and bounced across the softly rounded flesh.

"Let me show you how it's really done," he snarled at last, taking the crop away. He turned and slashed the crop across Lisa's back. The brunette shrieked, her head thrown back, her legs jerking apart as the long red line burned into her flesh.

Again he slashed it across her back, then again and again, leaving criss-crossing welts all over her white skin.

He halted and dragged the blonde girl around in front, then handed her the crop again. He moved behind Lisa and put a hand against her back, forcing her chest out firmly, then he gripped her hair and forced her head up so she was looking directly at Sara.

"Now," he smiled. "I want you to whip these fat round breasts here, Whip them as hard as you can!"

Lisa moaned in terror, pain and misery, and new tears poured down her cheeks as she stared at the wide-eyed blonde in front of her.

Sara swallowed fearfully and stared at the miserable girl, then at her breasts. She raised the crop slowly, but couldn't bring herself to use it. She had always been non-violent, and the brutal treatment she had received over the past days had robbed her of whatever aggression she had once had.

"Whip them," he growled. "Whip them hard!"

"I...I...I can't," she whimpered.

"You can't!?" he glowered.

"I...Please, master, can't you do it?" she whimpered.

"I want to see you do it, slut," he hissed.

She raised the whip and brought it down against one breast, but very slowly, not even hard enough to draw a cry of pain.

"I guess you need more training too," he growled, moving away from Lisa.

He jerked the crop out of Sara's hands, then turned and slashed it across Lisa's left breast. The leather tore deep into the fat, round mammary, cutting it two and snapping against her ribs beneath before bouncing back. Lisa howled and shrieked and thrashed in her chains.

He whipped the other breast then the first, lashing and whipping them both, then bringing the crop down on her chest, belly and thighs until her entire body was criss-crossed with welts.

Then he tossed the crop away and turned to a cowering Sara. "So, little slut, you haven't learned your lessons yet, hmmm? Well we can do something about that."

"I'm sorry, Master," she sniffled.

"You'll be a lot sorrier."

He dragged her over to a cupboard and opened it, then withdrew what looked like a pair of leather mittens, except they had no thumbs. He shoved her hands into them and then buckled them tight at the wrists, adding a small padlock so she couldn't remove them even with her teeth. Then he took out a studded leather belt and slid it around her waist, buckling it tight.

He locked her wrist mitties to the sides of the belt, then punched her in the belly. She gurgled in pain and folded in on herself, dropping to her knees. He put his foot against her chest and shoved hard, so she went flying back onto her back on the floor.

He moved to the other end of the room, picking up the riding crop along the way.

"Crawl to me, slut, on your belly," he hissed.

Grunting in pain, Sara slowly wriggled across the floor to him, panting and gasping for breath as she made her way over to where he stood. Without being asked she began to lick and suck on his toes as he stood over her looking down angrily.

"Go over there and lick the new slut's toes since you seem to care so much for her," he sneered.

She groaned and wriggled back to where Lisa was half standing, half hanging. The brunette was still sniffing and moaning in pain, eyes half closed. She opened them and looked down as Sara's pink tongue lapped over her toes and feet, but she showed no emotion or care.

"Lick your way up her legs, slut," Julian said, coming up behind her. "Then suck out that pussy."

Lisa licked up Lisa's ankles and then over her knees to her thighs. She pushed herself up, though not without some effort, onto her knees, and licked up Lisa's thighs to her crotch, then began licking her pussy mound.

Lisa looked down and whimpered in misery at this new and disgusting outrage, but did nothing to resist it as the blonde slid her tongue up and down her slit, then pushed it inside.

"Yeah, suck her, bitch," he snarled. He slashed the crop across her bottom and Sara cried out in pain, then continued licking.

"Suck it. Suck it!"

Again he cracked the crop on her bottom, and again she screamed, but then shoved her mouth into Lisa's snatch and sucked frenziedly.

"Fucking dyke bitch whore," he sneered. "Filthy fuck rag."

He gripped her hair and yanked her back so hard she fell heavily on her back, then brought his knee slamming up into Lisa's moist pussy pad. The girl bounced in her chains, her eyes bulging as the pain and nausea blew through her.

He reached up and unlocked the wrist restraints, throwing her on to of Sara on the floor, where she lay, moaning weakly.

He went over to the cupboard and got another pair of mitties, then replaced the normal restraints on the brunette's wrists with these. He freed Sara's mittens from their locked position against the belt and stood back.

"All right you two sluts," he said. "Let's see you crawl like the bitch dogs you are!"

He snapped the riding crop across Lisa's buttocks, then Sara's hip. "Get on all fours, you sluts!" he screamed.

The two twisted around onto all fours, Sara whimpering, and Lisa moaning in pain.

"Now lets' see you crawl along on your four paws," he sneered. "Move. Shake those asses!"

He walked them all around the room, doing wide circles, moving alongside and cracking the crop down whenever one or another slowed.

He started putting them through their paces then, using Sara to show Lisa what he wanted when he gave orders. He soon had them begging, rolling over, sitting and heeling, grovelling and crawling and thrusting their bottoms up to be raped.

He removed Lisa's ball gag and put a collar on her, then dragged both girls up into his lap as he sat back, letting them both take turns socking his cock. When he was about to come, he gripped both girls by their hair, pulled their faces together, then came on their faces, spurting his wads into their eyes and onto their noses and foreheads and cheeks.

He got up and had them crawl after him to the far side of the room, where an odd looking wooden construction was laying in wait. Basically it consisted of a sawhorse, with a long, thin strip of spikes running along its length. The spikes were not sharp enough to cut through skin, nor did they feel bad against, say, a hand. But put something very tender and sensitive on them, and force it down with a hundred or so pounds of weight, and discomfort would quickly give way to agony.

He dragged Sara up to her feet by the hair, then lifted her and dropped her down atop the sawhorse. She cried out in pain, and started to wriggle, then cried out again, finding very quickly that any kind of movement was not advisable while she sat astride the horse.

"Oooh! It hurts! It hurts!" she cried. "Please, Master! I'll be good! I'll be good!"

"Shut up, slut or I'll gag you."

He pulled her wrists to the sides again and snapped them there while she gasped and panted and whimpered in pain, then reached over to a nearby shelf and pulled down a leather strap. He slid it around her thighs just below the beam and jerked it in tight, making her cry out once again.

He buckled it there, then stood back, sniggering as he saw her panting desperately, trying to not even breathe. Every movement was agony as the sharp spikes dug up into her tender pussy. Even without the spikes her pussy was crushed down against the narrow wooden beam, every pound of her weight resting atop it.

He bunched her hair into a tight mass sprouting from the top of her head and wrapped a thin cord around it, then tugged it up and tied the cord off to a low hanging chain. Then he knelt, snapping the restraints on her ankles together.

"Now you," he said, turning to the busty brunette.

"P..Please," Lisa whimpered.

He dragged her to her feet and buckled a belt around her waist before snapping the mitties to her sides, then lifted her onto the horse facing Sara. She cried out in pain, more tears spilling free as he adjusted her so her pussy was right down on the horse, then strapped her thighs tightly together below the beam. As with Sara, he bunched her hair up at the top of her head and bound it to a chain above her.

He snapped clamps onto her nipples and she cried out in pain, tears spilling more heavily from her swollen eyes. Similar clamps bit into Sara's nipples, and then chains linked them tautly together. He smiled as they looked up at him with wide, apprehensive, pain-filled eyes.

"Now don't move," he said.

The crop sliced in across Sara's back. She screamed and jerked helplessly forward on the spikes, then howled in pain and jerked her pussy back. The crop lashed against her back again, and again she howled and jerked forward, then back.

This time not only Sara cried out, so did Lisa. As Sara jerked back she pulled on the chains biting into her nipples, jerking her pussy forward on the spikes. Then Lisa jerked her head back in pain, pulling Sara's breasts, and pussy forward.

He laughed, then moved behind Lisa. He cracked the crop on her back, getting the same result, then cracked it again. He moved to the side and whipped Lisa's right breast. She screamed, jerking back hard, pulling against Sara's nipples so that they strained, distended, her breasts pulling out into cones, rocking the other girl forward atop the small spikes.

Sara howled in pain, jerking her chest back violently, pulling Lisa forward.

"You will learn to obey me, sluts," he said with a grim smile.

Seven

He left them sitting on the sawhorse for several hours while he watched a baseball game, then finally returned to let them down. Both were sitting shakily, sobbing and moaning in pain.

"Masster!" Sara sobbed. "Pleeease, Maaaster!"

"Shut up, slut," he said casually.

"I...i...iiii..itt huuuurrrts!" Lisa moaned.

"Good."

He undid the straps around their thighs, then removed the chain holding their collars together. He looked at them for a moment, then stepped behind Sara and straddled the sawhorse himself. He, of course, had longer legs, and could stand, so none of his weight came down on the sawhorse. He gripped her hips tightly, then began to jerk her back and forth along the sawhorse.

She howled in pain, screaming and writhing, jerking and thrashing her head wildly as he pushed and pulled her back and forth along the spiked surface of the sawhorse. He laughed as her howls rose higher and higher, then finally dragged her all the way along the horse to the end and let her fall off onto the floor.

He looked at Lisa, and she lost control of her bladder, which spilled out onto the sawhorse. She sobbed in terror as he sniggered and moved around behind her. He gripped her hips and began to grind her back and forth along the sawhorse as well, laughing as she screamed and wailed in agony.

Then he slid her all the way down to the end so she tumbled off.

"What's the matter?" he cooed. "Your little pussies hurt? Maybe you want someone to kiss them and make them better."

He kicked Lisa in the bottom, throwing her aside, then reached down and dragged her around by an ankle, dropping her over Sara, who lay on her back. He positioned her pussy over Sara's mouth and dragged Lisa's head by the hair until her face was over Sara's pussy.

"All right, you filthy dyke sluts. Start eating each other out," he barked. "Let me see some good licking and sucking."

He reached down and jammed Lisa's face into Sara's pussy, then got down beside them to put his face in close.

"Lick it, slut," he growled. "Lick that pussy. Give her a good suck job. You dirty, filthy fucking whore! Go on, lick it, slut! Cheap tramp!"

Lisa licked frantically, sucking at Sara's pussy slit as he watched. He crawled over to the other end of the lewd sixty-nine and cursed at Sara, making her lick harder and faster on Lisa's slit. He stood up and kicked Lisa in the side, making her cry out in pain as she was hurled off the blonde.

He reached down and grabbed Sara by the hair, dragging the whimpering girl up to her feet, then pulling her across the room to the table. He slammed her belly down across the table, then kicked her legs wide apart. She lay there moaning as he unhooked her mits from the belt at her side, then lifted them above her and clipped them to a small ring on the other side of the table.

Then he went and grabbed Lisa by the hair, pulling her to her feet as well.

He dragged the dazed girl back to where Sara was and stood her in behind the girl. He gripped her hair and jerked her head back savagely, then put his mouth in close against her ear. "Are you going to obey me, slut? Are you? Are you going to do what I tell you?"

"Ye...ye...yess," she said in a choked voice.

"Yes Master," he hissed.

"Ye...yes, Master," she sobbed.

"You know what I want you to do? Huh? Huh? I want you to lift your right knee up as fast and hard as you can. You got that? You understand that? Huh?"

He jerked her head to the side painfully, then reached down and put his hand on her knee. "This knee," he breathed. "Right here. This knee. You are going to slam this knee right up here."

He jerked her face forward and pushed it to within inches of Sara's pussy mound, then cupped it and squeezed.

"Right here. Right here? Understand? Huh? Huh?"

He jerked her head back and she cried out again, sobbing helplessly. He cupped her knee, slapped it, then cupped Sara's pussy.

"Do it! Do it! Do it!" He cried, his voice getting louder each time.

In desperation the frantic girl raised her right leg, jerking her knee up in the air. He cursed her and twisted her around, shoving her forward, in behind the moaning blonde. "Now! Now! There!" he snarled.

Again she jerked her knee up, and it slammed against Sara's pussy.

Sara gasped and groaned, her bottom jerking up helplessly.

"Harder! Harder! Again! Again!"

Again she jerked her knee up, hardly knowing what she was doing, slamming the bone into the soft, aching flesh.

"Again! Again! Again!"

She gasped and panted and moaned in confusion, jerking her knee up into Sara's pussy again and again and again, harder each time, grinding and mashing the soft, sensitive flesh under her hard bony knee.

Sara's bottom bounced and jerked upwards, each blow knocking her legs up and out and then dropping her back to the floor. She gurgled and groaned and choked, her eyes glazed slits as her mouth opened and closed soundlessly.

He jerked her back as she raised her knee again, and she almost fell, off balance. He unlocked her wrists and then removed the mittens from around her hands. She stared dazedly as he poured lubricating oil over her hands, then spun her back and shoved her against the blonde.

He gripped her right hand in his, jerking her fingers out and pressing them together. He pushed the fingers against Sara's slit and slowly drove them inside, pumping them in and out until she started doing it herself.

"That's it, slut! Pump those fingers! Pump them in and out! Whore! Do it, whore! Slut! Finger fuck this bitch! Another finger, slut! Three! Shove three in there, bitch! Three!"

She whimpered and moaned in terror and pain and confusion, thrusting three fingers into Sara's fuck tunnel and pumping them in and out.

"Four! Four! Shove four in there! Four!"

Sara groaned as four fingers were forced up her burning pussy, pumping slowly in and out all the way to the knuckles. Her head rolled slowly on her arms, her eyes closed, her mouth open. She had little idea what was going on, and cared only about the pain gripping her body.

"Faster! Faster, you cunt!" he screamed into Lisa's ear. "Put your thumb in too. Go on. Press it in! Shove it in!"

Lisa formed her fingers and thumb into a tight wedge and clenched her teeth as she slowly worked it into Sara's fuck tunnel. Her pussy lips strained and stretched as she twisted her hand from side to side, but they didn't seem to want to go wide enough to allow her entire hand to pass through.

Then finally she managed to get the heel of her hand inside. The rest slid through and the pussy lips closed tautly around her wrist.

"Deeper! Deeper! Shove your fist up her dirty cunt! Go on! Do it you stinking bitch!"

Lisa desperately shoved her hand deeper and deeper, feeling the tight, warm pussy sheath sliding along her hand as she drove deeper. Her wrist slid through the blonde's pussy lips and her forearm followed.

She paid no attention whatever to the gasps and groans coming from the girl before her. She hardly even knew it was a girl's pussy she had shoved her hand into. All she knew was that the horrible man was screaming demands, and if she didn't obey she would be hurt again.

She pushed her hand all the way in the bottom, until she could touch - something at the end of the tube of flesh that enveloped her hand.

"Close your fingers into a fist, then shove it in deeper," he growled.

She hurried to obey, though it wasn't easy getting each of her fingers to close. Her hand was wedged in a tight mass of flesh and she had clawed each finger along the tight, elastic wall before pulling it in to her palm. Under his continued screaming she managed, though, and soon had a tight fist inside Sara's belly.

Then she pushed it deeper, forcing it through the sucking, squeezing meat until her knuckles ground against that hard something deep in the pit of the pussy tunnel, that hard, irresistible something that was Sara's cervix.

"Pump your fist in and out. Pump it in and out, slut!" he snapped.

She screamed as the riding crop suddenly bit into her buttocks.

"Pump it! Pump your fist!" he cried.

She jerked her fist back and forth as hard as she could, but wasn't able to pump it very much because it was too tightly encased in hot, sucking flesh. Again she howled as the crop snapped out and whipped across her buttocks. She redoubled her efforts, jerking her hand desperately, ignoring the screams of the blonde as she fought to move her fist.

His hand gripped her other hand then and he shoved something into it. It was the riding crop. He closed her hand around it and then slapped it lightly against Sara's buttocks again and again.

"Hit her! Hit her! Hit her ass! Do it! Hit her!" he screamed into her ear, letting go himself as she continued to hit Sara's round bottom.

"That's it, slut! Swing your wrist! Snap the crop down hard! Hard! Snap it! Harder!"

She whimpered in fear and lashed the now screaming girl's bottom as she continued to pump her fist in her pussy. She was bent over herself, of course, and her bottom stuck out invitingly.

He slid his hand in between her thighs and cupped her pussy, squeezing it cruelly, then shoved a finger into her anus and pumped it in and out. He drew his finger out and unzipped his leather pants, then took out his once again erect cock.

"I'm gonna fuck your ass!" he hissed at her. "I'm gonna ram my big cock right up your ass hole, Lisa!"

He forced the head inside, then gripped her hips and thrust forward.

She cried out in pain, but continued to lash the crop down on the sobbing blonde girl's bottom and back and thighs while her fist jerked back and forth in her pussy. Shocked, traumatized, frantic, she was working like a robot set in motion, and would continue until something stopped her.

"Ahhh, there you go. This is better than plastic, isn't it, slut? Your first real cock in the ass. Get used to it. Uhhhggnnn. Good ass flesh."

He pumped his cock up her anus with brutal force, completely unconcerned about the pain he inflicted on her. His hands clawed at her breasts and mashed them tightly, forcing the fat, soft meat to ooze out between his groping fingers.

"Stinking whore," he sneered, thrusting even harder. "Stinking slut, bitch."

He poured his semen up her anus and then slowed and stopped. He panted for breath, then eased out. Lisa continued to whip Sara's bottom...after a fashion. Her hand and arm were too exhausted to continue hitting with any strength, and as he watched she dropped the crop and groaned, leaning over Sara and panting for breath. She was still pumping her hand, but slowly, that arm worn out as well.

He slammed his fist into her side and she screamed and fell against the table, falling to the floor. She didn't quite reach it, and hung from her wrist, her fist stuck inside Sara's pussy. As he watched it slowly slid out, forcing her pussy lips wider and wider.

Then it popped free and the brunette fell to the floor, clutching her aching side. Sara's pussy hole stayed gaping as the blonde moaned softly, barely conscious.

He dragged the brunette into the corner of the room and forced her to her knees, then placed his flaccid cock in her open mouth. He held it there for several seconds, until a warm stream of urine shot out the tip and into her mouth.

"Swallow it. Swallow. Swallow!" he snarled.

The dazed girl swallowed automatically, not caring what it was, or what it tasted like. Urine poured down her throat and into her belly until he finished.

"Suck. Suck and lick it," he ordered.

Again she did as ordered, like a machine, licking and sucking his cock clean.

He fastened wrist and ankle restraints on her, then hung her upside down and spread-eagled from the chains. He attached the earphones, blindfolded her, and stuffed a ball gag in her mouth, then turned on the tape machine and left her be.

He went over to Sara and leaned over the table.

"And how are we feeling today?" he asked pleasantly.

"H-H-Huuurt," she whispered.

"I sure hope you do. Next time I tell you to do something you'll do it."

He pulled her off the table and dragged her under a set of chains, then locked her in them, leaving her hanging by the wrists. He left and locked the door behind him, figuring another sixteen or eighteen hours would do them good.

He wasn't happy with Sara's attitude. He wondered if there was a way he could make her a totally mindless drone, but also a happy, smiling one. He didn't want her aggressive, of course, just completely obedient to his every wish and whim.

She was good enough to sell, of course, but he took a certain professional pride in perfection. He didn't want to sell just any old slut. He wanted to sell an absolutely perfect slut. Maybe he should grind her mind down again and then try and rebuild it.

On the other hand, Lisa was certainly coming along well, even faster than Sara had. She hadn't resisted anything at all. Of course, she didn't really know what she was doing, there was that.

He went upstairs and changed into shorts, then went out back and cleaned the barbeque. He had a dozen people coming over that night for a party.

A few hours later the lawn was filled with their friends. A couple of the women, feminists, started arguing about how sexist society was, and how women were perceived as mens' playthings.

Julian had to hide his smile. The women were sitting, as it happened, right above the underground bomb shelter that now contained two moaning, naked, young girls who were to be sold as sex slaves.

He agreed with them completely, of course. It wouldn't have been politically correct not to. At the same time he wondered why those two would possibly care. He wouldn't get two cents for either of the ugly bitches.

One had brought her daughter, though, and he glanced at her appraisingly several times. Good product, he thought, knowing at the same time what heights of fury, of rage, her mother would reach if she could read his mind.

In fact, the more he thought about it, the more interesting the idea was. He didn't know the woman all that well... she was his wife's friend, after all, and knew her daughter hardly at all. Her disappearance, in a few days, say, wouldn't be linked to him in any way. His name would never even come up.

And after the hot assed little bitch had been properly trained, maybe he'd have her make a video for mummy, a video where she crawled on her knees and licked his toes, sucked his cock and begged to be fucked. Wouldn't mummy like to see that, he grinned?

Yes, that idea was quite appealing. The girl had a sweet, small, round face, long, luscious, soft brown hair that tumbled over her shoulders like silk. She had a long, slender body with good, sold looking breasts. She'd sell, all right, sell for a good price. Better yet, she was Jewish. His Arab customers would pay big for that.

He could have some fun and make an extra profit. As an added bonus, she'd had her head filled with all that feminist shit, and thought of herself as an equal. Wouldn't it be fun to make her whine and whimper about what a cheap whore she was, and how she was built for fucking and sucking!

The girls were quiet when he went downstairs the next day. In Lisa's case, of course, the ball-gag made her silence mandatory. The disoriented girl had been hanging upside down for something like twenty hours now, so it was unlikely she'd have anything meaningful to say in any case.

He went over to Sara's and gripped her hair, lifting her chin off her chest.

"Are we having fun yet?" he asked.

She blinked her eyes at him dazedly.

"How do the arms feel?"

She whimpered and he laughed, letting her head go.

"Are you sorry for being a bad girl?" he asked.

"Y...y..yesss," she croaked.

"That's nice."

He unclipped her arms and let her tumble to the floor, then stepped back. She groaned and hugged herself, shaking as the numbness began to leave her wrists and arms and pain flooded in. He left her for some minutes while he inspected Lisa, making sure all was right with her, then returned to find her lying on the floor, groaning weakly.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with you, Sara. I thought you were going to be a good girl, then you turn out to be a disobedient little slut."

He went into the other room and got a bowl of water, then brought it back to her. He held it under her mouth as she drank desperately, gulping down the water until there was nothing left.

"Are you ready to make it up to me?"

"Ye...ye..yessss. Maaaasster," she groaned.

"All right then, get some clothes and do a strip tease for me. I want to make sure you haven't forgotten how it's done."

"Oh, I remember. I remember!" she panted, stumbling across the room to where he kept some sexy lingerie and slutty clothes.

She quickly pulled on a G-string, then fumbled with a garter belt. She got that on, added a French bra, pulled on stockings, then shrugged on a tight top and long, slitted skirt.

He turned on the radio and she began to sway to the music, making her eyes slits as she slid her hands up and down her body and moaned low in her throat. She swirled and twirled, humping and jerking in awkward time to the music, peeling off her top, then her skirt, then continuing the dance in her underwear.

She slid the bra off, then tauntingly covered her breasts with her arms, then her hands before baring them entirely. She cupped and stroked and squeezed them, then slid her hands up over her head and shook her breasts at him, eyes bright with desperate passion.

She turned and shook her bottom at him, then peeled her G-string down and off, dancing and humping and shaking her bottom back and forth.

It wasn't bad, he decided. It wasn't great but it would do for a start. No doubt her new owner would teach her more and give her more experience. He stood up and moved across the room to check on the other slut.

She wasn't doing much, of course. He pulled the blindfold off, and her eyes fluttered dazedly. He snorted and removed her gag, then turned off the voltage going to the vibrators and pulled them out. He turned and went over to Sara, who'd stopped dancing.

He pulled her over in front of Lisa and handed her the riding crop. "There's your target," he said, sliding his hand onto Lisa's pussy mound. "Whip her pussy as hard as you can. Keep doing it until I tell you to stop."

Sara whimpered, then raised the crop and brought it down against the soft, exposed pussy. Lisa groaned and trembled, but was too numbed and dazed to feel the full force of the pain. Sara sent the crop whistling down against her pussy again, then again, trying to crack her wrist in the way he'd shown her when whipping the doll.

The riding crop lashed into the pussy and made it burn hot and deep, slowly driving through the mist that had settled around Lisa's mind. She started to whimper and groan louder, started to jerk under the impact of the cruel beating.

She cried out in pain then, began sobbing and moaning and whining, her body shaking as the crop lashed her pussy mound.

Sara faltered, whimpering and looking back at him as though he would tell her to stop. He glared, and she turned and continued to whipping, though tentatively.

He cursed and gripped her hair hard, jerking her head back as he tore the crop out of her hands. "Go behind her, you cheap whore!" he snarled.

Whimpering, Sara scuttled around behind the other girl and peered at him through her legs.

"Reach down and grip her pussy lips, then pull them open," he ordered.

Sara did as she was ordered, gently tugging the moaning, whimpering girl's fuck lips open to reveal the pink flesh inside.

"Wider! Wider! Split that bitch's cunt open, whore!"

Sara pulled wider, though the girl's pussy lips were already hard and tight. She grunted with effort as she pulled them as far apart as her strength would permit, feeling some sympathy for the moaning girl.

Then he brought the riding crop whistling down and slashed it right into the exposed pink flesh.

Lisa shrieked in agony, her entire body thrashing and shaking in wild, maddened pain. Sara yelped at the nearness of the blow to her fingers and let go of the brunette's pussy lips, jumping back a little.

"I didn't tell you to let go, you slut!" he yelled. "Spread the bitch's lips again! NOW!"

Sara gulped in fear, then leaned in and pulled Lisa's pussy lips apart again, straining and stretching the tight, elastic pussy lips wide, wide open. This time she was ready for the whistling crop, and only flinched a little as they smacked down into the pussy meat between her fingers.

Lisa screamed in agony again, her body shaking and convulsing in pain as her sensitive pussy flesh was beaten so cruelly. Again the crop whistled down, again she howled in mindless agony as the pain tore through her body.

Again the crop whistled down, and this time caught the edges of Sara's fingers. She yelped and jerked them back in pain, stuffing them into her mouth as they throbbed hotly.

"You stinking whore!" he snarled.

He came around Lisa and grabbed her by the hair, then dragged her under another chain. He jerked her hands up high and, ignoring her whimpers and begging, locked her wrists above her head.

She sobbed in misery as he moved around behind her and raised the crop, then screamed as it cut into her round buttocks.

"I've been too gentle with you, slut," he growled as he slashed the crop across her back. "I've been too soft, too nice." The crop hissed through the air and bit her between the shoulder blades. "I should have beaten you down into the dirt long ago!" The crop lashed across her back, then her buttocks, then her shoulders.

She howled in pain, jerking and straining and pulling against the chains in hopeless agony.

He came closer and grabbed her hair, jerking her head painfully far back. "You need to learn real discipline, slut!" he snapped.

He drew the crop up and then lashed it across her straining breasts, cutting a line across the perfect white mammaries, a line of fiery pain that made the blonde scream and jerk agonized

response. Again the crop lashed her breasts, then again, making the soft meat bounce and shake and jiggle.

He stepped back then lashed the crop across her belly, then her thighs, then up higher, across her ribs, then onto her breasts again. "Dirty stinking whore!" he yelled, cracking the crop against her soft flesh again and again.

He walked in circles around her, lashing her sides and hips, her legs and arms and breasts and back and buttocks. Then he hooked her ankles high and whipped her pussy until her screams became little more than grunts and the semi-conscious girl's eyes were closed.

Eight

He turned his attention to the brunette, leaving Sara hanging senselessly from her wrists. He saw the girl watching him in fear and smiled. The lesson would have helped her, as well.

He slowly lowered her to the ground and unlocked her ankles and wrists. He fetched water for her and waited patiently for her to overcome her dizziness and nausea. then gulp down the water.

"Are we learning anything, slut?"

"Y...yeesss, Ma...masster," she said in a ragged voice.

"And what is it you're learning, slut?"

"I-I..must obey you, master."

"That's right, whore. You must obey my every order, immediately. You don't need to think about it. You only need to do it at once."

"Yes, master."

"How does your pussy feel slut? Was it fun having the vibrator up your twat all night?"

"Ye...yes, Master," she said.

"Good. Let me see you play with yourself. Jerk off for me, slut."

She stared at him for a second, then looked down at her naked, battered body. She sat back and began to rub her hands over herself, squeezing her breasts, then rubbing her fingers against her sore pussy. He could see her clenching her teeth against the pain, but she was doing as she'd been ordered.

He sat back in amusement. He didn't need to punish her more because she was doing it herself. It must indeed be agony rubbing her fingers against the swollen pussy meat he'd just beaten.

"Finger fuck yourself, whore," he called out.

"Ye..yes, master," she said in a strained and shaken voice.

She slowly wriggled her fingers into her pussy opening and pumping them in and out as she stroked her clitty.

"More fingers. In fact, shove your whole hand up your cunt."

She looked up at him in fear.

"Now!" he glowered.

"Yes, Master!" she gulped.

She moaned and winced as she began to work her hand against her pussy opening. She formed her fingers and thumb into a tight wedge and was trying to work them into her pussy. It clearly hurt, but she continued to try, twisting them from side to side, grunting and groaning and straining as she panted for breath.

"I have a much bigger hand than you do, slut," he called out. "But I bet I can get mine in there if you can't push yours inside."

"I'll do it, Master!" she panted despairingly. "I'll do it!"

"Then hurry up. I'm tired of waiting!" he growled.

He watched as her knuckles slowly eased through her taut, straining pussy lips and the heel of her hand followed. Her face was a mask of pain and she moaned and whimpered as her pussy burned. Then her hand passed through her slit and went up into her pussy tunnel, and the pressure eased as her pussy lips closed around her wrist.

"That's it, slut," he said approvingly.

He went over to her and took her legs, which she had drawn up and back already, bending them further back. He locked each ankle to the floor above her head, but apart, so her bottom was high in the air and much of her weight was balanced on her shoulders. Her crotch gaped, her hand tightly embedded in her sex.

He gazed down at her arms, in between her spread and gaping thighs. "I bet your arms are cold," he smiled. "Push your hand deeper into you twat. Shove it down there to the elbow."

"I...I...Yes, master," she said dazedly.

Excellent, he thought. She was going to say she couldn't but had decided not to. Luckily for her. He knew, having done this sort of thing for quite some time, that the distance between her knuckles and her elbow was probably about twelve inches. She could get it up to her elbow given enough...encouragement.

She groaned and strained, sliding her hands from side to side, screwing and jerking it slowly and gently to work it deeper. He saw her wrist sliding, very slowly, through the girl's pussy lips, and watched as more and more of it moved inside.

She gave a gasp, but continued pushing her hand inside, her fear of angering him outweighing all other considerations. Her forearm slid slowly into her pussy, making her pussy lips strain wider, increasing her pain.

"Go on, bitch. Shove it up to the elbow or I'll shove mine in there all the way to the fuckin' shoulder," he growled.

She moaned and whined but continued to slowly force her hand deeper.

"Tell me when you touch your cervix," he said in amusement.

A minute later she did, and looked up at him with wide, frightened eyes.

"Close your hand into a fist, then shove the fist in deeper," he said, smiling.

She groaned, but did as he ordered, slowly closing her fingers one at a time, pulling them in against her palm, clawing them across the tightly strained elastic walls of her pussy tunnel until she had formed a hard, thick ball inside her guts. Then, obeying a primal fear of him, she slowly screwed it in deeper.

The pain mounted. The deeper her hand moved the more of her forearm slid through her pussy lips, and the more of it that went inside the wider it got. Sweat beaded her forehead and she gnashed her teeth against the intensity of the agony that was rippling through her. She felt like she was giving birth, only in reverse.

Then she felt her elbow against her pussy lips. She let out a desperate moan of relief, and looked up at him.

"Naaah, push it in to the shoulder," he said.

Her eyes widened in horror and he laughed.

"Okay, okay," he said. "That's deep enough... as long as you push your other arm up your asshole."

Her lips quivered and she began to sob. He snorted and went to the table, coming back with a squeeze bottle of lubricating oil. He shoved the nozzle into her wrinkled anal opening and squeezed hard, spurting oil up her rectum. He pulled the nozzle out and squeezed it over her free hand, soaking it in glistening oil.

"See how nice I am?" he demanded. "I'm making it easy for you. Now go ahead and start. First the fingers, then the wrist...go on, do it."

Again he was pleased when she made no effort to plead with him. She eased her fingers against her anus and slowly worked one up inside to the knuckle. It was awkward, what with the position she was in, and her other arm already in her pussy to the elbow, but she managed to pump first one, then two, then three fingers in her anus.

She twisted them around inside herself as she pumped them, then slowly added a fourth, groaning as she strained to open her rectum wide enough. He sat down and watched in amusement as she strained and sobbed and moaned in pain, and slowly worked her wedged fingers into her rectum.

Her anus strained wide around her knuckles, and her face was a mask of pain once again, then they slid through and her heel followed. Her whole hand slid down into her rectum, and the opening closed around her wrist.

"There. See. That wasn't hard," he smiled. "Now the rest. Up to the elbow like your pussy."

She cried out several times, sobbing and whimpering and groaning as her wrist slid up into her anus and her forearm followed. Her teeth clenched and unclenched, gnashed and snapped, her lips drew back into a snarl of effort, then quivered as she wept. Her eyes closed, then clenched then widened as her arm slowly moved down into her rectum.

Until her elbow was against the opening. She stared up at him in shock and dazed relief.

"Very good," he smiled. "You look very sweet. We'll have to take a picture of you like this." So I can send it to your mother."

He snickered at her expression.

Lisa proved to be perhaps the most obedient girl he'd ever trained. She showed little enthusiasm for things, the way Sara could, but she obeyed his slightest whim without protest, whether that meant shoving her arms up her belly or crawling on the floor to lick his toes.

She drank his urine willingly, whether it came from his cock or he set it out in a bowl for her. She ate dog food, masturbated, crawled across the floor and "fetched" for him with her teeth, or whipped Sara with the riding crop.

She showed none of the reluctance Sara had displayed in that last instance. When ordered, she would whip the blonde girl mercilessly, on her back, breasts or pussy. It didn't seem to matter at all to her. She was given a strap-on dildo and fucked Sara's pussy and rectum with whatever speed and force he desired.

Sara soon became frightened to even be around the brunette, which Julian found amusing, and made use of.

The two girls were standing naked in front of him, Sara smiling hopefully, Lisa's face unemotional, as always, when he turned to the darker girl.

"See this slut blonde here?" he demanded.

"Yes, master," she said, eyeing Sara.

"She has a pretty face, doesn't she?"

"Yes, master."

"I don't want you to ever punch her there. You can punch her anywhere else, but not there. There you can only slap her.

"Yes, master," she said.

Sara looked at her nervously.

"Lisa?"

"Yes, master."

"Beat the shit out of this little slut blonde for me."

"Please, no, master!" Sara whimpered.

"Yes, Master!" Lisa said.

She turned and slammed her fist into Sara's belly, making her grunt and fold over. She grabbed the blonde's hair and threw her back against the wall, then slammed her knee up into her pussy with brutal strength.

Sara's eyes rolled and crossed and her mouth opened and closed in dazed pain.

Lisa punched her hard in the right breast, then in the belly, then drove a roundhouse right fist into her side. Sara cried out and twisted over, only to get a left in the belly. She fell to her knees and took a two handed blow to the back of the neck which drove her to the floor.

Lisa dragged her up by the hair and sank her fists into the blonde's breast again and again, then kneed her in the pussy and threw her into the wall. Sara fell to the floor again and Lisa kicked her in the side, then in the pussy, then in the ribs, then reached down and grabbed her hair, dragging her up again.

Sara flounced helplessly, and as she was on her side Lisa stomped down on her left breast, crushing it against the floor. Sara howled in pain and writhed desperately, rolling into the other girl's leg and pulling her breast free.

She tried to crawl away but Lisa kicked her directly in the pussy again, throwing her on the face on the floor. Her eyes dull, vacant, uncaring, Lisa dropped to her knees, jerked the other girl's leg up and punched her again and again in the pussy.

Sara seemed incapable of defending herself as the slightly larger brunette pounded her fists into her belly and sides, hammered her knees and feet up into her pussy, and twisted and pulled at her arms and hair almost at will.

"Enough," he said. "Make love to her now."

With barely a pause, like a robot, Lisa pushed the other girl onto her back and began to kiss her, sliding her hands slowly across the bruised, red breasts as she brought her lips down on Sara's.

He shook his head in admiration. This girl would jump off a cliff if he asked it. He watched as she sucked on Sara's nipples, licked the tears off her cheeks, then slid down her body and began licking and sucking on the blonde's pussy.

He started thinking about keeping Lisa for himself, using her as a helper to break in new girls. It would save him an awful lot of time down here if he could get her to do most of the work. Oh, he'd still come down to dip his wick in the merchandise, but the long, gruelling sessions of beatings and psychological torture could possibly be shortened considerably.

He had Lisa walk the blonde on all fours, then had Lisa deliver the instructions, to put Sara through her paces, make her crawl, fetch, beg, sit, lay back, and all the rest. Lisa spoke the words unemotionally, but Sara whimpered and obeyed.

All she needed was a little more supervision herself, a little more discipline... just to be sure.

He strung her up by either the wrists or ankles every night, making sure the tape recorder was on continuous play and the earphones were firmly in place. In the mornings he beat her with straps or the crop, making her crawl and grovel. Then he would have her do the discipline on Sara.

He shaved all Lisa's hair off, not just between her legs but on her head at all, making her head as smooth as a cue ball. He pierced her nipples and put gold rings in them, then pierced her pussy and added another ring. He thought about putting one in her nose too, but didn't want to mar her appearance.

He installed a camera in the corner of the roof, and gave Lisa a list of instructions. She was to put on the studded leather strap-on dildo and fuck Sara's pussy every hour for five minutes. Then she was to put on the black strap-on dildo and fuck the blonde in the anus for five minutes.

After that she was to make the blonde lick her pussy for at least ten minutes, and finish up by spanking the girl.

When he checked the tape the first day he saw that Lisa had obeyed him to the letter. However, as a few more days passed he noticed the sessions were growing longer, that she was fucking the girl's pussy for almost ten minutes, fucking her anus for another ten, and sometimes making the blonde suck her pussy for almost a half hour before spanking her.

She was also making the girl crawl along the floor to her, and lick her toes and feet. And...from the look on her face, she was clearly enjoying it, especially when she forced the girl's face between her legs and was eaten. What appeared to be orgasms shook her every few minutes.

He had his girl, all right.

He went down and fucked Sara a final time, then turned to Lisa. "Take this slut in the other room. Wash her and do her hair. Brush it out very nice and thick, then put on her collar and, oh, that leather corset. After that tie her up with rope and leave her be. I'll be back for her.

"Yes, Master."

Several days with only spankings had made most of the blonde's bruises and welts disappear, and had certainly disciplined her to accept orders. She sat meekly in the tub as Lisa soaped her up, unsurprised when the bald girl's hands lingered on her pussy and breasts.

After she was clean Lisa made her eat her out before drying and brushing her hair. The she tied her wrists together and, uncertain just how the master wanted the blonde tied, simply tied ropes all around her, circling her chest and belly and hips with loops.

When the door opened, Sara was sitting submissively on a chair. Lisa was lying on the bed reading a porno book. Both looked up as the door opened, both surprised to hear voices.

"Why hide a wine cellar with a bookcase?" a woman's voice asked in surprise.

"I have some very valuable things in here," they heard the master say.

A girl about their own age came through the door, then halted in shock, her jaw dropping as she saw Sara sitting tied up in the corner, then the naked, bald Lisa now sitting up on the bed.

The girl was taller and a little older than the other girls, and slimmer. Her red hair was long and mostly straight, maybe a little wavy, and she wore aviator style glasses.

"What is this?" she gasped.

Julian slammed the door closed behind her and she turned to stare up at him in shock.

"Welcome, my dear. It's time you learned just what you were made for."

"You...you let me out of here," she gulped.

"Eventually. After you've been trained."

"T-T-Trained?"

"That's right...slut."

"I-I'll tell my mother."

"She'll never see you again," he smiled. "Except maybe in a video where you're telling the world what a stinking, filthy whore you are, how you love to take cocks up your asshole and down your throat, and how you love your master more than anything else."

"No!"

He motioned to Lisa, who got up off the bed and moved over behind the redhead.

"Lisa, this is Megan. She's a slut and a whore and she needs to be beaten."

Megan turned and stared at the other girl in horror, her eyes sweeping over the bald head, the naked breasts and pierced nipples. The shaved crotch, the hard steel shackles on wrists and ankles, the collar around her neck.

"Y...You stay away from me," she gulped.

"Beat the shit out of her," Julian smiled.

Megan turned and stared at him, then grunted as Lisa's fist slammed into her belly. The naked girl brought her knee up into Megan's groin, dazing her and making her cry out in stunned disbelief. Fists pounded her belly and chest and ribs as she sank to the floor, desperately trying to cover her face.

Julian watched in excitement.

"Get her clothes off, Lisa. Strip her," he called.

Megan sobbed in fear and horror as the girl ripped her blouse open and tore it off over her shoulders, then undid her bra and jerked it free. Humiliation was added to the terror and pain that was blasting through her shocked system, and she slapped and hit ineffectually at the determined bald girl.

Her pants were ripped free, and with them her shoes, then her panties were pulled off.

"Bring her here," he ordered, walking to the corner.

It was something new in his arsenal of pain and psychological shock. A different kind of horse for the pretty redhead to straddle. This one was made of a simple iron bar stretched

between two metal braces. Megan struggled weakly, sobbing, as Lisa determinedly dragged her over.

He pinned her wrists behind her back and forced them up high, then took the rope Sara handed him, binding her wrists roughly together, then throwing the rope over her shoulder and around her throat to tie them off.

Then it was up across the iron bar and down. He held her in place as Lisa drew her ankles up and back behind her and bound them to the bar. Then Lisa held the girl steady as he drew her long hair up and bound it in a cord to hold her in place.

He grinned at her wide, horrified eyes as he snapped the acetylene torch on and let the flame jet out of the end.

“Dirty bitch,” he said. “You’ll be sorry you didn’t obey me.”

He swung the torch around, the flame on low, and let it sweep across her pussy where her soft, podgy lips jammed down around the metal bar. She howled but the pain was minor. The whiff of singed hair came to him, however, and then again as he played the flame back again, burning off her pubic hair.

“Bad, nasty, disobedient slut,” he growled.

He drew the torch back and narrowed the fire into a white hot dagger, letting her bulging eyes see it, then moved it closer.

“No! Please! Please! I’ll do anything!”

“Oh I know.”

He aimed the fiery jet at the front of the metal bar she was sitting atop, grinning at her. It took her only a few moments to understand, for her wide eyes to widen still further.

“P-P-Please!” she sobbed, wriggling atop the bar.

“Dirty whore.”

He held the fire in place and the tip of the bar began to glow, the heat flowing up the bar to where she sat, to where her soft, naked pussy lips were crushed down around the metal. She moaned as the iron began to rapidly warm, then heat.

“Please! Please! I’ll fuck you! I will!” she cried desperately.

“Tell me what a whore you are.”

“I’m a filthy whore! I’m a dirty nasty slut!” the girl cried, her hips moving, wriggling, trying to ease the growing heat between her legs.

“Do you like to suck pussy?”

“Yes! Yes!”

“You’ve done it a lot, haven’t you?” he asked casually, watching the iron glow, watching the glow moving backwards.

“Please!”

“Have you?”

"Yes! Yes! I like pussy all the time!"

"It was your mother who taught you, wasn't it?"

She gaped at him, then screamed. Her body was streaming sweat now as the bar she rode grew hotter and hotter.

"Yes! Yes!"

"Tell me about the first time your mother raped you with a dildo."

"Oh God! Oh Please!"

"Tell me."

"Yes! She did! She raped me with a dildo. My mother raped me with a dildo! She rammed it up my pussy and raped me! She does it all the time! Please! Please don't burn me!"

Her voice trailed off into sobs as the glowing spread further down the bar.

He gripped the bar just between her legs and winced, pulling his hand back. It was hot! Perhaps not hot enough to burn, not quite but it soon would be. And it must be awfully damned hot against that soft, pink flesh.

"Will you obey me, slut?"

"Yes! Yes! Anything!"

He turned off the torch.

"Put her on her knees, Lisa," he ordered.

Lisa unbound her and then dragged the sobbing redhead off the horse, forcing her to her knees, then jammed her face into the floor. Julian got up and moved behind the sobbing redhead, then dropped his pants and moved into position behind her.

"You're going to make a real fine slut, Megan," he smiled.

He rubbed his cock over her nearly hairless hole, then thrust in, driving in to the balls as Lisa half sat on the other girl's head and clung grimly to her arms. Megan howled in misery as he raped her aching pussy with violent savagery then dropped his load inside her.

He sighed in pleasure then got off, slapping the miserable girl's bottom.

"Okay, Lisa. She's yours," he said. "Rape her pussy and ass, then make her lick you off. After that string her up and use the crop on her pussy, ass and tits. I'll be back later.

"Yes, Master," Lisa said, her voice sounding a little less dead now, sounding almost..happy as she looked down at the whimpering redhead.

Julian moved over to the chair where Lisa still sat.

"Well, baby, it's time for you to go," he smiled. "I've just sold your pretty pussy and you've got a plane to make."

"Yes, Master," she gulped.

He pulled her up by the arm and led her across the room, past where Lisa was already fucking the sobbing redhead with her dildo, and over to the door. He unlocked and opened it, then led the girl out.

Behind them they heard Megan's voice shriek as the dildo thrust up her anus. Then the door closed.

END