

# *The Submission Game*

By JJ Argus



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**Smashwords edition**

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

Cover courtesy of Restrained Elegance

She was surprised when she opened the door to see Jacob in a suit, his dark three piece suit.

“You're late again,” he said.

“I can't help it!” Kayla said defensively, glaring at him. “You would not believe how much work there is to do!”

“You get paid for eight hours. If there's too much work for that they can hire someone else,” Jacob said.

“Oh, right.”

“Hey, otherwise you're giving them your time for nothing.”

“You don't understand,” she sighed, dumping her jacket and kicking off her boots inside the door. “My boss is always telling me how great I am, and she trusts me with – .”

“She's screwing you,” he said, sourly. “I'm the only one who should get to do that.”

She snorted as he slid his arms around her and pulled her in against him.

“She's not screwing me. She's incredibly busy too and – mph.”

He kissed her, harder than usual, but then, he'd been getting rougher – deliciously, excitingly rougher – of late. They'd been living together two months now, and things had only gotten better in the sex department.

His hand slid through her soft blonde hair and gripped it tightly, pulling her head up and back as his other hand kneaded her buttocks through her thin dress pants. His tongue invaded her mouth as his strong body pressed her back against the wall, and she felt her heart starting to thump as he kneed her legs apart and ground himself against her.

He eased his lips back after long seconds, and she drew in a shaky breath.

“Horny bastard,” she said.

“Yeah, and guess who I can blame for that?”

He kissed her again, just as hard, and she gasped as he jerked back a little more on her hair.

“Are you my bitch?” he taunted, pulling his lips back.

“Sure,” she gasped.

He chuckled throatily, then eased his grip on her hair.

“You can't be your boss's bitch, then. I own you, woman.”

She snorted and rolled her eyes. “Good jobs are hard to find. We can't all sit at home and stare at little numbers on a computer.”

“I make a lot more money trading stocks than you do at whatever it is you do,” he said with a grin.

“But I get a pension and sick days, and holidays and dental and medical and ...”

He thrust his body against her, pinning her to the wall, and she gasped, tilting her head back to stare at him.

“Are you trying to one-up me, woman?” he growled.

She put her hands against his chest, but it didn't back him off, and then her hands slid around his chest instead, and up his back, pulling him harder against her.

“And what if I am?”

He kissed her, but not as strongly.

“Maybe you need more discipline.”

She flushed, remembering how he'd spanked her the other day. It had started out playful, sexually playful, that was, and gotten a lot hotter, as had she. Of course, so had her bottom, since it had actually ended in a real spanking! It had stung, and her bottom had been hot and sore, but her insides had been a lot hotter and

she had come like crazy.

She flinched at the thought of the spanking, even while her lower belly thrummed with sudden excitement at the thought of the wild sexual heat which had surrounded it.

“Of course, I could let you off easy,” he said. “But you'd have to think of some way to make It up to me for being late.”

“I'm only two hours late,” she said defensively.

“But I had to make dinner, and it's not my turn,” he pointed out.

“Okay, and what would you want me to do to make it up to you?” she asked with a smirk.

He had eased back a bit so he wasn't squeezing her against the wall, and she slid her hand down to lightly caress his groin.

“Hmmm,” he said. “Well, you could start with getting naked.”

“I kind of figured that would enter into it.”

“Speaking about entering into things,” he said with a leer, “That's going to enter into things too.”

“You're a pervert.”

“What's your point?”

“Let me go to the bedroom and change and have a shower and ...”

“No, no. Now. Naked. Now,” he said.

“But Jacob...!”

“Now.”

She rolled her eyes, feeling a little irritation, but not much. She liked how turned on he was by her body, after all. She glanced at the window but they were twenty floors up anyway, so she sighed and unbuttoned her blouse. She was interrupted

when he grabbed the lapels and jerked her forward to kiss her roughly again, then pushed her back against the wall to continue.

He pulled his hands off and she gulped and then gasped as he reached down and finished unbuttoning her blouse, then undid her belt and popped the catch on her slacks. He gripped her open blouse and pushed it back over her shoulders, then jerked it down. Kayla made a grab at it – but he suddenly jerked her trousers down.

“Step out of them,” he said, almost ordering her.

She snorted at him again, but grinned as well, feeling that thrum in her lower belly grow stronger as she stepped out of the slacks and then tried to hold them up to fold them. He snatched them from her hands and tossed them backwards.

“Jacob!”

He grabbed her arm and spun her around, pressing her against the wall, then undid her bra. She had just enough time to gasp at being pushed face-first into the wall before he jerked her back and spun her around again, pulling her bra off.

Then his chest was pressing her back against the wall once more, and he had hold of her hair, jerking her head up to stare into her eyes.

“You have the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen. Have I ever told you that?” he asked.

“O-once or twice,” she gulped.

She did have nice eyes. Her grandparent were from Finland, and she had very fair skin, very light blue eyes, and very pale blonde hair. She used to keep it shoulder length but she hadn't cut it since she'd met him eight months ago. He loved to run his fingers through it, and loved to pull on it when they were having sex.

She'd rarely had sex doggy style before Jacob, but now had come to find it incredibly wild, and exciting in a raw, animal sex kind of way.

His other hand had slid down between them and she gasped as he gripped her thong and tugged it up... firmly.

“Oh!” she gasped.

The pull forced the thin material up against her sex, squeezing her in a way which was painful, or at least, should have been. It hurt but... in a strange, darkly arousing way which left her breathless.

“Are you my bitch?”

“Y-Yes!” she gasped, her hands on his shoulders.

“And you'll do anything I tell you, won't you.”

“Y-yes!” she gasped, wondering what sort of kinky game he had in mind now.

He snorted and eased back, then jerked the thong down and let it go so it slid down around her ankles.

“I kept dinner for you,” he said.

She blinked in surprise at the apparent non sequitur, but then he took her hand and led her down the hall and into the dining room. She gasped, for it had been set up with candles and the fine china she'd gotten from her grandparents. She felt a pang of guilt, for she'd missed whatever he'd planned, or at least, screwed it up. He was all dressed up and ... was it an anniversary or something she'd forgotten??

“Oh, you had a nice dinner planned! I'm so sorry!”

“It's just changed a little,” he said. “For one thing, you're going to be naked when you eat.”

She let out a bark of laughter.

“For another. Turn around and cross your wrists behind your back.”

Kayla's eyes widened, but she obeyed, that hot thrum in her lower belly growing more intense. He'd tied her up when he'd spanked her, and then there was that time he'd tied her spreadeagled to the bed!

He pulled out a black, velvet ribbon, and carefully wrapped it around her wrists,

drawing it tight, before tying it off. It might only be a ribbon but it was strong, and held her wrists quite firmly. Another black velvet ribbon went around her throat, tying in a bow.

“And uhm, what is this in honor of?” she asked hesitantly, not wanting to admit she'd forgotten whatever it was.

“Nothing particular. I just felt like doing something special.”

“Oh, I'm sorry, Jacob!”

“You are one sorry little girl,” he said, pushing down on her shoulder.

She bent, and then was forced lower, until she was on her knees in front of him. Her stomach thrummed even more powerfully, but he made no move to unzip his fly. Instead he kind of grinned down at her.

“Kneel there. Sit on your heels.”

She sat back on her heels, a slow flush of excitement spreading down her chest.

“Spread your legs.”

She blushed, obeying.

“Wider. I want to see you.”

She blushed a little more deeply but spread her knees wide as he looked down between her legs.

“That belongs to me, right?”

“I think it's mine, actually,” she said with a smirk.

He combed his fingers through her hair, then tugged her head up and back sharply enough to make her gasp.

“I don't believe I heard you, slave girl?”

Slave girl? She almost giggled, but the hot bubbling thrum of excitement pushed her amusement back. This was kinky! At twenty two she didn't have much

experience with kinky, though Jacob was six years older.

He crouched next to her, still holding her hair, pulling it back. She gasped as his hand slid between her thighs, two fingers gently tracing the small, neat, tight line of her sex.

“This belongs to me, doesn't it, slave?”

“Y-yes!” she gasped, moaning as his fingers slid a bit higher, rubbing her clit, which was already swollen.

“This belongs to me, too, doesn't it?”

“Y-yes!” she gasped, loving this kinky game.

“Say it. Say your clit belongs to me.”

“My clit belongs to you!” she said breathlessly.

“Master. Don't forget that.”

It was corny, but still kinky, and given her state of arousal she had no difficulty with continuing the game.

“My clit is yours, master!”

His fingers slid back down along her sex.

“And this?”

“My pussy is yours, master!” she gulped.

His fingers slid up her body, tracing back and forth under her full, firm breasts, then his hand cupped her breast and squeezed it.

“And this?”

“My breasts are yours, master!” she said.

His hand slid up her breast, his fingers catching her nipple, which was tingling and erect. He rolled it between the pads of his fingertips, then plucked at it.

“And this?” he asked softly.

“My nipples are yours, master!” she breathed.

He stood up, but still held her hair, took something off the table and then squatted next to her again. Her eyes widened when she saw the dildo. She'd never had any sex toys, but he had bought that a month after she'd moved in. She'd never used it, but he had used it on her to good effect.

She gasped as he tugged lightly on her hair.

“Up, little slave girl.”

She moaned, pushing herself up off her heels, unable to look down because of his hold on her hair, but she knew he was positioning the thing beneath her.

“Down, little slave girl.”

She sank down slowly, gasping again as she felt the rounded head make contact with her sex, groaning anxiously as it pushed harder. It was a realistic shaped dildo, and quite thick. She felt it pushing in the lips of her sex, slowly forcing them apart. Then it pushed up into the mouth of her sex, and she could feel how moist she was as she began to sink down.

She moaned as she took it deep, reveling in the sensation of being stretched by its thick girth.

“Are you my slut?” he asked, his finger gently brushing against her clit.

“Yes!” she moaned.

“Say it.”

“I'm your slut, master Jacob!”

“Mmm, I like the sound of that,” he said. “Slide your heels further apart. No, further, so your butt slides down between them.”

She groaned, sinking further on the dildo, feeling it pushing up into the depths of her belly as butterflies circled within her stomach.

“Spread your knees wider.”

She grunted, shifting them further apart, heat gripping her body and mind.

“And now,” he said, releasing her hair and standing, “I’ll get dinner.”

She stared at him a little breathlessly, feeling a sense of disbelief as he left the room and went into the kitchen. She looked down to see the thickness of the dildo impaling her, and felt a hot surge of buttery excitement. She didn't want to eat, she wanted to fuck! And anyway, he'd tied her hands. How was she supposed to eat?

Jacob was not exactly a gourmet cook. He called himself a meat and potatoes kind of guy. And that was exactly what he'd made. The meat in this case was sausages.

She looked down again. The dildo wasn't completely buried in her. Her buttocks were still somewhat propped up on her heels, though she'd straightened her feet out below her so that the backs of her feet were against the floor. It felt very deep, though, aching a little, but in a deliciously hot sort of way.

She turned her head, tsking at the sight of her slacks laying on the floor in a heap. She'd have to iron those if they weren't moved soon. Jacob didn't understand the importance of appearance, of work clothes. He'd never worked in a downtown office setting like she did. He wore whatever he felt like wearing, focusing on comfort.

She tugged at her wrists. This was so kinky! Her wrists were tightly bound, and she felt another surge of excitement as he came out of the kitchen in his suit, his brown hair brushed back, his eyes on her. She watched him put plates on the table, then turn and head back into the kitchen for more.

He sat in the chair next to her and she watched him starting to eat with a frown.

Was this going to be her punishment? No dinner? Well, she could get something later, but that seemed kind of inconsiderate, and not even very sexy.

He looked at her from time to time with a curious smile, then cut a piece of sausage and held it out to her in her fingers. She looked at it in surprise, then felt a little rush of heat and pleasure, taking it out of his fingers, sucking lightly on

them before he withdrew them.

She chewed on the sausage as he cut another piece and ate it.

“Tell me, slave girl,” he said in between bites, “In your long and extensive sexual experience, have you ever been a sex slave before?”

She blinked at him, feeling strange swirling emotions. She almost snorted at his description of her sexual experience, for he knew very well she wasn't very experienced, but the term 'sex slave' carried a heavy load of dark excitement with it.

“No, master,” she said meekly.

“No orgies? No gangbangs? Didn't you say you'd once had sex with twelve men at once?”

She smiled. “I think that was some other sex slave, master,” she said, eyes dancing.

“Hmm, maybe,” he said, reaching out with another piece of sausage.

She licked it out of his fingers and chewed.

“And women. You've had lots of sex with women, of course.”

“Not so much,” she said.

“Ten? Twenty?”

“Just me,” she said.

“I don't approve of masturbation, slave girl. You're not to do that any more.”

She snorted again. “Yes, master.”

“Unless I tell you to, of course, while I watch.”

That sounded so hot she gasped at the mental image. That would so ... nasty!

He reached down, but with nothing in hand, seizing her hair in a firm grip and

pulling her head back slightly. He had his fork in his other hand, and let the tip scratch lightly against her hard nipple as she moaned helplessly.

“Maybe I should get these pierced,” he said. “I'd like to see gold rings hanging from them.”

He had spoken of pierced nipples before, but mostly in a joking fashion. It sounded less amusing now!

He released her hair and she looked down at her nipple, which ached from the sharp prongs of the fork.

He let her have another piece of sausage, then more. The conversation was alternately perplexing, amusing, outrageous, and exciting.

“If you're going to be my sex slave now, you'll have to stop wearing clothes, of course,” he said.

“I think my boss might object,” she said.

He waved the objection away. “Not outside the apartment, of course.”

“You want me to be naked all the time?” she asked in a mixture of amusement and arousal.

“Well, I'll get you a collar, of course. You must have a collar if you're to be a proper sex slave.”

“Of course,” she said.

“And some nice rings for your nipples.”

“I don't think so,” she said.

“Are you arguing with your master, slave girl?”

“No, master,” she said.

“It sounded like you were arguing. You know what that means?”

“I get my way?”

“Now you're mocking your master. That definitely calls for punishment.”

He popped a piece of baked potato into her mouth, and even as she chewed Kayla felt her pussy starting to squeeze harder on the dildo. She was incredibly aroused for all that she wasn't doing anything but eating! Of course, she was doing it naked and tied up with a big dildo inside her!

“Anyway, I see no reason for you to continue to work at that office. It's a boring job anyway.”

“We need the money, oh great master.”

He raised his eyebrows.

“I don't think we need it that much, and in any case, you can make more money stripping.”

She sucked in an excited breath of air. Stripping was one of the first things he'd had her do for him when they'd become a couple. She'd been embarrassed at first, but also excited, as she'd stripped to the music and then given him lap dances. He'd been quite demonstrative in what he wanted and in correcting her on that score, and she was rather proud of how sexy she was when doing it.

But of course, often enough as she had done so he'd talked about her doing it in a real club, which was ridiculous, of course. She wasn't that sort of girl and had a perfectly good job with an insurance company. But the thought, the fantasy, never failed to arouse her.

He fed her more sausage.

“Or we could set up an internet web site,” he said. “A lot of men would pay to see that incredible body of yours in action, to see those beautiful breasts.”

“Wouldn't I have to do more than sit there?” she asked.

“Oh sure, you'd make videos. I could help.”

She smirked. They'd already made some videos, after all.

“And I have a lot of pictures of you,” he said with a grin.

She snorted. He did indeed. That had been another thing which had embarrassed her, at first, though she knew she was photogenic. People had always taken pictures of her. But posing naked was entirely different. She wasn't at all sure how he'd convinced her of that. It had started out in her bikini, and somehow she'd bought the argument her bra and panties weren't any more revealing.

From there it had been partial nudity, then nudity which hadn't really shown anything, taken discretely from angles. Then just her breasts, then her bottom. It had eventually turned into graphic, x-rated pictures, including some with the dildo half buried inside her, or her lips wrapped around his cock.

Men were all such perverts! But this was still a wildly exciting game!

“Or I could rent you out for parties,” he said, feeding her another piece of potato. “You could have sex with really wealthy guys who'd pay a lot to use your body.”

She was vaguely offended at that, but only vaguely.

“You think I could be a high priced call girl?” she asked.

“Well, I'd obviously have to train you further in how to please men.”

“Sure you would,” she replied.

“Are you being impertinent, slave girl?”

“Yes, master,” she said.

“I'm definitely going to have to punish you.”

She sniffed derisively and he gave her the evil eye, so she stuck her tongue out at him.

“You're pushing it, slave girl.”

He reached out and plucked one of the candles out of its holder, then gripped her hair and jerked her head back sharply, further than before, so that she gasped, her head way back and her back arched.

“Jacob!” she moaned.

“Master,” he corrected her.

She moaned as she saw the candle moving out of the corner of her eyes, her heart thumping. She wasn't surprised but still squealed at the sharp burning sensation against her left nipple as the wax dripped onto it.

“Oh! Oh! Don't! Please!” she gasped.

More droplets fell down around her throbbing, aching nipple, and squirm as she might he held her quite tightly and helpless. Then she felt more hot wax dribbling onto her other nipple, and again squealed and squirmed.

“Are you sorry for being a naughty girl?” he asked calmly.

“Yes! Yes!” she cried.

“Say it then.”

“I'm sorry for being a naughty girl!” she cried, her nipples burning.

“Say master.”

“I'm sorry for being a naughty girl, master!” she gasped.

He released her hair and put the candle back, and she gasped, her head coming forward. She looked down at her breasts to see both nipples hidden behind little mounds of white wax.

“That hurt!”

“Bad slave girls get punished,” he said with a shrug and another bite of sausage.

It wasn't the first time, of course. He'd done that to her when she was tied spreadeagled to the bed too. Yes, the droplets stung when they fell, but the stinging faded quickly, the heat easing off. It didn't really hurt much, and the excitement and sensual kinkiness more than made up for it!

She remembered where else he'd dropped hot wax, and her legs eased closer together. He noted it at once and shook his head.

“Spread your legs, sex slave,” he ordered. “If I want to drip hot wax onto that

swollen little clit I'll do it. It's my clit, remember? You said so. Say it again.”

She bit her lip, heart pounding.

“Say it, sex slave.”

“I-It's your clit, master Jacob,” she said.

He reached out and his fingers squeezed the partly dried wax so that it crumbled and broke away, falling to the floor and exposing her nipples again.

“Are you my slut?” he asked.

She gasped as he pinched her nipple.

“Yes, master!”

“Say it.”

“I'm your slut, master Jacob!”

“I really like the sound of that,” he said with a grin. “Say it again.”

“I'm your slut, master Jacob!” she said, blushing excitedly.

He released her nipple.

“Again.”

“I'm your slut, master, Jacob.”

“You'd like my cock inside you, wouldn't you, slut?”

“Yes, Master Jacob!”

“Say it... slut.”

“I'd like your cock inside me, Master Jacob!”

He sipped from the wine glass he'd filled. She didn't particularly like wine herself, but was feeling thirsty. He looked at her over the glass.

“Would you like a drink, slut?”

The word was making her stomach swirl.

“Yes, please.”

He raised his eyebrows.

“Yes please, Master Jacob,” she said.

He nodded. “Wine?”

“Uhm, just milk please... master Jacob.”

He smiled and got up, going into the kitchen. He returned with a bowl of milk, not a glass, and set it down on the floor a little ways away from her.

“Come here, slave girl.”

She rose on her knees and moved awkwardly over to him, where he gripped her hair and then pulled her down. She was confused at first, then yelped at a slap to her bottom as he positioned her according to how he wanted. That was on her belly with her bottom raised high and her knees spread wide. He eased the bowl in against her face.

“Drink, little sex slave.”

She moaned and gasped as his hand moved gently over the curve of her buttocks, then down between her legs, fingers tracing the lips of her sex where they gripped the dildo. She stared at the milk, then eased forward with a grunt, managing to raise her chin and put her lips into it as she felt him gripping the dildo and sliding it back.

“Oh!” she cried as he pushed it back in, twisting it from side to side as he worked it slightly deeper.

His other hand slid in beneath her, rubbing her belly, her abdomen, and then her clit as he worked the dildo slowly in and out of her.

Kayla quickly forgot about the milk, moaning and rolling her hips as he

continued to pump the dildo. She gasped, squirming, aching as he pushed it even deeper!

“Oh! Oh, Jacob!” she gasped.

*Crack! His hand slapped against her bottom sharply.*

“Master Jacob, slave girl,” he said.

“T-Too deep!” she moaned.

Crack! His hand slapped her bottom again.

“Never too deep for a horny little sex slave like you.”

It ached, but it was a dark, wild, delicious ache! His fingers rubbed at her clitoris and she ground her swollen breasts against the floor below her as her breathing became more ragged.

He stopped abruptly, though, with one final slap to her bottom.

“Finish your milk, slave girl.”

She trembled weakly, but drank quickly, then gasped as he pulled her up and back by the hair.

“On your feet, slave.”

He gripped her arm as well, pulling her to her feet, and marching her out of the room and down the hall, then into the bathroom. He had her kneel in front of the toilet, then grabbed her toothbrush.

“What are you doing?”

“Master Jacob,” he said.

“What are you doing, Master Jacob?”

He grinned and bent over, tugging on her hair again, pushing the brush into her mouth.

He was brushing her teeth!?! How weird!

But she didn't object, nor could she do it herself with her hands tied. It was strange having him brush her teeth for her, but kind of erotic in a weird way. She spit out into the toilet, and he gave her one of the small, disposable paper cups to swirl water around in her mouth and rinse the soap out.

He pulled her to her feet and marched her into the living room, into the corner, where he had her kneel with her face pressed into the corner.

“Kneel there, naughty girl, while I consider your punishment,” he said.

“Pervert,” she said over her shoulder.

“You'll get extra for that, slut.”

She inhaled sharply at the word. No one had ever seriously called her a slut. The idea was silly. Even when she was younger she was a sweet girl, and quite hesitant about doing anything with boys unless she was in a relationship with them.

And she'd never contemplated anything like this!

Her knees were getting sore as she knelt there. Her breasts were throbbing where they were squeezed together by the corner of the room, and she could feel the thick dildo against her inner thighs.

He came back, and she turned her head around, sucking in a breath as she saw he was no longer wearing the suit. He was now wearing just the long black boxers she'd bought him. They were tight and silky, and she could see the outline of his cock inside them. He was hard, and rather than having it poking out like a tent his cock was pressed up and back against his abdomen, the head barely inside the elastic waistband.

He went over to her and gathered up her hair, then held it in a bunch and pulled, firmly, but gently. She moaned, turning, moving along awkwardly on her knees, grateful for the rug as he led her over towards the sofa.

He sat down and grinned at her.

“Suck my cock,” he said, hands behind his neck as he slouched there and spread his legs.

It was so... so outrageously bald a demand! Said with such incredible arrogance that her jaw dropped! But she was so hot that in that context she simply took it as part of the game, and slid forward. Her nipples tingled as they brushed against the sofa, and she moaned as she licked at him through the thin, silky boxers.

She let her lips caress the length of him as best she could, then moved higher, gathering the waistband in her teeth and trying to tug it down. He grinned and eased his buttocks up enough for it to slide down a little. His cock-head appeared, thick and hard and purple with hunger. She licked at it teasingly, then let her lips massage it, pulling it upright, forcing his shorts lower so that he could spring up fully erect.

Abruptly, he seized her hair again, jerking her head up and back.

“Beg,” he said. “Beg me to let you suck my cock, sex slave.”

“Please may I suck your cock, master Jacob?!” she moaned.

He released her hair.

“Do it, slut.”

God, he was so outrageous!

She slid her lips over him again, sucking, licking, too excited to take it slow, sliding her lips lower and lower, sucking and bobbing up and down as he looked arrogantly down at her. She moaned around it, tonguing wildly as she sucked. She eased her lips off and looked up at him.

“Fuck me, Jacob!” she moaned.

“Beg,” he said with a grin.

“Please fuck me, Master Jacob!” she cried.

He reached down and his fingers caught her nipples, then tightened, pinching them so that she squealed, but he was pulling them up and forward, and the pull

forced her up and forward, as well, forced her to climb onto the sofa, onto him, to straddle him!

He released her throbbing nipples, one big hand on her back, the other sliding down her buttocks as he pulled her breast in against his face and began to suck at her nipple. His mouth felt incredible against her throbbing pink button!

She felt his fingers sliding between her legs, felt them grip the dildo, which was practically buried inside her! She shuddered as he eased it slowly down, down, down and out. She felt empty! Incredibly empty, but not for long as he guided his cock up and she sank down.

Glorious!

She almost came, sinking down the full, long length of him with a cry of helpless, wanton pleasure!

He was sucking at her nipples, shifting from one breast to the other, his hand in her hair pulling her head back so that her back arched. Kayla moaned, grinding herself delightedly against him, feeling his cock inside her. It was just so much better than the dildo!

“Oh God!” she gasped. “Yes! Yes! Oh Jacob!”

He slapped her bottom.

“Master Jacob, “ he growled into her breast.

And then she felt something which widened her eyes abruptly. It was the dildo, all slick with her juices, pressing against her back passage.

“Oh! Oh Jacob!” she moaned. “Don't! Oh! Don't!” she gasped as it pushed against her harder.

She squirmed and moaned as she felt it pushing into her.

“You belong to me, remember, little sex slave?” he said. “If your tits and pussy and clit belong to me, then so does your ass. And you have a gorgeous ass!”

He slapped her bottom again and let go of her hair.

“Ride my cock, slut!” he ordered.

The dildo was only pushing into her a little, then withdrawing, then pushing in a little, and withdrawing. Kayla was overwhelmed with the heat and eroticism of it all, and began to push herself up, leaning into him, groaning as she rose and sank on his thick cock. She was slightly unnerved that the dildo kept pushing into her, pulling back, and pushing in, but the heat was too intense to really fight it.

Riding his cock made her body burn with a sexual fever she had never quite felt before. It was harder doing it with her hands tied, but this whole scene had had her bubbling with arousal since he had forced her to strip just inside the door! Now she was ready to explode as she rode up and down on his hard cock!

“Oh!” she gasped as the dildo slid deeper inside her. She was shocked at how easily it moved up into her belly, and how incredibly full and wildly, exotically arousing it felt to have that thing inside her along with his cock! She felt so full!

She had no breath to speak, only to gasp and moan and squeak as she rode his cock, as he sucked on her breasts, and as he worked the dildo even deeper into her ass. He drew the base of it in closer to him so that as she rose and fell she was riding both his cock and the dildo, and that was a unique experience which felt indescribably exciting!

She cried out as she came, bouncing wildly, head jerking back as she rode up and down on the two stiff cocks, her insides twisting and squirming as a massive wave of heat and pleasure washed over her. Nothing mattered as the pleasure melted all sense of inhibitions and swept everything else away. Her body flared white-hot, and she forgot to breath, forgot to think, gurgling dazedly as the orgasm shattered her mind and left her with nothing but the ecstasy of the crackling sexual electricity consuming her!

She wasn't sure if it was one long, incredible orgasm, or a series of them parading across her trembling, writhing body. She rode his cock and he pumped the dildo in and out of her and she jerked and shook and gasped for breath until she was barely conscious.

And yet that wasn't the end of it. For he kept her naked and bound the rest of the evening. She got a spanking, which ended in another incredible orgasm as he fingered her and used the dildo on her. Then she was tied spreadeagled in bed as he made her with and twist and cry out again and again.

All in all, it was a delicious punishment for being late!

But it was more than just a punishment, it was an eye-opener into something entirely new, something she'd never put much thought into before. And it was an eye opener for Jacob too, she knew. His own excitement as she had ridden him, as he had thrust the dildo into her, was palpable as his eyes filled with heat.

And even after she relaxed, moaning, slumping back against the table, arms still tied behind her, she could see that he was still extremely excited. He was soft. She knew that, but that didn't mean he was done.

His hands slid slowly up and down her torso, kneading her breasts. Then his fingers caught her nipples, pinching them.

“Oh! Ow!” Jacob!” she gasped.

She was leaning back across the edge of the table, still straddling him, and her back arched sharply as he pulled on her nipples, her chest rising to ease the sting.

“Master Jacob,” he said.

“Don't!”

“Master Jacob,” he insisted with a smirk.

“Don't, Master fucking Jacob!”

He chuckled low in his throat, but released her nipples. Instead he gripped her sides and pulled her back upright, then shifted a quick hand to her hair, pulling her mouth in against his as he kissed her roughly. She moaned into his mouth, still somewhat breathless. Then her eyes widened as she felt his other hand beneath her, pressing against the dildo.

“Oh! Oh!” she gasped, pulling her mouth free as she felt it sliding, pushing deeper into her ass.

“Jacoooob!”

“Master Jacob to you, slut,” he taunted her.

She ached inside, as the thing slid way up into her very bowels. She felt a cramping sensation, but even so felt a fresh wave of excitement.

“It's too deep!” she moaned.

“Not for my little slut,” he replied.

He pushed her off, and Kayla rose on shaky feet, but he still had hold of her hair and forced her head down low.

“Suck. My. Cock,” he said in a cool, arrogant voice.

Kayla felt a wave of indignation at the tone, as if he could order her to do it! But there was a wave of dark excitement as well. He was obviously still playing his role play thing, and she felt her insides bubbling and swirling with renewed excitement as she slid down onto her knees in front of him. He pulled the chair further back from the table, drawing her casually forward by the hair.

“Ow! Don't pull so hard!”

“Suck cock, slave girl.”

Slave girl, she thought derisively. Yet the words were exciting despite that. She had no real experience in sexual games. Sex itself had always seemed plenty exciting to her. But this was really turning her on!

“And make sure that dildo doesn't slide out of your tight little ass or there's gonna be trouble,” he said.

She licked at his cock, then took his balls into her mouth, sucking and licking, massaging them inside her warm, soft oral cavity. She grunted and gasped as he tugged at her hair, as he reached down to roughly grope her breast, but it didn't take long before she felt his cock starting to harden again.

Her lips were soon sliding up and down its long, thick, beautiful length as he called her his slave girl and his ex slave, and told her he was going to invite his friends over to gang-bang her. She was delighted by his outrageousness, and her pussy thrummed hotly, wishing the dildo were inside her there rather than up her ass!

He pulled her off, suddenly, his eyes filled with fire, his face a mask of hunger and desire as he looked down at her.

“Fuck you are hot! This is hot!” he said.

“Pervert!” she replied breathlessly.

He shoved his chair back.

“Fuck me, Master Jacob!” she said challengingly.

“How much cock do you need, you hot little slut?”

“As much as I can get!”

She twisted and pulled her wrists against the ribbon, though a part of her would have been very disappointed for some reason had it broken or her hands slipped free.

“I've got something for your hot pussy,” he said.

He lifted the lid off one of the trays he'd placed on the table and brought out another dildo, very lifelike, very realistic looking, very black.

And ridiculously big!

“Are you insane!?” she gasped, staring at it. “I can't get that inside me!”

“Oh but I bet you can,” he purred.

“It's too thick!”

“You can have babies you know.”

She rolled her eyes at him. “And you think that doesn't hurt!?”

“This isn't nearly as big as a baby.”

“It's as big as a fucking coke can!”

He knelt beside her, then gathered her hair in his fist and pulled her head up and

back. Kayla gasped and moaned, head drawn back, back arching as she rose off her heels. She felt the fat rounded nose of the black dildo pressing against her opening, and felt a hot rush of excitement.

She couldn't get that in her! Could she!? Jacob had a big cock, bigger than the other men she'd had, but he wasn't nearly that thick! Was anyone?!

Yet the thought of taking a cock that big into her hot, throbbing pussy made her heart race and her blood boil. She gasped as she felt the rounded head pushing against her opening, felt herself being stretched and stretched as he eased his grip on her hair and gravity bore her own weight down upon it.

His other hand coasted up and down her body, fingering her nipples, then stroking her clitoris, and she shuddered, hips bucking helplessly.

“Hot little slut,” he whispered into her ear, chewing on her earlobe. “You better learn to take big cocks because after I put you on the market you'll be fucking a lot of men. You'll be chained to your bed and they'll come in to pound you with their big cocks one and two and three at a time!”

Kayla moaned, her pussy aching as it stretched and stretched. She gulped in air as he stood up, still gripping her hair, and drew her head forward to his cock.

“Suck your master's cock, slave girl,” he ordered in a low growl.

He pulled her open mouth over his cock and she closed her lips, sucking and rolling her eyes up at him. She tried to bob up and down but he held her head steady as he instead began to pump in and out of her mouth.

Below her, she felt the insistent pressure of the dildo against her opening, her moist, hot, throbbing opening, and felt the lips of her sex slowly stretching further over it. The head pushed through into the mouth of her sex, and she groaned at the aching, remembering suddenly that she had the dildo in her ass too!

“You take that dildo all the way in or I'll hang you from your wrists and whip you,” he growled.

His words were outrageous, and she was pretty sure he had no whip, but even so they left a scalding taste in her mind. She gurgled as he pulled her lips further

down his cock, and knew what was going to happen as he pushed forward. She only had a moment's warning as the head of his cock pushed through into her throat and continued to slide down.

She had deep throated before. But it was rarely easy for her. And she had to be pretty darned excited before she'd even give it a try. The heat, the excitement, always made it easier.

And this time, while it wasn't effortless, while she gagged a little, and felt a surge of panic, it was fairly easy. His cock slid deep into her throat as he overrode her instinctive effort to back away, one hand holding her hair and the other sliding behind her head, pulling her down the length of him until he was buried in her throat, until her lips were pressed tightly around the base of his shaft and her nose was jammed into his pubic hair.

“Oh fuck I love that!” he groaned. “Having your throat around my cock is incredible!”

She moaned helplessly as he held her tightly, becoming rapidly light-headed as she ran out of air. But he eased her back, and she fought against a choking sensation as he slid free, coughing and gulping in air as he came out at last.

She groaned, then yelped as she slid lower on the dildo, as it pushed deeper into her churning belly.

“You know you want it all, slut,” he said, “Take every inch into your hot pussy!”

“I-I can't!” she gasped as he pushed down on her shoulder.

Yet it slid deeper, and deeper, and then deeper still as she gasped and moaned and whimpered under the aching fullness and the bubbling, boiling flood of desperate excitement!

She groaned long and low in her throat, eyes fluttering, mouth wide as she sank down, inch after inch, until the head felt like it was jammed against her very stomach!

“Fuuuuuck!” she groaned.

She was impaled on the thing!

Jacob released her hair, combing it out with his fingers, and stepped back. Kayla swayed weakly, her buttocks pressing back on her heels. She dropped her head to stare down at the sight of it protruding from her aching pussy lips, amazed and transfixed.

She gasped in pain as she forced herself still lower, then jerked her head up and back just as Jacob snapped a picture of her.

She stared stupidly, and he snapped another.

“Jacob!”

“I wanted to record this for posterity!”

“Y-You can't take a picture of me like this!”

Her wrists twisted against the ribbon again and she half rose, but his hand pushed her back down again and she gasped as the dildo pushed even deeper.

“I need to send it to your boss to show her why you're too busy at home to work overtime,” he said.

“Bastard!” she groaned.

She decided not to worry about it. She could delete it later.

He put the camera down and gripped her hair again, pulling her onto his stiff cock, and she gulped in air as she began to suck and lick, bobbing her mouth

along its slick length until she could force herself down all the way. She felt a little wave of victory at how easy it was as the head pushed into her throat, and she kept going, sliding all the way down with hardly any gagging!

“That's it, you hot little slut. Suck your master, swallow his cock,” Jacob growled.

She moaned around it, then let her teeth touch him briefly as a kind of playful warning.

He pulled back on her hair and she felt a sense of amusement, but then the heat took over again and she moaned as he pulled free and wiped his saliva coated cock across her face.

“You want cock, isn't that what you said? You love cock, don't you, little slut.”

“Yes!” she moaned.

“Say it.”

“I love cock!” she gasped, licking at the head again.

“Horny slut.”

He eased back as she tried to take him into her mouth again, and instead draw her around and led her into the living room. The apartment was open concept, so the back of the love seat was actually not far from the dining room. He positioned her at the rear corner, and bent her over the padded back, pushing her forward a little so she was half straddling it.

“Fuck me!” she gasped, pressing her face against the padded, leather covered top.

Her hips involuntarily ground her against it, for her left leg was pressed against the rear while her right was against the side. She groaned as she felt Jacob gripping the thick dildo and pulling it back a little, then pushing it forward.

“Oh! Oh! Not so deep!” she gasped, her head jerking up and twisting around.

*Crack! His hand slapped against her bottom.*

“Ow!”

“I say how deep,” he said.

Crack!

“You're just a sex slave. You do as you're told.”

*Crack!*

“Got that, slave girl?”

He pushed the thick black cock deeper into her belly, and Kayla clenched her teeth against the ache even as a part of her exulted in how thick and deep the thing was. He released her, and came around to the rear of the sofa. She turned her head, eyes glassy, and moaned as he snapped another picture.

“Jacooooob!”

He chuckled and set the camera down, then moved behind her, and her eagerness to feel him inside her pushed away her concern about the pornographic pictures.

She felt him gripping the other dildo, the one he'd pushed into her ass, and gasped as it pushed deeper, then pulled free. She felt ... open... empty... but not for long. It took less than a second before she felt him pushing back into her, but she sensed almost immediately that this wasn't the dildo.

She groaned and twisted her head around, but he gripped her hair, jerking it up and back, making her cry out as her head was forced forward and back.

He was going to fuck her in the ass!

It wasn't as though he hadn't suggested it previously, but he'd never really pressured her to do it and she'd felt no enthusiasm to let him. Now she felt his thick, slick warmth pushing deep into her ass, and there was no pain, only a little aching deep inside. The fullness in her pussy was much more powerful a sensation.

Until he started to move.

He started slowly, even though the dildo seemed to have already accustomed her body to having something back there, and the sensation of him moving in and out felt darkly erotic! She gasped and moaned as he pumped, and as he pumped harder, his hips began to slap against her buttocks, jarring her body so that she began to grind against the top of the sofa.

She moaned and gulped in air in rapid gasps! Her pussy was aching full! The flesh of her opening was stretched taut, and her clitoris was swollen and intensely sensitive as her weight began to grind it back and forth on the leather sofa back. With Jacob's cock thrusting into her ass at the same time the sensations were simply overwhelming!

“Oh God! Oh fuck! Oh! Oh! Oh Jacob! Fuck! Fuck me! Oh my God!” she cried, eyes wide, then clenched tight as the orgasm began to spiral up out of her lower body. She cried out again and again and again, then her cries dissolved to a wild, undulating howl as her body trembled and shook and she ground her pussy desperately against the leather sofa.

His cock was pounding against her buttocks now, and her movements were not only grinding her clitoris against the sofa but slowly forcing the dildo even deeper! The ache seemed to make the pleasure swell and grow, and she sobbed dazedly, the orgasm seeming to never end as she trembled and shook through the violent convulsions it brought!

\* \* \*

It wasn't as if her sex life had been boring. It was pleasant, after all. She liked sex. Admittedly, she liked it more for the hugging and kissing, and the ability to make Jacob's eyes roll back in his head with her tongue and lips against his cock. But she liked the feel of his cock inside her too. She didn't often come, of course, except when he performed oral sex on her.

But she'd never had an experience which came close to the wild, mind blowing orgasm she'd had that evening, with him sodomizing her and her pussy aching with the fullness of the dildo. So while she had misgivings about the submissive nature of being his 'slave girl' Kayla couldn't resist more of the same the next night.

Or at least, a version of it.

He tied her to the bed, spreadeagled, and did the traditional sorts of things, the kinds of things she would have snickered over if he'd proposed them before. Hot wax on the nipples was not her idea of fun! Nor was ice cubes playing up and down her body!

But since it ended in another incredible, amazing orgasm, after he'd worked her up to heights she'd hardly ever remembered feeling, and then fucked her brains out, well, she was going to go along with it.

The next night was more of the same kinky game, though she was having a little trouble getting into her role.

“You have to play the part,” he chided her after she rolled her eyes at calling him 'master'.

“I think you need to learn to be an obedient little sex slave,” he said in what she thought of as his 'growly' voice.

“Yes, master,” she said, smirking only a bit.

Okay, so being a submissive girl was a work in progress. It went against the grain, but Kayla was more than willing to try it in return for the kind of mind blowing sex she'd had before.

“Can I call you sir instead. Master sounds corny.”

He glowered at her. “Sir it is then.”

“Thank you, sir!”

“And I bought something to help you remember your manners.”

She raised her eyebrows and then gasped when he produced a long, thin leather...

“What is that?”

“It's a riding crop.”

“Oh no way!” she said, scrambling to her feet.

“Don't worry. It's more of a play version.”

“Uh huh,” she said, eying it dubiously.

He handed it to her and she examined it. It was quite lightweight, and thin, with leather wrapped around it. The tip was a soft square of thin leather shaped like a hand.

“It's still going to sting,” she said.

“So did my hand on your ass.”

She had to admit that was true.

“I got you something else, too.”

She stared at the studded leather collar, partly wanting to giggle, but feeling a rush of heat as he placed it around her throat. She went to the hall and stared at herself in the mirror with a sense of breathless excitement as he came up behind her.

“Slave girl,” he whispered into her ear.

He draw her hand out and she watched as he put a matching leather wristband around it. It was thick and studded, and he locked it tightly in place with Velcro. Then he did the other, and she turned to stare at herself in the mirror, feeling deliciously nasty and kinky. She made no effort to resist him when he drew her wrists back together behind her and locked the restraints together.

“Now we start training our little sex slave in how to obey her master,” he purred.

He led her into the living room.

“But first, some inspiration.”

The inspiration was the dildo up her ass again, and another, slightly less obscenely thick one up her pussy. It still ached, but it was at least less ridiculous.

“Kneel, sitting on your heels, knees wide.”

She obeyed, excited and aroused, feeling the ache inside her, the exciting way her pussy was stretched wide.

He picked up the camera and snapped her pictures. She'd argued with him about them but finally gave in. She trusted him, after all, and they were hot and sexy pictures!

He slapped the tip of the little crop lightly against her nipple.

“Shoulders back more, slut,” he said.

She flinched, jerking her shoulders back, and he squatted, sliding the thing under her, then sliding it up, the 'slapper' rubbing lightly, then slapping lightly against her clit.

“Knees wider, slut.”

She grunted and obeyed breathlessly.

“Are you my slut?”

“Yes, sir!” she gulped.

He slid a hand around behind her and bent her forward. She grunted and gasped as he positioned her on her belly, though with her bottom raised high and legs wide. More slaps with the crop, across her bottom and against her clit positioned her more exactly.

“Now you look like a hot slut waiting to be fucked,” he said. “I bet the line of men behind you would be pretty long.”

She moaned, excited by the words.

More positions followed, as the crop slapped lightly, and sometimes not so lightly at her. She shifted from one to the next, gasping and flushed, her pussy thrumming with wild heat at the thickness and depth and weight of the dildo he'd driven up inside her.

\* \* \*

It was a week later that he announced his business trip.

“There's a conference for day traders in California,” he said. “It will give me a

lot of opportunity to learn from the best, and to make contacts who can give me tips and information.”

“How long will you be away?” she asked in some dismay.

The last two weeks had been incredible! The sex had been more than just sex, it had been... a game, a hot, delicious, wildly exciting game, which they'd played every evening! She hadn't worn any clothing from the time she got in the door to the time she got dressed for work the next day!

“A week.”

“A week!?” she exclaimed.

“It'll go by quick. You've been complaining you haven't had any time for your shows.”

She snorted. It was amazing how little interest she'd had in television the last couple of weeks! And when she did watch it she did so naked with her wrists locked behind her back, and, more of then than not, his fingers teasing and taunting her to keep her in a constant state of heat.

“You know, I've got an idea. We've been wanting to get the floors stripped for a while. Why not have it done while I'm away.”

“Oh sure, so you don't have to worry about the smell!”

“That's the idea,” he said with a grin. “But seriously, you can stay with my brother. He and Emma have said they don't see enough of you.”

“I can't just invite myself over there!”

“I can. I already talked to him.”

“Jacob!”

“It'll be perfect, and when I get back I'll probably bring a few toys. I mean, it's San Francisco, after all, the most perverted city in the country.”

She snorted.

She resisted the idea, but in all honesty she'd never been happy being alone. The idea appealed to her even less now. The place would be cold and lonely by herself, and she was the one who'd been complaining about the floors.

\* \* \*

Emma was a sweet and intelligent woman, with shoulder length brown hair, huge brown eyes, and a slender, busty body. The only quibble Kayla had with her was wondering why an intelligent woman with a university degree and a good job dressed like such a slut. It wasn't as if she was a teenager any more either, the woman was twenty four.

Yet her skirts were always very short, her tops tight, and often enough low cut too. She didn't exactly flaunt herself, but seemed almost unconscious of the looks she got or the image she made in them. Kayla had wanted to bring it up any number of times but had felt discretion was the better part of valor.

She hadn't thought about what the woman would wear around the house, hadn't considered it. It turned out to be very tight yoga pants and a tank top without a bra. Since the tank top was quite tight and quite thin Kayla could easily make out that the woman's nipples were pierced, and that she had rings in them, not studs.

“Oh, you noticed,” Emma said with a smile, catching her looking.

“Uhm, oh, I didn't mean to – .”

“Honestly, you should try it, Kayla,” she said. “They make your nipples so incredibly sensitive! And when Aiden gets his lips on me my eyes just roll back in my head.”

Kayla blushed, though she knew how upfront and unembarrassed Emma was about stuff she herself would have considered very personal.

Aiden was a copy of Jacob. The two weren't twins, but they might as well have been. Aiden's hair was lighter, and his shoulders a bit narrower, perhaps. But maybe that was just because he was an inch taller. His nose was a bit shorter, his lips slightly less full, but his eyes were the same, and just as intense.

“Kill all the lawyers,” Kayla said to him by way of greeting as he entered the living room.

He gave her a wry smirk, used to it, then slapped Emma's bottom.

“What's for dinner, wench?”

Kayla felt a little shock ripple through her. Yet, she'd seen him do the same sort of thing many times before when they'd been together and taken little note. He and Jacob were both very into the macho thing, after all. Suddenly, given the events of the past two weeks with she and Jacob, the act took on a whole new meaning!

Were they... ?!

Surely not!

The idea took hold in her mind, however, and she found herself watching for any little sign to prove her suspicions correct. She longed to sneak into their bedroom and see if there was any riding crops or rope! She chided herself repeatedly that it was none of her business, but couldn't stop thinking about it.

The other thing she'd noted about them as a couple was how touchie feelie they were, how physically close they were, whenever the four of them went out. She'd dismissed it as silly, comparing them to a pair of overaged adolescents in the past. Now, as Emma squealed, sitting across Aiden's lap, and he toyed with her hair, she wondered anew.

They weren't doing anything... improper, but she was sure that would have changed had she not been there.

On a whim, she excused herself and went upstairs to the guest room, to change, she told them. But she no sooner passed out of sight when she turned, bent low, and edged her eye up to the corner to peer around.

Aiden's hand was inside Emma's yoga pants, and her head was pulled way back, pushing her breasts out tautly against the tank top!

“Ooooooh,” she moaned.

“Shhh,” Aiden growled.

Kayla pulled back, feeling a strange sense of voyeuristic arousal as she chided

herself again for having any interest at all in their love life. She went to the guest room and changed her clothes, just as an excuse, pulling on a T-shirt and shorts instead. Well, Emma was pretty informal so why shouldn't she be?

But she'd gotten used to long evenings of teasing sexual game playing and wild, mind blowing sex. Seeing others who might or might not be doing the same had her insides squirming. Was this something a lot of people did!? She didn't like the thought, for some reason. Maybe it was because she was rather enjoying the idea she was doing something kinky and perverted, much more sophisticated than her friends.

She returned to the living room, making enough noise on the stairs so that she didn't see anything when she came into the room. Emma's face was flushed, however, and Kayla's eyes were caught by the woman's stiff, pierced nipples pushing out through her tank top. She blushed when Emma noticed and averted her eyes.

The evening went on rather normally, though Kayla felt a sense of sexual tension in the air. Aiden and Emma were as touchie-feelie as politeness allowed, and she felt like a third wheel. She wondered if she was interrupting their own version of the game she and Jacob had been engaged in. If she wasn't here would Emma be naked?

And then late in the evening as Emma got up to go into the kitchen for something, she bent to grab a glass off the coffee table and Kayla caught the outline of something... round... where the thin, tight, stretchy fabric passed over her groin. Her eyes widened and then she looked away, for there was only one thing it could be.

She knew very well what it felt like to spend considerable time with a dildo stuffed into her pussy, after all! And she couldn't think of anything else which would produce that small, slight outline over Emma's crotch than the base of a dildo which had perhaps been buried inside her but had pushed slightly out.

Her mind spun furiously as she watched the TV without hearing or seeing a thing. How long had they been doing this stuff? Had Jacob told Aiden about what she and he were doing!? Had Aiden decided... no, she thought. More likely, Aiden had told Jacob about the kinky games he and Emma were playing. Emma had always dressed like a slut, after all.

But even if Aiden had started it, the idea he and Jacob had been talking about this stuff, that perhaps he had urged Jacob to start tying her up and ... dominating her... was horribly embarrassing! What if Jacob had kept him informed about the results!? That was even more embarrassing.

Then she had an even worse thought! Surely Jacob wouldn't have shown him any of those pictures!

“I'm really tired,” she said. “I think I'll turn in early.”

Aiden protested that it was still not very late, but she made up something about having to get up early the next day, and managed to get to the guest room before her face got too bright red. There she sat on her bed, contemplating the possibility Jacob had shown him the pictures, and worse, the videos!

She could actually feel her the heat of her face against her hands at the thought. How mortifying that would be!

Although ... if Aiden and Emma were doing the same sort of thing, then... well, it was still humiliating, but not quite as bad. They wouldn't think she was a sick pervert, after all, if they did the same stuff.

She stripped, then hesitated, and pulled on one of Jacob's old shirts. It was what served her as a nightie, or had until she'd stopped wearing anything to bed a few weeks ago.

It wasn't long before she heard giggles and soft voices outside her door, and then the closing of their bedroom door across the hall. Kayla had little doubt what was going to be happening in there! She felt a sense of jealousy, oddly, and resentment that she was alone and Jacob was out of town at his stupid investment conference.

She had intended to send him an email, and got out her laptop, thinking of demanding he spill about how much Aiden knew, and whether Aiden had been the one to inspire all this domination stuff in him in the first place.

Then she had another thought. No matter what he replied she would be doubtful. But there was one way to find out. With Aiden and Emma busy, and likely to remain so for some time, she could sneak downstairs and turn on their computer. She could always claim hers wasn't working and she wanted to send Jacob an

email.

And that was exactly what she did!

She eased the door open and then slipped out into the hall, closing the door behind her. She doubted they would leave their bedroom. It had an ensuite bathroom, after all, but best not to take the chance.

It only took a couple of minutes to warm up their computer, which was in a small alcove off the den. She brought up the internet, but then instead had a look for videos and pictures. It didn't take long to find them, and she gasped at the sight of Emma in all kinds of different, highly complicated bondage pictures.

She recognized a few, but it seemed as if Aiden was a lot more into ropes than Jacob, and his rope work was awfully creative. She was impressed, despite herself, and couldn't help admiring the way he'd caught Emma's body looking so hot and tight and firm and beautiful.

Then there were the videos, and the first one caused her to bring her hands to her mouth in shock. It was Emma on all fours and wearing nothing but a collar, being taken from behind by a Black man! He had a simply enormous cock! She stared with open mouth as he managed to drive it home in the brunette's slender body, while Emma writhed and cried out in passion and dazed excitement.

“Fuuuck!” she gasped.

Emma was extremely vocal, crying out, cursing, even screaming and wailing as the man pounded her. It seemed as if she was coming every thirty seconds!

She shouldn't be watching this! This was invading Emma's privacy! She hadn't gotten on the computer for this! She had just wanted to see if there was anything of herself! But she couldn't stop staring!

“Find anything you like?”

Kayla screamed and jumped back so hard she almost fell over. Only a strong male hand grasping her forearm and pulling her up kept her from falling backwards along with her overturned chair. Aiden, wearing only pajama bottoms, let go of her at once, then folded his arms across his bare chest and glared at her.

“I-I uh... I was just... just looking for the internet!” she stuttered, red-faced.

“That's not it,” he said.

“I-I'm sorry! I ... when ... I mean, I wasn't looking for that but when it came on I... couldn't stop ... I mean...”

“You have a laptop in your room which I helped you tie into our wifi this morning, Kayla.”

She stared at him. “Uhm, it's not... working.”

“Really? Maybe I should go up and check it out. Want to bet I find it works perfectly?”

She flushed.

“So what am I to do about this?”

“Wh-what do you mean?” she gulped.

“I mean that your snooping in our computer isn't something I'm going to simply forget.”

He picked up the chair and then sat down himself.

“I think you need to be punished for that,” he said. “I think a spanking is in order.”

Kayla gaped at him, her face flushing even more deeply. She began to babble a denial, even as a rush of heat swirled within her lower belly at the thought.

“I-I can't... you can't... do that! I'm your brother's girlfriend!”

“Exactly why I can do it.”

“But I – .”

And then he reached out and grabbed her wrist, yanking her forward. Kayla squealed and half fell across his lap, wriggling and twisting frantically as he positioned her bottom up, her upper torso hanging over the side of the chair and

his lap, her own hair spilling down around her upside down head.

“Aiden! Don't you dare!”

She squealed as he felt the shirt yanked up to completely bare her bottom.

*Crack!*

“Aiden!”

“Don't worry, Kayla. I'm not going to fuck you. I wouldn't do that without Jacob's permission.”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“That doesn't mean you don't have to be disciplined.”

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

“And taught not to pry into other people's affairs.”

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“And taught respect for other people's property.”

*Crack!*

“Ow! Aiden!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Are you sorry for snooping?”

“Ow! Yes! Oh please!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Are you sorry for lying about it?”

“Ow! Yes! I'm sorry!”

“Sir. You're sorry, sir.”

'But – .’

*Crack!*

“Sir.”

“I'm sorry, sir!”

*Crack!*

“Good girl, he said, his hand resting on her now very warm bottom.

Kayla gasped, her heart pounding, as his hand caressed her bottom, then drew back and slapped it again.

*Crack!*

“Jacob says you've been making a lot of progress,” he said.

She gasped. “H-he told you!?”

*Crack!*

“Of course. It was my idea. I could see there was a submissive inside you waiting to get out.”

“I'm not a – .’

*Crack!*

“Ow! I'm not a s-submissive!”

*Crack!*

“Now you're lying to both me and yourself.”

She started to protest, then sucked in a very loud breath of air as his fingers slid down between her legs and along the tight cleft of her sex.

“A-aiden!”

“Yes, slave girl,” he asked, his fingers stroking lightly across her clitoris.

Heat flared wildly within her and Kayla shook and trembled, trying to twist free again.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! Oh! Don't!”

“Sir,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Please don't, sir!”

His fingers returned to her pussy, and she moaned helplessly. On the one hand, he shouldn't be touching her there, or even seeing her like this! On the other hand it felt a lot better than his open hand cracking down against her sore bottom!

“Jacob discussed your spending some time with us,” he said, his fingers gently stroking her clit.

Kayla gasped as his fingers pushed into her. She flushed hotly, realizing he would instantly see how moist and warm she was.

“He said anything I could do to further your training would be great,” he said.

“Oh! Oh don't!” she moaned as his fingers slid even deeper.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! Oh! Please!”

“Sir,” he said in a stern voice.

“Please, sir!”

He pulled the loose shirt up higher, and since Kayla's arms were hanging down over the chair it was an easy enough task to yank it past her shoulders. She cried out and grabbed at it but he easily yanked it out of her fingers, leaving completely naked!

“Come with me,” he ordered.

He spilled her onto the floor, but gripped her long hair in a tight grip and tugged her forward, forward while she was on all fours! She tried to rise but he kept her low, walking slowly, forcing her to scramble along at his side on all fours as he led her to the stairs, and then up them.

Kayla's heart was pounding and she was filled with embarrassment and anxiety, but a seething storm of heat and excitement was churning within her as she crawled up the stairs, then down the hall into the guest bedroom. He led her to the corner, and then finally pulled up on her hair to raise her off her hands and knees.

“Kneel in the corner,” he ordered.

Pressing her body into the corner of the room seemed like a good idea given she was naked! And it did not escape her mind that Jacob had had her do exactly the same thing the first night he had decided to punish her!

But Aiden went further.

He bent and grabbed her ankles, then lifted them up and back against her buttocks.

“Hold your ankles,” he ordered her.

Whimpering and moaning, Kayla grasped her ankles, keeping her face in the corner.

“You will not move until I return,” he said sternly.

Too embarrassed to speak, and her mind overwhelmed with emotions and heat, Kayla didn't reply as he left the room.

*Oh! My! God!*

*What is he going to do, she wondered. What am I going to do! What will Jacob say!? Did he really tell him he could help train me?! Train me!? For what!?*

He came back into the room, and she turned her head slightly as she saw him drop a long length of black rope onto the floor. Her eyes widened, and his voice lashed out.

“Face the corner, slave girl!”

She jerked her eyes around, heart pounding.

“I'm not a slave girl!” she gasped.

“You will be.”

She opened her mouth in outrage, but heat swirled and churned within her.

“My knees are hurting,” she moaned.

“The carpet is thick. Punishment is supposed to hurt.”

He moved up behind her and then knelt there. A moment later Kayla felt the rope passing under her arms, then felt it circle them above her elbows. She gasped as they were drawn back, closer and closer together, her shoulders creaking. She let go of her ankles and moaned as Aiden passed two loops of the soft, thumb-thick rope around her arms.

He fed a double loop around her ribs and across her chest, then pulled them up a bit higher so she felt the pressure against the underside of her soft breasts before the rope passed around her other side and back behind her. He tied them there, then fed another double loop around her chest, this one pressing down on the top of her breasts, squeezing them against the rope underneath.

“Wh-what are you doing!?” she moaned.

“Teaching you a few things about yourself.”

The ropes spilled down her arms, and then pulled her wrists tightly together, tying them in place. He gripped her hair, pulling her back from the corner, then bent her over.

“Face against the floor, slave,” he ordered.

The words were an echo of Jacob's words. And he had said them so often in the past few weeks that Kayla did it almost without thought, then her face burned as she realized how obscenely displayed she was to him! She tried to move and got another sharp slap to her bottom.

“Don't move!” he barked.

A moment later she cried out as she felt something soft, yet hard and slick pressing against her pussy!

“Oh! Don't!”

“Face against the rug,” he ordered, pushing the thing forward.

She knew instantly it was not him. It was a thick, lubricated dildo, and it pushed smoothly into her belly as he twisted it from side to side, pumping it slowly as she gulped in air and her mind spun wildly. Another few slaps to the bottom got her to stop squirming, and then another dildo pushed against her back passage!

That was even more embarrassing! But there was little she could do as Aiden fed both dildos into her body and forced them in almost to the hilt! A pull at her hair forced her back upright on her knees, then he fed the double loop of rope down between her thighs and out front. He fed them up her abdomen, then pinned them there with fingers and thumbs.

He fed the one on her right side around her hips and then back around the other side and under the rope he had held on her left. He did the same with the other rope, twisting them tightly and tightening them around her.

She groaned as the two ropes pulled up into her crotch, jamming against the base of the two dildos. They were also running up side by side, pressing in tight against her crotch on either side of her swollen clitoris!

He tied the ropes off, then took a narrow black cord with round loops on either end, placed the loops over her aching, rock hard nipples, and slowly tightened them until she began to squeal and twist in pain.

“Ow! Ow! They're too tight!” she cried.

He ignored her, taking the cord in hand as he looked down at her.

“Now then, since it was Emma's privacy you invaded, I think you owe it to her to make an apology and restitution. Let's go.”

He pulled on the cord, and Kayla squealed again, forced to stumble forward on her knees.

“Oh no! Please, Aiden!”

“Sir,” he said, eyes boring into her.

“Please, sir!” she blurted.

“Come.”

He pulled lightly on the cord, and the pull on her nipples was completely irresistible. Kayla was forced to stumble forward on her knees, arms bound tightly behind her, out the door and down the hall to their bedroom. He opened the door, and there was Emma, standing there facing them.

Sort of.

Emma was tied spreadeagled to the bottom corner posts of their big, four-poster bed, her arms stretched up and out, her legs spread, ankles tied tightly in place. She was gagged, and had small round weights dangling from her nipple rings.

Kayla could see now that her clitoris was also pierced, or at least, the clitoral hood was. A small chain ran from it to the base of the dildo protruding from her pussy.

It was a very thick dildo.

Kayla's face, already flushed, went beet red as the woman's eyes saw her and

widened. She moaned helplessly as Aiden pulled her forward by the nipples, pulled her right up to kneel directly in front of his girlfriend.

“I found this slut on our computer downstairs,” he said. “She was looking at pictures and videos of you.”

Emma stared at her, her entire face below the nose covered by a thick leather strap.

“She seemed particularly interested in the one of you and Bob.”

Emma flushed and seemed to scowl at her, and Kayla dropped her eyes, horribly embarrassed.

“Because she feels so badly for abusing your privacy, Kayla is going to make it up to you,” Aiden said.

He reached a hand around between her bound legs, then passed the cord to it, pulling Kayla forward even further. In fact, the cord was drawn up, stretching her nipples so that she had little choice but to push herself forward until her face was barely an inch in front of Emma's groin.

Aiden then tied the cord off somehow behind his girlfriend.

“Have you ever performed oral sex on a girl before, Kayla?”

She gasped and shook her head helplessly.

“Then you're about to learn,” he said.

“I-I can't!” she moaned.

“Oh yes you can.”

He showed her a strap which lay on the bed, held it in his hand and then brought it down against her bottom with a sharp, stinging blow.

“Oww! Don't!”

Crack!

“A slave doesn't give orders. A slave begs. You should say please.”

“Please don't!” she moaned.

Crack!

“You forgot to say sir again.”

“Please don't, sir!”

“Lick.”

“I-I don't know how!”

“You're not an idiot. You have one of your own, after all, so let's start and see where we go from there.”

Kayla had never been with a woman, though it wasn't as though she hadn't had the occasional fantasy in that regard. And it wasn't as though Emma wasn't a beautiful girl. A wild dark rush of passion and something like a masochistic delight in her own plight fed her hunger and melted her inhibitions as Aiden gripped her hair and pushed her face into Emma's pussy.

“Lick, slave girl.”

Moaning, she licked at Emma's clitoris, rewarded by a sudden moan from the tightly bound girl. She licked again, then again, gasping as she felt Aiden's hand down between her legs, pressing against the base of the two dildos, his fingers rubbing at her own aching, swollen clit where it was squeezed by the ropes.

With the heat inside her building into an intense sexual fever, she began to lick more excitedly at Emma, a part of her exulting in the girl's obvious response, even through the gag. She felt a strange sense of something like delighted victimhood, as she was 'forced' to satisfy Emma, even as her own body burned with lust and heat.

Whether she was good or not, it didn't seem to take very long for Emma to orgasm, but that didn't end things by any means. One orgasm was not sufficient, Aiden said, and she kept licking, her nipples aching and burning, his fingers teasing and taunting her, but always backing off when her own orgasm seemed

about to explode.

A second orgasm made Emma's hips buck violently out against her as she screamed into her gag, and after she'd calmed and gone limp Aiden drew her back onto her heels and then untied his girlfriend.

He helped hold her when she would have staggered, kissing her and kneading her breasts, then went to the closet and came back with what looked like a collection of straps. He helped her step into them and pulled them up her body, until they were around her hips, then drew another strap down between her legs up between her buttocks.

“Face to the floor, slave,” he ordered Kayla.

She gaped at him, and he seized her hair and jerked her head forward, forcing her to bend and press her chest to the floor.

*Crack!*

“Bottom high, legs spread!”

This was once again a position she recognized from Jacob, but blushed as the two of them were kneeling behind her. Emma, still gagged, moved in behind her, and she felt the ropes passing between her slowly forced apart so that they no longer pressed against the base of the dildos. Then the one in her pussy was eased slowly out.

An inch, two, six, and then there was some sort of movement with it as Emma moved in closer.

Aiden moved away, and Kayla could feel that the base was firmly attached to something. Then she felt Emma's hands on her hips.

The dildo thrust into her again, and she cried out, gasping, rolling her eyes up at Aiden as he looked down at her.

“Emma is going to fuck you, Kayla. That's a reward for your obedience.”

Kayla gaped at him, but her mind was swirling and churning and incapable of focusing as she felt the dildo pumping in and out, felt Emma's hips slapping

against her upraised buttocks, and felt the girl's hands sliding up and down her body.

This was insane! It was shocking, wicked, perverted, and unbelievable!

But her body was burning up with the dark, wanton nature of what was happening, and the thick dildo plunging into her body again and again send scalding heat churning through her belly and up through her chest.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Please! Oh! Oh God! Oh God! Oh please!” she cried dazedly as Emma thrust into her from behind.

Emma gripped her hair and yanked her head up and back, raising her chest off the floor as Aiden knelt in front of her. He opened the front of his pajamas and drew out a long, thick cock. Kayla stared, open mouthed, gasping again and again as Emma thrust into her.

Aiden guided his big cock right into her open mouth, as Emma held her hair tightly, and Kayla shuddered as a dark wave of heat swept through her and his cock slid across her tongue and into the back of her mouth. She closed her lips – slightly, sucking and moaning and licking as he pumped in and out, then gurgled as he pushed deep into her throat.

“Swallow that cock, slave girl,” Aiden ordered.

His order was a little late, and it wasn't as though she had any choice in the matter, nor cared, for her orgasm began almost as soon as he passed into her throat, and her mind floated free on a churning wave of sensory overload. She cried out silently, her throat blocked by his thick cock, her body shaking and bucking and jerking in helpless paroxysms of uncontrolled muscular spasms.

Emma continued pounding into her from behind, ramming the strap-on dildo into her with unrestrained energy and force, her hips slamming against Kayla's buttocks as her boyfriend pumped his cock in and out of her throat.

\* \* \*

Jacob nodded to his brother as he came in.

“How was the trip?”

'Not as much as fun as you've been having, from the pictures you've sent,' he replied.

Aiden chuckled. "Your blonde is a hot little honey."

"I knew that when I met her."

"I've been calling her that, by the way, just Blonde. She's learned some discipline while you were away."

"I'd hoped she would. I'm a little soft on her, I know."

"Yes, you have to be willing to inflict a little pain – never damage, but enough pain to condition them properly."

They rounded the corner to find Kayla and Emma kneeling naked, collared, legs wide, hands behind their heads, which were tilted up and back. Emma was flushed, a little more embarrassed than Kayla at being seen naked by Jacob.

"Well, well, what a pair of hot little sex slaves," Jacob said admiringly.

"Give her a try," Aiden said, handing his brother a short handled flog.

Aiden smiled and regarded his beautiful girlfriend, who knelt before him.

"Stand up, Blonde," he said.

Kayla flushed further but stood.

"Arms up and apart, as if you were tied. Legs spread."

She obeyed, standing still, arms reaching up and out, legs well apart.

"Back arched."

She moaned softly as she obeyed, watching him draw the flog back, then swing his arm out. The thin leather laces cut across her breasts, and she shuddered and let out a soft cry of pain. Her nipples were so hard they ached even without the leather, and a second and third and fourth blow made them burn even more!

She didn't move, however, as he moved around her. She gasped as the laces cut

across her back, then again, then again. He moved around to her side, and the laces cut across her breasts again, then her belly, then the angle deepened.

“Oh!” she cried, the thin laces snapping down between her legs, curling in under her buttocks and up between them.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Oww! Ahh!” she gasped as he swung again and again and again.

She was determined not to move, despite the stinging blows, and was aided by the wild turmoil of heat and hunger rushing through her as he flogged her, as a squirming masochistic heat baked her mind. A part of her cringed at the pain while another reveled in it.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The flog snapped in harder, down across her breasts, in between her legs, then across her back, and Kayla stood in place, trembling and shaking as her fingers dug into her hands and she moaned helplessly, eyes closed, head drawn back.

She felt him stepping in behind her, heard the zipper, and felt a wild sense of glee as the head of his cock pushed up against her inner thighs.

“Bend over and grab your ankles, Blonde,” he ordered.

She obeyed, trembling, dazed, almost falling over as he pushed into her. He began to thrust almost immediately, and as the blood rushed to her head her orgasm began not long afterward. She cried out in dazed, wanton pleasure as it poured through her, frying her mind with its intensity! She would have fallen over were it not for his hands on her hips.

As it was she managed to keep in place, fingers wrapped around her ankles as he thrust into her with a hard, deep, powerful stroke, riding her through the orgasm, and almost up to the brink of a second.

Aiden had done almost everything to her while Jacob was away, but he hadn't fucked her.

Until now.

As his brother finished, some message passed between them, and Kayla cried out

as her hair was pulled up, and then sharply back. She was swung around and shoved against the wall, then slapped hard across the bottom.

“Hips back, legs spread,” Aiden ordered.

He moved in behind her, and she moaned dazedly as she felt him at the mouth of her sex. He thrust in, pushed deep, and began to ride her with powerful strokes, slapping her buttocks, groping her breasts, and yanking on her hair as his hips slapped against her out thrust buttocks.

Jacob moved to stand beside her, looking at her, watching, and she exulted in the way he was watching, the excitement and pride in his eyes as his brother rode her, as his hips slapped against her.

Her head dropped as she gulped in air. Her hands were stretched up and out, her bottom pushed back, rising on the balls of her feet as Aiden took her with deep, powerful strokes that soon had the hunger bubbling over within her overstressed mind. The orgasm, when it came, was intense, as they all seemed to be now, and as Aiden jerked back on her hair, she saw Jacob staring her in the eyes as she began to cry out in pleasure.

She and Emma then knelt before Jacob, trading off licking and sucking on his balls and his cock until he was hard again, before shifting to Aiden. When both brothers were hard, the two bent over and the brothers took them, trading off repeatedly, so that Kayla was never quite sure which of them was pounding against her.

Nor did she really care.

She was a slave girl, after all, and as long as someone used her, that was the main thing. She groaned and shuddered as she approached another orgasm, inhibitions burned free so that only the pleasure mattered.

\* \* \* \* \*

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

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