

Touch Me

By JJ Argus



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(The Model - 3)

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Smashwords edition

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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

It's hard to describe how I got into this. I mean, if I said I was living in a fancy apartment on the upper east side of Manhattan rent free in exchange for letting a man have sex with me – bondage style - well, people would think I was some kind of prostitute or pervert or something.

The truth is I'm a fairly ordinary girl who let things get too far and then lost her way and didn't know how to get back. I mean, when I started getting the pictures at work – drawings, really – of me in these lewd and pornographic bondage poses I was outraged and embarrassed, of course.

But I was too embarrassed to report them. They were so realistic, you see! I didn't want to show them to anyone! Besides, I had no idea who'd drawn them and sent them to me! I worked in a very large building in Manhattan so it could have been thousands of people!

But the pictures also showed a man, though not his face, an incredibly powerfully built man, a man with the best male body I'd ever seen. I thought, at first, that it was just made up, but as the days passed I began to suspect that might actually be him! And I started to get, well, obsessed with the idea of fulfilling what was in the pictures with a guy with the body of Adonis!

Yes, it was kinky bondage stuff, but that just made it more thrilling! Everyone knows guys are perverts anyway, so I figured I would play along just to have a kind of one-time kinky thrill with superman! Only it wasn't one time. He was as hot looking in person as in the drawings, and he made my mind swim in a feverish kind of sexual heat the likes of which I'd never imagined!

No man had ever made me come so hard and so often! Mind you, at twenty two it wasn't like I'd had a ton of sex with a lot of different guys. And I'd never had sex with a man before – that is, a guy way older than me. He was almost thirty, after all, while I was only twenty one!

But the experience had been so intense I couldn't resist coming back for more. And when he'd directed me to this apartment I'd arrived, and then I'd come! And the wild shock of it was he wouldn't even tell me his name! I had to call him 'Master'!

And I had to obey whatever he told me to do or be punished! He'd already used a

little flog on me, and spanked my bare bottom hard!

Stuff like that made me anxious, nervous and uncertain. But the sexual fever he roused in me left me breathless and filled my life with a wild dark energy that I could hardly contemplate just abandoning!

What I'm getting at is that I didn't one day wake up and find that I was into bondage and submission and that I wanted some man to boss me around and be my master. I certainly hadn't! And as wild and thrilling as the sex with Benjamin was I wanted something else, wanted tenderness and conversation and maybe even caring!

That was what I was hoping for, anyway. That was my ambition. And to get there I was willing to put up with a lot. Mind you, the incredible orgasms were also pretty good compensation!

Yesterday, though, he'd exposed my body to his chauffeur! And then to a room full of people at a gallery, and in more ways than one! It turns out those incredibly lifelike bondage drawings of me were being exhibited at a gallery! So all the people there came and saw me and realized I was the model!

It had been mortifying! The poses in the drawings were so lewd and obscene! And those people thought I had actually posed for them! In fact, the artist had done them from occasional views of me in public, and pictures taken of me. And Benjamin wasn't even the artist! He was just some big shot rich guy who apparently was one of the directors of the company I worked for!

I only found out his name at the gallery from other people talking to him. It was Benjamin Stone. I wasn't allowed to call him Benjamin. I had to call him 'Master'! And he'd given me a new name, as if mine was no longer legal. My new name was Autumn. Mind you, I think it's a very pretty name, but still! How outrageous!

It's very strange being with him. I mean, he tells me how gorgeous I am, and that I have the body of a goddess, but he also calls me slut and whore and makes me call myself the same! I have to tell him I'm his bitch, his slut!

Of course, doing it always gives me a strange, dark, shuddering thrill! As if I'm being outrageously perverted! And maybe I am. What kind of a girl goes along with this stuff? And what did I need to do to stop it? Did I even want to stop it? I

had to stop it! Who knew how far it would go!?

But knowing I had to reign things in was different from being able to do so. I'm living in a gorgeous condo in Manhattan for free and getting the most fantastic sex of my life with the sexiest man I've ever met who has the most incredible body I've ever seen. And I'm supposed to end this!?

Autumn prepared herself, and at seven sharp she was kneeling in the entry hall waiting for her master, with her back arched and hands behind her neck, wearing white stockings and gloves, number 14 shoes, wearing number Three collar, Number Two blindfold and Number Seven gag.

That was the text message I got at work towards the end of the day, and as usual, it tightened my chest and left me feeling breathless! What was he going to do tonight! Gagged! Damn it! How could I talk to him if I was gagged!?

Well, hopefully it wouldn't stay on the whole evening. After all, he'd want oral sex.

I wasn't thrilled with the blindfold either. I liked seeing him and his incredible body. I also liked running my bare fingers across his chest and belly, not to mention around his mighty cock! Gloves might look good to him but I wished he'd stop ordering me to wear them.

Nevertheless, I was thrumming with energy from that moment on. I ate quickly, and not too much. After all, I didn't want to have a full stomach when he started pushing that big cock down my throat!

I showered, and gave myself an enema, because he has shown a liking for anal sex, then put on the white stockings, white high heels, and the white gloves that came up almost to my shoulders. Then came the black collar wrapped around my throat and buckled behind.

I'd never worn Number Seven gag. I was amazed there were seven different kinds of gag in the cabinet! It was sort of a black leather mask, only for the lower part of my face. It was flat and covered me from chin to just below my nose, and up along my cheeks, thinning towards the sides where it wrapped around my head.

It also had a fat round ball attached to the inside which went into my mouth. It

wasn't as fat as some of the others he'd used, the ones that wouldn't let my jaw closed. But it was pretty fat, though the material was more malleable. It let me close my mouth, anyway.

Finally, I positioned myself before the door, spreading my knees wide, and drawing the blindfold up against my eyes. It too was black leather, and it was essentially a lone ranger style mask, but without any eye holes.

I buckled it and slipped it down over my head, having already drawn my hair back tightly behind me as on previous occasions. Then I draw my hands up behind my neck and waited.

I know you'll find it astonishing that I would just obey what he said like that. I mean, there hadn't even been a please and thank you! And yet here I was kneeling with my legs spread, naked, dressed as a man had ordered me to be dressed!

Why was I willing to degrade myself like this? Because... it's worth it.

Oh go ahead and judge me! And what are you doing tonight? Watching Big Brother on TV?

I heard the door open and caught my breath, stiffening my pose a little.

“Excellent,” I heard him say.

I felt a wave of relief and pleasure, despite myself.

I heard the door close and sensed him near me.

“On your hands and knees, slave girl,” he said.

I obeyed, falling forward onto all fours, wondering if he would take me from behind without any preliminaries. That wasn't really like him, though.

I heard his footsteps moving away, but didn't move. I knew he'd be back. Sure enough, they returned, and I felt his hand slide along my back, up and down my spine, then down between my buttocks to gently cup my naked sex!

A rush of heat swept through me, but his hand merely caressed my skin lightly,

though my clitoris was clearly swollen already! His hand slid back up and then under, gently kneading my breasts as they hung below me, nipples hard and tingling.

There was a pause, then I felt something slender and soft worked up around my right breast. I was not surprised. It was a rope, one of the soft bondage ropes he kept here in the condo. He'd tied my breasts before, after all.

He did it again, in much the same manner. First he circled my right breast several times, then my left, letting the loops close just tight enough to make them throb, to make them swell and harden, but not hard enough to hurt. My nipples tingled even more fiercely as the ropes closed around my breasts!

This time there was some difference as a loop went around both breasts, then a second loop did the same, squeezing them together before the loops were tied off. My breasts throbbed even more!

“Stand up.”

Breathless, I leaned up and back, feeling the ropes squeezing around my breasts as I stood.

I felt him gathering in my arms, pulling my wrists behind me, then raising them up high, each in turn, so they were up between my shoulder blades. Rope encircled them, binding them together, then encircled my arms, loop after loop, in a complicated pattern which drew my arms back tighter and tighter.

I wondered why he needed to tie me up at all? It wasn't like I would resist doing anything he wanted. All he'd ever said once was 'visual effect'. What did that even mean?

He led me up the hall, with me walking carefully while blindfolded, on the five inch stiletto heels. I wasn't sure which room we went into. The condo was fairly big, with two enormous bedrooms, the living room, a kind of den – where he'd put a strippers pole – , a giant kitchen, an exercise room, and of course, a big deck.

I thought it was the den, though, as my heels sank into the carpet. We crossed the room and then he turned me around and placed me against the wall. I felt him doing something behind me with the ropes, feeding them upward, then the rope

all tightened quite a bit around my arms so that I gasped.

He gripped my ankles, then and lifted them right out from under me! I squealed into the gag, but the complicated web of ropes around my arms held me up without too much pain, especially with him holding my ankles.

He raised them up and back. At first I thought he was going to fuck me like that standing up, but he pushed them way back and then spread them way far apart! I felt him holding one in each hand even as he tied loops of rope around my ankles.

And then I felt a very severe jolt! How could he hold both ankles up and apart and tie them at the same time! I felt that jolt grow into an enormous crackling ball of tension! Was he there with someone else!?

Last night in the limo he'd made me show my body to the giant chauffeur of his, Jeremy, and asked him if he wanted to fuck me! Well of course, Jeremy had said yes! And Benjamin – Master – had simply said that perhaps he'd let him one day. I had taken that as mind games, but what if it was real!?

He'd also let all kinds of strangers see my naked body at the gallery with those obscene pictures decorating the walls!

The hands released me, but I stayed in place, panting and moaning, hanging by the ropes around my arms and ankles.

My ankles were stretched painfully wide out to the sides! He'd been working on me stretching my legs more so I could spread them more, but this still ached!

I felt his fingers at my sex and moaned helplessly. He massaged my swollen clitoris, and even with the tension and stress of wondering if someone else was there I couldn't resist the rush of heat which swept through me!

Fingers pushed into me, pumping slowly. I was wet, of course! I moaned anew as they pumped in and out, pushing deeper and deeper. Then they withdrew, and something else pushed in. It wasn't him, but one of his innumerable sex toys. It was thick and long, and I shuddered as he forced it deep into my body.

It was one of those ones with the fat bulge near the bottom. I felt the lips of my sex straining wide around it, then narrowing again behind it, leaving just the

base protruding. A moment later his fingers, this time lubed, pushed at my ass, squirming into me, pumping in and out, then being replaced by a second, nearly identical dildo.

And for almost ten minutes, that was it. I hung there silently, no one speaking. I could hear something but couldn't identify it. I was quivering with anticipation and anxiety, wondering what he was doing and whether there was anyone else there!

A sound! It was like. A chair being placed before me. Then I felt hands on my thighs and then.. a tongue against my clitoris! Lips that massaged and caressed me! I gasped and trembled as I felt him putting pressure on the dildos while he licked, felt his tongue lapping at my clitoris with long, deft strokes!

No one had really spent a lot of time performing oral sex on me before I'd met him. That was one of the things which had turned me on so much. Because as much as he tied me up and made me completely helpless, he then always seemed to go on to make me feel as much sexual pleasure as I could from what we were doing.

A thrumming sexual power began to set my nerve endings crackling with life, and the muscles in my belly and abdomen began to twitch and jerk even as my breathing became more ragged. I felt his hand on the dildo, drawing it back, forcing my pussy lips to spread as the bulb near the bottom came out, then forcing them to stretch again as he thrust it back in.

Again and again he pumped the dildo, harder and faster, making me grunt with every thrust, then cry out as the sexual energy inside me burned hotter and higher! I was hanging helpless against a wall, bound, gagged and blindfolded, and my body was trembling with the incredible sexual heat he was forcing upon me!

Every deep thrust was a punch in the abdomen – from the inside! But the way he was licking at my clitoris was sending my mind spinning under the onslaught of pleasure! My head rolled helplessly forward and back as he thrust, the back of my head hitting the wall again and again as I cried out!

The orgasm washed over me, and my cries grew more intense as my body trembled and shook there on the wall, my hips jerking forward again and again as he rammed his thick sex toy into me with hard, forceful strokes that sent

explosive bursts of heat through my mind and body!

And then I sagged, gasping, hanging there, moaning. He didn't touch me. He didn't speak to me. There was silence around me for long minutes, perhaps ten or fifteen minutes. It almost got to the point I would have started fidgeting if I could have moved, but I didn't, of course.

I was still deeply aroused, and still filled with both anticipation and anxiety. What was he going to do next!? This was so perverted and kinky and insane!

Suddenly I felt... it was someone blowing a narrow, continuing stream of air on my clitoris! A moment later his fingers touched me there, massaging me, stroking casually.

My breasts were still swollen and throbbing, of course, the nipples extremely hard and sensitive. His mouth suddenly closed around the center of my left breast, closed with almost a bite, as he sucked and his tongue swirled and twirled around my nipple! He sucked on it, sucked in a peculiar, rhythmic fashion that made my nipple burn!

I felt his hand stroking the underside of my other breast, then both breasts, which were so hard and taut, and I felt a strange shock. For even as he switched to the other breast, his teeth biting down almost to the point of pain, his mouth sucking hungrily, I realized the hands were too small to be his!

He was a very tall man, very broad shouldered, hard all over! These small, soft hands were not his!

I whimpered helplessly, for there was little I could do about it, and nothing I could do to confirm my guess!

Then the mouth drew back, and I felt that tongue against my clitoris again. Meanwhile, the hands left my breasts only to be replaced by two fingers on each, gripping my nipples, tugging them, twisting them, rolling them to make them ache and burn! Then they started gently rubbing them between the pads of those fingers.

Meanwhile that tongue licked at my clitoris in a way which had my hips rolling up in helpless, wanton heat, a feverish sexual eagerness gripping my body as the dark pleasure mounted!

This was so lewd and perverted! Who was with him!? Was it that artist guy, the one who I'd first met there at the gallery, who had stared at me with those huge eyes!? I hoped not!

But then slowly, I realized that... it didn't matter! I was in the grip of a deep and powerful sexual heat, and who had inspired it didn't even matter! I trembled and my hips ground helplessly up at his mouth as he licked, as he sucked at my clitoris, as his fingers plucked and rolled my nipples!

Then the dildo came out and thrust in, came out, and thrust in, and thrust, and thrust, and thrust, the round head punching into the back wall of my sex as I began to cry out in dazed pleasure! I cried out again and again, gurgling and moaning and sobbing with the rising heat as another massive orgasm tore through my body!

I sagged, gasping, moaning, and was left alone again. I don't know for how long. It was long enough to recover, but not long enough for the hazy cloud of sexual heat enveloping me to disperse. Mind you, could it ever? I mean, given I was tied up naked like this with Benjamin – Master – and at least one other person there looking at me and touching me!?

When the hands started touching me again, they were those same soft small ones, and then I heard the click and a buzz, and knew they had turned on a vibrator. Sure enough, it pressed against my clitoris, and I moaned into the gag as it rolled softly from side to side.

A hand began to knead my breast, to roll my nipple, and then the dildo inside me began to pump in and out again, slowly this time, using just the shaft, not that bulging part. It slid in and out as the vibrator rubbed against my clitoris, and I was soaking wet! The sex heat rose once more like a towering funnel of pressure, and I began to writhe in helpless pleasure!

As if able to sense how aroused I was, the dildo thrust suddenly deeper, forcing that fat bulb into me, spreading the lips of my sex wider, then letting them narrow, then wider again as it withdrew, then back, thrusting, thrusting, thrusting, harder, harder, faster!

I screamed as I came, the vibrator rubbing harder against my clitoris! It made my clitoris scream like I was screaming, sent a terrible screaming sensory overload through my nervous system! The orgasm went on and on until I thought I would

pass out from screaming all the air out of my lungs!

Then I sagged again, gasping, moaning helplessly.

I was trembling and shaking inside as well as out!

And then fingers went behind my head and undid the blindfold, pulling it away.

I gaped, eyes wide, face flaming!

Benjamin Stone was there. He was sitting on a high backed chair watching. On the other side, at an angle, was that little artist guy from the gallery, Rodrigo, in front of an easel, drawing me!

And standing in front of me was the black woman from the gallery!

She had a long, arrogant face, and was wearing leather from neck to foot. The leather trousers she wore were quite tight, but what caught my eyes was the dildo attached to them! It was thicker than the one inside me, thick and curved upward, with a fat head at the end!

She gripped my head sharply in black gloved hands and jerked it back as she stared intently into my eyes.

“I'm going to fuck you, white girl!” she growled.

She pulled the dildo out of me, then pressed the head of the one she wore against my dripping opening and pushed. I shuddered at the pressure, for the head was thicker than the bulb thing on the other one. It made me ache as it passed into my body, and the shaft was only slightly less thick!

I gasped as the thick length of it pushed up into my already thrumming, aching belly! God, it was even bigger than Benjamin Stone's! I whimpered and moaned into the gag as she began to work her hips in and back, in and back, feeling that monster cock inside me as she stared into my eyes!

I felt my insides pulsing with energy! This was horribly embarrassing, yes, but the sexual heat gripping me was so incredibly powerful! And the curved cock was grinding its way along the front wall of my sex every time she moved her hips, making me burn and tremble and shake!

That it was a virtual stranger was a shock, that it was a woman was an even bigger shock! But both of them simply added to the outrageousness of what was happening, the kinky, perverted, shocking outrageousness!

“Come for me, slut!” the black woman growled. “Come for me, slave girl.”

I moaned and whimpered, staring at Stone, but then her hand caught my chin, jerking my head around so that she could catch my eyes again as her hips thrust harder.

“Come for me, sex slave! Come for me, whore!”

Off to the side, Rodrigo drew frantically!

I was trembling and shaking, my muscles spasming helplessly. My skin was covered in a thin sheen of perspiration, and I was gulping in air as best I could through my nose, moaning into the gag, sobbing as she drove her hips into me harder and faster!

The head punched into the back wall of my sex, then again and again and again, as she sought to force every inch inside me!

I came, screaming!

Stone watched, a small smile on his face.

The Black woman leaned into me, gripping my head to force it hard against the wall, her nose almost touching mine as she forced every last inch of the thick, black cock into my trembling body.

My hips jerked spastically and my entire body trembled and shook as I felt the smooth leather of her pants against my upraised buttocks. She smiled thinly, then leaned back, grinding her hips slowly to twist the hard black toy around in my burning abdomen.

“Whore,” she said with a sneer.

I shuddered and then cried out as she drew her hips back a few inches, then thrust into me hard.

“Sex slave,” she said.

She drew her hips back a few inches and then rammed the thing into me, and I cried out again, my head lolling.

“Slut,” she said.

She eased back, pulling the glistening black cock out of my body, and I felt both relief and an incredibly empty sensation. She fisted the black cock, sliding it up and down in her hand, then let it slide up and down against my opening, up and down along my belly.

She reached up and untied a rope above me, and I felt the rope around both ankles getting less taut, allowing my ankles to slowly lower. I groaned as my bent body unfolded, as my legs came down inch by slow inch.

When they reached the floor she reached up and yanked on another rope and I gasped, my weight dropping entirely on my feet. I fell, but the fall was cushioned by her hand gripping my arm and lowering me to the ground. Then she shifted to my hair, which was pulled back severely from my forehead and bound in a tight tail behind me.

She moved towards where Stone sat, pulling on my hair, and I cried out, wobbling, almost falling, but forced to knee-walk forward at her side as she pulled me up before the man.

He stood up, smiled down at me and began to undress. The Black woman held me tightly in place by her fist gripping my hair, occasionally jerking it back sharply to force my back to arch.

When Stone stood naked before me I felt this intense rush of arousal. God, he had an incredible body! He was like Adonis, only better!

The black woman was standing immediately behind me, holding my hair. I felt her legs against my back as Stone moved towards me. His cock was already hard as he rubbed it over my face.

I saw Rodrigo out of the corner of my eyes, turning his drawing stand around and watching intently, then gasped as the woman reached down and undid the strap of the gag. The front fell away from my mouth at last, but not entirely, not

until she gripped it and pulled so that the thicker ball came free of my mouth.

She threw it aside and then jerked back on my hair, causing me to gasp in pain, my mouth to open wide.

Stone stepped forward, his thick cock sliding slowly through my parted lips. I moaned around it, eyes rolling up the length of his powerful body, gurgling wetly as he pushed forward and began to pump. I saw the Black woman's arms go up around him, but couldn't see if they were kissing as his hips worked his cock in and out of my lips.

I sucked dazedly as his tongue slipped up and down along my tongue, then he pushed deeper, the head entering my throat, and then sliding all the way down until my lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft.

I gurgled weakly, trembling there between them, hemmed in between his legs and hers as his hips began to work in and out, fucking my throat as they held me there helplessly. My eyes became glassy, and I gurgled wetly as he pumped in and out using long, slow strokes.

By the time he pulled back I was light-headed, and gasped for breath, gulping in deep, ragged breaths of air as he shifted back, sitting down.

The black woman jerked on my hair, forcing me to knee-walk forward, then pulled me to my feet before him and pushed on my back.

I spread my legs, still gasping, chest heaving, as he reached up for my hips and guided me in to straddle him. I sank down, feeling the hot, slick cock against my entrance. The pressure forced the lips of my sex in and apart and then I sank down in one long, glorious sliding motion that made me cry out as I impaled myself.

His big hands gripped my buttocks, riding me up and down until I started to do it myself, then sliding up and down my back and into my hair, bending me forward so he could suck and mouth my breasts, my nipples.

He abandoned my hair to squeeze both breasts as he sucked, then the Black woman jerked back on it and as I cried out, thrust two gloved fingers into my open mouth all the way to the knuckles. I gurgled wetly as she moved them around in my mouth, then released my hair and pulled them out.

A few moments later, as I rode, gasping and moaning, up and down on Stone's cock, I felt the dildo in my ass pulled out, felt her fingers thrusting into me, pumping in and out. A third finger made the penetration wider, and I moaned as they drove in and out.

Stone bent me forward further, and the Black woman squatted awkwardly, fit the nose of the big black dildo she was wearing against my back opening, and sank it slowly into my body.

Her right hand moved around my right hip, her fingers finding my clitoris as she worked the dildo in deeper and deeper, and I felt a sense of stunned outrage and wild animal excitement. The feel, the sensation of two cocks, even though one was fake, moving inside me at the same time was incredible!

I sobbed dazedly as I rode Stone, as he thrust up into my aching pussy, and the Black woman drove the dildo deeper and deeper into my ass! This was all so shocking and intense and unbelievable! It was hard to accept it was really happening to me even as he chewed and sucked on my throbbing, pulsing breasts and tingling nipples, even as dark, animal heat roared inside me!

And off to our left, well, to my left, Rodrigo eagerly drew the scene he was watching.

My insides felt as though they were being churned to a boiling froth as the two drove their hips into me, and I cried out again and again as the heat became feverish and battered my mind around like a kitten with a ball of twine!

I came again, and then launched into a series of multiple orgasms that rocked my mind and made the muscles in my abdomen spasm so much they hurt! I can't even say how many orgasms I had. I lost count, my mind swimming in dark heat and passion and wild carnal pleasure!

*

I had seen the thing in a closet before, but had mistaken it for a piece of exercise equipment. It looked very much like a weight bench, for example, except that in place of the stainless steel posts near the end which would hold a barbell it had a post crossing between them overhead.

Then I discovered another difference, for the two of them, Stone and the Black

woman, lifted the padded gray seat or bench up sideways and it opened in two to form a triangle three feet long.

Then Stone lifted me up to sit me, straddling its peak.

I was just starting to think about protesting when the Black woman jerked back on my hair and pushed a white ball gag into my mouth, then bound the black strap around behind my head. Meanwhile Stone, then helped by her, lifted my ankles up and back behind my buttocks and tied them in place with the same white rope they'd wrapped around my breasts and arms.

That left me perched on the padded 'seat', which narrowed at its top to no more than an inch or two. Stone then took more white rope and fed it between the rope around my breasts before leading it straight up above me to the stainless steel crosspiece between the two side posts, pulling a little more until it began to tighten the ropes harder around my breasts and pull my chest upward.

Of course, the way my ankles were bound up behind me to my wrists already caused my back to arch and my hips to tilt forward. The narrow padded bench had already forced its way up between the lips of my sex, and now my swollen clitoris was pressing firmly against it as my nipples sparkled like live electrical wires.

And then the bench began to – hum. It was a faint vibration, but definitely present.

Stone stroked my head lightly, then smiled, and left the room, followed by the Black woman. Only Rodrigo remained, shifting his bench and taking out a new piece of paper. His eyes were bright as he began to sketch me.

I moaned at the pressure against my sex, as I began to ache more and more. The fact it was padded didn't change the fact all my weight was now jammed down onto that narrow and tender part of my anatomy, nor the tightness of the rope around my breasts, nor the shocking dark wicked outrageous nature of what was happening!

My mind had finally slowed down enough to function, at least, somewhat, and I realized that he was drawing another of those lifelike pictures of me, like the ones he'd shown at the gallery, like the ones I'd seen copies of when Stone had sent them to me. I realized that he'd drawn sketches of the other lecherous scenes

with me and Stone and the Black woman.

And I realized, with something of a jolt, that these pictures too, when properly colored in and were made to seem so incredibly lifelike, would be put up for sale to strangers, strangers who would look at them and see me there ... like this!

But of course, my mind was only partially functioning. I still felt drunk on sex, dazed and mind blasted by the intensity of the raw physical sensations which had exploded within me. I would have swayed on my perch were it not for the ropes bound to my breasts.

I paid little attention to Rodrigo, though of course I knew he was there, knew very intensely. He didn't attract me. He looked odd and slim and bedraggled, some sort of nerdy artist type. Yet he was still a man, watching me as I sat there panting, naked, obscenely bound in position for him to record.

And between my legs was the padded frame, resting on steel which was... vibrating, though not nearly as powerful as the vibrator which had been used on me earlier. Still, I could not be unaware of it as my clitoris was hypersensitive and pressed firmly against it.

I felt very oddly... masochistic. I had never felt quite like this before. I mean, I felt very much outrageously abused, and that, for some reason, aroused me. To bind me in such an outrageous fashion and leave me in place, aching and exposed was so shocking! Why did it arouse me? I don't know, but it did.

Add in the vibrations and I felt a renewed sense of dark heat rolling up through my body and mind. I felt myself breathlessly exulting in my own aching bondage, in my own degradation! Poor me! Poor me! This was so cruel!

The aching grew worse, but the arousal embraced it, leaving me moaning more in heat than pain. I wanted to shift my sore, overheated pussy off the bench, or least, lean back or something, but had no leverage. Every time I moved the ropes around my breasts gave them a sharp tug that made them throb and pulse!

Long minutes ticked by with my straddling the bench and moaning softly, and the dark heat deepening its hold on my mind. I couldn't speak, of course, and Rodrigo said nothing, just drew frantically.

When Benjamin Stone came back he was wearing a robe. He looked at Rodrigo,

and as if some communication had passed between them the shaggy haired man picked up his stuff and left. Stone then sat down on the chair again, relaxing and watching me.

He stood up after a minute and came over to stand beside me, then reached down almost casually, and pressed his index finger against my clitoris. I shuddered, jerking as if receiving an electrical shock, and then his finger began to rub against me and I exploded into orgasm!

My body shuddered and jerked in place, which of course, pulled my breasts against the ropes again and again! Their harsh, pulsing, throbbing aching sensations added to the fiery heat gripping my body and mind and pushed the orgasm higher, so that I screamed into the ball gag!

God, this was driving me insane!

And then he left me alone, straddling the bench, groaning, gasping for breath, swaying weakly, and wincing whenever my breasts pulled especially hard against the rope leading overhead.

The ache between my legs deepened, and I whimpered and moaned, rolling my eyes towards the empty door, wanting him to return and let me down. But there was no sign of him for long, long minutes as I began to feel a real sense of pain down there!

He finally wandered in, still just wearing the robe, and I moaned and tried to call to him.

“No talking,” he said.

I went silent, anxious to be let down but not wanting him to get mad, and perhaps punish me by leaving me there longer.

He came over to stand next to me.

“Would you like to get down from there, slave girl?”

I nodded my head rapidly.

“Say yes master,” he ordered.

“Yes, master!” I said.

Well, I tried to say it. It was kind of an inarticulate muffled slurring sound through the ball gag, but it seemed to be acceptable to him.

“Are you my slut?”

“Yes, master,” I said.

“Are you my bitch?”

“Yes, master!” I moaned.

“Are you my slave girl?”

“Yes, master!”

He reached behind my head and undid the strap, then removed the gag from my mouth.

I gasped and licked my lips, working my jaw, which had gotten kind of stiff.

“Are you my slut?”

“Yes, master!” I said.

“Show me.”

I stared at him helplessly.

Then he reached out, sliding his fingers along my lips. I immediately licked at them, hesitantly at first, then with much more passion, wanting to demonstrate so he'd let me down!

He slid them into my mouth and I closed my lips, moaning, sucking and licking at them and rolling my eyes up towards him.

He pulled his fingers back and rubbed them along my lips.

“Are you my bitch?”

“Yes, master! I'm your bitch, master!” I moaned.

He reached behind me, and I felt his fingers working at the ropes there, then, thank God, my ankles came free. They slid down along the angled sides of the bench and even with the high heels barely reached the floor.

But they did reach the floor. I groaned as I was able to take the pressure off my sex, wincing as I stood, at last, gasping and wanting to reach down and rub myself. My arms, of course, were still bound up behind my back.

He reached above me and untied the ropes which led to the ones around my breasts, then helped me get off the bench and sink to my knees.

“On your belly, slave girl,” he ordered.

Gasping, I obeyed, mostly falling, then gasping as my bound breasts took some of my weight, throbbing painfully.

“Are you my slave?”

“Yes, master! I'm your slave girl!” I gasped.

He pushed his bare foot forward, rubbing his big toe along my lips.

“Show me.”

I felt an emotional jolt at the degrading thing he wanted me to do. But that jolt traveled right through my torso to my groin where it made my aching pussy thrum with a different kind of heat! Because it was so... dirty, so kinky, so nasty, so... so depraved!

So submissive...

I'd done it before, licking his shoes, but now he wanted me to lick his bare feet, and... I did it. I licked at his toe tentatively, hesitantly, then slid my lips over it, sucking his toe into my mouth and licking it as I moaned helplessly. He pushed forward, jamming another couple of toes into my mouth as he forced it wider.

Then he chuckled, drawing them back, and I licked my way up along his foot, along his ankle, grinding my bound breasts underneath me as I lay there before

him.

He reached down for my hair and lifted me to my knees by it. He opened his robes as he jammed my face in against his crotch, and I licked dazedly, sucking at his balls, drawing them into my mouth, then sucking and licking at his cock as he held me there by the hair.

When he hardened, he plunged into my throat, pumping steadily in long strokes as I gurgled weakly, then pulling out and slapping himself lightly against my lips.

“You are the most incredible sex machine I've ever seen,” he said, jerking my head back and gazing down at me. “How much would wealthy men pay for a girl like you? A billion dollars wouldn't be too much.”

He released my hair, taking the two ropes which were bound to the center of the ropes around my breasts, the ones which dangled free because they'd been tied above me when I was on the bench. He pulled them forward, forcing me to kneewalk awkwardly until we reached the side of the pool table.

He tied the ropes around one of the thick legs, then moved behind me.

“Bend over, slave girl,” he ordered.

Moaning, I bent awkwardly forward, my arms still bound up behind my back. He settled behind me, his hard cock stiff and glistening from my mouth, then slapped my bottom.

“Legs apart.”

I obeyed, panting, moaning, kneeling awkwardly for I was leaning forward, but with nothing holding my upper torso from the floor. I yelped as he gripped my hips and jerked me back, and I felt the ropes around my breast tug sharply, forcing me to bend further as the one he'd tied to the pool table went taut.

Then his cock rubbed up and down against me. I was sore, aching, feeling bruised, but that didn't seem to matter. As his slick cock pushed into me I felt a fiery rolling heat engulfing me! The deeper he forced himself into my body the more I ached and the hotter I got!

He jerked on my hips again and I cried out at the pull against my breasts! He had pulled me back so sharply that I literally couldn't fall forward to the floor because the ropes were pulling my breasts straight forward and his hands were on my hips, pulling me backward!

He started to thrust into me, hard, deep strokes. They were slow at first, and my body rocked in and back to them as he gripped my hips. That meant, of course, that the tight ropes around my breasts pulled sharply every time he thrust into me and every time he pulled me back to meet the next thrust!

They throbbed and reddened and throbbed more, and my nipples were burning and swollen and felt like they would explode!

He thrust harder, his hips striking my buttocks with bruising force, and the insides of my body was a whirling, churning storm of sensations and emotions! He gripped my hair, jerking my head up and back sharply, allowing him to release my waist while still pulling me against him!

His other arm curved down over my hips, his fingers finding my clitoris, stroking it hard as he fucked me, sending my mind spinning and twisting under the violent surging rushes of pleasure!

Then as if he sensed my approaching orgasm he released my hair and both hands enveloped my swollen breasts. His hips struck my buttocks hard enough to rock me forward a little so the rope leading to my breasts was no longer taut, the ropes around them easing! The sense of ... relief from that constant jerking pressure combined with his arm hands now kneading my breasts drove me over the edge into a screaming, mind blowing orgasm that left me literally drooling and barely conscious on the floor!

*

After that long, extended visit, I was left alone in the expensive, lavishly furnished condo, alone to try and get my mind together and heal the bruising of my body. God, what an experience! I mean, in a way it was a disappointment since once again I hadn't had the opportunity to talk to him and get to know him better. But the sex! Wow! God! I cringed at the presence of the Black woman and Rodrigo, but the memory also filled my mind with a giddy sense of wonder!

I took a nice warm bath in the lovely big soaker tub, bubbles up to my chin, soft

music playing from the stereo, lights down low, and tried, not for the first time, to wrap my mind around it all. I felt guilty, not for the first time, for basically letting myself be some man's slut. But on the other hand, the alternative was sitting in my crummy little shared apartment watching TV.

And the passion and orgasms had become... I don't know, like an addiction! They were so hot, so exciting, so incredible! I'd never imagined such heat and thrilling passion!

After the bath I put on a long, silk robe, and nothing else, and wandered back to the living room – or great room, as they called it. I sat down on the expensive, extremely comfortable sofa, and clicked on the TV, so that the picture covering it slid up on the mantle.

I looked around the big room with something of a sense of wonder, then out at the big windows which gave way to the balcony. I was staying here for free, as if this was like... payment for the sex. But the sex was so incredible, so marvelous, I should be paying him for it!

I let the robe part, pulling it open to slouch there naked, looking down my body, feeling a mixture of smugness and guilt. Then, daring, I stood up and turned to the windows, walking to them, sliding the door open, and walking out onto the balcony.

It was dark, of course, but seemed brighter given my robe hung completely open and I was completely nude beneath. I looked across the narrow street at the apartments on the other side, some of the windows lit and uncurtained, watching people move around.

I felt daring, cocky, and smug, though also anxious lest anyone actually see me.

Then again, a number of people had seen me naked. I had survived. Yes, it been mortifying, at least at first, yesterday anyway. Today, it hadn't been so bad. I cringed a bit at the thought of what the pictures were going to look like, and whether they'd go up at the gallery again.

They were so dirty!

Even if they were just drawings.

I pondered the person who was Benjamin Stone, wondering what lay behind his stern mask, and what he was thinking. Surely he wanted more than just a 'slave girl'. Surely he'd want someone he could talk to and discuss things with. I'd looked him up on the internet once I knew his name and had found he was not married.

Clearly he didn't have a girlfriend, or else why have me?

I was still sore between the legs, and my breasts ached, but I was otherwise all right. There was no way I was going to practice any of his stripper moves tonight, though, like he'd told me to. Maybe tomorrow night.

I got a text a few hours later, while getting ready for bed.

Good night, slave girl Autumn, it said.

Well, on the one hand, that was good. I mean, I felt a warm glow that he'd texted me good night. On the other hand, what did I reply to that? What could I reply?

Good night, Master, I texted.

I made a face at it but then shrugged.

The next morning there was a text telling me what to wear. It was Number Twenty Three dress, and Number Nine boots. The boots were knee high black leather with stiletto heels. The dress was ... short and tight and thin. It was a forest green, and made of wool and cotton, like a sweater. It gaped down the front, save there were laces which criss crossed my upper chest to tie it together.

Together is probably not the right word, of course. In fact, they weren't really laces. They were simply made to look like laces. Made of the same material as the dress, they weren't something you could tighten or loosen or even tie, though what looked like a knot hung at the top center.

I pulled the thing down over my head and the tight, stretchy fabric hung around me like a second skin, from shoulders to thighs. Because of the front you couldn't wear a bra with the thing, though the fabric was tight against my breasts and would likely keep them from bouncing too much.

He hadn't listed panties or bra so I was guessing he didn't want me wearing

underwear anyway, though the dress was kind of short to be risking that.

The thought of wearing it to work filled me with apprehension! Yes, we were on Madison Avenue and there were a lot of artistic types there, so it's not like it was as button-down as an insurance company or bank, but still. This was something for a disco, except the fabric, including long sleeves, would make me too hot dancing.

Well, I could always find another job. I didn't think I'd have to, though, not with the power Benjamin Stone obviously wielded there. He'd had me moved “temporarily” into a private office with walls away from everyone else, after all. That was ostensibly because of work being done on the heating vents above my cubicle, but I doubted there was any truth in that.

For the first time, there was also jewelry to wear. Number Seventeen choker, Number Six bracelets, and Number Twelve earrings.

The choker was gold, made of overlapping rings the size of quarters, like chain mail. And a much larger O-ring hung from the center. The two earrings were much like the O-ring, only not as thick. The bracelets were simply smaller versions of the choker, but thankfully, would be hidden beneath the long sleeves of the dress.

I felt squeamish about wearing this stuff in public, for while ordinary people, people like I used to be, might not quite get what the symbolism was, well, I knew, and I wouldn't be the only one. Of course, they could just think I'd worn it be sexy, or to tease...

And, of course, there was the breathless anticipation and anxiety about what he might intend to do at work that day.

But what choice did I have, other than to do as I wanted and risk being punished – which was a certainty, or reject punishment and wind up, perhaps, back in my grubby apartment watching Big Brother on TV. Maybe I'd even be fired. I mean, it was his company, after all. Or at least, he was on the board of directors.

I texted back. Am I going to get in trouble for wearing these at work?

Master, he texted back.

I scowled. Am I going to get in trouble for wearing this at work, Master?

You'll get in trouble if you don't, slave girl, he replied.

Will you call me Autumn if you see me at work, Master? It's a nice name, I said.

I was sort of trying to wean him off calling me slave girl and onto something more... normal, but flattering him while I did it, since he'd selected the name for me.

There was no answer, and I frowned.

Can I call you Mister Stone at work, Master? I asked, trying again.

Yes, he replied, but you're going to get a spanking for asking.

Well that wasn't fair, I thought! On the other hand, I liked the answer, but the prospect of a spanking didn't exactly fill me with joy and happiness.

I drove to work in the BMW he'd given me, or at least, given me to use, luxuriating in its luxury, and parking in the space in the garage under the building, the space which was extremely expensive and which you had to be put on a multi year long waiting list to get.

I felt...self conscious as I got out of the car, and hoped there wouldn't be a lot of people in the elevator. Of course, there weren't – until it stopped at the ground level. Then it was packed with people, and more than a few gave me a long look as they came in.

I wasn't entirely unused to men looking me over, of course, even at the office. I like being a pretty girl, liked it that people noticed me. But I didn't like to be seen as trying, if you get my drift. And I always tried to dress appropriately to the situation. Dressing like this at work was not appropriate.

I could see that the men appreciated it, though!

I went up to my new office, glad of the privacy and ability to close the door behind me, then turned on the computer, and my little radio, and sat down to check my messages. Of course, as soon as I did I started to feel that mixture of stomach churning anticipation and anxiety, wondering when he would show up

and what he would do.

But hours passed, and he didn't. I got no message from him, and no sign he knew or cared I was there. Not that that fooled me. I was certain I would be hearing from him before the day was over. He hadn't had me wear this tight dress and no underwear for nothing!

Then, just before noon, when I was just considering what I would eat for lunch, I got a text.

153 W51st Street. 12:30. Autumn.

I frowned at the text. It was clearly an address, one reasonably nearby. Autumn, of course, was the name he'd given me. And twelve thirty was obviously the time I had to be there. I felt the tension growing in my lower belly, but didn't hesitate about going. Whatever was going to happen I knew I wasn't going to find out by sitting here.

I went back downstairs and out onto the sidewalk. It wasn't far to W51St so I walked, turned up it and continued. The high heeled boots made walking a bit of a chore, though, and I continued to get interested looks from every man I passed. Fortunately it was a pretty good neighborhood, and it was too early for drunks to be around.

Then I got to the address and felt a bit of a lurch. It wasn't a hotel or house. It was a tattoo parlor! I hesitated, then pulled the door open and went inside. The shop was mostly empty, but there was a short, heavily tattooed girl with thick framed glasses behind the counter.

“Uhm, my name is Autumn,” I said uncertainly.

“She nodded her head, giving me a strange look with a quirky smile.

“Back here,” she said.

She guided me through a curtain and down a narrow hall then into a side room behind another curtain. There was a sort of barber's chair there.

“Take off your dress, please,” she said.

I hesitated, wondering if I should ask what she was going to do or not. I mean, if I had to ask she'd wonder what the hell was going on and why I didn't already know. But I wasn't about to get a tattoo over something without knowing!

“Uhm, my... boyfriend made the reservation,” I said. “What exactly did he tell you?”

“Twelve gauge double nipple piercing,” she said.

I gulped. Well, that was better than a big, ugly tattoo, and easier to get rid of afterward if I wanted to!

“Uhm, does it hurt?” I asked anxiously.

“For a second,” she said, shrugging carelessly. “I got mine done. They're sore for a few weeks but then they feel more sensitive.”

I wasn't sure I wanted my nipples feeling more sensitive! They were already pretty sensitive!

But I didn't want to disobey him either, not over something like this.

“Do you have uhm, like, something I can wear?”

“It'll only take a minute or two,” she said dismissively.

I really, really wished I had been wearing underwear of some kind! I peeled the dress up over my head and off, blushing hotly since I had no underwear underneath.

Her eyes skimmed up and down my body.

“Want your clit pierced while you're here?” she asked. “I can do it cheap.”

“No thank you,” I gulped.

She shrugged. She'd already pulled on surgical gloves as I sat down, and she rolled a tray over then picked up a jar and opened it. She took out a medically scented cotton ball and began to swab it around first one nipple, then the other. Both, of course, immediately hardened!

She picked up a pair of forceps and then let the flat jaws press together just behind my right nipple, squeezing the flesh. Then she held a small sort of square machine, like a stapler, but with narrower jaws, and pressed them together on either side of my nipple! They squeezed down hard, flattening my nipple.

“Don't move.”

There was a machine noise, and I felt a very sharp, stinging pain in my nipple that made me gasp and flinch! Fortunately, it had only lasted a second, and I had been more or less prepared! She pulled the machine back and swabbed my

nipple again with a cotton ball, then picked up a gold ring and carefully fed it through the hole she'd punched in my nipple!

A moment later a perfect round ring dangled from my nipple!

She turned to the other one, and repeated the piercing, and I soon had two rings dangling from my nipples that looked very similar to my earrings and the interlocked rings around my neck and wrists.

“H-How do I take them off?” I gulped, looking at them since she'd told me not to touch without clean hands.

She gave me a sort of raised eyebrow grin. “You don't,” she said. “Those are bondage rings. They're meant to be permanent. You have to cut them off.”

I gaped at her, and she grinned. “If you don't want them I can cut them off.”

“N-No,” I said.

She gave me instructions for caring for them over the following weeks, then took out a camera.

“You're supposed to stand up and put your hands behind your neck so I can take a picture and send it to him,” she said.

I stared at her in disbelief.

“Your uhm, boyfriend said to,” she said with a smirk.

I would have liked to think she was making it up but it was just the kind of thing he would do!

I stood up, flushing hotly, then drew my arms up and back behind my neck, which of course, pushed my breasts out as she raised the camera.

“You look pretty hot,” she said, just before the picture snapped.

The rings were a steady weight on my throbbing nipples for the walk back to the office. They were also thicker and larger than most nipple rings, and quite visible through the thin, tight, soft material of the dress! People noticed, believe me!

When I got back to my desk, my face was red from all the guys focusing in on my breasts as I rode the elevator and walked through the halls! I was so relieved to close the door behind me. Then, of course, I checked my phone and found another message.

Your nipples will feel better without anything touching them. Remove your dress, it said.

I gulped, locked the door, then obeyed. At least this way I could check out my newly pierced nipples carefully. The rings piercing them seemed to form perfect circles, and I wondered if it was true they would have to be cut off.

My nipples were still distractingly sore, and I took a couple of ibuprofen before gingerly sitting down again. I wasn't in the least mood to do any work for some time, but eventually, well, there wasn't anything else to do anyway. So I set to work – naked, except for the knee high boots. Though I admit I didn't accomplish a lot due to how distracted I was.

At three thirty I got another text.

Top right hand cabinet drawer. Take out the blue one, put it in. Turn it on and sit down.

I looked up at the various cabinets in the office. It was an empty office, you see, or had been until he'd arranged for me to be 'temporarily' moved here. But it wouldn't be the first time he'd put things into the cabinet for me to make use of.

I got up, heart beating a little faster and opened the cabinet door. Inside was a blue... vibrator. I gulped, holding it in my hand. It had a thick, curved body leading down to the base, and then a branch leading up from the base, up and in, which I knew was to have it over my clitoris.

I didn't really need lubrication since I had been on a sort of low simmer almost all day. I put the base on the floor, squatted, and slowly let my body sink down on it as my breathing became almost instantly more ragged. I rose up and down, taking it in bit by bit until it had pushed deep inside me.

I stood up, then, holding the base in my hand and went back to the chair, sitting down slowly, gasping as it pushed deeper and the little branch pushed up across the top of my sex, over my clitoris. There was a switch at the base, and I turned

it so that the thing started to vibrate.

Then I sank fully down on it, grunting as the tip lodged high inside me.

What did he expect me to do now!? Work!?

You really are a pervert! I texted back. I couldn't help myself!

Impertinence gets slave girls punished, came the reply.

I sat on that thing, feeling the ache inside me and the buzzing against my clitoris, waiting for further instructions, or for him to show up, feeling my body thrumming with an ever increasing amount of sexual energy and pressure and resisting the urge to do anything to aid it.

At first.

But I had found, since meeting him, that the sexual heat can, as it rises, start to influence my behavior, much like drinking. It changes my mind about what I should and shouldn't do! I found myself leaning my lower body forward to press myself more firmly against the little branch thing, felt myself starting to grind my hips against it as the sexual pleasure and need spread through my body.

I didn't actually decide to do this, you understand. My body started doing it instinctively!

As my grinding motions became more pronounced, my excitement rising, I drew my hands in and up beneath my breasts, caressing the undersides, gasping softly as the heat enveloped my mind, squeezing softly and repeatedly, even though that made my nipples throb.

And then the vibrations stopped, as if the thing had simply turned itself off. My grinding motions eased and I leaned back a bit, gazing down between my legs, wondering why it had stopped, and whether it had broken.

That's when I got another text.

The vibrator can be operated by remote control using bluetooth, it said.

I gaped at it in disbelief. A bluetooth vibrator! Seriously!?

But why had he turned it off, I wondered. I was very close to orgasm!

I will decide when or if you orgasm, the next text said.

I gaped at that, too, my mind, somewhat frazzled by the sexual heat, wondering how he could possibly have known I was close to climax. I raised my eyes, then, looking around the office. Another text came in.

Yes, I'm watching you, it said.

I gasped, eyes flitting around the room more intently now, trying to spot the camera.

Get back to work, Autumn. You're doing overtime tonight, the next text said.

I felt a strange sense of warmth at him using 'my' name. He did it so seldom. And as the sexual heat began to ease I turned back to the computer, not very motivated as my eyes kept flicking up and around to try and spot where the camera might be.

It was maybe twenty minutes later that the vibrator came to life, and I gasped as it started to buzz against me. I ignored it, at first, but I could only do that for so long. I was still in a simmering heat and the vibrator quickly turned that into a pulsing hunger that had me grinding myself against it once again.

Again it roused me to near orgasm, then went quiet. I moaned, sliding my hands down my body, fingering my clitoris.

Don't touch yourself, a new text said. Put your hands behind your neck and arch your back.

I bit my lip and looked around again, then obeyed, interlocking my fingers behind my neck and arching my back, a little breathless at the thought of him watching me.

Over the following hour the vibrator came to life often, then stopped, then came to life again, leaving me in a very frazzled state. Every time it started up I had to arch my back and bring my hands together behind my neck.

I moaned helplessly, for each time he brought me close then stopped I felt as if

the need was more intense, to the point I considered ignoring his orders not to touch myself.

As if he could read my mind I got another text.

If you want to masturbate to orgasm you can, but if you do I will put the video on the internet for all to see, it said.

I froze, eyes widening. That would be horrible! Would he really do that?!

I knew I couldn't take the chance!

I kept my hands away from my body, even though it felt like it was burning with hunger, as the vibrator came on again, then stopped, came on, then stopped. It was getting to the point I was going to climax even if he turned it off!

Take the vibrator out and put in the two pink ones in the second drawer," the next text said. "Put your dress on and come to room 5812.

I groaned weakly, but stood up, sliding the dildo out of my very, very wet and overheated pussy. In the second drawer were two familiar objects. The vibrator with the bulge, and an anal plug which was sort of like a dildo but made up of rounded sections, each wider than the one before it.

I fed them both into my body and stood up, heart thumping. The bulges at the bottom kept them inside without my even having to squeeze down on them, though the bases were visible protruding out of my body. Once I pulled the dress down past my hips, though, they were invisible.

Walking with them was a strange experience! Despite the bulge just within my body I had a frantic fear of them slipping out of me and falling to the floor at my feet in front of people! I could hardly imagine anything more humiliating!

And walking also caused friction, for the one sticking out of my bottom was being ground between my buttocks as I walked, while the other made the lips of my sex stretch out and so they were being rubbed between my thighs. I almost wanted to walk bow-legged, but that would have been hard given the high heeled boots I wore.

I made it to the elevator, though, and pushed the button for the fifty eighth floor.

At least I was going to finally see his office! And if it was a big office it would offer a lot more privacy than other places here.

I was still anxious, of course, nervous about what he'd do, and my insides were squirming as I reached the door and hesitated. I knocked, but there was no answer, so I entered, only to find a large office with three desks and a number of filing cabinets. Only one of the desks was occupied, by a man in a suit about my age, who had a short, neatly trimmed beard and dark green eyes.

“Uhm, I uhm, I'm supposed to see Mister Stone,” I said.

He looked me up and down with considerable interest, especially my breasts.

“And what's your name, beautiful?” he asked.

“Uhm, Autumn,” I gulped.

“That's a very nice name,” he said. “Those are large nipple rings showing through your dress, Autumn. Have you had them long?”

I felt my face redden further. “No,” she gulped.

His eyes slid down my body to the hem, and I felt my mind squirming anxiously.

“My name is Christian,” he said. “Christian Day. I'm one of Mister Stone's personal assistants.”

He got up with a knowing smile and went to a door behind his desk. He knocked, then opened it.

“A girl named Autumn to see you, sir,” he said.

“Send her in,” I heard.

He stepped back with a grin at me and, face flushed, I walked past him into the room.

It was, as I'd expected, a very large office, palatial, even. There were floor to ceiling shelves on the left side, and the same on the right except that the lower three feet were cabinets. There was next to the wall beside me, and a huge desk

against the wall of glass windows facing me.

To my left was a large sitting area, with leather sofas facing each other across low tables. Further forward was a black stone table with six leather chairs around it, doubtless for meetings.

The door closed behind me, and he looked up from his desk. "Take off the dress, Autumn."

I felt another little rush at him using my 'name' and obeyed, feeling my chest tighten as I reached down for the short hem and peeled the dress up and over my head.

"Hands behind neck," he said, coming around the side of the desk towards me.

I obeyed, arching my back as he stopped before me and inspected the rings. His fingers tugged them very lightly, enough to make me wince, but little more.

"Very pretty," he said. "You look the proper sex slave in all this metal," he said with a smile, caressing my breasts lightly.

"Th-Thank you... Mister Stone," I gulped.

"Turn," he said. "Hands behind your back."

I obeyed and he drew my wrists together and clipped the ringed bracelets together to lock them in place, then took my arm and led me towards the sofas. Then he picked up a remote control from one of the tables next to the sofa and pressed a button.

A sound overhead caused me to cock my head back, to see that a large modern looking light fixture which hung from a chain about eight or nine feet above the table between the sofas was getting lower! I blinked at it in surprise as it came down a couple of feet, then stopped.

Benjamin released my arm, then pushed the table back out from between the sofas and guided me to where it had sat, then he gripped my wrists and lifted them upward. That, of course, forced me to bend over at the waist, further and further, until my arms were stretched straight up behind me!

He lowered the light a bit, and then did something which clipped the metal bracelets around my wrists to the frame of the light fixture!

“Legs apart, slave.”

I gasped as he used his foot to force my right foot to the side, then did the same to the left. There were, I saw now, small rings set in the floor which had been covered up by the coffee table. Now he took out small chains, slipped them around my ankles, and clipped them to the rings.

God!

He let his hand slide up my thigh and in between my legs, his fingers pressing against the vibrator in front as the heel of his hand pressed against the dildo in back. Then he turned the vibrator on and moved around in front of me. He pulled a chair closer and I found myself looking him in the face. Well, as long as I could hold my head back, which wasn't easy!

“Are you enjoying being my slave girl, Autumn?” he asked.

“I-I... I am,” I gulped.

“Master,” he said, reaching up to give one of the nipple rings a little tug that made me gasp.

“Master!”

“Are you enjoying the apartment?”

“Yes, Master!”

He kneaded both my breasts lightly.

“And the sex?”

“Y-Yes, Master!”

He brought his hands up under my chain and stretched them along the sides of my face as he helped raise it up, then kissed me.

I kissed back eagerly, and the longer he kissed the more eagerly I kissed! The

vibrator was buzzing away within me, stretching out the lips of my sex, and sending pulsing heat through the thin layer of flesh separating it from my swollen clitoris. My insides felt stuffed full, and my breasts hung below me as he kissed me.

What wasn't to like!?

The kiss was long, extended, the longest we'd had, and I moaned into his mouth as his tongue caressed mine, dipping and darting as his lips moved against me.

He drew his head back a foot or so, still holding my head up.

“Are you my bitch, little Autumn?”

“Yes, Master! I'm your bitch, Master!” I gasped.

He kissed me again, for a long minute, before drawing back again.

“Are you my slut, Autumn?”

“Yes, Master! I'm your slut, Master,” I groaned.

Again he we kissed for a long minute, and when he drew back I knew what he was going to ask.

“Are you my slave, Autumn?”

“Yes, Master! I'm your slave girl, Master!”

“What does my slave girl do?”

“A-Anything you want, Master!” I gulped.

“And a slave girl must be punished for disobedience, isn't that right?”

I bit my lower lip anxiously.

“Pervert, was the word you used, I believe,” he said.

“I-I was kidding!” I gasped, looking up towards him.

“You were being disrespectful,” he said in a mild voice.

“I didn't mean to be!”

“Yes, you did,” he said.

He got up and went to the cabinet off to the side, then returned with what looked like a length of cord. His fingers combed my hair up and back, gathering it together in a tail, then used it to pull my head up and back so I was looking forward.

The pull on my scalp made me wince, but once some loose hair evened out it wasn't bad. He tied the cord around my hair, then drew it back and I felt pressure against the base of the dildo stuffed up my bottom, realizing he'd looped the cord around it to hold my hair back and my head up.

The vibrator was still buzzing away, and my body was humming with sexual pressure and excitement as I watched him. It seemed to take less time to arouse me than it used to, and to get me more deeply aroused. Maybe because just the thought of him filled my mind with the hot, delicious memories of outrageous debauchery and powerful orgasms!

He returned and sat down in the plush chair before me, then reached out for the remote control on the table next to him and pressed a button. I didn't feel or hear anything happen, at first. Then my eyes widened and I froze in shock as the door opened and the guy from the outer office came in.

“You called, sir?” he asked.

His voice was oddly normal, not, well, shocked, as he should have been to find me naked and bent over and, well, chained up the way I was!

“Get me a cognac, Christian,” Benjamin said.

“Certainly, Mister Stone,” the man said.

He went to the bar as Benjamin leaned forward and kissed me on the lips. I moaned into his mouth, my mind still filled with shock, mortified at being seen this way by a complete stranger!

Of course, it wasn't the first time. I mean, I'd had to adapt to all those people in the gallery having looked at those large pictures of me in even worse positions, and then that thing the other day with Rodrigo and that Black woman. So those took some of the edge off this man's presence.

I was still horribly humiliated, though!

The younger man crossed the floor and stopped in front of me, holding out the drink as Benjamin drew his lips back from mine and took it. He sat back in his chair, sipping from the drink, looking at me.

“She's a lovely girl, don't you think, Christian?”

“Yes, sir,” the man said.

“What do you think of her?”

The man looked down at me. I mean, I could sense it and partly see it out of my peripheral vision, even if I rolled my eyes away from him, too embarrassed to face him. He moved slowly around me, and I yelped as I felt his fingers grip the base of the vibrator and then pull it slowly out of me, then push it back in.

“Excellent body,” He said. “The breasts look very shapely, holding their shape even in this position.”

He gave one of my breasts a squeeze and again I squeaked in shock.

“She has a firm and well-shaped bottom, and her pussy lips are neat, tight and firm.”

Benjamin nodded. “But she's not well-trained yet,” he said. “In fact, she has been a bad girl, Christian” Benjamin said. “She needs a strapping.”

I gaped at him, my face absolutely beet red!

“Certainly, Mister Stone,” Christian said.

He went to one of the cabinets across from us and then crossed the floor, holding what I at first thought was a wide belt, except it wasn't a belt since it had no buckle. Instead it was basically a strap, folded in two.

Benjamin stood up and unzipped his trousers, then drew himself out, hard and thick. My mouth was naturally open since the pull on my scalp to hold my face up forced my jaw apart. He simply slid his erection into my mouth and pushed it deep!

Crack!

I squealed in pain, though the sound was muffled by his cock, as Christian brought the strap down across my upraised buttocks!

Then I closed my lips more tightly, sucking on him, moving my tongue along the underside of his flesh as the belt came down again.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The blows were spaced well apart, each sending a sharp, forceful jolt of pain through my body as Benjamin pushed his cock deeper, and then down into my throat.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I winced and moaned and gurgled around his cock as the belt sent stinging waves of pain through my buttocks, warming them incrementally with every blow until it began to feel as if they were burning!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Benjamin pumped his hips, his cock sliding back and forth in my mouth and throat, as Christian brought the belt snapping down across my bottom again and again! My heart was pounding wildly and my pulse racing! I was gulping in air whenever I could, whenever Benjamin pulled his cock out of my throat so I could draw in deep, ragged breaths!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I moaned and sobbed weakly around his cock, becoming light-headed from oxygen starvation, dazed by the shock of what was happening, yet my body still thrumming with sexual heat.

He pulled out and stood before me, hard and thick and dripping with my own

saliva as I gasped for breath.

“Are you my slave girl, Autumn?” he demanded, his hand going under my chin and lifting my head up further.

Crack! Crack!

“Y-Ye-yes, Master!” I exclaimed, moaning in pain.

“Enough, Christian,” he said.

The blows stopped and he pushed his cock slowly into my mouth again.

Then I felt hands on my buttocks, and then a tongue began to lick at my clitoris! I gasped around Benjamin's cock, moaning, my dazed mind squirming again as Christian's lapped at my clitoris with a strength that astonished me!

The vibrator was still inside me, of course, the base spreading the lips of my sex wide and taut around it, making my clitoris quiver with the reverberations traveling through my body. But now his soft, slick tongue was stroking my swollen clitoris to send waves of heat and sensation through my body!

Benjamin's cock pushed deep into my throat and began to pump in and out once again, harder and deeper, while Christian's tongue licked at my clitoris. And then with a groan, Benjamin buried his cock in my throat, jamming my face against him hard as he came inside me!

I was on the edge of orgasm myself, but then Christian stopped licking, and turned off the vibrator, leaving me to slowly, frustratingly ease back into a low, simmering sexual heat and need.

Benjamin said something to him I didn't catch, then went back to his desk. A few moments later Christian pushed what I first thought was a ball gag into my mouth, then realized was the gag, the mask gag Benjamin had used on me before.

It was a flat leather mask, like a bank robbery's mask, I suppose, worn across the lower part of the face beneath the nose and over the mouth and buckled behind my head. You wouldn't know to look at it that it had the ball part on the inside, filling my mouth.

I felt his fingers at the dildo in my bottom, pulling it free, and then pressing something else against me which turned out to be a large butt-plug, sinking it into me so that only a small metal coin shaped base was left outside.

A moment later the vibrator was pulled free, as well, and in its place was what felt like a thick metal thumb six inches long. It was lightweight, comparatively, and the lips of my sex closed behind it, or almost. It had a hollow spring clip near the base, much like a pen, and that clip slid up across the top of my sex to frame my clitoris.

He undid the cord binding my hair, and I gasped, my head dropping down, but then he unhooked my wrists from the overhead lamp and helped me stand up right. I stared down between my legs and saw the clip thing like... well, like two thin round metal bars framing my clitoris, squeezing in against the flesh around it, and then a third shorter bar connecting them just above my clit.

My clitoris was already swollen, but the way this pressed in against the flesh on all sides made it seem even larger!

Christian undid the chains around my boots and led me around to Benjamin's desk, then had me kneel beside it, facing the room.

“Knees apart, arms behind neck, back arched,” he said, in a firm voice which sounded like he had experience with such commands.

I dazedly obeyed, and Christian went to the door and left.

I was left kneeling, my chest still rising and falling rapidly as I regained my breath, confused about what had just happened and, to be honest, still deeply aroused, since I'd been brought to the edge of orgasm and then not satisfied multiple times that day.

I flinched as the thing inside me began to buzz, then I realized it wasn't the part inside me. It was just the little metal bars which were pressed against my soft flesh on either side of my clitoris. They weren't quite touching my clitoris, but the vibrations soon had it quivering anyway!

The door opened and Christian returned with a file folder, taking it to the table and placing it there before exiting again. A moment later the door opened again and I gasped as another man came in! He was older than Benjamin, and not

nearly as broad shouldered. He looked at me with interest.

“Your office gets more and more luxuriously decorated all the time, Benjamin,” he said.

“We do our best,” I heard Benjamin reply.

The man sat at the table and looked at me and I flushed hotly, not looking back.

A minute later another man arrived, then two more together! Then another!

They all sat at the table, with folders before them, apparently ready for a meeting! They all stared at me and grinned.

It was a wonder my skin didn't catch fire, my face was so red!

The buzzing vibrator had stopped, but now it started again. I flinched but didn't move as Benjamin came around the desk, patted me lightly on the head, then went on to take his seat at the head of the table.

What followed, shockingly, was a fairly normal business meeting as they went over the accounts of some of their biggest clients, and what campaigns were being run for them. They talked about the costs, about the focus group research, and about future campaigns as if there wasn't a naked woman kneeling on the floor not a dozen feet away!

It would be wrong to say no one paid any attention to me, however. Their eyes lit on me often, some considering, some amused, some with lechery and hunger and rueful envy in them.

The meeting started, and continued while I knelt there exposed to their eyes. But you can't remain humiliated for two hours. The more of something you experience, the less unsettling it becomes. My humiliation faded to embarrassment, then to self-consciousness, and then to, well, not boredom, of course, but acceptance.

I got used to it, in other words. I got used to these men seeing me like this, to their eyes sliding over my body, to the hunger in their eyes, to my perverted exposure before them. And then the thing inside me started to buzz, and the vibrations started to make my clitoris quiver, and the dark sexual hunger began

to build up within me once again.

After almost an hour Benjamin called a break, and turned to me.

“Autumn, go and get me a cognac.”

I flinched a bit and then rose, flushing a bit once more as all their eyes raked my naked body, including my swollen clitoris framed so neatly between the slim rounded edges of the clip. I turned and walked over to the bar, knowing all their eyes were on me, and then looked around.

There was an expensive looking square bottle already on the lower counter, no doubt the one Christian had fetched for him earlier. I poured a glass, then noticed the silver trays off to one side. I thought it would be... appropriate... to bring him his drink on a silver tray, so I put the glass on the tray and then carried it back to the table.

I felt my skin flushing again as I approached his side, and all of them stopped talking and looked at me.

I started to set it down but he shook his head and moved his hand against my wrist.

“You're not a waitress, Autumn,” he said. “You're a slave girl.”

I flushed again as the men looked at me hungrily.

“That's not how a slave girl presents her master with a drink. Kneel, bow your head, and raise your hands with the tray in it.”

I felt my chest tightening hard, but obeyed, kneeling beside his chair, then bowing my head and raising the tray high. I held it there for long seconds before he finally plucked the glass off it.

“Good girl,” he said, reaching out to stroke my hair.

“That's some kind of service you get there, Benjamin,” one of the men said. “You think I could teach my wife to do that?”

There was laughter around the table.

“Not a hope in hell, Dennis,” another man said.

“She'd hit you over the head with the tray if you asked,” another man said.

“Would anyone else like a drink?”

Of course they did. That sent me back to the bar, terribly embarrassed but also helplessly aroused. I got their drinks, then moved to the first man and knelt next to him. I bowed my head and raised the tray until I felt him taking his drink.

I got up and moved to the next man, knelt, and raised the tray as I bowed. He too took his glass, and I moved around the table doing that.

“Come here, Autumn,” Benjamin said.

I moved to stand next to him and he let his hand knead my buttocks.

“A great find, wouldn't you say, gentlemen?” he asked.

“I wish I could find one,” one of the men said.

“Finding them is easier than keeping them,” another man said.

“You just have to know how to keep them satisfied,” Benjamin said.

He moved his hand around in front of me and his finger began to rub my swollen clitoris.

I gulped and stood rigid, even though my body began to feel a surging rush of sexual energy as my clitoris pulsed with life!

“Hands behind your head, Autumn. Legs apart,” he said.

I obeyed, and his finger stroked my clitoris as the other men watched and sipped their drinks. I hadn't ever considered myself to be an exhibitionist. At least, I wasn't any more an exhibitionist than other young women. But now their eyes on me made my pulse race as, despite a sense of self-consciousness, a raging heat spread through my body.

This was so kinky and wicked and outrageous!

The orgasm rushed over me, the culmination of hours of sexual torment without release, and even as I fought to suppress it my hips began to buck more and more violently as I cried out in helpless pleasure! My nipples felt as though they were on fire, and I shuddered as my muscles spasmed and spasmed!

After that, I was made to kneel again, as their meeting continued for another hour. The buzzing little clip continued to make my clitoris crackle with sexual life, and I felt a sense of utter brazen sexuality take hold of me! It was as if my inhibitions had practically disappeared!

It had not disappeared from these men, however. Thus after Benjamin said something softly to Christian, he came to me and gripped my arm, pulling me to my feet. I was surprised, but let him lead me across the room to another doorway and through it into a large, comfortable looking bathroom.

There he drew my hands together behind my back and fastened the bracelets there.

“Kneel,” he ordered.

I knelt, almost instinctively spreading my legs, and he nodded, then turned and left me there. I stared after him wonderingly, then looked around at the bathroom. It was very nice for an office. It had no tub, but a nice shower, and wood-grained cabinets.

Then one of the men from the table came in, his eyes hot and excited. I looked up at him uncertainly as he closed the door behind him, then immediately unzipped his trousers. I gulped as he pulled his erection out and moved up in front of me.

“Let's see how good you are, little slave girl,” he said in a low growl.

I leaned in and licked at his cock, then sucked it into my mouth as his fingers began to slide through my hair. He was an older man, and while he wasn't small he wasn't anywhere near as big as Benjamin. I had an easy time bobbing up and down on his shaft and sucking and licking him.

I even decided to take him down my throat, though he wasn't being very aggressive, and he gasped in delight, as if he'd never had that done to him before. I felt a sense of pride at that, at how hot and excited he was by me, at how easily

the sight of me had aroused him.

He came quickly, and I swallowed his juice as he put himself back into his pants.

“What a beautiful thing you are,” he sighed a little wistfully.

He opened the door and left. A minute or two later, another of the men came in and closed the door, and I began to fellate him too. He stroked my hair like the first one, and also reached down to eagerly fondle my breasts. He came too, as well.

So did the next two.

The final one was more aggressive, but that turned me on. He gripped my hair up tight and pumped his hips in and out, driving himself deep into my throat again and again as I fought to keep from gagging. He cursed softly under his breath as he fucked my face and throat, then exploded deep inside me.

After he left I was alone for about ten minutes, then Christian came in. He smiled and gripped my hair, pulling me to my feet. He turned on the sink, opened a cabinet, and took out a plastic covered toothbrush, then removed the plastic, put toothpaste on it, and ran the water.

He put his hand behind my head to lean me forward.

“Open your mouth, slave girl,” he said.

I obeyed, and was somewhat astonished as he began to brush my teeth! He brushed them thoroughly, then had me drink from the tap and spit it out several times before giving me a little cup of mouthwash to use.

When we were done he led me back out front and brought me to Benjamin's empty desk, undid the bracelets, and sat me on the edge before pushing me back so I lay back across it. Then he drew my wrists together above my head, clipped the bracelets together, then tied them off to something beneath the desk.

He spread my legs wide, and looped rope around my booted ankles, then tied them to the lower corners, and left me like that, with my bottom right on the edge and my arms pulled down across the opposite side so sharply my back was arched.

I lay there, gulping and panting for some minutes before the door to the office opened and Benjamin returned. He sat down in behind the desk, looking up my body, then dropped his hands onto my thighs and began to caress them.

“Your skin is incredibly soft,” he said in a low voice.

His hands slid up my body as he drew his chair closer, gliding over my hips and belly, and up over my breasts.

“Are you my slave girl, Autumn?” he said, his right hand dropping down between my legs.

I gasped as his fingers began to stroke my swollen clitoris.

“Yes, Master! I'm your slave girl, Master!” I gulped.

“You have much to learn, slave girl, but you certainly show the right talent and willingness to learn,” he said with a smile.

My hips began to grind helplessly against his fingers, and my breathing became more labored as sexual electricity crackled up through my belly.

When he finally stood up and unzipped I felt my hips pulling upwards against the ropes around my ankles!

He rubbed the head of his erection against my swollen clitoris, then pulled the slender vibrator out of me and pushed himself in. I shuddered in delight, moaning as his big cock pushed deep into my sodden belly, and even as he leaned over me and began to thrust I came again, crying out softly, my body writhing and bucking up to meet his slow strokes!

They quickened, of course, becoming more and more powerful as his hips thrust into me, and my insides continued to churn with a growing sense of sexual heat, hunger and passion! Just the feel of him filling me up made me nearly swoon with the onset of a feverish need!

My mind and body were enveloped by a storm of pleasure as he drove himself into me harder and faster, and I came again and again, sobbing with breathless pleasure as he used me with the powerful, determined hunger I had come to expect and revel in! It was so good! Soooo good!

After he was done, he went into the bathroom to clean up. Christian came into the room and removed me from the desk, then fastened my wrists together behind me once more. Then, he took out a long chain with a leather handle clipped it to the middle of another chain.

The ends of that chain he clipped to my nipple rings, and then led me out into the hall! Naked! I had little choice but to follow, for my tender nipples would not stand for any resistance! Fortunately, the hall was empty as he led me to what turned out to be Benjamin's private elevator.

We rode down to the garage as Christian inspected my body with both his eyes and his hands. The little vibrator thing was inside me once again, the clip framing and buzzing around my clitoris, and his fingers stroked me there so that my buttocks began to grind helplessly against the side of the elevator.

When we reached the garage he led me out into a small, private section of the garage where Benjamin's limousine waited.

Along with his driver.

The tall Black man made an appreciative sound as he looked at me.

“Now ain't that something,” he said.

“It's nice to be rich, isn't it?” Christian said.

“I wouldn't know.”

“Me either. But maybe some day.”

Jeremy kneaded my breasts softly, then laughed as he looked down to see the clip surrounding my clitoris, and his big fingers began to rub me there.

I squirmed helplessly, my wrists still locked behind me, not knowing what I was supposed to do, but presuming that these men knew what they could or couldn't do with me. I wasn't going to protest, anyway, even though I was blushing and uncertain – and aroused!

Christian went back upstairs, leaving me with Jerome, who had dark, glinting eyes as his fingers roamed my body. I honestly would have let him do anything

he wanted to me given the mood I was in, but he seemed content to just grope me until the elevator came back down, then he moved back a bit as the doors opened and Benjamin came out.

He nodded to Jerome, picked up the chain dangling from my nipples, and got into the car, pulling me after him. Jerome closed the door and we went home.

As to what was going to happen when we got there, well, I had no idea. I was anxious about that, but not fearful. Whatever Benjamin wanted, I would do. I was his slave girl, after all!

END

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