

Twenty Nine Days

By JJ Argus



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About the author

JJ Argus started writing for Star Books more than two decades ago, spinning out 3 novelettes a month for minimal compensation. Then moved on to write short fiction for Penthouse, Oui, Nugget, and other mens magazines before discovering and being discovered by British publishers. Adjusting to stricter quality requirements, Argus was published repeatedly by Silver Moon, Chimera, Olympia and Nexus. JJ Argus has published over 250 novels to date

All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen.

Cover photo courtesy Restrained Elegance

Chapter One

Katherine had always been described as athletic. But that wasn't really true. An athlete's body was all muscle, with little or no fat, wiry, taut and hard.

Katherine's body was none of those things. It was a fit body, with a firm, lightly muscled belly. There was little in the way of fat on her tight, firm bottom, but her breasts were full and softly rounded. She was a slim hiped woman with slender shoulders, not the muscular shoulders of an athlete. Her arms were slim and graceful, strong, but not well-muscled. Her legs were strong and well-sculpted -- she looked great in a short skirt - but didn't have the muscle of an athlete.

Katherine wasn't an athlete, though, and had never had any desire to be one. She exercised because she wanted a fit, firm body, and because she hated flab. But ambitions of running marathons or entering bicycle races were as far from her mind as the thought of climbing mountains or swimming across lakes.

She'd always preferred curling up before a fireplace with a good book. She loved reading, and loved videos. And some, including her, would say she lived life far too vicariously, through fantasies and books and movies and television, and didn't put herself out into life nearly enough. And it was true, for she was, at heart, a timid soul who feared disappointment and embarrassment more than she hungered for adventure.

She was a copyright attorney, and was responsible for ensuring that the rights held by the large publishing house she worked for were done properly were properly stated in contracts, and that none were violated.

She made a comfortable living at it, but it wasn't like she was going to get rich any time soon. She wasn't a cocky, ambulance chasing litigator. She worked in a small office in Albany, New York, at a computer and desk, almost entirely by herself.

It was knowing she was heading towards thirty that jarred her into doing something, into taking a chance, into throwing herself into an adventure without doing all the careful planning, checking, thinking and calculating first.

Thirty seemed so -- old! And what had she done with her life? She hadn't really traveled anywhere. She hadn't really had any great and wonderful romances. She hadn't run guns across the Spanish border to revolutionaries or been the mistress that broke up someone's marriage. She'd never broken any rules, never even gotten a speeding ticket.

And yet, here she was in Rio de Janeiro, a city she'd hardly ever had a reason to think about, not in her entire life. Rio de Janeiro was in a country she'd given an equal lack of consideration to -- Brazil. If she had given any consideration to it she'd have thought of it, offhandedly, as some third world rathole like the rest. In fact, much to her pleasant surprise, Rio, or at least, the parts she saw, was a thoroughly modern city, warm, lushly green, beautiful.

Not that she was looking at it right now.

Enrique had promised an adventure, had promised the adventure of a lifetime, had promised it would be something she would look back on for years, for decades, and know that she'd lived and experienced life, and did amazing things.

She was in a long, underground corridor, very dimly lit by torches set against the old brick walls at regular distances. The stone bricks were dark with age, but smooth underfoot. The ones on the walls, which curved up and together into the rounded ceiling not high over her head, were the same, though smaller and rougher.

And she was naked.

* * *

“Where?”

“Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil.”

“Why on earth would we want to set up a branch there?”

Katherine took off the thin, frameless glasses she wore for reading and frowned up at him.

Sullivan shook his head and smiled lightly. “Rio is a gorgeous city, Katie. Honestly, you 'd love it. Most of my staff would kill for a chance to go. But it's

your turn.”

She started to say no, started to plead a sick aunt or mother or something as she usually did, but the calendar hit her eye and the dreaded understanding that she'd be thirty changed her mind. What the hell - a term she rarely, if ever used - came into her head, and she accepted the job. It would only be for a few weeks or so anyway.

She'd expected something vaguely like a tourist Mecca of thong clad bikini beauties, and was pleasantly surprised when she checked the city out on the internet. Away from the beaches, the city had the same types of office complexes as anywhere else she was familiar with. And Katie was comfortable in air-conditioned office complexes.

Millions of people lived in Rio, one of whom was Enrique Garcia. At six foot three he was two inches taller than her, with broad shoulders and sun browned skin. She had been charmed on first meeting him, and he had flirted outrageously as he had shown her around the offices and talked about the work to open the new branch. She had somewhat shyly agreed to go out that evening to a little restaurant, and, and in a fit of extravagant daring, had wound up in bed with him that night.

At twenty-nine, Katie was hardly a virgin, but she'd never had a man like Enrique. Enrique was so - powerful, so dominant, so masculine, demanding yet giving at the same time. He was suave and sexy and yet absolutely in charge in the bed.

Thing started out as they usually did, except that as she lay back nude on his big double bed and he licked his way down between her legs, she quickly realized that either she was extremely excited by this foreign adventure or Enrique was far superior in his oral skills than any of her previous lovers.

Not that she'd had a lot, for she was a careful, guarded woman, but the sensations he began to rouse in her body surprised, then shocked her. She was not a demonstrative woman by any means. When men had performed oral sex on her before, the pleasure had risen to the point she would dig her fingers into the sheets and blankets next to her hips, her breathing would come quicker, and she would roll her head slowly in pleasure.

She was doing that within a minute of Enrique beginning to explore the soft,

sensitive center of her body, and so she was on familiar ground. But the sensations began to grow in power as he did extraordinary things with his tongue, as his lips sucked on her clit, as his fingers pushed into her moist sex and began to stroke and twist and turn. Her breathing became more ragged and she found it impossible to keep her head still. It rolled from side to side, and pulled up and back, unintentionally causing her back to arch.

Her lips parted as she gulped in air, and her hips began to grind and jerk against his fingers and tongue and lips. Her hands jerked down onto the top of his head suddenly as she shuddered and let out a helpless animal cry of pleasure.

He gripped her wrists, his hands large, powerful and calloused, and firmly placed her hands back onto the bed to either side of her hips before resuming. He licked a trail up and down along either side of her pulsing opening, his lips and tongue teasing and taunting the glistening skin of her sex lips. He blew a thin stream of air across her engorged clit, then licked strongly and she gasped aloud, her hips grinding instinctively, her head jerking from side to side.

“Oh! Oh!” she gasped, hands sliding up to cup and knead her breasts.

He plunged his tongue deep inside her and she shuddered again, and her hands went back onto his head, trying to push him in harder.

He jerked her hands away again, then rose up between her legs. His big hands gripped her thigh and hip and as if she weighed nothing he simply flipped her long legged form onto her belly. He slid up, straddling her thighs, gripping her wrists and pulling them back behind her, and then something, her dazed, sexually overwhelmed mind hardly thought on it - something was wrapped around her wrists, binding them together.

“W-Wha - what - ?”

Then he slid back and flipped her over onto her back again. His big hands gripped her legs behind the knees and lifted them up and back, spreading them wide, wide enough that the tendons in her thighs ached as he licked his way down her thigh and up along her moist slit.

She felt a sense of confusion, of consternation, realizing that her wrists were somehow caught in something. Her sputtering mind didn't immediately realize what that meant, didn't quite grasp that he had actually tied her wrists together.

After all, that hadn't happened to her since she was seven years old and Bobbie Edwards had been playing cowboys and Indians with her and her sister and brother.

He licked at her clitoris now, long, straight hard licks that had her hips rolling up and back with every stroke. Then he switched directions and began to lick sideways, and add a strange little curl to his tongue. Two long fingers pumped in and out of her, caressing her pussy, pushing in from different angles, twisting and turning inside her. He added a third, and she whimpered helplessly as heat swept over her in a hot, scalding wave.

She began to twist and jerk, to writhe beneath him, moaning and gasping at particular touches and licks and movements. The orgasm rose, building up around her, then slowly receded as he turned his attention away from her aching, throbbing center, licking and kissing his way along her inner thighs, down to her knee, then back up again.. As her ardor cooled a little, Katherine's eyes fluttered and she gasped weakly, realizing now that he had tied her wrists behind her with what felt like leather cords.

Tied her wrists behind her!?

Fear, indignation, outrage, excitement, confusion, embarrassment and uncertainty swirled through her overheated mind and she raised her head, pulling feebly against the leather cords, staring down at him, trying to form the thought as to what, if anything, she should say.

And then he licked his way back across that throbbing, burning meeting of her thighs and she shuddered and let out a helpless cry of pleasure, head thrown back against the bed, back arching as her hips tried to push up eagerly against him.

She still had enough sense of self to be embarrassed by that, but it was washed away when his three fingers thrust deep into her pussy and another sharp crackling burst of sexual electricity rippled through her groin and into her belly.

The room was not overly hot but she realized she was perspiring. Her mind was spinning wildly, and her body was writhing and twisting beneath him as he roused her towards orgasm again.

Then withdrew, licking his way along her abdomen, circling her belly button, his

fingers caressing her soft skin, sliding along her ribs. His mouth found her breast, and, quickly, her nipples. His hands followed, and Katie groaned low in her throat, catching her breath, sliding slowly down from the precipice - again.

Her hands jerked feebly and she almost protested, but then she gasped instead as his lips, which had been lightly and gently and rhythmically sucking on her left nipple suddenly pulled her throbbing little button deeper and his teeth caught it between them. He bit down hard enough she let out a soft, protesting cry, and the teeth drew back as the soft lips eased her pain. His tongue circled and dipped and teased her nipple and then one of his hands slid between her legs and his fingers began to rub her clitoris lightly.

This too was something relatively new to her. For the most part, her lovers would rub her lightly at the very start, then perform their duties, as she thought of it, in paying at least perfunctory attention to her down there with their mouths before climbing atop her for what they really wanted.

Now, as Enrique sucked on her nipple, laying half atop her, his fingers caressed her swollen, moist clit, and Katie felt an odd sense of embarrassment which was, as before, washed away by the rising heat.

Because it was as if he were - masturbating her. That was what brought heat to her already flushed face.

And yet, the results were undeniable, and she felt her hips instinctively try to grind up against his fingers as he let his tongue swirl around and around the edges of her nipple.

And then his fingers slid through her thick, soft brown hair, and he tightened them, tightened them quite firmly, slowly forcing her head up and back, ignoring her gasp of protest as his tongue and lips and teeth slid in along the nape of her neck and turned her gasp into a soft, startled groan of pleasure.

Her hips began to grind against him again, as if she sought to impale herself on his fingers, and the heat burned along the channels of her mind as she felt his teeth at her throat, felt him sucking against her skin, felt his fingers inside her hot, moist depths.

She felt the orgasm approaching again, even as his lips traced down off her throat. Her back was still arched, for he held her hair tightly, and now he was

sucking on her nipple - and biting. She moaned again, an almost mindless animal protest. He bit at her nipple, then let his teeth grind it between them, upper and lower jaw moving in opposite directions. The pain was like a burning sensations, and she cried out weakly, helplessly.

He shifted to her other breast, and pulled harder on her hair. Katherine gasped and her chest was forced up into a tighter arch, her wrists pulling helplessly against the leather cord, her legs spread wide as she tried to counter the pain to her scalp by forcing her head back harder.

He sucked and then bit on that nipple too, making her cry out loud this time.

“Oh! Oh! Don’t! Oh! Enrique!” she gasped.

He shifted downwards, releasing her hair, gripping her legs, lifting them up and back now, holding them there with his hands behind her knees. He bent and licked at her pussy, then his tongue began to push into her as his nose ground against her clit. In less than a minute he had her writhing and twisting again, gasping helplessly, moaning, whimpering at the swirling, churning violence of the sexual hunger roused within her.

“Please! Please! Please!” she gasped dazedly not even aware of her words, not even knowing what she was asking.

He drew back, and abruptly flipped her again. She panted weakly, grunted as he gripped her hips, and let out a startled cry as he lifted her hips high. Then another cry as he slapped her upraised bottom - hard - making it sting.

But when he rose up behind her and she felt what had to be his cock rubbing up and down against the throbbing, burning opening to her pussy she felt a shattering sense of exhilaration, a sense of elation and disbelief and eagerness she had never known, as his cock slowly penetrated her, and then slid deep into her belly.

Katherine was a woman who always ensured that she retained a measure of dignity, but there was no thought in her of that now as she eagerly shifted her knees apart and a mindless cry of pleasure escaped her drooling, open mouth. She felt what she at first took to be an orgasm ripple through her as his cock pushed through the quivering, overheated folds of her pussy, but as it reached bottom, barely able to fit, the nose jammed against the back wall of her sex, she

felt a dazed realization that it was merely the prelude.

His strong, masculine hands gripped her hips, then he slapped her bottom again, and then he started to thrust in and out - hard - deep - fast.

Another wild, swirling sensation of orgasmic pleasure made her gurgle and moan and twist and roll her hips back, and then another, and another as her eyes became glassy and her breath became ragged. She was not accustomed to this position, not to the depth of his penetration, nor the forcefulness of his stroke as his hips slapped heavily against her upraised buttocks.

He was fucking her hard enough that it hurt! His big cock was thrusting into her strong and fast, making her insides ache, making her feel bruised, but that hardly mattered, as an unending storm of pleasure tore through her mind and body and made her cry out with every exhalation, made her buck and jerk and sob in unrestrained pleasure.

And then, after long, long, long seconds of that, came the orgasm.

It tore through her with a violence to match the forcefulness of his thrusts, making her cry out, making her lose control of herself. The orgasm was a sensory firestorm which threatened to consume her as it burned through her body and mind. Every muscle in her body seemed to snap and snap and snap again as she reeled under the tremendous psychic storm enveloping her.

It slowly, slowly receded, leaving her light-headed, gulping in air, dazed, moaning helplessly. Her chin was jammed up and back, and her neck ached, she realized, but she didn't care. She was drooling, but didn't care.

He was still thrusting into her, but had slowed his tempo considerably, his hands moving casually over her body, massaging her, caressing her.. But she paid them little mind. All her focus was on his cock. She could feel every inch of it moving inside her; in and out, in and out, in and out, back and forth, up and down. She moaned weakly every time his cock pushed into her, feeling a glorious wall of pleasure pushed in ahead of it.

Another mini orgasm shook her, and another, and another, and, breathlessly, dazed, she realized she was starting to build up into another monster orgasm, and knew a sense of fear at being consumed by it.

“Please! Please! Please!” she gasped, she sobbed, she moaned.

She gasped aloud as she felt her hair pulled, felt the sting in her scalp. He had twisted his fist into her tangled hair and she grunted as he lifted her head up off the bed, pulled her head up and back, raised her chest off the mattress. He roughly squeezed and fondled her breast as he began to pump faster - harder, and her mouth was a wide O of dazed shock as another orgasm began to howl through her.

* * *

Her eyes fluttered open, and she found herself, still sweaty, chest still heaving, laying on his bed on her side, knees pulled up against her chest, wrists still bound behind her back.

He walked up beside the bed, and she stared at him a little dazed. He was wearing a blue bathrobe, but it was open down the front. He held a glass of something alcoholic in his hand. He smiled down at her.

“Good. Ready to start again?”

She blinked her eyes, not sure she had really understood, still trying to process the enormity of what had happened, the incredible – the most incredible -- sexual experience of her entire life.

“Shame on you, sleeping on the job,” he chided in amusement.

He reached down for her, gripped her hair, a thick mass of it, and pulled slowly, but firmly.

Katie moaned a protest, her body automatically twisting to ease the pain, the pull, writhing, wriggling over to the edge of the bed.

“You have work to do, my little puta,” he said.

He pulled her head over the edge of the bed, and she half tumbled out onto her knees, gasping helplessly.

“Wait! What.... What are... don’t!”

And then he was pulling her head up and her face forward, rubbing her face lightly against his groin.

“Get to work,” he growled.

Katie was actually very good at oral sex. She’d always felt a certain sense of obligation to boys and then men who took her out, and the oral sex was a way to fulfill that obligation without getting any further. Deep throating was mind over matter, after all, and Katie prided herself on her self-discipline and mental fortitude.

But her usual style involved using her hands, and they were now denied her.

She was still a little shell-shocked, still trying to come to grips with the incredible orgasms she’d had, the wild sense of thrilling sexual abandon which had gripped her. And she had never met a man who treated her as Enrique did, so forcefully, so aggressively. She should have resented it, and did, but she also felt a flashfire of dark lust and excitement at it, at how powerful and in control he was, and how helpless she was.

She was not a woman used to feeling helpless, to feeling overwhelmed.

He twisted her hair roughly enough to hurt, and gripped his cock, rubbing it against her mouth.

“Suck,” he ordered.

And it was an order.

She began to lick and suck on him, rolling her anxious, uncertain eyes up at him as he looked down. His cock began to harden almost at once, and he picked up his drink again while keeping a hand in her hair.

As she became to come to more she felt a sense of outrage at his arrogance, but even so it stroked something deliciously dark and nasty inside her, and she moaned weakly around his cock as she worked her tongue against the underside of the head.

Using her hands allowed her to control things when she performed oral sex. Men would sit back, or lay back, and she would make them tremble and moan and

curse in pleasure as her mouth filled them with pleasure. Now she had no control, and he pumped his hips slowly as his cock grew harder and thicker. She found herself amazed and excited by the girth of him, by the length, remembering how he'd felt deep inside her body.

She lost herself to the moment, feeling a hot erotic thrill as she knelt there on the carpeted floor, her wrists bound, sucking on his cock. This was SO not her! She felt a strange sense of shocked delight as prickles of sexual electricity made the hairs on her body stand up. She moaned around his cock, her lips sliding slickly up and down its length, then forced herself lower, taking him into her throat as he grunted in pleasure.

“That’s it, my little puta, my little slut,” he said, reaching under to grope her breast.

Katherine felt indignation at the word, pausing in her efforts, uncertain whether or even how to communicate her indignation. She winced as he pinched her nipple, through, and eased back up, letting the head of his cock pop out of her throat so she could breath again

He pulled her up and forward by the hair, making her cry out in surprise and pain, then forced her head up and back, arching her back as he ran his other hand over her breasts.

“You are my slut this night, beautiful girl,” he purred, leaning forward, licking along the nape of her neck. “You are my dream girl, my sexual animal, my whore.”

She gasped as he twisted his fingers in her hair, pulling her face forward so he could kiss her deeply and passionately. And any thought of a response passed away as he leaned back, then forced her abruptly down onto his cock.

Excitement gripped her, the wild sexual thrill of the unknown, of the wicked and wild which she had never thought to experience. She slid her lips down his cock, sucking, licking, and taking him into her throat again.

“Ahhh, he groaned. All the way down, my puta. Take it into your throat. Love it. Worship it!”

He pulled her back up by the hair, and again she gasped in pain, as he forced her

mouth lower.

“Lick my balls. Suck on them. Worship them, you beautiful sexual animal!”

She moaned weakly, obeying, sucking and licking at his balls, taking them into her mouth, panting breathlessly as she worked them over with her tongue and lips. Then he yanked on her hair again, and she felt a little ripple of excitement, a dark thrill at being so dominated, as he forced her mouth down onto his cock once more.

Abruptly, he shoved her back hard enough for her to sprawl back onto her back on the floor. He slid forward between her legs, grasping them, forcing them wide as he positioned his cock at the mouth of her sex. She groaned as he entered her, then shuddered as he lifted her legs up and back, jamming her knees in against the floor on either side of her body as he let his body come down on her.

His cock pushed deep into her belly, slick and hot and hard, and she felt a massive pulse wave of heat at the sensation. Then he straightened her legs, forcing them even further back, elevating her bottom as he began to thrust down at her in hard, deep strokes.

He let his shoulders force her legs back, reaching for her head, pulling her up to meet his lips as his mouth kissed her harshly, forcefully, demandingly. He growled and crushed her mouth as he bent her in two. His hips slapped down hard and fast, his cock spearing into her again and again.

It was simply overwhelming, to Katie, and she stared up, gasping, panting, moaning helplessly at his wild sexual attack. She felt herself sliding over the edge, felt her mind fuzzing and swimming and then floating on a hot, churning sea of pleasure and passion, and then the orgasm hit and she trembled and shook as her muscles spasmed and her insides churned with the intensity of the sensations he had roused.

Chapter Two

Setting up the branch was far easier than Katherine had imagined. English was used widely and many people spoke and understood it quite well. But the heat outside was phenomenal, and so her efforts at exploring on her own usually ended earlier than she had expected, with her returning, panting and sweating, to her air conditioned hotel.

Still, she'd been reluctant to go to the beaches until Enrique prodded her, and halfway insisted she accompany him. You can't visit Rio and not visit the beaches, he said. It would be sacrilegious. She didn't really disagree, and at least she didn't have to worry about him seeing her in a bikini since he's already seen her naked!

She had picked up a bit of a tan in her previous few days, but still felt extremely white compared to so many gorgeous, sun bronzed bodies. Katherine had been somewhat startled at the way women dressed in offices in Rio. Their clothes were generally a lot more revealing and sexy than what American women thought acceptable. Their swimsuits were along the same lines. Almost all the young women wore thongs, and many were topless.

She felt self-conscious with her paler skin and her modest bikini, and Enrique teased her about it so that she blushed. But they had fun, anyway, and the water was gorgeous. There were a lot of beachfront establishments which catered to almost anything you could want, and they had a nice lunch at one, then did some shopping. While she was looking at and trying on hats at one shack, he ambled over to another, and then, much to her surprise, smugly presented her with a brown paper bag.

“What is it?”

“I buy for you, beautiful girl.”

She opened it curiously and didn't, at first, understand what she saw. Then she realized he'd bought her a bikini!

“Enrique! You don’t buy a woman a bikini!” she exclaimed in astonishment.

“Is present! Try it on!”

She pulled it out and realized immediately it had a thong bottom. She shoved it back into the bag, shaking her head. Though she surprised herself by actually considering it. She had been at the beach for two hours, after all, surrounded by women clad in the same type of suit. So it had lost much of its “forbidden” nature.

“Well, maybe I’ll try it on back at the hotel,” she said.

“Is change room there,” he said, pointing.

“I... Enrique I’m not used to wearing ... this type of suit in public,” she said, blushing.

“All women wear these,” he said. “Is no big deal! You have fabulous bottom!”

She blushed again, but was pleased at his words.

“It probably won’t fit anyway. Women spend a lot of time trying on different suits, Enrique, before deciding on one.”

“Yes, I know. Is silly. Men know what looks good on women. Men should decide such things.

“But...”

As they had been talking, he had his arm around her, and had been guiding her towards the little shack where you could try on the various items sold at the beachfront counters. When she realized this she opened her mouth to protest but he only grinned broadly. “Go ahead! You wish to live a little, yes? You say so! Try eet!”

And he shoved her inside!

There was really nothing to do, unless she wanted to get into a big argument with him, but to try the thing on. More than a little irritated, she moved behind one of the curtained alcoves, pulled it out, and then took off her top. She tried on

the top, and shook her head. It fit perfectly, but it was considerably smaller than her own. She wore a twist top which completely covered her breasts. This was a more traditional cup, or more like a half cup, and left almost half her breasts bare!

Of course, it was, as he'd said, no different than every other woman under forty was wearing out on the beach. Those that wore tops. She'd seen more bare breasts in the last two hours than in her entire life. So she doubted anyone would give her a second glance.

She slipped off her bottom and then stepped into the thong, pulling it up and trying to adjust it so it covered more flesh. That was a hopeless task, however. It not only had a thong bottom, but the front was a tiny V of material which only covered what was necessary. She'd actually seen smaller ones, but it was certainly risqué by American standards. In fact, if she wasn't clean shaven down there it wouldn't be wearable at all.

She gazed at the mirror doubtfully. No way was she going to wear this outside! Although, she toyed with the idea a little. Maybe in a few weeks, when she had a nice tan, and she was more used to the way the girl dressed...

For now, she would just tell Enrique she'd tried it on and it was too small, and then - ."

"Well?"

She gasped and twisted around, reflexively trying to cover herself with her arms as Enrique stood there grinning broadly.

"Enrique! You're not supposed to come in here!"

"You look lovely! That suit fits you perfectly! Let me see."

He gripped her wrists and pulled them away from her, holding them above her head.

"Enrique!"

"Perfect! You are a gorgeous woman!"

He pulled her in against him and kissed her passionately, his arms sliding around her, enveloping her, crushing her to his powerful chest as his tongue invaded her mouth. His hands slid down onto her bare bottom, squeezing and kneading her buttocks.

The shack was not empty. There were a number of little, curtained areas for various people to change, but no one passing by seemed to think anything was strange, or even paid attention.

His kiss left her somewhat breathless, and she staggered as he pulled back.

“Come! Let’s go back to the beach!”

He took her arm and yanked her towards the door, and it took Katie a moment to realize he intended to take her right outside clad in the thong. Her eyes went wide and she gasped and tried to pull back. He only laughed, though, pulling her forward so she staggered, slapping her bottom so she yelped.

“Do not be shy! This is Rio!”

And then they were outside, and if she made a big fuss or tried to resist now everyone would stare, which was the last thing she wanted! So she had little choice but to walk along next to him, red-faced and angry, incredibly self-conscious in her little thong suit.

The beach was only steps away, and then they were headed back to where they’d left the towels and other things.

“Enrique! I’m not ready for this!” she hissed furiously. “Maybe later – .”

“You do not want to get a tan from that ugly suit you were wearing,” he said. “It would look awful when you started wearing a normal suit. Besides, this is Rio. You live for the here and now, not for tomorrow. Maybe there ees no tomorrow!”

They reached the towels and she sat down quickly, gratefully. At least that covered the worst of her trouble. She snapped at him and glared at him but he only laughed and brushed it all aside.

“Is for your own good!” he said jovially.

He was infuriating!

Nor would he let her just sit there. In fact, he physically picked her up in his broad arms, and all anyone did was laugh at her struggles as he carried her to the water and threw her in, then went in after her.

But eventually, she calmed down, especially as she began to realize that he was right in that nobody was paying any particular attention, and that she was basically dressed the same as most other young women, and not nearly as revealingly as many others. In fact, a young couple Enrique seemed to know stopped and sat down to chat, and the girl, who was perhaps nineteen or twenty, was topless and wearing an even smaller thong than Katie.

She found herself distracted, at first, by the girl's bare breasts. Elena was not more than five feet tall, and very slim, but her breasts were full and quite, quite firm. She soon got used to it, though, and hardly paid them any mind. And her own self-consciousness about the thong and relatively revealing bra began to seem silly by comparison, so that she lost much of her embarrassment.

They bought some drinks off a passing vendor which were quite tasty and fruity, but which began to give her a buzz. And she found she was really enjoying herself, and instead of feeling embarrassed, her suit began to give her a little sense of excitement and pleasure, a sort of exhibitionistic thrill at baring her bottom to the world. Enrique was touching her a lot, hugging her, caressing her shoulders, rubbing her thighs, tugging her hair teasingly, kissing her, and that embarrassed her a little, too, at first, but again, she began to get used to it.

They agreed to have dinner with the couple, Marco and Elena, and go clubbing with them, though Katie would have preferred not to. They tended to speak Portuguese to Enrique, though they both spoke English reasonably well, and besides, they were both ten years or so younger than her. She couldn't bring herself to argue, though, and then she and Enrique went back to her hotel room. They had barely gotten in and shut the door behind her when Enrique grabbed her wrist while she was headed towards the bathroom and yanked her back against him, crushing his lips against hers.

She gasped in surprise, but wasn't terribly upset, even as he yanked her thin wrap up and off, leaving her in her bikini.

"You are such a hot, sexual creature," he growled, biting along the nape of her

neck as he jerked her head back by the hair.

She gasped aloud, the pull to her scalp aching, but... exciting nonetheless, and moaned as he roughly squeezed her breast and pulled it out of its cup.

He spun her around and undid her bra, pulling it loose, and she moaned as his hand slipped into her thong.

“P-Enrique!” she gasped. “I -I have to shower and -- and change or -- or we’ll be late!” she protested.

He jerked back on her hair, arching her back. “You are my slut,” he growled, cupping her breast as he licked and nibbled on her throat. “You are mine to do with as I choose!”

The colossal arrogance of that was a bit stunning, but even more surprising was when he yanked the belt out of the wrap and then bent her over the table. In short order he had pulled her arms back behind her and pinned them together at the elbow with one big hand, then wrapped the belt around several times to pin them in place.

“Enrique!” she cried in surprise.

He chuckled throatily.

He sat on the straight-backed chair and pulled her down so she was sitting across his lap, then pulled back on her hair again and plunged his other hand into the front of her thong.

”Enrique! Ooooo!” she groaned. breathlessly “Don't! Let me go! Please!”

But her protests were not entirely sincere. It had excited her, being out and about in the (to her) daring little suit, having men staring at her bare bottom and the curving surface of her breasts.

“I’m all oily!” she protested as his fingers found her slit and rubbed along it.

“Yes, I know. You borrowed mine,” he said. “but don’t worry. It’s edible.”

He chuckled again, then undid her thong and pulled it off, then slapped at her

thigh to force her legs wide. He continued to hold her hair in a firm grip, forcing her head back and now he thrust two oiled fingers into her pussy and began to stroke in and out. Katie shuddered as he bent his head and began to mouth her nipples. A third finger joined the first two, and he began to chew lightly and teasingly against her nipples, making her squirm and moan and protest.

“My puta,” he growled. “Mine to do as I choose with!”

“I-I am not!” she gasped.

Then she yelped as he bit her nipple harder, then jerked her head up and crushed her lips against his own.

God, she thought, he was so handsome, so strong, so virile, so masculine!

He pumped three fingers in and out of her now dripping pussy, and then jerked her head up and back roughly, and slowly eased a fourth into her.

“Oh! Oh no! Oh! Please! Enrique! Oh! It’s t-too thick!” she gasped excitedly.

He chuckled and bit her nipple again, causing her to yelp and struggle weakly.

“My beautiful slutty little animal,” he growled.

Sexual heat was flaming within her by now, and when she felt the fourth finger actually stretch her pussy wide enough to slide inside the ache somehow transformed itself into an incredible throbbing heat that threatened to consume her.

She felt the hook of his thumb as it pressed against the top of her sex, then his thumb began to stroke against her clitoris as the rest of his hand twisted and wriggled and pumped inside her.

He bent her back further, and she squealed and cried out helplessly as he licked and bit and sucked at her breasts and belly. Meanwhile his fingers were thrusting into her harder, hurting her. Yet the pain was, for some reason, causing an intense rush of heady erotic fever within her.

“Oh! Oh God! Oh! Oh!! Please! Please!”

She came, writhing and bucking wildly as he chewed and bit at her nipples and thrust his fingers into her spasming pussy. Her legs kicked and flailed, and her eyes rolled back in her head.

“My beautiful whore!” he said.

Her mouth opened wide and she jerked and cried out as she came, back arching, hips grinding frantically against his fingers and thumb as he laughed and bit harder into the nape of her neck.

* * *

Was it possible she was falling in love with him? So quickly!? Or was it just lust!? Katherine didn't know, didn't understand the feelings swirling and churning inside her. She had been alone for a long time. Enrique was a masterful and commanding man, and she felt herself ceding control to him in things that would have shocked her a week earlier.

He had produced a dress for her to wear out that night, the kind of dress she never would have considered wearing before, not for a second. It was purple, and had a deep, plunging neckline which revealed almost as much of her breasts as the bathing suit top had. While the top of was tight, the cups squeezing in against her breasts, the rest of it was like a baby doll nightie, the hem swinging and dancing just barely below her buttocks.

And he insisted she wear a thong. She protested in vain, for he overrode her protests. They would be in a car, then in a dark club. She was far too much the nortamericano – ashamed of her beautiful body in a way no woman from Rio would ever be.

The club was hot, and dark, and she felt wildly exotic as she danced with him, gradually losing the self-consciousness she'd started out with. Most of the other young women were similarly dressed. Then again most of them were teenagers, or in their early twenties.

Elena was wearing a tight black dress slit up both hips, and both Enrique and Marco were in tight black pants and white shirts.

Her self-consciousness caused her to drink more than she should have, and Enrique was constantly pawing and caressing and groping her on the darkened

dance floor, giving her a wild thrill of pleasure and excitement along with a sense of impending fear and anxiety. No one seemed to be noticing, though, and she began to get used to that too. With his body grinding against her and his hands on her bare bottom, with the music pounding and his lips on hers, her body was soon suffused in sexual arousal and heat, and she shuddered to the stroke of his fingers whenever they slipped under her dress.

He got her into a corner, and kissed her, up against the wall, his hands all over her as their bodies ground together. And she felt a sense of shock as his fingers plunged down into the front of her thong and began to massage her naked sex. Her eyes fluttered wildly, and she tried to look around him to see who might be watching, but again, in the wild dark heat of the club, no one was paying attention.

He shoved harder, and she felt the straps sliding down her hips. Panting, dazed, she grabbed for it, weakly, missing, and her thong slid down below her hem. He shoved it lower still, and it fell to her ankles.

“E-Enrique!” she gasped.

His hands clutched her bottom, lifting her into the air, lifting her against him as he pressed her back against the wall.

And then he was pulling her back onto the dance floor.

She danced, dazed, wild with fear of discovery, yet with a deep, throbbing, powerful sense of sexual arousal gripping her mind and filling her body with heat.

Back at their table, the men laughing, joking, Enrique's arm around her, she felt light-headed. Elena kissed her, and she was startled, at first, then realized it was one of those pretend-lesbian things which girls often did to tease the men. She was not the kind of woman who had ever sought attention of that sort, and blushed, but did nothing to resist, going along with the 'joke'.

Elena carried it further, her hand on Katie's breast, squeezing and caressing it through the purple top, then sliding into one of the cups to squeeze her bare breast as her tongue thrust into Katherine's mouth.

She felt a shock ripple through her, but before she could decide to be rude, to

make a scene and shove her back, the woman had withdrawn, laughing as the man made wild, appreciative sounds.

The feel of the soft skin, of the strange hand on her bare breast, however, lingered as she gulped in air. Then Enrique pulled her roughly against her, his hand behind her head, and crushed her lips with his own. She felt his hand between her legs under the table, moaning as his fingers stroked her pussy.

But then she realized that his hand was on her breast, his other hand behind her head. And again, before she could get over the shock and think on what to do he had released her head and she gasped aloud, jerking her eyes around to see – Elena, who gripped her hair and pulled her head over and back so she could kiss her hard. And it was Elena's warm, soft hand between her legs, rubbing at her clit.

Katie struggled then, her hand going down to grip the woman's wrist, to push it back, but Elena released her with a laugh and then turned to kiss Marco, whose own hand slid between her legs she noted.

The world swirled around her.

She stumbled, as they left the club, but Enrique had her arm and held her easily. She gasped as they got outside. It was hotter than inside, and more humid. The other three were talking in Portuguese, and she didn't understand as they headed across the road, into the brush, over to the beach.

The beach was hardly deserted, but it was quiet. A few lovers walked along the shore, or sat or lay together under the moonlight. Enrique, his arm around her, led her to the water, the other two there as well, and they walked along the shore. She and Elena took off their high heels and walked in the water. But then Elena grabbed her and kissed her hard, play-acting for the men again, and when she struggled they both fell and wound up soaked.

The men laughed in delight.

Elena peeled her dress up and off in a single fluid movement, laughing and wringing it out. She wore a tiny thong beneath, her breasts glistening in the moonlight. She jumped into Marco's arms and they kissed, her legs around him as he carried her forward.

And then there were some rocks there, and in the shadows Marco knelt, Elena still in his arms, then placed her on the ground and slid atop her. Katie moaned as Enrique kissed her, as his hands squeezed her bottom. Then he peeled the dress up and off, and she felt a sense of stunned realization that she was naked, practically in public.

She squealed and tried to cover herself but Enrique was already pushing her down, laying atop her. She felt a sense of relief, for his body covered her nudity, but then as he fondled and kissed her she heard him unzip, and he ignored her desperate whispered entreaties, pushing himself into her.

She was warm and hot and wet, and his cock pushed into her easily as she lay beneath him. She groaned aloud helplessly, his heavy body pinning her to the sand as his lips covered hers and muffled her protests. The heat began to burn hotter, and its fire washed away her inhibitions as she felt her hips helplessly grinding up against him.

“Oh! Oh! Oh God!” she moaned as he thrust into her.

Her legs spread wider, drew up and back, then wrapped around him as he fucked her. Next to them, Elena and Marco were doing much the same. That they were so close was horribly embarrassing, and yet somehow darkly exciting at the same time. It was all so wild, so intense, so carnal!

She was on the edge of climax, gasping, moaning, writhing beneath him, when he pulled out. She moaned dazedly as he rolled off her, not understanding the urgent yet amused words spoken between the three of them. Then, dazed, she felt him sliding atop her, naked, but almost immediately realized it wasn't him by Elena.

Elena's body, as warm, as soft as her own, her breasts mashing and rubbing against Katie's breasts in a way which produced sensations the likes of which she had never known. Her lips were on Katie's, stifling her protests, her left hand gripping the soft brown hair, forcing her head up and back. Katie pushed feebly against her, not understanding, not sure what to do, overwhelmed with heat and lust yet shocked by this sudden turn of events.

Elena scissored their legs, and her thigh began to grind against Katie's pussy even as she ground her own sex down against Katie's thigh. The touch, the feel, was exquisite, and Katie shuddered and moaned and couldn't stop her hips from

grinding up and back.

Elena lifted her leg up and pressed it back, spreading Katie wider, then manoeuvring her own pussy in to press directly against Katie's, grinding in and out with sharp, rhythmic movements that had Katie letting out soft, gurgling moans of helpless pleasure even as her mind was gripped by denial. She couldn't fight the girl, not with the heat tearing at her vitals, and came helplessly, crying out, desperately trying to muffle her shuddering cries as her pussy burned with fever.

Then Enrique was straddling her chest, pinning her arms down, his cock rubbing against her mouth, then pushing into it. She moaned and he gripped her hair, forcing himself into her mouth as her lips closed instinctively around his shaft.

She sucked as Enrique thrust slowly in and out, eyes glazed as she stared up at him. She felt hands at her breasts, then her legs spread and a mouth at her sex. She moaned in denial but could do nothing as Enrique pushed deeper into her mouth and firm hands spread her legs wide.

The crackling air of sexual electricity which had been gripping her body flared wildly, the intensity rising as Elena's tongue lapped at her clit and her fingers pushed into her body. Enrique pulled her head forward and his cock slid into her throat, and she moaned helplessly as he leaned down, thrusting deeper.

A black heat gripped her, a wild, thoughtless sexual abandon that had her drunk and feverish on lust and heat and desire. Enrique pulled back, turned, and she felt hands turning her, lifting her. She found herself kneeling, as he sat back, found her mouth guided to his cock again as hands spread her legs and lifted her hips. Then she was penetrated from behind by another hard cock, and shuddered as Marco thrust deep into her belly.

His hands cupped her breasts as Enrique pulled her mouth down harder and she swallowed his cock, her body shaking to the hard, steady blows of Marco's hips against her buttocks. Then, between her legs, she felt the small, slim fingers of Elena stroking her clitoris.

It was too much, and she exploded into orgasm, a wild, sweeping, intense power-storm of sensory overload that would have had her screaming if she had any breath to scream with, and left her dazed and barely conscious, with her bottom still in the air and Marco still thrusting hard and deep into her quivering,

trembling body.

Chapter Three

Enrique was clearly not a poor man. The Mediterranean style villa had a beautiful view of the beach, as well as a large, private inner courtyard with a small, square pool and fountain in its midst. Kate woke in the middle of an enormous four-poster bed.

With her hands bound behind her back.

She moaned weakly, eyes fluttering, not understanding, at first, where she was, or how she had gotten there.

She rolled over, and slowly sat up, groaning, taking in her surroundings. She remembered the previous night, and her face flushed as she felt waves of indignation, embarrassment and a dark sexual thrill. She had never thought to have such wild carnal experiences! Not ever! She blushed even more deeply as she recalled the feel of Elena's mouth on her sex. Then her pussy throbbed as she remembered, despite a sense of outraged embarrassment, Marco thrusting into her from behind as she sucked Enrique's cock.

It was insane! She didn't do things like this! She just didn't!

But it had been so wild, so intense! It was the kind of memory she would hold until her dying day! The kind of memory she had feared she would never have, the kind of wild experience she had long denied herself.

She got out of bed and swayed a little, her wrists pulling against whatever restrained them. A huge, heavy dresser contained an enormous mirror, and she stared at herself dazedly, then turned, curling her neck back to see her wrists bound neatly by a pair of leather restraints.

“God!” she moaned.

Even after that wild time at the beach, when Enrique had gotten her home there had been more.

She blushed anew as she fuzzily remembered begging him to fuck her.

“Enrique!?”

There was no answer. She looked out the window through trees and brush to the beach, then went to the door, turned her back to it, and opened it. She turned again and walked out into a hall, then gasped and almost ducked back inside. There was no hall, really. Instead it was a large, wide portico, of sorts, overlooking the inner courtyard and pool. She swallowed anxiously, noting the stairs leading down, then called his name again.

There was no answer. She struggled with her wrists, and went back inside, then came back out and walked anxiously, hesitantly to the stairs, and then slowly down them. She reached the courtyard, her head swiveling from side to side.

“Where the fuck is he?” she growled.

She turned towards a double pair of glass paneled doors just as one opened and a middle aged woman in a black and white uniform appeared. Katie froze, mortified and speechless. She wanted to turn and run madly away, but the thought of that was even more embarrassing!

“I-Is Enrique here?” she stuttered, red faced.

The woman looked at her and then gave her a snort and said something over her shoulder – in Portuguese. Another woman appeared, similarly dressed, and Katie's humiliation redoubled. The two were stout, if not exactly fat, heavy women in their forties, clearly maids of some sort. Katie was frozen with embarrassment, squirming inside as the two discussed her.

One gripped her arm, turning her as they examined the leather restraints.

Katie wondered if it was possible to actually die of embarrassment!

One of the women said something to her, in the tone of an adult talking to a child, but Katie, of course, couldn't understand a word of it. Then each of them took one of her arms and they led her across the courtyard towards another door.

“W-wait!” she gasped. “Cou- would you please undo this?”

It was hard to talk at all, her embarrassment was so deep and intense, and she wasn't even sure the women understood English. They were both shortish, if stout, their heads below her shoulders, but they had strong brown hands and arms and she didn't really resist much, having no place better to go than wherever they were taking her.

As it turned out, their destination was a sort of laundry room, with tiled floor, tubs and washing and drying machines, as well as stacks of laundry.

There was also a metal tub to one side, and one of the women pulled that over, then began to fill it with water from a hose. Katie didn't understand, and kept trying to thrust her arms out to indicate she wanted the restraints removed.

“Enrique?” she asked timidly, “Can you ask Enrique...”

They took her arms and forced her to stand in the tub.

“I don't... please I want... don't... Enrique. I want Enrique!”

They forced her down so she was sitting on her heels in the tub as the water rose around her.

“Stop! Don't! Please! Don't! Let me – stop it!”

They ignored her, placid expressions on their faces as they poured warm water over her, pushing her down, forcing her to sit, then soaping her up.

Was this a custom or something down here, she wondered frantically, squirming and twisting in their grasp. Yet they acted as though she were a squirming child, and calmly held her in place as they soaped up her body, their hands moving over her breasts with a casualness which shocked and confused her. Then soap was poured over her hair and she had to close her eyes as shampoo trickled down around her face.

Fingers scrubbed at her hair as other hands slid beneath her arms, and then down – between her legs.

She yelped and squirmed and twisted, but could not even open her eyes as she was held in place. The touch was intimate but not sexual as she was scrubbed all the way down to her feet.

The women chatted as they scrubbed her, their voices idle, sometimes amused, quite casual, as if they did this sort of thing all the time.

They rinsed her off, then helped her stand and step out of the tub. They toweled her down and had her sit in a stool, then one of them brushed out her hair. A modern enough hair dryer was produced and her hair was neatly brushed down and aside until dry.

Then the pair took her arms and lifted her to her feet again. One led her out of the room while the other stayed behind, apparently to clean up.

“Enrique?” she asked anxiously.

The woman snorted and ignored her, leading her back across the courtyard, then in through another door into an enormous room with a thick red carpet and antique looking red, gold and black furniture. She brought her over next to a large, stuffed, high-backed chair, and then pushed down on her shoulders, not sitting her in the chair but forcing her to kneel before it, sitting on her heels.

The woman considered her a moment, said something in Portuguese, then thrust a foot between her thighs and forced them further apart. She said something else, then gave a little tug on Katie's hair in back, forcing her to straighten her back. Then she said something else, evidently satisfied, pointed a stern finger at her, and turned and left the room.

What the hell was going on!?

At least her head felt clearer. She'd been so focused on one shock after another she'd had no time to even think about it!

Her wrists were still restrained, and she still didn't see any sign of – .

He walked into the room and she felt a wild sense of relief.

“Enrique!”

“My lovely little slut,” he said with a broad grin as she sprang to her feet.

“I'm not your slut! Take this off!” she demanded.

He chuckled and kissed her, then sat in the high-backed chair and pulled her, squirming, onto his lap.

“I'm sorry I wasn't there when you wakened, my puta,” he said, stroking her hair.

“I'm not a – .

He kissed her softly, but passionately, gripping her hair, his other hand on her hips.

The kiss was long and deep, and her squirming eased as she felt a profound sense of relief taking hold. Whatever had happened, it was over, and she was safe now, back on semi-familiar territory.

“Enrique!” she moaned as he pulled her head up and back to bow her back.

His lips suckled at her erect nipple, and his hand slid between her legs, fingers stroking along her slit, over her clit.

“Enrique, stop!”

He chuckled again, and she felt her hips flinch, buck, as his finger slid into her. She was wet, despite herself, and moaned again as his finger pushed deep and his thumb stroked against her clit.

“Enrique, noooo!” she moaned. “People... those women... your servants...”

“They are from my village, you see,” he said, teeth nipping at her flesh. “They have a very old culture, a very old sense of the duties of men and women.”

His teeth caught her swollen nipple, and bit... and bit harder.

“Oh! Oh! Oh-oh-oh! Enrique! Oh! Don't! Stop!” she gasped, squirming and twisting.

He chuckled and his teeth drew back, his lips soothing and massaging her flesh as his tongue caressed her.

A second finger slid into her.

“The master of the house, you see, is like a king to them.”

She squirmed as his fingers slid in and out.

“They probably see you as my prisoner, a foreign princess who is now my slave girl,” he said in a teasing voice.

He pulled her around to face him, so she was straddling his chair, and unzipped his trousers. His cock was hard and warm as he rubbed it along her belly.

“Rise, slave girl,” he said with a grin.

She moaned and then gasped as he pulled on her hair, rising up. Then she sank down, shuddering as his stiff cock slid up into her belly.

“Oh! Oh God! Oh God, Enrique!” she gasped as the heat flooded her mind.

“Yes, call me a God,” he said with a smirk. “I am your God, slave girl. Ride your God's cock.”

His hands gripped her bottom, lifting her up, and she groaned and started riding him. His mouth moved to her breast and she whimpered and moaned, riding faster, harder, gasping, panting, the wild heat burning inside her as she took his cock deep again and again.

This was insane! But sexual tension pulsed within her so she couldn't keep still, couldn't control herself, and she rode him frantically as he sucked and chewed on her breasts.

He slapped at her bottom, making her yelp and moan, but she didn't protest. There was something hot and wild and carnal about it, and the sharp, stinging blows lent a wild, hot edge to her hunger and lust.

She came, shuddering, arching, riding him for all she was worth, crying out as the orgasm took hold and enveloped her body in a shattering, crackling cloud of wild, sensory heat.

Then collapsed against him, gasping for breath. He leaned forward, his hands on her bottom, and slid forward onto the floor on his knees, then laid her back and pushed her legs back as he continued to thrust down into her hard and deep. She grunted and moaned beneath him, feeling his cock's entry with a sense of dark lust and delight, despite being in the afterglow of orgasm.

He came inside her and groaned, then slowly let her legs back down and straightened.

“Ahh, my beautiful little slave girl,” he sighed.

He left her laying there, chest heaving, recovering, then returned to kneel beside her. She had no idea what he was doing at first. He pressed something against her mouth, and she opened it automatically, before even looking. It was something rubbery, and she felt a sense of confusion as she saw it was a ball of some sort. He pushed harder, and her mouth opened wider as it slid in, filling her mouth from top to bottom. It had a strap attached, and she realized it was some sort of gag as he pulled it around her head and buckled it.

“Enrique!” she tried to say.

He chuckled and then produced a thin belt, or she thought it was. He wrapped it around her slender throat and buckled it, and she realized with a sense of dreadful certainty, anxiety and dark, crackling excitement, that it was a collar.

“Now, sit up, my slave girl.”

She moaned in protest, but let him help her to her knees and sit her back on her heels. Just as the maid had done he spread her knees wider, and tugged on her hair to straighten her back.

“You are so beautiful like that, so erotic,” he said as he stood back to look down at her.

She gave him a significant look, glaring and he laughed again.

“Don't worry, my slave girl, this game will please you.”

He gripped her collar and pulled her forward and down, bending her, bringing her chest down against the floor.

“Keep your bottom raised, slave girl,” he ordered.

He slapped her bottom lightly and she moaned and obeyed. He knelt beside her, and she felt his hand on her bottom, then his fingers at her opening. There was something slippery on them as they prodded against her back opening, and

slowly pushed into her.

Katie squirmed both mentally and bodily, her eyes rolling towards the glass doors, and the courtyard visible outside. What if one of those maids showed up again!?

He slapped her bottom more sharply. “Hold still, slave,” he said sternly.

Something wider than a finger pushed against her sphincter, and it got wider the more of it pushed into her. She groaned as it spread her rosebud wider and wider, and she began to squirm again as it moved deeper. Then it abruptly narrowed again and her sphincter closed – or at least, it almost closed.

“It is just a butt-plug,” he said. “To open you up more so that when I want to use your bottom it will be ready.”

The arrogance of the statement took her breath away for a moment, but it also made her pussy throb.

She felt something pushing against her pussy. This one was differently shaped, however, wider right from the start. She groaned as it slid in, and pushed deeper – and deeper still. It was a dildo of some sort, and he pumped it in and out slowly as he held her bent over, face against the floor.

“Hold still,” he ordered, slapping her bottom when she squirmed.

She yelped but obeyed as he pushed it deeper, uncomfortably deep.

Then he rose, put his arms under her, and lifted her into the air, laying her belly-down across his lap as he sat down on one of the long, antique sofas.

“You have to remember that we are not as gripped by the sense of equality as you nortamericanos,” he said as his hands caressed her body. “Women and men have definite roles here, and the one of the man is one of command, of strength, of firmness.”

He slapped her bottom and she yelped. “The role of the woman is obedience,” he said.

She would have said that the women she'd met did not look all that obedient, but

could say nothing with the gag in her mouth.

A vibrator came on, and she moaned and shook her head as it played against her clit. She squirmed and twisted, and he slapped her buttocks.

“You are my sex slave,” he said in amusement, as her hips began to roll helplessly up at him.

He pumped the dildo in her pussy, pushing and twisting it deep, then fingered her swollen clit before slapping her bottom again.

Katie's nipples were aching as she ground her breasts below her into the rough fabric of the sofa. Her pulse was racing and her body flaming as Enrique's expert fingers roused her to heights of burning, feverish need.

Then she froze at a female voice.

Enrique answered, his hand resting casually on her bottom as one of the maids entered. Katie turned her face away, blushing furiously as Enrique discussed something with the woman. Then the woman left and Enrique returned to caressing her body. She grew angry, and jerked her head, twisting, trying to pull free, but he simply ignored her, playing the vibrator across her clitoris again until the pulsing heat washed away her anger.

Frustrated, she lay still, panting, cursing under her breath, pulling against the restraints as he caressed her body.

“One grows used to servants,” he said. “Mine are loyal family retainers of many years, and will not speak about what they see here.”

Katherine doubted that, and even if they didn't she felt a sense of humiliation at being seen like this by them. It faded slowly as he continued to caress and massage and manipulate her body, and the heat rose again so that her hips were again squirming and twisting and she was grinding herself back against him. He pumped the dildo and caressed her clit, and roused her to a desperate need.

Then he plucked an ice cube from his drink and rubbed it along her burning mons.

She squealed and tried to twist away, to no avail. He chuckled as he doused her

heat, then put the iced cube back and began to rouse her once again.

“Such a naughty little slave girl,” he purred, slapping her bottom. “You definitely need a spanking.”

No she didn't, Katie thought, twisting helplessly.

But she got one, regardless.

She yelped and twisted and moaned and cursed as his hand cracked down against her bottom repeatedly. But he kept interrupting it to caress her clit and play the vibrator across it. It hurt. And the pain grew worse. Her bottom was soon flaming! And yet the wild heat within her lower belly did not diminish. If anything, it got worse.

It was all so surreal! So unbelievable!

Then she lost herself to the wildness, feverishly grinding herself back against the pumping dildo and buzzing vibrator as he slapped her bottom hard and fast. She felt the dark heat swirling and churning in her mind, felt an orgasm rising powerfully to envelope her.

He stopped, and she moaned and whimpered as he lifted her off his lap and set her on her knees on the floor.

He unlocked her wrist restraint, finally, and then jerked on her collar.

“On all fours,” he growled.

She gulped in air, chest heaving, and obeyed, trembling on hands and knees as he kneaded her breast. Then he snapped – a leash – to her collar and stood up.

“Now crawl beside me, “ he ordered.

???

She wasn't sure she heard him properly, didn't understand Then he tugged on the leash, and she felt the pressure of the collar against her throat. She lurched forward, then gasped as something snapped down onto her already aching, overheated bottom.

She crawled alongside him on all fours, dazed, her pussy throbbing as it squeezed hungrily on the dildo impaling her. He tugged on the leash, and snapped something, a long thin crop, down onto her bottom every few steps with a curt order to spread her knees wider, to raise her bottom more, to keep her head up...

She crawled across the room to the far end, glad of the soft, deep carpet, then turned and began to crawl back.

Then she noticed Marco standing in the doorway, grinning.

Her face flamed and she tried at once to pull and twist away, but Enrique jerked back sharply on the leash.

“Stay!” he snapped, slashing the crop down across her bottom with stinging force.

The harshness of the order combined with the sudden sharp pain made her cry out, but she obeyed, panting and moaning, and dropping her eyes to the floor as Marco sauntered in and said something in Portuguese.

Enrique responded, then jerked on the leash.

“Now you will continue as before,” he said sternly. “Do not be the shy leetle nortamericano. Be the sensual, erotic woman that I know you long to be!”

He pulled on the leash, and she had no choice but to crawl forward, face burning, head down. A snap of the crop across her bottom made her squeal as he jerked back on the leash. “Head up!”

Blinking back sudden tears of shame, she jerked her head up and let him lead her, crawling, across the floor to the other side, then back again.

The two men exchanged words several times. Then Enrique drew her up short.

“Keep your bottom high,” he ordered, “knees apart! You are my sexual beast, my wild, sexual animal! You are not a shy little nortamericano girl!”

But I am! She longed to scream it out and run away, but knelt, trembling, as he knelt beside her and ran his hands over her body. He cupped one of her breasts,

lifting and squeezing as he said something, and Marco responded.

What were they saying about her?!

“Head up and back!” he ordered, pinching her nipple.

She squealed but jerked her head back.

“That's my beautiful girl.”

His warm approval made something inside her glow with relief, something which had felt a strange sense of deep anxiety at his earlier sharp tone.

His hand slid along her spine, stroking her, almost petting her. And then she stiffened as Marco knelt on her other side. Enrique tightened his grip on the leash.

“Shhhh,” he said, stroking her.

She felt Marco slide his hand along her flank, then down across her bottom, and trembled, her face flaming again. His hand slid over the little round something which seemed to be protruding from her ass, like a little plastic coin pressed against her flesh, then slid down to fondle her pussy, his fingers rubbing at her clit.

Katie jerked, unable to suppress a sudden, startling surge of heat as his fingers stroked her clit. Her pulse raced, and she moaned as Enrique cupped and fondled her left breast, and Marco did the same on her right.

It was all insane!

Then Marco moved behind her, and she grunted as she felt the dildo sliding out of her. Enrique pressed down against her shoulders, forcing her upper body to the floor, and she trembled as she felt what had to be Marco's cock press against her and rub up and down along her swollen sex.

Then he sank into her, and she closed her eyes and shuddered, flames of embarrassment combining with a flaming arousal as he began to stroke in and out with deep, firm strokes. His hands slid over her hips, up and down along her ribs, then underneath to cup her breasts. His hips began to stroke her bottom with

more strength, causing her to jerk back and forth against him, and her breathing grew more ragged as the echoing throb of impact made her clitoris quiver and vibrate.

She gasped in pain as he gripped her hair and then forced her head up and back. He lifted her back up onto all fours as Enrique undid the gag, and then gently worked the ball out of her mouth. He moved in front of her, and as she gasped and licked her lip, gulping in air, he placed his cock on her tongue, then slid forward. She moaned helplessly as he took her hair, closing her lips around his cock, sucking, rolling her eyes up as Marco began to thrust harder still.

She felt wild dark flashbacks to the previous night on the beach, but she wasn't drunk now, except perhaps on her own sexual hunger. She felt a wild sense of helpless disbelief once more, then felt her will beginning to seep away in the face of the rising tide of hunger and heat.

Marco reached forward and seized her wrists, jerking them up and back alongside her hips, and Enrique tightened his grip on her hair as he pushed deep into her throat, burying his throbbing cock in her mouth, his balls hanging against her chin as her nose was pressed into his groin.

Her body jerked against him, again and again, as Marco's hips struck her buttocks, and she gurgled dazedly as her head pounded and her chest burned.

Enrique pulled slowly back, and she gulped in air, gasping for breath as he reached forward and his hand slid beneath her trim abdomen, his fingers rubbing against her clit.

She wanted to say something, felt she should... say... something... but all she could do was gasp for breath and grunt with the impact of Marco's hips.

“Hungh! Hungh! Hungh! Hungh! Hungh! Hungh”

Then his cock was in her mouth again and she was sucking and licking as one of his hands moved down to cup and squeeze her breast. He pinched the nipple between his thumb and finger, tugging on it, twisting it, making her wince and moan helplessly.

She felt her insides squirming and twisting, felt the wild fire of sexual need and hunger and pleasure coursing through her veins. Her body trembled with

excitement, then exploded as Marco rode her to a powerful orgasm. A moment later Enrique came as he was pulling back out of her throat and mouth, spaying himself against her face and into her hair.

Chapter Four

It was absolutely ridiculous!

Katie was frustrated and embarrassed and frazzled, but in no condition to do anything about it.

She had felt so incredibly sated, exhausted, as she lay there in the warm afterglow, that she'd hardly noticed Enrique, or was it Marco, pulling her wrists together and locking the restraints again.

A firm but gentle tug on her hair forced her head up and back and her jaw automatically opened as the ball-gag was pushed into her mouth again.

The two men got up, had drinks, chatting amiably as she lay there, chest heaving, moaning softly. She hardly cared that her wrists were bound again, and was only starting to feel a sense of frustration at the ball gag when one of the maids arrived. At a word from Enrique she came over to where Katie lay and gripped her arm, pulling her to her knees, then to her feet, and leading her out of the room.

Katie jerked her head around desperately, trying to give Enrique a message that she wanted to be released, but he wasn't even looking at her as the woman pulled her forward.

And only then did she realize the woman had her leash and was using that to pull her forward.

Katie glared down at the woman, then tried to jerk back. The woman shook her finger at her and said something stern, but Katie shook her head violently and glowered back.

The woman then abruptly jerked her around and slapped her bottom with sufficient force Katie yelped and leapt up and forward.

The woman then pulled on the leash and Katie followed grimly behind,

embarrassed and angry.

They returned to the laundry room, and the tub. She sat sullenly as the two women filled the tub again. Only this time they led her over to a corner and made her kneel. They bent her over, bottom in the air, breasts cold against the hard tiles, spread her legs, and then one of them pulled the butt-plug out of her bottom.

Katie's face burned with humiliation, but then she felt a sense of shock as something was thrust into her back opening, something which slid deep inside her. Then warm water gushed out and began to pour into her belly. She tried to straighten but a hand in her hair kept her face firmly against the tiled floor.

She moaned and whimpered as the water continued to flood into her, her belly filling up, and beginning to swell as she felt bloated and began to ache. Then something else, another tube, slid into her pussy, twisting and turning as it pushed deeper, and more water gushed out. She felt tears of shame and frustration filling her eyes as the women douched her quite casually, then did it a second time. Her insides ached from the water filling her.

The two women then lifted her up and back on her knees. There was a drain just beneath her, and they removed the cover so that there was just a wide round pipe going down. They spoke to her firmly as they maneuvered her over it, then she felt a plug yanked out of her bottom, and had to clamp down hard to keep from exploding.

One of the women massaged her belly and the other spoke to her insistently. Katie knew what they wanted, but the thought was too horribly embarrassing! Surely they could give her some privacy!

Her belly ached, and the ache grew worse, cramps making her moan and tremble. The woman began pressing against her belly, and that ached even more, and with a helpless sob, Katie's bowels released and the filthy liquid gushed out of her and down into the open drain.

She was mortified, and sobbed weakly as the women spoke soothingly and massaged her abdomen. They kept her over the hole, pressing, urging her to expel the liquid, then finally pulled her away. But it was only to press her face down, elevate her bottom, and slide the hose back into her rectum for a second enema.

She lay dazed, not fighting, as her insides were again filled with water. This time it was hotter, and she felt beads of sweat beginning to trickle down her forehead as they filled her up and then pulled her back over the drain. She didn't have the strength to resist and spewed the liquid down the drain again.

They patted her head and said soothing words, then cleaned her and slid the butt-plug back into her bottom – only – it felt much thicker for some reason. She was taken back to the tub and washed once again. Her hair was washed as well, and then she was dried and taken, still naked, out into the courtyard, then down along a wooden deck beneath the overhanging portico. She was taken back inside, the woman holding her leash casually, and into a narrow hallway which led to a kitchen.

Another woman was there, this one quite a bit older. She looked to be at least sixty, small and wizened as she peered at Katie. Katie flushed anew, dropping her eyes as the two women discussed her. Then she was knelt by the maid, as the cook, which she gathered the old woman was, turned and got something from one of the refrigerators.

It was all coming to seem like a strange dark dream to her as the old woman put something into a microwave oven. It was a bowl of something, and as she did, the maid drew her hair back into a loose pony tail, then slid an elastic around it.

As the bowl heated, Katie began to feel a sudden terrible ache in her belly, and realized with a sense of wonderment that she was absolutely starving. She thought back to the previous evening. They'd had some snack food, tortillas and such, but nothing much really, other than drinks. But she'd been, to say the least, distracted. Then, this morning, she'd had a wild dark ride which had contained nothing in the way of food or water. She hadn't had much of anything to eat since yesterday at noon, and unless she was mistaken it was almost noon now.

She was incredibly thirsty and hungry!

The maid undid the strap and worked the gag out of her mouth, then the cook set something on the floor. It was a bowl of milk. The maid pulled on her collar, urging her to bend forward, but Katie couldn't quite reach it until the woman put her chest on the floor. With her breasts pillowed out beneath her and her bottom high in the air, she was able to push her face into the bowl and drink thirstily as the other two women looked on.

At first, all she cared about was slacking her thirst, but when the worst of that was satisfied, she felt a sense of squirming embarrassment at her degrading position. There didn't seem to be anything she could do about it, though, and when the cook slid the bowl over next to the milk the scent of hot meat made her drool.

It was sausages of a sort, cut into small pieces, and though her face flushed red she couldn't stop herself from plunging her mouth into the bowl and taking a piece into her mouth. She swallowed almost without chewing, then ate the second, then the third.

A dog, a big German Shepherd, trotted into the room, and came over beside her. It shoved its nose into the food and tried to eat alongside her, and the old woman slapped it away, shouting at it. The maid pushed it off, and the old woman poured some food into a bowl, set it down, and the dog began to eat.

It was only a few feet from her, and she flushed again with disbelief. Was she an animal like the dog?!

But she didn't stop eating, and kept turning her head to lick and slurp at the milk until both bowls were empty.

The maid drew her to her feet, led her out of the kitchen, then into a bathroom. There she put some toothpaste onto a brush and held it up to Katie's mouth.

“I can brush my teeth if you just – ow!”

The woman slapped her bottom and glowered, and Katie sulkily opened her mouth. Did the woman even speak English!? It seemed not.

The woman brushed her teeth for her, bent her over to spit, then gave her water to rinse before wiping her mouth. She held up the ball gag and Katie shook her head in irritation. That got her another sharp slap to the bottom, and a sharp tug to the hair had her mouth open. The woman forced the ball into her mouth before she could resist, then buckled it behind her head.

She led her out of the room, and Katie felt a sense of sullen anger and frustration again for Enrique and his stupid games. The arrogance of the man!

The woman led her back through the courtyard, then up the stairs. She was

joined by the other one, and the two took her back into the bedroom and had her sit on the bed. They attached restraints to her ankles similar to those around her wrists, then had her lay back on the bed. Each of them gripped an ankle and spread her legs wide, then attached straps which were attached to the lower corner posts to her ankles.

They sat her up. A pair of pillows were placed on the bed behind her, and the wrist restraints were unlocked.. Before she could try to resist they pushed her back down on her back. She did try to resist, then, but the women were apparently practiced at this, and each of them was stronger than her. They easily pressed her wrists back against the top corners, and strapped them in.

Then they left.

Katie stared up at the ceiling, pulled experimentally at the restraints, then settled back, wondering where this was all headed. These people were clearly crazy – and perverted. She would demand Enrique release her at the very first opportunity!

Only it wasn't Enrique who entered the bedroom, but Elena.

Katie blushed furiously and her arms twitched as they jerked instinctively against the restraints to try and close her legs and cover herself. Then she turned her red face away as Elena chuckled deep in her throat.

“How is the little slave girl?” she purred, sauntering over to the bed.

She sat down and grinned, then reached forward and ran her hand over Katie's breasts.

Because of the pillows under her lower back her back was somewhat arched, her breasts pushed up and out, and her nipples were stiff and quivering, as they had been for seemingly hours now.

Katie jerked, flinching from the touch, and pulled against the restraints again. She glowered up at the younger woman and shook her head insistently.

Elena laughed in delight. “No one cares what a slave girl wants,” she taunted, pinching her nipple.

Her hand slid slowly down across Katie's belly and between her legs.

Katie flinched, her legs jerking against the restraints, and Elena laughed again.

“So shy, you nortamericanos,” she said. “So repressed, so dull and full of thoughts of work and business, so determined not to have fun, not to give in and enjoy yourself.”

Katie glared at her. She was not – well, all right, she was exactly that. But that was better than being a mindless slut!

The girl licked her finger, then rubbed it lightly against Katie's clitoris.

“God made our bodies to enjoy sex,” she said. “It is sinful and wicked to not do so.”

Katie snorted. She was sure the girl was Catholic, as she was, and the Church took a far different view of things.

The girl grinned and then twisted herself so that she was between Katie's legs. Katie looked at her nervously, then shook her head again, violently.

“No!” she said, or tried to. “I don't want you to touch me!”

None of the words came out as more than a muffled jumble, of course, and the young, raven haired woman bent and began to lick her way up and down Katie's taut thighs.

Katie pulled against the restraints in frustration and anger, but they were quite firm, and she could do nothing but stare up at the ceiling in obstinate anger as the girl's tongue slid closer and closer to her sex.

And then it found it.

“Such a pretty pussy you have,” Elena cooed, her thumbs stroking upwards along the edges of Katie's pussy lips. “So neat, and tight and sweet.”

She opened her mouth wide and pressed it in against Katie's sex, then thrust her tongue unnervingly deep and swirled it around within the mouth of Katie's pink entrance.

She slid her tongue higher, lapping at her clit, and her arms slid up Katie's body until her hands were on her breasts, gently kneading and caressing them as her tongue licked at her clit.

Katie twisted her head aside in discomfort and embarrassment, mentally recoiling from the girl's touch, but there didn't seem to be anything she could do to stop the perverse woman.

Elena smiled and eased up and back on her knees, then peeled her short dress up and over her head, tossing it behind her. She was entirely nude, and Katie couldn't help admire the beautiful form of her lithe young body before the girl, smiling, slid forward atop her.

She hadn't particularly liked it the previous night, when drunk. She was even more uncomfortable now, when sober. Yet even so, the tactile pleasure as that soft, warm flesh slid across her own was undeniable. And the feel of another woman's soft breasts pillowed out against her own had a certain dark, kinky sense of excitement and heat to it.

Elena kissed her along the throat, and up under the jaw, smirking as she mashed her breasts against Katie's chest, then deliberately sliding higher to rub her breasts against the older woman's face.

She laughed delightedly, then slid back down, licking and sucking, her tongue tracing a circular line down around Katie's belly button, then down once again between her legs. Her moist finger slid into Katie's pussy as her tongue began to work on her clit in earnest. Despite her antipathy to the woman and her lesbian advances Katie had little control over her body's physical reactions to the girl's soft fingers and agile tongue, and her pussy soon began to throb and burn as Elena's fingers pumped in and out and she sucked rhythmically on her clit.

The girl produced a large, black dildo, a realistically shaped cock, and smirked as she licked at it.

"You don't like women, do you, nor Americano? You like cock, ehe? I got the cock for you, honey girl!"

She pushed it slowly into Katie's pussy, twisting and turning it from side to side.

Katie grunted as her pussy lips were spread wide, as they tautly slid along the

shaft of the latex cock sliding into her. She jerked against her bonds again angrily, but gave up and lay back, feeling the dildo pumping in and out as the girl resumed licking at her clit. She was determined not to be affected, even though she could already feel the response of her body.

But her mind was starting to respond, as well. Partly it was due to the physical sensations rolling over her, and partly it was the penetration. She'd always had a big psychological addiction to penetration - the bigger, the deeper, the better. And feeling that big cock pushing so deep while her clit was stroked was sending swirling sensations of sexual pleasure through her mind.

The girl pushed it deeper still, deep enough to ache, angling it in and under to achieve the maximum depth. Then, grinning, she produced a second, just as large. This one she lubed up before spreading Katie's buttocks apart. Katie shook her head angrily but Elena ignored her, pressing it against the rosebud entrance to her back passage, twisting it from side to side, then slowly working it into her.

The pillows under her lower back had slightly elevated her hips, and with her legs spread Elena had no difficulty gaining access to her wrinkled anal opening. The big dildo slowly penetrated her, pushing as deep as the one in her front tunnel, and making her gasp and groan in pain as cramps rippled through her belly.

The girl got up and left the room briefly, leaving Katie alone, panting, pulling against the restraints again. She was not afraid of the girl at all, but angry at her own helplessness. And she was becoming undeniably aroused by the kinky eroticism of what was happening. She'd never thought of herself as being "into" any particular sexual scene or fantasy, but Enrique had definitely exposed some dark portion of her sexuality when he'd started tying her up and taking absolute charge in bed.

She had never thought of herself as being submissive, but being 'forced' in bed, as Enrique did, had been incredibly arousing, and now some of that same sense of erotic helplessness was churning her lower belly as she lay bound and helpless before Elena.

The girl returned, prancing in as naked as she had walked out, evidently without any care of being seen by the servants.

Elena slid along her body and took her nipple into her mouth, then bit it. Her

teeth gnawed and nibbled in the same way that Enrique liked to do, and despite yelping into the gag and jerking against the restraints Katie felt her pussy throbbing in response. The dark haired girl then sat up, smirking, and lit a candle.

Katie shook her head as the girl held the candle over her body, and Elena's smirk deepened.

"It's time for you to be tortured, slave girl," she purred.

Wax dripped down onto her nipple, and Katie hissed and twisted and writhed as the dark haired girl giggled and let the candle move slowly over her chest. Droplets of wax dropped like fire onto her breasts, especially her nipples, then pattered downwards along her heaving belly to her abdomen. Katie jerked and pulled against the lower bonds, then howled into the bond as hot wax dropped onto her clit.

Elena only giggled.

"Is that too hot?"

She let the wax cool a little, then brushed it off with her fingers, and gripped an ice cube, sliding it slowly back and forth across Katie's clit until she again squealed and twisted and jerked at the rising discomfort.

"You're just never satisfied, nortamericano," Elena sighed.

She slid two ice cubes slowly up along the writhing, thrashing girl's ribs, then over her breasts to circle and caress her nipples.

Over the next twenty minutes or so she tormented Katie, with ice cubes, feathers, and candle wax on the nipples - and other places, delighting in making her writhe and twist and buck and moan and curse through her gag

"Poor little slave girl," she cooed, "Being tortured by the mean old lesbian!"

When she started licking at Katie's clit again the American woman felt a sense of relief. Anything was better than candle wax on the nipples and ice cubes on her clit!

It was a foolish thought, and one soon to be disproved. But just then, as Elena's tongue lapped at her clitoris, she felt waves of heat rolling upwards. Her clit was always, of course, very sensitive, but after the extreme heat and extreme cold it seemed even more swollen and sensitive to the slightest touch.

When Elena eased back Katie was actually disappointed, gasping, chest heaving as she watched the girl pull out another dildo, an even larger one, with straps attached, then step into them. She felt a churning mixture of dread and dark excitement as the girl turned towards her, the black cock sticking out thick and menacingly from between her legs.

"I'm going to fuck you, nor Americano," she purred. "You're going to be my beetch!"

Katie jerked her eyes away and the girl climbed into bed between her legs, then pulled the big dildo out of Katie's overheated pussy. She pushed the other in against the mouth of her sex and slowly sank it down into her body, leaning forward more and more as she forced more of it deeper.

Katie groaned at the thickness of the fake cock, and gasped as Elena lay upon her like a man, the cock jammed deep inside her.

"You are my beetch!" Elena sighed.

Then she began to grind and roll her hips, to thrust the cock into the helpless older girl in deep, smooth, fluid motions that made Katie's belly quiver and roil despite herself. With Elena's soft, warm flesh against hers, the weight on her belly, and the big cock inside her, the sensual heat grew more and more intense, and she found herself gasping and moaning into the gag as Elena bit and chewed and kissed along the nape of her neck and across her shoulder.

With a quick movement, Elena undid the strap of the ball gag and pulled the ball from her mouth, then jammed her own mouth down, her tongue thrusting between Katie's lips.

Katie could have talked now, but she knew the girl would not have stopped, and if the truth were known, she didn't want her to stop, not then, not with her insides churning, her pussy burning, and her body sweeping closer and closer to an intense orgasm.

Elena gripped a thick fistful of her hair, just as Enrique did, and jerked Katie's head up and back, kissing her passionately, lustfully, roughly, her tongue dancing along Katie's as her breasts ground against her breasts. Her hips continued to roll from side to side, and rose up and down, fucking her with the thick, long cock

She began stroking faster, then, harder, and Katie gasped at each deep stroke as their tongues twisted and swirled together.

Elena jerked back on her hair and Katie gasped in pain as her head was forced back.

'You are my beetch!' Elena growled, biting at her exposed throat.

'Say it, slut! Say it,' she ordered, twisting her fingers in Katie's hair.

'Oww! D-Don't!' Katie gasped.

'Say it, slut!' Elena teased, pinching her nipple, twisting and pulling it. 'Say you are my beetch!'

'Ow! I'm your bitch!' Katie gasped.

'Again, slut!'

'I'm your b-bitch!' Katie moaned as the dark haired girl mouthed her sore nipple.

'Say mistress,' Elena purred with a broad smile.

'No!'

Elena rolled the nipple between her thumb and forefinger, then caught it between her nails and began to dig them into it as Katie squirmed and moaned and her nipple burned with pain.

'Mistress!' she cried.

'Say I'm your bitch mistress,' Elena taunted.

'I'm your bitch, mistress!' she cried.

Elena giggled and began to lick and massage the aching nipple with her lips.

Little bitch! Katie thought

But then Elena began to thrust into her with hard, deep strokes, and the pleasure soared higher, and as she came the shorter girl jerked back on her hair, forcing her head way back, and rode her through a powerful climax as she bit and chewed and sucked on her exposed throat.

The petite woman eased up and off as Katie's orgasm faded, seeming quite smug as she looked down at the older woman.

"I have fucked you to orgasm. You are my leetle beetch now," she said.

"F-Fuck you," Katie panted.

Elena's eyes narrowed and she snorted in amusement.

"The little slave girl is asking to be punished," she said.

"I'm not your little fucking sla -- Ow!"

Elena had picked up, of all things, a plastic ruler, a lightweight, bendable thing of no particular consequence - except when it was used to slap against her nipple.

"Because you are a bad girl, I am going to spank your nipples," Elena said smugly.

And then she preceded to do just that. The little ruler blurred as she slapped it down against first one nipple, then the other, again and again and again. Katie twisted and writhed and cursed her to no avail, as the center of her breasts burned hotly under the repeated stinging smacks.

"Now I am going to spank your cleet," Elena said.

"No! Don't! Please!" Katie gasped.

"Say please mistress," Elena purred.

"P-Please, Mistress!" she gasped.

All the while the dildo was lodged within her, and still strapped to the young woman's groin. She pumped it idly.

"Say, please fuck me, mistress," she taunted.

Katie recoiled from the words, even though something dark inside her found them kinkily exciting. But she didn't want the ruler stinging her clit either.

"Please fuck me, mistress," she breathed.

Elena worked her hips in and out as she stroked her finger against Katie's clit, and despite her throbbing, swollen nipples, and the frustration, irritation, and anger she felt at the girl, Katie felt an almost instant response deep within her.

"Now I am going to fuck you into orgasm again, my leetle beetch," she purred.

Katie was stung by the words, and summoned up reserves of dignity and pride.

"Unlock me, you little midget!" she snapped angrily.

Elena glowered at her. "You're being a very nasty leetle slave girl."

"I don't care what - oh! Don't!"

The girl had pulled her hips back, which meant she had pulled the dildo out of Katie's moist pussy. Now she began to lick and suck at her clit as she thrust three, then four small fingers into Katie's hot sex, twisting and turning them around inside her as Katie cursed her and ordered her to stop.

The curses trailed off, however, along with her breathing as Elena's efforts began to take affect, and soon she was groaning and gasping and writhing as the girl licked her towards another climax.

She slid off, then, pulling her fingers free, and Katie moaned in disappointment, breathlessly watching the girl as she dug in the drawer of the dresser from which all the other little toys had emerged. The girl turned, smirking as she held up a whip of some kind, and Katie's stomach muscles clenched.

"Wha-what's tha?" she gulped.

“Something for deescipleening bad leettle slave girls.”

“I-I’m not a slave girl!”

“I shall show you, you are.”

The whip was short and looked light, with a dozen or so thin leather strips no more than a foot or so long attached to the handle. The teenager stood beside the bed and then swung the whip lightly down across Katie’s belly, and the thin leather cords spread out and landed without a lot of impact across her belly and lower chest.

“Beg me to fuck your whore body, slave girl,” Elena taunted.

She swung the thing again, a little heavier, and Katie flinched as the laces landed across her chest. They were pretty lightweight, not much heavier than shoelaces, but they did sting a little bit, at least against her soft, sensitive flesh.

“Say, please fuck your slave beetch’s whore body mistress,” Elena taunted.

The laces landed across her belly and abdomen, and Katie gasped and flinched.

“You are weak, nor Americano, and I am strong,” Elena said.

God! This is insane! Katie thought, pulling desperately at the restraints.

The laces landed again, and again, and she flinched and jerked and writhed at the scattered stings. Yet she was feeling something profoundly dark and exotic within herself in response to the whip. A spiraling sense of masochistic excitement was welling up in the back of her mind

“Beg your mistress to fuck you, slut!” Elena taunted, slashing the whip down a little harder across Katie’s belly and abdomen. A stray lace snapped down across the pussy and she cried out, gasping and moaning as her complete helplessness sent a scalding wave of excitement and hunger through her.

“Filthy, ungrateful slave girl,” Elena sneered. “And after I made you come like a whore too!”

The flog fell across Katie’s breasts and she cried out at the stinging force, her

pulse racing and blood pounding in her ear. The flog lashed her belly, harder, then fell between her legs, making her cry out and hiss at the stinging pain there.

“Dog! Bitch animal! Beg your mistress to fuck your whore body!’ Elena demanded.

It was difficult to take the girl seriously, given she was such a tiny thing, but the whip slashing across Katie’s body was not something to be ignored. The blows were getting harder, stinging more. Her torso was red from chest to groin, and her face was red, as well, flushed with heat and a strange, burning arousal like few she had ever known.

“Disobedient slave animal!’ Elena taunted her.

She stepped forward as she did, raising one foot high and extending it forward across the bed, almost casually shoving her foot against the base of the dildo protruding from between Katie’s taut sex lips. Katie cried out as the dildo, already buried deep, somehow was jammed in an inch or two deeper, somehow forcing her pussy to extend itself higher into her belly. And then a moment later the whip lashed her breasts with stinging force, leaving her crying out, and then breathless.

“You want to come, you filthy whore,” Elena said. “I know you do.”

She bent forward, her hand darting to the dildo, now only barely protruding, and jammed the heel of her hand against it as her thumb rubbed furiously against Katie’s clit.

Katie cried out, arching her back violently, her head twisting from side to side as pain and pleasure tore through her together.

Then the girl jumped back and brought the flog whipping down across her breasts.

“Please! Oh! Oh!”

“Beg, whore,” Elena sneered.

“Please! Please! Please!” she gasped breathlessly.

“Please what, whore? Please fuck my filthy slave whore body, mistress? Is that what you wanted to say?”

She whipped the flog down between Katie’s legs and Katie cried out and arched again, twisting and thrashing against the restraints.

“Beg me, slave!”

“Please fuck my filthy slave, whore body, mistress!” Katie cried.

Sylvie leaned in, gripping her hair, jerking her head roughly up and back.

“You want my cock, bitch? You want my black cock inside your whore body?”

“Yes!” Katie whimpered, chest heaving, gulping in air.

“Beg, slut!”

“Please fuck me, mistress! Please fuck your filthy bitch slave whore!”

“Maybe I will, slave. Maybe I will. After you please me!”

And with that she jumped onto the bed, straddling Katie’s chest, wriggling forward until her small, neat, bare slit was directly over the older woman’s panting lips. Then she dropped ti down, grinding and rubbing herself against Katie’s mouth.

“Lick me, whore! Lick your mistress! Please her with your filthy slut tongue!”

Katie moaned helplessly, trying to twist her head away, but Elena grasped her hair and jerked it roughly back, and she cried out in pain, then started licking wildly.

Elena pulled at her hair sharply. “You know how to lick better than that, slut. I showed you how!”

Moaning, dazed, feverish with dark hunger, Katie began to lick at the girl’s clit, her tongue stroking frantically as Elena ground herself down into her face.

Elena rode her face, grinding her pussy back and forth, cursing her and ordering her to lick harder, demanding she suck on her clit and push her tongue into her

pussy, threatening to spank Katie's clit with the ruler if she didn't improve. But it was hard for Katie to lick because the girl wouldn't keep still. Her slender hips were working in and out continuously, grinding her pussy back and forth across Katie's mouth and nose and cheeks.

She gathered Katie's hair into a single long tail sprouting from the center of her head, and jerked it up and forward, forcing the woman's mouth into her sex as she ground faster and harder, but with shorter motions, gasping and panting in pleasure as she jammed her pussy against Katie's stroking tongue and brought herself off.

"Ahh, dirty slave girl," she sighed. "Now you want cock, don't you? You want a hard cock to fuck your whore brains out."

She slid back, turning and twisting, and knelt between Katie's legs. She pulled the dildo back and strapped it around her slender hips, then reached back and undid the straps from the restraints around Katie's ankles. She lifted the woman's legs up and back, and then leaned in, thrusting the big dildo deep into Katie's quivering pussy.

"Oh! Oh God! God!" Katie gasped helplessly, passionately.

Her legs were pushed back against her chest, her pussy and bottom raised up as the slim young girl leaned forward into her. She felt utterly at her mercy, and totally mastered by the petite woman as the big dildo began to punch her deep inside, setting off echoing drumbeats of sensual heat throughout her body.

She gasped and grunted continuously, then began to twist and moan and cry out as the pounding orgasm pushed the intensity of the sensations up a notch, then up another. She felt her mind let go, swimming and floating amid a chaotic storm of pleasure as the dildo drove into her repeatedly.

Two small hands gripped her ankles and jammed them down with all her hundred pounds of weight behind them, and Elena's hips worked furiously, thrusting into the quivering, gasping, moaning woman until the cries turned to screams of pleasure and her body was wracked by convulsions.

Chapter Five

It was a dream night. Rio was gorgeous. The stars were shining, and Enrique took her to an incredibly expensive restaurant with a beautiful décor and exquisite food. He even insisted she wear a lovely gown he'd bought for her. Soft music was played by a string quartet, then they had a romantic drive in a horse drawn carriage through the park, eventually dropping them off at a theater to watch a romantic play.

She had been in a state of mental turmoil after the events at Enrique's estanza, anxious, afraid, uncertain of herself, and her reactions to the kinky, even nasty sexual treatment she'd been given. The events with Enrique had been bad enough, but groveling for little Elena, and then begging her, and coming like a whore had shaken her.

Enrique had apologized for her, saying she was his cousin, in fact, and very high strung and impetuous. He had kissed along the lines of the thin red lines the girl had left across Katie's breasts, and made long, slow, tender love to her.

It had been wonderful, but even so, it hadn't been nearly as physically intense as the wild rush she'd felt with Elena, or for that matter, with Enrique earlier, and so despite herself she was disappointed, and then angry at herself for being disappointed. What was the matter with her anyway, that she preferred that kind of nasty, demeaning treatment by a nasty teenage girl ten years her junior to a romantic tryst?!

And then, after returning home, he made love to her again, on a soft rug before a crackling fireplace, with wine in long-stemmed crystal goblets sitting beside them. Again, it was wonderful, and she was feeling a delicious sense of emotion for Enrique, and the sex was great and exciting, but nothing like that wild, dark ride she'd had before.

She had to stop herself from asking him to get off her, so she could get on all fours. She wanted him to do her from behind, hard, and pull her hair and slap her ass while he did it!

But this was better, wasn't it? More mature, more adult, more romantic?

She was surprised not to see Enrique at work the next day, but the manager she dealt with shrugged and said he had many business enterprises, not just this small publishing agency. She called him but got only his answering machine, and so concentrated on work.

She spent that evening alone, still not having heard from him, starting to wonder, rather anxiously, if she'd done something wrong, if maybe he had decided she was too tame or too modest, or if maybe she had imagined the importance of what was after all, just a few dates and some wild sex.

To her, the wild sex had been earth shattering. But Enrique, in this permissive environment, obviously got a lot of sex, and any way he wanted it. And judging from those maids at his estanza, a naked woman walking around with her wrists restrained didn't come as a big surprise or anything. That suggested a lot of kinky goings on there.

Was she just a one-week wonder to him, she wondered anxiously.

The next day passed, and she didn't hear from him again, and the sinking feeling in her stomach got lower.

But there was no way she was going to beg. If he didn't want to call her back, then fine. She'd go out and enjoy herself. She didn't need him. She didn't need anyone.

The next day she went to the beach. She did not wear the thong bikini Enrique had bought. She wore one of her own modest suits, though she felt more than a little foolish in it once she got there. But without Enrique there she lacked the courage to wander around with her bottom hanging out naked.

She rented a large, beach umbrella and a backrest, then sat down and opened the book she'd brought south with her.

She was not very pleased to see a nearly naked Elena drop to her knees in front of her with a wide grin plastered on her pretty face.

"Hello, slave girl," Elena taunted.

Katie couldn't help blushing. "Go away, Elena," she said curtly, dropping her eyes to her book.

"Ooo, someone is looking to be punished," Elena said.

Katie felt a flickering sense of dark excitement, remembering the nasty, kinky things the girl had done to her. But embarrassment was topmost in her mind, and resentment and indignation. Elena was a foot shorter and ten years younger than her. She never would have let her do those things if she hadn't already been tied up!

"You know you want me to fuck you, nortamericano," Elena purred.

"I want nothing to do with you," Katie growled.

"You weren't saying that the other day. You were saying - " She raised her voice and changed the tone "Please fuck my whore body, mistress!"

Katie flushed. "I'm sure if you were tied up I could hurt you and make you say thing too!" she hissed.

Elena smirked. "No, because I am strong and you are weak. You are a frightened little mouse of a nortamericano and I am a woman."

Katie snorted in disdain, and looked down at her book.

Elena crawled around under the umbrella behind her, then around beside her as Katie flinched aside and looked at her warily.

"Soooo, what are you reading? Something exciting?"

"What do you want, Elena?" she demanded.

Elena grinned and leaned in against her. "I want to hear you scream when you come," she purred.

Katie swallowed and jerked her eyes away.

"You never did it with a girl before did you?"

"Did what? Do you mean was I ever tied up and abused by a girl before, no."

“You crave abuse, nortamericno. You think I just use the flog on you out of no reason, eh? You think I just swing away with no thought? I watch, see? I watch and listen. I see how you react, eh? I see what the touch of the whip does and I react, you see? If you do not like, your body does not like, I stop.”

She leaned in as Katie deliberately turned her head away, her lips inches from Katie’s cheek. “I could have made you come just from the whip,” she breathed. “I could have made you scream like a whore and beg me to whip your pussy. You love it!”

“I did not! If I wasn’t tied down -- .”

“But you love to be tied down, slave girl,” Elena breathed, sliding her fingers through Katie’s hair and brushing it aside from her cheek. “You love to be tied up and helpless, to have a big man driving his big cock into you hard!”

“I’m not a slut!”

“Yes you are! I watch! I see! You are a slut in your head, in your mind! It is only in the real world you try to act like a fucking nun.”

Suddenly her hand behind Katie’s back gripped her hair, and jerked her head up and back. Katie gasped, dropping her book and automatically reaching up and back to gasp the girl’s slim wrist. But with her arms up the girl quickly yanked the string of Katie’s bikini top. It was a simple twist top which covered both breasts and tied together behind her. With the tie pulled it became nothing more than a piece of fabric falling to her lap.

She gasped and jerked her hands down but Elena, giggling, had already snatched it up and rolled away, taking Katie’s towel with her.

‘Elena!’ she hissed, covering her breasts with her arms.

Elena looked back smugly. “If you make a big fuss everyone will stare at you,” she taunted. “Half the women on the beach have no top. No one will notice anything unless you act like a nun.”

Katie ground her teeth together. “Give me back my top!”

“I think not, sister Katherine,” Elena said. Grinning. “Come walk with me.”

“No!”

“Okay, then I go away.”

“Elena!”

Katie had rented a little box, like most did, to keep her clothes and things in. She'd have to walk up the beach to it topless if Elena walked away, for she had nothing else to cover herself with.

Elena calmly folded the towel around the bikini top, rolled it up, and put it under her arm, grinning down as she started to back away.

“I no come back, you know. You come walk with me and we talk about Enrique.”

Katie glared angrily. “What about Enrique?”

“You come and we talk.”

“Give me back my top and I'll come.”

Elena rolled her eyes. “Don't be such a baby. Your teets are not so wonderful that men are going to come crawling after you because they see them. Grow up and come walk with me.”

Katie flushed angrily and indignantly at a girl ten years her junior saying that, but could not argue. As Elena said, half the young women on the beach were topless. Still, her face reddened as she stood up.

“If you try to cover yourself like that everyone will stare.”

Katie knew she was right, still, her face went red as she slowly, hesitantly dropped her hands to bare her breasts to anyone in view.

“See? The world did not end. No one is shouting and pointing. This is not your nortamerica.”

She turned and started to walk away, and Katie had to scurry after her, fighting to keep her hands from covering her breasts. It felt bizarre to be walking around

topless, to have her breasts bared to the eyes of all these people, all these men. The embarrassment passed - mostly - surprisingly quickly, leaving her with a sense of self-conscious anxiety whenever she thought she saw a man looking directly at her.

“You are like a virgin,” Elena sniffed

Katie wanted to say something cutting, but she couldn't really. Compared to the beautiful little Brazilian girl she probably was like a virgin.

“You were going to tell me about Enrique,” she said through her teeth.

“He likes women. He likes proud, spirited women, not mousy little girls”

“What's that supposed to mean?”

“You are afraid of yourself. You are afraid of the pleasure you feel and the heat which grips you when you do something nasty.”

“I am not!”

“Then give yourself to Enrique. Throw yourself at his feet and dare him to tame you!

“Didn't you say I was already too tame?” she demanded.

Elena laughed. “Not that kind of tame. You must be a wild woman, but Enrique must master and tame you. You must be as wild and free, as filled with joy in the lust and heat and desire as an animal, with no shame or remorse, with no thought but the fire in your heart and in your veins and in your loins!”

Katie was starting to feel a hot thrumming line of excitement now at walking around topless, at the daring degree of flesh she was displaying. She wished, now, that she had the thong bottom Enrique had bought her and was dressed the same as Elena. That would make her pretty much the same as most of the other young women they passed now.

“And just how is this supposed to happen?” she asked.

“Perhaps, if you ask nicely, perhaps if you beg, I might show you,” Elena said

with a smirk.

* * *

The Estanza was built, it seemed, over the remains of an old fort. And some part of it, the basement, was still intact and had been maintained, partly for storage, and partly for other reasons.

The floor was of centuries old brown bricks, and similar bricks rose up on both sides and curved together overhead. It was like a dungeon! And being there both frightened and excited her, though she couldn't have said why she might feel any sense of excitement in the brooding dimly lit stone corridor.

It was musty and hot, and lit only by torches spaced along the walls. There were doors along the walls of heavy, old wood, some with small barred windows in them. Elena led her into a large room perhaps fifteen feet on a side. Like the corridor, the roof was rounded, but higher overhead. The bricks in the floor formed a circular pattern, and Elena motioned her to the center.

There were small, narrow windows high overhead, for the roof projected above the ground. The light seemed bright after the corridor, though, and as she watched, Elena lit a half dozen torches along the wall.

“Strip,” the girl said.

Katie swallowed nervously.

“What are you afraid of, sister nun? That I'll see you naked?” Elena taunted.

Katie glared at her, then undid her light summer dress and let it slip to the floor. She stepped out of it, removed her bra, and then, blushing helplessly, slipped out of her panties to stand naked and awkward. Elena shook her head.

“You see? You are not comfortable in your skin. That is your first problem. Your skin embarrasses you. Your nakedness shames you.”

“That's normal!” Katie said sullenly.

“Not so much here as where you come from, and not for the women Enrique likes. Enrique likes his women uninhibited. He likes them to be arrogant and

proud of their beauty.”

The girl came over to stand beside her. “Spread your legs, slut,” she whispered.

Katie pursed her lips, but, heart pounding, she shifted her feet apart on the floor.

“Wider, puta. Now raise your arms.”

Elena went to the wall, and released some chains which had been hooked there. They hung from overhead, and swung out over the middle of the room. There were leather restraints on them, and Katie felt her heart beat faster and a hot flush run down her spine and up her abdomen.

“Wait! What are you going to do?!” she demanded as Elena gripped her wrist.

“Simply prepare you for Enrique. Think of him coming in and finding you ready for him, helpless, wanting him, needing him to master you,” Elena purred.

The hot flush deepened, and Katie didn’t resist when the girl folded the leather around first one wrist, then the other, and buckled them in place.

The girl then produced another pair of leather restraints, squatting and fastening them around her ankles. There were rings set into the floor, and the girl slapped her legs wider, then chained them to the floor so she could not close them. Elena then went to the wall and pulled on a crank, and Katie, gasping, felt her wrists pulled up and apart, the chains going taut. She felt the pressure as they pulled against her wrists, and her pulse raced.

Elena came up behind her, gripping her hair and jerking her head back. “Now you are almost as short as me, puta,” she taunted.

“Elena! D-don’t!” she gasped.

Elena shook her head with a smile. “You will call me mistress,” she said. “Say it.”

Katie swallowed repeatedly. “M-Mistress,” she gasped.

“Good slave.”

There was an ancient cabinet to one side, and Elena released her hair then walked to it. She pulled out two long, thin objects and what looked like a small hose with a squeeze bulb. She dropped to her knees behind Katie, who jerked her head around nervously. “What are you doing?”

Elena slapped her bottom stingingly, and Katie yelped.

“Say mistress, slut.’

Elena rose behind her and jerked back on her hair sharply, then slid a small hand around her ribs to cup her right breast. “Do you want me to get my strap-on and fuck your whore ass, bitch?” she purred.

She twisted her fingers in her hair and Katie gasped in pain.

“Mistress!” she cried.

Elena smirked, then dropped to her knees again. A moment later, her finger prodded at Katie’s rosebud, then forced its way slowly inside. It was slippery with something, and Katie’s face flushed red as it slid deep and pumped in and out. A moment later it withdrew, and something else pushed against her, something thicker.

She squirmed mentally, still extremely uncomfortable with sex play between herself and another woman, especially one barely more than a girl. But at the same time a dark heat started to burn within her. She gasped as Elena forced the thing deeper, twisting and turning it, pumping it in and out.

“N-Not too d-deep!” she begged.

She got a stinging slap to the bottom in response, and Elena forced the thing up deep enough to give her cramps. The girl held it in place, and did something with it as she held it there. Katie heard a strange sort of pumping sound, as if air were being pumped into a tube. Then the thing in her bottom began to thicken. She blinked in astonishment, jerking her head around, trying to see. Elena had a little rubber bulb in her hand and was squeezing it again and again.

“Wh-what are ... you doing!?” she croaked.

Elena smirked, and get pumping, and Katie gasped as the thing in her bottom

grew thicker still, spreading open the sides of her narrow tube.

“E-Elena!”

Another sharp slap to her bottom made her cry out. “Mistress, slut!”

The thing was deep inside her, with only a few inches protruding. Now it thickened all along her anal tube, spreading her wider and wider so she groaned and gasped and twisted against the restraints holding her spreadeagled.

“We want you all ready for when Enrique sticks his big cock up there,” Elena taunted.

She stopped pumping and moved around in front of the trembling woman, her fingers rubbing up and down against her clit. She wore something on her hand, a strange little thing strapped to the back of her hand, and when she flicked a switch it started to buzz, to vibrate. Her slender fingers began to vibrate, as well, while still rubbing back and forth across Katie's clit.

“Oh! Ohh! Please!” she gasped. “I-I don't... I don't want... to – .”

“Nobody cares what you want, slut,” Elena snapped, her fingers spreading open the lips of Katie's sex.

Her fingers slid in and out of her, and Katie's face flushed hotly at how wet she already was. The girl noticed it, too, and chuckled mockingly. Then she slid another of those narrow tubes up into her, and began to expand it inside her.

Elena continued to caress her clitoris as she spread the tube wider and wider, then gave the one in her bottom an extra few pumps too before removing the hoses and bulbs. Katie was left standing, legs apart, with two enormously thick dildos stuffed deep into her belly, and with her legs rubbery from the slick, knowing caress of the girl's small fingers.

And then she was simply left alone, standing on the balls of her feet, chest heaving, naked in a shadowy dungeon-like room. She was shackled, chained like a prisoner, and her mind swirled and churned through excitement, arousal and fear of discovery as she stood there and waited for what was to befall her.

Chapter Six

She heard the footsteps coming, and the tension and anxiety spiraled up within her, her eyes going wider as she stared at the doorway waiting to see who would come through. When Enrique turned the corner she let out a deep breath of helpless, almost dizzy relief. An accompanying surge of embarrassment and a sense of shy, almost timid uncertainty soon replaced it, and she blushed as Enrique looked her over.

He came forward and ran his hand up and down her body, between her breasts, then over them. He gripped her hair and forced her head up and back, but gently as he looked into her eyes.

“Are you ready to prove you're the kind of woman I want?” he whispered.

“Yes!” she gasped.

“You must show strength, and yet, submission. You must love your body and what men do to it. You must accept pain and pleasure and know the joys of both.”

His right hand was between her legs, fingers lightly stroking against her swollen clit, and she shuddered and moaned as he kissed her.

“Do you wish to be my whore, Katherine?”

“Yes!” she gasped. “Yes, Enrique!”

He shook his head and then smiled. “Call me... master.”

“Yes, master!” she moaned, her insides suddenly throbbing at the dark excitement of the term.

Yes, it was silly, a part of her thought, trite and cliched, but it was a dark, exciting sexual game, and if that was what Enrique wanted she was more than willing to go along with it. She didn't know why she found the game so arousing, why the idea of submitting to another, of being a helpless prisoner turned her on

so much – but it did. Why was she so aroused at being treated so... badly, at being degraded, insulted? What was it about her drab, dull, colorless sexual history which made her insides squirm with heat at being dominated and disciplined?

He was still rubbing at her clit, and it was so swollen, so sensitive, especially with the tautness of her pussy lips clasped tightly around the fat dildo stuffed up inside her that she began to grind her hips in preparation for climax.

“Do you want to be my whore, slave?”

“Yes, master!” she exclaimed breathlessly.

“Can you be strong enough to submit?”

She didn't understand the words, but moaned and arched her back as his fingers rubbed harder against her clit.

He stepped back and moved over to the ancient cupboard, then returned holding a flog. She moaned and swallowed anxiously as he stepped back, her heart beating faster and a sense of fear and anxiety rising.

“I know you can submit. Now we shall see if you have the proper strength to do more,” he said.

The many thonged flog slashed across her back, but not very hard. She gasped and moaned at the thin, sharp sensations which rose along her back. Excitement rose, fear dimmed.

The next blow was harder and she gasped again, fists gripping the chains linked to her restraints. Another blow, lower, slashed along her back and she hissed and jerked against the shackles.

“Are you my whore, Katherine?”

“Yes, master!” she gasped, heat filling her mind as the whip cut across her shoulders.

“Say it.”

“Oh!” she gasped. “I”m your whore, master!”

Her body jerked, arching, as the whip slashed harder across her lower back.

This is insane, she thought!

He stepped a little closer, and swung again. This time the thin leather laces slashed across her back, then swung around her hips to snap at her abdomen and belly. She cried out at the sharp, hot stinging pain, anxiety rising again, but heat still throbbing powerfully between her legs.

“Are you my slave, whore?”

“I”m your slave, master!” she gasped, a little embarrassed at the words.

Then she cried out weakly as the laces snapped around her waist and bit at her taut belly.

“Will you obey me, slave?”

“Yes, master!”

The thongs snapped across her back again and she cried out, thrown forward against the restraints. The blows hurt now, and her back was hot and sore. Another blow, and another, made her twist and moan helplessly. It was impossible to believe this was happening to her, yet the wild, spiraling sense of erotic heat burned away at her inhibitions, and built a wall to screen the pain from her mind.

“Will you obey me, slave?”

“Yes, master!”

The words were insane! Inane! And yet saying them, shouting them, added to the fiery lust gripping her.

The laces sliced along her ribs and snapped at her breast, and Katie cried out, arching and twisting and pulling at the restraints.

“Whore,” he said, his arm swinging forward to send the thin laces slashing

around her ribs and biting at her other breast.

“Tell me you're my whore, slave.”

“I-I'm your whore, master!” she cried.

Her body reddened, her skin getting hotter as the laces lashed her back and belly and breasts. But the dark rising tide of her excitement was starting to push that ache back.

Enrique moved up behind her, jerking back sharply on her hair, biting at the nape of her neck as his hand moved over her breasts, squeezing an roughly kneading them. The hand slid down her belly and gripped the base of the big dildo, pushing hard, making her cry out as he forced it even deeper.

“Will you be my slave animal?” he purred, chewing lightly under her ear.

She remembered him leashing her, making her crawl, remembered the raw, wild heat which had enveloped her.

“Yes! Yes, master!” she croaked.

He drew back, and swung the flog rapidly, slashing it across her back, her breasts, her belly in quick order as she cried out and twisted in her restraints. A half dozen quick blows left her shuddering and almost sobbing as he moved in again, his fingers on her clit, his other hand around her cupping and fondling her throbbing breast.

“Tell me you want to be my slave animal, my sex toy, my creature,” he purred.

“I-I do!” she gasped breathlessly.

He jerked sharply on her hair. “Tell me, slut!”

“Ahh! I-I want to be your whore! I want to be your fuck toy! I-I want to be your slave and your bitch and your whore!”

“And will you obey your master, slut?”

“Yes!”

He jerked back and swung the flog sharply, sending it whipping around her ribs to slash across her breasts.

Katie cried out in pain, twisting and writhing against the restraints.

“You forgot to say master, whore,” he growled.

He began to whip her, the flog lashing down against her back, and around her ribs and sides to snap at her breasts and belly, and then against her lower abdomen, the long, thin leather laces slicing in between her legs and across her clit so that her hips jerked and bucked uncontrollably at each blow.

Her flesh, her skin was hot everywhere, throbbing and burning like a sunburn, raw and tender, and yet suffused with a constant heat that seemed to soften and shield her from the sharp edges of each fresh blow. She twisted and writhed and cried out as he whipped her, half sobbing, half moaning, the dark heat twisting and burning within her mind like a churning cauldron.

“Please! Please!” she cried.

“Will you obey me, slave?”

“Yes, master!”

His fingers were rubbing against her clit again. It hurt, but it hurt soooo good. A sense of crackling electrical tension filled Katie as her skin throbbed and burned. At the same time a wild dark fever had hold of her mind and was making her tremble and shudder. She was gulping in air, her breath so ragged she was becoming light-headed.

He went to the wall and did something with the crank. Katie gasped as she felt her arms pulled tauter, and harder, and then her toes actually left the floor entirely and she hung in mid-air, spreadeagled, gasping, moaning at the fresh dark pain to her wrists and arms and shoulders. He came forward and unfastened the chains from her ankles restraints, and her legs fell together with a gasp, her toes just barely touching the floor now.

And then he went back to the wall and raised her a little more.

Still, the pressure was less now, for instead of pulling her against the hold the

chains had on her ankles she was only hanging there, dangling in mid-air.

He returned to her with a small, slim leather strap in his hand. It was perhaps a foot long and two inches wide.

“I freed your ankles, slave, so you can disobey me. Will you disobey me?”

“N-No, master!” she panted.

“Are you sure, slave girl?” he whispered, his lips brushing hers.

“No, master,” she moaned, trying to lean in and kiss him.

“Spread your legs, slave.”

It wasn't easy. It meant lifting her legs straight out to the sides while she hung there from her wrists. But she was a lithe, slender woman and she did it as he placed the palm of his hand against the base of the dildo – and then pushed it up into her.

“Keep your legs spread, slave girl!” he purred.

Katie's breathing became more ragged, as pain burned deep within her. Her legs trembled and she gave a half sob of pain as Enrique pushed and twisted the fat dildo and somehow forced it even deeper into her belly, so deep the base was flush with her straining pussy lips, and his hand was flat against her mons.

He drew his hand back and with a broken sob she let her trembling, shaking legs fall, then moaned again at the pressure of the dildo inside her.

And then Elena was there, smirking. Like Enrique, she was fully clothed, which made Katie's nude state even more obvious to her frazzled mind.

“You will obey me, slave?”

“Y-yes, master,” she gulped in a near whisper.

He smiled. “Your pride lowers your voice,” he said. “You do not wish to demean yourself in front of this little girl here.”

He slid his arm around his cousin's shoulder and pulled her in against him as

Elena smirked up at her. Then she slid out of his arm and onto her knees before the helpless, dangling woman. Her hands caressed Katie's thighs, then spread her legs apart a little as her mouth licked up and down along the taut lips of her sex.

Katie moaned uncomfortably, but her embarrassment soon gave way to a new, powerful wave of sexual hunger as the girl's tongue slid upwards and began to lap at her clit.

“You are not to reach orgasm,” Enrique ordered sternly. “If you feel you are about to climax, you will warn little Elena and she will take appropriate measures. Do you understand, slave?”

“Y-Yes, master!” she croaked.

“You will warn her by spreading your legs apart, far apart, and holding them there. Do you understand, slave girl?”

“Yes, master,” she moaned.

Elena caught her swollen clitoris between her lips and sucked rhythmically, and Katie began to tremble and moan at the roiling heat inside her. She felt the sensations burning up through her groin and into her chest where her nipples burned like hot embers.

“Oh! I-I'm going to come!” she cried helplessly, jerking her thighs apart.

Elena drew her lips back, and the strap was suddenly in her hand. It slapped up against against Katie's pussy. The strap was not heavy, and she didn't strike particularly hard, but the blow was like a slap in the face to Katie, who cried out in pain and jerked her legs closed.

“Legs open!” Enrique snapped.

Moaning, quivering, trembling, Katie spread her legs again, and Elena slapped the strap against her sex again – and again, and again harder – and then harder still – and again!

Somehow Katie kept her legs open, though her body jerked and her hips rolled spastically and she cried out in pain.

“Enough,” Enrique said.

Elena stopped and with a helpless sob Katie let her legs fall together.

Almost at once, though, the petite girl began to gently lick at her clit, her hands kneading and caressing Katie's buttocks, then sliding up to gently massage her breasts. It didn't matter that her skin hurt, that it was still sore from the flogging, her nipples burned as the small fingers rolled and massaged them.

Meanwhile Elena's agile little tongue was stroking across her clit, and her insides were quickly burning like fire again. She desperately tried to resist, knowing that if she approached climax again she would have to spread her legs again. But it was no use.

She jerked her legs apart, hardly able to speak for her gasping, panting, ragged breath, and Elena began to slap the strap against her pussy again and again, harder this time, as Katie sobbed and cried out at each blow, her aching thighs trembling, her feet shaking, her pussy burning.

Again her legs fell closed, and she gulped in air, drops of perspiration trickling down her face, down her swollen, reddened breasts, down her abdomen, as Elena began to lick once again.

She was going insane! Katie groaned as she stared down at the black hair of the girl licking and sucking at her clit. She didn't think she could take much more of this, and yet a sudden burst of consciousness appeared for just a moment amidst the fever-dream of what was happening.

I could be sitting in my room reading a book.

Her hips bucked helplessly and suddenly Elena drew back, but instead of slapping her she stood up. Enrique went to the wall and a moment later Katie felt the floor under her toes. She moaned weakly as the chains continued to lower her. Her arms didn't fall, however. Her legs were so rubbery and weak she let herself slide down onto her knees. The chains halted there, her arms high and apart, her back straight, her knees starting to ache against the hard stone underneath.

Elena smirked down at her, twining her long hair around her fingers, and then jerking her hair up sharply. She lifted her short skirt with her other hand to reveal

her naked sex and pulled Katie's face into her.

“Please her with your mouth, slave,” Enrique ordered.

Katie moaned into the girl's tight little sex, licking feverishly until her hair was yanked hard enough to draw her a bit more to herself. Then she focused, licking in the way Elena had shown her before, sucking on the girl's clitoris as the girl ground her sex against her mouth and face.

“Harder, slut!” Elena ordered, reaching down to slap at one of Katie's sore breasts.

Katie gasped, licking harder as the girl used her mouth, as the girl smirked down at her and called her her whore.

Then it was Enrique's turn, and she licked excitedly on his cock, then took it into her mouth and deep into her throat as he stood before her. The fact Elena was watching embarrassed her, but only a little. A part of her even found it arousing, to be watched doing something so wicked and degrading. She moaned as Enrique pumped his big cock slowly in and out of her throat, then gasped helplessly as he pulled free entirely and released her hair.

He said something to Elena, and then walked across the room. Elena unfastened the restraints around her wrists from the chains holding them aloft, and Katie helplessly fell to hands and knees, panting for breath.

“On your belly, dog!” Enrique ordered.

Katie half fell on her belly on the floor, moaning as her overheated, whipmarked breasts pressed against the rough stone.

“Now crawl to me on your belly to show how much you want me inside you.”

Elena laughed, and Katie's face flushed even more deeply than it already was. She cringed a little, but didn't consider disobeying. She wanted him inside her. Desperately! She wanted him to fuck her so badly she would have done almost anything. A hot fever gripped her, and she whimpered as she began to crawl across the floor on her belly, using her feet and arms to push her along.

Her nipples ground against the stone, and her breasts pillowed out beneath her,

rubbing along as well. But the worst was her pussy. The thickness of the dildo inside her had swelled out her opening so that the front of her sex pushed downward, and it, and her clit, were now grinding across the stone as she moved forward.

“Spread your legs wider as you crawl, whore,” he ordered.

Katie whimpered and felt anger, but also a deep, dark, horrible arousal. He was so cruel! They were both so cruel! She was being so horribly degraded! A masochistic heat twisted at her vitals as she pulled herself along, her limbs trembling as she moved over the stone to where Enrique stood.

He put his foot out before her, cocking it back on its heel, pressing the bottom of his shoe against her face, and she moaned and whimpered, then began to lick it, grasping his ankle as her tongue licked the grit off the bottom of his shoe, then licked up along the side and top of his shoe, and along his ankle, over his sock. She pulled herself up his thigh until she could lick at his cock and take it into her mouth, then swallowed it with a moan.

He shoved her back abruptly.

“Get on your hands and knees, dog,” he growled.

She obeyed, panting, heaving, trembling.

“Beg me to fuck you.”

Elena was smirking at her from ten feet away.

Katy looked away, face hot, chest tight. “Please fuck me... master,” she moaned.

“Look at Elena.”

Could he see into her soul!?

She looked at the smirking girl.

“Beg Elena for permission to be used, to be fucked, to be ridden. Beg her, little slut, and only if she agrees will you receive what you need.”

Face burning, she did so.

“Please let me be fucked, Elena!” she moaned.

“Mistress, slut!” the girl snapped.

“Please let me be fucked, Mistress! Please let me be used! Please let him ride my whore body! Please let this filthy slave animal be fucked hard by her master!”

“Come here. On your belly.”

Whimpering, frustrated, shamed, but burning with lust, heat and desire, Katie crawled across the floor to lick at Elena's booted foot, at her stiletto heel and toe, to lick at her ankles and beg her again for permission to be fucked.

It was sordid and humiliating, and yet for no reason she could understand, it made her entire body tremble with excitement to degrade herself as she was, even before the pint sized girl who she was rapidly coming to feel an intense dislike for. And the smirk on the girl's face, the contemptuous look she gave as Katie crawled before her, made her feel even more degraded, and made her dislike her even more.

“Show me where you want him to put his cock, little slave bitch,” Elena demanded with a sneer.

Breathless and trembling, Katie looked up at her uncertainly.

“Turn around on your knees, bitch, and show me where you want him to put his cock,” Elena said as if explaining to a simpleton.

Face flushed, Katie rose to her hands and knees, and then turned and hesitantly raised her bottom.

“Show me with your fingers, whore,” Elena said in a scathing voice.

Moaning, her mind reeling from the intensity of the heat and the wild dark shock of the humiliation she was basking in, Katie slid her hands between her legs, lowering her chest to the stone, raising her bottom and spreading her legs as she reached back and gripped the base of the big dildo protruding from her straining sex lips.

“Is this where you want his cock, slave bitch?”

The girl raised her booted foot and put it on Katie’s bottom, then let the stiletto heel press against the base of the dildo sticking out of her bottom. Then she pressed her heel down against the base, and Katie cried out, trembling and moaning, her hands falling free, her head jerking and twisting on the floor as the pain inside her grew hotter. The dildo somehow found more room and slid deeper into her belly, and cramps filled her abdomen as she gulped in air.

“Is that where you want it, slave animal?”

Katie couldn’t speak for long moments, even after the girl eased the pressure against the dildo.

“N-N-No, M-M-Mistresssss,” she croaked.

“Where then, slut? Here?”

The heel slid lower and jammed against the base of the other dildo, which the girl had already pushed horribly deep into Katie’s body. Again the older woman gnashed her teeth and writhed on the stone floor. But she held her position with her bottom raised and her breasts crushed against the cold stone floor beneath.

“Y-Yes!” she cried. “Mistress!”

“Crawl back to him then, you fucking whore. I give my permission.”

Sobbing, and aching, Katie slid down onto her belly and crawled back across the floor to where Enrique stood watching, shamed anew by his cold eyes on her.

“Turn and position yourself, slave girl,” he said, his tone far friendlier than Elena.

Katie obeyed, positioning herself in as submissive and humiliating - and thus exciting a position as she could, with her upper torso flat against the brick floor, her knees spread wide, her bottom raised high. Enrique fit a small metal pin into the base of the thick dildo, and air hissed out of it as it began to deflate. The feeling of the big dildo slowly deflating made Katie’s entire lower body feel a sense of exhilarating relief. Then it slid slowly out and, the relief intensified as the pressure inside her ended. A moment later his cock slid into her. It slid in so

smoothly and yet so firmly she almost came before it hit bottom. But she didn't last much longer than that. Her eyes widened and then her breath locked in her chest and she cried out as the orgasm exploded within her.

He didn't thrust hard, but did pump his shaft steadily in and out, using long, deep strokes, and after the harshness of the oversized dildo inside her the sensation of his warm, slick cock moving against her sensitive flesh was one of pure ecstasy. Her body simply convulsed, her muscles twitching and spasming in continuous meltdown, her mind drowned by the intensity of the sensations flooding through her. Everything faded, from the world around her to her sense of self, everything but the white, screaming explosion of pleasure she rode.

It seemed to go on and on, and she wished desperately it would last forever, but it slowly seeped away, leaving her limp, gasping, drooling, eyes glassy as her body jerked slowly in time to his steady thrusting.

A sense of utter satisfaction filled her body, a languorous, boneless ease where she couldn't bring herself to move so much as a muscle. Her chin was against the floor, her breasts pillowed beneath her, her bottom still raised high as Enrique gripped her hips, and she continued to jerk to the thrusting of his cock with a sense of bleary eyed, groaning satisfaction

And then, deep within her lower body, she felt a small surge of soft pleasure. It came again, and again, and again, in time to the inward thrust of his cock. And it began to grow and spread. She moaned weakly, her arms twitching now, her fingers grasping weakly at the floor. The continuous surges of pleasure lent her energy to slowly push herself up onto her hands and knees, and she knelt there, panting, moaning, as Enrique drove himself into her again and again.

He was pumping harder now, his hips striking her with more force, and those surges of pleasure grew more intense, coming faster and harder. She began to gasp and jerk and moan, working her bottom back against him, bracing her hands against the floor, her breasts wobbling beneath her as she raised her head up and back.

Her eyes were glazed, but she saw the figure of Elena standing there, smirking at her, and knew a shuddering sense of shame, followed almost immediately by a black heat which made her tremble and shake. She knew she looked awful, that she was sweating, red-faced, her hair a tangled mess, and yet it didn't matter.

She cried out as Enrique leaned in and grasped her wrists, jerking her arms up and back alongside her body, using them like handles to pull her back and thrust her forward in time to his hard, animal thrusts.

The surges became even more intense, and she cried out again and again as they rippled through her body, all of them originating in that volcanic core where his steel hard cock was driving into her with remorseless strength and power.

Her head jerked up and back now in time to the increasingly rough and violent ride, and another orgasm tore through her body, the breath leaving her in a long, quavering cry of helpless pleasure

Chapter Seven

Enrique left, but not before attaching her to the chains again, kissing her deeply, then raising her up so that she once again hung by her wrists. Elena inserted the inflatable dildos again, expanding them even wider than before, so that her belly ached. Then she put the ball gag into her mouth and left her alone, dangling, panting moaning, her eyes blinking in the dim light from the candles.

She was desperately overheated. It was very hot and humid, after all, and her exertions had been exhausting when combined with her pounding heart and racing pulse. Now she was covered in thin red lines from the whip, her belly filled, her nipples and breasts sore and aching, and her mind gripped by a strange sense of dark wonderment and sexual acceptance.

She was far from uninhibited, even now, and shocked by what she'd done, what they'd done, what she'd allowed, and the feelings which had built up within her. But she felt a sense of acceptance, or perhaps, submission to that raw, wild, sensual, exotic heat and excitement. Let them do to her whatever they wanted!

She heard nothing but her own breathing and the distant sound of water dripping. Alone, she groaned into the gag, looking down the long length of her naked flesh, feeling the dark heat of pain and pleasure, the wild thrill of what she had done, and the echo of the shattering pleasure she had felt.

It was exhilarating, and yet exhausting hanging like that, and she felt her energy draining away as sweat trickled slowly down her body. Her wrists and arms and shoulders ached, and yet the pressure of the base of the fat dildos pressing in between her buttocks and thighs was a constant reminder of the raw sexuality of what they were doing to her, what she was allowing to be done.

She hung for over an hour, at least, her lower belly hot and throbbing, before Enrique gripped her hair and pulled her head up and back.

She rolled her eyes, moaning into the gag, and he kissed the side of her neck, his hand cupping and massaging her breast.

“My slave girl,” he breathed, hand sliding down between her legs, fingers rubbing at her clit.

She moaned, her hips grinding helplessly, but he quickly stopped. He pulled the ball gag free, then kissed her long and passionately, his hands holding her to his body as she hung before him.

“Do you trust me?”

“Y-yes!” she gasped.

He shook his head with a small smile, then pinched her nipple.

“Yes master,” he corrected.

“Yes, master!” she gasped.

“I will allow no harm to come to you. Do you believe me?”

“Yes, master!” she moaned.

He pulled her hair together into a pony tail, then went to the cabinet, returning with a black hood of some sort, tight and latex, he pushed her pony tail up on top of her head, then pulled the hood down over it. The hood was elastic, and stretched over her head as he pulled it down, down over her eyes, over her ears, then over her nose and mouth, and finally, over her chin and underneath to fasten together around her throat.

There was a hole for her mouth, and small breathing holes for her nose. But the ball gag went back into her mouth, only this time it was attached to a thick strap which pressed severely against her lips and pulled together behind her head. She was blind and incapable of speech, and now he lowered her to the ground and removed her wrists from the shackles. He fastened them together behind her back, then, and said nothing more.

She felt a pull on her throat, on the collar around her neck. It was the pull of a leash, and, blind, she had to walk forward, trusting he did not walk her into anything as her bare feet moved across the stone floor. The two dildos were still jammed up inside her, and it felt strange to be walking with them brushing against her buttocks and thighs.

And then she knew, somehow, that they were in a smaller room, a more enclosed room. She felt the rough stone beneath her, and a moment later he pressed her chest into rough stone walls as he removed the leather shackles. She felt his hands on her, turning her, pressing her back against the stone wall. Her arms were raised up and back over her head, and she felt warm, thick metal sliding around her wrists, and the clink of chains.

Heat suffused her body as the metal clicked closed, and she felt her wrists held aloft. Then his fingers were on her clitoris, stroking and caressing as he tongued and sucked at her breasts and nipples.

Then his tongue was on her, his hands on her breasts, and Katie's hips bucked helplessly, violently against him as he licked her to an intense orgasm.

When her shattered mind fit its pieces back together again, he was gone. She was alone, chained, shackled in a small room, a cell, as in a dungeon, naked, hooded, helpless.

She moaned softly, locked away within the hood, within her mind.

The heat still had her, both inside and out, and with the hood around her head, she felt her hair become soaked, felt her head overheating. She moaned weakly, dazed, after a while, standing weakly against the wall, insensible to the passage of time.

And then, suddenly, hands were on her body, racing over it, squeezing and caressing, stroking and kneading her everywhere. She moaned dizzily. She thought, she hoped, it was Enrique, but there was another thought. It could be Marco. It could be Elena. It could be anyone! The thought was embarrassing, and filled her with anxiety, but it also drove a hot lance of excitement through her groin and her mind that she could be taken by any stranger who happened across her.

Despite her exhausted and overheated state she was soon squirming, hips grinding against their fingers, whoever they were. It was a man, she thought, though whether Enrique, keeping quiet to increase the mystery and anxiety, or Marco, she had no idea.

Whoever it was abruptly pulled her away from the wall, only to spin her around, pressing her breasts against the rough stone. His hands jerked her hips out and

back, and she let out a cry as he slapped her bottom sharply. Then she felt the thing shoved up her backside beginning to deflate. It slid out, and she groaned in relief.

But then a thick cock pushed up into her and she shuddered as dark, wicked excitement swirled within her already overheated mind. Embarrassment and fear churned within her belly at the same time. Enrique, and then Elena had both promised to use her there, but neither had. Now someone, whether Enrique or Marco, had slid their cock up deep into her ass and was starting to pump in and out!

She gasped and moaned, her hooded face pressed against the wall, her soft breasts grinding against the rough stone as the man took her, sodomized her. She felt wave after wave of wild, shocked delight, not so much from the physical sensations as the raw, wicked erotic moment of being chained like this, of being shackled and hooded, and now sodomized by ... by someone she didn't even know!

Visions flitted before her eyes, visions of how her life ought to be running now, her sitting at her desk at work, coffee on the desk beside her as she read line after line of text, her doing her laundry, her taking the subway, her in her drab, boring life going through her drab, boring routine.

And here she was, gasping and moaning as someone sodomized her! She had never been sodomized. She had feared it would hurt, and at any rate, would be disgusting. But now she revelled in her own degradation, thrilled to the feel of the hard, thick cock thrusting up into her back passage, the man's firm hands on her flanks, jerking her back to meet him.

It was so dirty, so nasty, so wild! She felt a sense of almost dizzy unreality about it, as she moaned around the ball gag, as she felt her wrists jerking and pulling against the shackles. Blind, she could only feel, and so her mind's eye followed every sensation of his big driving up into her ass. She grunted and trembled and shook as he jerked back on her hips, as his hips slapped against her ass, using her like a whore, like a whore!

Hands slid around her, one pushing up between her breasts and the stone, the other downward, cupping her sex, jerking her back against him, then, fingers rubbing roughly against her swollen, clit. She felt her eyes roll back in her head,

and knew that were she not shackled she would have fallen. Wildness took her and she felt herself becoming light-headed from the sensory overload gripping her body. Again and again his big cock rammed up into her, and it hurt! And yet it hurt so good!

The orgasm flooded her senses, and she trembled and shook even more violently, her head jerking and bouncing and rolling as the man continued to thrust into her ass, continued to squeeze and knead her breast and rub against her clit.

And then he was gone, without a word, and she was quite literally hanging by her wrists, pressed against the stone, chest heaving, moaning weakly as her mind continued to swim in a liquid sea of overheated sensation.

She groaned and got her feet under once again, then slowly turned away from the wall, placing it to her back, gasping head back.

What was becoming of her? Was she everyone's bitch? Everyone's whore? Did she want that? She didn't know. She knew that her life was moving at a breathless pace now compared to the dull routine she was used to. And she knew she didn't want it to stop.

She stood against the wall for some time, her legs starting to cramp from being straight, so that she would occasionally bend them in turn bringing her feet up and back against the wall behind her. Yet she remained in a hot, bubbling stew of sexual arousal, her pussy throbbing around the dildo, her breasts warm and swollen, her nipples hard and aching.

Then, startling her, a hand touched her, right there, between the legs, pressing against the base of the dildo impaling her, the thick, inflatable dildo which strained her sex lips and filled her belly. A moment later she gasped as hands gripped both her ankles, pulling them out from under her and leaving her dangling by her wrists. There were two of them!

Her ankles were lifted up and back, her legs spread obscenely open, and then she felt shackles going around her ankles, lifting them up above her head and put to either side before locking firmly in place. Even under her hood she blushed to be so openly and lewdly displayed. Her heart pounded and her blood raced as fingers caressed her clit, and pinched her nipples.

She felt a finger against her anal opening, pushing into her, pumping in and out,

then a soft, warm cock pressing against her and sliding slowly inside. She felt a moment of panic. Who was it! Who were they! Was it Enrique and Marco!? She whimpered in sudden fear that it wasn't, that she was in the hands and at the mercy of total strangers.

The cock slid deeper into her belly, pumping in and out now, working her open as hands cupped and fondled her breasts. She was like a lifeless doll to them, without face or voice, unable to resist or aid in whatever they did to her. She groaned as the cock pushed achingly deep, as it started to thrust in and out with harder strokes.

She felt and then heard a buzzing sensation, then, as someone held a vibrator against her clit and began to rub it back and forth. She jerked and strained at the shackles, but could do little to affect her circumstances as the man sodomizing her continued to thrust deep and hard.

He finished, withdrawing, and she felt something else sliding into her. She feared at first it was the other man, but she recognized it as the inflatable dildo, even before the man started to inflate it. She groaned as it spread wide, then wider still, then even wider. A moment later she felt the one in her pussy being widened, as well. Then she was left to hang there.

Her belly felt horribly overfilled, the two dildos so stuffing her that cramps rippled through her abdomen

More time passed, and she moaned dazedly, gripped by a simmering heat that never let her attention stray far for even an instant.

And then, suddenly, like before, hands on her, stroking and caressing her body. The dildos deflated, both of them, and she felt bizarrely empty as they were pulled free of her belly. She felt her ankles released and gently lowered until her feet were once more on the floor. She groaned in relief at that, her back unbending at last. Then she felt the pull of the shackles around her wrists easing, as if they had been unhooked from the wall. A hand on her shoulder pushed her down.

She was happy to bend her knees, groaning into the gag as she sank lower and lower, sliding along the wall until she was squatting on the floor, legs obscenely spread once more. Then hands on her hips guided them forward, and she almost immediately felt her lower belly pressing against something which rose from the

floor before her. It felt as though it was fairly high as her abdomen and stomach was rubbed against it, and of some sort of hard latex.

Then fingers pinched her nipples, and she winced and moaned in pain, forced upward as they stretched her nipples out painfully. Again, there were two of them, for while the fingers pinched and pulled at her nipples, other hands guided her hips forward until she felt the rounded head of the thing before her against her sex. It was very thick, and yet as she felt her sex jammed against it a wild thrill ran through her.

Despite how stretched out she'd been the thing was still very thick, and she groaned as she pressed down on it. Her moist pussy sank down, and she felt the lips of her sex forced in and then back, wider and wider as she was guided downwards. The fingers released her nipples, and she cursed into the gag as she felt the thing there pushing up into her belly. Was it even thicker than the inflatable things he'd shoved into her!?

God!

She sank lower, whimpering into the gag. This thing was harder than the inflatables, with what felt like ridges of a sort twisting around it. She tried to ease herself up but her legs were already tiring of the awkward position, and so she sank slowly lower as the hands moved to release her hips. Hands fondled her breasts, then undid the strap behind her head and slowly pulled the ball gag loose of her mouth.

She gulped in air, and before she could talk, or even think to talk, she felt a cock pushing into her open mouth, and closed her lips around it. Fingers stroked against her clit, fingers which began to buzz and vibrate even as they stroked softly across the slippery flesh of her clitoris.

Chapter Eight

The humiliation was even worse this time, as Enrique made her get down on all fours, and then handed her leash to one of the maids, one of the same ones who had washed her before. With the humiliation, however, for the first time, came a sense of dark excitement, a wicked, erotic awareness of her own beauty and wild animal lust. It was not exactly pride, but something like it, or at least, the beginnings of it, as the woman, holding her leash, led her on hands and knees across the courtyard towards the bathing room.

To be leashed and collared and crawling naked like that was utterly shaming. The fact his ordinary middle aged woman in a maid's outfit was holding her leash made it a hundred times worse. Yet the woman did not seem particularly surprised or shocked, nor did the second, when she came to help wash Katie.

She blushed more deeply still when the enema hose was pushed into her rectum, and when she was once again forced to go through the humiliating exercise of having her insides cleaned out. They then made her kneel on all fours in the wide, low tube, and their hands moved over her, washing her, scrubbing her, washing her hair, talking to each other in Portuguese above her as if she didn't exist. Or as if she really was some sort of animal.

It was humiliating, and yet at the same time reassuring, as if she was coming to terms with the idea of being taken care of, of having herself washed, her needs seen to by others.

They did her hair, then, still crawling, she was led into the kitchen to be fed, again, on the floor, like an animal, naked and collared, while all around her others were fully clothed. They looked at her, these women, in an odd way which seemed made up of fascination, and yet contempt. They were appalled at her, and yet she wondered if they dreamed what it be like to be her, to be so beautiful, and a sexual toy, a sexual plaything for men.

A sexual animal.

Again she was led by leash, crawling across the forecourt and into that other side

of the house, where, thankfully, there were thick carpets to ease her sore knees. She was given over to Enrique, who smiled down at her with a sort of dark excitement that made her pussy throb.

“Kneel before me,” he ordered.

She was already on her hands and knees, but raised her upper body. He pushed her back down onto her heels, slapping her bottom.

“Keep your back straight at all times, slave,” he ordered.

He had a box on the table before him. As she watched, he drew out a studded leather restraint.

“Hold out your hands, slave girl.”

The words made her pussy throb, and she obeyed.

He took her right wrist, and slipped the band around it. Katie examined it carefully. It was about two and a half inches wide, and somewhat heavy for leather, with studs circling it, and a snap ring on one side. He took a second, and locked it firmly around her other wrist.

“Lay back, slave.”

Katie's stomach fluttered as she lay back on the floor, then raised her right leg at his order, extending her foot, letting him take her ankle and slip another restraint around it.

“Kneel, slave girl,”

She sat up and adjusted herself on her heels as he combed the hair out of her eyes, and brushed it back over her shoulders. Then he took off her collar, and drew a wider, more heavily studded one from the box. The collar was firm without being tight, but immovable, as he locked it behind her neck.

The next thing out of the box was a much narrower leather strap whose purpose she did not immediately sense.

He leaned forward and reached behind her to gather in her hair. He pulled her

head up and back and then said.

“Open your mouth wide, slave girl, as wide as you can.”

She obeyed, and grunted as he placed the round metal ring which was in the middle of the strap in between her teeth. She felt the upper part pressing in around her teeth, then he had to play with it and adjust the size in order to get the thing firmly wedged between her jaws. He twisted a screw, and it seemed to widen a little, so that she moaned as her jaw began to ache.

The ring narrowed, and then the narrow leather band to which it was attached was drawn together around her head and locked behind. Her mouth was thus kept wide and open. He slid his fingers into the ring, stroking her tongue for a moment. Then he produced a small black penis gag which fit neatly into the opening of the ring. He slid it in, snapped it in place, and nodded his head as if in satisfaction.

“Turn around,” he ordered.

She obeyed, and felt her arms drawn back, her hands raised up between her shoulder blades. Something then locked them together, and when she sought to pull them down she felt the tug against the collar. They were held in place, then, somehow attached to the back of her collar, perhaps by a short length of chain.

He gripped her hair and drew her forward and across his lap. He let his hands caress her soft, pale skin, who kneaded her buttocks and breasts, and rolled her nipples between his fingers.

Then he gripped her hair again, dragging her bodily across his lap so that her head and shoulders hung over the far side and her bottom was raised high. Unable to see up and back behind her, she felt his finger stroking at her little rosebud, at her back passage. His fingers were slick with something, and pushed inside her, pumping lightly in and out, working deeper and deeper, sliding all the way in to the knuckles, then twisting and turning.

They pulled back, and she felt something else pushing into her there, something which was rounded yet roughly coated, so that as it slid in and out it stroked sensuously across the sensitive flesh of her opening. The feel was not altogether pleasant, but dark and exotic as it moved in and out as he worked it deeper, and then yet deeper, deep enough to hurt, to make her belly cramp up, twisting and

turning as she groaned and gasped and wriggled helplessly.

She felt something pressing against her opening again, as if the dildo had now gotten considerably wider. She felt the pressure mounting against her opening as he twisted and turned the dildo, pushed it in and pulled it back. She groaned and twisted a little, drawing a slap to the bottom. Then the wider part of the dildo slowly and somewhat painfully moved into her, and she felt her tight sphincter straining wide, then almost immediately pulling in tighter behind it.

The feel was as if the dildo had a sort of slim donut type ring around it which had now disappeared within her. And as he abandoned it she was sure that she was right, for she could feel the pressure of the donut against the inside of her opening, preventing the dildo from sliding back out.

Now he set to work on her pussy, sliding a similar dildo into her. This one was softer, smoother, stroking in and out as he pumped. The sensation as it drove into her made her hips grind up and back as a rising heat churned away in her lower belly. Yet he was moving the things almost casually, and saying nothing.

Still, the heat rose within her. He stroked each of them in and out in turn now kneading her breasts, now stroking her clit, now pinching her nipples, now pulling, seemingly to no purpose, at her hair. He pushed harder and deeper and she felt her pussy spreading wider, felt the pressure and the ache as he pushed deeper, as her sex opening strained wide, and then something thicker pushed into her and her pussy lips were able to narrow once more around the lower part of the dildo.

Abruptly, he pulled harder on her hair, and she gasped in pain as he helped her off his lap. He drew out another box, and in this were a pair of very high leather boots.

Very high.

In fact, they laced together along the insides, and the top was almost up to her groin. They had five inch stiletto heels, and the thought of walking in them, especially with her arms drawn up behind her, made her quite anxious. He had removed the leather restraints from her ankles before putting on the boots, but now he slid them back around her slim ankles once again, on the outside of the boots.

She could see the base of both dildos now, protruding from between the straining lips of her sex, in fact, and her taut rosebud in behind. Both were black, similar to the leather he was encasing her in, and surprisingly thick. She was amazed they'd gone into her so deeply without hurting. Both were snugly in place, without any need of her squeezing down on them, for inside her were the wider donuts which surrounded them just above the base.

He removed the chains holding her wrists up and back behind her, then ordered her to keep her arms raised as he slid a sort of harness around her chest. It was a tight mix of slim leather straps which went over her chest, around her breasts, and locked together behind her. None of the straps actually crossed her breasts, but instead, encircled them. He adjusted the straps, pulling them in perfectly to squeeze her breasts from all sides. There were double straps below her breasts, one flat against her ribs, pulling up a little, the other flat against the undersides of her breasts to help support them.

Leather gloves followed. Again, he removed the restraints, put the gloves on, then put the restraints on over the gloves. The gloves rose past her elbows, and she realized at once how different they were. They had no fingers nor thumbs, and the palm was somewhat padded. The gloves were thick enough to prevent her from using her fingers to grip anything. And with the restraints locked together around her wrists, they were, like the boots, immovable.

The relief to Katie was that now, as he attached a leash to her collar, and had her crawl around, her knees were protected against the hard floor, and her hands were likewise pressing against a padded inner surface.

Now he had her stand, and led her to a large, ornate mirror. She stared at herself, wide-eyed, amazed at the leather clad sex kitten she saw there, her face flushed, her hair tangled, breasts thrust out firmly, nipples hard, and the dildos protruding from her nether openings.

He leaned into her from behind, his hands coming up and cupping her breasts.

“Whore,” he whispered, nibbling at her earlobe. “Sex slave.”

He slid a hand between her legs, rubbing the pad of his finger against her clit, pushing it downwards to where the dildo protruded, and Katie moaned at the thrill of heat which churned within her.

“For now you will be a sexual animal, without inhibitions, without voice, concerned only with your own heat and need,” he said. “You are no woman, no one with concern for pride or modesty, no woman who cares what anyone sees of her, who cares for their opinions. You are an animal, a sexual animal who lives only to satisfy your own urges and lusts.”

He gripped her hair, pulling her head back firmly, forcing her back to arch, and bit into the side of her throat.

“You are a creature of raw, primal sex and hunger,” he said, sliding his lips and tongue up along the side of her throat and biting gently at her earlobe. “You are a beautiful, shameless whore in constant need of sexual pleasure.”

She gasped and moaned into the gag as his fingers stroked her clit and pressed repeatedly, rhythmically against the base of the fat dildo jammed up inside her. She could feel how wet she was, could feel the hot surging pleasure as her body trembled with sexual need.

“Get down on all fours, animal,” he growled, easing back, sliding his hands off her.

Katie's chest was rising and falling rapidly, flushed with excitement as she slid to her knees and turned towards him. He backed away, and motioned her closer with his hand, and she dropped to all fours, crawling across the floor towards him, trailing her leash.

“Crawl like the animal you are,” he growled.

He reached behind him and picked up something thin and black, a short crop or quirt.

Katie's chest tightened but the heat was rising to feverish levels as she crawled towards him. Her breasts were squeezed by the halter, her nipples rock hard, and her insides were forced wide by the thick sex toys, throbbing around them.

“Animal,” he growled, “Turn and present yourself to me like a shameless whore!”

Katie breathlessly obeyed, moaning, raising her bottom, spreading her knees.

She gasped as he brought the thin quirt whistling down across her upraised buttocks with stinging force.

“Higher, animal,” he purred. “Put your chest and face to the floor and draw your knees further forward!”

Katie let her breasts pillow out against the floor below her, moaning as she opened herself obscenely, her lower body burning with the heat within her as he walked slowly around her. Her hips jerked as he slid the leather crop along her sex, along her clit, sawing it lightly back and forth against her.

“Sexual animal,” he said.

He brought the switch down across her buttocks again, and she moaned and flinched.

“Crawl again, whore. Crawl to the other wall and then back.”

Katie pulled her hands in and rose to all fours, then crawled across the floor to the far wall. She turned, shuddering, and halted with a shock. Enrique was no longer there. He wasn't even in the room. Instead, Manuel stood there, holding the switch.

“Crawl to me, whore,” he ordered.

Katie blinked uncertainly, head turning from side to side, then she started as he smacked the switch down against his thigh.

“Now, animal!” he barked.

She began to crawl towards him uncertainly, her feverish mind swirling with confusion and no small sense of embarrassment. Her face felt hot as she crawled up before him.

“Now turn and present yourself,” he ordered.

This was ... something Enrique had arranged, she thought, her mind sputtering uncertainly. It was a test of her, of whether she could be the creature of raw animal sex he had called her.

She turned, blushing, and then pressed her chest to the floor, drawing her knees forward as she presented herself to him in the same way she had to Enrique. Her breathing was ragged, and she moaned as she felt the switch caressing her clit in the same way Enrique had done. Yet she had no desire for Manuel! Or at least, she normally didn't. Her body, nevertheless, was gripped with a raw hunger, and lust filled her mind.

“Whore,” he said. ‘Crawl to the wall and back, whore.’”

Again she rose, gulping in air, crawling towards the far wall, and when she turned it was Enrique again. She felt a moment of confusion, wondering if she was going crazy, but then crawled back to him.

“Little cat,” he said. “Little pussy.”

He reached down gripping her thick hair, using it to pull her forward against his legs, rubbing her cheek against his leg much as a cat would have done. She understood, and rubbed herself against his lower legs, feeling wildly slutty. She was a sexual animal!

“Crawl to the wall, little animal,” he ordered.

She obeyed, not turning her head, wondering if it would be him or Manuel when she turned. She was not surprised to see Manuel standing there, and was, while disappointed, also oddly aroused because of it. She loved Enrique, but there was something horribly nasty and exciting about presenting herself to Manuel instead. And so she crawled back and rubbed her head against his lower legs without being ordered, and moaned as he reached down and ran his fingers through her hair, pulling it loosely.

“Crawl, animal,” he said, pushing her head back.

She turned again, crawling, cat-like, across the floor to the far wall, turning to find... a stranger standing there, holding the quirt.

She froze in shock, face darkening again.

He was not an ugly man. In fact, he was quite attractive. He was somewhere around thirty, with strong shoulders and a flat belly. He had dark, shoulder length hair and a strong jaw, and he held the quirt in his hand, slapping it lightly against

his thigh.

“Crawl to me, animal,” the man said.

It was a test, she told herself, a little panicky. Enrique was testing her.

She crawled slowly towards him, keeping her eyes low, too embarrassed to meet his eyes.

“Turn and present yourself ,whore,” he ordered.

And she did, her insides churning violently as she raised her bottom high, spread her knees wide, and drew them forward. She gasped as the quirt snapped across her buttocks, then moaned as it began to saw lightly up and down across her clit.

“Nasty little sexual animal,” he said softly, his English thickly accented. “Filthy little whore. Do you want a cock inside you, whore? Grind your hips back at me. Do it, whore.”

He snapped the quirt down across her buttocks again and she gasped and flinched and began to grind her hips lewdly back at him.

She whimpered as she felt his fingers at her sex, felt him stroking against her clit. Her eyes were wide and filled with a sense of panicky hunger. Her body was feverish with need, but she didn't, she couldn't accept the thought of giving herself so shameless to a complete stranger!

He gripped the dildo in her pussy and pulled slowly, and Katie groaned as the donut shaped ring just within her pussy stretched the mouth of her sex wide before slowly sliding through. Her pussy lips closed on the main shaft, and he pumped it in and out slowly, his thumb stroking against her clit, and then he pulled it out.

She felt what could only be a real cock pressing against her, and she moaned in helpless denial, her head and chest rising off the floor. But he pressed her back down, and she gasped as he slapped her bottom.

“Down, whore,” he said softly.

Then his cock was pushing into her, sliding deep into the quivering hot depths of

her burning pussy.

And it was done, and Katie stared dazedly at the far wall, chin on the floor, gasping as she felt his hips grinding against her upraised buttocks. His hands gripped her hips, and he began to draw himself in and out, in and out, in and out as she continued to stare along the carpeted floor at the far wall, moaning and gasping and now grunting as his hips slapped her harder, as her body began to jerk to and fro against the floor.

Was he the man who had fucked her down below when she'd been blindfolded? Or was that Manuel? Or another man? Was she going to be fucked by anyone who wanted her!? Without protest or resistance!? Was she sexual animal then in truth, a beast to be used to sate the lust of any man who desired her?!

And yet it felt so good! His cock felt so incredible, so wonderful as it pumped in and out. She felt a wild dark thrill of sexual heat as he rode her, rode her like a bitch animal, she thought headily.

He pulled out abruptly, gripped her thigh and flipped her over onto her back, then he slid atop her, his cock burying itself in her pussy once again as his long, lean body came down atop hers. Legs spread, moaning, she stared up at him as he pumped, her fingerless hands capable of little but rising to press against his shoulders.

He gathered her legs up and shoved them back against her, and she shuddered and moaned as his hips pounded into her harder and harder, his cock thrusting painfully hard, wonderfully hard into the depths of her belly.

He let her legs drop down and then rolled over, taking her with him so she was straddling him and on top. He squeezed her breast and pulled her down against him, his hand slapping her bottom.

“Ride me. Ride me, puta!” he gasped.

Moaning, she obeyed, riding up and down on his stiff, slick cock, gasping and moaning as her heat redoubled and her movements became more frantic.

Then Manuel was there, startling her, his hands sliding along her back. She jerked her head up and back, but he pushed her forward once more, and she felt his fingers at the dildo still inside her. She whimpered as she felt him pulling it

slowly back, feeling herself completely out of control now. He pulled it free, and for a moment she felt vacant, then his own stiff cock slid down into her ass, and she shuddered as the first small come set her muscles spasming and quivering and shaking.

His upper body was naked, and his flesh pressed warmly against her back as he began to pump inside her, his hands gripping her hair as he nibbled along her shoulder and the nape of her neck.

The sensations flowing into her mind from having two cocks inside her at once were astonishingly powerful, and Katie quickly lost whatever control she had, and lost her inhibitions, as well. The fever burned them to a crisp, and she began to ride the man below her as Manuel thrust into her ass.

Her eyes were white and wild, and another orgasm tore through her, this one far, far more powerful, setting her body to writhing and twisting and bucking uncontrollably as the two held her tightly and continued to stroke in and out of her throbbing, burning body. She cried out again and again, feeling the freedom of the gag in her mouth, not having to restrain herself, not able to restrain herself. Her cries rose as they thrust into her, as their hands moved over her body, and she began to jerk hard against them once again, thrusting her pussy down against the first cock, and back up at the second.

She felt herself truly becoming the animal they had called her, gasping and moaning and grunting in wild, hedonistic sexual heat, hardly conscious of anything around her but the pleasure and their hot, firm bodies crushing her between them.

And then a hand wrapped her hair around it and jerked her head up and to the side, pulling her forward a bit. She gurgled weakly as the penis gag was pulled free of the ring gag holding her jaws wide, and then a stiff cock – she had no idea whose, nor cared, slid into her mouth. She closed her lips eagerly, sucking, moaning as it slid along her tongue.

Hands seemed to be all over her, and another orgasm shattered her mind and turned her into a writhing twisting, bucking animal, and somewhere in the midst of it the cock in her mouth drove deep into her throat, silencing her cries of pleasure.

When the orgasm faded, she sagged, shell-shocked, dazed, as the three men

continued to pump in and out of her in tandem. Their hands continued to pull at her hair, to knead her breasts, to stroke and caress and massage her everywhere, and the feel of their cocks was an irresistible compulsion which forced her out of her languorous state to begin to move her hips once again.

She rolled her eyes upwards at last, and recognized Enrique kneeling there, his hand in her hair, pulling her against his cock, and felt a flickering moment of dazed reassurance.

Then the sex heat began to burn once more, and she began to ride more excitedly, glorying in the dark, exotic heat and sensations pouring through her.

Epilogue

It felt so odd to be wearing clothes again.

She had spent two full days crawling around on all fours naked, losing her inhibitions, or most of them at any rate. Being observed by strangers, especially the house staff, had been mortifying, at first, but she'd gotten used to it. The first night, she'd slept in a cage, like an animal, with nothing there but a dog dish of water, and a dildo – both of which, in the small hours of the morning, she had made use of.

And then Enrique had raised her to her feet, and she'd acted the part of his serving girl in those high, stiletto heels. Still nude but for boots boots, halter and gloves, she'd fetched him drinks, waited on his table, and spent considerable time across his lap as his agile fingers explored her body and made her squirm and writhe uncontrollably.

She had fucked him, and sucked him on command, as well as Manuel, and Georges, the third man, and other men he had brought in suddenly, shocking her each time. He had kept bringing in new people to shock her until she lost her shame at being seen naked by strangers, until she had lost her inhibitions.

She had sex with them all, one at a time, or multiply, and had had to put on a lesbian sex show with Elena, while half a dozen men had looked on.

She slept each night in Enrique's bed, her wrists cuffed together behind her back. And in the morning, filled her throat with his cock.

After five days he'd taken her to a nightclub, wearing the most shockingly scanty little minidress, and then Elena had taken her to a nude beach to lay out in the sun all afternoon, legs spread, shameless.

Now she wore a proper dark blazer with dress pants. But underneath, she wore a shelf bra, one which cupped and lifted and squeezed her breasts together, but had no cup, no covering. Her nipples were freshly pierced, as was her pussy and clitoral hood. She'd had her first session of laser hair removal, and would have

several more to make herself as smooth and bare as possible between ankles and groin.

“Hey, Katie, how was Rio?”

She looked up at the door and smiled. “It was incredible,” she said. “What a beautiful city.”

“Looks like you spent some time at the beach,” Ed said.

She smiled and nodded. “Gorgeous beaches, gorgeous water,” she said.

Gorgeous bodies.

She was wrapping up work here. She was going to sell her condo and move to Rio, where she'd take up work for Enrique's company, and take up residence in his estancia. She'd had two weeks of a life that made everything she'd done in her past pale, literally, pale into dull, bland nothingness. She would return to Enrique and wear a collar and crawl like an animal and experience the wild, raw joy of her own sexuality and the heat of male bodies pressing against her.

And her only regret was she'd waited until she was almost thirty to understand what life could be.

End

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

The Ladies Gym

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is

too much to resist.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex

toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son

came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

The Penthouse

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!