

Chained Cheerleader

By Argus

**Copyright remains with author
Available from bdsmbooks.com**

Chapter One

She stood straight, with her bottom pushed back, and her hands behind her neck. Her long, athletic legs were parted and her back arched slightly as he sat next to her. The window, a broad picture window which covered half the wall, was inches in front of her rigid nipples, but the glass was one-way, and unbreakable. She had already learned that the hard way.

She gazed out onto the street and watched the people walking back and forth, watched children playing, watched traffic, including police cars sweep past, and they could see nothing of her, had no idea she was even there, or that he sat beside her in the shadows.

His hand, large, work-roughened, caressed her firm, young buttocks, then slid over her hips and around to her front to stroke her belly. His hand moved slowly upwards, enjoying the sensation of her soft, silken flesh as it passed up over her chest and across her full, taut breasts, straining against her chest wall as she arched.

It was her street, Dana's street. She had lived here for many years, though not in this house. Her house was two houses over, but she hadn't seen it for weeks now. She had no idea when she would get to see it again. Or even if she would get to see it or her family again.

She had a dancer's body, the body of the cheerleader she was, or had been. She was all soft curves, but with muscle beneath, her full breasts high and rounded, her thighs firm. She had once had blonde hair which fell across her shoulders in waves. Now she was bald. He had slashed her hair away to taunt her, to make her realize there was no quick return, no going back to her old life. Then he had carefully shaved her head so that not a trace of stubble remained.

It was her job now to keep it that way, one of her many daily tasks.

She stood in place, facing the street, as if in sight of all the neighbors she had known and who knew her. Yet they seemed like strangers in another world as his hand moved slowly over the surface of her body. His fingers kneaded her breasts now, then gripped her nipples and rolled them slowly between the pads of his fingers, plucking and pinching them.

The sun moved slowly overhead. It was a bright day outside, but the sun was on the other side of the house, leaving this room in shadows as his hand slipped slowly down between her legs. She was even more carefully shaved there, and he had made her very clearly understand the penalties of his fingers detecting the slightest hint of hair.

His strong, thick fingers traced the thin, tight line of her sex now, and she felt a wave of rage and misery as they slid across her clitoris and a surge of excitement twisted her belly. His fingers stroked up and down, up and down, up and down, and she could feel her insides beginning to roil, could feel the warm, musky heaviness beginning to spread up through her groin.

She held her position, for he had trained her well in just these few weeks, these few weeks since he had taken away all that she had been and made her into his toy, his slave, his animal, his possession. He told her that was what she was now, that she was

no longer a person, and that she had no name. And then he taught her what it meant to be a non-person, to be a thing.

She shuddered weakly as his fingers now pushed up into her body. Shame filled her yet again, and self-loathing at how moist she had become, and how quickly. His fingers pushed up and her body felt a wave of shimmering heat as they slid wetly through her opening. Then his thumb hooked up across the top of her sex and began to stroke across her clitoris from side to side.

Her breathing caught in her throat and she felt her heart skip a beat. Her nipples were rigid, quivering with excitement. A cruel, demanding heat spread out through her breasts and made her long to feel something against them, to feel rough hands squeezing and kneading them. But even if she would ask – and she would not, for she loathed him – she was no longer a person and was not permitted to speak.

She wore a shiny, stainless steel collar around her throat, and matching shackles on her wrists and ankles, but fear, not the restraints, kept her in position. In just a few short weeks, she had learned not to disobey him, not to fail to please him.

He rose slowly from the chair and pressed himself against her from behind. She felt the hardness of his body against her back as his left hand came around her chest and began to knead her breast. Her body reveled in the touch and she felt her hips grinding softly as the churning sexual pressure began to take hold of her. Dismay filled her as her body betrayed her yet again, and she lost her effort to keep her breathing even, her chest now fluttering like a caged bird as she gulped in air.

His left hand slid back around her, caressing her ribs, her belly, her hip and then reaching back between her buttocks to her anal opening. He had placed butt-plugs inside her since he had taken her, progressively larger ones to accustom her body to his large size. They were always inside her, keeping her ready should he want to use her there.

Now his fingers gripped the base and slowly pulled it free. She moaned softly, gasping lightly, then groaning, the sexual tension rising to an unbearable level as she felt the delicious softness of his skin against her, felt him pushing into her opening, the round, flared head of his cock easily pushing through where her sphincter had surrendered. She felt his cock sliding higher up into the warm tightness of her anus, past where the butt plug had held her open.

She was tighter now, but he was through the ring of her opening and his cock burrowed deeper as his left hand returned to her breast. His right was still in her sex, his two middle fingers thrusting slowly up and down as his thumb stroked across her clitoris.

She let out a soft whimpering moan, and he thrust forward, his cock driving higher, giving her cramps now as it drove into the center of her belly.

He reached up and gripped her wrists, pulling them away from the back of her neck and slapping them against the window up and out to either side, pushing her forward so her face and breasts mashed against the hard, cool glass. He spread her legs wider, pulled her hips back a bit, then began to thrust into her.

It hurt, and she trembled in pleasure at the feel of his cock, so stiff, so slick, so soft, so horrible, thrusting up and down inside her, pumping like a piston in a shaft, his hips slapping against her young buttocks. For she was young, younger than his own daughter, the daughter he had raised on this very street, sent to her school, sent off to

college and life.

She gasped and groaned as his thick shaft thrust up into her again and again and again. Her cheek was grinding against the hard glass, her breasts pillowed out, squeezed between her chest wall and the glass beyond as he sodomized her. She saw out of one eye, the mailman walk calmly up the walkway, turn and pass right before the window, perhaps five feet away. He stopped at the door, sorted through the mail, and she stared at him even as her mind was enveloped in the dark hunger of her captor's lust.

The mailman was youngish, thin, tall, wearing a pale blue shirt, polyester, ill-fitting, she thought, with that former mind. He had long fingers, and she watched him sort through the mail as she grunted and gasped and jerked against the window. Her entire upper torso was pressed against the window now, her hips thrust back, legs spread, and her ragged panting breaths fogged the glass a little as the mailman opened the box, and dropped some bills and fliers in, then turned and walked past her without seeing.

His hips continued to work steadily, but with increasing speed, his hard, angry prick pumping inside her, the nose jamming achingly deep. Yet he had taught her body, forced her body to learn how to love that ache, how to glory in that ache, no matter what her mind might think or want. He thrust hard enough that his hips bruised her buttocks, and forced her half up onto her toes with every stroke. Her breasts were mashing and rolling against the window as her chest pushed up against it in time to the rhythm of his strokes.

She was a tall girl. He told her that was one of the reasons he had selected her. He liked her long legs, liked to be able to spread them wide and still take her in either hole, he had said, liked to have them wrapped around him, or pushed back over her own head.

She had been all but a virgin when he had taken her. Her two sexual experiences had been short lived and unimaginative, the fumbling of teenagers. She had never imagined sex like this, never imagined he could train her body against her will to love the touch of his fingers and the hard thrust of his big cock.

Her eyes were glazing over as the sweltering sexual heat overcame her. Her eyes became glassy, and her jaw went slack so that her lips drooled slightly against the glass as he forced her body up and down, up and down, in and out by his steady, hard thrusts.

His fingers were still between her legs, still thrusting into her, still stroking against her, and she felt the orgasm sweep up around her. She cried out, softly, in a gurgling, gasping, animal moan that went on, then rose, then rose still higher as the orgasm began to flip to higher and higher levels of intensity. It rose to a crescendo, where the sensations screamed inside her like an explosion, tearing through her mind and body so that nothing else mattered, nothing else existed, but the raw, animal pleasure.

And at the center of it was his cock, thrusting, thrusting, thrusting up into her. She felt it; her awareness, such as it was, focused on the sensation of his big, hard phallus as it pushed up and down inside the warmth of her belly. It hurt, and the hurt was glorious.

He withdrew, slowly, the long, slick, fat body of his cock pulling at her insides as he drew back. He pulled entirely free, and thrust the butt plug into her instead. He drew

back, and she remained in the position he had set her, gasping, her insides twisting and roiling.

She gasped as the strap cut across her buttocks, gasped again at the second blow, whimpered at the third, as the skin over her firm young buttocks reddened and grew hot. Another blow, and another, the long strap slashing down across her flesh with a loud *Crack!* of sound as her body flinched and jerked to the stinging pain. Her breathing became more ragged still, her chest fluttering against the glass. The strap slashed down again and again and again until her bottom was flaming, and then he stopped, yanked the butt-plug free, and thrust himself deep into her belly with a speed and strength that made her scream.

He held still, his cock sheathed within her. At first, she had always screamed when he had pushed himself all the way inside her. He was a foot long, and quite thick, and she had thought she would die from the pain. But now, after only a few weeks, her young body had grown accustomed to being deeply penetrated. She ached, but it was a soft, thrilling ache as he stood still, locked inside her, filling her.

His fingers stroked her clit and his hips began to grind against her wounded buttocks, twisting his cock around inside her tight hot belly. Then he began to thrust again, using slow strokes at first which punched the fat, helmet head of his staff into the deepest pit of her aching belly, then lengthening his stroke so that his hips slapped powerfully against her out-thrust buttocks with every stroke.

Her insides twisted and burned and the raw animal heat spread up through her body to her breasts, burning and aching as they rolled against the window. And as he leaned in and clamped his jaw to the side of her neck, she screamed, the pleasure consuming her even as his teeth bit into her soft flesh with cruel force.

Her hips bucked back against his thrusting cock, her entire body flaring wildly with white-hot sexual release as his fingers stroked roughly across her clitoris, as his teeth bit even more painfully into the nape of her neck. The orgasm went on and on and on, threatening to tear away what was left of her sanity, and then slowly eased, draining away, along with her energy.

His fingers eased back, and then his cock slowly pulled back, sliding out of her back passage until she was open again, aching.

“Kneel,” he ordered.

She slid down the glass, panting weakly, breasts sliding along the glass until she reached her knees. She turned and he moved to stand with his hip to the glass. She faced him, and licked her lips as he lay the head of his cock against them. She didn't move, but held still, staring at it, her lips closed, pursed. And then he pushed forward slowly.

She let her lips be forced open, let his cock slowly slide through them and across her tongue. She didn't think where his cock had been, or consider the taste of it in her mouth. All that mattered was obeying, pleasing him. No bad taste was going to stop her from doing her best to achieve that. He had trained her well in that regard.

She kept her lips tight around his shaft, but not too tight, her teeth drawn up and back, her hands clasped together behind her back as inch after inch of cock slid through her lips, over her tongue and into her mouth. The head reached the back of her mouth, and kept going. She gagged only slightly as it penetrated her throat, pressed against the back wall of her throat, and was bent downwards.

It was easier to take him into her throat if she angled her head back, but she had not been told to do that, not been given permission, and so she knelt, looking straight ahead, down the length of his cock, or what was left of it, as he pushed it deeper into her mouth and throat. Then she was staring at his curly pubic hair and then at nothing, as her face was jammed tightly against his belly.

His hands were on her bald head, holding her in place, her lips wrapped tightly around the base of his cock. She tried to work her tongue from side to side against the underside of his shaft as his hands slid down to grip her ears. He caressed them lightly, then gripped tightly as he pulled up and back. An inch, then three, then or four slid out of her lips.

His hands shifted, going behind her head, and jerked her forward. She gagged as he drove himself into her to the balls with one stroke. He pulled back, then did it again. His fingers caught a better grip of her ears, and he began to thrust in and out, in and out, hard and fast, and she could not help gagging as his cock raped her mouth and throat. There was nothing to come up, however, for she hadn't eaten in days. He only fed her when he felt like it, and he usually didn't.

Her fingers tightened desperately around each other, locking her hands together behind her back lest they jerk out instinctively and push against him. She gagged weakly, the oxygen slowly running out of her, her skull throbbing, her chest burning and aching as he continued to thrust in and out, in and out, in and out.

He pulled free suddenly, and she gagged violently as he yanked his cock out of her in one fast movement which had his come spraying across her face in a hot, spattering rain.

He released her and her hands quickly came up front, her fingers clearing the come out of her eyes. She gulped in deep, desperate breaths of air, reeling from the lack of oxygen, but her hands pressed against her face, rubbing the semen into her skin, making sure not a drop escaped.

"Return to your chores," he said, turning away.

Dana, or the girl who had once been Dana, sank dazedly to her heels for a long moment, still gulping in air, chest still heaving.

"Present," he said.

She blinked at him, then gasped and threw herself forward on the floor, torso low, bottom high, knees wide as she presented herself for his use. He picked up the butt plug, and she winced as she thrust it back inside her.

Then he turned and went back to his chair, picking up his newspaper. The girl who had once been a person rose to her feet and padded past him into the kitchen, then sank onto all fours again next to the bucket and scrub brush. She had spent much of the day cleaning his cupboards, taking out every item in them, cleaning them, cleaning the shelves, putting down clean paper, and replacing all the items. Now she was scrubbing the floor. When it had dried, she would wax it.

It was a large kitchen, painted blue and white. The back door was heavy, solid, and bolted. It gave onto his private back yard. On the near wall was a pantry, and past that the door to the basement, a place where she had learned the true meaning of the word pain, the place where her endless nightmare had begun.

No, it was earlier than that. It had begun some weeks ago when she'd been at school.

Chapter Two

Dana groaned, her muscles sore. She slid her fingers through her wet hair as she arched her back, the spray from the shower stinging her breasts slightly as they rained down upon her chest. Her small pink nipples ached as they were struck by the fine spray, but it was a clean, pleasant sort of ache, and Dana slid her hands out of her silky wet blonde hair and down her body, rubbing at her soft skin to remove the last of the soap.

She caught a glimpse of Karen Rogers out of the corner of her eye, and felt a strange, dark little sense of embarrassment mixed with smugness. She had no interest in women as sexual partners, but was well-aware that Karen felt otherwise. She wasn't the only cheerleader Dana had caught looking at her in the aftermath of their practices, either in the shower room or in the locker room outside as she dressed.

Dana had always enjoyed being...appreciated...enjoyed having people think her attractive, beautiful. The boys called her a cock-tease because she simply loved the way her ego was stroked by people staring at her with hunger and appreciation in their eyes.

Even if they were girls.

She turned off the water and reached back again, gripping her long blonde hair and arching her back artfully as she twisted the water out of it.

She smiled to herself, thinking Karen must be looking at her this way.

"Look, little dyke," she wanted to say, "but you'll never get to touch it."

But words could be weapons, and Dana had always employed them with exactly the right degree of violence. She didn't want Karen hating her. Karen was one of the more important members of the senior cheerleading team. She was athletic, and showed up on time, doing her job. Managing the herd of bitches, as Dana thought of the cheerleaders, was one of her more important duties as captain of the cheerleading squad.

So she didn't openly insult Karen, though she and her close cadre of supporters snickered and giggled about the girl behind her back. Instead of words, she taunted her with her body, even flirted with her on occasion to keep her interested. She knew Karen had a crush on her, and had no problem using that to help the team – her team. Many people had crushes on Dana Williams, after all. So that was no big deal.

Then her attention was taken by another girl, and she frowned as a short, slender girl with short dark hair walked past and went to one of the open showers. Dana lowered her arms and forgot about Karen, scowling at the girl. Her name, if Dana remembered, was Ariana or Ari something or other. She was almost a foot shorter than Dana's five foot ten, her body boyish except for small, hard breasts. She was on the gym team, and all the senior and junior girls knew by now that the cheerleaders owned this locker room for an hour after their practice.

She said nothing to the girl but grabbed a towel and wrapped it around her head. She picked up a second towel and toweled herself off, then headed back to the locker room, nude, and not much bothered by who looked at her. It wasn't like she had anything to be embarrassed about, after all, not with her athletic, dancer's body.

“What is that midget doing in our locker room?” she asked at large.

There were half a dozen girls in the room in various states of undress, all cheerleaders, of course, and all beautiful, for Dana and her cadre selected only cheerleaders who were as cool and beautiful as they were.

“She just came in, said she needed a shower,” Brenda Watts said, shaking her head in irritation.

“Do we want to have to share the locker room with every little dwarf and geek who wanders in here?” Dana asked rhetorically.

“She’s so proud of being on the math club!” Sara Connor chortled, shaking her head in contempt.

“I think it would be a good idea if we reminded her and everyone else that this is our locker room until we’re done with it,” Dana said.

Ariana let the water pour down on her as she rinsed off the sweat of her long workout. She had only transferred to this school last month, and was delighting in how many extra amenities and clubs there were. Already she was on the gym team, the math team, and was about to join the computer club. She was a pretty girl, and had attracted a lot of interest from the boys, too, despite her lack of height.

She never saw the girl who came up behind her. Suddenly a towel was thrown over her head and yanked back hard against her face. She yelled and struggled as hands grabbed her wrists and then her ankles and she heard female laughter as she was lifted bodily into the air and carried across the room.

“Let me down! Let go!” she cried.

Being naked made her feel horribly vulnerable, and water dripped off her as she was hustled along in mid-air by several pair of hands. Then she was dropped to the floor, her legs free, and suddenly she was shoved violently forward, the towel yanked back. She went spinning and almost stumbled, a wave of shocked horror overtaking her as she realized she had been forced out of the locker room and into the hallway naked!

She turned and threw herself frantically at the closed door but it was held from within. Then the fire alarm began to sound. She spun around, horrified, back to the door, staring around for a place to run, a place to hide. The hallway filled with students, and laughter rang out loudly as she darted this way, then that, then fell on the floor amid the pointing fingers and leering eyes.

Dana chortled to herself as she left the gym. That had been fucking hilarious! God, life was so full of fun!

Her golden hair caressed her bare shoulders as she walked out to her car. She wore a tight tank top and short shorts, and knew just how hot she looked. But Dana had long used sex as a weapon to get what she wanted, or rather, she had used the unspoken suggestion of sex, for she was, despite her image, not particularly experienced in the actual physical act. She was no slut, after all!

Her body, she had come to accept, was valuable, and she doled out access to it in terms of rewards. Those who pleased her got to hang around and look at her. Boys who particularly pleased her might get a kiss, or above that, be permitted to touch her

round, yet athletic bottom. Touching her perfect round breasts was an even higher reward, and few boys indeed had pleased her well enough to feel her full, pert lips wrapped around their cocks.

Only two boys had thus far reached the pinnacle of being permitted to slide their trembling manhood into the warm, moist depths of her body. One had been Brad, the captain of the football team, the other, Paul, the captain of the baseball team. Both were tall, handsome, came from comfortable families, and were popular, and both had been her boyfriend at the time, one last year, one this year.

If she gave away what she had too easily, people didn't value it as much, and thus wouldn't value her as much, she thought. But she had become quite expert in using her body, in posing it, in using her voice and flirting with men of all ages to get what she wanted on the mere suggestion, the mere thought, of her sexuality.

Boys and men fell all over themselves to please her. And they'd been doing it almost since she'd reached puberty. It didn't matter that they had no chance of ever getting their eyes, much less their hands on what was under her form-fitting clothes. It was some kind of genetic weakness in men, she thought, and used it mercilessly.

From her father, who let her have anything she wanted if she made sad eyes at him, to her teachers, who bumped up her grades because she acted sad and pouty, to the cops who let her off with warnings instead of speeding tickets because she flirted and showed cleavage, to the boys in school who stared at her – and no doubt masturbated obsessively in their beds thinking about her, Dana Williams used the power of sex to make her life golden, and getting them to give her anything she wanted.

She walked out to the parking lot, to the car waiting for her. She put a little extra swing into her hips as she approached it and then leaned over the passenger door of the Nissan Roadster and smiled. She knew that her breasts would pull down the fabric of her top and let him see a delicious glimpse of her breasts nestled firmly in her lacy pink bra.

"Hi Brent," she said in a musical voice.

"Hey, baby," he said, grinning at her.

He was a wildly handsome young man with tousled brown hair and an athletic build. He was three years older than her and ought to have been in college, but he was too lazy, and his parents allowed him to "enjoy his youth" at their expense.

She opened the door and slid inside, enjoying the smooth leather seats beneath her flesh as she leaned towards him and let him kiss her. She opened her mouth a little and his tongue slid eagerly inside, but when his hand came up to slide over her breast she gripped his wrist quickly and pushed it back.

"Not here," she said in annoyance, looking around.

"Sure, no problem," he said with a grin.

He started the car and pulled away, and she stretched her legs out, noting his eyes flicking towards them.

He had possibilities as a boyfriend. She liked his car, and his family had money. He was handsome enough to get the other girls jealous, and he generally did what he was told. She had let him progress to the point of touching her body on the outside of her clothes, and would, she knew, have to soon let his hands slide inside, at least to her breasts.

It wasn't that she was against being touched. In fact, she often found a

considerable pleasure in it, and in the thought of it, but she needed to she felt she had to surrender her precious body only slowly and grudgingly in return for proper payment.

“Are you all ready for Saturday night?” she asked.

He hesitated, and her eyes narrowed. “What?” she demanded.

“My parents are giving me trouble about a job or school.”

She snorted and shook her head. “Blow them off.”

“My father is kind of insisting. He says that if I don’t have a job by the end of the month he’s going to take my car keys.”

Dana frowned. The end of the month was Friday.

“What does that mean?” she demanded, anger rising.

He shrugged helplessly. “I’ve tried to have him extend the deadline,” he said. “But it’s no go. He says if I need a car after Friday he’ll loan me his.”

“What kind of car does he drive?!” she demanded, her voice rising.

She had planned her entrance, even her dress to match his shiny red sports car. She had planned to roll up and have everyone jealous at her boyfriend and his beautiful car.

“It’s a Nissan too,” he said, hopefully. “Only a year old. It’s more expensive than this car!”

“What color is it and what kind of car is it!?” she growled.

“It’s an SUV,” he said, “Kind of uhm, brown.”

She gaped at him. “You expect me to show up in my black dress in a shit brown SUV!?” she exclaimed, voice rising in both volume and tone.

“Look, baby I – .”

“Stop the car right now!”

“But – .”

“Now!”

He pulled over to the side of the road but by the time he turned to her she was already jumping out of the car.

“Dana look I’ll be – .”

“Forget it! Go away! Get lost!” demanded, stalking away.

She was fuming. She marched in the opposite direction so he couldn’t follow her, her face red, her hair starting to become disheveled. What a loser he was! Like she was going to go out with a guy who had no car and had to borrow his daddy’s SUV!

Now what was she supposed to do for the big party on Saturday? Show up alone!?

Who was going to drive her?! Her father had offered to buy her a car but she had never worked up sufficient enthusiasm for the driving lessons she would have been required to take. They sounded so dreary and boring!

And now what was she supposed to do? Walk home!? She snarled to herself and fumbled in her purse for her cell phone as she turned around again and headed back towards her house – easily a dozen or more blocks away.

“Dana, would you like a ride?”

She turned and looked into open window of a big black SUV, and forced herself to smile in recognition of the middle aged man leaning over from the driver’s seat.

“Oh hi, Mr. Andrews.”

“Going my way?”

“I’m headed home.”

He gestured at her and she hesitated again, then shrugged, opened the door and climbed in. She didn’t know Mr. Andrews all that well, but he was her next to next door neighbor, and she’d seen him any number of times. He was a tall, balding man with a muscular build. He claimed he’d played basketball once, long ago. He was such an old fart, though, easily older than her father, that she considered him safe.

“Don’t forget to do up your seat belt,” he said, as he pressed the button to send the tinted window up to the top again.

She turned and reached for the seat belt, then world dissolved and she let out a startled gasp as a shock-wave raced through her nervous system and set her muscles spasming violently.

She felt it hard to breath, even more difficult to think. She noted Mr. Andrews putting down a metal box of some kind, noted him leaning forward over her, reaching for the bottom of her seat. Then the seat back fell backwards until it was almost prone. Everything seemed very hazy, and her hair felt as though it was standing on end.

Mr. Andrews rolled her onto her belly, and she grunted in weak confusion as her face was pressed against the leather seat back. She didn’t actually feel him gripping her arms, nor feel them being pulled together behind her back. But suddenly there was some kind of cool metal around her wrists.

Her mind started to blink back into existence, but it was still confused, still bleary. She had no idea what had happened, what was happening. It was like – like she’d just gotten the worst static electricity hock of her life.

Her legs were lifted up and pulled back, and she felt something hard encircling her ankles. Then she groaned weakly as her ankles were forced up even farther, and something pulled painfully against her wrists.

“Wh-what... What.. whatsgoinon?” she moaned, her voice slurred.

A sudden pull on her blonde hair made her cry out in pain, and forced her head up and back sharply. Then something thick, round and spongy was being forced into her open mouth, a sort of ball which jammed into her oral cavity and crushed her tongue down. It wouldn’t go in all the way, however, and stayed jammed into her mouth, half in, half out, as something was pulled around her head and snapped together behind her.

The car started forward, and Dana pulled weakly against whatever was gripping her wrists and ankles, her confusion starting to give way to fear and alarm. She was hog-tied, laying on her belly on the laid back seat, her ankles and wrists encircled by some hard, cool metal. She moaned and rolled her head sideways, looking up at Mr. Andrews in shock.

He was looking at the road, but occasionally turned to look at her, his face filled with a kind of gleeful satisfaction, like a kid who’d gotten exactly what he wanted for Christmas.

The drive home was not long, and she heard the rising sound of the engine which said it was now inside something – a garage. The clacking sound of a garage door going down followed, then the car turned off and Mr. Andrews got out. A moment later the door opened on her other side. He reached in and gripped the rope or cord or – whatever it was that tied her ankles to her wrists, and unfastened it.

Her ankles were still fastened together, by a short length of chain.

“Let’s go,” he ordered curtly, gripping her upper arm and dragging her out of the

car.

Her legs dropped to the floor, and she stared up at him as she yanked her forward. Her legs tried to move quickly and she fell to her knees as the shackles around her ankles tripped her up.

He lifted her back to her feet and led her, shakily into the house, then towards an open door with stairs leading down.

Dana struggled back, twisting and pulling.

“Don’t make me punish you, slut,” Andrews growled.

The word added fear to her alarm. Grown men, especially safe ones, neighbors, people her parents had to dinner, did not call her such names! She continued to struggle, trying feebly to kick out at him but frustrated by the short length of chain binding her ankles together.

Andrews abruptly leaned into her, gripped her under the bottom, and lifted her up over his shoulder. She tried kicking at him but he pinned her legs easily, then, grunting with her weight, gripped the hand rail and slowly walked down the stairs to the basement.

It was a fairly normal basement from what Dana could see, hanging upside down over his shoulder. It was nicely done out, with wood paneling, a pool table, a bar, and a large TV in the corner. He led her past the pool table to another door, and then through it along an unfinished section with cold concrete on the floor.

They passed a toilet and a laundry room, then a furnace and electrical room before coming to the rear where there was a storage room. A wooden shelf had been pulled away from the wall to reveal an open doorway behind it, and stairs leading down further.

Again, gasping with effort now, Andrews gripped the metal rail and moved slowly down the steep staircase, then through a large, thick metal door. He set her down with a gasp.

“If I have a sore back in the morning, you’ll pay for it, slut,” he panted.

He shifted his grip to her hair now, and yanked hard. Dana cried out in pain, almost falling down, as he forced her deeper into the – room.

The room was wide and low-ceilinged. The floor was poured concrete, the walls of red brick, the roof of heavy wooden beams. There were no windows, and only one door, the heavy metal one they’d come in through. The bed set in the center seemed quite incongruous, as if it didn’t belong.

The near wall contained two long lengths of two by fours fitted together like a large X. Not far from that, but in the center of the room, were another pair of two by fours, this time upright, with a metal brace going across the top. To the other side was what looked like a metal sawhorse, and past that a pair of low metal poles with metal balls the size of small baseballs on the top.

Andrews forced her forward and threw her, belly down, across the bed. She felt his hands going under her immediately, popping the catch on her shorts, and she squirmed and twisted wildly, frantic, as he yanked down her shorts and thong together, laughing at her desperation.

“There’s no escape, slut. None. You belong to me now. Get used to it, and learn to obey. Your life from now on should be focused only on pleasing me, on making me happy.”

Chapter Three

He had not raped her. That astonished Dana. He had stripped her to her skin, and had her completely at his mercy and had not raped her.

Yet she knew it was coming, knew that was the entire reason for him kidnapping her, taking her here to this sub basement or dungeon or whatever it was. She stood now, moaning helplessly, terrified, reacting to the slightest sound she heard around her – for she could not see.

He had blindfolded her, and then used thick black rope to bind her arms so tightly back behind her that her shoulders screamed in pain, threatening to tear free. Tight loops of rope pinned her wrists together, and encircled her arms just below and above her elbows, forcing her arms so far back her elbows actually pressed together.

This had the effect of forcing her chest out, but that was not necessary to thrust her breast out tautly, for he had encircled them in tight loops of rope also. She stood, legs straight and well apart, ankles bound in place, and her breasts throbbed with the wild beating of her heart.

The ropes around her breasts did not merely squeeze them out into two hard mounds, but locked her in place. The ropes were bound somewhere, tied to something else, one on either side of her so that she could not rise nor lower herself, could not move forward or back.

He had made her lean over, get on all fours, then placed three loops of rope around her breasts, squeezing them together and plumping them out, as well. But then two more loops of rope had gone between her breasts, squeezing the top and bottom ropes together, forcing her breasts into two hard balls of throbbing flesh on her chest, the nipples themselves thrusting out tautly.

He had tied thin cords around each nipple, then, so that they burned, and pulled the cords forward, tying them to something in front of her she could not see. Then he had left her like that for hours as her legs got stiffer, her breasts grew numb and her shoulders ached.

Alone and naked, in the dark terror of her thoughts, she waited for what he might do to her next, alternately weeping and begging aloud for him to let her go, though she had no idea if he was even still there.

The sound of the door opening and then closing jerked her head about.

“Please!” she whimpered. “Please let me go! I won’t tell anyone! I won’t – .”

The blow threw her back, sudden, shocking, painfully, an open handed slap to the side of her face that made her cry out doubly, first in shocked pain, then as she reeled back and lost her balance – only to be held up by the ropes around her breasts.

“You will not speak, whore!” his voice thundered. “You will say not one word!”

“Not – ,” He slapped her face a second time.

“One – ,” Another blow, to the other side of her face.

“Word!” And another blow slapped her face, throwing her head and body sideways, again to be brought up short by the ropes around her breasts.

Dazed, trembling, Dana was silent save for terrified sobs as she felt a slow trickle of blood down her chin from her cut lip.

She gasped as she felt him touching her “there”, but said nothing as his fingers probed her. She felt him spreading something against her sex, something warm and wet. He rubbed it over her and she felt the slickness. Then came the razor, and she knew what he was doing. He was shaving off her small thatch of pubic hair.

She stood helplessly, dazed by the slaps to the face, by the shock of the violence, and the bewilderment of what was being done to her. Her legs trembled, but she steeled herself, terrified she would faint and her breasts would be torn off.

He completed shaving her, and she felt his fingers stroking across her sex, felt how smooth she was now, and knew shame at how bare and visible her sex must now be.

She grimaced as his finger pushed inside her, twisting this way and that. Then something else was pushed up into her. She shuddered and her head pulled back as she felt the lips of her sex spreading wider, forced in and back by the intruder. She thought it might be his cock, but no, it was too... too artificial somehow. It pushed up inside her, some sort of dildo, she thought, and she gasped in pain as he forced it deep into her belly.

For a moment there was nothing, then she felt his finger at her back entrance.

“Please!” she moaned.

The blow came from the rear, but to the side of her head, and she screamed in pain as it struck. Again it threw her to the side, and her breasts ached as the ropes jerked her up short, holding her in position. Her ear flamed and throbbed as she whimpered tearfully and felt the misery of his penetration there. His finger pushed up into her rectum, withdrew, then something else pushed into her.

It was hard and plastic-like, and the deeper it pushed, the wider it seemed to get. She groaned as her sphincter was forced wider and wider. Then it abruptly slipped closed or – no – almost closed, with something flat pressed against her anus from the outside.

“If that dildo falls out I will replace it with a larger one, and you will be punished. I will keep replacing it until I find one so big it can’t fall out. Obey me, whore.”

Then he was gone, the door opening and closing, leaving the helpless girl whimpering and miserable.

More time passed, time during which she had the additional distraction of clamping her pubic muscles around the dildo. At first it was so tight there was no fear in her that it could slide out. But as time passed her sex seemed to loosen up a bit, and the fact she could not actually see it meant she was continually trying to determine if it was sliding incrementally out. Terrified of what he would do if it did fall out she kept squeezing with her pubic muscles.

The thing in her bottom apparently had no chance to fall out. It seemed to be lodged in there quite tightly, and she blanched whenever she considered what it implied about his intentions towards her.

Hours passed, or what felt like hours, until his return. She bit back a plea, for fear of being struck again. Her legs ached terribly. Every part of her ached terribly, but she had no way of influencing her treatment, it seemed, except for the worse.

She felt his fingers on her, tugging on the cords around her nipples, then sliding down between her legs. She felt his finger slide across her clitoris, then grip the base of the dildo and pull it free. She moaned in relief, for her abdominal and pubic muscles had

been clenched horribly since he put it in for fear it would fall free.

She gasped as she felt the ropes around her ankles pulling harder, forcing her feet further apart on the cold floor. She felt the tendons in her thighs stretching, aching, straining as the ropes pulled further still. She felt her body going downwards, and her mound pressing against something hard, something rubbery, something slick.

The pressure on her breasts grew worse as the ropes there tightened. Her nipples were worse still, burning as the cords pulled and stretched them out. The pressure against her pussy was hard, remorseless. The ropes around her ankles pulled wider and she let out a whimpering cry of fear and pain.

Her legs were now far apart, and it was difficult supporting herself. More of her weight was being born by the ropes around her breasts, and now, by the thing pressing against her mons.

Yet it was too wide to fit into her – surely. It was somewhat rounded, and she felt the pressure against her opening, but it was far too big.

She felt his fingers at her anus, pulling loose the thing he had thrust into her there. She heard a metallic sound, something heavy down below her feet, metal on stone, then a clicking as if something was locked into place there. She felt something push up into her rectum, something cold and metal, and whimpered helplessly. It was as thick as the thing which had been removed, perhaps thicker.

Almost immediately, though, she realized that this was not simply a loose object he had pushed inside her. This thing, this bar, this tube, this pipe, was attached to the floor below her, utterly immovable, as if she were impaled upon it. It was only a few inches deep, however, and her attention turned away from it towards more pressing concerns, like her aching breasts and burning nipples.

He was either gone or entirely silent. She moaned helplessly, sobbed weakly, and tried to survive the pain and discomfort as it went on and on and on. The pressure against her mons became worse, her soft, tender flesh beginning to ache and feel bruised. Her legs were so far apart now that she had to bend her ankles sharply to either side to keep her feet flat on the floor.

Her pussy ground down against that hard, round rubbery thing beneath her, the pressure insistent, remorseless.

It burned, that pressure, that ache.

Wrapped in pain, her mind drifted slowly, dazedly, until shocked back to full wakefulness by a sudden, intense pain between her legs. She screamed, the sound bitten off by the shocked realization that the thing beneath her had succeeded, after who knew how long, in forcing its way inside her body. The long, insistent pressure had finally battered her vaginal muscles into submission, forced the lips of her sex back far enough for it to drive up through her opening and into her pussy.

Her mouth opened in a silent scream, her chest fluttering as she came to terms with the new sensation, the incredible sense of stretching which the thing was forcing upon her. She had no idea how thick it was, but it felt as thick as a fence post.

And there was a strange sense of relief, as well, for the bruising pressure against her determined sex lips was now replaced by an aching stretching sensation. It hurt, her pussy lips stretched back so far, but not as much. And it hurt, to have something that thick inside the tight sleeve of her sex, but not as much. Her insides were, after all, somewhat elastic.

But oh God it felt big!

What was more, now that so much weight was not pressing down – and being resisted – by that thick rubber thing, that weight was transferred to her breasts and to her aching, burning ankles and thighs. For what felt like an hour she stood there, ankles shaking, breasts flaming, gripped by terror that her breasts might actually be ripped off by the pressure.

Then she heard the metal door opening, and knew he was there. She kept silent, though her desperation yearned to make her scream at him, make her beg him to untie her. And her silence paid off, or seemed to, for she felt a loosening of the pressure on her breasts and nipples. The relief was instant and overwhelming. Though they were still tied, still being pulled, the pressure was almost nothing now, and she felt herself breathing easier as the pain faded.

The relief was short-lived, however. Without the intensity of that pain pulling upwards against her breasts and nipples her body began to slowly sink lower. Dana shuddered as the thick post pushed up through the aching walls of her pussy.

She felt the pull on her ankles increase, felt them slide incrementally further apart on the floor, and sobbed with despair.

“Please!” she whimpered.

The slaps to the face followed, one after another, leaving her dazed and barely able to stand.

Her body slid slowly downward, the thick post-like thing pushed up – as did the metal probe in her anus. And now the pain began to grow – inside her.

“Open your mouth, whore,” he ordered. “Push out your tongue.”

Dazed, she obeyed, thrusting her tongue out. It was dry, like her mouth, for she had had nothing to drink since – since he had taken her, and that had been hours and hours ago – .

Her eyes bulged behind the blindfold and she screamed as something crushed her tongue in a cruel embrace. She tried to yank it back, but could not. Instead she felt it drawn forward. Then there was an even greater pain, and her scream mounted as agony gripped her. It was worse than the pain to her breasts, worse than the pain inside her, violent and intense – and then, thankfully, it began to ease.

She sobbed piteously as she felt something metallic against her tongue, something cool against the burning heat. The clamping jaws which held her tongue out opened, yet there was something else pulling at her, and she realized that he had pierced her tongue. Something was attached to the piercing, to the – the ring? – and it was pulling her tongue forward.

The blindfold was removed, and she blinked rapidly, staring at her hateful captor, then staring, cross-eyed, down at her tongue, thrust out before her, pulled by a narrow chain attached to a hook set into a post before her. The post had not been there when the blindfold had gone on, but she saw now that there were a number of round, metal openings in the floor in which objects could be placed.

She looked down as best she could, but her head was locked forward. She could not look down far enough to see the big thing inside her.

Her ankles slipped a bit and she moaned as she slid down, as it pushed up through her abdomen.

She watched him as he turned his attention to her breasts. They were stretched

out, red, contorted by the pull of the ropes. Her nipples were distended, stretched over an inch, the cord stretching them. He held a long needle in his fingers, and now pressed it against the side of her left nipple.

Pain gnawed at her and she screamed helplessly as he slowly pushed the needle through the side of her straining nipple and out the other side. It was not a particularly thin needle, and he was in no hurry to force it through, seeming to enjoy her pain.

He left it there, a four inch needle stuck through her nipple. He turned to a nearby metal tray on wheels, and picked up a second needle.

Dana whimpered as he turned to her other nipple, and then sobbed in pain as he duplicated his first attack.

With both nipples pierced by thick needles he turned to something else on his little tray, lifting it off. It was a narrow, foot-long metal rod. There were small round fasteners on either end, and the shocked young cheerleader watched him unscrew one. He then removed the needle from her left nipple and slowly forced the rod through the opening.

The rod was too thick, but with her already pierced, he was able to slowly force it through – though not without considerable pain for the helpless young teenager. He pushed the rod through, inch by inch by inch until he had reached her other nipple. He removed the needle there, and forced the rod through it, then screwed the round clasp onto the end.

He cut the cords away and her distended nipples snapped back, with the metal rode impaling the two of them.

They throbbed and ached, but the sharp pain of their piercing was gone, and now the pain between her legs clawed at her attention. The post thing inside her had driven so deep into her belly that it was grinding against her cervix, jammed against the very end of her pussy. The rod in her bottom was likewise deep inside her and pressing against something which made her ache and cramp terribly.

He untied the ropes around her breasts, and she sobbed as they seemed to catch fire. She was surprised she couldn't actually see the flames as her circulation returned. Yet after that, came a sense of relief as that particular source of pain faded.

The chain bound to her tongue was wrapped several times around the post before her, then locked off. He now unwrapped it, fed it through a ring, and then back and down. His fingers slid around the tube piercing her nipples and – pulled – slowly.

Dana watched her breasts raised and pulled forward, distended, the nipples stretching. Then he clipped the chain to the middle of the rod, and released it.

Now her tongue was, in effect, chained to her nipples, both pulling them out, and held out by them.

He smiled to see her, nodding as if in satisfaction. He moved across the room behind her, and a minute later she gasped as he gripped her matted hair from behind and forced her head slowly up and back. That, of course pulled against her tongue which pulled against her nipples. Her tongue was plastered tightly across her lower lip as she opened her mouth as much as she possibly could, gasping in pain and misery.

She saw the dildo descending. It was a very realistically shaped dildo, except, of course, for its length. He held it in the middle, but there still seemed to be ten inches on either side. He pushed it into her open mouth, pushed it along her tongue, pushed it

until the head jammed against the entrance to her throat and she gagged weakly. Then he pushed it further forward.

Dana gagged violently, choking on the latex cock as he pushed it into her throat. Yet with her head forced back and the intensity of the pain to her tongue and nipples growing she could not snap her teeth closed, she could not!

It pushed down her throat and not all her trembling, shaking and gagging could stop it. She would have vomited but she'd had nothing to eat for – hours – she had no idea how many.

He pushed it in until his fist was pressed against her lips, then he shifted his grip, down along the flexible latex cock, and resumed pushing. It slid down her throat, all the way down through her neck into her very chest cavity. She felt it slipping into her very stomach!

Then he let go. There was a second head on the other end of the thing, and it was nestled just at the entrance to her mouth, slightly protruding between her straining lips.

Dana was gagging continuously, choking, and gasping helplessly for breath. The long, flexible cock thing blocked her throat so that it was almost impossible to breath. And yet she watched him turn and walk to the door, then close it behind him.

Her head turned and twisted, her open mouth trying to gulp in air, her lungs working desperately to somehow suck in air around it. And then, she succeeded. It was only a little air, but it gave her hope, and she angled her neck, shifted it from side to side, and felt a bit more breath pull in, then a bit more. It was demanding, desperate work, but she was able to breath, after a fashion.

The pain inside her mounted, and she would have screamed had she the air to do so. The pain could now rightly be called agony as so much of her body weight now rested, impaled, on the hard rubbery surface of the thing she was impaled upon. That part of her body was never meant to bear that kind of pressure, and the agony made her scream silently even as most of her concentration was diverted to the desperate need to breathe.

The hours which followed were enveloped in a dark, crimson haze of agony, terror and despair, and she was light-headed the entire time, with insufficient oxygen.

She had little awareness of being untied, of being removed from the impaling post, nor even of the long, double-headed latex cock being pulled free of her mouth and throat.

She was so disoriented that, even with the intense pain eased and her breathing abilities returned to normal it took her quite some time to understand that she was now upside down.

She was stretched, spread-eagled, ankles and wrists bound to the tops and bottoms of the posts flanking her. And the only light in the room was from a thick candle he had stuffed down into her pussy. Through the long hours which followed it slowly burned down, and wax trickled down to encase her sex and then trickle slowly down her belly and across her breasts.

None of it, mercifully, got into her face, into her eyes, but in large measure that was due to the fact he had again chained her tongue, pulling it straight down, and attaching it to a ring in the floor beneath her body. This made pain her constant companion; pain to her tongue and pain to her neck.

But as the hot wax trickled slowly down her body she stared at the floor below her, eyes glazed, and wondered – again – why he didn't simply rape her and be done.

When she thought how she'd feared rape she might almost have laughed. Rape was nothing. She would so much prefer being raped right now. If only he would content himself with fucking her instead of this!

Too many hours passed for her to remain entirely conscious. Her mind drifted as she hung there in the darkness, shadows shifting as her body trembled.

Her tongue was bone dry, her mouth, constantly open, was just as bad. It had been some time since she'd eaten or drank anything, but her thirst was the more terrible of the two.

At last he came for her, and her body was lowered dazedly to the floor. He busied himself with ropes again. They crossed her breasts, cutting them in half and pinching her aching, pierced nipples between the rough hemp of the new ropes. Another thick rope went down her back, between her thighs, and jammed up painfully hard into her sex, binding to a tight loop he swept around her belly. That loop was so tight it was hard to breath and she felt her insides squeezed.

Her ankles were lifted up and back and tied tightly, so tightly her bound hands were back between her ankles and her body was bowed painfully.

He lifted her in one hand, carrying her, hog-tied like that, across the floor, then setting her down in the corner. There was a heavy metal grate there, and he lifted it up and propped it against the wall. He lifted her again, and she saw the dark hole underneath, barely long enough for her bent body to slide down into, barely wide enough for her shoulders to scrape through. She sank down into a kind of stone box just high enough, and then he slammed the grate down atop her and bolted it in place.

Chapter Four

She lay in that dark prison for what seemed like eternity, her body twisted into a painful, bow, her back screaming, her limbs aching, every muscle, every bone in her body cramping and crying out for relief. She sobbed until she had no tears, and then lay, squeezed and bound and blind, her stomach cramping and aching for food, her mouth and throat throbbing in their desperate need of water. She became a creature reduced to its most base impulses and instincts, caring about nothing but satisfying her desperate physical needs.

He lifted her out, suddenly, bodily, her eyes glazed, her mind a raw animal thing as he attached a chain to the ropes connecting her limbs and then raised her into the air. His harsh hand gripped her thick, tangled hair and lifted her head up, and then he rubbed himself against her face, against her mouth. An act which would have outraged and horrified her only days before now drew little interest in her dazed mind aside from one overpowering fact; his cock was wet.

The feel of the moisture on her lips brought light to her glassy eyes, an intensity which had nothing to do with her conscious mind. She moaned, pushing her raw, swollen, dry tongue out against it.

“Lick it, slut,” he ordered. “Lick it.”

She licked, her trembling tongue frantically seeking any drop of moisture as he ran his wet cock over it, over her lips. Her tongue was so dry it actually helped dry off his cock. But he moistened it again, and rubbed it against her cracked lips. She moaned hoarsely, licking, distracted from the pain in her limbs as she hung before him, still tightly, cruelly hog-tied.

His cock hardened, and he moistened it again, pushing it into her mouth. She welcomed it, moaning as she wrapped her lips around it, as her tongue moved feebly against it, as he pumped it slowly in and out. Again and again he pulled back to moisten his cock, then rub it over her face, her cheeks, her nose and eyes, and lips. He pushed it into her repeatedly, letting her desperately suck the moisture from it.

“You love it,” he purred. “You love cock. You love my cock. You will always love it and worship it and do anything to feel it against you, to feel it inside you.”

His hand reached down and cupped one of her breasts, hanging below her. His fingers caressed it, kneaded it gently, fingers stroking lightly against her nipples as she sucked moisture from his cock.

He drew back, still holding her head up by the hair.

“Open your mouth wide, slut! Open your mouth wide.”

He had to repeat himself as the dazed creature that Dana had become did not, at first understand.

But finally, her mouth was wide, and he pumped himself and came, spewing his silvery seed into her open mouth. She drank it down gratefully, the warm moisture trickling down her dry throat.

He was not finished, however. He pressed a small vibrator to her sex, rubbing gently. He moistened his cock again, and let her tongue slide all over it, let her take his balls into her mouth and suck them, let her lick her way up and down from his scrotum

to the tip of his cock as he worked the vibrator against her body. He grew hard again and pushed himself into her mouth, pumping gently in and out as she moaned and sucked and licked.

Then he soaked himself, and pushed into her throat.

It was the most wonderful thing Dana had ever felt. She gloried in the wetness of his flesh as it caressed her aching dry throat, reveled in the water trickling so slowly down her gullet. Yes it hurt, for he was thick and hard, but her desperate need of moisture overrode all other concerns.

Her mind was not acting on a high enough level to even understand what the orgasm was as it rippled through her aching body, but she reveled in the physical pleasure of it, her mind spinning in bewilderment as he pumped his cock slowly in her sucking mouth and her body reacted to the only pleasure it had felt for days.

And then he came in her mouth again and she swallowed convulsively. He seemed pleased, and something in her reacted to the approval in his voice, even if she didn't quite grasp the words. And as her reward, he gave her a small drink of water from a small plastic cup. She swallowed again and again, moaning as the cool liquid trickled down her throat.

He lowered her to the ground and the untied her. She lay groaning, unable to move for long minutes. Her limbs very, very slowly began to open up, to spread out. Her muscles spasmed with pain, and she trembled and whimpered as she lay on the cold floor. Minutes passed, and she began to move her hands and arms a little, to move her legs, spreading them out.

"Get on your hands and knees," he ordered.

Her mind was still not working on a level to properly accept orders, but the stinging bite of the crop to her bottom lent a sudden urgency to her thinking.

"Get on your fucking knees!" he shouted.

She forced herself up, gasping, trembling, and the crop traced the line of her spine.

"Knees apart, bottom up and out, head back. Now!"

He punctuated the demand with another stinging blow to her bottom, and Dana frantically moved to position her body accordingly. Her limbs were still horribly stiff, her knees and elbows screaming in protest, her back creaking alarmingly. He ran the crop along her shoulders and then pushed at her breasts, dangling below her.

"Now, fold your legs beneath you and sit up and back, your hands behind your neck. Now!" he ordered, cracking the crop across her back.

She hurried to obey, gasping, whimpering. Now the crop traced the curves of her breasts, circled her nipples, then slid down to slide along the tight, narrow slit of her sex.

He ordered her from position to position with the prod of his angry voice and the sting of the crop on her flesh. But as reward, he placed a small bowl of water on the floor before her.

She drank it, using her tongue to lap like a dog, kneeling, bent forward on her elbows, her forearms flat on the floor before her, her bottom raised as high as she could, her knees spread wide.

He eased a finger into her as she drank, a finger oiled and lubricated, and slid another across her clitoris. He turned on the vibrator, and as the dazed girl drank – slowly, for his orders were now clear and she must use only her tongue, he worked on

her body, worked it with a physical knowledge which emphasized his age above her. Her body, with no hesitation or guilt, no shame or revulsion coming from a mind obsessed with pleasing him and sating her thirst, responded on a physical level.

As the cool water trickled down her throat, another orgasm swept through her, and she shuddered and moaned in pleasure.

He slid a dildo into her, thick enough and long enough to fill her, but not strain her overmuch. A butt-plug went into her bottom, which she hardly noticed. Then he moved around before her, snapping the crop against his leg.

“Get down on your belly, slut.”

He put her in different positions again, then back onto her belly.

“Crawl to me, slut. Now!”

She stared to rise, but got a vicious blow from the crop along her spine.

“On your belly, whore!”

She collapsed with a cry of pain, then dragged her trembling body across the floor, her breasts aching as they pressed against the concrete and ground over it, her knees bruised as she pulled herself along. But she reached him. He was wearing shiny black boots, and bent to trickle water over the top.

“Lick, dog!”

Whimpering, she did so, her tongue lapping at the droplets on the boot, lapping along the side as he trickled more, lapping at the underside.

“Raise your bottom high and spread your knees wide,” he ordered.

She obeyed, and he sawed the crop lightly along her slit, over her clit, and between her buttocks. He pulled the butt-plug slowly out, then re-inserted it, doing this repeatedly, then posed her in a variety of degrading and often obscene positions.

But Dana was beyond caring about pride of body. Her world view had focused on the need to please him. Nothing mattered besides that. Pleasing him was clearly the way to avoiding pain and sating her desperate need of liquid. She had had nothing but a small, half filled bowl, and a tiny cup. Her body craved so much more.

He taunted her with another small bowl of water. He placed it a foot in front of her as she knelt now, on forearms and knees, bottom raised. She licked her lips, staring at it.

“You may drink, so long as you do not change your position,” he said.

She blinked in confusion. She tried to reach forward without moving and was able to angle her lips down and forward, raising her bottom a bit more. But then his foot gently nudged the bowl further ahead. She did not know what to do. He seemed to want her to try to drink it, but her mind was not functioning on a very complicated level.

She slid slightly forward and eased her lips forward, and again he nudged the bowl further away with his toe.

She stared at the water desperately, her throat already dry again. Each time she eased slightly forward and angled her head forward he nudged the bowl further ahead, so that she wound up crawling forward, in fits and starts, across the floor.

And then when he nudged it forward again she reached for the bowl.

“Did I tell you to break your position!?” he cried.

He screamed at her, cursed at her, and she cringed down in terror. He gripped her hair and yanked her up and back, flinging her onto her back on the floor, then jumped atop her. She screamed hoarsely as he rolled her onto her belly, yanking her

arms back behind her back.

He cruelly bound her arms at the elbows, then yanked on her hair again, forcing her to her knees.

“I’m sorry!” she cried.

That brought an open handed slap that spun her completely around and dropped her, stunned, on her side on the floor.

“You will not speak!” he snarled at her.

He yanked back on her hair, pulling the sobbing, whimpering girl to her knees again, gripping long thick shanks of hair and pulling them up and then braiding them together. She had no clue what he was doing until he pulled her to her feet, again by her hair, and then reached above her.

The pressure on her hair grew – and grew, and she cried out weakly as she was forced to her toes. For a long minute he held her there on her toes, her hair pulling horribly at her scalp, at her face, her shoulders aching, feeling almost as if ready to pull out of their sockets as he elbows ground together.

Her toes slowly failed, slowly letting more and more weight onto her hair until, sobbing, she was hanging fully by her hair, her toes only pawing feebly at the floor.

Then he raised her higher, and her body slowly turned and twisted, hanging by the rope bound into her hair, her scalp feeling like a thousand needles had been driven into her head simultaneously, her mouth open in a soundless scream as the pain clawed at her.

And then he was gone and she was alone in the room, mouth wide, eyes wide, pain consuming her as he left her to castigate herself for failing to please him, for daring to speak, for daring to move.

For a while, she hung in place, trying desperately not to move. Every movement made her hair pull harder, made her body turn and twist in mid-air.

When he finally returned, it was to drag what looked to be a common stool over before her. She stared, wide-eyed, jaw slack, wide, moaning. He pushed on her body, pushing her back, and pushed the stool forward, then sat on it and let her swing back. Her scrabbling feet found the crossbars of the stool and she shuddered as she was able to take the weight off her hair.

He pulled her in against him, over him so she was straddling him as he sat on the stool. That allowed her to ease her tired legs, to sit straddling him, and the screaming in her scalp began to ease as he mouthed her nipples and sucked gently. His fingers were soft and warm over her chilled flesh as he caressed her buttocks and kneaded her breasts.

Then he unzipped and brought his cock out. She felt an immediate interest, though it was not exactly sexual. She felt it moving against her belly but could not look down because of the pull on her hair. She was moist and slick inside, for his earlier lubrication had not worn off. He rubbed himself against her, then gripped her buttocks and forced her to rise.

She obeyed, feet digging into the narrow crossbars of the stool, down low, between the legs, holding herself slightly above him. She felt his cock against her down there, and then his hand pushed against her back.

“Down.”

She sank slowly down, and felt his hardness pushing up through her slick pussy

lips and up into her belly. She hissed in pain as he pushed so very deep into her body, wanting to scream. But the pain was not nearly as severe as what she had felt from her scalp, and while he was thick and hard, it was not so bad as that thing he had impaled her on ... earlier? The other day?

He pushed her up and back, hands against her belly, and she found herself oddly positioned. Her feet were forward, on the cross supports of the stool. As he pushed her torso back, she was unable to support herself fully and pressure mounted on her hair, on her scalp.

He eased and she slid forward – and down, and the pain eased as well. Each time he pushed her back, each time she slid off of him, the pain in her scalp made her whimper and moan, and long to slide forward again and take him deep. Each time he permitted her body to come forward and down the pain faded and she felt him push deep into her belly.

It was a long, slow fuck, and all her animal mind knew or cared about was that it wanted him inside her, deep inside her. That way lay a relief of the pain.

Once, he held her out at arms length, straining against him, her toes barely clinging to the stool, almost all her weight on her hair, held her out for a long minute before allowing her to swing back in and down, and as he slid into her and the pain eased from her scalp he rubbed a small vibrator against her clitoris and brought her to almost instant orgasm.

After that, as her body trembled, he held her pressed against him, and some instinctive part of her reveled in the feel of his warmth pressed against her body.

He unbound her hair but left her elbows tied. He smiled and she felt a surge of hope.

“It is time to bathe you,” he said. “Pretty you up.”

He led her, gripping her arm, out of the “dungeon” as she had come to think of it and up the stone stairs to the basement. They emerged in the storage room, and she saw the first daylight she had seen since she didn’t know how long, in the barred window overhead. He led her into the laundry room and had her kneel over a drain on the floor, sitting on her heels, knees apart.

He took a hand shower from the tub attached to the washer and warm water poured over her, soaking her, soaking her hair. She longed to turn her face upwards and opened her mouth to suck in the liquid.

“Do not drink until I tell you you can,” he growled.

He poured liquid soap over her head and worked his fingers in amongst her hair, then down around her face and shoulders and chest. She winced and flinched as his soapy hands moved over the cuts and bruises, but remained in position as he soaped her up down between her legs, rubbing gently, and not unpleasantly there.

He covered her in soap so she had to close her eyes, then made her lean forward, pulling on her hair, laying her on the floor on her chest, with her bottom raised. She felt him pulling at the butt-plug, and grunted as it slid out and something else pushed in.

The something else was thinner, but cold and hard plastic. Then she felt the warm water pouring into her. It poured and poured and poured until her gut ached with it, until cramps rippled through her and reluctant muscles clamped and cramped and spasmed around it.

He gripped her hair and forced her up and back, lifting her bodily until she was once more on her knees and sitting on her heels. Her insides twisted and ached and her bowels began to scream to be released. Yet some almost forgotten vestige of pride and memory kept her sphincter clamped down as much as she possibly could.

He poured water over her and rinsed her hair and face off, and she was able to open her eyes, gasping.

“I want you to squat here,” he ordered.

There was a round drain just before her, and he lifted the cover off so that there was nothing but a hole about as big around as a large bottle of wine.

“Squat,” he ordered, gripping her hair and pulling her into position.

She whimpered in pain, forced to use long unused muscles and position herself in a squat over the hole.

“Now release your bowels,” he ordered.

She was dazed by the order, even though she wanted to do it so much. Yet he was watching and an instinct almost as old as she could remember rebelled against doing so.

She had little choice, however. The pain was growing worse, and her legs were trembling.

“Release!” he growled.

She felt a burst of fear at making him angry, and that overrode all else. She released her bowels and the liquid gushed out of her anus and down into the drain.

It was utterly humiliating and degrading, and even in her dazed animal state she felt a new sense of shock at having been forced to do it before him.

He used the hand faucet to rinse her body off again, and to flush whatever hadn't gone down the drain into it, then he made her kneel on all fours, bottom raised, while he gave her another enema. She did not dare resist, and so, a second time, she was forced to squat over the hole and release her bowels while he looked down.

He soaped her body up again then rinsed her off and then let her crawl forward to straddle a low, rounded object which resembled a small log cut lengthwise. It had a dildo protruding, and she sank down onto it, taking it easily into her pussy, then sat straddling the “log” as he let her lick at his wet cock. While she licked, he brushed her hair out and then used a blow dryer, pausing now and then to wet his cock once more.

Dana began to feel that old sensation of silk across her shoulders, and the strange sense of confidence in her attractiveness that always brought her. She felt clean for the first time in what must be days, and not in any immediate pain, other than the aches from what he had already done to her.

He gave her a small piece of chocolate to eat, and it was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted. It also brought her empty stomach surging to the forefront of her consciousness, and her hunger rose ragged and frantic, almost a match for her thirst.

He made her pose and twist and position herself. Now he had a camera and took pictures, but that was no concern of Dana's. He had more chocolates, and her desperate hunger was more important than anything else. She had little sense of body consciousness anymore, so trivial did it seem compared to the need for food, water, and an easing of pain.

She lay back against the wall, holding her ankles up and spread so wide she was almost doing the splits, the tendons in her thighs aching, straining as she forced a

tremulous smile to her face. She bent over, spreading her legs, spreading the lips of her sex with her fingers, looking back at him and smiling. She arched and ran her hands over her body, she drew her knees up and back, and fingered herself, then pushed a dildo into her body, pumping it slowly in and out.

The camera flashed, and flashed again, and then he let her crawl to him and lick water from his bare toes before holding out his hand and letting her lick the piece of chocolate from it.

"I'm sure your father will enjoy seeing these pictures of his beautiful daughter," he said, with a gloating look on his face.

Dana blinked in surprised shock. She had not even thought about her family, about the world outside, in some time. All her concentration was on her body's needs. She had practically forgotten her family existed. Now she had a sudden image of her father seeing those pictures, and it brought out to her how shameful, how degrading those pictures were, and how shameful she ought to be finding her nudity before this man.

"Please!" she cried, reaching forward as if to grab the camera.

She realized her mistake instantly, but of course, it was too late. His open handed slap spun her around and flung her against the wall and she moaned dazedly, her head ringing as he cursed her for a whore for daring to speak to him.

She sobbed as he dragged her by the hair across the floor and down the stairs, her back and bottom and legs bouncing on the stairs as he dragged her along and flung her through the steel door onto the floor.

"You will be punished until you learn your place!" he hissed.

Chapter Five

Miserably, she realized she had lost all she had gained. Her arms were once again bound tightly and painfully together at the elbows, arms crossing, hands protruding uselessly out against either hip.

She was sitting, straddling a rough, narrow board which dug painfully into the soft, smooth flesh of her mons. Her ankles were bound in rope and pulled down straight and out to either side. He had bound small chains to her nipple rings, pulling them up and forward. Her tongue ring was similarly pulled up and forward, yanking her tongue out through her open mouth while her hair was pulled back and down to hold her body in position.

She sat there straddling that board, her body held tightly in its unnatural, bowed position, for hour after hour, until the discomfort between her legs became a raging fire of pain, and then the searing, biting agony which felt as though the board was cleaving her body and would push up through her abdomen, cutting her in half. Her tongue burned, and every time she started to ease back her nipples screamed.

If any thread ran through her frantic, animal mind during those long, long hours it was self-loathing at herself for failing to please him, for giving in to impulse, for daring to speak when she knew, *she knew* it was not permitted. How could she be so stupid!?

Balanced precariously on that thin edge, her soft flesh jammed cruelly against it, the bruising, punishing pain was never-ending. Try as she might to ease or shift or turn she could not. The pain grew and clawed at her mind and she screamed in animal frustration as the continued pressure against the sensitive flesh of her sex threatened to drive her insane.

And then he was there, and the pain to her nipples, to her tongue faded. He untied her ankles and lifted her off the thing and the pain between her legs began to fade, as well.

He sat on the bed and let her sit across his lap, legs spread. He wetted his fingers and pushed them into her mouth, letting her suck wearily on them, eyes glazed. He caressed her gently and held her against his body, combing his fingers through her hair.

The contrast between the hours of long, blinding pain and this was so overwhelming she trembled in his arms and mewled with frantic determination to please him. She sucked and licked on his fingers and wiggled softly in his lap. He did not touch her between the legs, where her body continued to throb with pain, but after a while he did rub her nipples lightly, and though they ached the touch was pleasant and warm.

He ran his warm hands slowly over her body, then lifted her and settled her on the bed itself. He half rolled her, unbinding her arms and she groaned aloud as the pain in her shoulders began to relent, as well. She made no complaint as he lay her flat on the soft mattress, as he spread her arms and legs and shackled them to the corners of the bed.

He began to gently tongue her body, his tongue, like his hands, light and gentle. And then for the first time, he lifted her head and kissed her. Her lips were drawn instantly to his, to the warm, moist softness of them, and the feel of his slick, wet tongue

in her dry aching mouth was intensely pleasurable.

He mouthed her aching nipples and caressed her bruised body. He brought warmth to her chilly flesh and she moaned in relief as he tongued his way languorously down her body. And then, between her legs, his tongue became even more delicate. She hissed and gasped in pain as his tongue traced the line of her swollen sex. Every touch, however light, made her gasp and whimper. Yet he persisted, and when his tongue stroked across her clitoris her gasp took on an entirely new tenor.

He lapped slowly, softly, and pain and pleasure swirled and twisted into a strange, dark heat that swept up her body and through her frazzled mind in ever growing strength. Her hips rolled up against the raw, burning sensation he was forcing upon her, and she cried out, arching, twisting and writhing in the grip of that intoxicating sensation as her body flared with response.

It hurt so much, and yet it felt so incredibly good!

Dana was lost amid the kaleidoscopic lights as her body bucked and jerked and twisted in the grip of an orgasm beyond anything she had ever felt or imagined, an orgasm that went on and on, escalating with every beat of her frantic heart until she almost lost consciousness, unable to withstand the sheer force of it.

His big body covered the world above her, and his weight crushed her to the bed as he ground his chest against her sore breasts. Then he rubbed his stiff cock along the furrow of her pussy, and the pain throbbed even more powerfully.

“This is going to hurt,” he said, “And you’re going to love it. Because you’re nothing but a cheap slut.”

She cried out in helpless pain as he forced himself into her. Yet he had lubricated his cock with a slick substance – for his pleasure, not hers, and he slid into her spasming wet pussy despite the pain. Her aching sex lips were stretched and pulled apart, and then he was inside her, up in her belly, his hips grinding against her as his hands seized her buttocks.

No longer gentle, he thrust into her, his hips working up and down with a powerful stroke as he drove his cock into the helpless young girl below him. He leered down at her, then bit into the nape of her neck, his teeth harsh and cruel. His fingers were claws as they dug into her buttocks, yanking up to meet his thrusts, and Dana’s mind tumbled helplessly end over end as her body cried out in pain and a dark, helpless sensory pleasure.

It was an orgasm that was painful, a pain which was orgasmic. She sobbed in pleasure and in pain as he thrust into her again and again, her eyes wide, mouth opening and closing as she stared up past his shoulder, as her throat ached from his growling biting gnawing mouth. She came, screaming – in pain and ecstasy, and he laughed and thrust even harder.

Dana woke in a cage. It was a low, rectangle, perhaps three feet wide and four long. There wasn’t room for her to stretch out, of course, so she lay on her back, her knees up and spread apart. That also helped ease the pain between her legs. She was still horribly sore there, and could feel her groin throbbing even as her eyes fluttered open and she looked about her and through the narrow bars at the dungeon outside.

Her first thought was a feeling of safety that she was inside the cage, so the bars

could keep her safe. It was true he could pull her out at any time, of course, but to her animalistic mind, as long as she was inside, she was safe from harm.

Her second thought was a ferocious thirst, followed by ravenous hunger. She groaned and rubbed her slender stomach, feeling the ache of her empty stomach. How long had it been since she'd eaten anything of substance? She had no idea.

And then she saw something, and despite the ache in her body she jerked violently. There at the end of the cage, were two bowls, just outside. She forced herself up and squatted, her head bent low within the cage. She moved to the end of the cage and stared at the two bowls through the bars. She didn't know what the meat-like substance in one of the bowls was, but as the other was water, it must be some sort of food. She would have salivated but she was too dehydrated.

But it lay outside the cage, and she could not reach it, even did she dare try.

She stared at it raptly, as if by mere determination she could slide the bowls across the floor and pull them inside the cage. Yet nothing happened. She licked her dry lips, staring at the water, feeling her aching throat, and turned, looking at the door, longing for him to return, to give her access to it.

And then – he did.

Dana stared at him desperately, beseeching him with her eyes as he looked into the cage.

“Well, my little slut is awake, I see. Would you like some water, slut?”

Almost, she spoke, almost she said “Yes!”, but halted in fear. She nodded tremulously and he chuckled cruelly.

“If you had spoken a single word I would have left you here for another day with nothing to drink or eat,” he said. “I hate the sound of whore voices.” He unlocked the cage and motioned her to crawl out. Dana did so anxiously, and knelt on all fours before him.

“So, the little slut would like something to eat and drink, would she. Well the little slut will have to demonstrate that she's worthy of my generosity.”

He went to a corner and pulled down a thin crop, then returned.

“On your heels, slut.”

She sat back at once, swallowing anxiously.

“Hands behind your head. Stick those tits of yours out, the ones you're so proud of showing off.”

Dana obeyed again, heart pounding as she arched her back. The crop had a flat tip the size of a silver dollar. He rubbed it against her right nipple, then drew the crop back and slapped it down with stinging force that made her gasp in pain.

“Whore,” he said.

He rubbed it against her nipple again, then again drew it back and slashed it in sharply, stingingly.

“Whore,” he said again.

He smirked at her. “If you want what is in those bowls, you will hold your position without movement, whore.”

He swung the crop in short, rapid little motions, so fast it was a blur, as he slapped the flat leather tip against her nipple again and again and again.

Dana whimpered and moaned and clenched her teeth against the rising pain. He had only pierced her nipples a few days ago, and they still ached. Yet now he was

beating first one, then the other, the flat little tip slapping furiously against the center of each breast as she shuddered and strained and forced herself to stay in position.

He laughed and drew back, then suddenly lashed out again. This time the long, thin side of the crop slashed into the center of her breast with a shocking eruption of burning pain that made her cry out.

“Whore!” he shouted.

He slashed it down again, this time against her other breast. Again it hurt horribly, and her cry of pain echoed and merged with his shout of “Whore!”

He had used only his wrists to swing the crop against her nipples. Now he was drawing back his arm, even his shoulder, so he could slash the crop down across her straining breasts. The pain was incredible, and she sobbed and cried out again and again as she trembled and shook and fought to stay in position.

“Whore!” he shouted with every blow.

Her breasts were white hot throbbing balls of pain, criss-crossed with dark, angry welts, yet her thirst was so desperate she somehow stayed in position.

“Very well, whore,” he said. “You will crawl, like the animal you are, and you may drink and eat.

Sobbing, Dana dropped onto all fours, shuffling across the floor, glazed eyes fixed on the two bowls. She thrust her mouth into one and took a long drink, slurping and sucking on the water, reveling in the coolness of the liquid as it trickled down her throat. She looked into the other bowl, her stomach aching. It neither looked nor smelled appealing, but she was too starved to care. She pushed her mouth into the soft, loose meaty substance and began to pull it into her mouth and swallow convulsively.

It tasted something like hamburger, but very, very bad hamburger. She didn’t care. It was something, and she ate it, licking the bowl clean, and finishing every drop of water. But neither were sufficient. She was still thirsty, still hungry.

“Would you like more to drink, whore?” he asked.

She nodded her head anxiously.

“Come here, whore. Crawl to me.”

She crawled weakly across to where he stood.

“Heels,” he ordered.

Dana sat back on her heels, spreading her knees apart as he unzipped his trousers and took his cock out. She opened her mouth as he moved himself closer to her.

“Keep your mouth open and swallow! If one drop gets on the floor you will be punished.”

She blinked in surprise. His cock was only an inch or two from her open mouth. Yet it was soft, not ready to come by any means so why – .

The hot, narrow stream erupted and poured into her mouth. Dana swallowed convulsively, and the foul taste of it shocked her mind, even as she stared at him holding the cock just before her. Her instinct to jerk her head away, to close her mouth, fought against her desperation not to be punished. She trembled violently, eyes wide, yet she kept her mouth open, swallowing again and again as he urinated into her mouth.

Only when he finished did she slowly, dazedly close her mouth, shocked despite what she had already gone through.

“What is that?”

She looked up at him.

“What is that, whore!?” he demanded, pointing at the floor.

She looked down and saw a few dark spots on the gray floor.

“What did I say?! I said if one drop hits the floor you will be punished, did I not!?”

Dana whimpered and he grabbed her hair and yanked her head up and back, glaring down at her.

“Stupid whore!” he snarled. “Do you think you can disobey me and get away with it!?”

He yanked her head forward and down hard, rubbing her hair against the small spots of urine on the floor. He yanked her head up and back again and glowered down at her.

“Now your hair is all full of piss,” he snapped. “Well I’m not washing it again. I’m tired of washing your slut hair.”

He dragged her across the floor by the hair and drew a pair of scissors out of a table drawer, then cut away at her hair as Dana knelt stunned and dazed at his feet. She saw and felt the long strands of blonde hair pouring down her shoulders and over her aching breasts, sliding down her back and pooling around her knees and feet.

“There. Now all the piss in your hair is gone,” he said.

Dana stared at the mass of hair around her on the floor, aghast, horrified. Her hair had always been one of her pride and joys, so soft, and rich and golden.

She reached up a trembling hand and felt her hair shorn all the way to the scalp. It was less than an inch long in most places, ragged and patchy to the point she didn’t even recognize the touch of it.

It was too much for her. With all the shocks her system had had of late, the starvation, the lack of water, the urine in her stomach, the beatings and other painful punishments. She felt black dots dance before her eyes, and then the world faded away as she fainted.

She wakened in the cage again, and dazedly reached up to her head. She blinked in astonishment, for there was now NO hair there at all. She slapped both hands against her head and found herself entirely bald. He had shaved her head completely. It was another shocking blow to her psyche, and she lay dazed by it, staring at nothing for long, long minutes.

Her groin still throbbed and ached, and as she lay there her hand moved almost instinctively to it, wincing as she lightly touched herself. Yet there was a sharpness to that pain, a dark familiar something which caused her finger to lightly trace the line of her bare sex again and again as her body began to respond.

It did not occur to her to masturbate. She had no interest in sex. The stroking of her finger against her sex was something almost instinctive, and she spread her legs wider as the pleasure rose. Her flesh was hot and swollen, exquisitely sensitive. The harder she rubbed, the more it hurt, but the more hot, scalding pleasure came with it.

Dana rubbed harder, gasping and moaning as her body thrummed with a strange, dark energy. Knees wide and back, eyes closed, she grunted and moaned as she stroked her clit, and when one hand came up and cupped her wounded breast she hissed in pain – and yet, squeezed harder.

She gasped as he entered the room, freezing in position, suddenly terrified of

what he would do, of what he would think. Would he be angry? Had she done something wrong? Would he punish her!?

He looked through the bars of the cage as she looked back, on her back, knees wide, gulping anxiously.

“Whore,” he said contemptuously. “Foul, filthy slut.”

He slowly raised something. It was a baseball bat.

“Have you ever seen a person beaten to death with a baseball bat?” he asked softly. “Have you ever watched their bones smashed and broken, one by one by the force of the blows?”

Dana whimpered in rising terror as he brought the bat down against the cage.

Then he pushed the bat through the bars, barely getting it through. He slid the head down between her open thighs, and she was too terrified to do move as the head came against her moist, throbbing pussy. She was still aching from the board she had straddled, her flesh still bruised. He pushed the head of the bat against her and twisted it slowly from side to side pushing harder, the pressure mounting against her aching, bruised sex so that she whimpered and moaned and hissed and gulped in air, her head turned away, lips quivering, eyes clenched against the pain.

“Whore,” he spat.

The pressure mounted, and she shuddered and let out a helpless cry of pain as the fat head of the bat was forced through the battered, bruised opening of her sex. It – hurt, but pain was a relative thing, she had come to realize. There was pain, and then there was PAIN. She groaned as he forced the bat deeper into her pussy, as it stretched her out drove through the soft, silken flesh of her abdomen.

“Whore,” he said.

She shuddered and cried out as the head of the bat pushed deep, grinding against the back wall of her pussy. He twisted the thick bat from side to side, turning it in his strong fist, then drew it back and thrust hard.

Dana cried out in pain.

“Whore,” he said.

He pulled it back and thrust it in again. Again she cried out in pain, her knees jerking violently against the bars.

“Whore!” he said.

Her soft flesh gave way to the remorseless strength of his powerful muscles and the harsh, cold steel of the bat as he forced it in and out, in and out, raping her with it, battering her vaginal muscles to submission. Her slim body jerked in and out as he fucked her with the bat, and the pain inside her was a hot, dull throbbing thing.

He stopped, the bat deep inside her.

“Rub your clit, slut. Rub it!”

Her hands shaking, fingers trembling, Dana's arm moved in, her finger pressing against her swollen clitoris, and began to rub it. He resumed pumping, slowly now, in and out, in and out, grinding and twisting it inside her until the crackling sexual fires rippled through her body again and she let out a long, animal howl of pleasure as the orgasm closed around her mind.

“Whore!” he sneered.

Chapter Six

The sound of the bolt being shot was loud, and wakened her where she slept on her doggy bed. The doggie bed was only long and wide enough for her torso, so Dana normally slept in the fetal position. She stretched out her legs, but had no time to lay still, yawning and stretching. She rolled out of the bed and hurried across to the door, throwing herself down on her knees as he opened it.

She stretched her arms forward, bowing to the floor, bottom high, face pressed against the floor, arms outstretched, the backs of her hands against the floor as she waited for him to give her an order.

“Turn and present.”

She turned immediately, resuming her position, but with her bottom and pussy pointed at him. She felt the thick round body of the vibrator as it slid into her pussy, pushing deep, filling her. The tight clip at its base slipped up and over the top – well, now the bottom – of her pussy to squeeze against her clit and press it down and back. With a click, the vibrator began to buzz, and she felt the vibrations ripple through her groin.

Her breathing began to quicken and she closed her eyes, shuddering, then gasped as the first blow of the strap hit her buttocks.

She moaned weakly, her pussy squeezing down around the buzzing vibrator as the strap landed again and again, in slow, measured blows that stung her flesh and built the heat up so that her buttocks throbbed and glowed like fire.

She heard his zipper go down. “Turn and kneel,” he ordered.

Panting, she turned and reared up and back, sitting on her heels and spreading her legs wide. Her buttock were hot and aching, especially against her buttocks, but she paid them little heed. He took out his cock, and she rose on her knees, sliding her lips over it and holding it within her mouth as he began to urinate. She swallowed again and again as the hot liquid poured into her mouth and down her throat. When he was finished, she sucked and licked, and felt him harden.

She bobbed her lips slowly up and down on his cock as it became fully erect, sliding forward to take him deep into her throat and press her lips and face against his groin. She worked herself in and out, up and down, until she felt him erupting in her throat, then slowed her movements, sucking and licking him as she slowly pulled back.

He snapped a leash to her collar, and she dropped back onto all fours as he led her, crawling, out of the dungeon, up the stairs to the basement, and into the laundry room.

There was her bowl of water and dog food, and she knelt, bottom raised, eating and drinking as he inserted the enema tube into her rectum and began to fill up her bowels. The pain in her belly grew, but she knew she would not be permitted to relieve it until she had finished every drop and eaten every bite of dog food.

When she was done, she looked up at him and he nodded, pointing at the open drain. She squatted over it, her rectum only an inch or two from the hole, and then released her bowels down the drain. She then re-assumed her old position, on her elbows and forearms, bottom raised high, legs apart, as he inserted the hose for her

second enema.

When he had finished filling her she squatted over the drain, waiting for his permission. The pain mounted as he moved over to the far table and adjusted something there among the tools he kept. He turned and nodded, and she released her bowels again into the drain. Then, a moment later, she released her bladder as well.

She re-assumed her position on all fours and he sprayed her with the hand shower, then lathered her up from head to toe. He shaved her head, then her pussy, then rinsed her off. He brushed her teeth, and she rinsed herself out, spitting down the still open drain. He towed her body dry, then carefully applied a dark red lipstick to her lips, and darkened her eyebrows.

Dana then pulled on gleaming black leather boots which were almost thigh high. The boots had a six inch stiletto heel which made walking very quickly difficult, but she had started to get used to them by now. Leather kid gloves went over her hands and up her arms past the elbows, almost to her shoulders.

She bent over, spreading her legs, and he worked a large dildo into her anus, and another up her pussy. A T-shaped belt went around her waist – tight, and the vertical section went down her abdomen, over her pussy, between her legs and back up between her buttocks to snap – tightly – against the rear of the belt just above her buttocks. The vertical belt had an inch wide, inch high opening in it just over her clitoris. It had been pierced as well, and he hung a weighted ball from the ring now, before hanging two more from her nipple rings.

It was time to start another day.

He locked her wrist restraints together behind her back, attached a leash to her collar, and then led her from the room, up the hall, up the stairs to the world above, as she thought of it. Once in the kitchen, he unsnapped the leash and unlinked the shackles.

She had no idea why he insisted on escorting in that fashion, but in almost every case, that was the way he had decided she should be bound when moving from place to place. When she went upstairs, he would take her in the same manner, just as he would when he brought her back to the basement or the dungeon.

She went to the sink and washed the single cup he had used that morning for his coffee. He did not eat breakfast, which was why she was not brought up to make it. She then filled a pail with water and soap, and got down on all fours to scrub the kitchen floor.

As she moved, the weighted balls pulled and danced below her, making her nipples and clitoris sting and ache and then throb with a dark hunger she could do nothing to satisfy.

She finished cleaning the floor and filled the pail again to wax it. When that was done she sat on her heels, well, actually, given she had six inch stiletto heels, she sat with her knees bent, her heels pressed against the sides of her buttocks. She waited until he came to see if she were done. When he arrived, he inspected the work, nodded, and motioned for her to stand. He locked her restraints behind her back, snapped the leash on her collar, and led her down the hall, and then up the stairs to the master bathroom.

He released her again and left her. Dana scrubbed the tub and shower enclosure, did the sink, then wiped the mirror before very carefully scrubbing the toilet

inside and out, seat, rim, bowl, the base, everything. Then she scrubbed the floor, as well.

She knelt and waited. It was almost an hour before he arrived to inspect her work, and as he often did, he snapped his fingers at her to demonstrate just how good a job she had done.

Dana crawled to the tub and licked along the base, then up along the side. She crawled to the shower enclosure and licked along the floor, then to the toilet. Here he insisted she lick along the base of the toilet, then lick the rim on top and inside.

“Drink,” he ordered.

Dana put her head inside the bowl and drank delicately, until he ordered her to stop. Satisfied, he locked her wrists behind her back and leashed her before taking her into the bedroom.

“Bed,” he ordered.

She crawled onto the bed and positioned herself on her hands and knees, her bottom raised towards the side. Her breathing grew heavier with anticipation as his hands undid the vertical part of the belt and let it slide down to bare her anus and pussy. He pulled the oiled dildo out of her pussy, and Dana moaned softly in pleasure. Moving around as she had been, the weighted balls dancing and pulling at her nipples and clit, she had felt a long, bubbling heat filling her body and now she readied herself for release.

He thrust slowly into her from behind and the breath caught in her throat. Her eyes glazed over almost at once and she shuddered and moaned, shifting her knees a little further apart as his hands moved up her body and then under to cup and knead her breasts. He began to thrust, to pump, and Dana mewled in a soft, delicious pleasure, eyes fluttering as he used her, as her body roused to wild, flaming passion almost at once.

Her mind had been well-trained, her body even more. She tried to keep as silent as possible, for he hated the sound of her voice, and was liable to punish her if she became too noisy. She focused all her attention inward, on that wonderful cock pumping up and down in her belly, on his hard hips slapping against her upraised buttocks, on his fingers digging into her sensitive breasts.

The first orgasm arrived within a minute, so that her hips jerked and bucked, her pussy spasming and sucking on his pumping cock. The orgasm went on and on, and then leapt into a second orgasm, then a third, leaving her panting, moaning, and drained as he finally pulled free of her and thrust the dildo back inside.

“Back to work, whore,” he said.

She pulled the sheets off the bed and then went to the linen closet for fresh ones. She made the bed carefully, then dusted the tables and vacuumed the rug and ran the mop over the hardwood floors.

He returned while she was carefully scrubbing along the baseboard with a toothbrush. He came to stand behind her.

“Stand and turn.”

She rose instantly.

“Hands,” he barked.

She thrust her arms back behind her, crossing her wrists, and felt his strong hands on them, felt him clipping the shackles together. He gripped her shoulder and

spun her around, and she saw, with dread, the black dildo he used sometimes to gag her. It was quite long and thick, widening near the base. The base itself was a wide, fat, ball, malleable, but still making her jaw ache whenever he used it.

“Open,” he growled.

She opened her mouth wide, and he pushed the fat head of the dildo in through it. Such was the thickness that it caught at her lips, pinching them against her teeth a little as it scraped through. She strained to widen her mouth, and grunted as he put his fingers on her upper and lower teeth, pressing, forcing it just a bit wider as the thick, curving dildo pushed down into the rear of her mouth and into the entrance of her throat.

She gagged a little as it pushed forward, again, wider than she was at all comfortable with. He gripped the back of her collar, forcing her head back as he pushed the dildo deeper - and deeper. She moaned around it, almost soundlessly now, as it forced her jaw wide. Then the ball part was just outside, and his fingers were jamming it through, wedging it in piece by piece, bit by bit, squashing and cramming it until the ball was almost all inside her mouth, stretching her mouth wide, crushing her tongue underneath even as it pressed hard against the roof of her mouth.

He gripped the back of her collar and shoved her forcefully forward, bending her across the back of the chair.

“Spread your legs, whore,” he ordered.

Dana obeyed anxiously. She heard movements behind her, then his fingers slid along the edge of the T-belt, undoing it. He pulled the dildo out of her pussy, then pressed the much larger, much thicker black dildo against her.

Then she felt the pressure against her pussy, stretching wide the lips of her sex, jamming against the mouth of her pussy as he twisted it from side to side. She groaned weakly as the pressure slowly forced the elastic walls of her pussy to ease apart. Still he thrust, and twisted, as the pain mounted for her, and she felt tears start to flood her eyes.

He managed to force it into her, at least the first inch, and now she could do nothing but bear the pain as he worked a large, monster cock into her body, inch by slow inch.

He began to push harder, pulling it back, thrusting it forward, and there were limits to what her flesh could stand. The pain grew much greater, and she screamed into the gag as he forced the dildo deep into her belly. Her legs spasmed and jerked, her feet twisting on the floor as her groin burned like fire.

“You’ll take it, whore,” he said, calmly, “You’ll take whatever I want to shove into you.”

Her head jerked up and back, eyes wide, as he thrust viciously, and the pain gnawed at her mind and body. He laughed at her reaction, pinning her legs with his own, pressing his open hand against the base of the big dildo and then slapping it again and again, forcing it into her inch by inch, as though he were pounding a stake into her.

He grunted in apparent satisfaction, but then she felt his fingers at her anus, pulling the butt-plug free. A single finger coated in slippery cool gel pushed into her, then a second was forced inside, both pushing in to the knuckles and twisting around. They pulled back, and thrust in, pulled back, and thrust in. And then a third finger joined them, twisting and knifing into her. He pumped them in and out, and then she felt another pressure, something hard and thick and rounded as he pushed another dildo against

her body.

It was as thick as the one he'd already stuffed inside her, and she cried out again and again as he slapped and punched at it, as he twisted and thrust it, cursing her as he forced it down into her burning anal opening. He pulled her upright, the two enormous cocks protruding, making her stand with her legs apart.

He snapped a heavy chain onto her collar, and then led her down the stairs and to the rear of the house. He stopped at the back door, unlocked it, removed the large bolt which routinely made it impossible for her to open, and then pulled the door wide.

He jerked on the chain, leading her out into the enclosed porch, then opened the screen door and led her outside into his back yard.

He led her outside, and she blinked up anxiously at the sun. He had never taken her outside before, and she had not expected he ever would. Yet the fences were quite tall, the hedges bordering them taller still. She turned her head quickly as they walked out onto the grass, and could see the slate gray roof of her house just one house down. Her parents could be in the yard even now, sitting by the pool!

Yet as close as she was, she might as well have been a thousand miles away. With her hands shackled together, and the chain he held tightly locked to her collar, she could go nowhere without his permission. Nor could she scream to attract attention. She was in a large green box, and though she could hear the sounds of the neighbors around her, she could make no sound herself, could not yell for help.

He pulled on her "leash", leading her out into the center of the yard, and she moaned silently as she saw the two high posts there. He snapped her leash to his belt, then unfastened her shackles, taking her right wrist very firmly as he led it up and out, and snapped it to a small chain locked to a ring at the top of the post on her right side. He released that wrist, and took the other, pulling it up and out, snapping another small, but thick chain to it so that she stood between the two posts, effectively locked in place.

There was a shed across the yard on one side, and a small patio on the other. Next to the patio was a small, elevated pond with a waterfall, and a number of water plants.

He squatted, slapping her right ankle, and she pushed her ankle out to him. He pulled it wider still, until her toes left the grass, in fact, and he was able to snap the chain there to her shackle. Then he moved over to the other side. He gripped her ankle there and simply pulled it and she gasped as she left her feet. The metal shackles on her wrists dug painfully into her soft skin and she cried out in pain, but again, the sound was negligible outside her own head. He spread her leg wide and chained her other ankle in place before standing.

He reached to the ring at her collar and removed the chain there, and then left her in place, returning to the house.

Dana looked around her weakly, staring at the green grass, the water, the hedges which hid her from her neighbors. She tilted her head back, staring up at the sky, moaning in frustration as she tried to look over her shoulder and see her roof again. She listened desperately for any sound which might come from two yards over, but could distinguish nothing from the general background noises.

The sun beat down on her from overhead, and she began to sweat, her head heating up more than she remembered, with no hair to protect it from the direct light of the sun. Her wrists ached fiercely, her arms and shoulders straining, as well. She

wondered how long he would leave her hanging like this, and yet, despite the pain, she was eager to remain in the desperate hope that for whatever reason, on whatever chance, someone would somehow look over the fence, over the hedge, or through it, and see her here.

She knew, of course, that there was almost no chance of that. But how surreal to hang here naked, bound so tightly her arms and legs ached, stretched out, spreadeagled in mid-air, gurgling weakly around the thick cock filling her mouth and throat – and yet feel the gentle breeze against her bare skin under the warm summer sun.

The back door slammed and she tried to look over her shoulders as he returned. He had a whip in his hands, a long one, a new one, and she felt her stomach clench as he moved to stand behind her. She moaned around the thick dildo gag, staring forward, not looking back, not wanting to see. But she saw regardless, her peripheral vision showing his arm swinging out, the long whip pulling back, then snapping forward.

It was not a heavy whip at all, but it seemed to have a cutting edge, for as it struck her it swept around her body, encircling her waist, and she felt a hot sting like a ring around her middle. He jerked it loose and it fell away. Gasping, she looked down, and saw that she did indeed have a perfect red line around her middle.

The whip swept forward again, encircling her chest this time, slicing along the soft skin of her ribs and then across her taut breasts with stinging, burning force that made her hiss into the gag. Her body flinched and jerked and flinched again as he swept the whip around her repeatedly. It sliced across her flesh from shoulders to thighs and back again, until her lithe young body was covered in thin horizontal red lines, the flesh pink between them.

He turned and walked back inside, leaving Dana alone with her pain, sweating in the hot sun, gasping for breath around the dildo locked into her throat, moaning miserably as her overheated, aching flesh baked.

He returned but she did not look around. She gasped as she felt him close, his arms sliding around her, hands roughly groping her breasts, squeezing and mashing them together, lifting them up and digging his fingers into the soft flesh.

“Whore,” he whispered, biting into the flesh of her throat.

His right hand slid down her body and his finger began to stroke expertly against her clitoris. Dana moaned and stared up at the sun, chest rising and falling quickly though faintly, as she breathed in short, ragged breaths.

“Slut,” he sneered, finger rubbing delicately but quickly.

Inner heat began to roll through her even as he faded back, and she moaned dazedly, head back, staring up at the sky, feeling the dark tinge of masochistic heat which had more and more begun to take her over at his instigation. She was a slut, a whore, a sex slave to his whims, a tortured fuck-toy marked by his whip.

The first blow surprised her, and she cried out – the sound again deeply muffled by the gag, as the cat o’ nine tails cut across her back with its long, thin leather laces. She arched at the sudden sharp, stinging slashes all across her back, her body twisting and writhing against the ropes, then going limp as she gasped for breath. Another blow made her cry out, but was less of a shock. Another and another blow landed upon her shoulders and lower back, then he shifted his position so the thin laces could reach around under her arms and snap and claw at her breasts and belly.

She gasped and moaned and her muscles spasmed as she instinctively attempted to twist free, to protect herself. Her breasts stung particularly badly as the thin laces snapped and cut at them. Yet this was a light flog. The next was worse, the braided leather laces tipped by knots that cracked against her skin like bee stings. Dana writhed and jerked and bucked and cried out again and again as he laughed and called her whore and lashed her back and breasts and belly until she was nothing but criss-crossing red welts and bruises.

He halted, with her barely conscious, and returned to the house again. This time he emerged with a thick dildo, though she paid little attention. He squatted before the dazed girl, eased the big dildo out of her pussy, and replaced it with the new one. The new one had a long, thick hose attached to its base, the hose itself attached to a ball-like bulb which he began to squeeze.

At first Dana didn't even notice. The dildo within her became tighter, then began to stretch out her pussy wider than the previous one had. She moaned weakly as her pussy began to ache, as her sex lips were spread wider still. He stood before her, squeezing the bulb repeatedly, and Dana's head jerked, then jerked again as her eyes fluttered helplessly. The pain between her legs mounted rapidly and she whimpered and twisted in the grip of the shackles.

He left her hanging for some time, and she almost lost consciousness, but when he returned he squeezed on the bulb again and again, and the dildo inside her expanded, spreading out, thickening, and stretching her already overstretched pussy still wider. She cried out with the pain, eyes wide, body trembling, and he left her for a time, only to return and squeeze on the bulb again, thickening the dildo still further.

Dana's glazed eyes stared down at her body, at the thing emerging from it. It was already thicker around than a baseball bat, she thought helplessly, and God how it hurt!

He came out again, and this time he pulled the dildo out of her bottom, and without preliminaries, thrust his cock up inside her. She shuddered at the deep penetration, then began to buck and twist as he reached down and started squeezing the bulb again to further inflate the big dildo in her pussy.

"Don't worry, whore," he whispered, grunting as he thrust himself in and out of her ass, "You can take a fence post up there if you have to. Fucking whore! Fucking whore slut! You know you like it," he panted. "You know you love my cock up your whore ass!"

She shuddered and moaned as he began to roughly squeeze and knead her breasts, as his fingers stroked across her clit and his cock rammed itself so deep into her ass that she felt terrible cramps in her belly.

His heavy body pressed against her, forcing her forward, putting more pressure against the shackles binding her wrists and ankles. He threw his hips against her repeatedly, his cock spiking deep into her belly with every hard, brutal thrust. And all the while he squeezed on the bulb, spreading her wider, so that she thought she would scream – and then did. She screamed wildly, on the fleeting edge of sanity as he laughed and cursed her and used her.

He eased his thrusts, groaning in release, and his cock softened and slid back out of her. He moved around before her and slapped her face sharply, further dazing her, and laughed at her glazed eyes.

"Fucking whore," he sneered.

He dropped to his knees before her, and the now-immensely thick inflatable dildo inside her abruptly shrank. He withdrew it, and the dazed, barely conscious young woman's body felt an immense sense of relief.

Then his fingers slid up against her sex, slid into it, not two, not even four, but all five. So widely had she been stretched that he had no difficulty at all getting his big hand up inside her. He slid it up through the soft, tight, moist folds of her sex, deeper and deeper, his entire hand passing through her pussy lips, then his wrist sliding up as well. He closed his fingers into a fist and she groaned softly, yet still, even with his big fist inside her, the pain was far less, the relief so great that as he began to lick at her clitoris, a wild feeling of pleasure spread rapidly through her body.

He began to move his fist up and down her battered pussy tunnel, licking at the same time, reaching up to fondle her breast, and her body seized upon the pleasure with desperation, reveling in the pleasure, glorying in it as he licked and stroked and his fist pushed all the way to the back wall of her pussy.

Her body, deep in the grip of a rapidly rising sexual heat, had no care for the discomfort as his big knuckles ground against her cervix. It was still better than that horrible endless stretching, and her body responded enthusiastically.

Dana's bleary eyes fluttered as she tried to focus on what he was doing. She stared down at the top of his head, not understanding, but when he drew his head aside for a moment she saw his arm protruding from inside her, watched him draw it back, then thrust it up and forward again. She gaped at the sight, then cried out as his fist punched her in the belly – inside her belly.

She gurgled weakly, writhing in the grip of the heat and pain, her mind battered, her body bruised. He leered up at her now and punched up hard with his fist again and again while he licked at her clitoris. Each blow threw her head up and back and drew a cry of pain from deep within her throat. Yet the wild animal heat could not be resisted, and her body exploded with orgasm even as she cried out with pain.

He thrust his fist harder, punching it deep into her sex as she spasmed and twisted and writhed, sneering up at her as he rammed his powerful arm upwards, jerking her entire body up against the shackles around her ankles with every punch.

"Whore!" he snarled.

Chapter Seven

Mowing the lawn was one of her chores. He had a large back yard, but the strong wooden fence was quite high, easily over six feet. The gates were higher still. Inside the fence was a thick, full row of cedar trees, a hedge which rose at least fifteen feet high and traced the border of his yard. No one could possibly see into his yard, not unless they were flying overhead, at any rate.

Dana, or the girl who had once been called Dana, pushed a small mower up and down the yard. It was a reel mower, using muscle to cut, not electricity or gas. It was a one-whorepower mower, as he said laughingly.

Dana mowed the lawn naked, of course. It had been weeks since she'd worn clothing other than the occasional leather item which bared more than it hid. Her tongue ring was chained to her nipple rings, holding her tongue pressed down over her lower lip. And she had a soft, spongy ball gag jammed into her open mouth and strapped around her head.

He had pierced her clitoral hood, her labia, and even the skin on her back since he had done her tongue and nipples. Thick metal dildos were jammed up into her pussy and rectum. They were thirteen inches long, he had informed her, and all but one inch was inside her. A chain attached to her belly button ring descended down her abdomen, and clipped to her the ring piercing her clitoral hood. The chain forced the hood up and back, leaving her clit bare. A second chain was clipped to her clit hood ring, descending between her legs and locked to the thin ring in the base of the dildo there.

Just at the top of this chain was a small, spiked ball which rubbed against her clitoris as she moved.

The dildo in her anus was also chained in place, this chain locked to the ring in the small of her back.

She pushed the mower slowly up and down in long lines, panting under the hot sun, sweating as she worked, striving to ensure the rows were perfectly neat. When they were done she began weeding the hedges, on her hands and knees. She moved slowly along the rows of hedges, reaching in with bare hands to tear weeds and grass free where they had grown around the base. The three-sided hedgerow was well over a hundred feet long, and it took her much of the afternoon.

Her body glistened as she worked, suntan lotion covering her from head to toe, but without any cover from the sun, particularly for her head, she began to swelter in the heat. Still, the pulling on her nipples, the spiked ball grinding ever so slowly against her clitoris, the dildos within her stretching out her sex lips and sphincter, had their effect, over time. The heat within her began to rival that without. Her insides churned with sexual tension and need, and several times she caught herself as her hands reached unconsciously for her pussy, for she had been forbidden to touch herself there.

It was frustrating, and the throbbing between her legs was such that every movement seemed to make her gasp as the chains tugged on her nipples, or the ball rolled against her clit, or the big dildos shifted within her belly.

He came out, at one point, and she started to turn, to assume the proper position, facing him.

“Keep working,” he growled.

She turned back to her weeding, both anxious and hopeful, worried he would punish her for something, but hoping he would touch her, use her, rape her. Instead, a stream of hot urine splashed down against her head. She stiffened, then kept weeding, whirling with anger and fear. He had not told her to look up. She could not open her mouth, for it was filled with the sponge ball. Would he punish her for turning or not turning? After all, he had ordered her to keep working...

The stream of urine shifted, sliding down her back and along her spine as drops trickled down her head and cheeks to fall onto the grass below. He chuckled cruelly, moving behind her, and she felt a hot swirling flush of pleasure when the stream hit her clit directly. The sensation was so powerful she lowered her upper torso, raising her sex and spreading her knees wider – though she continued to weed.

The urine struck directly against her quivering, trembling clit, and she moaned helplessly as it pushed her towards orgasm.

But then he stopped just before she would have been pushed over the edge. She cried out as he kicked her in the bottom, throwing her head first into the hedges.

He laughed and went back to the house, and Dana pulled herself back, gasping weakly, continuing her weeding.

Shortly thereafter, as the high pressure of her excitement eased, she felt her own bladder calling for her attention. She knew, at least, what to do about that, for he had demonstrated repeatedly. She crawled to a section of the hedges she had already weeded, then raised her right leg, and let her own bladder empty against the hedges.

Then she went back to work.

When she was done, she fetched a small pair of child’s scissors, and began to trim the grasses along the edges of the deck, the hedges, and the fences which had survived the mower’s attention. Then, she got the rake, and started at one corner of the yard, raked everything up and put it into the compost box.

Staggering, she made her way back to the house, all-but crawling up the stairs to the deck, then sinking to her knees before the back door as she knocked on it. After a long minute he arrived, opening the door and standing in the opening, looking down at her.

She did not speak. She was not allowed to speak. In any event, with her tongue chained to her nipples she was not capable of speech. She looked up at him mutely, panting weakly, swaying in the heat.

“You look like you could use some liquid refreshment, whore,” he said.

He unzipped his fly and pulled out his cock. It was not hard, and almost immediately a long stream of warm liquid spurted from it and down into her upturned face.

She moaned but kept still as best she could, squinting as his urine splashed against her skin. He laughed and shifted his aim, spraying onto her bald head, then down her chest, over her breasts and down against her belly.

When he was finished he laughed at her, then raised his foot, pressing it against her chest just between her breasts, and thrust hard. She was thrown backwards, somersaulting over the side of the deck and down the stairs to land in a moaning heap on the ground.

“Clean yourself up, whore,” he said. “And then clean off the deck.”

Dana moaned weakly, and crawled to where the hose was neatly hung. She turned on the water. It felt icy cold but she sprayed it lightly across her tongue, trying to sip from it around the ball, which was almost impossible, before bracing herself and letting it pour over her head and shoulders. She sprayed herself off with it, then stood gingerly, and, moving carefully, sprayed the water over the deck.

She got the soap and scrub brush and went back onto the deck, starting by the door, scrubbing carefully, but only got a bit done before he was at the door again.

“Not that way, slut,” he said through the screen. “Soap up your whore body and use that as a scrub brush. Just like you do when you wash me.”

She bobbed her head obediently, as much as she could with the way her tongue was fastened to her nipples, and obeyed, soaping up her body as thickly as she could. She then lay down on the deck, rubbing her body against it, spreading her legs wide, turning over, rubbing her bottom and back on it, then soaping herself up again, and resuming further down. It made her nipples ache and sting, and yet, there was a dark heat and sexual pleasure in that stinging sensation, despite herself.

More sensation came from down below. With her legs spread wide, and her body flat against the soapy deck, the dildo protruding from her pussy was easy to jam against the wood, and shift within her. By angling her lower body in, she caught her clit – with the spiked ball over it – against the deck, pushing up with the dildo pushing down from within her. She pulled her head a little forward, which pulled her tongue against her nipples, and made them sting and burn.

She saw him above her, peripherally, using a video camera as she ground herself against the deck, but at that point she could not stop, and gurgled weakly as she came, grinding and rubbing herself against the deck, pain and pleasure twisting through her soaking, overheated body as convulsions made her shake like an epileptic in a fit.

Suddenly she felt his foot against her buttocks, jamming her down harder.

“That’s it, you fucking whore!” he spat, “Fuck my deck! Is there anything you can’t fuck?! Is there anything you can’t rub your filthy little cunt on!?”

He pulled back his foot. “This deck better be perfect when you’re done or I’ll whip your cunt till it bleeds.”

He went back inside and she lay, gasping and whimpering for some time before getting shakily to her knees.

She continued to rub herself up and down its length, though her pussy and breasts were now quite sore. She did not neglect the railing, or the plastic chairs on it, rubbing herself against them, using her soapy breasts and buttocks as scrub brushes, and then finished off with the stairs.

She sprayed her sweating, soapy body off with the hose again, and sprayed the deck to clean off the soap and dirt. Then she knelt before the door again and knocked. A few minutes later he came to the door, staring down at her.

“Bow before your master, whore,” he ordered.

She had been kneeling, knees wide. Now she quickly threw herself face down on the deck, bottom raised high, her face pressed against the deck at his feet. He pressed his boot against the back of her neck, and she gasped and whimpered as he jammed her face into the deck with painful force.

He stepped past her and inspected the deck, including the railings and stairs, then returned.

“Very well, whore. Go inside. It's almost time for you to start making my dinner anyway.”

She crawled past him on her belly, only rising to her feet inside when he gave her permission. He locked her wrists behind her back and brought her downstairs where he washed her head to foot, as he did at least two or three times a day, claiming she was a filthy whore.

He dressed her in black thigh-high stockings and matching shoulder length lace gloves. He put a tight black corset around her middle, yanking in the leather cords behind it until her insides were squeezed so badly she could hardly breathe, then had her don a pair of black shoes with six inch stiletto heels. She put on fresh lipstick, eyeliner, and eye shadow, then he escorted her back up the stairs so she could begin his dinner.

As always, it was a complicated dinner with multiple courses of meat, potatoes, vegetables, buns, and pastries. He bought all the ingredients raw from local markets, and had provided her with cook books. The punishment for a meal he did not enjoy was a whipping, so she did her very best to follow instructions.

She set out the linen cloths for his meal, along with the fine china dishes and silverware, and spent most of the afternoon cooking the various dishes. He came in and sat down exactly at five, and she began to serve him. This, in itself was a complicated and precise exercise. Each dish must be carried to him on a silver tray with a cover. She could walk to within six feet of the table, then must drop to her knees and move forward until she was directly beside him. She must then offer up the tray, arms extended, head held low. He would lift the cover off, examine the dish there, perhaps taste it, and then either accept it or refuse it. If he accepted it, she could rise, and place it on the table for him, then return for the next dish.

He accepted most dishes, but not all.

He looked at peas and made a face. “Don't want peas,” he said.

His words were accompanied by a swift motion of his right hand, which struck the bottom of the tray and sent it flying up and back to clatter on the floor. The peas scattered everywhere, but she ignored them, quickly returning with another dish, which he accepted.

Only after he had been served all his dishes, did he curtly gesture her back, then point at the now cold peas spread over the floor.

“That's your dinner, slut. Clean it up,” he said, turning back to his meal.

She bowed low and kissed his foot, then turned and crawled to the nearest pea. She knew by now what was required, and spread her knees wide, keeping her bottom high as she extended her neck and then thrust her tongue out. Her tongue was considerably more agile now than it had been when she had arrived, and much more pliable, as well. She was able to extend it well past her lips as she licked up pea after pea, sometimes getting several at once.

When he finished he belched loudly, then got up. He snorted at the sight of her, then picked up the gravy bowl and came over to where she knelt, still licking peas off the floor.

She quickly straightened and knelt properly, knees wide, back straight.

“Want gravy with that, slut?” he asked. “Open your whore mouth.”

With her head back, Dana opened her mouth and he slowly poured the now

warm gravy down into her mouth, quickly filling it. He chuckled cruelly as the gravy spilled out over her mouth and chin, then down onto her chest and belly. He poured the rest of the gravy over her head and down her back, laughing, then walked away.

“Clean this fucking mess up,” he said over his shoulder.

Dana licked the last of the peas off the floor, then began to lick the gravy off herself and off the floor. When she had gotten as much as she could, she began to clean the floor properly, then cleaned off the table, cleaned the dishes, put away the food he had not consumed, washed the pots and pans, and then cleaned off the counter. With that done, she knelt to wait further instructions.

An hour or so later he called out to her. “Beer, slut!”

She got up quickly. By now her stockings and gloves, which had been covered in gravy, and which she had rinsed under the sink, were mostly dry. She got a beer from the fridge, then took a glass which had been in the fridge, chilling, and carefully poured the beer to get just the right amount of foam. She put it on a silver tray, and then carried it out to the front room. She knelt next to his chair, bowed low, and raised her arms high, offering up the tray. He plucked the glass off it, and took a sip.

“Ahhh,” he sighed. “All right, slut. Entertain me,” he said.

Dana rose and went to the stereo, turning it on and turning on the CD. He had created the CD himself, and had all the songs he liked to watch her dance to. Dana turned and began to dance sinuously across the floor. Her movements for the first song were slow and graceful, seductive and coy. Her hips rolled slowly, her hands slid along her body, her face taking on a darkly sexual expression of want and need.

The next dance was faster, and she stepped back to the stripper pole he had placed to one side, rising high, extending her long body, gripping it high up and throwing herself up, then twisting round the pole. She rolled her hips faster, grinding her pelvis at him. She pulled herself up the pole, grinding her pussy against it, then threw her legs up and back, to the point she was gripping the pole with her thighs, hanging upside down.

Another song, and another and another, before he motioned her forward and she began to give him a lap dance. Her face looked seductive, flirty, wanton. Her long tongue slid along her lips as she ground her soft flesh against him, feeling his hardness beneath her buttocks.

She pulled his cock out of his loose pants and rubbed it along her belly, moaning, rolling her head languorously, her fingers rubbing up and down the thick shaft as she ground herself against it. Her excitement, her arousal, was only partly faked. The feel of his thickness in her hands made the breath catch in her throat, made her pussy throb and her insides swirl with excitement.

She rose then sank down on it, moaning, shuddering as it pushed up into her belly. She could never resist the long, deep penetration, and her belly spasmed with a small orgasm as she impaled herself up on him. She rolled her hips slowly, rising and falling, groaning as he sucked and chewed on her breasts, as his strong hands kneaded her buttocks. His teeth bit at her nipples so that she cried out in pain, yet her body was suffused on sexual heat, and she rode him faster and faster, gasping and grunting and moaning as she worked her leg muscles.

She had another small orgasm, gasping and whimpering as she rolled her hips and rode his cock. Cursing, he dug his fingers into her buttocks, jerking her up and down faster and faster, and then spraying his come into her belly as she shuddered in

pleasure.

Of course, that was merely the beginning. She coyly removed his clothes as he sat there, cooperating only minimally. Then she began her tongue bath, starting on his toes, sucking and kissing and licking her way across and under and over both feet, slowly licking and sucking and kissing her way up his legs, up past his cock, licking every square inch of his hairy belly and then his chest, his arms his wrists, sucking his fingers, then finally turning back to his cock.

She sucked on his balls and scrotum, licked her way up and down his shaft, then started tonguing and sucking the head. He finally started to move at that point, his hands sliding over her body, kneading her breasts and caressing her buttocks. He picked up one of his toys. It consisted of what at first glance looked like oversized golf balls attached by a shoelace. One by one, he pushed the balls into her anus, forcing a dozen or more past her sphincter until she groaned from the pressure inside her aching abdomen.

Still she sucked him, bobbing her lush lips up and down his long shaft, taking it deep with each stroke as her breasts ground against his chair.

He grabbed the back of her collar and yanked her up, lifting her body half across his lap, then grabbed her thighs and pulled her more firmly across him, her bottom raised, her head hanging over the side of the chair.

His hand began to crack down across her bare bottom, slapping faster and faster and faster until Dana's bottom burned hotly, and each sharp, stinging blow came so fast, one upon the next, that she could hardly tell them apart. Then she shifted hands, spanking with his left instead of his right. He reached down with his right hand and picked up a vibrator, thrusting it deep into her oozing pussy, grinding his thumb across her clit as he did, still spanking as Dana writhed and twisted and cried out in dazed pleasure and pain.

Then, suddenly, he jammed the vibrator achingly deep, and began to pull the balls out of her bottom, one by one by one, with his left hand still cracking down on her stinging buttocks.

The orgasm screamed through her veins and her body thrashed and twisted and bucked as she gurgled and sobbed in helpless pleasure.

"That's it, whore. Come on my fingers, you filthy slut animal," he said with a sneer.

He threw her off him onto the floor.

"Present!"

Dazedly, she assumed the proper position, on her belly, her knees wide apart, her bottom raised high, and shuddered as his big cock slid into her rectum. He seized her hips and began to sodomize her with long, deep, powerful strokes that jerked her body against the rub as his hips struck her raised bottom.

His big cock impaled her, again and again, sending cramps rippling through her belly. Yet the dark, masochistic pleasure overrode all else, and soon she was coming again, crying out helplessly, wantonly, ashamed, miserable, and yet helpless, her body screaming with wildfire heat as his big cock punched into her again and again and again.

Her day was done as he led her into his bedroom. She usually slept in the cage down in the dungeon, but on occasions, he had her sleep with him, or rather, sleep

where she was available for his use. He chained her to the bedpost, and locked her wrists together behind her back. The chain was long enough for her to sleep on the floor under the bed, but not long enough for her to reach anything had she been so inclined.

He turned off the light, and Dana closed her eyes, her body, as usual, bruised and battered, her mind weary.

In the darkness, she turned, as usual, to fantasies of escape, to thoughts of her previous life, of wondering if she would ever see it again. Had he really sent those filthy videos to her parents? She did not think she could ever face them again if that were so. Perhaps she could just run away, move to another city somewhere. She wasn't sure what she would be able to do for a living, but there were no prospects she could imagine which were as bad as this. Prison would have been a vast improvement. Life as a street prostitute would have been a vast improvement.

Trying to get somewhat comfortable, she rolled onto her side and drew her knees up somewhat. Her eyes followed the length of chain to the bed frame where it was attached. The chain was locked to her collar, which in turn was locked to her throat. The other end of the chain was shackled – and locked – around the rightmost post of the headboard. The headboard was not actually part of the bed, though. It was attached by screws to the bed frame. There were two screws holding it there, and, as she found, when rolling onto her other side, two more screws on that side.

She let herself imagine unscrewing them, then pushing the headboard gently back, sliding the shackle down to the floor and out from underneath, then crawling out of the room while he slept.

The screws, of course, were very tight. They were quite long, driven through the headboard and into the top of the bed frame, then out the other side, where bolts held them in place. If she had a screwdriver, though, or perhaps a pair of pliers or a wrench, getting them off would not be difficult. Doing it quietly might pose somewhat more of a problem, but it could be done.

But of course she had neither screwdriver, nor wrench.

And how would she get out, then? All the doors were bolted from the inside, requiring a key to open. The windows were either nailed closed or barred. If he caught her trying to escape his punishment would be terrible, she was sure. There was very little courage left to her, so she would have to be almost certain of success before daring to try.

She considered how to be certain.

Chapter Eight

“You know, I think I've trained you well, slut,” he said genially. “It's getting on time I let you go.”

Dana didn't move, and didn't show any reaction. She did not believe him for an instant in any case. He was the cruelest man she had ever met and she did not think he had any intention of ever letting her go.

“Look at what I've bought you,” he said.

He tossed her a pile of clothing. It was, in fact, a cheerleader outfit, well, the kind of cheerleader outfit which might be purchased from a sex shop. The pleated skirt was tiny, barely covering her bottom. The top was midriff baring, and very tight. The letter across the chest was “F”, and she could imagine what that was supposed to stand for. Nevertheless, she put on the little cheerleader outfit, and he smiled, looking pleased.

He unlocked the restraints from her wrists and ankles then took off her collar.

“Here. Put this on.”

It was a blonde wig, and it took her breath away for a moment. She had so missed her hair, which, when he'd taken it away, seemed to have taken away some of her humanity, made her more of a thing, an animal. She placed it gingerly atop her head, and he let her examine herself in a mirror. It looked so much like the former Dana, the former cheerleader, that she felt her eyes water.

“Now you look just like the pretty little high school cheerleader,” he said with a gentle smile, stroking her wigged head. “Just like the sweet little girl everyone loves.”

“Except you're a fucking whore!” he screamed into her ear.

He tore off the wig, yanked her around and backhanded her, sending her spinning onto the floor.

“Take it off, you filth! You vile slut!”

He tore the clothes off, slapping at her face, then yanked her violently up in front of the mirror by the arm.

“That's what you are! You're a fuck-animal! A filthy, disgusting whore!”

He shook her and jammed her face so hard against the mirror she was afraid it would break and cut her.

“You think you deserve to go free! You barely deserve to live!” he shouted furiously.

He yanked her wrists back behind her and tied them cruelly tight.

“In fact, you don't deserve to live!”

He dragged her across the floor and flung her down beneath one of the hooks he had driven into the ceiling beam, then kicked her in the belly so that she gasped and curled up in a ball.

He spit on her, then pulled a long, thick rope from behind a table. It was much thicker than the ropes he usually used to tie her, and there was already a loop in it – a noose.

He thrust the noose over her head and then pulled it tight around her throat.

“You don't deserve to pollute the world, you filthy whore!”

He yanked on the rope and then raised it high, slipping it over the hook. Sneering

at her, he stood back, pulling until the noose tightened around her throat, then slowly, tauntingly, he pulled harder, forcing her up onto the balls of her feet, then up onto her toes, and then... off them, so that she hung by the neck, gurgling and choking.

“Whores like you deserve to be executed!” he exclaimed, tying off the rope and then coming to standing before her.

He jeered at her as she hung, twitching and jerking helplessly.

“Are you ready to come yet, slut?” he demanded. “I hear that executed vermin orgasm as they die. I’m sure you’ll come again and again! But then you’ll go!”

He laughed at his own poor joke as Dana tried to keep as still as possible to keep from twisting the rope tighter against her throat. The rope dug into her neck and was pulled up tight under her jaw. But it was a thick rope, and she was able to breathe – somewhat, for the main pressure was against the side of her neck, not the front. Still, it was extremely difficult to breathe at all, and it was even more difficult not to panic, to flop and twist and jerk like a fish on a hook.

She did not know if he actually intended to kill her. He was crazy. She had known that for some time. Maybe he was done with her, bored with her, wanted her dead. It was certainly possible and he was certainly capable of it. Or he could be just trying to terrify her for the fun of it. Even if that were the case, however, she could still die from his cruel games, and she doubted he would be terribly upset if she did.

But she remembered, of all things, just then, a class she had had in law and society, which dealt with the death penalty. Since hanging was a common form of execution, it had explained all the mistakes which happened, and how necessary it was to drop someone from just the right height so that their neck snapped. People died in hanging from a broken neck, not from being strangled by the rope. And she had not been dropped at all.

Of course, people managed to successfully hang themselves all the time, and they usually didn’t drop at all either. She had to be very careful not to twist and turn and risk snapping her neck. At the same time she had to try to breathe, to extend this to the point he let her down. Or would he even let her down!? Her wrists twisted and pulled against the thinner, softer ropes binding them, but with no hope of escape.

He was not, she decided, going to let her down until at the very least she lost consciousness. And so she pretended to do so. It was extremely difficult, but he had trained her himself to stay kneeling before him, his cock filling her throat, her nose jammed against his pubic bone, and not pull back even when she was suffocating from lack of air. She had lost consciousness a couple of times that way, but she hadn’t gotten the whipping he had promised her had she moved.

Now she let her eyes lose focus, then her lids slitted and she went still as if she had lost consciousness. He smirked to see her, and for long, terrified seconds, she thought he might actually be intending her death. But then he went to where he had tied off the rope and lowered her to the floor. She continued to feign unconsciousness as he checked on her breathing, then went back to his TV.

Bastards, she thought hatefully.

Another time, he hog-tied her so tightly she thought her spine would snap. Then he shoved an apple in her mouth, poured some kind of sauce around her on the big tray, and then shoved her into his oversized oven.

And turned on the heat.

That was even more terrifying than the hanging, staring out through the little window as she felt the heat starting to grow around her, and wondered if he were actually crazy enough to cook her! The heat grew worse and worse, but then he opened the door with many guffaws and pulled her out.

She decided that day that she had to try to escape. He was doing these things to taunt her, to terrify and torture her. But he was doing these things also because he'd thought of them. And eventually, one day, he would get tired of her and she would die.

There were no screwdrivers to be found. She was left alone enough while cleaning, while doing the laundry in the basement, to search, but it seemed he had hidden away anything sharp, anything which might be used as a weapon. She did find a small wrench in a tool box which she thought he might not miss, though. She hid it in her pussy so that when he came for her, chained her, and led her up stairs, he would not notice.

And she found a pair of nail clippers in his bedside table which had a small nail file she could use as a makeshift screwdriver. She worked on the screws while she was alone in the room changing the sheets and cleaning, making sure they were nice and loose. She hid the clippers and wrench under the night table and then waited for a night he kept her in his room. It came several days later, and she put her desperate plan into motion.

First, she rolled onto her side and began to work her bound wrists down under her buttocks. She had always been an athletic girl, but her poor eating since he had kidnapped her had left her with even slimmer hips than before. It took little effort to get her hands in front of her. She was so slow and so careful, that it took her an hour to unscrew the two screws. Then she ever so slowly and gently pushed the headboard back a little, enough to slip the shackle down to the floor. She shifted her grip on the headboard, lifting it up the half inch needed to pull the shackle free.

She then wound the chain and shackle up carefully and held it in one hand against her chest as she slid slowly across the bed to the opposite side. It took her most of another hour to very, very tentatively and carefully slide across the floor as silently as she could to the door. Heart pounding, she listened frantically to the sound of his deep breathing, praying he was really asleep and not simply laying in wait for her.

Even now it was hard to believe he didn't know, wasn't simply tricking her, waiting for her to think she had succeeded, only to jump on her and shatter her hopes.

She eased the door open, terrified that the small bit of light coming through the opening would alert him. She eased outside, then gently closed the door behind her before quietly hurrying down the stairs. There she gathered some of the rope which was always readily available, used to bind her usually. She hurried back up the stairs and tied the rope carefully around the doorknob, then pulled it along the wall to the next room and tied it as tightly, as tautly as she could there. Unless the knots gave way, he would need to remove the doorknobs before he could pull his door open.

She did not put it past him just tearing the door off its frame, though.

She took the rest of the rope into the bathroom. She knew some, and suspected most of the windows downstairs were hardened against breaking; perhaps even some upstairs. But this one, she was sure, was normal. It was nailed shut, but it was normal glass.

She had taken the baseball bat he had once used to rape her. She closed the

bathroom door, then drew in several deep, frantic breaths before drawing her arms back and smashing the bat through the window. The noise it made seemed enough to wake the dead, but only pumped more adrenalin through her system.

She swung again and again, smashing the glass out, running the bat all along the bottom of the frame. She heard his shouting now through his door and the bathroom door, angry, furious, obscene, threatening, filled with rage as he yanked on the doorknob and shook the frame and wall itself.

She threw the blanket over the bottom frame of the window and then climbed out, dropping onto the roof of the porch below. She scurried to the edge and slipped off, hanging by her fingertips until her toes found the railing of the deck below, then releasing her hold, swaying a bit, then jumping down onto the deck.

Both gates were locked and bolted, and she didn't try to get through them. Instead she flung herself at one of the higher hedge trees, and scrambled up it. The branches were not thick, but thick enough for her to find support, especially as they were all so close together. She managed to scramble up until her fingers could get across the top of the fence, and then hauled herself up and over by sheer desperation.

She scrambled to her feet and ran across the yard towards the gate, but ran into a low railing at high speed and went tail over head to land gasping, breath knocked out of her, on the lawn. The light snapped on, and she tried, gasping, panting, to pull herself to her feet.

“Freeze!”

She collapsed, gasping, turning to see a man pointing a shotgun at her.

He stared at her in shock, a naked, bald girl, collared and shackled, laying on his lawn. The suspicion on his face disappeared, replaced by something Dana recognized from Andrews. Lust. Heat. Want.

“Mr. Jenson,” she whimpered, using her vocal chords for the first time in weeks for anything but screaming.

His eyes bugged out as he recognized her as the girl next door. He wanted her, she knew, but he was not of the same sort as Andrews. He hustled her inside and called the police.

Yet in those frantic minutes, he made no effort to find her a blanket or anything else to cover herself, and while she was somewhat embarrassed, Dana had become so enured to nudity, to being stared at while naked, that she didn't really care so long as Andrews did not come for her. Then two policemen came, and she recognized the look in their eyes too. Their eyes roamed her body appreciatively, and she knew they wanted her, lusted for her.

They made little effort at finding a covering for her either, at first. More police came, and a blanket was found for her. An ambulance came, and she was taken to the hospital. There she was reunited with her parents, who were overjoyed at her return.

Questions followed. She had to tell them everything, in very intimate detail. A few weeks earlier, telling such things would have mortified her. Now it was merely humiliating. She to explain how he tied her, how he punished her, how he raped and sodomized her, how he taught her to deep throat, how she had to lick his feet, and drink his urine, why he had shaved her, and everything else. Fortunately, the sedatives they gave her relaxed her somewhat.

Andrews had not been able to get out the door she had tied closed. He had

instead smashed out his window and tried to jump out. But there was no porch underneath and he had twisted his ankle on landing. The police had found him a few blocks away. The trial came six months later. By then her hair was a few inches long again. Andrews claimed that she had wanted to be his sex slave, that bondage and masochism turned her on.

He insisted on showing all the videos to prove how aroused she was, how willing, and Dana was humiliated all over again as the jury watched those lewd, perverted scenes, some of them including her cries of pleasure. The one of her grinding herself against the soapy deck had been particularly humiliating.

But it availed him not. He was found guilty, in the end, and sentenced to something like a thousand years in prison.

Dana had to see all sorts of psychiatrists to work out her "trauma" But she did not feel traumatized. She felt as though she had gone through a war, and was relieved the war was over, and she was now safe. But she did not have nightmares, though she was nervous of anyone coming up suddenly behind her.

The psychiatrists seemed to be concerned she would now be afraid of men, and that she would be, effectively, afraid of and have no interest in sex ever again. But what lingered within her was the echoing reminder of the wild thrill of pleasure which had rippled through her body as Andrews had rammed his big prick into her pussy and bottom. What remained was the delicious, dark hunger of submission, of kneeling and being taken roughly, from behind, of being bound and used. She did not long for the whipping and punishment. But every night she masturbated several times to the thought of that hard cock Andrews had used on her.

She did not go out much, at first and saw few visitors. The psychiatrists felt that would be best for her. About the only person she saw, other than her family was Mr. Jenson next door, over their fence. He always acted very kindly and sympathetic, but Dana saw the memory in his eyes of her body, and recognized the way he looked at her whenever he saw her.

One evening, late, she snuck out and crossed into his yard, then anxiously, heart pounding, knocked on his back door until it opened. He stared at her in surprise and she blushed darkly.

"I guess you caught me," she said, barely able to speak. "I was trying to break into your house."

He stared at her in confusion.

"I-I guess you'll have to punish me," she whispered.

His eyes widened, then narrowed. "Maybe I should," he said, backing up.

She walked into his house and he closed the door behind him.

"I heard a little about what happened to you," he said.

She looked away.

"The papers didn't print most of the nastier stuff, but word gets out."

She blushed even more deeply.

"Maybe you should take off your clothes," he said, his own voice high and tight.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Say ... yes master," he said.

"Yes, master," she gasped.

She stripped, her face burning.

“Show me the positions he put you into,” he said excitedly.

And so Dana demonstrated, presenting herself for him. She had let her hair grow, but not down there, and the first sight of her tight pussy, he stopped the demonstration as he mounted her and rode her hard and desperately fast.

The familiar hammering against her upraised buttocks sent a trill of heat through Dana's body and she climaxed, crying out in pleasure as he yanked back on her hair and closed his fist on her breast.

“Oh fuck! Fuck! Take it, you slut! Take my prick!” he groaned.

Dana did, and shuddered at its hard, plunging stroke.

More followed. He tied her up, took pictures, made her deep throat him and came in her face. He rubbed and licked her to orgasm after orgasm, then spanked her and fingered her to another.

She crawled before him on her belly, licking his feet, begging him to fuck her. The dark heat of her masochistic pleasure gripped her like a fever, and she came again and again as he shamed her and degraded her and fucked her to within an inch of her life, a middle aged man suddenly presented with a gorgeous naked girl to do with whatever he chose.

But then she got to go home, to shower, and sleep in her own bed.

And return for more the next day.

Dana found herself fixated on the need for cock. Her psychiatrist became her second lover, for she could sense his arousal at the stories she told him. Her parents hired a tutor to help her catch up on the work she had missed and he became her third. Dana gave her body to man after man, gave it freely, letting them, urging them to degrade and humiliate her, to use her roughly, to tie her and use her thoroughly, and even cruelly.

She seduced every man she met, the uglier the man, the better she liked it. One introduced her to a strip club owner, and she thrilled to the jeers, taunts and whistles of the men as she stripped and ground herself against the bar. They could sense the wild heat and excitement in her as she gave them lap dances, so distant from the cool, calm, mercenary attitude of the other dancers. She raked in the cash, and angered the other strippers.

But threats were of no use against Dana. She submitted to them, and shuddered with pleasure as she found herself kneeling, her mouth against their pussies, their fingers pulling on their hair as they cursed her and called her whore.

It was not unusual for her to have sex six or seven sexual encounters in a day, with six or seven different men and women in six or seven different places. And soon it was not even unusual for her to have sex with six or seven men and women at the same time. Sex was her obsession, the more degrading and obscene, the hotter the fever burned within her.

Andrews had been right about having trained her well. And now, while he sat alone in his cell she lived a life of wild depravity, sliding between one sexual tryst and another all day every day, posing and dancing and taunting and seducing in an effort to sate a hunger which could not ever be quite satisfied.

And yet, she was content. Her sexual fever goaded her on, but the journey was filled with fire and pleasure and she had nowhere else to go and nothing else she particularly wanted to do.

Andrews was right. She was indeed a whore. But he had made her his whore.
And now she was her own.