

Claire's Submission

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

Chapter One

Claire was determined that no matter how much partying she did on vacation she would keep in shape. She had devoted far too much effort to ensuring her body was fit and toned to let herself go slack just because she was on holidays.

She had given some thought into just how to exercise. Her hotel was somewhat low rent, her being an insurance clerk without a lot of excess funds, and certainly had no exercise facilities. Swimming was certainly something she could do, given how close she was to the beach. She could also jog, and while in her room she could do Pilates and other stretching exercises to keep her arms in shape.

That was what found her, early that morning, jogging along the beach north of Montanita, her blonde hair flying in the breeze behind her as the sun peeked over the horizon. It was a gorgeous view! The water glistened! The birds were making a racket in the nearby park. And it felt amazing to her that she was here at all, living life, enjoying herself in Ecuador, so far from her home in London!

She was wearing one of the bathing suits the girls had all dared each other to buy the other day, a daring blue thong with a tight matching tank. The tank top covered her breasts, with the straps going up behind her neck and around behind her back, but the coverage, while quite modest in front, left the sides of her breasts partially bare.

Everyone had thought that was a sexy and different way of showing some boob – but not too much. Instead of cleavage, or baring the top or insides of her breasts it showed some side-boob! More importantly, though, the tank-top like nature of the swimming suit top held her breasts firmly in place when she jogged, much like an athletic bra.

It was hot and it was humid, which were both good reasons to wear a swimsuit. And every little while she could turn and dive into the water, swimming out a little, then swimming parallel to the beach before turning back and resuming her jog.

The beach was mostly empty. That made her a little nervous. But after all, at almost nineteen, she was practically immortal. It was simply hard to imagine anything bad would really happen to her. And if any bad men appeared she could simply dive into the water and swim away. She was an excellent swimmer!

Jogging on sand, she found, took more effort than on concrete, but that was to the good since it gave her a better workout. She had her Ipod strapped to her arm (along with her hotel key), and the earphones in, but had the music on very low so as to not drown out the sound of the waves washing ashore, and the birds saying good morning to each other!

And then she became aware of a man jogging behind her. He wasn't close behind her. But he was a big man. A man man, not a boy man, not a guy, not someone her age, but a man. Without looking hard it was difficult to say his age, but he was certainly out of his twenties, and she wasn't even in hers yet.

That made him a man. Strictly speaking, Claire was a woman, or perhaps a 'young woman', but she still, for the most part, thought of herself as a girl, and the guys she dated as 'boys'. That they had crossed over the magical age barrier of 18 was irrelevant to that.

She picked up the pace a bit, and self-consciously stopped doing the little celebratory things she'd been occasionally doing, like the occasional handstands or cartwheels. Still, he was catching her up, and this was a narrow strip of beach with not a single person in sight but him – and her!

She felt a sense of vulnerability, a sense of wariness and worry as he came closer. He didn't appear,

from what she could tell, to be putting a lot of effort into it. He simply had longer legs. He was, she saw, in brief glimpses out of her peripheral vision, a large man wearing just a swimsuit.

And then she realized, with some relief, that he had fallen behind. She swung her head from side to side, trying to be casual, and realized he had dove into the water and was swimming out from shore, much as she had been!

She kept jogging, putting distance between them until he was out of sight, then relaxed. Perhaps, she thought, this had not been the best of ideas. She was not exactly safe, she thought. And it wasn't as if she could defend herself very well. She was five foot six inches tall and weighed no more than a hundred and twenty eight pounds.

She was getting very hot and sweaty, so ventured briefly into the water, diving in, immersing herself, then swimming only a little before getting back to shore and resuming her jog. She didn't want him catching up, after all!

But he did.

Soon she became aware he was closing on her again, and her nervousness grew. She berated herself for being silly and having too dramatic an imagination. He was probably just someone else out jogging! How many killers went jogging!?

He was certainly in good shape. The way he had been doing the breast stroke with powerful swinging motions of his shoulders indicated as much. Not to mention the size of those shoulders.

Then he was right behind her, no more than a dozen yards back! Claire was acutely aware that he was probably staring at her bare bottom right that very second! Was it giving him lewd ideas!? Was he considering himself about how helpless she would be to a man his size!? Was he considering how alone she was and that he could simply grab her, tear off her bikini and have his way with her!?

And then he passed her by, giving her only a brief smile and nod as he continued on, his long-legged stride easily outpacing hers.

She felt her heart, which had nearly stopped as he drew abreast of her, starting to beat normally again.

He was a *big* man!

The top of her head hadn't even come to his shoulders when he'd passed her by!

And what shoulders they were! What a chest he had! What... an ass he had!

He had not pulled equal with her quickly, nor did he pull away quickly. She had a lot of time to see the back of him just as he had, no doubt seen the back of her. He, of course, was not wearing a thong, but a gray and red swimsuit that hid much of his thighs. It was low on his hips, though, and he had a powerful and very attractive back.

His legs were well-muscled below the suit, and her eyes were, despite herself, studying his bottom as he moved away, with considerable appreciation.

Had he done that to hers, she wondered as he got further away?

Everyone said she had a great ass. Sometimes that was embarrassing. And certainly strangers had made lewd and obscene comments about it in times past. As they had about her breasts. It was embarrassing when they did that, and made her furious! Ignorant louts!

He was well ahead of her now, when he turned and abruptly ran into the water, diving in and not emerging for many yards before starting the breast stroke. She admired its power and the grace of it as he swept further out into the ocean than she had dared.

He was a very strong man!

She jogged past before he had even turned around, and rounded a corner. She did a little cartwheel then continued.

Then he was behind her again, slowly catching her up.

That made her nervous again, but not as much. If he was a violent or abusive type of man he could have done anything he'd wanted to her the last time, she told herself. Nothing she could have done about it, after all. He hadn't made any attempt to do so, nor even to try to hit on her.

No doubt he simply dismissed her as some foreign tourist girl, beneath a man of his stature. A man like that, after all, would have no problem whatsoever getting women! Not only did he have a powerful chest and broad shoulders, not only a great body, but he'd been an extremely handsome man.

She'd only gotten a brief glimpse of his short dark hair, his square jawed face, and dark brown eyes, but he struck her in that brief gaze as a man who would impress anyone who met him – especially women! He was not a pretty man, like Phil, who was on her tour, but more like a stern, older version of Brad, who was her friend Sasha's boyfriend.

The man was a dozen yards back again, and she licked her lips, wondering if he was studying the back side of her the way she'd studied the back side of him! He probably was! Why wouldn't he!? She cursed herself for wearing the thong! She'd certainly never wear one back home! Well, not unless she was on holidays to the south of France or Italy where they were more common.

So it had felt freeing and rather naughty to wear one here amid this lush beauty.

But now a man was jogging along behind her staring at her ass!

A very handsome man, a very muscular handsome man with an incredible body!

He's way too old for me, she told herself. He's probably over thirty! The only thing he'd be interested from me is a quick romp in the sack!

Normally that was something Claire simply did not engage in. She had a measure of pride and self-respect, after all. Not to mention a reputation to uphold. She wasn't about to throw that away by just jumping into bed with some pretty boy she'd barely met!

Of course, this wasn't a boy...

He drew up alongside her again, and as before, turned and smiled. But this time his eyes seemed to hold something else, an kind of appraisal and approval, and she flushed as he passed her by, remembering the nearly open side of her top!

She felt a surge of strange, swirly emotions as he pulled away. Had he been staring at her boobs!? God! This was so strange!

Still, he hadn't looked dangerous. No, that was wrong. He'd looked very dangerous indeed! He looked like a man who would not respond well to bullying, or to anyone trying to push him around or cross him! He looked like a man who could, as they say 'take care of himself' in a fix!

But he didn't look like a crazed killer or some kind of demented sexual maniac. And if he had been, she reminded herself, he could have done anything he wanted. What could she do? Slap his face and call him names? The idea made her smile a little.

But the thought still lingered in her mind as she watched him pull further away.

What would she do if a big, hot, sexy man like that just threw her down to ravish her!?

Think of England and lay back and enjoy it, she thought in amusement.

She let her mind imagine him atop her, pinning her down in the sand, those dark eyes on hers, grinding himself into her as she lay helpless with her legs spread around him! Perhaps he would kiss her passionately, his big hands racing over her naked body!

Was he as big *down there* as he was elsewhere, she wondered idly.

Would he make her 'please him'? She felt her chest tighten suddenly as she imagined herself on her knees before him, before this powerful example of male strength, helpless and submitting to his domination, prepared to take him into her mouth and service him!

Her nipples were rock hard within the tight little tank top now, and she felt a swirly hot feeling down low in her groin.

You have too much imagination and a dirty mind, she told herself.

And there he was out in the water again, swimming briskly.

Fear of him, well, anxiety, had kept her from doing the same to put distance between them. Now she thought that had been a mistake. She should slow herself down. She had no chance of pulling away, after all. He was so big, with such long legs, he simply caught her up.

She passed him by and kept going, then dove into the water, letting it flow around her, turning

circles in the water before heading back to shore and resuming her jog. He would not be as far behind her this time, she thought.

She reached up behind her and twisted her hair, pulling as much water from it as she could, and combing her fingers through it. Should she run faster and hope it dried faster? She wished she had a mirror!?

You're being an idiot, she told herself in annoyance. He's not interested in you.

And then as she approached a large rock ahead, and the beach took a turn inward, two men stepped out from behind it. She gulped, feeling a sudden surprised alarm, and tried to shift to the side to run around them. But one of the men moved to intercept her.

They both had greasy smiles on their faces, and neither was in a bathing suit. They were wearing ragged looking trousers and dirty looking t-shirts. Neither had shaved recently. And they were lean and heavily tanned.

"Hey, Gringo," one of them said, grinning widely, showing bad teeth.

"You enjoying our beautiful beach, hey?" the second one said.

"Uhm, yes," she said nervously, stopping.

"Tha's good, but you got to pay the beach tax," the first one said.

"B-Beach tax?"

"Yeah, it's our beach, hey blondie?"

"I-I'm afraid I haven't brought any money," she gulped.

"Thas' too bad. You got to pay a fee," the one on the left said.

"Yeah, or else you got to be punished."

"Punished," the first one said sadly.

"I'll just... just go back," she gulped, backpedaling.

"Not without you pay the fee!"

She started to run but one of them grabbed her by the hair and yanked her back.

Claire screamed and he laughed as she twisted and tried to beat at him. He and the other grabbed her wrists, and the one holding her hair forced her arms behind her back, and she felt something like ragged rope or cord being wrapped tightly around her wrists!

"No! Please! Don't!" she cried, twisting and trying to pull free.

They laughed, and the other man moved forward to help her.

"Maybe this worth some money, hey, gringo?" he said.

She squealed as she felt the string behind her neck give way. Then the other was undone and her top fell away.

The two men examined her bare breasts with considerable interest while her face burned and she felt her heart pounding with fear!

"Very nice," one of them said with a leer.

Then her thong was yanked down and they snickered and began to paw her. She got her knee into the crotch of one man and he cursed, but that gave her some freedom and she darted away. The other grabbed at her but she kicked at his crotch. He dodged back, tripping and falling on a low rock.

She ran back the way she'd come, but the two were quickly up and coming after her!

Then the big man was rounding a corner ahead of her. The two men took one look at him, turned and ran in the opposite direction!

Much to Claire's relief!

But she still found herself completely naked on an isolated beach with a strange man rapidly approaching! Her face flamed as she jerked aside to put her chest to the brush, blushing furiously, heart pounding like a drum!

He halted before her and said something in Spanish.

Claire, unfortunately, understood almost no Spanish.

She stared over her shoulder at him anxiously, filled with embarrassment and fear.

She shook his head as if in resignation. She understood a few words, like 'gringo' and 'nena rubia' which meant, roughly 'blonde girl'. From his attitude he was basically thinking she was an idiot being out here alone, and she could hardly blame him!

How do you say help in Spanish? she wondered wildly.

Doubtless he understood. He had probably seen the men from a distance. But would he do anything about it to help her!? And aside from chasing those men off what exactly could he do? It wasn't like he could gallantly whip off his jacket to cover her nudity! If he could whip off anything it would be his swimsuit, and she didn't want that!

He could at least untie her, and he seemed intent on doing just that. He came up close behind her and gripped her wrists, then began to pick at the rough cord which had been tightly bound around her. It wasn't easy, picking at the knots. He talked as he did it, his voice deep, and somehow reassuring, even if she couldn't understand him.

Finally, he pulled the cord away and she yanked her hands forward, hardly examining her wrists at all as she hurriedly covered her breasts and groin with her hands and arms.

He was still talking, but she still couldn't understand him. Then a shovel sized hand gripped her arm and pulled her away from the brush! Claire squealed and tried to turn back to it again and he said something, his tone annoyed.

Crack!

She yelped in surprise at the sharp slap to her bare bottom!

Then he yanked her away from the bush, his hand firmly around her upper arm, heading down the beach!

Claire shuffled hurriedly along as best she could, trying to keep her right hand over her groin and her left, well part of it, across her chest!

This was so mortifying! She felt like gibbering in fear!

And yet, she also felt oddly reassured. This man seemed so... solid, so calm. And he wasn't throwing her on her back and ravishing her, was he? No! He was leading her up the beach! And what else could he do!?

She was acting like a silly girl, she thought. There was nothing for it but to continue up the beach to where she could get some clothes. Perhaps those men had even dropped her suit ahead and she could put it on again!

They passed where the rock was and she looked around everywhere for her bathing suit and ipod, to no avail!

Damn them!

She felt stupid walking along like this. Should she uncover her breasts, she thought? She had gone topless at a beach in Italy a couple of times last summer. That had been wild, and kind of, well, stimulating. They were just breasts, after all!

But with this a huge and very... masculine man! And she was alone with him in the middle of nowhere!

Literally! She should have turned back by now. Had she been by herself she would have. But if he was going this way she had little choice unless she wanted to run back naked and risk who knew what might happen!

He was talking as they walked. She recognized the phrase that sounded like *la chica hermosa*, which she knew meant beautiful girl. He must be referring to her. But he didn't say it as a compliment, but more in a reproving tone.

Probably, she thought, something like "Are you stupid to run around in a thong in an empty area? Don't you know that beautiful girls can draw the wrong sort of attention!?"

Which, she could not argue with, and in retrospect, had been extremely stupid of her.

Him referring to her as a beautiful girl, though, made her feel rather... nice.

He had a reassuring voice, even when he was telling her she was an idiot. She felt oddly safe and

protected with him there, even though she didn't even know his name.

“M-My name is Claire!” she said.

“Claire!” she said as he looked her without apparent understanding.

What she ought to do was point at herself, but that would require taking her right hand off her groin or her left off her right breast.

Wait! She knew! She knew! Someone had told her a little Spanish. It was on the plane on the way down here.

“C-Como uhm, como se llama?” she stammered.

He smiled. “Javier,” he said.

Then he pointed at her.

“Claire!”

He nodded.

She felt some relief.

And then the man let go of her arm, turned and ran into the water.

Claire stood still, turning and staring after him, and suddenly staring around her fearfully! What if those men were still near!

She looked out to sea again! Had he abandoned her!? Found her to be too annoying to bother with!?

She stood there, trembling, holding herself and looking anxiously around. She watched him swim out some distance, then turned and swim forward paralleling the beach. She hesitated, then started to shuffle forward to keep pace with him.

She certainly didn't want to be alone out here with those... those violent, dirty men!

He eventually swam back to shore, and she gulped as he looked her up and down and grinned, then said something as he pulled a small plastic squeeze tube from the pocket of his swimsuit. He squeezed some clear jell onto his hand then spread it over his face, chest and shoulders.

He looked her up and down and said something and she frowned in confusion, then he took out the tube again and offered her some. Claire concluded it must be some kind of sunscreen, which, come to think of it, she could use. She hadn't thought she'd be out here this long!

The problem, of course, was she had no hands free!

He grinned, as if realizing her dilemma, and then squeezed some onto his hand and turned her, spreading it across her shoulders and down her back.

Claire stood in place, flushing furiously, for of course, having him looking at her from behind when naked was deeply embarrassing!

It occurred to her that her bottom was no less covered, really, then when she'd worn a thong, but somehow that was different!

Worse, he was brusquely spreading the slick, slippery stuff down past her waist. She froze as his hands moved over her buttocks, then tried to pull away.

He said something curt and impatient, and then slapped her bottom!

Claire gasped, and he put his hand on the back of her neck to keep her in place as his slippery hand spread the oil down over her buttocks, then over her hips.

He talked as he moved, which was probably lecturing her on what fair skinned girls would suffer under the hot South American sky, but Claire was mainly occupied with him being bent over behind her, his head near her bare bottom as his hands slid up and down her thighs!

A part of her knew he was absolutely right, but that was the intellectual side of her mind. The emotional side of her mind was awl as knelt down beside her and he squeezed more of the jell out then ran his hands up and down her legs from ankles to thighs!

He moved around in front of her, calmly spreading the oil up the front of her legs all the way to... to where her hand was cupping her sex! He paused there, lifting his head up and grinning with an ironic look, then simply bypassed where her hand was!

Of course, she didn't have a very big hand! And feeling his hands sliding up her hips and thighs and very much lower abdomen had her heart pounding again! He moved into safer territory up her belly and lower chest, but then she started to feel her anxiety deepen once again as he rose!

He did her upper chest and even her face, then looked down to where her arm was at least partially covering her breasts.

Claire, alas, was not flat-chested. Nor did she have particularly thick arms. She was on the generous side of comfort when it came to breast size, with full, round C-cups, size thirty-six, thank you, very much. They had long been a source of both pride and embarrassment to her, often drawing attention she would have preferred not to have.

Now his face looked rather like he was dissatisfied with what he saw. He lifted her chin up in one hand and spoke to her, in what sounded like a soothing tone, then he released it, and began to spread the jell lower on her chest, over the tops of her breasts which were visible above her arm!

This was too much for Claire and she gave in to her emotions and turned to bolt. He shouted something after her, something impatient and annoyed. Then he ran after her.

Chapter Two

It had taken some time for him to catch up with her when they were jogging. But it took him almost no time to catch up with her running awkwardly trying to cover herself. She squealed as he caught her, and tried to turn away but got another sharp smack on the bottom!

His voice was less patient now. He gripped her arm and yanked it up and away from her breasts, baring them! Then he grabbed her other wrist as well and yanked that up! In short order he was holding her arms above her head, pinning them easily with one big hand!

Claire burned hotly as he then spread the oil fully over her bare breasts, his fingers, of necessity, or perhaps not, kneading her full young breasts before sliding downward. Then his big hand covered her sex in much the same way her smaller hand had! Only his hand was very male, and very slick, as it rubbed her there.

It didn't linger, and then he released her arms except to grab her left arm near the shoulder and tug her along as he continued down the beach.

Claire had little choice but to follow!

She still put that left arm across her breasts, though, and put her right hand over her now slippery sex!

She felt stupid doing it, after a minute. He had, after all, not only seen her entirely naked but touched every part of her body!

She was, in fact, almost as embarrassed at acting like a prissy, virgin princess as she had been at what he'd been doing!

She was acting the child in front of this sophisticated *man!*

And he had arguably only done what needed doing. Granted, he was being awfully paternalistic in deciding that on her behalf, but given their ages and given Claire was rather used to older people bossing her around, she didn't really find this unusual.

She remembered the feel of those big hands on her bare breasts, so strong and slippery as they moved over her sensitive anatomy! God! And yet she was still acting like a shy virgin girl! Finally, she dropped her left arm, the one he had been holding.

Blushing, she felt him turn to look at her. Then he released her arm and they walked side by side, with her feeling very, very, very strange!

She still had her right hand over her groin, and that still felt silly, but she wasn't about to move it! Even though as long as they were side by side he wasn't really able to see a lot.

They were walking briskly, though, at his pace. That was even more brisk for Claire, and her unbound breasts were... wobbling in a way she found embarrassing, not to mention a little uncomfortable!

When she looked down she also realized her nipples were rock hard, and quite, quite prominent! She blushed, and was gripped by another churning emotional problem. If she didn't cover them and he noticed he might think she was... aroused! But if she suddenly started covering her breasts again she'd only be drawing attention to them!

And then he dove into the water again.

Claire looked at him in annoyance. He'd evidently decided that just because some girl had been stripped naked and nearly attacked that wasn't going to stop his morning swimming exercise!

And why was he so casual anyway? He'd gotten to run his hands all over her naked body! Shouldn't he be, well, aroused? Trying to seduce her? Trying to hit on her, or whatever they called it down here? Didn't he find her as beautiful as all the boys she'd been hit on by? Did he think there was something wrong with her?

Well, at least he'd stopped jogging, she thought. She certainly couldn't keep up with him had he not!

She watched him swim away and then, feeling very hot, walked into the water. She let her arm fall away, baring herself to the world – and his back, as he swam away. Then the water was up to her waist and she dove into it, immersing herself and cooling herself off.

She swam alongside the shore just as he did further out. But he had to swim back, so even though she didn't keep pace with his energetic swimming, she was still able to come out of the water ahead of him. There, flushed, she half turned away from him, trying to do it somewhat casually.

He came out of the water, and she turned her head over her shoulders, watching him nervously, but... appreciatively. The sight of water dripping down his powerful chest and stomach was... certainly pleasing to the eye! And when he paused to squirt a little of that jell into his hand and run it brusquely over his face, neck, chest, shoulders and arms she found that interesting too.

But then when he came up to her again he squeezed more into his hand and began to apply it to her own shoulders and back!

“I... but.. you already...”

He was talking, and pointed at the water briefly, and she realized he was saying she'd washed off the oil when she'd gone into the water. She hadn't thought of that!

“I-I can do it,” she said, her voice squeaking somewhat.

His hand was already down to her waist and she flushed hotly as it moved over her buttocks, being quite... thorough!

Was it her imagination that he was more thorough this time!?

Her chest was quite tight as he moved around her, casually slathering the jell over her chest.

“I-I can do it!” she gulped again, trying to fend off his hand.

He barked something in Spanish, then spun her around and slapped her bottom again!

“Ow! Stop doing that!” she gasped.

Then he grabbed her wrists again, lifting them above her head as before. She felt... annoyed now! She could do it! At the same time, there was a distinct rush of energy within her as his hand moved over her breasts!

She struggled a bit to pull her hands free and he sniffed and then pulled her wrists down – but behind her neck. A moment later he wrapped her long hair around them and then slapped her bottom once more before shaking his finger in her nose.

“Behave!”

That was his obvious message, even if she spoke no Spanish!

He leaned over, his hand massaging the slippery sunscreen into her breasts, and Claire's face burned, in no small part because her nipples were still rock hard!

Not all the flush to her face was because of embarrassment, though!

His hand moved lower, and he bent over, but as he did, the hand gripping her wrists behind her head pulled down, and that forced her back to arch back as she gasped helplessly!

His hands spread the oil over her abdomen, and then... down between her legs!

A rush of hot, liquid sensation spread up through her belly as his slippery fingers rubbed the oil into her pussy! She felt her heart thump as his big fingers, surprisingly gentle, stroked her there! And this time she was sure it wasn't her imagination! He was taking much more time this time!

Finally, his hand slid down off her sex to rub her thigh, but he rubbed it in and out rather than up and down, which made the edge of his hand rub directly along her sex – harder than his hand had done!

She gasped, and felt the surge of something dark and powerful!

He straightened and looked at her, then down at her body, and Claire's pulse raced wildly! She heard the word 'hermosa' in his soft words, which meant, of course 'beautiful', and then his big hand slowed as it slid along her stomach, before moving up across her breasts. This time it caressed them, stroking them, gliding gently across them as they throbbed hotly!

She moaned as his finger and thumb caught her slippery right nipple between them, then pressed together around it. They plucked it, then rolled it as she felt her legs going rubbery!

He chuckled softly as he spoke, then his hand skimmed lightly down her body, until his fingers were at her sex again.

He turned, putting his foot between hers and then jerking it sharply, which forced her right leg apart from her left!

Then his fingers stroked her, directly. The center finger pushed inward a little as his fingers rubbed directly up and down the line of her sex. That finger sank between the lips of her sex, and her hips bucked helplessly as it stroked along her clitoris.

The raw sensation was overwhelming! It rushed up through her belly and made her cry out!

He chuckled, still talking softly, leaning in to kiss the side of her neck as that finger between her legs curled slowly in and dipped into the mouth of her sex. It pushed more firmly, and she gurgled helplessly as it slid up inside her!

It was a big finger!

And then as he knelt and gripped her hips she realized he'd released her arms. She stood before him, panting, gulping in air, eyes enormous as she stared at him kneeling before her! Then he gripped her thighs to spread them wider, leaned in, and licked a full, strong lick up along the line of her sex!

Claire cried out at that, almost losing her balance! Her hands grabbed instantly at the only thing in reach to help maintain her balance, his head.

He licked again, harder, and she cried out more softly, head falling back, her body trembling with a sudden voracious sense of hunger and heat!

Now his tongue licked faster, his big thumbs spreading the lips of her sex as he pushed his lips in and caught at her clitoris, sucking gently but rhythmically in between licks!

Claire suddenly realized she was near orgasm! The sexual storm he was building was raging wildly within her and shaking the foundations of her mind! It was impossible to think straight with the howling rush of dark heat and pleasure sweeping through her!

And then his finger slid up inside her, deep, thick, and she cried out, her legs going wobbly! A moment later the orgasm hit her like a tidal wave, shattering her thinking processes entirely and stripping her back to her instincts!

Her legs collapsed beneath her, but he held tight, and she found herself falling slowly, gripping his head, then she was flat on her back in the sand, with his mouth still locked against her sex!

She shuddered and trembled, clutching his head, moaning and rolling her hips up at him as he slid another thick finger inside her!

Boys had pushed fingers into her many times, but never like this. His fingers were slow, deliberate, and seemed to have some intent other than burying themselves inside her. They were stroking, rather than pumping, the pads of his fingers a couple of inches inside her, pushing up, rubbing, rubbing, and against... something... that was producing some odd, swirly sensations!

Her body seemed enveloped in heat! Claire was gulping in air, dazed and helpless. It did not even occur to her to resist. She knew very clearly that she could do nothing to stop him even if she wanted to. And she could not work up the resistance necessary to want to!

The sensations were redoubling, like being caught in an electric current, only sexual electricity rather than the painful kind, electricity that crackled through her body with pleasure and excitement instead of pain! Her nipples burned and she had to feel them, to squeeze her breasts, to mash her fingers into them as he licked and sucked her.

Her legs were painfully spread, her feet flat in the dirt, her knees so far apart the tendons in her

thighs strained and ached.

His fingers thrust into her slowly as he licked, and she closed her eyes, gasping and gulping helplessly as the pleasure consumed her and sapped her will.

And then another orgasm tore through her! Claire cried out, shocked! She'd never had even one orgasm with a boy, let alone two in quick order! But they'd never fingered her like this! And certainly never licked and sucked at her like this!

His fingers were so biiiiig!

They were moving inside her like... a cock! And just about as thick!

She writhed helplessly, overwhelmed by the pleasure and thrilling sexual heat!

He drew back and rose on his knees, smiling, then gripped her thighs and simply flipped her onto her belly!

She gasped as the world turned over on her, then gasped again at the sharp slap to her bottom! An instant later his big hands yanked her hips up into the air, up high.

He was still talking to her, but she had no understanding of his words!

She tried to push herself up onto her hands but a big hand came down between her shoulder blades and forced her chest back into the sand. Another slap to her bottom followed, and she gasped, then moaned as he yanked her thighs apart!

His fingers caressed her sex, then abandoned it briefly, gripping her waist, tugging it back a little more, folding her tightly in two with her bottom raised high and her back arched sharply. Then he leaned over her and she felt something... hard, slide between her thighs!

His big hands slid over her buttocks, then smoothly down along her back to her shoulders. He gripped her arms and then lifted and moved them so they were ahead of her on the ground, placing them like that, then releasing them.

He moved back and she felt only that hard thing. It was hard but soft, sliding back and forth along her sex as she knelt there, wide eyed and gulping in air!

She shuddered every time it pressed against her and rubbed up and down, especially when it slid over her clitoris! She knew very well what it must be, and her mind was spinning with the dark heat and anxious reality. A part of her wanted to deny this, to pull away, or at least, try to. If only for her sense of self-respect and pride!

But her body was aflame, and she felt a deep, desperate desire to be penetrated again by his fingers or... or something!

And then suddenly he was standing!

Claire raised her eyes, confused, and more than slightly dazed! He was so tall as he looked down at her. He was looking intently, with hunger and desire in his eyes, and she suddenly realized that she was, in essence, prostrated before him as if she were some kind of worshiper!

More! She had her bottom raised high and legs spread wide while inviting him to... mount her as if she were some kind of bitch in heat! Her face felt a rush of heat as she squirmed under his gaze, as he moved slowly around to her other side, his eyes never leaving her as she knelt, trembling, obscenely displayed!

What was he doing!?

She shifted her arms in preparation for rising and his bare foot suddenly was there on her back, above her shoulder blades, forcing her back.

He said something curtly! A command! An order!

She flushed, feeling a swirly sense of indignation, of rebellion! Who did he think he was to give her orders, to make her stay in this... this... degrading position!

But that thought was buried under the hot dark thrill of something she didn't quite understand. Well, so what if he wanted to be in charge! He certainly *was* in charge! And he was bigger, stronger, older, much more sophisticated, probably richer and more knowledgeable and... well, there was simply no question of even pretending they were equals!

But with her kneeling like this, prostrated, with her bottom high, and his foot on her back... that lack of equality was driven deep into her subconsciousness! Claire had never in her life felt so... inferior to another person, so much in their power and control. Yet she accepted it without hardly a second thought, submitting to his will as if it were the most natural thing in the world!

She had never been in this obscene and vulnerable a position! It should have mortified her. Instead it was making her feel more sexual and sensual than she'd ever felt in her life!

He moved behind her again and dropped to his knees.

Crack!

Claire moaned at the sharp slap to her bottom but did not protest.

Then she felt that hard soft liquid flesh rubbing up and down, up and down, pressing slowly forward. She felt the lips of her sex pushed inward, the pressure growing. She moaned as it began to ache, but held her position, even as the ache grew. She could feel herself being stretched, the lips of her sex pushing wide and then wider still.

He pushed into her! She had never been penetrated by something that thick in her life! She whimpered and moaned at the sharp, stretching ache to her opening. But he moved inward, an inch, then two, drew back a half inch, then pushed forward another inch, drew back a half inch, then pushed deeper!

And deeper!

Claire felt as if she were being split open! But the pain was a deep, throbbing thing, while the dark rush of heat and pleasure was a firestorm consuming her mind!

He started to pump with longer strokes now, and always pushing deeper, and deeper, until she thought he surely could go no further. Yet he did!

Crack!

She gasped at the sharp blow, and gasped again as he seized her waist, jerking her in tighter against her trembling thighs. Then he resumed his pumping, going desperately deep! She felt impaled on his steel hard shaft! And finally his hips began to press against her upraised buttocks!

He struck her buttocks lightly, then a second time, then a third, with more force, and the orgasm flashed up from inside her and tore through her like an explosive force! The pleasure made her cry out, and kept her crying out, even as he rode her, as he slapped her bottom, as he growled strong words at her and rammed himself into her!

She jerked and shook and rolled her hips like a wanton whore, and when the orgasm faded it left her gasping dizzily, overwhelmed by the power, laying with slack jaw as her body continued to rock to the impact of his hips against her buttocks.

Groggy, groaning, eyes slitted, her chin rubbing into the sand as her body jerked to the force of his thrusts, Claire realized the heat was still there, still wrapped tight around her, and now he was able to use the full length of his cock, pounding it into her as she knelt submissively before him!

She felt a sense of bewilderment, not understanding the reason for such intense and lasting heat, even as she wallowed in it.

She felt his fingers in her hair, felt him gathering it up and back and then she felt the tension as it jerked back against her scalp! She cried out dazedly, her hands instinctively drawing back to grab at his wrists as he pulled on her hair.

He snorted and slapped her bottom stingingly, then grabbed her arms and folded them together behind her back. Then he gripped her hair again, and jerked up and back on it and her arms, lifting her torso off the ground!

His hips ground into her, then thrust hard, ground into her, then thrust hard. Her scalp stung, the flesh of her face drawn tightly back as her head was forced back. Her breasts swung and wobbled beneath her as his hips continued to slap hard against her buttocks.

Claire made no attempt to resist any of it. She felt a deep sense of submission to whatever he wanted to do. It felt sooo good! And besides, he was a strong, powerful, knowledgeable, skilled and

sophisticated man and she was only a stupid girl!

One, she was starting to realize, who knew very little about sex.

The feeling of being simply *impaled* by his cock was shockingly thrilling! The sharp ache to her scalp, the hard, bruising impact of his hips against her upraised buttocks, the throbbing sensation as her breasts wobbled below her, the tingling, swollen feel of her erect nipples, and the crackling sexual electricity gripping her was all simply background.

The center of her dazed mind was the feel of his thick cock driving deep into her body again and again and again with hard, powerful thrusts that each drew cries of shocked, aching pleasure from her! She felt so... achingly full, and he was soo thrillingly deep!

He was alternately using almost the full long length of his shaft to spear himself deep inside her, or doing short, rapid thrusts that had his hips slapping repeatedly against her buttocks, or simply burying himself inside her and then grinding his pelvis against her in a way which twisted and stirred his hard shaft around inside the molten depths of her abdomen!

It was like no sensation she'd ever felt before! No man had ever taken her so... savagely! In fact, few had taken her at all, of course, for her need to preserve her pride, dignity and reputation had always been important. But those who had done so had mostly been face to face, gentle and tender, if a bit, well, impatient.

And sex with them had always been a mutual affair of both of them acting in concert. This... this was simply being overwhelmed! What was she to do!? What could she even do!? He was pinning her in place so that she couldn't move at all except with his allowing it!

His grip on her wrists was as firm as that in her hair, and all she could do was kneel there like a ... submissive female bitch being mounted by an alpha male!

And then through the crackling sexual electricity gripping her body she felt a roaring conflagration, a wild-fire racing through her and then exploding into another massive orgasm that tore her mind apart, shattering all higher orders of thought and reducing her to a squealing, howling animal fallen back on its instincts!

He jammed her face down into the ground again, and she gurgled weakly as he folded her tightly once more, her bottom high, her belly drawn in against her thighs, her face in the dirt as he continued to pound into her from behind.

Madness! Her mind swam back into some sense of coherent thought, and she marveled at what was happening to her, what was being done to her! She could not understand it, for it was wholly beyond her experience!

She grunted and gasped and whimpered as his heavy hips continued to slam into her, as his thick cock continued to drive deep into her quivering, aching belly. She wondered if it was possible to be fucked to death, but couldn't bring herself to really care.

The pleasure was too... intoxicating! Her eyes were glassy with it as her body shuddered to the powerful blows. She felt her soft breasts grinding against the dirt as he rode her, as the impact of his hips slammed her body forward only to have his tight grip on her arms yank her back once more.

Crack!

She gasped at the stinging slap to her bottom, then gasped again at another.

It did not even occur to her to offer up some objection. Her mind had surrendered completely to the dark hazy sexual power which he poured out over her. And the pleasure bubbled and simmered and grew even as exhausted as she was by the previous series of orgasms.

And then another hit and she trembled and shook, the air sobbing from her lungs as her muscles spasmed violently amid the sexual electricity engulfing her.

And then, finally, he halted. She continued to kneel there, trembling as she felt his thickness diminish, and then he eased back, slipping out of her, leaving her feeling vacant... hollow. He released her arms and hair and slapped her bottom, then got to his feet, drawing up his swim trunks.

Chapter Three

Claire remained in place, tremors still rippling through her body, her mind still dazed by the shocking intensity of the pleasure which had exploded within her.

She heard him laugh softly, then he threw himself into the water and was off, leaving her there to recover.

Her knees slowly slid aside and back and she found herself laying, groaning, on her belly, then she rolled over, staring up at the sky as her chest heaved.

“Holy fucking shit!” she said in a near whisper.

Her hands moved downward, fingers trembling and she gasped as she felt the aching, swollen lips of her sex, caressing them gently. She felt as if she'd been ravished by a wild animal!

After a minute or two she sat up, groaning, and looking around her. The world seemed to look largely as it had when she'd last seen it, before the most monumental sexual experience in her life had blotted everything out but her own pleasure and heat.

Which meant she was still naked in on an isolated beach, further from her hotel room than she had ever meant to go. She rose with a groan and brushed at the sand on her chest and belly. Then she moved slowly to the water and half fell in, groaning as she let herself float underwater, as if she were some baby still in the womb.

What was that!? she wondered in awe. *Holy shit! Jesus! I've never felt anything like that in my bloody life!*

She rose, standing up in the waist deep water and looking around. He was swimming parallel to the beach, and she felt a twinge of anxiety. She couldn't let him get too far away in case... those men returned! Or someone else did!

She climbed out of the water and moved along the beach to catch up with him, reaching up and back to twist the water out of her hair. She brought her hands down over her breasts, feeling his big hands on them again, kneading and squeezing.

God! That had been *insane!*

She watched shyly as he swam back to shore, making no move to hide her body now, though some part of her felt an instinctive need to try.

He waded out of the water, his eyes fully upon her, and Claire gulped nervously, embarrassed but also feeling a depth of sexual pride as well. She knew she looked lovely and had an excellent body, after all. She just wasn't used to showing it off.

To anyone, now that she thought about it. She'd had sexual experience with men before (boys, she thought in retrospect) but they'd been mostly hurried things in darkened rooms and the backs of cars. Parading around stark naked in the full light before their eyes was something she had very little experience in.

He said something and she shrugged helplessly. But he smiled and that made her smile in return, rather pathetically, she thought, remonstrating with herself. But she definitely wanted him to be happy and like her!

She watched as he took the tube out of his pocket and spread it over himself once more. Then he gestured her forward, rather imperiously. She gulped and moved to stand before him, and he gestured again. But she had no idea what he wanted until he frowned at her.

He gripped her wrists and raised them up high, then drew them down behind her neck. He put his foot between her ankles and prodded at them, and then his hand released her wrists and pressed in against the small of her back.

She stood as he placed her, face flushed, feeling a strange, swirling thrill as he looked her up and down. She was standing with breasts out-thrust, back arched, elbows back and feet apart, displaying herself in a way she had never even imagined doing to anyone!

Yet his very obvious approval warmed her heart!

Then he squirted some of that jell out and began to slowly spread it over her body.

His hands were slower, and much more gentle, much less chaste or casual. They moved down over her full breasts and she felt the shimmering rise of heat as her nipples instantly hardened.

He grinned, his oiled hands moving over her, sliding down her back and over her buttocks, then the blade of his hand slid between her buttocks and rubbed at her sex!

Claire's heart beat faster, even as his other hand slid down her belly and abdomen, rubbing casually, then in to rub the oil into her naked sex. The fingers in the front of her rubbed at her clitoris while the fingers behind...

"Oh!" she gasped as two thick fingers slid into her pussy, and drove up deep!

He grinned at her as his fingers pumped slowly in and out, while his other fingers rubbed her clitoris.

Claire stood in place, gulping in air as the heat flooded wildly through her body and her nervous system began to pulsate with the rising, roiling rush of sensation!

He stopped, dropping low, his hands sliding up and down her thighs, down to her ankles, and back up. He paused, examining her sex as she stood there trembling, then his hands slid up and curved along her hips to cup her buttocks as he kissed her sex!

His tongue slid up and down the line of her sex, then he found her clitoris and Claire gasped helplessly at the sudden jolt of sexual energy!

Is he starting again already!? she thought in astonishment.

But then he halted again, sighed, got to his feet, gave her a boyish grin, then slapped her bottom sharply enough to make her yelp, and started off down the beach again.

Claire hesitated, but then followed, trotting to keep up. She still looked around nervously lest someone else see her walking along naked, but she felt decidedly protected from any real harm as long as she was near him. *Javier*, she thought. What a lovely, sexy name!

They continued up the beach, and she was starting to pant, to sweat as the sun rose higher.

How much bloody further is it he's going, she thought unhappily. Surely he's got a car or something parked somewhere ahead, though. It's too far to walk back all that way alone naked.

And then up ahead was a river. It wasn't a very wide river, being perhaps no more than twenty meters wide. It spilled down a hill and out into the ocean, and they waded through it to the other side, then turned inland up a narrow dirt path.

The path rose higher and she found herself panting more heavily. It was more humid the further they got from the ocean. And there was less breeze the deeper they got into the woods. Insects buzzed about, but didn't alight, perhaps because of the oil, she wondered nervously.

They turned and climbed some more and then they emerged next to a small cabin on a plateau that overlooked the ocean. The view was simply marvelous, with the trees cut away towards the edge of the hill. They were perhaps a hundred feet up, and now there was ample breeze as she trailed him towards the cabin.

She frowned, looking around. Did he *live* here!/? Was he some sort of hermit type living alone in the woods!/? That certainly hadn't been her impression of him!

There was a firepit in front of the cabin, and a stand made of three thin lengths of metal that had a teapot dangling between them over the center of the pit. She watched Javier put some wood in the pit, then he went into the cabin, and emerged with a lighter to start a fire.

Claire was starting to feel conscious of her nudity again. She looked around for something to cover herself with, and then went to the cabin door and glanced inside. It was small, but there was a bed set against the wall with sheets and a pillow. She wondered if she dared grab one and wrap it around herself.

She stepped past the doorway to examine the inside. There were shelves against the wall stuffed with various supplies, and then to the other side what looked some sort of machinery. There was even a laptop computer! That was encouraging, at least!

Crack!

She yelped at the sharp slap to her bottom, and then Javier was holding her arm and leading her out of the cabin and around to the side of it. There was a shower of some sort, here, and he pushed her under it, then pulled a lever.

Warm water came down from above and he stepped under it as well. She gulped, for the shower was small and he was... not. But he smiled and she smiled back tentatively.

Well, it certainly made sense to wash the salt water and oil off them!

There was a large plastic container with a spout which he pressed down on several times, then began to spread the substance over her shoulders. It quickly began to lather up and she stood there uncertainly. Shouldn't she do this?

Yet he hadn't asked and seemed to enjoy doing it himself.

As did she!

His soapy hands moved over her body, stroking and caressing her so that heat began to spread through her once again. She moaned as his fingers caressed her sex and kneaded her breasts. Then he stepped back and slipped off his swimsuit. He stepped forward, wrapped his big arms around her, drew her against him, and kissed her!

Claire moaned into his mouth, her hands sliding up his chest and over his shoulders as his hands kneaded her soapy buttocks. His kiss was long, passionate, and left her dazed as he stepped back again.

Now he gripped her wrists and held her hands up and out flat. He then pumped the nozzle of the soap dispenser and filled her hands with it. He released her hands and raised his eyebrows.

She gulped and then pressed her hands against his chest, feeling a surge of excitement as her hands began to spread it over his body! She slid her hands over his broad shoulders and powerful chest, reveling in the tactile pleasure as she slid her fingers along his soft skin!

Then her hands descended, down his belly and abdomen and then... then the flush of heat filled her as her hands gently massaged it into his cock and balls, her pulse racing as the former began to harden and thicken and lengthen in her grip!

She shuddered as he put a hand on her shoulder and pushed her down, then, licking her lips, she spread the soap down his muscular thighs, down past his knees to his feet. He turned and she spread it up the backs of his legs and then, blushing, over his buttocks as she rose, before moving her arms up his back.

He turned around and kissed her again, just as passionately, so that Claire was breathless and moaning again.

Grinning, he let the water pour down around them, rinsing them off. Then he let it stop and stepped out of the shower, leaving her there. She hesitated, then followed, reaching up behind her to twist the water out of her hair.

She slowly headed around to the front of the cabin, and there turned to admire the view again, then examine the fire now crackling nicely in the fire pit. She turned and saw no sign of him, then headed towards the cabin door, which was half open.

He emerged, wearing beige linen trousers and a crisp white, short sleeved shirt which buttoned down the middle.

He smiled at her and then took her arm, guiding her towards the fire. There were low half-logs on three sides of the firepit, set as benches. They'd been sawed lengthwise, and then the round part braced

on the ground while the flat part had been smoothed with something, sandpaper, perhaps, she thought.

He used a long, steel rod to examine the water in the kettle, then, satisfied, sat down on one of the benches.

Claire looked at the door of the cabin, wondering how to ask him about clothes.

“Uhm, do you have something I could wear, Javier?”

He didn't seem to understand, and instead pointed at the ground just before him. Claire didn't understand and he smiled, then gripped her hand and pulled her down to her knees.

Speaking softly, he gripped her wrists and drew them up and then back behind her neck, as he'd done when putting on the sunscreen. He pushed at her lower back to show her to arch her back. Then he gripped her left leg and tugged it aside, getting her to spread her knees wide as she sat back on her heels.

Claire made no effort to resist but was bemused and confused, wondering what he was doing and why. Then when he was evidently satisfied with how she was posed he sat back on the bench and looked at her in approval.

Claire flushed as she knelt there. She was kneeling as if posing, her breasts thrust out, her knees spread wide, back arched. It was a very strange position for her and she was confused by it. But the way he was looking at her certainly showed he appreciated the view!

She could understand *that*, of course!

What she didn't quite grasp was why he would put her in this pose just to look at her. He had been looking at her naked for almost an hour now anyway. Not to mention touching her all over!

And why, she thought in some annoyance, hadn't he done more to her in the shower. He'd been quite hard and she certainly would not have objected!

How long is he going to look at me!? she thought anxiously. *And why doesn't he do more than look!?*

Her back was starting to ache, and she relaxed her pose. He said something sharp, frowning and she rolled her eyes.

“Oh come on! You can't expect me to just kneel like this for you to stare at! My back is starting to get stiff!”

But clearly he did, for he got up and tugged on her hair to force her head back more, and then pushed on her lower back.

“Javier!” she whined.

He gave her a stern look and tapped his finger on the bridge of her nose, then checked the kettle. He nodded to himself, got up and went back into the cabin briefly, then came out with a cup, a mug. He poured hot water into it and she soon smelled coffee.

He sat down with the coffee, took a sip, and continued to look at her, to drink her in with his eyes.

There was something awfully strange about this, but Claire was too young and inexperienced to grasp what was happening. She didn't want to disobey him or make him annoyed, but honestly, this was getting silly!

But a bubbling, thrumming sense of sexuality was rising up within her. Being naked like this and posing so... so blatantly before a man, and having him look at her admiringly was making her lower belly squirm as much as her mind. Especially with the echo of those alarmingly powerful orgasms still fresh in her mind.

But she wanted him to do something! She wanted more of that!

She gave a loud sigh and dropped her arms to her sides, giving him a reproving look.

Javier raised his eyebrows and gave her a stern look back.

“Can I have some tea if you have any?”

He snorted and took another sip, and Claire got to her feet. She deliberately stood before him, her naked sex at level with his face.

“I'm going to go look for something to wear, since you evidently don't intend to do more than look

at me,” she sniffed.

She started to walk to the cabin but his big hand was suddenly wrapped around her wrist. She yelped as she was yanked backward and then was pulled sprawling across his lap!

“Hey! Javier!” she squealed.

Crack!

She gasped at the first slap to her bottom.

“Hey!”

Crack!

He was speaking to her in a chiding tone, as to one who had misbehaved.

Crack!

“Ow! S-stop it!” she gasped.

Crack!

“Ow!”

Well, Claire had never been involved in anything which might remotely be termed as 'kinky' but she was hardly a complete innocent. When a man pulls a girl naked across his lap to spank her he was not after mere punishment!

And so it seemed, for Javier pinned her squirming body down and his hand slid down between her thighs to finger her sex.

Claire gasped, halting her squirming as his fingers caressed her there. She moaned as they stroked and then spread the lips of her sex, then one finger rubbed gently against her clitoris.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

She gasped and squirmed in confusion and heat, and he spoke sternly again, then she felt her wrists gathered back together and crossed behind her back. A moment later something wrapped around them, then looped around again, and then again, and again, and cinched tight.

Claire's eyes widened. *He's tying me up!* She thought in astonishment. *He's tying my hands together behind my back!*

She jerked her hands apart, or tried to, only to discover they were quite tightly locked together!

“Javier! What are you doing!?” she gasped.

He chuckled softly, and his hands caressed her body. One hand moved along her ribs and under to gently knead her soft, full breast, while the other slid between her legs again, a finger penetrating her and pushing up into the tight, warm, liquid heat of her pussy.

“Oh! God!” she gasped.

Dark heat was sweeping through her, amid the strange wild thrill of confusion as to what he intended doing! But tying a girl up, well, that was a darkly thrilling thing! She'd never have trusted most of her dates – none of them, come to think of it. But he'd already had his way with her, after all. It wasn't like she needed to fear what he might do!

Especially when she desperately wanted him to do it!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

She gasped and wriggled helplessly as he spanked her. The blows stung!

But every few blows his fingers slid between her thighs and she felt the muscles in her hips and abdomen spasm as they sent waves of pleasure rippling through her body.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Claire gasped and moaned and whimpered, but though her bottom was getting uncomfortably warm and sore her insides burned far more hotly, and a dark heat and hunger gripped her mind!

She cried out as what must be three fingers slid deep into her pussy! Her legs jerked, her toes bouncing against the dirt in tandem as she gulped in air.

Crack!

She trembled and moaned, her mind drowning in a confusing firestorm of sensation and excitement.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Please!” she moaned.

He jerked up and back on her hair and she cried out as he tumbled her off his lap and onto the ground, then used her hair as a handle or a leash, drawing her back and placing her on her heels once more, knees spread wide.

This time he undid his trousers and dropped them, then gripped her hair in his hand and his dark eyes smoldered as they looked down into her wide blue ones. He drew her firmly but gently forward, pressing her face into his groin, rubbing her gently up and down against him.

He lifted his cock up and back against his belly, then guided her mouth to his balls, and Claire, gasping and wide-eyed, licked at them, then slid her lips over them, moaning around them as she sucked and licked and massaged them against the insides of her cheeks.

He pulled her back and directed her higher, and when she rolled her eyes up he winked, and then licked to show her what he wanted.

She flushed, and licked at his balls, then licked slowly up his shaft as he held firmly to her hair. She licked up to the head, and then he drew her back a little and released himself, letting the head fall so it was pointing firmly at her face.

He pulled her forward and Claire felt an incredible thrill of heat as his thick cock pushed into her mouth, over her tongue, and slid deeper!

A fiery hunger burned along her skin, and up and down through her spine as she sucked on him, her eyes rolling upward as she began to suck and bob up and down on the shaft. He loosened his grip on her hair, and instead began to comb his fingers through it as she sucked and bobbed, speaking softly.

This entire scene, even though he was barely touching her, had Claire aflame with scalding heat! To be kneeling naked before a man like this, her hands tied behind her, helpless like... like some kind of prisoner, and performing oral sex on him was like a wild fantasy!

Then he drew back and sat down again.

Claire, gulping in air, stared at him, more than slightly dazed by the heat engulfing her.

He snapped his fingers and pointed down for her to move forward. The arrogance of the move only aroused her further, and she moved forward on her knees, then bent forward, licking and sucking at his cock again.

Crack!

His hand slapped her bottom as he leaned forward. Then he gripped her thigh, pulling it to the side, spreading her legs wide.

Positioning her as he had before.

She moaned around his cock, bobbing up and down. She felt him gathering in her hair in a mass and holding it tightly in his fist, then he pulled her head up and back. She panted as he leaned in, and then without warning, he pushed himself deep.

Deep!

At first she was merely startled. Then she felt a wave of delicious excitement. Then an instant later, anxiety and then his cock was pushing into her throat! Instinctively, she tried to jerk back, but he had a very firm grip on her hair, now reinforced by his other hand behind her head!

His cock was not only in her throat but continued to push deeper as he pulled her forward!

Claire's knees and feet pawed and scrabbled at the dirt, but her head was locked tightly in his grip as he pulled her lips down the shaft until they were held tightly around the base! Her face was pressed firmly into his groin, and for all the energetic movements of her lower body she was utterly helpless to do anything about it!

It wasn't that Claire had never heard of the concept of deep-throating a man. She had simply never been able to do it, though to be honest with herself, she'd never seriously tried. It wasn't as if boys were unsatisfied with her existing efforts. Why risk throwing up by trying to shove things down her throat to see if she could do it!?

She certainly wasn't going to practice with a guy! Talk about ruining the mood if she failed!

But now she wasn't being given any choice, and while her knees scrambled in the dirt and her bottom waded and jerked wildly her face remained locked tightly to his groin, with his big cock filling her throat, stretching it, making it ache, and pushed all the way down through and past her neck!

Her head pounded and her chest was beginning to burn from lack of oxygen! And that quickly overrode the desperate and instinctive effort to keep from gagging and regurgitating... well, not her breakfast, come to think of it for she hadn't had one yet.

And then he pulled back, drawing her smoothly up and up and up the long, glistening length of his shaft, until the head popped free and she was able to suck in great, desperate, shuddering breaths of air!

He said something in a pleased tone, an almost congratulatory tone, but all Claire could really think of was how beautiful it was to inflate her lungs and fill them with air!

And so she was completely unprepared when he pulled her forward, his dripping wet cock slid into her open mouth, and then straightaway pushed deep into her throat once again.

Again, she panicked, her lower body scrambling and twisting and trying to tear herself free. Again he held her quite firmly, so firmly it became obvious she had no chance of resisting.

Her movements stilled as he held her there, and then he slid her backwards, once again allowing her to gulp in shaky breaths of air!

No time to talk. Only time to gulp in air.

And then he was deep in her throat again!

She gurgled and trembled and moaned, but there was less panic now, and the beginning of a sense of awe that she was taking this big cock all the way down her throat like this and somehow managing not to really gag much, much less vomit.

He pulled back once more and again she gulped in air. She was light-headed now from being repeatedly robbed of oxygen, which contributed to her state of bedraggled confusion, and so she made no resistance when he again caught her by surprise, shoving himself deep into her throat.

He pulled out, and the glassy eyed girl was spilled back onto the dirt on her bound arms. He laughed jovially and dropped to his knees before her, then spread her thighs achingly wide and began to mouth her sex.

Claire just lay there in a haze, chest fluttering wildly as she rebuilt her store of oxygen and her mind began to clear somewhat.

She groaned in a strange mixture of relief and amazement. She had swallowed that huge cock several times and survived the experience! And now it was evidently over, thank God! That was a relief!

As the panic subsided the impact of his lips and tongue on her sex began to make her aware of the sensations sweeping up through her belly. She closed her eyes and groaned, sinking back into a sense of deep, relaxed comfort as the warm waters of sexual pleasure washed over her.

Then his fingers slipped into her, pumping, stroking, caressing, so that her hips began to roll up in desperate, spastic movements.

He chuckled and rose above her, sliding his hands up her legs, lifting them into the air and placing them against his chest. He took his hard cock and pushed it against her and she whimpered as it slowly spread her open, then began to push inside.

He leaned forward, further and further, pressing her legs back against her further and further. His big, powerful, masculine frame pressed down as his hands forced her ankles back over her shoulders, and Claire felt the strain on her spine as it raised her buttocks up into the air.

He ground himself against her and she gasped helplessly. Then he drew his hips up and plunged down into her sodden depths!

Claire could not prevent herself from crying out in pleasure, and then again and again as he began to thrust into her! She felt like she had a pit of bubbling lava in her belly as his cock churned her insides up into a boiling stew!

Crushed in two, with his body completely covering her, and his face just above hers, the orgasm slammed into her like a hurricane, and Claire cried out, her voice rising louder and louder as her hips jerked up desperately against him!

The storm of sensation sent her mind spinning! She was lost, as if a tornado was sweeping her round and round in circles in mid-air! Only the air was scalding and filled with desperate passion and pleasure!

The orgasm faded, leaving her gasping and moaning, and he eased his thrusting, then backed off, letting her legs drop down to the ground on either side of him.

He began to tongue and suck and finger her once more, his fingers caressing the inside wall of her sex, his thumb stroking her clitoris, alternating with his licking tongue and sucking lips.

Her hips began to roll wantonly up at him again as the heat swamped her mind, and Claire was barely aware of him lifting her legs up and back and then... then he was crushing her into the ground once more! Her feet were jammed back behind her head and his heavy body filled the world as his hips pounded down against her!

She screamed as the climax tore through her, trembling and thrashing in ecstasy as his cock speared deep into her spasming belly with wild, powerful, savage strokes!

And then he withdrew again, leaving her panting, chest heaving, eyes glassy as he licked and sucked his way up her body, chewing and sucking on her breasts and nipples, up along the nape of her neck and under her ears, then back down again.

His fingers thrust into her, stroked her, caressed her, and then his tongue rejoined them and she sobbed breathlessly as she began to rise up once more into that wild, crackling flame-filled darkness of sexual fever.

And again he plunged into her, crushing her, pounding her, his cock ramming into her trembling body as she screamed her way through yet another insanely overpowered orgasm!

And finally he grunted and gasped and heaved and hammered down with his hips as his own orgasm arrived, his lips drawn back in a feral grimace as he thrust into her with powerful strokes and emptied himself inside her.

Chapter Four

She was awfully thirsty. And the water looked very cool. But Claire was feeling a strange swirl of conflicting emotions as he guided her to it.

She was still tied up and helpless, and he'd placed the water in a bowl on the ground. Now he put her on her knees before it, knees wide, and lowered her torso to much the same position as he'd originally taken her in. Only now he pressed her lips to the bowl and she began to drink and slurp and swallow.

And while she did he gently fingered her and she whimpered and shuddered as sensations pulsed and rolled through her body.

With the water down he again used her hair to guide her back – on her knees – to the same position next to the bench. There he set her down on her heels, knees spread.

He went into the cabin, and came out with a flat, polished board of some kind, and on it was a pear. He had a knife and cut the pear into pieces, popping one into his mouth, then another. He looked at her as he did it, and Claire looked back, blinking, filled with confusion and uncertainty and the reverberations of the incredible shock-waves of sensation which had blasted her mind and body.

He held out a piece to her and she hesitated, then leaned in and licked it from his hand.

He smiled and said something in a pleasant, pleased tone.

This is so freaky weird! she thought.

But her insides were squirming with a dark sense of awed passion, and she leaned forward again at another offer, licking a second piece from his hand.

He cut the pear up, feeding some to her and eating others, then put the board down and got up, turning to walk back into the little cabin. A moment later he emerged with something in his hand, some kind of short strap.

He brought it over and sat down, and she looked at it. It was curved sharply like a belt, but was clearly far too short for that. It was black, made of leather, apparently, with stainless steel studs around its length, and a buckle.

She felt a jolt as he held it up and leaned forward to press it against her throat, realizing it was a collar. Like a dog collar but... one of those bondage things!

She drew back but he was already on his feet, moving behind her, buckling it firmly around her neck.

“W-Wait!” she gasped. “I-I’m not into this sort of thing!”

He ignored her, buckling the collar firmly in place, then patted her on the head and moved back across to the cabin, coming out with another pear.

Claire looked at him anxiously, but he simply proceeded to cut the pear up and once again feed pieces to her and also himself.

This is so bloody perverse! she thought wonderingly.

When he was finished he got up and went back into the cabin and came back with a small squeeze tube, either the same one he'd used before or a new one. He knelt beside her and squeezed some jelly onto his hand, then began to spread it over her body.

His hands moved languidly, slowly, caressing her, sliding over the soft curves of her body, and Claire felt her pulse rate quickening with every passing second. His hands lightly squeezed her breasts

and rolled her nipples, then slid downward, spreading the oil over her buttocks and in between her legs.

Then he sat back, gripping her hair, forcing her up off her heels and forward on her knees, breathless, as he sat down and pulled her across his lap again, belly down.

“Oh! W-what are you doing?!” She moaned.

His fingers were stroking her sex, caressing it, gliding over her skin, and then, one finger eased inside her, pumping in and out slowly.

By the time he added a second finger she was grinding her hips helplessly up and back, panting for breath and moaning as his other hand stroked her body and gently kneaded her breasts. Then a third finger pushed into her, a third large, thick finger, stretching her out and making her ache!

His fingers pumped and twisted, first clockwise, then counter-clockwise, and then, as his fingers moved in and out, she felt his thumb rubbing against her back opening, and squeaked in alarm.

“Oh! Oh, don't!” she gasped. “Javier!”

His thumb slowly prodded and pushed at her wrinkled little back opening and then slowly pushed inside her.

And it was a big thumb!

She trembled and moaned as his fingers stroked in and out of her now, the thumb in her bottom and the other three in her pussy. And then a fourth finger pushed and strained to force its way into her sex as his other hand slid over her hip and down along her abdomen, the slippery fingers rubbing her clitoris.

Claire's body began to jerk and shake, her feet pawing at the ground and bouncing up and down, her hips jerking back spastically as sharp starbursts of sensation rippled through her body and up into her overawed mind.

“Oh! Ungh! Nghh! Oh! Please! Oh God!” she gasped, panting and moaning helplessly.

The orgasm screamed through her mind and her voice rose in a long, undulated wail of all the air in her lungs as her hips jerked back frantically against his fingers! The pleasure once again swamped her mind and left it tossing and tumbling amid the churning liquid heat that threatened to drown her.

His fingers eased out, all but two of them. And the hand which had slid beneath her glided up across her spine and shoulders and under to knead her breast. The other hand stayed where it was, fingers rubbing and pumping slowly, stretching and stroking her insides.

He lifted her up and swung her around to put her on the ground, but as she had been when he'd taken her so wildly and roughly before; face down, bottom raised high, knees spread!

Panting, eyes glazed, Claire moaned as her chin was pressed into the dirt. This was all so wildly beyond her experience or even imagination! Yet the pleasure was so desperately intense she had already become addicted to it! Her intellect told her she needed to find some clothes and get back to the hotel, but her intellect was certainly not in charge of her today!

He returned and sat down behind her, and Claire groaned as his fingers penetrated her again, one, then two, then three, as before, his thumb sliding into her bottom again! His fingers turned and twisted, stroked and caressed, and then four of them were in her, and her clitoris, swollen and hyper-sensitive, was stroked by expert fingers!

She felt herself nearing orgasm again, her hips grinding and rolling with growing excitement and sexual fervor.

But he halted, then, his fingers pulling free of her. Something else pushed into her, something hard and rounded and... thick! She gasped as it stretched her already well-stretched opening, pressing harder and harder, twisting slickly one way, and then the other.

“Oh! Oh! Javier!” she moaned.

She felt the thing sliding into her, slowly, and she felt so stretched! Yet the dark hunger churned her mind and body wildly.

He said something, and then gripped the back of the collar, pulling her up and back, then moving her to face the bench. He sat her down on her heels again, but slowly, and she felt the pressure of the

thing inside her! The more she sank down the harder it pushed, and she felt it slowly forcing its way up inside her!

But she couldn't see because he was pulling sharply on the collar, preventing her from dropping her chin low!

Then he released her collar and moved to sit down.

Claire dropped her chin and stared, gaping, eyes wide.

It was... some kind of ... rounded black, veined... thing! It was hard but not as hard as, say, plastic or metal or wood. In fact, it had give in it, as if the surface was of something rubbery. With the slick oil upon it it felt rather strangely erotic against her skin.

Why did it have veins!? Was this supposed to be... some sort of sex toy!? It seemed to be jammed into the earth below her, as if it had recently sprouted from it like a small tree! But it was as thick as her wrist! She was so stretched by it that despite the slippery jell it was helping to support her weight and prevent her from sinking all the way down onto her heels.

She stared in disbelief, without understanding! What was he... doing!? And why!?

Then he leaned forward and his fingers caressed the incredibly taut lips of her sex, and especially, that swollen little button at the top.

Claire shuddered.

With the thing sliding up behind the top of her sex the pressure as he rubbed her clitoris seemed more powerful, more intense.

Then he moved forward, kneeling beside her. He gripped her hair behind her neck and forced her head up and back.

“Oh! Please! Javier!” she moaned. “It's too... too biiig!”

And yet, the weight of her own body was slowly sinking her down upon it. She felt a wild dark thrill of desperately nasty excitement as she felt the thing making its way deeper, burrowing up inside her as she slowly sank down!

It was halfway up the length of her straining tube now, and still slowly grinding inward. And as he rubbed her clitoris the dark, swirling bursts of sensation rolled her mind, making it hard to think, much less control her own body,

She slid slowly down, inch after inch of it pushing high into her aching belly!

And then the orgasm hammered her mind back as if from a physical blow! She cried out, her hips grinding and jerking and almost instinctively trying to ride up and down on the thick tube! Her voice rose in a long, undulating howl of exultant pleasure as the orgasm tore through her, and the aching impaled itself because a thrilling, if perverse source of both physical and emotional heat.

It left her dazed and exhausted, though, her mind wrapped in the languorous afterglow.

He chuckled and left her there, and she groaned, her head falling forward, hair spilling down across her face. She stared down the length of her body, and blinked in disbelief as she realized almost the whole thing was inside her, all but a couple of inches of the base!

Oh my fucking God! It's all inside me! Oh my God! Oh God! I'm so fucking stretched! she thought dazedly.

And then Javier was beside her holding what looked like a mallet for croquet! She had the oddest thought, like he was going to wack down on her head to drive her the final inch down!

But instead he placed a hoop on the ground, straddling her right leg, just below the knee, and then he gave it a few wacks to drive the two stakes into the ground before gripping it and forcing it down deeper and deeper.

Much deeper than you usually would. Deep enough that the rounded top pressed in against the back of her leg!

What was he... ?

He moved to her left, then placed the other hoop there and wacked it to drive the two sides into the ground, then pushed downward until that hoop too was pinning her leg to the ground.

What was he doing, she wondered in bewilderment.

Then he wacked an actual stake, like a peg stake, into the ground behind her. A moment later she felt him doing something with the straps or bands or whatever they were around her wrists. She gasped as he jerked them downward a little. That forced her shoulders back, making her back arch somewhat.

And when he got up and moved away she found the pressure on her wrists was steady, continuous, as if they were bound in place – to the stake!

Dark heat bubbled within her. Her position had not changed, but now... now it couldn't! He had bound her in this position, helpless!

Intellectually, of course, she was entirely helpless with him anyway. There wasn't a thing she could do if he didn't want her to, nor a thing she could stop him from doing if he chose to do so. But that was intellectual.

This was emotional.

This made her recognize the dark, kinky bondage theme of what he had been doing, the sense she was some sort of slave girl! His prisoner! That was somewhat scary, but on the other hand, given he'd already done just about everything to her a man would want to, it was hard to imagine how he could abuse the fact she was now bound tightly and helplessly in place.

The thing inside her was making her ache!

She felt utterly disheveled and bedraggled, panting and sweating and groaning dazedly. She wanted to go and lay down somewhere cool.

Javier knelt beside her, seized her hair, and jerked her head sharply up and back, then crushed her lips with his. For long minutes he kissed her, sometimes gently, sometimes roughly, but always passionately, as he held her hair tightly back and his other hand stroked and caressed her body.

He moved down along her neck, then, chewing and sucking and licking and kissing the front and then the nape of her neck, while still holding her hair back. He moved downward, and she gasped and moaned as his teeth dug into the soft flesh around her hard nipples, and he sucked rhythmically.

Then he sat back a moment, and Claire, eyes glassy, let her head loll forward again, panting as she felt a pressure against her back opening. His slippery finger pushed into her there, and she whimpered and moaned. It was all so much! So many sensations! So many wild shocking things!

His finger pumped slowly, then something else pushed into her, something harder and much thicker. She didn't even try to protest, for she had at least subconsciously accepted now that she was his to do with as he chose, and that she had no say in it.

She was stretched, achingly, but then something like a fat lump was sucked up into her body and disappeared.

No, it was there, near the entrance but... something else was there, something much more narrow, holding her a little open, and pressed against her from the outside, too!

What is he doooooing?! she thought dazedly.

He got up and moved away, returning with a ball in his hand. He combed his fingers through her hair, drew it back and as her jaw automatically opened, pressed the ball into it!

Claire blinked in confusion. The pressure grew and she instinctively forced her jaw wider. The thing slowly pushed through, barely fitting, filling her mouth, and then a strap went behind her head to buckle it in place.

He released her hair and went back into the cabin.

Claire rolled her eyes down, trying to see what it was. She couldn't close her mouth now for it was too big to fit entirely inside her! He came back and she gave up trying to see and raised her eyes to see him holding... a cell phone.

What was he...

She gasped as she realized, too late, he had taken her picture! Like this! Her eyes widened, but then he turned it around and showed her.

Her eyes widened considerably more!

Oh my fucking God! Oh my fucking God! Ohmyfuckinggodd! she thought in shock.

It was the most obscene picture of her EVER! She was naked, of course, her knees spread wide, the lips of her naked sex straining obscenely wide around that black tube thing, her back arched to display her breasts! She also had the bondage collar on and the... ball thing in her mouth! It was one of those gag things she'd seen on the internet!

It was the most shockingly sexual picture she had ever seen in her life. And it was of HER!

This was not the sort of picture good girls took! It was not the sort of thing good girls did! Or even imagined! And Claire's self image was of a good girl! A boring girl! A perfectly ordinary, boring girl! The clash between that image and the stunningly sexual and perverted picture of her was so great as to be impossible to immediately wrap her mind around!

And then Javier knelt before her with something else in hand.

Where is he getting all this!? she thought weakly.

He touched something on it and it buzzed. Then he pressed it against the top of her sex, against the tight, straining flesh there, against her clitoris.

It... vibrated.

Quite powerfully.

She shuddered as her hair was seized again, her head forced back. Then he bent and began to mouth her breasts, sucking and licking on the nipples.

How can he still be interested in sex!?

But he was, and the vibrating thing... a vibrator, obviously, was making her clitoris numb. The numbness quickly gave way to something else, though, and a wild rush of energy rolled up her spine.

Claire had already had more orgasms today than she'd had in a year, and most of them much more intense, but she felt her lower belly churning and roiling and burning, and felt the waves of sensation seeping higher into her belly and chest until her entire body was writhing and twisting in the grip of the crackling sexual electricity he was creating within her.

The higher orders of consciousness fled as dark, animal hunger filled Claire's mind. And they cared nothing for consequences, nor for pride, dignity or anything else other than what her body craved.

Her lower legs were pinned in place, and her wrists couldn't lift up either. But nothing was stopping her from forcing her body upward on the thick tube impaling her. As long as she arched back when she did it.

Her hips began to jerk and quiver and strain, and she lifted herself up an inch, then slid back down. The rush of animal delight that brought made her cry out!

And do it again.

And again!

And then she discovered that if she slid her ankles a little further apart, she could sink down even further! It hurt to do so, to force that thickly veined thing up deeper in her body. But she found herself frantic to do so anyway, to utterly impale herself on it!

He was no longer clutching her hair, no longer licking her. He simply knelt there, extending the vibrator, rubbing and rolling it against her clitoris while Claire went mad.

Her passion-filled cries filled the small clearing, despite the gag, as she rode desperately up and down on the thick cock-substitute within her. The nose jammed painfully into the back wall of her pussy, but so what! What was that compared to the firestorm of pleasure enveloping her body or the fever heat engulfing her mind?!

And then a man walked into the clearing, calling out to Javier in Spanish.

Claire hardly noticed at first. She continued to ride desperately up and down on the thing inside her, crying out, gasping for breath, eyes wide and wild.

And then his presence finally penetrated the fever heat and she halted, stunned, confused, bewildered.

What!? What!? Who!? Who was this!?

The man actually looked a lot like Javier. There was a strong family resemblance, with a similar facial structure. He was a little shorter but his shoulders were wider. And he was reasonably close in age. The two men talked in rapid-fire Spanish, both of them watching her, and Claire felt her head swimming as if the world was spinning around her.

Javier was kneeling just in front of her and to her right. The man came over and knelt in front of her and to her left. His eyes raced up and down her body eagerly, and then he reached out and began to stroke and caress her breast!

Another psychic shock-wave rolled through the dazed English girl.

The two men were chatting, the new man chuckling in amusement as his hands caressed her. One hand slid down and his fingers rubbed her clitoris.

Claire shuddered helplessly, her hips jerking as the muscles spasmed.

Then both men were sucking and chewing and licking at her breasts simultaneously, and Claire felt as if her mind were dissolving. She plunged back into the fever heat, starting to ride up and down on the thick spike inside her, sobbing and moaning, her head rolling back as she impaled herself with ever more desperate motions while the vibrator ground against her clitoris.

The orgasm was a towering wave of scalding pleasure and heat. It fell upon her and she screamed in something very like ecstasy. The pleasure was a howling hurricane of sensation, stripping away every trace of reluctance or concern about anything else.

It went on and on, until she thought she'd faint, even as she wallowed in the all-encompassing wall of pleasure.

And then she sagged drunkenly, gasping for breath, head hanging, drooling, literally *drooling* around the ball gag as her eyes tried to focus.

Chapter Five

When the world swam into focus again she was staring down her flushed, glistening body and could both see and feel the stretched, straining, swollen lips of her sex pressed firmly against the dirt below her.

She groaned and raised her head to see Javier and his near look-alike sitting on the bench drinking from what looked like cans of beer, smiling at her and chatting to each other.

They saw her looking, and the look-alike grinned and pointed at himself.

“Ja-ren!” he said. “Jaren. Then he said something in Spanish, mostly in Spanish. She heard the word 'Claire' in there.

Yes, pleased to meet you too, sir, she thought, marveling at how ironic it was. Did he usually introduce himself to naked bound women like this!?

Naked bound women impaled on stakes?

He took a sip of his beer and she frowned in confusion. Where had he even gotten it. The thing was cold. She could see the sweat on it.

As her mind began to function more fully she felt the returning heat of shame and embarrassment, displayed like this before this complete stranger!

It was dulled, however, by what he had already seen of her, already done to her.

Not to mention the thunderous pleasure of that immense orgasm, the memory of which still had her very brain quivering in stunned amazement.

What time was it? What day was it? She felt so out of it! So shell-shocked!

And then Jaren put his beer down and slipped forward onto his knees before her. His hands reached out, kneading her breasts, cupping and lifting them, his fingers stroking and squeezing them.

Claire moaned dully. She was too drained to feel either aroused or to put too much emotional effort into being embarrassed.

His fingers massaged her breasts, then he caught her nipples between thumbs and forefingers, rolling and stroking them pleasantly.

His fingers slid downward, and then they were on her clitoris, rolling and rubbing it as she groaned around the gag. His fingers felt quite softly and gently pleasant, however, compared to that violent shaking her clitoris had experienced with the hard, cool vibrator.

Am I some kind of sex toy? She wondered wearily. Is that what they think I am? A toy to play with and enjoy?

He stood up and reached behind her head, then undid the strap going around her head, his fingers gripping the ball thing and slowly working it out of her mouth.

She drew in several deep, shuddering breaths as he combed her hair back with his fingers.

But then he gathered it up and turned her head a little to her left, and his other hand went to his zipper. He pulled his cock out, and she blinked at it stupidly. Then it was in her mouth, before she'd even considered that it might be aimed there.

And once that was done, well, it just didn't seem worth the effort to argue the point. She was already sucking and licking at it as he pumped slowly in and out.

He pulled forward on her hair, on her head, and then she gurgled in surprise as his cock slipped into her throat! She instinctively tried to pull back, but he'd have none of it as his hips pushed forward and

his hand pushed her head forward and his cock slid remorselessly down her throat to the very base.

He was not quite as thick as Javier. That was the only saving grace. Plus, of course, she'd already done it with Javier so kind of knew she could, and that it wouldn't exactly kill her or anything.

And she was still shell-shocked, which made it kind of hard to get too alarmed.

He slid back, and his cock pulled free of her throat, letting her gasp and gulp in air as he rubbed himself over her face. Then he pushed down her throat again, but this time he pumped himself in and out, slowly but steadily, fucking her throat and mouth as she gurgled and moaned and gagged weakly.

He pulled out and saliva spilled over her lower lip and down her body as she coughed and then gulped in deep, ragged breaths of air. There wasn't enough time to satisfy her need for air to spare any for talking. And so he pushed into her again, and again, fucking her throat and mouth until she was light-headed.

Then he used the vibrator on her clitoris and she whimpered and moaned helplessly as her insides began to burn and thrum and pulsate with sexual heat and hunger once more.

The two men knelt before her and she felt herself raised a little, gasping as her aching sex slid up the thing inside her. Then Javier did something which dislodged it from the ground. She discovered the stakes binding her wrists and legs in place were gone.

They tilted her forward on her knees as Jaren sat down on the bench, drawing her mouth down onto his erection once again. Behind her, Javier lifted her bottom high and spread her legs.

The thing was still inside her, making her feel horribly full, making her ache, but giving her a dark, desperate, animal sense of thrilled heat.

Jaren pulled her up and down on his cock, and she gurgled helplessly each time her throat plunged down its full length. Behind her, she felt the thing in her bottom pulled slowly out. She felt vacant there, momentarily, then something else pushed into her in its place.

This was softer and warmer, but longer, and it slid deep into her ass, so deep she felt cramps inside as the head jammed up inside her. And then Javier's hips were pressed flush against her buttocks, and she knew it was him inside her.

But that was a secondary consideration. Most of her focus was on the cock her throat was sliding up and down on as Jaren controlled her head and hair.

The men continued to talk to each other in Spanish as their hands roamed her body, and then, as if a decision had been made, Javier slid out of her. A moment later she felt the thick tube inside her pussy slowly drawn back and out.

The aching disappeared and with it a wonderful surge of relief! He caressed her clitoris, which redoubled that relief while Jaren pulled his pants down and then guided her lips to his balls. Sucking and licking them was easier than having her throat impaled, so the dazed girl eagerly set about doing so.

Javier slid up into her ass again and pumped slowly but steadily.

Then Jaren moved off the bench and onto the grass. He lay on his back as he and Javier guided her forward to straddle him. He held his cock up and then she felt the lips of her sex against it, felt it rubbing against them, then penetrating her.

Compared to the thing which had been inside her it felt incredibly good! She slid down its length to the base, groaning contentedly, not even considering, much less caring that she barely knew his name.

Crack!

The slap to her bottom was meant to catch her attention, though she didn't understand at first.

Crack!

She moaned as she leaned forward, her breasts in his hands as she began to ride up and down. And that, apparently, was what they wanted. She felt the swirling, churning sensual heat beginning to fill her mind once more as she rode Jaren's cock.

This is simply incredible, she thought, gasping and moaning as she rode slowly up and down and Jaren thrust up into her.

Then Javier pressed against her from behind, his cock sliding up into her ass!

“Oh! Oh fuck! Oh God! Oh! Wait! Oh my God!” she gasped in shock.

Claire felt a sudden sharp sense of unreality, of wondering how this had happened, of how it could possibly be that she found herself straddling a man she barely knew, with his cock deep inside her, while another man she barely knew was pushing his own cock into her ass!

But a dark, desperate rush of heat, of something like awed outrage and excitement churned within her mind and body as she felt the thick hard spear of flesh pushing deeper into her belly! To have two men inside her at once was almost unbelievable!

Yet the sensory experience, the wild, incredible rush of sensations from her lower belly as Jaren thrust up and Javier thrust in was overwhelming her already bewildered mind.

Javier forced her to bend forward more, while Jaren's hands kneaded her aching, swollen breasts. Then the two men thrust into her as Claire felt herself melting under the scalding heat and wild overload of sensations tearing through her.

It wasn't just the sensations, of course, it was the shocking, wicked, outrageous fact of what she was doing, of how insane it was, how out of character for her! And as Javier thrust the last inch inside her and she cried out at the aching cramp inside, Jaren reached a hand down between her legs and began to rub her clitoris!

Another orgasm shattered her mind to fragments, and she cried out again and again, writhing and shaking as the two men rode her, as they thrust eagerly into her writhing body, as their hands raced over her soft young flesh.

This orgasm wasn't like the others. As the men continued to thrust and grope she felt herself sliding down the far side of it as if from a roller coaster, but still racing, still burning, as she mounted upward once again, then, crying out, raced down the other side off another and another and another!

She felt as if she were going out of her mind as the orgasms continued to tear through her, like a long train, with car after car thundering past – or through – her trembling body!

They finally halted, leaving her dazed, head lolling, exhausted and semi-conscious as the men continued to thrust up into her aching, thrumming abdomen. But then they finished with her, rolled her over, and left her there laying on her back on the ground, groaning.

They seemed pleased with each other, by the way they chatted, but Claire wasn't really thinking much on it. She felt shell-shocked once more by the ferocity of her own response, both physical and emotional. She twitched and trembled in the afterglow, just remembering those incredible sensations.

The men got dressed and sat down to finish their beers, talking amiably.

Claire felt herself recovering slowly, then, groaning, sat up. She turned and looked at them, but dropped her eyes, face flushed. She wasn't at all sure what to do, how to cope, what to say or do. The situation in which she found herself was quite simply outrageous! It was not to be countenanced!

And yet, no one had offered her violence, well, other than a bit of playful spanking, and her mind remained somewhat stunned by the enormity of the pleasure storm which had rocked her.

Javier said something to her, but of course, she had no idea what it might be.

He chuckled and got up, going into the little cabin, then emerged with what looked like a plastic bottle of water. He twisted the cap off and offered it, and Claire suddenly realized how hot and sweaty and thirsty she was. She rose on her knees, her wrists tugging against the leather to no avail, then shuffled forward on her knees.

Javier sat down, then as she approached, put the bottle down and scooped her up in his arms and sat her down across his lap. Facing Jaren as it happened. He then picked up the bottle and held it out to her mouth, much as a mother would to a child, Claire thought uncomfortably.

But she was thirsty, so she closed her lips around it and drank, surprised at how deliciously cool it was as she swallowed again and again until he put the bottle down and then combed her bangs back from her forehead with his fingers.

She was starting to feel a little self-conscious again, with Jaren looking at her. And that wasn't

helped when Javier gave her some sort of directive, which she didn't understand, of course, and then pushed her legs apart. She flushed but understood, then, spreading her legs wide, then gasping as Javier jerked back on her hair to make her back arch.

He was talking as he let his right hand caress her body, especially her breasts, but whether he was talking to her or Jaren, she couldn't say. His fingers slid lower and rubbed at her clitoris and the two men chuckled at whatever he was saying.

He slid a finger inside her, then a second, but not deep, just a couple of inches, rubbing softly against the inner wall of her sex as he talked. And since his head was turned towards Jaren he was clearly speaking to him.

Then he slipped his fingers out and Jaren reached for her, his fingers pushing up inside her instead.

Claire flushed at this, but could think of nothing to do or say as his fingers, like Javier's rubbed against the inner wall of her sex, a couple of inches inside. At first, he was more clumsy, his fingers moving in wider arcs, but then he seemed to settle over an area like Javier had, rubbing and pressing there.

Whatever was there, Claire felt a sense of rising... sensation. And then Javier said something and Jaren brought his thumb in against the top of her sex, rubbing her. He rubbed up and down, then from side to side, as the fingers inside her rubbed against the inner wall of her sex.

Was she becoming a nymphomaniac, Claire wondered, as she felt, despite all the incredible explosions of orgasmic pleasure, the sensations beginning to spread a warmth through her belly and up into her chest once more.

Surely, she thought, in consternation, there was some limit to how often she could be aroused!

Fortunately, he stopped then. The two men rose, with Javier lifting her, then setting her on her feet. Javier threw water on the fire, and it looked like the two were preparing to leave. His hand came around behind her, guiding her towards the little cabin, but when they reached it all he did was reach inside for a thin belt, then close the door.

He guided her around it, past the shower, and onto a narrow dirt path among bushes and trees. They turned inland, and after less than a minute the path led to a tall gate made of steel bars! He unlocked it, pushed it open and they walked through, whereupon the gate closed with a snap behind them.

Ahead lay a broad, sweeping lawn which showed a large house, perhaps even a hotel, fifty yards or so in front of her!

She instinctively stopped, gasping, newly reminded of her nudity.

Javier chuckled and then reached to the center of the collar around her throat, and clipped the thin leather strap he'd gotten from the cabin, then tugged her forward.

"But... I have no clothes!" she cried.

He slapped her bottom and she yelped, and scurried forward.

They walked across the broad green lawn, with Claire feeling more and more anxious the closer they got to the building!

It was a gray stone two story building with a sloping slate roof. It had a broad deck running along the second floor, with numerous doors giving onto it. As they approached, she saw a tennis court to one side, then a large swimming pool on the other

Claire's wrists tugged with growing anxiety against the leather straps around them as she looked around wildly! Was it possible no one was here except these two men!? Was that a hotel or a private home!?

They walked up between the pool and tennis court and then slid aside a large glass door. Jaren went in first, then Javier, tugging on the belt.

A leash! she thought in astonishment.

And then she gasped and dropped her eyes to her toes as a woman in a black and white uniform walked up. She cringed, horrified, as Javier spoke and the woman nodded and said "Si, Senor."

The woman must think she was some kind of perverted slut!

And things only got worse! For Javier handed the girl the leash! The girl turned and tugged, and Claire squealed and stumbled after her! She turned her head wildly towards Javier and called his name, but he only smiled and said something, waving, as he and Jaren turned and went in the opposite direction!

And what was she to say to this Spanish girl!? How could she even bear to speak to her!? And what would it matter since no one around her seemed to understand English!?

Javier was obviously into some pretty perverted stuff, and she wanted to make it known she was absolutely not!

Despite what had happened!

But she couldn't bring herself to even raise her eyes, too mortified to speak, as the girl's high heels clicked against what seemed like marble floors, and she led the barefoot, naked English girl along a wide corridor

I have to get them to untie me and give me something to wear! she thought desperately.

But they didn't speak English!

The girl led her down a flight of stairs and then a narrower hall with a stone floor, then opened a door and led her inside.

It was a cleaning room of sorts, she thought. There were large tubs to one side, next to a washing machine. On the other side was a shower. Directly against the far wall was a large tub, the kind with clawed feet. And then just ahead and to the right, where the girl led her, was a small room. Inside, was an Asian style toilet.

The room was clean, with a tiled floor. The plumbing fixture was about ten inches wide and twice that long, flat along the floor, but then rising suddenly at the far end, with the pipe and handle rising with it. It was a squat toilet. She'd encountered them when she'd visited Japan two years earlier! The girl pulled her over and pushed against her shoulder, indicating she should kneel down, and Claire tried, at least to speak.

"Please, if you would just untie me!"

The girl replied with rapid-fire Spanish, tugging on the leash, and then slapped her bottom sharply, stingingly.

"Ow!" Claire gasped. "Don't!"

The girl spoke sternly to her, demandingly.

Crack! Crack!

Claire gasped and dropped to her knees, and the girl seemed satisfied as she straddled the toilet. She wrapped the leash around the pipe at the front of it and then left her like that.

Things were spiraling rapidly out of control, Claire thought wildly. She needed to find someone who could speak English before... before...

Well, before what, she thought. Before they start ravishing your defenseless body? It's a bit late for that, isn't it?

That calmed her somewhat. But it didn't lessen the embarrassment being naked and collared like this in front of his Spanish girl!

Although, come to that, she did actually feel the need to void her bladder...

And, alone in the room, she peered around, and then did just that. She leaned forward then and tilted her body over so she could press down on the flush lever with her right shoulder. That worked just fine.

And then after a minute or two, there were voices behind her, in the larger room. She turned her head, and her face turned beet red once more as two middle-aged women came in! They were both quite large – and overweight, and they glanced at her in amusement – or so she thought before she instantly jerked her head around and dropped her eyes in humiliation!

One of them came into the toilet, then! She bent down and put a large hand on the back of her head, bending her forward, then pressed something against her sex!

Gasping, Claire tried to jerk back, but the woman was very strong!

She stared down between her legs – since her eyes were aimed there anyway, and saw that the device the woman was inserting was not, as she'd first thought, some sort of sex toy. For the long, slender tube with the bulbous tip was attached by hose to a clear plastic bottle of some sort!

And then warm water began to gush from the bulb, deep inside her body!

The other woman managed to squeeze into the toilet behind her, and a moment later Claire felt something pushing against her back passage, and a similar nozzle was pushed up inside her! Then more warm water gushed up into her belly!

This was soooo mortifying!

But no one spoke English, and there was nothing she could do but allow them to clean out her body – front and back, while they chattered to each other in Spanish!

With that done they untied the leash from the pipe, took her arms, and helped her to her feet, then brought her out into the larger room. They had been running a bath. She had heard the water since they'd gotten into the room. Now she was led to the bathtub, and reluctantly stepped into it.

The water was much warmer, and they pushed her to her knees, then, using the leash, drew her head back and down so that her head hung over one side of the tub. One of the women then knelt at her head and squirted something onto her head, which her fingers then began to rub into a thick lathering soap or shampoo.

The other took a sponge and squirted soap onto her shoulders, then began to scrub her down, from top to bottom! She gasped as the sponge rubbed across her breasts, for it was rather scratchy! Then it was down below the water. The woman reached in and casually took Claire's ankles, then drew her legs up and across opposite sides of the tub to open her up before scrubbing between her legs and along her thighs.

She scrubbed upward out of the water all the way to her toes, while the other woman shampooed, then rinsed off her hair, then shampooed again.

Claire's state of humiliation began to fade at the casualness of what they were doing. How long could one be so horribly embarrassed in front of the same people anyway, for the same reason?

One of the women removed the leather collar from around her neck, scrubbing there, which gave her some hope they'd remove the ones around her wrists, too!

But then the woman brought over a new collar. This one was bright, stainless steel, at least two inches high, with a large, thick ring in the center.

“Oh! Please, don't – !”

They woman ignored her, clamping it firmly around her throat. Then, the other woman took a much smaller version of the collar and slipped it around Claire's right ankle, which was dangling in mid-air because of the way her legs were draped across the sides of the tub!

“Please I'm... I'm not really into this... this sort of thing!” she said anxiously. “I mean... I mean if I could have something to wear... could make a phone call...”

They ignored her, slipping a similar metal bracelet around her other ankle. Then the two women gently turned her body around in the tub.

Claire gasped, for she was under water to the shoulders, and they had to hold her head up across the edge of the tub. She felt one of the women clutching at her wrist, then felt a metal band going around it, then around the other. When they withdrew the leather her wrists were still locked firmly together!

They lifted her, dripping, to her feet, and helped her out of the tub, then dried her. One of them blow dried and brushed her hair while another applied light dabs of sweet smelling perfume behind her ears. The first then put earrings on her while the second fetched a box and opened it.

Inside was a stainless steel egg on a short pedestal with a flat coin-like base. The women bent her across a counter, and she gasped as she felt a slick finger press against her back opening and slide inside! Her protests were ignored as it moved in and out a few times, then the egg thing was pushed

into her until the base was flat against the outside of her body.

Another oiled finger pushed deep into her pussy, but not, she thought, to excite her, for it was done too casually. She gasped as one gathered in her soft hair and tugged firmly back, and instinctively opened her mouth wide.

The second one then pushed a stainless steel ball into her open mouth, wedging it in and drawing a metallic band around her cheeks and back behind her head.

Finally, they attached the leash to the ring in the front of the collar and left it tied around a peg by the door before leaving.

Claire stared at herself in the mirror nearby. She was done up like... like a slave girl!

Sex slave! she thought wildly.

She turned her back to the mirror and bend forward, craning her neck to see the small, round button-like base pressed against her back opening!

What is going on!? she thought wildly. *What kind of a place is this!?* *What kind of people are these!?*

She began to think about how long it would be before she was missed by the others she'd come south with, and what they'd do about it. Surely they'd report her being missing to the police, who would look for her! But where would they look!? And who would they question!?

Would these people hold her here forever!? Would she henceforth be living her life as a shackled sex slave!?

Chapter Six

The younger girl came, the one in the black and white maid uniform, took the leash, and led her out into the hall, up the stairs, then down the broader, marble hall.

Claire gasped, red-faced, dropping her eyes to the floor as a man she hadn't seen before came out of a room and walked past, staring at her.

This was insane! It was unbelievable!

The girl led her up another flight of stairs to the second floor, and then into a large bedroom with a simply immense four-poster canopy bed. The posts were very thick and very high, and the bed looked like some sort of antique.

The maid indicated she should get into the bed, and Claire scowled at her.

“No!” she said, though of course, her word wasn't necessarily intelligible through the ball gag.

Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Don't!” she squealed.

Crack!

She hustled into the bed, spilling forward on her belly as the maid chattered sternly at her in Spanish.

Then the maid climbed atop the bed – and atop Claire, straddling her back!

Claire gasped as the girl's weight came down on her, then as the girl unclipped the metal bracelets.

She thought for a moment the girl was removing them entirely, but quickly realized she had simply unclipped one from the other as she swung Claire's arm around and up above her towards the head of the bed.

She released her arm and took the other up and forward before Claire could begin to struggle to pull free, and then hopped off her, drew the sheets over her body and left the room.

Claire found that the bracelets were now attached to a short chain which itself was locked to the center of the headboard!

She was shackled naked to a bed! And she could only imagine what was to come!

Of course, the anxiety of that was greatly lessened since, basically, it had already happened multiple times, leading to the greatest, most insanely overpowered orgasms of her life.

But no one arrived. She wondered if they meant her to rest? It had certainly been a wild and shocking morning, not to mention both physically and emotionally draining! But she could have rested far better in her nightie in her hotel bed!

An hour or so passed, perhaps more, and Claire lay there unhappily, but not fearfully. She felt a great frustration at being unable to communicate with her... captors. Once she could do that then surely they'd realize she really wasn't into this nasty game the way Javier clearly was, and release her.

Probably!

What if they didn't!? Was she going to be some sort of sex slave harem girl!?

That idea was scary, but it wasn't really very realistic. This wasn't Saudi Arabia or someplace like that, after all. And it was kind of darkly, outrageously hot, too – just as a sort of fantasy idea, of course.

The maid came in, the young one, apparently to check on her, then went over beside the bed and crouched down. She rose up again and bent over to grasp Claire's ankle, pulling it over towards the corner of the bed, then snapped a chain to the stainless steel restraint around her ankle.

Claire gasped and jerked against the chain to no avail as the girl calmly moved to the other side of the bed and pulled up another chain attached there. She bent way over to grab at Claire's left ankle, and Claire resisted! She didn't have a lot of leverage to do so, though, and the girl simply yanked her leg wide apart and chained it there, then pulled the sheet back into place over her, tucked it in around her shoulders, patted her cheek, and left again.

Claire moaned, waves of strangely conflicting emotions rolling over her. She was literally chained naked to a bed! How could that not be scary!? And yet, given the sort of intensely thrilling sexual encounters she'd experienced thus far today she felt a sense of reluctant anticipation at what might be ahead of her!

Would Javier come in to *take* her as he had before!? Would Jaren be with him?!

More long minutes passed, and Claire looked around her at the room. It was certainly a comfortable looking room, the kind of room only the wealthy could ever afford. It was twice the size of any bedroom she'd ever heard of, and the furniture looked antique.

And then the door opened again and a girl came in!

The girl closed the door and walked closer, and Claire saw she wasn't as young as she'd thought. She was a petite woman, but probably her own age if not older. She had short dark hair and high cheekbones on her face. She was wearing a simple blue dress as she looked Claire up and down.

Then she reached out and pulled the sheet away.

Claire's face reddened as the girl examined her and smiled down at her in a superior fashion. She said something in Spanish, and then reached up and back behind her. The top of the dress loosened and then slid forward over her shoulders, down her body and off.

She had a slim body with narrow shoulders and small, high, firm breasts, and she climbed onto the bed between Claire's legs.

Claire's eyes widened and she shook her head and tried to tell the woman she wasn't at all interested in anything sexual, despite what it might look like! But the girl wasn't looking up at her face as she leaned in and began to gently kiss her ankle!

Her tongue slipped out in light little licks as she kissed her way slowly up the inside of Claire's right leg, her small hands stroking and caressing her as Claire jerked and strained against the chains to no avail!

And then, still not looking up, the girl reached the apex of her thigh and her tongue began to lick lightly along the line of Claire's naked sex!

Claire's mind squirmed with discomfort, even as the girl's hands slid up to gently caress her breasts and roll her nipples between delicate fingers. She'd never had any experience with other girls, though of course, she was aware that lots of girls... experimented in this way!

The girl's hands slid down and stroked along the lips of her sex, then gently parted them as her tongue dipped within. The girl's tongue, in fact, pushed astonishingly deep, flicking and stroking and caressing as Claire yelped and moaned and pulled against the chains.

The girl turned her tongue upward and Claire shuddered as it began to stroke across her clitoris. The strokes got longer and stronger, and the sensations which began to radiate from the soon-throbbing little button began to spread through her lower belly and then ripple up through her muscles and bones!

She felt the girl's fingers push into her suddenly sodden depths, pressing upward, rubbing and also sort of... tapping against the interior of her abdomen as she licked harder and faster. Her other hand slid up and down Claire's body and over her breast, kneading softly, then sliding back downward.

She began to suck, folding her small lips around Claire's engorged clitoris and sucking in short, rapid little bursts, then licking strongly, then sucking again as her fingers stroked.

The pleasure spread through Claire's body, the flush now due to the rush of heat rather than embarrassment as she lay her head back and moaned low in her throat.

There was nothing she could do about it, after all, and the feeling that she should simply submit – as she had earlier to Javier – began to become overwhelming as the rising ride of pleasure melted away

her inhibitions, cares and concerns. Her hips began to tremble as her instincts sought to roll her sex up towards the source of its pleasure, and she moaned as her body pulled and strained against the chains, not to escape but to...move!

The girl halted, leaving Claire breathless, and then her soft body slid up Claire's, her lips nibbling and kissing her way up her belly onto her breasts, where she feasted. Her small hands kneaded and caressed them as her mouth sucked hungrily and powerfully on Claire's nipples!

They began to ache from the suction, and then the girl began to chew on the surrounding flesh, her teeth digging in with a strange aching pleasure. She winced in pain and gasped in pleasure, often simultaneously!

The girl's own small, hard nipples rubbed against her as she slid higher, chewing lightly along the nape of Claire's throat above the collar, then up under her earlobe. She reached behind Claire's head and undid the metal mesh belt holding the ball in place, then eased it out before covering Claire's lips with her own.

Claire moaned into the girl's small, delicate mouth, eyes blinking rapidly, trying to think of something to do or say to convey the message that she wasn't receptive to this sort of thing! The problem was her mind was being scorched by a sense of wild, delicious heat and excitement which suggested otherwise.

And the girl's lips on hers were a wonderful thing! Her kisses were so much different than that of men! Her very mouth felt softer. Her kiss was gentle and fierce at the same time, soft, but filled with hunger and passion as she rubbed her breasts against Claire's!

The girl's right leg was also pressed between Claire's spread thighs, grinding and rubbing against her helpless pussy!

Claire reeled with confusion and heat! It was one thing for a big, powerful man like Javier to basically ravish her senseless! After all, she'd always had old fashioned, romantic ideas about men and women. It was relatively easy to give way and submit to a big, powerful, experienced, sophisticated older man!

But this girl was no older than her, and looked half a head shorter to boot! Of course, she hadn't tied Claire up or anything. She was simply... visiting. Claire's helplessness was not on her account.

The girl rolled off her rather abruptly, leaving the English girl breathless and panting, chest heaving. The girl smiled shyly at her, then moved to the foot of the bed, bending and lifting the lid on a leather covered bench there. She did something which Claire could not observe due to the lid of the thing.

Then she came around to the side of the bed and climbed in again. Claire got a brief glimpse of something odd, like a belt around her waist, and something dangling from it before the girl was laying between her legs once more, licking and sucking.

Claire groaned, her head rolling as the sensations set her nervous system to bubbling and boiling. A wild sexual pressure began to build up within her body, like a massive storm of energy barely contained and almost ready to be released!

The girl pushed herself up onto her elbows and smiled up at Claire, then rose higher, and Claire dropped her eyes and then stared in open-mouthed astonishment.

The girl was wearing a sort of belt, and it went not only around her hips but down between her thighs! Attached to it was a long, thick, and very realistic looking imitation penis! A dildo! Claire stared without comprehension at first as the girl held the thing in her small hand, then pressed the head against Claire's opening.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she gasped. “Y-You mustn't!”

The girl was rubbing the head up and down against Claire's tender sex, and that was not only causing a rush of sensation but clearly wetting the head as well, for it began to glisten. Then she pushed and Claire whimpered and then moaned as it slowly sank into her body!

The girl pushed deeper and deeper, and the sensations as the thing pushed down into her belly was

intensely sensual!

“Oh... nooo!” she moaned.

But her body was saying quite the opposite! She shuddered and groaned as the dildo pushed high into her belly, and the slim girl leaned in above her, then lay down atop her.

The girl gripped her hair and jerked her head forward, kissing her, and then began to grind her hips against her. Whatever the dildo was attached to was, by accident or design, grinding deliciously against the very top of her sex, against her clitoris, and as the girl rolled and ground her hips against her Claire began to tremble and shake!

The girl drew her hips up and back and thrust the thing deep, so the head punched against the back wall of Claire's sex.

“Oh!” she cried.

Then the girl did it again, and again, and again.

“Oh! Oh! God! Oh! Please! Oh! Oh!”

The sharp, incredible rushes of intense sensation were starting to roll her mind, and then her body exploded into orgasm as the girl thrust steadily into her with the big hard cock.

Claire cried out in wanton pleasure, back arching again and again as the girl drove the thick dildo into her.

But the girl was far from finished. She giggled as Claire went limp and gasping, easing her hard thrusting, drawing the thing slowly out of her body then sinking down between her legs to lick and suck and gently finger her once more.

Her tongue was tireless and her skill even superior to Javier! And she seemed to have an uncanny sense for when the trembling, moaning English girl was nearing orgasm. For each time she was almost there the girl rose up, thrust the dildo into her, lay upon her, and thrust hard and steady as Claire began to thrash and shake and cry out under the powerful affects of a new climax.

Claire was soon getting exhausted again, burned out from too many shattering orgasms, her mind numb and her body aching.

But the girl was still far from finished.

She removed the dildo and belt and straddled Claire's shoulders, pressing her neat, tight sex down upon her lips.

Given the parade of orgasms Claire had just experienced she felt almost an obligation to attempt to return the favor.

She began to lick, especially as the girl seized her hair firmly, directing her mouth up against her sex. Claire licked as best she knew how, which of course, was based mainly on her experiences today!

It also gave her some time for her body to cool down somewhat, for the quivering overloaded nerve endings in her lower body to settle back to normal. She had to actually think now, to decide what to do, how to lick, how hard to lick, and when to suck.

She focused on that as the girl slowly ground her pussy against her mouth, growing more eager when the girl began to moan in pleasure.

The girl climaxed with a cry of pleasure, jamming her pussy down against Claire's licking tongue, arching her back and grinding heavily before falling back with a sigh of satisfied pleasure.

Then the girl slid back, and began to lick Claire again, as if to show her how it was done properly!

After a few minutes of that she undid the chains from Claire's ankle restraint, and prodded and tugged her to persuade the English girl to roll over. Then she tugged up on her hips, and, when they didn't move, slapped her bottom sharply.

“Ow! Oh! Don't!” she moaned.

Crack! Crack!

Gasping and yelping, Claire rose to her knees.

The girl shoved her knee and hip into Claire's behind, pushing her knees forward, then slapped her bottom again, jerking on her thighs to spread her knees apart.

It was the same position as Javier had taken her! And Claire's body seemed to remember it as she began to tremble and moan in anticipation.

The girl donned the straps which held the dildo, knelt behind her, and pushed the big dildo into Claire's overheated, sopping pussy.

She shuddered as she felt herself stretched, as she felt the thick, silicone cock pushing deep into her belly again!

She felt a kind of outraged, forbidden pleasure! This was such a submissive, degrading position after all! Worse, it was before another girl!

But the feel of the dildo pumping inside her overrode all other things. Her body began to tremble and shake as the girl's small hips slapped against her belly, and then as she gathered Claire's hair up and began to yank it back – like Javier had done – Claire exploded into orgasm yet again!

It swept through her like a flood of scalding liquid heat and Claire cried out and twisted and thrashed, her hips jerking violently up and back as the girl's hips slapped against her. She cried out again and again, the breath sobbing from her burning lungs as the girl rode her through the orgasm, and continued to ride her.

She jerked on Claire's hair, slapped her bottom, and barked at her in a high pitched but imperiously demanding voice. Claire felt as submissive to her as she had to Javier, and that was humiliating, and yet strangely thrilling in a shocking, outrageous sort of way!

Her face was jammed into the sheets, her bottom high, and behind her those hips slapped and jerked, keeping her body shuddering continuously as the girl drove her big cock into Claire again and again! It was hard to even keep straight within her feverish mind that it was a girl, or that the girl didn't have an actual penis! It didn't matter!

Claire was being simply *pounded*, the thick shaft sliding through her body again and again as the girl rode her.

Another orgasm tore through her, and she could hardly breath, dazed and eyes glazed as the girl continued to ride her, continued to make her and the bed shake, continued to send her hard cock deep into Claire's trembling body.

The girl pulled out, and Claire was slack-jawed, groaning as she instead felt the girl's fingers against her. They slid into her, three of them, perhaps, thick and caressing her even as another finger stroked her clitoris.

Claire groaned as she felt stretched out. The girl was thrusting her hand in while simultaneously twisting it sharply, like a corkscrew, in and out, in and out. The pressure against her opening grew more intense, aching more sharply as the girl tried to shove her fingers deeper.

“Oh! Please!” she moaned.

Then there was a sharp, brief ache, and the girl's fingers pushed deeper, stretching the soft, elastic flesh of her tunnel as they pushed into her.

Claire gave a little cry of pain, but then the pain eased, even as the girl's fingers moved deeper inside her.

Her mind began to function again as it recovered from the stunning explosion of orgasmic pleasure. Claire's senses were, of course, focused on what was happening up behind her, and she felt a sense of confusion and bewilderment about how deep the girl's fingers were, and how thick!

They were thicker than Javier's had been, and he was a huge man!

And then she understood, her eyes going wide, as she felt the lips of her sex sliding tautly but smoothly over soft skin, soft flesh, and felt those fingers turning and prodding, stroking and caressing her deep inside.

“Oh!”

She jerked her head up and twisted it around, trying to look behind her, ignoring the slap on her bottom.

The girl roughly shoved her face back against the bed, but Claire felt a sense of urgency! She

forced herself up onto her elbows and jerked her head down to peer beneath her, along the length of her body!

She could see the girl's wrist pressed against the straining lips of her sex, enveloped by the lips of her sex, the girl's entire hand... *inside her!*

She cried out as the girl yanked back on her hair, then shoved down to press her face against the bed again. Then she shifted her body around to the left and stretched out her left foot, pressing it in against the back of Claire's neck to hold her in place.

Her hand turned slowly from side to side within Claire's abdomen.

Her hand! Her entire hand!

Then she drew her fingers in slowly, one by one, to form a small, hard fist, and pushed it deeper.

Claire felt a wild sense of near-panic! The girl had her whole hand up inside her!

Yet she was pinned tightly in place! She could do nothing as the girl rotated her fist and then began to slowly pump it in and out but whimper and moan helplessly.

It ached! She was sooo stretched!

The fist moved slowly, and then the girl reached under her raised abdomen and found her clitoris with her other hand, fingers stroking as her fist moved in and out.

Claire's panic eased a little, and a new rush of dark, awed, outraged sexual heat began to spill through her body. It flooded her brain with a wondering sense of thrilled arousal, and despite the fear which still caught at her, she began to shudder and whimper and moan as the heat turned feverish.

“Oh! Oh! Please! Please! Please!” she sobbed, gasping and moaning as the fist moved up and down in her tight, aching sheath.

And then another massive orgasm tore apart her mind and she howled like an animal! It went on and on, as the girl thrust harder with her fist!

Every time that fist pushed in it raised her buttocks up and back, and every time it pulled back it slid her thighs back with it! But always, the girl's fingers followed, rubbing her clitoris hard and fast!

And as her internal muscles began to relax the girl was able to move her fist more easily, while Claire's mind was flayed by waves of seething pleasure! That pleasure soon took over her mind, as well as her body, and she wallowed drunkenly amid the flood of something she would remember as almost pure ecstasy!

She reveled in it, sobbing and grunting and dazed, drooling and, her hips rocking in and back. Her body was now thrusting itself back onto that slender arm and fist, impaling itself as she cried out at every deep stroke.

The feel of the girl's tight fist, wrist and even part of her forearm sliding up and down inside her was like nothing Claire had ever experienced! It was shocking, stunning, and the heat and pleasure reduced her to an animal state of desperate hunger until it became so great that her mind simply blanked out and she lost consciousness entirely.

Chapter Seven

She was not out for long. She rose slowly to consciousness, however, groaning, aching, dazed, eyes glassy as she lay on her face on the bed, wrists chained above.

She rolled over, eyes still glazed, but eyelids fluttering now.

Her mind rose slowly from the darkness to find herself alone again, but flooded with the memories of the girl and those stunning sensations as she had fucked her – with her fist and arm!

She raised her weary head to peer down the length of her body, staring at her sex, amazed it looked so...normal and unharmed!

What are these people doing to me? she thought dazedly.

She groaned.

I am such a whore!

No wonder these people thought they could do whatever they wanted with her!

The maid came for her, and Claire flushed, wondering what the girl knew or suspected. She cringed, turning her head away, embarrassed. She had no idea what the girl was saying, but slapping at her hips and then a tight grip on her right nipple caused her to yelp and roll over.

She felt a sudden sense of alarm! Was she going to take her too!?

But the girl kept her clothes on, though she did get into bed and straddle Claire's lower back. She reached up and undid the chain from her left wrist, then swung it down and around behind her, before carefully pinning it against the small of her back beneath her knee. She then undid her right wrist and swung that down as well, clipping them together.

Did she do this often, Claire wondered? She had not put up a fight. She felt as if all the fight had been blasted free of her mind.

The girl snapped the leash to her collar and tugged, and Claire groaned and rolled over, then swung her legs over the edge of the bed and rose, following the girl to the door.

She felt emotionally and physically exhausted again, worse than before.

The maid led her through the hall, down the stairs, and then along the wide, marble hall, then into a large, open room with a high ceiling. It had an immense fireplace against one wall, and broad open windows looking out on the lawn on the other. In between were several sofas and chairs on a Persian carpet, with a full sized piano off behind it.

There was a soft little round cushion next to a large leather chair, and the girl stopped there.

“Arrodillarse,” she said, pointing.

She'd said that in the bathroom, as well, and Claire decided it meant she was to kneel, so did so.

That wasn't sufficient. The girl tugged on her hair to get her to kneel fully, slapped her knees to get them well apart, then tugged a bit more on her hair so that her shoulders were arched. She shook her finger at her as if warningly, then turned and left.

“This is insane,” Claire said in a soft, weary voice.

After a few minutes Javier arrived and sat down in the chair. He smiled at her, and reached out his hand, sliding his fingers through her soft hair as he spoke to her.

Claire jerked her wrists to one side, tugging them against the linked bracelets to indicate he might wish to consider undoing them.

He only smiled.

He spoke to her but she had no idea what he was saying.

Then Jaren came into the room and the two men greeted each other. Jaren patted her head as if she were a friendly dog or something, but his eyes looked admiringly down at her body.

Then they rose. Javier snapped his fingers at her, indicating she should rise, and she flushed and obeyed, then followed the two further up the hall and into a dining room Javier sat at the head of the table and Jaren at the first chair to his right.

Javier indicated Claire should kneel on the floor.

She felt a sense of indignation, but was too emotionally exhausted to argue. She sank to her knees, almost instinctively spreading her knees wide.

Then the girl came into the room, wearing a green skirt and beige blouse, greeting Javier and giving him a hug, before sitting across from Jaren.

Claire blushed and dropped her eyes.

To be naked around people wearing clothing made one feel much more naked, she thought.

Then another man entered the room, young, like the girl. He stared at Claire, who dropped her eyes, blushing furiously. He laughed, then talked eagerly.

Javier reached down and gripped her by the hair, jerking up and back, forcing her back to arch as the two spoke.

The younger man was around Claire's age, and stared lustfully at her body as Javier talked. But then he moved around and sat down as Javier released her hair.

Another man entered the room, and Claire cringed anew, hardly able to breath for the discomfort and embarrassment she was feeling!

This man was clearly a servant, for he was dressed like a butler of sorts, and pushing a wheeled cart laden with food. Was it dinner or lunch? She had lost track of time. She had come out to jog well before breakfast, but hours had passed.

It was lunch, she decided. The sun was high in the sky. That brought her to the stunning realization that all of the things which had occurred to her had taken only a some five or six hours!

That was an amazing thought! It seemed like it should have been days! Yet this morning she had gotten up perfectly normally, and now at lunch she was sitting on her heels naked, collared and shackled while other fully clothed people had lunch!

Like some kind of slave girl!

She kept her head down, blushing furiously as the man put plates and trays on the table, and the others there chatted among themselves.

He went away, and she raised her eyes only slightly. Well, there was no great need to be embarrassed around Javier and even Jaren, she supposed. But the girl still made her feel uncomfortable. God! She had thrust her fist up inside Claire and fucked her with it! That was an almost unbelievable thing! Who would do such a thing!?

Worse, though, was that Claire had come like a wanton whore! The girl smirked at her whenever she saw her and Claire dropped her eyes, abashed.

Then there was this new man, and he was a boy, not a man, someone her age, perhaps not even twenty yet!

It felt so much more degrading to be treated like this by people her own age! She certainly couldn't pretend to the same depths of sophistication, knowledge and ability of someone like Javier. But she should at least have insisted on being treated as an equal to them!

The servant returned, carrying something, and she dropped her head again, her hair screening her face. He handed it to Javier, who thanked him (gracias) and then thrust it out at Claire.

Claire gasped as the thing slid in under her chin and jerked up, forcing her head up. It was a thin leather covered rod of some sort. The handle was wider than the rod, which itself was no wider than a pencil. And at the tip was a flat length of leather little bigger than a large stamp.

Javier spoke sternly to her as he forced her head back, then drew the thing back.

It's a bloody riding crop! Claire realized with a shock.

He continued to speak, and let the tip slide down over her breasts and rub against her nipples, then slapped lightly at her left nipple a few times before putting the crop on the table.

He and the others were eating, and chatting. Claire couldn't see what they ate, but it smelled very good. That reminded her she'd had very little to eat on what had been an extremely energy intensive morning. She licked her lips a little.

Javier then held his hand down in front of her mouth. There was a lump of meat on it, and she flushed as Jaren and the boy at the end of the table looked at her. But she was quite hungry, and she was reasonably sure she didn't have a choice.

She leaned in and licked it from his open hand.

This is utterly insane! she thought.

Jaren then held his hand out for her with a piece of meat and, cringing, she shifted to her right and leaned in and licked it from his hand.

She didn't even know what it was. It was spicy, though, and hot and tasty.

The two took turns giving her pieces of food, then Javier gripped her hair and dragged her up off her heels, startling her and making her gasp in pain. He turned her and then reached down to release the wrist bracelets from each others grasp.

He sat her back on her heels, then, talking to her. Then he gestured with the crop, slapping lightly at her inner thighs to remind her to keep them apart. He gestured at her hands, then had her place them on her outer thighs. But then he slapped at her nipples which forced her back to straighten.

All of this took only seconds, then he was feeding her again.

He held his hand out before her mouth again, with another piece of food and she licked it off.

Why did he undo my hands if I'm not to use them, she thought anxiously.

Then the girl gestured at her. She was on the other side of the table but sitting on her heels allowed Claire to see her upper body well enough. She was thrusting out a piece of food at her and smirking.

Claire gulped and dropped her eyes.

Javier picked up the crop and slapped at her chin to raise her head, then slapped at her nipples, speaking sternly to her.

Claire gasped and her hands almost rose from her thighs, but she knew somehow that if she did they'd wind up being locked together behind her again!

He pointed at the girl with the crop and looked at Claire sternly, and she realized he wanted her to go and take the food from her hand.

Reluctantly, she started to stand, but Javier barked a curt order and slapped down at her shoulder. Then he reached in and gripped the front of her collar and jerked her forward sharply enough she almost fell and had to throw her hands out and forward to catch herself.

He tugged her around his chair, then brought the crop down on her bottom and Claire yelped at the sting, crawling further around behind him. There he gestured at the girl, and, blushing hotly, Claire crawled forward to where the girl sat.

Then Javier handed the girl the crop!

Gulping, Claire saw the girl reach down and slap the tip lightly against her nipples, and tried to understand what she wanted of her.

She gasped as the girl gripped her by the collar, forcing her to rise on her knees. Then the girl took her right arm and placed it up and back against her breast, and did the same to the left, then tilted her fingers downward.

And Claire understood. She was to beg like... a dog!

As if to confirm her astonishing realization, the girl then petted her head as if she were, in fact, some kind of animal, then held a piece of food out in her fingers before her lips.

Claire, somewhat dazed, opened her mouth, only to have the girl slide her fingers forward into her mouth, then she pressed the crop up against the underside of her jaw to indicate she should close her

lips. Claire flushed hotly as she sucked the meat out of the girl's fingers. The girl smirked and withdrew her hand, and after Claire swallowed, held her fingers out before her in an imperious fashion.

Claire licked them clean.

There was something breathless about this. It was desperately degrading, of course, humiliating, in its way, even beyond all that had befallen her thus far. But in addition, there was a sense of some kind of very electrifying sexual game being played in which she was the focus.

The girl fed her more pieces of food. They tasted... good, but Claire's mind was spinning so wildly it was hard to properly appreciate the taste. She had to crawl back to accept a piece from Javier, and Jaran, and then back to the girl, and then, even more painfully embarrassing, she had to do the same to the boy, who smirked and waggled his tongue at her.

And at the end, Javier set a bowl of milk out for her on the floor, and she was required to drink from it as she had the water bowl earlier. But then it was just Javier. Now there were four of them behind her as she lowered her lips to the bowl and raised her bottom high while spreading her knees wide!

And after lunch, the girl snapped a leash to the collar around Claire's neck, and then made her crawl outside and across the lawn to the pool like some kind of animal!

The girl then stripped off her skirt and blouse to reveal a black bikini underneath. She had Claire kneel at the side of a wide, comfortable lounge chair, and then lay down. A minute later the maid showed up with a tray. It held a pitcher of icy fruit juice of some kind, with a glass. It also held a small box, which the girl picked up.

She took from it a pink... thing. It looked like a squeeze bulb attached to a narrow, curving tail a few inches long. There were two thin pink strips attached to the thing.

The girl slid off the lounge and then slid the bulb between Claire's thighs.

Claire gulped as it pressed against her sex, and felt it slowly forcing apart her entrance. The bulb pushed up inside her and completely disappeared save for the slim, curved tail. That came out through the otherwise closed lips of her sex up across the top, whereupon the girl took the thin pink laces and pulled them up and across Claire's hips, then attached them together low on her back before sitting back on her lounge.

What purpose the thing served mystified Claire at first, but then the girl picked up a little box and fiddled with it, and Claire's hips jerked sharply as she felt a buzz, a vibration both from inside her, and from the tail pressing down against her clitoris!

The girl looked at her in amusement and Claire gulped. The girl picked up the crop warningly, then thrust it down, slapping it at Claire's thighs which had begun to instinctively pull together.

Claire gulped and fought to keep still. She had little experience with vibrators until Javier and Jaren had used one against her earlier, and that had nearly driven her out of her mind! The girl had not used one earlier, and she'd never even imagined something like this!

The vibration was not constant. It had patterns. Nor were the patterns the same for the bulb inside her as they were for the wand outside her. The first seemed to be pulsing, while the second had waves of vibration which built higher and higher.

"Feels good, yes?" the girl asked in amusement.

"Y-You speak English?!" Claire gasped!

"I speak some," she said, her voice heavily accented.

"Y-You must let me go!" Claire cried.

"Must? Slave girls don't give such command, little slave girl."

"I'm not a slave girl!"

"For today, you seem to be. Is it so bad, little slave girl? Being given pleasure?" she asked, stroking her fingers through Claire's head.

"This... I'm not... this is... isn't... proper!"

The girl snorted derisively. "What is proper? You Eenglish always worrying about proper. These

is much fun for you, yes?"

"No!"

"No? You have many orgasms. You no like orgasms?"

"I... I... yes, of... of course but... oh, please turn it off!"

The girl pressed a button and the vibrations ceased.

Claire gasped in relief, her lower body still trembling!

"My name is Maria. But you may call me... mistress," she said with a smirk. "Leetle slave girl."

"I'm not a slave girl!" Claire moaned. "I... I'm a tourist!"

"Yes, we know. Jou are a silly little Eenglish tourist who goes running on the beach early in the morning in almost nothing, and is accosted by vermin. Father sent Eduardo and Manuel to find them. Such people rarely go far. They find your key, yes, from the hotel Rodriguez? You are Claire Benton of London, and registered in room three oh four."

Claire stared at her, open mouthed, then cried out as the thing inside her began to buzz and vibrate again.

"Oh! Please!" she squealed, her thighs jerking together.

Maria picked up the crop and slapped at her nipples.

"Legs apart, slave girl."

"Oh but... but please!"

"Or I will spank you!"

Gulping, Claire obeyed, her pulse racing as the pulsing vibrations made her insides quiver and churn wildly!

"Hands behind your neck. Arch your back!"

Claire, trembling, obeyed, if only out of force of habit.

The vibrations were making it impossible to keep still, though! Her hips were trembling and jerking as the vibrations purred and pulsed, and the nerve endings of her clitoris and inside her sputtered and crackled with energy!

"Do you wish me to turn it off, little slave?"

"Yes!"

The crop snapped down and the tip slapped repeatedly against Claire's nipples!

"Say please mistress," Maria ordered.

"Please, Mistress!"

The girl smiled and turned the thing off, and Claire relaxed, gasping for breath.

This thing was much more powerful than even the one the men had used!

"Silly Eenglish. Do you not know how dangerous Montanita is for pretty girls all alone?"

The tip of the crop caressed Claire's breasts, and rubbed at her nipples.

"Pretty girls go missing here and never turn up again," Maria said.

Claire gulped fearfully.

"Have no fear, Eenglish girl. You are in no danger here. You are merely spending a little time with us, enjoying your holiday. Father will have someone drive you back to the hotel later."

"H-He will?" she gulped.

"Of course. Did you think we would keep you prisoner here?" she asked in amusement. "As a sex slave for life?"

The thing inside her started to buzz, then the wand began to pulsate against her clitoris. Claire gasped and her thighs jerked closer together, then, out of a force of will, jerked apart again as she moaned helplessly.

"Ees strong, no?"

"Please!" Claire gasped.

"Say please Mistress, little slave."

"Please, Mistress!"

“You do not want another orgasm, little slave girl?”

It was a tremendous relief to be able to communicate, and to hear that they had no plan to keep her here forever! But even so, Claire was feeling as though the world was swirling around her. This was all so perverse and strange! And the thing inside her was making her muscles spasm violently!

“Please, Mistress!” Claire cried.

Maria turned it off and Claire gasped in relief! The intensity of the thing was unbelievable!

“Before you leave, you will learn a few things, Eenglish.”

“Wh-what?”

Maria sniffed and reached out to snap the crop against her nipple with several hard little slaps that made Claire gasp and moan.

“What mistress,” she chided her.

She brought the tip of the crop up under her jaw.

“Say it, girl!”

“What, Mistress!” Claire gasped.

If they were going to bring her home she could not afford to make them angry!

“You weel learn about yourself, little Eenglish slave girl.”

She picked up a squeeze bottle and handed it to Claire.

“You will learn, to start, that the hot midday sun is not kind to Eenglish skin. Put this on.”

Claire knew that was correct, and took the thing without reluctance, then squeezed it out onto her chest and began to spread it over her upper chest and neck and face and shoulders, then down her arms. She slid her slippery hands over her breasts then, including her very hard nipples.

And the vibrator started buzzing once more.

She gasped, her hips jerking hard.

“Please, Mistress!” she moaned.

“I will turn it off when you finish putting the oil on.”

Claire trembled as she spread the oil down her body, rising on her knees to spread it back over her buttocks and down her hips and thighs as rapidly as possible! Sliding her slippery hands down across her lower belly, across the wand and the flesh itself made the pulses much more powerful, and she cried out helplessly!

And lost herself to them.

Instead of running rapidly over her naked sex she found herself cupping her hand over herself, pressing in against the vibrator tail, leaning forward and crying out as the sensations crackled up through her body! Seconds later it drove her over the edge into an orgasm, and she cried out again, falling forward onto the ground, both hands between her legs, rubbing and squeezing as the vibrations made her hips buck and jerk violently!

“P-Please!”

The vibrations seemed to intensify, and she whimpered and moaned, but they were so intensely pleasurable she couldn't bring herself to pull the thing away! Her thighs were squeezed tight around her hands as she cupped her sex, and she writhed and twisted as another orgasm tore through her!

Then another.

Another.

It was too much! She jerked the bulb out of herself! And slid the tail away from her clitoris, then lay on her side, moaning and trembling, cupping her sex as Maria shook her head and chided her.

“Silly girl. You must learn obedience. You knew you were not to remove your little pleasure toy. Now you must be punished.”

Chapter Eight

Maria bent over the prostrate English girl and pulled her wrists back together behind her, then locked them there.

“On your knees, head down.”

She positioned Claire much as she had been when she'd fisted her, except with her legs together. Then brought the crop down across her upraised bottom.

Crack!

“Oh!”

Crack!

“Oh, please!”

Crack!

“Bad leetle Eenglish.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Please, Mistress!”

Maria halted, then ordered her to spread her legs. When she did she pushed the bulb back inside her and placed the tail back in place against her clitoris. Then she made her close her thighs tightly, and turned the thing on again before bringing the crop down across her bottom again.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Oh! Oh! Please! Oh God! Please, Mistress!” Claire cried, her insides writhing even as her bottom burned!

“Bad little slave girl,” Maria said. “You must always obey your mistress and master.”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Would you like to make it up to me, slave girl?”

“Y-Yes, please, mistress!” Claire gasped breathlessly.

The vibrator turned off and Claire shuddered in relief, still trembling.

“Show your mistress how much you care for her, leetle slave.”

Claire, panting, gasping, looked at her dazedly.

“Come here, slave.”

Groaning, Claire rose on her knees and moved closer.

Maria gripped her by the hair and dragged her in closer as she spread her legs apart.

“Lick, slave.”

Claire licked at Maria's sex through the bikini bottom.

“Good, slave girl,” Maria purred. “Now slowly, move down my thigh, and keep licking.”

Claire obeyed, licking and kissing her way down along Maria's inner thigh, her tongue licking at her soft skin all the way down to her knee, and then, at the girl's direction, lower, down her calf to her ankle, and then, though the squirming in her head got worse, she began to lick at her foot.

The vibrator buzzed and pulsed and she whimpered and moaned, her hips jerking and her thighs pulling together as her hips bucked helplessly.

“P-Please, Mistress!”

“Continue, slave girl.”

Trembling, Claire licked at the girl's feet, all the way down to her toes, then licked and sucked at

them as Maria ran the tip of the crop across her back and down to caress her buttocks.

“Now the other foot.”

The vibrations stopped and Claire almost collapsed, but, panting, licked and sucked at Maria's toes and then licked her way up her foot and over her ankle, before sliding upward to lick at her pussy through her bikini bottom once more.

Then higher, licking at her abdomen, her belly, then higher, sucking and licking at Maria's small breasts and hard little nipples as they poked through the bikini top.

Maria then undid her top, and Claire sucked and licked at her bare breasts and pointy nipples!

The vibrator started and she gasped and moaned, her hips jerking, thighs squeezing tight as she sucked and licked at Maria's breasts.

“Down, slave girl.”

She licked and kissed her way back to Maria's groin, and the girl slipped off her bottoms, then guided her lips to her sex.

Claire came, crying out, her hips bucking and squirming as she rubbed her thighs together frantically.

Maria chuckled, holding her hair tightly through the intense orgasm, then slapping at her bottom with the crop to direct the dazed English girl's attention back to her work.

The vibrator turned off, and Claire licked and sucked at Maria's clitoris, groaning wearily, then gasping as the girl twisted her hair to force her to lick harder.

The vibrator came on again, and once again Claire squealed and squirmed as the vibrations and pulsations overloaded her nerve endings.

She came three more times before being able to lick Maria to climax, and the experience left her dazed and gasping, sweating and wrung-out.

“Go and have a swim, Slave girl.”

Panting, Claire started to rise but Maria slapped at her leg with the crop.

“Crawl, slave girl.”

Claire flinched and then obeyed, crawling the few feet to the edge of the pool and then diving forward into the cool waters.

The water was soothing and relaxing and she swam through it with a sense of relief, trying to get her mind to function properly again. She was confused about what was happening, and wary and uncertain about what was to come.

A part of her wanted to demand Maria give her some clothes and drive her to the hotel immediately! But she was uncertain about the wisdom of that. For one thing, they were under no obligation to do any such thing. They could simply push her out the gate naked and let her find her own way back. She was no responsibility of theirs, after all.

What if she angered them and they did just that!? Or what if she angered them and they decided she had to stay with them longer for more... training?!

But above those thoughts was simply that she was an obedient girl who had always previously submitted with little complaint to any authority figure. Javier had become, in her mind, an authority figure, and obeying him had given her the most astonishingly thrilling sexual experiences of her life! To say nothing of the most intensely powerful sexual pleasure she had ever imagined!

And Maria was an extension of his authority, like everyone else here, including the maid, someone Javier had set above her. Thinking through it all and rebelling against such instincts required her to cast off the incredible dark haze of sexual heat, pleasure and thrilled excitement which had been percolating within her for almost the entire day!

And which continued to bubble away inside her mind and body.

She swam across to the other side of the pool, then turned and dove down deep again, twirling under water, kicking strongly, reaching the other side once more and rising up to gulp in air. Maria didn't seem to be paying her much heed, so she kicked off again, enjoying the water.

The vibrations began and she was instantly knocked off her swimming stride, moaning under water, her thighs clutched together, her knees coming up against herself as she twisted and rolled under the water!

She had to straighten out and kick off, and did so, gasping and sputtering as she brought her head out of the water and gulped in air.

“Oh! P-Please, Mistress!” she cried.

“Don't touch it, slave girl,” maria said negligently.

Claire trembled and shook, moaning. She clutched the edge of the pool and spread her legs wide, pressing her breasts and sex against the wall of the pool and grinding desperately. Seconds later another orgasm lashed her body and mind with a howling, crackling fury of sexual electricity!

She cried out again and again, then as the orgasm faded and the vibrations turned off, she dropped below the water, floating, groaning, rolling weakly over and over, then finally kicking up and gasping for breath as she emerged.

“Such a responsive little slave girl,” Maria said.

“Are you enjoying the Eenglish girl?”

It was that guy! Claire was glad most of her was hidden below the water, but so drained from the powerful orgasm – the series of orgasms, she didn't care as much as she otherwise would have.

Besides, it was obvious he was going to fuck her. Why wouldn't they let him? Everyone else fucked her and did as they chose with her. She was so exhausted she didn't even find any sense of anger or rebellion over the thought. Nor fear nor alarm.

It just... was.

And she found herself slumping, emotionally speaking, relaxing, submitting to whatever happened.

He reached down and grasped her by the collar, and pulled her up.

Claire gurgled and grabbed at his arm to ease the collar digging into her throat, and he laughed and put her on her knees and face beside the pool, bottom raised high and legs apart.

Maria, she saw, had her bikini on again. The girl rose and left the pool, leaving Claire alone with the boy – whose name she didn't even know, she thought with a sense of alarm and wonder.

“Come here, slave girl.”

She flushed and rose onto all fours, then crawled over to him.

He was laying on the same lounge Maria had been using, and wearing a speedo bathing suit and nothing else.

“Put oil on my body.”

He tossed her the bottle and Claire nervously squeezed some into her hand and then spread it over his chest.

“I am Dominic,” he said. “But you may call me Master.”

Claire flushed. She felt her mind swirling, a part of it demanding she recoil indignantly, tell him she didn't know him and had no intention of doing what he ordered.

Instead she spread oil over his chest. It was quite a nice chest, if not nearly so powerful as Javier. It was smooth and soft and hairless like all the boys her age, and she spread her hands up and over it, feeling unaccountably shy, then gasping as he reached up and casually began to knead her bare breasts.

“You are a beautiful slave girl,” he said. “With lovely breasts.”

The vibrator pulsed inside her and Claire gasped and her hips jerked forward.

“Oh! Oh, please!” she gasped.

“Don't stop, Slave girl.”

Claire's hands shook as she spread the oil over his chest and shoulders, gasping and moaning until the vibrator halted. Then she drew in deep, shaky breaths, and poured more oil to slide her hands down his belly. She passed over his swimsuit and spread the oil down his legs all the way to his feet.

The vibrations started again and she jerked and gasped.

“Now pull down my bathing suit, slave.”

The vibrations halted and her trembling fingers reached for his suit then tugged it down.

His cock sprang up hard and hungry as she slid the swimsuit down his legs.

The vibrator started again and she jerked and gasped.

“Please!” she cried.

“Say please, Master.”

“Please, Master!”

The vibrations stopped and he chuckled.

“Now put oil on my cock and balls, slave girl.”

As above, so below. He had no hair on his cock or balls, for he had shaved as closely as she had.

Claire poured oil over his groin and her hands moved gently over his balls and then up and down his cock. He was long and thick, though not quite so much as Javier. But she felt a rising sense of heat as her fingers moved up and down it.

“Continue until I tell you to stop,” he said when she started to draw back.

Gulping, heart pounding, she obeyed, leaning over the lounge, pumping her oiled hands up and down on his erection.

The vibrator buzzed and she cried out, her hips jerking against the edge of the lounge!

“Oh! Oh! Please!” she moaned. “Please, Master!”

The vibrator stopped, leaving her gasping.

“Now your mouth, slave.”

Claire hesitated.

“It is edible, this oil, quite tasty too.”

Moaning, Claire bent and took his cock into her mouth, sucking and licking as she bobbed up and down, taking it deep into her mouth.

His hand came down on the back of her head and pushed, and she gurgled as his cock was forced into her throat. At the same time, she felt the vibrator buzzing inside her and her hips jerked violently!

He forced her lips all the way down to the base of his cock and sighed in pleasure as he held her there.

“You have a lovely throat, little English sex slave.”

He pulled her up again and she gulped in air, coughing and gasping.

“P-P... P-Please, M-Master!” she panted.

The vibrator halted, and she shuddered.

Then he bound her wrist restraints together again and brought her down over his cock. He forced her all the way down, and then used his grip on her hair to jerk her head up and down, up and down, up and down, fucking her throat on his cock.

He chuckled and pulled her off and she gulped in air, then cried out as the vibrator started again!

Again and again he forced her throat down onto his stiff cock, while turning the vibrator on and off, on and off, driving her insane! And when he came, then he made her lick and suck his balls and cock until he was erect again!

And it never occurred to Claire to protest. Not even once!

Finally, he dragged her up across the lounge by the hair, making her straddle him, then pulled the bulb off and sank her down onto his erection.

After feeling the harsh, clamorous vibrations inside her and against her for so long, Claire was exceptionally sensitive down there. Feeling a warm, soft, slick cock pushing up into her depths was something very close to heaven! She wallowed in how wonderful and natural and gentle it felt, despite how he filled her up and stretched her out.

He chewed and sucked on her nipples, fingering and fondling her breasts, and his hands slid up and down her body as she ground herself against him. Then she began to ride him, panting, moaning, eyes glassy as she raised herself up and lowered herself.

The feel of his slick, oiled cock sliding up into her each time she descended was so incredibly

sensual and erotic that she couldn't keep from moaning and gasping and whimpering each time she did it! The heat was pulsing and squeezing tightly around her mind and body, and she rode up and down with desperate need, crying out more and more loudly as she impaled herself!

It was glorious!

She felt a sense of wild, helpless delight in her own wanton behavior, in the hot, delicious sex without any thought or worry about how she was seen or would be seen by others! If she was a slave girl then she could only do as she was told, after all! And in this little corner of the world, where no one who knew her could see – she was a slave girl!

The orgasm tore through her and she cried out even more loudly, riding him as furiously as she could as his hands caught her buttocks to help her with the upward motions! And even as she clutched his shoulders and wallowed in the sensual storm of pleasure, he began to thrust up into her, redoubling the force and speed of his thrusts.

Claire shuddered and sobbed, head flung back to roll bonelessly as she impaled herself repeatedly on his stiff, hard cock, drawn again into that fever heat, surrendering to it, becoming its plaything and tool as Dominic – whose name she had already forgotten, cursed and bit into her breasts while he thrust up into her quivering, trembling body!

Chuckling, he caressed her body as she fell limp against his shoulder.

“Slutty little English slave girl,” he said, cupping and kneading her breast.

*

Claire was kneeling with legs spread and hands on her outer thighs when Jaren and Javier wandered out. By then, of course, Dominic had his swimsuit back on. The three men spoke back and forth, sitting around the table near the pool.

The maid carried out a tray of drinks and snacks for them, and Claire blushed under her eyes, but the girl paid her little mind, only glancing at her once before going back inside.

She gasped and flinched violently as the vibrator turned on. Her heart rate immediately quickened and her pulse raced as her muscles began to quiver and her body to tremble. But she fought not to move even as her breathing grew more rapid and shallow.

Then it turned off, and she gasped in relief.

Then the girl came out, clad in a bikini. She chatted to the others in Spanish, and sat down, then put tanning lotion on her body.

The vibrator came on, with much the same results as before, and the girl smirked at her.

Then it went off, leaving her gulping in air.

“Slave,” she called in English.

Claire looked over at her.

“Go inside and fetch me a drink of cola,” she said in an arrogant voice.

Claire stared at her in surprise and then confusion. Her? She should... stand up? And go inside? But where?

“Go, slave girl,” Dominic ordered, pointing at the door.

“But - .”

He picked up the riding crop and Claire rose unsteadily, then hurried into the house through the open doorway. She stood there uncertainly, then headed for the dining room, feeling very much out of place and odd in her nudity!

Not entirely nude, of course. She had on the metal collar, bracelets and anklets – and of course, the butt-plug in her bottom and the vibrator in her pussy.

Which made her worse than naked!

She blushed as the maid came upon her and scowled, then demanded something in Spanish. Claire could only look at her helplessly.

The girl tsked in irritation, then snapped her fingers and walked away.

Claire followed, not knowing what else to do. The maid led her into the kitchen, which was good,

and to the man she thought of as the Butler, which was... embarrassing. The two talked and the butler then eyed her closely for a moment.

“You want something, yes?” he asked in thickly accented English.

“Yes, please! Miss... uhm, senorita... Maria... wants a drink. Cola!”

The man nodded and turned, opening one of the refrigerators. He took out a bottle of Coke, then got a large glass from a cupboard.

Then the vibrator came on.

Claire gasped and her thighs snapped together! She moaned and felt herself sinking low, as the man filled the glass with ice from a machine, and placed both bottle and glass on a tray.

“Ju carry, yes?”

The vibrator went off, and Claire, gasping, straightened and nodded, embarrassed.

Claire took it gratefully and then turned to go, blushing hotly under their eyes.

She was braced as best she could, but just as she got to the door going outside the vibrator came on again. She gasped and jerked sharply, but kept her hold on the tray, quickening her pace as she scurried outside and over to where the girl sat.

“No, no, stupeed slave,” Maria said when she placed the tray heavily on the table next to her.

The vibrator stopped and Claire gasped.

“You kneel and present the tray to me. Then, as I nod acceptance, you place drinks on table,” Maria said sternly.

Then Dominic came up behind Claire and smacked her bottom with the crop, causing her to yelp in pain.

“On your knees, slave!” he growled.

Moaning, Claire knelt.

Dominic handed her the tray and made her bow low as she raised the tray up towards Maria like an offering. When Maria nodded regally, Claire was permitted to set the tray down lightly, remove the bottle and the glass, and place them on the table.

“Now pour for your mistress, Slave,” Dominic ordered.

Licking her lips, Claire picked up the bottle as Dominic slid the tip of the crop down to rub it against her nipple. She poured carefully into the glass until it was full and then set them both down.

“Good slave, Dominic said.

The vibrator came on and Claire's hips jerked forward as she quivered with the energy shooting up inside her.

“Crawl back to your place and kneel.”

Moaning low in her throat, Claire crawled back to where she'd been kneeling before and resumed her place, though trembling and shaking and gasping for breath.

Dominic sat down again and the four resumed their conversations as the vibrator turned off.

Then on.

Then off.

Then on.

Then off.

“Slave, go and get father a beer,” Dominic ordered, pointing at the door.

Claire rose to her feet and headed for the door.

“Stop!”

She halted and turned back anxiously.

“Kneel down again.”

Confused, she obeyed.

“Now, when I give you an order, you respond with yes master.”

She blinked at him, face flushed. “Yes... master,” she said in a low voice.

“Now go and get that beer.”

“Yes, Master.”

She rose and scurried into the house, then into the kitchen. Not fast enough to escape the radio signal which turned the vibrator on again, though. She was already squirming and gasping and moaning as she arrived in the kitchen, where the butler looked at her in amusement.

“Yes, slave girl?”

“I-I... P... P-Please... a ... a beer!” she gasped.

“For who?”

“For... for... father!”

He snorted in amusement again, then seized her hair and yanked her upright before roughly bending her over the counter and delivering several sharp slaps to her bare bottom.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Learn the names of those you serve, slave girl. Since someone said 'father' then they would be referring to Senor Casillas, whose first name is Javier.”

The vibrator turned off.

Claire yelped as he jerked her upright by the hair again.

“I must know to whom the refreshment goes because I know what type and brand they prefer. Do you understand?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” she gulped.

He nodded, then released her hair, gave her breast a firm, curious squeeze, then turned and got the beer out of the fridge. He opened it and placed it on a tray with a glass. Claire then carried it out to the back yard and knelt before Javier, raising the tray in offering.

“Good slave,” Dominic said.

The vibrator came on again and she shook and quivered breathlessly, then the beer bottle tipped over and spilled beer on the table and down onto the ground.

“Bad slave girl!” Dominic said.

She was pulled across Javier's lap and then given ten hard spanks on her bottom as she quivered and gurgled and moaned in the grip of the vibrator's hot, burning rush of sensation!

Then she was ordered to clean up her mess by licking up the beer from the table and then... from the stone underneath!

The vibrator came on and then went off about every ten seconds, which was reducing her to a trembling wreck. So she had little time to consider how degrading and outrageous the order was, even as she bent low to lick at the polished stone.

When that was done to their satisfaction she was sent back to the kitchen for a fresh beer.

The butler bent her over the cupboard and gave her five more sharp slaps to the bottom, then gave her a new beer with a fresh tray and glass.

The vibrator went on, but she managed, trembling and moaning, to carry it back and kneel before Javier, thrusting it up. The tray trembled but the beer didn't spill.

The vibrator went off and she poured his beer for him, panting and flushed and trembling.

Instead of going to sit down, however, they had her lay on the ground on her back and draw her knees up and spread apart. Then Dominic tossed her a large, thick dildo.

“Take the vibrator out of your hot little pussy, slave girl,” he ordered, and put that there, instead.”

Whimpering, trembling, gasping for breath, Claire obeyed, tugging the bulb out of her burning, sopping pussy and then, barely even questioning the order, slowly pushing the thick dildo into her body!

Her eyes slipped up from where the dildo entered her to see four pairs of eyes looking down, watching her. She felt a wild rush of sexual energy that took her breath away, and cried out helplessly, arching her back.

“Use the vibrator and dildo, slave. Masturbate.”

It was an outrageous, shocking order, but she didn't give that a second thought. She brought the

dripping wet bulb up against her clitoris and ground it there as she began to thrust the dildo in and out of the lava pit which was her lower body!

The first orgasm swept through her, and her hips bucked up violently as she arched and sobbed and cried out in dazed pleasure. The second caused her to tremble and shake and gurgle in breathless ecstasy, and the third made her scream all the air out of her lungs.

The girl, Maria, had left, though she hardly paid much attention to it. She was ordered to crawl to Javier and then beg to suck his cock, then do the same to Javier, then to Dominic. Each time she swallowed them whole, gurgling and gasping and moaning as her throat and lips and tongue slid up and down their lengths.

Then she straddled Javier, sobbing dazedly as she sank herself down on his thick cock! Jaren moved in behind her and buried his cock in her ass, and then Dominic gripped her by the hair, bending her forward and to the side so he could thrust himself into her throat.

*

“Where were you most of the day, anyway? The guy at the front desk said you met some guy?”

Claire gulped and nodded jerkily.

She and her friends Amanda and Sarah were sitting on the hotel's patio waiting for dinner to be served.

“So give. What is he like? What did you do?”

“Ahm.. he's uhm, very Spanish. Like, uhm, kind of bossy, but very hot.”

Sarah snorted.

“All the Spanish are bossy,” Amanda said. “At least to women.”

“So what's his name?”

“Uhm, Dominic. He lives on an estancia north of the city, along the beach. His father has money, I guess.”

“Ooo, gonna marry into the local royalty?” Sarah asked in amusement.

“I don't think so!” Claire gulped.

“So what did you do?”

“Uhm, just... I uhm, met him while jogging and uh, went to his estancia and met his family and you know, hung around the pool and uhm, had lunch and stuff..”

“Are you all right? Your throat sounds raspy.”

“I uhm, might be picking up some local bug,” Claire said, holding her throat. “My throat is a bit sore.”

It was sore from either screaming in pleasure at the top of her lungs or from all the cocks which had pumped up and down inside it, but Claire was not about to let them have any clue about that!

“So you gonna see him again?”

“Oh I don't know,” Claire said. “I mean, we go back to London in a few days. It's not like we have any future even if we were to hit it off.”

“Maybe you'd move to his fabulous estancia,” Amanda said.

“And do what? Be his good little wife? I don't think so! Anyway, I don't speak Spanish!”

“You could learn.”

“I have too much waiting for me back home.”

That evening they all went dancing, as they usually did. Claire felt wild and reckless as she danced. Their first few days she had been constantly annoyed at the way the guys who danced with her kept trying to paw her on the dark, crowded dance floor.

Tonight she ignored it, letting them do pretty much as they wanted, feeling a dark rush of excitement and sexuality as she writhed and twisted and rubbed herself against them.

But she returned to her hotel room alone.

She had no sooner closed the door when a light turned on by the small desk, and she gasped as Dominic looked at her.

“Strip naked and present yourself, slave,” he ordered.

She stared at him, slack jawed, then as if in a haze, undid her dress and let it slide down to her ankles. She removed her bra and panties, stepped out of it all, along with her shoes, then, blushing, knelt and prostrated herself, sliding her already hot and swollen breasts across the floor as she stretched her arms out ahead of her.

She raised her bottom high, spreading her legs, feeling the warmth spreading up through her groin to her belly and chest as she waited his next order.

“Crawl to your master, slave.”

Moaning, she rose to all fours and crawled to him, then licked his shoes as he combed his fingers through her hair. She gasped as he yanked her upward, and was soon bobbing her lips up and down his thick cock.

A hand on her bare bottom startled her, but she didn't look around. Someone spread her legs and jerked her hips back, and then she was entered, shuddering as he began to thrust hard and deep.

The sexual heat enveloped her again and her first orgasm tore apart her mind.

She heard the man behind speaking eagerly to Dominic in Spanish.

She did not recognize the voice.

It was a stranger!

She shuddered and writhed in the grip of a hot, burning hunger.

Soon her wrists were tied behind her, and after Dominic came in her throat, he zipped up and left the room.

The man with her was Dominic's age, but broader of chest and shoulder. He didn't speak English, but it didn't matter. Over the next hour and a half he put her through her paces, and drove her through several orgasms before leaving her.

The next night when she got back it was Maria waiting.

Heart pounding, Claire stripped and knelt before her, arms outstretched, then crawled to her and licked her shoes. Soon the two were naked in bed, with Claire's hands tied behind her. Maria's tongue made her writhe and twist violently, then the girl ground her pussy against her until they both came.

She then spanked her for being a slut, fingered her to another orgasm, made her lick her to her own second orgasm, and tied her to the bed naked. She got dressed, and then left. Another woman entered, then, stripped, straddled Claire's face, and made her lick her to orgasm.

Then she spent considerable time teasing and taunting her with ice cubes, candle wax, feathers, and fingers, tongue and vibrator, before leaving her dazed, exhausted and trembling from multiple orgasms.

Claire had no idea what her name was.

On her final night it was Javier, and a blonde woman. They kept her up until nearly dawn, and left her so dazed and exhausted Sarah had to get the hotel clerk to let her into the room to wake her up and help her get dressed to get out to the airport for the trip home.

Finally, she was on the airplane, slumped over, groaning, feeling hungover and exhausted from the wild holiday she'd just experienced. It was a holiday like none she could have imagined! The things he had done had shattered much of her self image, not to mention her sexual inhibitions!

And there was no one she could talk to about it! She certainly couldn't tell Amanda or Sarah of the kind of sordid, perverted, sluttish things she'd engaged in while in Ecuador! It was the kind of thing she could trust no one to keep secret. She had to simply let the images and memories and emotions swirl inside her.

Perhaps, eventually, she would be able to put them behind her, and simply go back to being plain and simple Claire.

But a hunger had been grown within her, for the wild pleasure she had experienced was so intense, so thrilling, that the thought of never again feeling the same left her barren. She had no idea how, but eventually, she was going to find a way to introduce that same degree of scalding heat back into her life again back in the United Kingdom! No matter what it took!

It would be dangerous, of course. She'd have to be careful lest she get a reputation as a perverted slut! She would become the joke of her social circle!

She would have to seek out strangers to make her new, perverted desires known.

That proved far more difficult to carry out than she'd thought.

She returned to her job as receptionist at an insurance company, but had a lot of difficulty working up the courage, during her evenings out, to approach strange men with her secret desires. She wasn't about to simply throw herself at some stranger and ask him to tie her up!

And then one day there was a knock at her apartment door. Since no one had rung up from below she frowned suspiciously, and peeked out the little peep hole.

It was Dominic!

She felt thunderstruck, and her heart nearly stopped. Then she opened the door, staring in disbelief.

"Slave girl," he said.

He pushed in and closed the door.

"But... but how..."

"Remove your clothing and place yourself in the proper position," he growled.

Moaning, she did just that.

The next morning she quit her job at the insurance company and went to work for a small consulting firm owned by Javier at twice her previous salary. There were only four employees, aside from her, all men. Her job was as the receptionist, only she wore a very short skirt and a very tight top, with no underwear.

She was also available for the rough use of any of the employees or their clients.

None of the employees spoke much English, but she soon learned any number of Spanish words by heart. She needed to know them so she could obey and serve, and to avoid a strapping or cropping or spanking.

By day, she served in her short skirt and tight top. By evening, most evenings, she served in a collar and restraints for whoever chose to take her home, or whatever client she was given to.

It didn't matter who, as long as she was tied up and treated like a slave girl.

Claire had become addicted to submission, and the dark, thrilling freedom of being a slave girl. And she couldn't imagine any life without that rush of heat which wouldn't be cold, dull and boring!

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

Nigger's Girl

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

Bound Beauty

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

The Mirror Box

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them