

Road Kill

Part-Two of the “Subjugated Samuel” Female Domination Series

An Adult Femdom Experience

By
Miss Irene Clearmont

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Dedicated to De Sade and his immoral and immortal novel 'Justine'!

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Author's Note:

This is the Second part of a series of novellas by Miss Irene Clearmont that follow the misadventures of Samuel in the US of A. The third part is entitled: "Full Dressage".

I passed by the brothel as though,
past the house of a beloved.

Franz Kafka

Freedom in capitalist society always remains about the same as it was in ancient Greek republics: Freedom for slave owners.

Vladimir Lenin

A slave is one who waits for someone to come and free him.

Ezra Pound

Road Kill

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Introduction

'Road Kill' is the second book in the 'Subjugated Samuel' series. The series follows Samuel through various female-dominated misadventures in the USA. The first in the series is 'Plaything'. The second, 'Road Kill', begins at the point where our male protagonist, Samuel, has new trials to face after his traumatic catch-and-release by the depraved Judge Harriman... Just three days in a truck-stop brothel...

The story so far...

A young man from a relatively wealthy Spanish family takes a trip to the USA from coast to coast. Hiking and bussing his way west. Stopping on impulse in Reno on his way to San Francisco, he falls into the grip of the immoral Miss Harriman who offers him casual work that soon becomes captivity. All attempts of Samuel to escape his fate fail, and it becomes clear that Miss Harriman is intent on engaging in a devious experiment in forced feminisation and subjugation for her own private amusement.

After breaking Samuel's defiance and subjecting him to humiliation and degradation, as well as ensuring his silence, she decides that it would be amusing to throw him onto his own devices in his new guise. With no money, no passport and dressed like a cheap whore, he will be helpless to escape his fate. Miss Harriman arranges to have Samuel dropped off at a truck stop to take his chances...

We begin where 'Plaything' left off, with a small overlap...

As the observers in the pickup watched, Samuel tottered on his heels and started to move towards the building. One of the men who had watched his arrival strolled over to him and spoke a few words. Samuel waved his arms futilely and the man slapped him hard, causing him to fall to the ground.

As the trucker stood over him, a woman walked from the buildings and moved to the stricken Samuel. High shoes, tight short skirt and a loose blouse tied at the waist she looked down at the sobbing Samuel and then spoke to the man who had knocked him to the ground. The trucker indicated at the pickup and they laughed before he leaned down and picked up Samuel casually in his arms while the woman ran her hand the length of his legs.

As the misty drizzle fell, the trucker carried Samuel to his truck and hoisted him into the cab, after which he and the woman slipped into the darkness and warmth of his mobile home. For a few minutes, a light

shone in the cab, though what was happening inside was a mere flutter of movement to those that observed.

The light dimmed and the pickup in which an amused Miss Harriman sat with her husband, rolled out...

Chapter One

Episode One

The drizzle soaked Samuel through in moments.

He looked back through the darkness at the pickup where José and Miss Harriman sat in comfortable darkness and then stumbled across the lot on his high heels. From the corner of his eye, Samuel saw a huge man approach and tried to side-step him, but the man mirrored his movement.

"Poor little ho! All alone and so wet for real cock," laughed the man as he blocked Samuel and reached to grip Samuel's arm with a powerful hand.

Samuel shook his arm free of the grip and looked to the refuge of the diner just yards away. The ballet boots made it almost impossible to walk and he staggered a step.

Samuel tried to speak. His lips moved, but no sound came.

The big man grinned.

"Just what I need tonight, a skank with attitude..."

Samuel took a step, tried to run, but the man slapped him and he fell to the ground. Strong hands lifted him to his feet, a grip around his waist holding Samuel despite his struggles. After a few steps towards the row of huge trucks, the man stopped and Samuel heard a woman's voice.

"Picked up a bitch, Newt? She's not one of mine and don't look too happy to be with you!"

"Well, you ain't putting out tonight, Shawna, so I got me a ho who will," laughed Newt as he swept Samuel from his feet and threw him over a shoulder.

"Never seen this bitch before, Newt."

Samuel felt a hand on his wet face, then the length of his kicking legs. He lifted his head from Newt's back so that he could see Shawna's close to.

"Just another ten-dollar bitch," answered Newt.

Her eyes inspected Samuel's face for a moment before she loosed her grip and laughed, "You gonna get more than you bargained for with this one, Newt!"

"Why's that, then?"

"Just sayin'."

Newt carried Samuel to his truck and tossed Samuel inside before he climbed after with Shawna following.

"Coming in with me for the ride of your life?" said Newt with a laugh. "You me and this here skank?"

Silently, Samuel pleaded with his eyes and he struggled to sit up, but Newt's hand clamped on his small breasts and squeezed.

"Nothing wrong from what I see. Just 'cos she's not one of your girls, babe, don't mean that I can't fuck her..."

One of Newt's hands pawed the small breasts while the other closed on Samuel's wrists.

"In the back ho..." he said as he pushed Samuel roughly between the seats and into the back of the cabin.

Newt followed Samuel into the darkness of the truck where Samuel struggled on the huge bed while Newt's fumbling hands pawed him with frightening strength through the latex top that Miss Harriman had forced on to him. Samuel could hear Shawna's laughter as she leaned between the seats and watched as Newt slapped Samuel and then started to unbuckle his pants.

"You're gonna give the bitch to me," she giggled. "A hundred dollars says you will..."

"No way, Shawna, but after I've fucked her, you're welcome! She sure looks like one of yours!"

Newt's hard cock thrust from his pants and he reached to grab Samuel's hair. The wig came off in his hands and for a moment he was non-plussed before he gripped the back of Samuel's head to force his face towards his hardness.

Still laughing, Shawna reached out and pulled at Samuel's skirt.

"Hey, Newt! How you gonna fuck *this* little bitch?"

Her hand pulled up revealing Samuel to Newt and the look of shock on his face caused Shawna to crease up with hilarity. Samuel's little cock

stood rigid, the ring at the base of his balls caused them to swell like ripe plums. Newt dropped Samuel to back away to the back of his cab.

"Fucking hell!" exclaimed the trucker. "What the fuck!"

"Told you so, babe, you owe me a hundred!" laughed Shawna, "unless you want him to suck your cock off!"

"No bet," said Newt. "Take the little pervert, bitch, what I need now is tight cunt..."

"That's easy, babe. How 'bout mine? This little skank is so fucking hot, just what I need..."

Shawna squeezed between the seats to join Newt and Samuel and reached for Newt's wilting manhood.

"Wanna fuck? It's for free?"

Newt looked down at the soft smooth skin between the young man's thighs and then up at Shawna whose hand stroked him back to hardness. His hands hesitated and then he reached out. Shawna looked down at the stricken Samuel and slowly stripped off her sodden blouse to reveal herself, then she bent over Samuel to lick the tip of the trucker's hard cock in her hands.

"That's what you need, babe, so fill me," she breathed as her legs opened and she straddled Samuel to get at Newt. "Fuck me here, right on top of this little bitch, I need that hard cock so bad."

Samuel looked up at her and his lips opened with a silent cry as Newt gasped and backed to the wall of the cab. The whore slipped her lips over the trucker's hard meat and took him in. Shawna's hanging breasts brushed over Samuel's face and then he was looking at her passing belly and the smooth slit framed by muscular thighs.

Miss Harriman had stolen his voice and he could not even plead with Newt and Shawna as they moved over him, ignoring the weakling that struggled and thrashed beneath them.

Shawna moved up on to her knees and pressed against the trucker as his hands pawed her heavy breasts and she slid on to his lap. Samuel looked up, her back was arched and her arms flung around broad shoulders. The tip of Newt's hard prick stuck between her thighs and then she lifted, slid the slit of her cunt over the hardness and settled again to take it in as she settled.

"Skank," cried Newt as she slid the length of him. "Jeez, you're the fucking best!"

"Not so bad yourself, big boy," breathed Shawna. "Now fuck me and show me what that that big cock can do."

Newt grunted in reply and lifted Shawna as he fucked the whore sitting on his lap. Trapped by the weight of Newt and Shawna, Samuel tried to wriggle free, but his legs were trapped beneath the trucker's weight and every thrust that he took into the whore caused Samuel to recoil in pain as he rested on the boots that were gripping Samuel's feet.

"Come on Newt, fuck me, fill me, fuck me, make me come..."

Newt gasped as he thrust, pawing Shawna's breasts and lifting her at each stroke while she cried out in frenzy as she felt him deep inside her. It was as though Samuel was being tossed in a storm and he pushed at Shawna's ass to try to pull free.

The whore and trucker climaxed together.

Newt groaning while Shawna pressed hard against him, pulling his lips to her nipples and arching back to rest on the stricken Samuel trapped beneath them both. One last powerful thrust lifted Shawna from the bed and for a moment she balanced, only her hands clasped on his head and the penetration of Newt's erection holding her in place. He held her there for a few seconds and then lowered, his cock still deeply embedded in her pussy.

"I'm the fucking bareback princess," laughed Shawna in glee.

"The best," conceded Newt.

He leaned forward and looked down at the sobbing creature that lay beneath them.

"You sure you want this soft tranny?" he asked. "Who'd want something like that riding in his cab?"

"There's plenty, Newt, and pay top-dollar too. Anyways, he's kind of cute. Just what a trucker needs after long days on the road!"

"Fucking faggot more like, can't see that he's worth much, but if you say so!"

"I do!"

"You're exactly what's goin' wrong with the good ole U S of A," sneered Newt as he spat down at Samuel.

Shawna dismounted from Newt's lap and pulled her skirt down before turning to lean over Samuel as she buttoned her damp blouse. Creamy come ran down her thighs as she moved over the young man.

"You coming with me, boy," she said with a leer. "The girls are going to just love you..."

Her hand slipped over Newt's wet cock.

"I got just the place for you; that fat slut Crystal's gonna have a ball!"

Episode Two

Samuel awoke.

His face lay on a hard board. Through narrow steel bars he could see that he was in a black decorated room. He lay on a hard-wooden board, another just inches over his head, that he discovered when he moved and bumped his head on it. Samuel wormed his way to the bars and looked into the room. A single naked red bulb on the ceiling lit the dim room dimly, a cross with fetters was bolted to the wall opposite next to a door faced with black padding.

As his eyes slowly adjusted to the low light he could see that all of the walls were padded. Like some vast Chesterfield, soft walls with buttons that held stiff rubber in place. There was no window except a small porthole in the door with a mirror that reflected the light from his low position. Samuel looked around the cage where he was resident and remembered the night before.

Being thrust from Miss Harriman's pickup by José and the frantic sex that had taken place over him in the back of Newt's vast truck. After that, being led through the rain by Shawna to the back of the truck-stop. Into a white-painted building where the warm, tatty, intimate bar inside was almost a shock.

That and the laughing girls...

They had clustered around him laughing at his distress and tears, inspecting him with their mirth ringing in his ears before Shawna had dragged him to this frightening room and, with the help of three other girls, had pushed him into the darkness of the cage. He was even worse off than they were and the amusement of having someone to taunt and tease, caused the whores to laugh at his pathetic distress.

Samuel banged with his fists on the board over his head, bruising his hands and breaking three of his long nails before he moved around the cage and pulled hard at the bars. The small secured gate that he had entered by bore a cheap padlock, the bars were attached to a frame and extended like a box in all directions with the bare wooden roof of the cage offering no possible exit. Large enough for him to spread arms and legs out in all directions without touching the sides, but the cage was just a foot and a half high.

From the warmth and security of Miss Harriman's villa to this place... Samuel almost felt a longing to be back in her arms. Knowing his tasks, the rules simple and easy to understand, here all his feeling of refuge was gone in an instant.

He inspected himself.

His high-heeled punishment boots were scuffed and the already-laddered fish-net stockings had huge holes in them. The tight latex top was torn from the waist nearly to his small breasts and the skin of legs and arms was grazed and scratched. His mini-skirt was around his waist and the tattoo that Miss Harriman had had added to her slave a month or more ago was clearly visible in the dim light. On the facing thigh, the mark that she had burned into him, the mark of ownership. He grasped the bars and pulled, tried to gain leverage and discovered that each bar was welded to the oblong frame that had been bolted to the floor.

A last hope...

Samuel managed to gather himself and press with his back against the hard wood of the floor of the cage and push upward. The wooden roof to the cage did not even groan with his efforts. It simply pressed into his shoulders and his arms gave way and he slumped to the floor of the cage helplessly as the toes of his boots slid on the wood and another nail broke on his left hand.

Once again, he inspected the room that would still need escaping even if he managed to escape the cage. Next to the door, perhaps three feet from the floor there was a break in the padded wall. A small porthole that was closed with a padlock.

What was this place?

Samuel's eyes had adjusted to the low glow of light and he could see that the door that was the only exit, had no handle. Somehow the sight of this feature of the room caused him to break down and Samuel curled into a ball on his side and wept.

The door opened and he looked up to see three women entering the room. One was Shawna. She was perhaps forty years, dressed in jeans and a T shirt. She looked down at Samuel and smiled. The other two women stood behind her, half hidden as Shawna walked into the room, one with a key dangling from a thin chain in her hand.

"Looks like my new little bitch needs to be cleaned up," said one of Shawna's companions.

"OK, let's take a proper look at what we have here," said Shawna.

She took the key from the other woman's hand and opened the cage door.

"Out!"

Samuel crawled from the cage, scraping his back on the low entrance and ripping the latex of his top as he went. The hard floor hurt his knees and elbows, adding to the scrapes already accumulated.

Now he could see the other two women. One huge, dressed in tight latex, the other in jeans and mules like Shawna.

"He's almost too pathetic to use, Cherry," said Shawna. "Maybe I should just get rid of him now?"

The other woman in jeans stepped close to the huddled man on the floor and kicked at him lightly with her foot.

"Let's have a proper look," said Shawna as Samuel flinched from the small kick. "I reckon that he's just what I need for this place. On your feet, boy..."

Samuel lifted to hands and knees, then carefully stood in the ballet boots that were still locked to his ankles. Cherry pulled at the ripped latex top and tore it free before pushing him backwards. His arms flailed a moment as he fell back onto the huge bed that was the lid of his cage.

"Where the fuck did you find him?" asked Cherry, looking down at the trembling Samuel on the bed.

"Turning tricks in *our* backyard," laughed Shawna.

"Well, let's see what we've got..."

The huge silent woman who stood watching the scene pulled a face, one hand raising to tease the nipples that were showing through the latex of her costume.

Cherry pulled at the boots on Samuel's feet.

"They are fucking padlocked on; we need someone to cut off the locks and then I'll clean him up..." said Cherry. "I'll go..."

"Now then what have we here?" said Shawna as Cherry left the room.

Shawna opened Samuel's legs wide and lifted the mini skirt. Samuel's hands lifted feebly and were brushed away as she fumbled at Samuel's waist.

"Strip it, Crystal," said Shawna to her huge companion.

"It's not worth shit!" said Crystal as she took a step and loomed over the stricken Samuel.

"I think that you will do just fine here," said Shawna as Crystal ripped the torn fishnets from Samuel's legs down to where the steel bands of the boots were locked at his ankles. "There's one thing for sure, no one will miss a skank like you!"

Samuel was naked now, but for the red boots, and he tried to twist and roll over, but immensely strong hands at his thighs held him fast. Crystal's fingers traced the barcode and the white scar of the brand on his thighs.

"You escaped, I guess," she laughed. "Your owner's gonna be real fucking pissed!"

Samuel nodded frantically and his lips moved in silent words as Shawna kneeled between his thighs and ran her hands over the soft skin.

"Not a clever idea, babe," she laughed. "Turning tricks in my backyard like that! Most truckers would get pretty pissed when they find what you have between your legs! They want cunt not cock and you ain't safe in the back of a truck... You need someone to look after you..."

Samuel made a sign with his hand.

"You want to tell me something?" asked Shawna as she interpreted the signal as writing. "Well, I am not interested! All you gotta do now for me is sign the contract and then you're working for me and Cherry like all the other bitches here."

Her hands explored Samuel's breasts.

"Nice titties, cute little cock and you ain't gonna do much talking! You'll be a perfect little whore..."

"It won't last ten minutes in the lot," said Crystal. "What the fuck are you going to do with him?"

"I got an idea," chuckled Shawna.

The door opened and Cherry returned with a pair of cutters.

"These'll get them off," said Shawna as she cut the small locks from the shoes. "Then I'll get one of the girls to clean him up..."

"He's gotta sign a contract," said Cherry. "Legal and proper, then he can start tonight."

Shawna tugged the boots free and Samuel felt sheer relief as his cramped feet were released. He managed a small moan and Cherry flicked his nipples with her fingers.

"And we need a working name for him," said Shawna as she turned the boots in her hands. "Something cute like Lexi or Lilli."

Cherry's hands fondled between Samuel's thighs, gently squeezing his balls and feeling the steel ring that caused them to stretch.

"We'll leave this on," she said, pointing at the ring. "Sort of cute..."

Samuel was pinned to the bed by Crystal's huge bulk. He tried to resist, but Cherry's attention turned to his stiffening cock and massaged it gently. His lips opened, Shawna leaned over him and smiled.

"What a sweet little cock, is *that* all there is?"

Cherry started to laugh as she slowly crouched as if to kiss the tip and Samuel felt her fingers slip under his ass, probing and pushing into him.

"He's no use for fucking! I think that this is what he wants, babe!" she chuckled. "This little sissy needs a good ass-fucking 'cos that cock ain't no good for nothing. Look at that..."

A drop of precum slowly welled from him and Samuel lifted under the pressure from behind.

"He's a randy little bitch," said Cherry. "Fucking hot and ready for it! I reckon that we need to keep him like this... Got any ideas? Next up, we need a working room for our new little slut. Maybe Eva's pink room and we move her to the jacuzzi room?"

The hand pulled back and Cherry climbed off the bed to look down at the new whore. She looked around the room.

"You thinking what I'm thinking?"

"Guess so; let's leave him in the Black Chamber and make him part of Crystal's scene! All chained up like a gimp under the bed..." said Shawna.

"I don't want the little fuck," said Crystal.

"You gotta get used to having a partner, babes. You'll break him in for us right quick and then we can raise your rate."

"Sounds good to me... But, what's his rate?"

"Not a dollar, he's just learning the ropes!"

"More than just ropes," said Crystal slowly.

"OK, it's a plan. Let's get the horny little bitch signed up all legal like, and then Crystal can start breaking the pathetic skank in."

Episode Three

Samuel looked at the folded paper. Blank with just a single line showing, the text folded underneath. He took the pen and hesitated.

"Just your name," said Cherry. "You ain't gonna be paying no tax if you've got no income."

Crystal loomed behind Cherry a crop tapping in her hands. Samuel looked up at her severely painted face and felt a wave of fear. He desperately wanted to write so much, pleas for help, but in the end, all he dared to write was 'Samuel' before the pen was snatched from his hand and the paper was whipped away and folded.

The huge woman in black tight latex had a disdainful expression as she watched him sign the contract. The crop slapped an open palm.

"Sammi it is then," said Cherry as she inspected the signature. "Crystal's in charge of you, so mind how you go, 'cos she doesn't seem so happy to have you in the Black Chamber."

She turned to Crystal.

"Get Sammi ready, your first booking's in two hours..."

Crystal nodded slowly and looked Samuel up and down with contempt.

"My regulars are going to be so fucking pissed that the price is going up," she said. "This piece of shit is just making me work harder... What the fuck!"

"Oh, fuck you Crystal! Don't get so uppity, just make him worth the extra. When Sammi's been broken-in to the work he'll be working with all the girls round the house or maybe in the lot."

Crystal sourly nodded at Cherry and said, "You're the boss, I'll do what I can."

"Just be a bitch like you always are," laughed Cherry. "That's enough."

"I'll need some more stuff," said Crystal. "Especially for him..."

"Tell Shawna what you need and she'll get it by tomorrow in Reno..."

Crystal managed a smile, "It's gonna cost..."

Cherry sighed.

"Whatever, babes! It's an investment. I'll get Eva in to help you for now, just don't forget, you haven't got all night to get Sammi ready."

She cast a look at Samuel standing forlornly and nodded.

"You just do as you're told, Sammi. Whatever *she* wants..."

Samuel looked at Crystal and cringed. Just twenty-five years, perhaps, and taller than him, she was two hundred pounds or more. Every roll of fat held tight by a corset and the tight latex dress that was stretched to its limits. Her hair was pulled back into a plait, black lips and eyeliner and bright red lips that were pursed in disapproval. Her thick legs were shapely, stockings stretched over them as she perched on her platform mules.

"I'll send Eva..." said Cherry as she left the room.

The door closed and immediately, Crystal was in motion. With slow steps, she walked to Samuel and faced him. Now he could see the deep cleft between her huge soft breasts and the spiked collar buckled on her neck. The heavy crop that was bent between her hands.

"You gonna be my little bitch," said Crystal slowly. "I'm thinking that you better learn fast who's the boss in this room. Cherry and Shawna own the Snake Ranch, but in the Black Chamber I decide what goes down. You got that, bitch?"

Samuel nodded.

Just a few inches from him, Crystal was a frightening prospect. Huge in every way, she had a way of talking slowly that sounded like stones grinding together. Her sudden movement caused him to flinch as she swiped at his face with the palm of her hand. The slap caught him and he fell to the floor at her feet.

"Just a fuck-whore, that's all you are... You gonna learn that you are less than shit, get it?"

He looked up just as the second blow caught him from the other side. His head rang from the blow and tears came to his eyes.

"Now, get the fuck up, 'cos I ain't gonna stretch to bitch slap your ass!"

He climbed to his feet just as the door opened and a slim woman in pink entered the room behind the huge Crystal who stood ready to slap him again.

"Hi, Crystal, so this is the new one?"

Crystal seemed upset that her first lesson in obedience was interrupted and lowered her hand and dropped the crop to the bed.

"Yeah, gotta get the little slut ready for action," said Crystal.

Eva laughed in a high-pitched tone and placed the small bag in her hand on the bed.

"Got everything, but it looks like you don't need *my* help!"

"Whatever," said Crystal. "Let's get him all done up and then I can show him what happens next to his sorry ass..."

Samuel's eyes were drawn to the savage crop and he shivered in terror.

Eva inspected Samuel and took his hands to inspect his nails before running her fingers over the small tattoo and the brand on his thigh.

"Hey?" she said as she traced the curves of the brand. "Who did that to the little fucker?"

"No idea and I don't care, but if he doesn't do good, then I'll add my name to the fucking list, that's for sure!"

"Jeez, Crystal, what the fuck's rocked your cradle," said Eva. "I'd love to have him in the Pink Room with me. Raises the prices and sure is horny having a cute twink like this to play with."

"Well, speak to Shawna and Cherry," growled Crystal. "You can fucking have him for all I care! I know what my punters want and it sure ain't some emaciated lady-boy!"

Eva started to laugh and spoke to Samuel as she went to her bag.

"Crystal can be a bitch, that I'll admit, but there's no better dominatrix in Reno, so make sure you're a good boy or she'll thrash the shit from your ass! I love watching her teach those poor bastards a lesson in obedience and she's the only one, that I know of, that can force a trucker to drive his rig standing-up for a week after a thrashing!"

She chuckled at the joke and winked at Samuel.

The praise seemed to soften Crystal and she smiled as Eva lined up polishes and false nails in a row on the side of the bed. When she had said that she would take him, Samuel had had a moment of hope. Eva

was in her mid-twenties, slim and dressed in a simple apricot stretchy dress that showed every curve. Pretty with graceful movements, she seemed out of place in the brothel.

Whilst Eva started to restore his manicure, Crystal moved around in the background searching the drawers of a cabinet and tipping items onto the floor. Dildos, whips and shackles formed a disordered pile as she emptied the drawers.

"I got a hood specially for Charlie's slut," she muttered to herself as she rooted through the pile. "Now, where the fuck is it?"

Eva took Samuel's hand and matched some of the false nails against his fingers.

"These'll do," she said. "Close enough! Now all I have to do is match the colour. No sense in doing all ten."

"A tear welled in Samuel's eye and made its way down his cheek to drip to his hands."

"Don't you worry about it," said Eva in a kind voice. "Crystal's a bitch, but not as bad as she seems! You'll be fine and soon you'll be in the bar selling your ass and making dollars for Shawna and Cherry like the rest of us. Now then, this pink is just right..."

She smoothed the broken edges of his nails and pressed the new nails on firmly before starting on the colour.

"All you have to do is show Shawna that you can earn good and you'll be fine... It's not such a bad place, there's a pool out back."

Behind Eva, the kneeling Crystal let out a small cry of triumph and held up a rubber bag in her hand and inspected it.

"I knew that I'd saved it even though Charlie said that it was too tight for that submissive bitch of his! No eyeholes, that was the problem; Charlie said she had to see the cock coming to fill her face! Now then, let's see if it fits."

Samuel felt the bed move under him as Crystal climbed on to the bed behind him and got a tutting from Eva as he flinched.

"Stay still boy, she's gotta see that it fits properly..."

Strong hands on his shoulders steadied him, he could feel the warmth of Crystal's breath on his neck and then his eyes were covered as Crystal wrenched the hood over his head with a sharp tug.

"Nice and tight..." said Crystal.

His hands moved up and Crystal brushed them away. For a moment, he felt loose laces and eyelets under his fingertips and Eva scolded him before pulling his hands palm down on his knees.

"Stay still, Sammi! Now you've ruined the first coat..."

His hands moved again and Eva uttered a sigh of frustration.

"One more twitch from you and I'll cuff your fucking hands tight, just don't fucking move."

He could feel hard hands at the back of his head threading the laces. His eyes were covered, the mask folded under his chin and he could hear his breath hiss through the holes that Crystal had lined up to his nostrils. Fingers smoothed the mask over his face, sliding it a little, pressing at him and then pulling downward.

"That's better," said Crystal. "Jeez, it's real tight."

Samuel could feel Eva's fingers on his. The slight chemical smell of the nail varnish in his nostrils as Crystal started to pull the laces tight. From top to bottom, from crown to neck, strong fingers tugged at the laces and worked their way down before tying off the laces with a couple of sharp tugs that stretched the rubber tightly over his head.

"Perfect," said Crystal's voice. "What a fucking pain it is getting this on..."

"Looks good," said Eva. "Your punters are really going to get so fucking horny when they see your latest little play-mate."

Samuel felt Crystal crawl from the bed and the click of her heels as she stood.

"It needs a few touches," she said.

"The collar is too slack," commented Eva.

Samuel felt strong hands at his neck fiddling with the strap that circled his throat and it tightened as the buckle was adjusted.

"Nails done?" asked Crystal.

"Yep, just give them a few minutes to set. Your submissive gimp is all ready to go!"

Samuel heard Crystal laugh wickedly and her hands on his head as they explored his face.

"No, he ain't," she chuckled. "If Cherry says that I gotta have this bitch in my bed, then I'm gonna do it properly. One sec, let's get this on him and then I can do the rest..."

A whine of fear slipped from Samuel's throat and he tried to stand, but a sharp slap from Crystal caused him to slump to the bed.

"You better do as she says," said Eva to the mute young man that sat on the bed. "Don't get Crystal all pissed by making it difficult, and watch those nails, they ain't set yet."

"This and this," said Crystal. "Then I'm good to go."

"Here, let me help..." said Eva.

Once again, he felt the weight of Crystal bend the mattress as she kneeled behind him. Samuel struggled as Crystal grabbed his wrists from behind, but her strength was far in excess of his ability to pull free.

"Pass it over and I'll put it on," said Crystal's voice.

Now he could feel a knee pressing in his back, bending him forward whilst his hands were pulled together and pulled upward. The pull skyward on his shoulders caused him to moan, but Crystal pulled up his wrists high behind him and cuffed them with a click of steel before her hands started to pull straps tight.

"Don't break its arms," said Eva. "Cherry will be pissed if you damage it..."

Samuel heard Eva and he struggled again. With the mask on he had become 'it' and suddenly he was terrified. He was not a person, he was just an item that was as much a part of Crystal's bondage equipment as the whips and cuffs that she had piled on the floor.

"Nice and tight," laughed Crystal. "Last holes in the buckles!"

The straps at his wrists and elbows tightened and Samuel could feel that his arms had been constricted by a tube that brought them together by the sheer strength of Crystal's hands. When she dropped his arms to flap down his back he felt the twisting on his shoulders subside a little, but that

just caused Crystal to pull the buckles tight to the last hole as she had promised, before her fingers explored his neck and pulled the collar a notch tighter.

"I should pull them up to the collar," muttered Crystal.

"Jeez, Crystal," came Eva's voice. "You're such a sadist!"

"Whatever!"

Samuel could feel her hands checking the straps and hood before Crystal's voice said, "Stand up, slut."

Crystal's voice was so near to his ear, muffled and intimate and her hands pulled up at his wrists forcing him to his feet. He stood, swaying and bent double as she held his wrists high and climbed from the bed.

"Not tight enough for a gimp," said Crystal.

"Well, it looks good to me," replied Eva.

"You don't know shit," said Crystal in reply. "Can't have the slave moving when I shaft his thin ass..."

"Now the rest of the gear," said Crystal.

The hard sole of a shoe stood on his naked foot and then tapped his ankles.

"Spread 'em," came Crystal's voice. "Let's get you good and ready for your first punter... I ain't finished yet!"

Chapter Two

Episode Four

His thighs ached and he leaned on the wall to steady himself.

Samuel was alone, but he knew that it would not be long before his new owner came to use him. He tried to imagine what she would do and the thought made him almost sick with fear of anticipation. The high heels on his feet were easy to stand in, but the bar between his legs held them far apart and twisted his ankles while he leaned back on the wall. He could feel the air in the room on his naked skin and knew that an erection stuck from him despite his fear.

A betrayal that was almost more than he could bear.

Crystal and Eva had dressed him like a doll. Stockings and stilettos, fetters and cuffs and then propped him against a padded wall before leaving him helpless. There had been no need to cuff him in place on the wall. With his arms tight behind him and his ankles spread wide, his eyes masked by the hood and his breath coming in gasps, Samuel did not need to be caged. He was not going anywhere without Crystal's permission!

His thoughts turned to Eva.

Attractive and feminine, almost a friend in the brothel that he was trapped in. How that had changed in just a few minutes! At first, almost she had seemed sorry for him, seemingly a girl that was sympathetic and considerate whilst Crystal was so pissed at having to accommodate him in her room. He remembered the conspiratorial wink she had given him, but as soon as the hood had been pulled over his head, Samuel had become just an object! As though he had become a zero at the moment that the laces were pulled tight by Crystal.

He could feel the dampness of his tears inside the hood, the spread of warm wet drops that filled his eyes and seeped to his covered lips. Self-pity filled him to the brim, his nose ran and he almost broke down and collapsed to the floor in his misery. It did not cause the erection to fade. If anything, the despair seemed to make it throb with even more urgency. His helplessness arousing him and the ring on his balls teasing him with memories of Miss Harriman, the woman that had trained and branded him.

The door opened, the click of the lock and keys and then a draught from outside that made him shiver.

"Let's see what Crystal's latest toy is up to," said a female voice.

"My little bitch is going to make me a fortune," boasted Crystal's voice.

"Well, you've sure changed *your* tune," laughed Eva.

"It's all about the cash!"

A clatter of heels on the tiling of the floor filled the room. There was the laughter of several voices and a hand slapped Samuel's cock hard and then fondled it and squeezed his balls.

"It loves being Crystal's bitch," said another female voice. "What a cute little cock it has... All tightly packaged and ready to be used."

"That cock's not much use for fucking," said another. "Like a little imitation of the real thing!"

"It won't be getting much use, if I know Crystal," said Cherry's voice. "I think that she's more interested in its holes than this soft prick..."

A hand gripped Samuel tight and pressed against his groin making him thrust involuntarily against the movement. His reaction to the torment caused feminine chuckles and a hand slapped his face hard making him see stars in the darkness of the tight rubber hood.

"It has to learn to stay still when it is played with," said Crystal.

"You've got a day or so to break the little twink in," said Shawna. "Then I want him on the lot with the others when he's not earning dollars with you. Just make sure that he's ready!"

Cherry's fingers probed and teased and Samuel felt himself become giddy. Her nails closed on his balls and her palm rubbed the tip of him as she handled his stiff cock.

"He loves it, the little slut," said a voice and Cherry's hand closed around Samuel and started a hard up and down movement.

He gasped and struggled against the temptation, but sweat trickled from the collar of the hood and he could feel himself losing the contest against the experienced hand that was roughly milking him.

"I want it drained," said Shawna's voice, "if you don't want to do it yourself than use a vibrator, Crystal."

The battle was lost!

Deep inside Samuel a dam burst and the release that he longed for filled his head. Weeks of denial overwhelmed him and he felt a surge that seemed prodigious. It caused him to dribble a little into Cherry's palm that had his cock in its grip. A trickle of come seeped from between the fingers, but they simply redoubled their hard strokes, forcing every drop from him before clawing at his balls with sharpened nails.

"Well he's fully functioning," laughed Cherry. "Sort of!"

Samuel groaned as the sharp nails bit into him causing general laughter and the hand retreated. Another hand pushed between the clenched cheeks of his ass and slowly pressed into him, despite Samuel resisting the abuse.

"A nice tight pussy," said Crystal. "The punters are going to pay extra to take this..."

The finger pulled free and Samuel breathed a sigh of relief as a chime sounded from outside the room causing Cherry to say, "OK, girls, off to work..."

There was a clatter of heels on the floor, chuckling and laughter as the room emptied. A hand gripped his jaw hard and he sensed that Crystal's face was close to the blank mask that covered his features.

"In a few minutes, my first punter will be here," she hissed. "I'm going to be so fucking pissed if you don't perform!"

Samuel felt her hands on his face, her large body pressing him to the wall as she planted a kiss on the thick rubber of the mask. He could smell the perfume, feel her soft breasts press against him, hear the whisper of her breath as she leaned against his helpless nakedness. She lifted her knee suddenly between his legs, crushing his cock and sensitive balls with a powerful blow that made him whine in anguish.

"There's plenty more of that coming your way," she said with a laugh. "It's what you are here for... to show my punters what happens if they are bad little boys."

Episode Five

Samuel felt sick with a fear like none that he had ever experienced before. It filled him to the brim, made him light-headed as he leaned against the wall and suffered the agony of the wait.

He tried to lift a foot from the floor, but the bar between his knees made that impossible and he almost slipped to the floor before he managed to regain his position. The warmth of his own breath inside the hood stunk of his terror and the sound of his breath whistling through the holes filled his hearing.

With an effort, Samuel straightened his knees and felt his cuffed hands on the softness of the padded wall. The whole room was a prison cell that was filled with Crystal's presence, even when she was not there. He was nothing but another piece of equipment for her use, like the wooden cross that he had seen through the bars of his cage. He moved his head and the collar that had been buckled at the edge of the mask constricted him, closed on his throat to make him straighten again.

He heard female voices through the door and a short burst of laughter. The brothel was doing business and he was just all part of the offer. A click of metal and the cool air from outside, the sound of Crystal's heels on the floor and another's footsteps.

"It's been three weeks, Ben," said Crystal.

Her voice sounded friendly, quite a different tone now that she had a client in tow.

"Toronto, Canada and then back to Santa Fe," said a man's voice. "Glad to be back in Reno..."

"You been a naughty boy?" asked Crystal's voice.

There was a pause before Ben answered.

"No one but you, babe!"

"Liar," she laughed. "I'm gonna find out how you cheated on me!"

Samuel heard the door close and a moan from Ben. A zipper being opened and the pop of a button on his jeans.

"You need to be taught a lesson, Ben! All that porn and the whores up north, I can smell them on you. On your knees, slave!"

Samuel held his breath as if it would make him invisible and then released it slowly as he heard the man undressing as he knelt at Crystal's feet. The sound of her steps as she prowled around him and then stopped.

"So, I'm gonna ask you again, Ben. You been cheating on your Mistress Crystal?"

"Yes Mistress," said the man's voice.

"See, that's better! I gotta punish you for even *thinking* of any other woman, babe, you know that, don't you? You gotta pay for spreading it around and not saving it for me."

"Yes, Mistress Crystal."

"Five strokes for each bitch that you fucked," she said.

"Four, Mistress..."

"Only four?"

"Yes, Mistress Crystal!"

"Beg me to punish you," she ordered.

"I deserve it all, Mistress Crystal," came Ben's voice.

Samuel heard the sound of cuffs snapping onto wrists and ankles and then Crystal's steps as she walked around Ben.

"Every time that you come back and still, you *never* learn the lesson," said Crystal with a laugh. "All my slaves have to be faithful and chaste for me, that's my rules and you just keep breaking them. So, I'm going to have to get a little mean with you to teach you proper respect..."

A hiss and then a sudden whack sounded. Leather on skin and the accompanying cry from the crawling man who was at her feet. It made Samuel start as the yelp filled the room and Crystal laughed.

"Not a sound, Ben. You been cheating and this is just the start..."

Samuel bit his lip as he heard each blow land on flesh. A terrible sound like that filled him with dread as the man who had paid for the beating moaned at each blow. Samuel lost count, but there was a pause every few strokes and the sound of heels on the tiles as Crystal reached down and teased Ben before the next series of blows commenced.

"You got a nice fat cock, bitch, but you gotta keep it for me and not all those other whores..."

"I promise, Miss."

A groan filled the room and then the caning recommenced.

"It's not yours, it's all mine," she said.

Another pause in the caning and then deep moans. Samuel imagined Crystal reaching between the man's legs and stroking his hard cock before straightening and circling him.

"What do you say?" she asked.

"Thank-you, Mistress!"

"That's better," she replied in a honeyed tone. "Clearly, I need to take you in hand and teach you proper manners, Ben! Do you know what happens to men who are not faithful to Mistress Crystal?"

"No Miss."

The sound of another stroke of the cane filled the room.

"No *Mistress Crystal*," she cried in answer.

Samuel heard her steps move towards him and he flinched as she slapped his face with her palm.

"Can you see this little shit?" she said in a soft tone. "This little slut is what happens to the men who don't keep their promises! Gimped up, ready to be fucked and used. Sucking cock for *Mistress Crystal*, lapping come and begging for more strokes of her whip."

The footsteps sounded again. Each one a click of steel on the tile floor.

"Mistress, please..."

"On the bed slave..."

Samuel heard Ben crawl to the bed. The cuffs on his wrists clinked on the floor as he moved and then the bed creaked as he clambered on to it.

"That's right, open your legs wide for your Mistress!"

There was a whimper from the man on the bed and then the sound of a sharp slap as Crystal joined him on the bed.

"Wider! My big rubber cock isn't going to fuck itself, slave!"

A small cry and a sharp laugh from the huge woman.

"If you ever dare to even look at another Mistress, then you'll end up like him," she crowed. "Chained to my bed and used like the bitch that you are..."

"Please, please, Mistress Crystal, never again..."

There was a pause and then the sounds of Crystal walking. Samuel cringed as the steps neared and then he felt a hand move between him and the wall and take his cuffs in their grip.

"I think that you need to understand what your future is going to be, if you fail to obey," said Crystal.

Samuel felt her lift his hands high up his back and he bent forward with the strain. Her foot kicked his ankle and he stepped forward awkwardly and she lifted his arms higher until he was bent double. The bar between his legs made each step an agony. The pressure increased and Samuel felt himself being forced across the floor. His feet shuffled forward as one of her hands lifted wrists high and the other grabbed his balls and pulled him forward.

"Sissy here, is you in a week, Ben, *if* you make promises that you can't keep," she laughed as Samuel hobbled across the floor in her grip.

"I promise, Mistress Crystal," whined Ben.

"Of course you do, but promises are cheap and I am so fucking expensive! You earn for me bitch, I want every red cent!"

She pushed Samuel on his chest and he over-balanced backwards. For a horrifying moment, Samuel thought that he was falling to the hard floor, but the softness of the bed broke his fall and he fell onto the bed face up. In a moment, Crystal was pinning him to the bed. Her strong thighs clamping at his sides as her hands moved to his face. Fingers opened the zipper that covered his lips and he gasped at the fresh air that filled his lungs.

"Is this what you want, Ben?" asked Crystal.

She must have been satisfied with the muttered answer from Ben because she began to laugh in glee.

"That's right, Ben, sucking cock for Mistress Crystal! I'll make a sissy of you, dress you up like a slut and have you at the glory hole like this little shit! Now, open that ass wide while I show you how to fuck!"

Samuel gasped for breath, as he felt the other male occupant of the bed move as Crystal arranged them. He heard gasps and cries and a slap and then strong hands pull at his head.

"Do you want to fuck my little sissy, Ben," she asked, "or shall I milk you of every drop of come in those big balls of yours?"

"Please Mistress..."

"Can you feel it?"

Ben gasped as the huge dildo pushed into him and then groaned as she pressed home with all of her weight. Samuel could feel the bed move to her strokes, and the man gasping in shock as her hands reached around and grasped Ben's cock. Samuel tried to move, but both Crystal and Ben were straddling him, holding him in place as the dominatrix built a rhythm and slowly brought her slave-client to a climax.

Samuel turned his head to the side, he knew that he was trapped, and he clamped his lips closed in an effort to avoid that cock.

"Tell me to fuck you like the bitch you are," said Crystal.

A moan, a gasp and then Ben's voice, "Take me Mistress Crystal, fuck me, please..."

A sudden cry from Ben and a chuckle from Crystal. Samuel felt the thighs that enclosed him shudder, spasm and then clamp on him before the sound of the patter of spurting come hit his masked cheeks and a drop of wetness trickled to his clamped lips.

"That's why you will always come back to me," said Crystal. "That's why you will stay faithful *only* to me... pay me every dollar that you earn."

"Mistress, I need it!"

Samuel felt Crystal's bulk move at his thighs. Withdraw slowly as she playfully slapped Ben's ass.

"Like my new little slave-toy?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress Crystal... please, I'll only come to you... I promise."

Now, Ben climbed from the bed. Samuel heard him pull on his pants and the zipper closing whilst Crystal unstrapped the dildo from her waist.

"It's two hundred extra if you want to fuck it. Fifty for a blow job and just the extra twenty to have him here when I teach you manners..."

"Two hundred's too much," said Ben's voice. "Fifty maybe..."

"Don't be so fucking cheap," laughed Crystal. "A nice tight pussy to use while I thrash your ass as you fuck my sissy-cunt bareback. It's worth every fucking red cent!"

"I'll think about it... Where the fuck did you find him?"

"I told you, this is what happens to you if you dare fuck around! Of course, I could make it so much easier for you."

"How's that?" asked Ben.

"For just twenty a week, I'll lock up that hungry cock of yours and make you pay every time for me to use the key!"

"Yeah, that'd work with me sitting in the truck ten hours a day!"

A trickle of come slowly dripped through the opening in the mask and across Samuel's clamped lips. The scent of Ben's come made him retch and he could feel it's slimy presence between the rubber of the mask and his skin.

"If you want to be first in, then you have to be quick..."

"Maybe the day after tomorrow," said Ben. "I'll be back at eight, before the run to Phoenix."

"Is that a booking?"

"You need to ask, babe? Meanwhile, maybe I'll just take you up on that offer."

Samuel heard the door open and close. For a moment, he thought that he was alone in the room, but the sound of Crystal's heels told him she was still there. He lay on the bed as she approached, turning his head to allow the come to pass his over lips and into the hood.

"I think that you are going to be good for business after all," said Crystal as though it had been her idea. "I got just one more client tonight, but he's so hetero that I can't have you here with him. Don't you worry, Cherry is going to keep you busy..."

Episode Six

With the bar between his knees taken off and led by Eva by his leash, Samuel staggered out of Crystal's dungeon. The hood on his head denied him a chance to see the short corridor through which she led him, but a sense of relief at leaving Crystal's presence, overwhelmed him with joy. The closure on the mask had been sealed and the smell and taste of Ben filled his every breath. A musky saltiness that caused him to almost suffocate.

"Now you have to earn your keep in the bar," said Eva as she guided him around a corner. "It's where the punters come to choose... You cost a little extra..."

Samuel felt desolate.

When Eva had arrived to take him from Crystal's black room, he had thought that he would be simply put in a cell or room somewhere in the brothel, now it seemed that he might be chosen by one of the clients while Crystal was busy. Inside the mask, tears and come mingled and he could not help tasting the result.

"Kneel," said Eva.

Samuel knelt and felt a thick carpet under his knees. He could hear piped music and the sound of glass chinking at the bar. Voices filled the room with low chatter and his arrival prompted a few low laughs.

"Pull it over here," said Cherry's voice nearby. "It'll do for now... Shawna's going to have a box made for it later."

Something hard was pulled against Samuel's chest and then a grip on his head moved his chin to rest on a yielding surface. He realised that a bar-stool had been pressed to his front and that the seat was under his chin.

"I'll go get a rope," said Cherry. "Meanwhile, move it over there to the end of the bar where it can be used..."

He was pulled to his feet again and tried to resist the pull of several female hands that pulled at him. He tried to collapse, but a slap to his face and a hard kick between his legs from behind caused Samuel to crawl to where the girls wanted him. Once again, he was up against a bar stool, his knees between the legs, the seat under his chin while the girls laughed and one of them pressed the toe of her stiletto into the crack of his ass.

"That's right, baby, you are going to learn something," laughed Eva. "Open wide!"

Samuel clamped his jaw tight as hands held his head fast and Cherry arrived to rope him to the stool.

"Got it?" asked Cherry.

"Right here," laughed Eva.

A myriad of hands held Samuel fast as the rope was used to tie him tightly to the chair. He thrashed and turned his head, but the spike of a stiletto pressed at his balls and he became still.

"That's better," said Cherry. "Now, get it in and it's ready!"

"Open wide," came Eva's voice.

Samuel felt fingers open the mask over his lips and set his jaw.

"I won't tell you again," she laughed. "Can't have you biting the punters."

A sally of laughter rang in his ears as Samuel tried to twist his head away. A sudden kick from Eva between his legs made him bleat and he felt her fingers on his lips.

"The next one will be for real," she hissed.

Samuel opened his mouth wide and felt her fingers slip something inside his mouth. A hard ring that held his jaw open while straps behind his head were tightened to hold it in place.

"Good," said Cherry. "It costs fifty if one of you helps the client, otherwise just twenty for five minutes' use."

A man's voice sounded nearby.

"A hundred if Eva uses him first, then I got a sweet idea..."

"Done," said Cherry. "Eva?"

Samuel heard laughter, the sound of a note changing hands and then he felt her mount the stool.

"Nice and slow, baby, make a good show for your first paying punter!"

Samuel could smell her. Like soap, perfume and sweat mingled. Her thighs closed around his head and squeezed, trapping him as she giggled and slid forward.

"Let's see," said the man's voice from the side. "I want to see every sweet little kiss... then this."

Samuel felt her thighs close on him. He pushed out his tongue and felt the smooth softness of her skin. Fingers that straddled the lips of her pussy and parted their lips and he strained to taste her.

A hand behind his head pushed him forwards and the tip of his tongue touched flesh again. Samuel licked at it as the hand pushed harder and Eva gasped and slid forward to enclose the wide hole in the black featureless face that was forced to please her.

"Oh fuck, fuck," she gasped as she shuffled to allow the tongue to lap at her clitoris. "Fuck, this is so good..."

Chuckles and sighs came from the small crowd that clustered around the end of the bar. Envious moans from the lips of the whores and excited leers from the clients that gathered to watch.

"She's pretending..." said a male voice.

"No, no, oh, God, I'm coming," whispered Eva, "lick me harder gimp..."

In the blackness of the hood, Samuel's world was the drenched, soft flesh that demanded his reverence. He could taste the fragrance of Eva filling his senses, the smooth swelling of her clitoris and her frantic cries as he touched her with the tip of his tongue.

The man's voice was closest, a deep Southern drawl that was covered a chuckle as he spoke.

"He sure likes the taste of pussy. What about this?" came the voice and then a sound of a zipper being slowly opened.

Samuel pressed hard, desperate to stay forever between Eva's thighs and bring her to climax after climax. Every moment a postponement of his greatest fear. His hands clenched and pulled at the knots that held him fast, it was almost as if they tightened as he wrenched at the rope when the warm wet gates of Eva's pussy pulled from him.

"That's a hell of a big cock," laughed Cherry's voice. "Needs a hole to fill!"

"Sure does, Missy. I know just the place!"

Samuel pulled at the rope, he put all the strength of his legs into the effort and felt the stool lift, but his chin was still embedded in the seat and the stool just lifted a few inches with his movement. Suddenly there was weight on it and all of his struggles could not move it.

"I think that your little whore would rather be somewhere else, Missy," said the man's voice. "Can't think of anywhere I'd rather be though!"

"Fuck the little shit..."

The voice was Eva's and there was a burst of amusement as Samuel tried to twist his head to the side.

"Choke the bitch," said a woman's voice from the crowd.

A pair of strong hands closed on Samuel's hooded head. The fingers spread and slowly turned his head around to face forward and the stool moved under the man's weight. Samuel could not breathe for terror, drool leaked from his wide lips and his mind was disordered with panic.

Something warm and smooth, dry and yielding was on Samuel's lips. His tongue retreated deep, but he knew what was being pushed into the hole of the gag and he retched in reaction.

"This is what you are for," said Cherry's voice in his ear. "Suck that fat hungry cock, make it come inside you..."

His lips tried to close over the hole, his jaws clamped on the hard ring that held them open until his teeth ached with the pressure, but the cock pressed inside to the delighted giggles of the onlookers.

"Suck it bitch!"

Eva was almost crying with laughter as the bulbous head pressed inward. Now his tongue could not avoid the contact and was pushed aside as the hardness filled him. It hesitated at the back of his mouth, allowing the Samuel's jagged breathing to sound in his own ears.

"I said, suck it bitch, make love to that big cock like the slut that you are..."

Fingers clamped on his nose, closed his nostrils and he gasped as the cock pressed into him, filling his throat, making him heave, bringing an acid taste to his mouth as it forced its way in and filled his throat. All around him was the laughter of the excited onlookers, his mind was

dizzied with a desperate need for air, a craving to breathe that was relieved when the fingers that clamped his nose relaxed to allow him air at last.

"It sure needs some strict training," said the man's voice.

"Oh, there'll be plenty of that," said Cherry. "Crystal has it well in hand..."

The hard object pulled out a little, and then pushed home again. Samuel felt as though he was in a struggle to stay alive each time that the hardness pressed deep into him, before it pulled free from him and Samuel wept with relief.

"Switch it on," ordered Shawna's voice.

The cock pressed again at his lips and then started to vibrate. A steady hum that rattled through Samuel's jaws and buzzed loudly in his head. The smooth shaped tip of the huge rubber cock moved and throbbed and the sudden realisation that they had been enjoying his fear of having to suck a real cock. They had tricked him, but the relief washed Samuel with a release that tinged on gratitude.

"Show's over," said Shawna. "Get to work girls, there's real cock to satisfy..."

The vibrator was pulled from Samuel's mouth and the hands that held his head fast, relaxed. A finger briefly explored his gaping mouth before retreating and slapping the smooth masked face that mutely offered enjoyment for hard cash. A hand rested on the top of his head and Samuel heard the footsteps of the girls and customers that were pairing off.

"Crystal! When it's not being used, I want it ready at any moment..." said Shawna. "Put it in the glory-hole!"

Samuel felt hands undoing the knots that held him fast to the bar-stool before a click at his collar told him that a leash had been attached to him. He was pulled to his feet and almost overbalanced as he was led from the bar.

A sharp slap on his ass, a door opening and Crystal's voice as she led him back to the black padded room. Her hands guided him roughly, her weight pressed him suddenly to the padded wall of the room while her fingers fumbled at the laces that held the hood stretched on his head.

"This is your place," she chuckled as the hood came free. "Shawna's got a special position for you..."

Samuel blinked in the dim light of the black room. His face was pressed into the soft wall, and he could taste the tears that wet his lips.

"Don't move!"

His arms cuffed behind him, his knees trembling, he leaned on the wall and wept as he heard Crystal moving behind him. He dared not even try to turn to see what she was doing, instead he tried to steady his breath, calm himself after the trauma of his humiliation.

"Stay still, I need to get this on..."

Samuel felt her hands on his head. It felt as though her strong hands were pulling on the hood again and he twisted to avoid their grip. Crystal's reaction was to plant a knee in the small of his back and press him against the wall with her weight.

"Stay the fuck still, bitch," she yelled in his ear.

Samuel slipped to his knees, his lips moved with pleas and low moan came from his throat as Crystal pulled a strap over his head and started to buckle a harness to his head with savage pulls at the straps.

"Not every punter wants a sissy-slut," she said, "but Cherry and Shawna will keep you nice and busy..."

Samuel rolled his eyes upward. The huge bulk of the woman that was man-handling him loomed. Her face was a mask of concentration as her hands pulled buckles tight. She slapped his face to stop his trembling and then stood back to admire the results of her efforts.

"Get used to it, this is your life from now on! You should be glad that the girls don't have to do this anymore..."

He looked up at her. The tight latex costume showing every bulge and swelling of her massive body. Her breasts bulging high from the corset, her face a mask of distaste for the young man that kneeled at her feet.

"This is what you are now, just a mother-fucking cock-sucker!"

Her hand reached down and Samuel flinched, expecting a slap. But, the hand moved to the wall by his face. The padding of the wall was broken by the small opening that he had seen from under the bed all those hours ago and he watched as she opened it to reveal a palm-sized hole. Bright light streamed from the hole and Samuel blinked at the radiance.

"A few of my punters so love to pay to be humiliated," she cackled as she reached through the hole and pulled two chains into her hands. "Jeez, they fucking pay to be used like bitches and the other punters just fucking love it... Of course, no one knows that they are being sucked off by a man..."

Samuel shuffled on his knees. Crystal's hand moved to the top of his head and gripped the handle that sprung from the tight harness that she had just fitted.

"Now you get to look see..." she said.

Episode Seven

Samuel's head could not free itself of Crystal's grip.

Crystal moved her plump arm and he was looking up at her. The black lips twisted to a grin and she spat down at him in contempt before he felt his head being forced forward to the hole in the wall.

"Cock sucking slut..."

The padded wall surrounded his face, formed a mould into which he was pressed and his eyes looked through the opening to see the cubicle beyond. A tiny tiled room, lit in blinding white light that made him blink after the dimness of Crystal's room. All he could see was the wall just a couple of feet away, the tiled floor and the light that blinded him as Crystal fixed the chains to the harness on his head and pulled them tight to hold his face, pressed through the opening.

Behind him, in Crystal's room, she pressed him forward with a knee and drew the chains yet tighter.

"Now for the finishing touches..."

Samuel heard her open the door to her room and the click as it closed behind her and then, moments later, the door to the cubicle that he looked into. With a click of heels, she was there, standing before him, blocking the view of the tiles with the tightly stretched skirt over her plump thighs. Her heels echoed in the room as she kneeled to look into his eyes with hers.

"Let's get you ready..."

Her hand appeared with a lipstick and she slid off the cap and rolled out the soft pink stalk.

"You gotta look the part... open wide."

Crystal applied the lipstick in a rough circle on his wide-open lips. Smearing the pink around his gaping mouth and then daubing at it with a fingertip before she added eyeshadow and liner with a careless scribble.

"There, that's perfect," she said as she stood. "All ready for your first punter!"

A chuckle, and then she stalked from the room leaving Samuel's tears to carry the black make-up in trickles across his face as she had

intended. He heard her leave the cubicle and re-enter the room behind him. His whole body ached, his knees on the hard floor became numb and his wrists ached where the cuffs held his arms tight behind him.

Samuel could hear Crystal moving heavily around in the room behind him. The clatter of her heels and the occasional word as she spoke to herself. Once he felt her hand on his head and then it ran her sharp nails down his back, scratching his crawling skin. A man's voice and Crystal's sharp retort giving orders. The brothel was in business for the evening and occasional bursts of distant laughter caused him to start in alarm. It was clear what the small cubicle was used for and Samuel knew that *he* was the entertainment.

He relaxed a little, moving to relieve the strain on his knees by shifting his weight. Samuel dreaded hearing the door to the cubicle opening and strained to listen to every sound in anticipation of his first abuser. The memory of the vibrating rubber cock forcing itself through his lips caused him to cough in sympathy, sweat ran from his face in dread, every moment was drawn to hours as he waited. This time it would be the real thing, and the whole idea of being used caused him shake in dread. Drool oozed from his open mouth, but he was dry. Tears dried on his cheeks leaving black and grey lines where they had dragged his makeup and at last his fears were realised and the door to the cubicle opened.

"You wanted something a bit special," came Eva's voice. "Well, *this* is special!"

Samuel saw Eva move into view. Wearing a mini-skirt that barely covered her thighs and a top that had been pulled up to reveal her sagging breasts.

"Come on, lover, take me up against the wall... fuck me, baby."

A man followed the laughing whore into the tiny room, but Samuel could only see the worn and faded jeans as she pulled at the man's hand and the door closed with a click.

"In here?" asked the man's voice.

Eva moved to rest her ass against Samuel's face. For a moment, he could feel the stretchy cloth of the skirt, before it lifted and he was just an inch from her smooth skin.

"There's only the three of us," she laughed.

Her thighs spread wide and Samuel was looking through the arch of her legs. The clenched ass-hole, the curve of her behind and the parted, drooling lips of her cunt that were just at Samuel's eye-level. For an instant, he saw *her* fingers and then his, as she guided him in to herself and gasped as one thick finger pushed between her swollen shaven lips just before Samuel's wide eyes.

"I need a cock, not a fingering," she scolded and the man's hand retreated and his hands appeared on the inside of each thigh.

"Then here it is!" came his voice.

Eva giggled and Samuel heard the sound of his zipper and saw between her thighs as his jeans dropped.

"My, what a big boy!"

The hands on Eva's thighs gripped tight and a grunt told the trapped Samuel of the effort as the man lifted her up the wall. His hairy thighs moved to part her legs and she lifted them out of Samuel's sight to reveal the curved and veined cock that sought the opening between her legs.

"I need it now," said Eva in a whisper.

The hands gripped tight, poised her over the upright tip of the giant cock and then slid into her with a casual thrust of his thighs.

"Oh God, you are so fucking huge," gasped Eva as the cock sipped through the parted lips of Eva's pussy. Fill me, fuck me..."

The thighs of the man obliged. They flexed and rammed forward and upward, giving Samuel a close-up view of slack balls bobbing just inches from his face as the cock shoved deep and then withdrew before thrusting again. The sucking sounds of withdrawal, his moans as he pulled back, Samuel's senses were filled with the perfume of Eva as they fucked just inches from his face.

To Samuel, the cock was a like huge pillar, out of focus, and inches from his eyes, a slick veined stalk that sawed in and out at each powerful stroke of thighs, as Eva's ass moved up and down with every groan of passion.

"That's so fucking good," she groaned. "Come on, come deep inside me lover..."

Now the man's breathing was hoarse, he gasped and thrust deep, forcing Eva from Samuel's sight, filling his view with the swaying balls and thick stalk that was buried in the gasping whore.

His thighs pressed upward...

Samuel would have cried out. The shock of a hand that pressed between his own thighs from behind made him gasp as it closed on his balls and cock and gripped him hard! He tried to close his legs, but a hard slap on his ass made him shudder and then the fingers that violated him pulled hard at his little cock.

Something hard and smooth pushed between the cheeks of Samuel's ass and he gasped as he felt something slick and stiff being forced into him despite his attempts at resistance. The fingers at his cock pressed him firmly, pulled him back and then stroked and teased while a wide intruder was forced into him with relentless pressure.

As Samuel was being taken from the rear, in front of his eyes, the huge cock pulled free of Eva's cunt with a slurp of creamy juices that dripped from it and his vision was momentarily filled with the smooth ass that slipped to the side revealing the dripping half-hard cock with a female hand that gripped it and pushed it lower to make the man's cock fill Samuel's vision.

It pointed at his open lips. Threatening and potent.

He could not even think as the fingers that abused him from behind pinched hard and then stroked him alternately. His entire world was filled with confusion. Excitement at the hand that wanked him, anguish at being helplessly violated in his virgin ass. The echoing voice of Eva saying, "Now for the best part..." and then the pulsation that filled his rear as the penetrating vibrator was switched on by an unseen hand.

In front of Samuel's bulging eyes, Eva's slim hand guided the dripping cock towards his wide-open lips. The thighs that powered it being stroked and Eva's smiling face coming in to view as she watched the fear that consumed her helpless victim.

"Fuck *this* hole, lover, fill that mouth... A perfect fit."

The man grunted. The manicured hand slipped to the root of it and a flicker of movement between his thighs showed Samuel where Eva's other clawed hand guided him to fuck the helpless slut embedded in the wall.

"Deep, go real deep, lover..."

The first touch was a wet contact on Samuel's lips. The reek of male and female sex filling his nostrils, the warmth of the tip of the man on him, the salt-laced tang and musky perfume. The hand that guided the cock squeezed a little, milking a drop or two to well from the eye at the tip. Samuel could feel it hardening, growing rigid at Eva's teasing as it pushed into him slowly under her guidance.

"I know that you can come again, lover," she urged. "Fill the bitch up with your sticky come..."

The ring gag between Samuel's lips clasped the swelling prick, rolling back the foreskin as it enlarged, causing a groan from the lips of the man far above, while Eva's other hand slapped the mute mask loudly.

"Eat it cock-sucker," she laughed as her hand slapped again, "and swallow like a slut!"

This time, the slap was aimed at the bare ass of Eva's client. A ringing spank that caused the man to thrust home, pressing into the hole in the wall while Eva's hand slipped down to stroke his swaying balls.

Samuel's worst nightmare was now upon him.

The rough pubic hair on his lips, the fat cock pushing into his helpless mouth while Crystal took his ass from behind. Samuel felt the fingers open him wide, part the cheeks of his ass again and play for a moment over the place where something was violating him from behind. Something hard and forced forward under the intense pressure of Crystal's thighs. It opened him, pushing into him, widening him no matter how he strained to resist.

In the room behind, the hands that had opened his ass wide slipped down, fingers gripped his balls and played with his little stiff cock. While he was violated at one end, the other was being abused as a hot, wet cock filled his mouth. Now, all he could see was the bushy fur on the belly of the man who Eva urged onward. His world closed to one of sensation, taste and smell, intimate contact and the solidity of the pulsing dildo that was pressing into his rear.

He breathed, sucked in a breath and then his throat was filled.

Pressing into him, past tongue and lips, opening him wide as it choked him and sly fingers moved to squeeze on his mask and close his nose. Waves of panic filled his head, his lungs tightened as he felt the penetration and his eyes were filled with the sparks of his need to breathe.

Eva's voice sounded distant and echoing, and the fingers that gripped his cock pulled and teased to cause Samuel an anguish of elation that he had never experienced before. Lightheaded and controlled, fucked and spitted at both ends, his body twitched as he was milked by Crystal while Eva fucked him with her surrogate.

The belly retreated, pulled back and suddenly Samuel's lungs filled with air. Like a drug, the oxygen swept all his senses before it, and he gasped for breath and his body heaved in its restraints. He felt Crystal's soft latex-clad thighs press on his own as she pushed fully home and moaned when the hands that played with him retreated even as the dildo found a place inside that caused his cock to twitch and dribble.

"Now is the time..."

Eva's hand gripped the stalk and fluttered its length. Pulled the man rigid and back as he gasped and came with a fountain of come. It sprang from the tip of his cock, passing open ink smeared lips and jerking to splatter the smooth cheeks and wide lips. It dripped from Samuel's gaping mouth, each spurt of sticky come causing a groan from the owner of the cock.

"My little come-dumpster," laughed Eva. "He just loves sucking hard cock..."

"Fuck," yelled Eva's client. "Fuck! You shit-faced whore, a fucking man? You had me put my meat in a fucking man?"

"That's right," laughed Eva wickedly. "Our gay little queen sucked you off..."

"Bitch!" said the man, suddenly pulling from her grip and taking a step back. "I never paid to be sucked by some trans-slut..."

His cock hung loose, the last drips of come oozing from it as he reached out and grabbed for Eva.

"Now, lick it clean, whore, lick every drop of that man-bitch from me..."

His hands on her head he pulled Eva to her knees in a clatter of heels and a sharp cry from her before pressing her face to his groin.

"*This* is what I paid for, slut!"

Eva pushed her lips over the flaccid cock and licked at his balls while the man moved to rest his back on the wall of the cubicle. Samuel saw the

cheeks of the man's ass momentarily before his view was closed off and the man's satisfied grunts as Eva was forced to lick his cock clean.

"Don't ever fucking do that again," he yelled.

Behind the wall, Crystal pulled from her victim with a twitch of her hips. The dribble of come on his thighs caused her to smile. She watched the circle of Samuel's ass pull as long inches of black rubber slowly withdrew. She could hear the angry voice of Eva's client and smiled to herself.

Eva, silly idiot girl! *Why* on earth had she told him the secret of the glory-hole?

Chapter Three

No Intromission

The bed moved as Crystal slept.

The wood that made up the roof of Samuel's cage groaned as her weight shifted and, in the dark, he heard her breathing, a slight snore that filled the darkness with her presence. He rolled over on the hardwood floor of the cage under the bed trying to find a position that was at least bearable enough to let him sleep.

It felt as though the weapon that she had fucked him was still implanted in his ass. Stretched and violated, his whole body ached after his confinement at the glory-hole, arms and legs pulled by shackles and now the solid surface on which he lay multiplied the discomfort. He tried to escape the fear of the huge woman who slept above by allowing his thoughts to drift to the past. His life before the trip to America, family and home, the university place missed and all his futile plans. It all seemed so vague now, like faded pictures in a gallery. Still life that had no relation to the place where he was now.

As though it had never even been real at all.

Samuel's hand stretched to the bars of the cage, to the dangling lock that closed the small entrance. A few dollars of metal that was so ordinary, but so impassable. The woman who sprawled in her pink nightie above him rolled over and the bed creaked again and Samuel tried to imagine what she had in store for him. The thought caused a shudder to run through the body that was no longer even his own.

They had taken everything from him!

His fingertips touched the small breasts that swelled from his chest. The flesh was tender, but firm. Conical outgrowths tipped with smooth pink nipples that hardened at his touch. Part of him now, a clear sign that they could do anything to him, anything that they wanted! His fingers lingered, the sharp long nails on the tips teasing and playing, causing Samuel to take a sharp breath as he realised that his teasing was causing a reaction between his thighs.

A delicious haze of eroticism that was overwhelming him as he explored the results of his last owner's obsession with feminising him. He opened his legs wide, uncurling from the foetal position that he had been in and one hand slipped down to his groin to explore the anticipation of the touch of his hand. He looked back wistfully to his time in Miss Harriman's care. She had been like a mother to him...

Then his fingers touched the hardness that Crystal had locked into place before kicking him under her bed and the memories faded. The wide ring that collared the base of his cock and extended in filigree, to become a small globe into which his balls had been tightly enclosed. Samuel explored the device and fiddled with the tiny padlock that ensured that she would be the only one to release the devilish device that she had snapped into place.

From the ring extended a cage that enclosed his manhood. A pattern of bars that enclosed him completely, through which he could feel the hollowed rubber shape that lay between steel ribs and the cock that was confined beneath. On the outside, six inches of prosthetic manhood. Veined and smooth, while trapped in the tiny cavity within, his own cock was prevented from swelling to more than a couple of inches. In frustration, he pulled at the metal and rubber, twisted the lock and felt a slight friction within that frustrated him utterly after the teasing of his nipples.

"I decide when you are allowed to play," Crystal had laughed as she had clicked the padlock into place. "Maybe never again... You're my bitch!"

His hand enclosed the restraint and felt the rubber cock that she had fitted. Twice as long as his own, it stuck from his thighs, erect and hard even when Samuel was not. Rubber and steel priapism that made him available at any moment his owners decided that he had to perform. Swollen and hard to satisfy her clients.

He closed his legs and felt the hardness trapped between his thighs as his fingertips moved over the delicate brand that was another a proof of his lowly position. Like a welt, the flesh had welled upward as the brand had been applied, leaving a mark that he would never be able to eradicate. Samuel traced the shape of it, the flow of the curlicued 'H' that marked him and then hovered over the place where a barcode had been tattooed on the facing thigh. Like any property, he had been labelled and categorized, his original owner's mark and an entry in some shadowy database, as the sole property of Miss Harriman.

A shudder and then he turned to lie on his side with a hand under his head. A sigh and he slipped into an uneasy slumber whilst the woman above him dreamed and moved again between her silken black sheets.

He dreamed of the villa where he had been so secure...

Chapter Four

Episode Eight

"Out you get, lazy bitch," yelled Crystal as she opened the bars of the cage.

Samuel crawled through the low entrance to her feet and looked up at her in dread. The pink shimmering nightie barely covered the rolls of flesh that towered over him, gauzy, a floating film that hid none of her from his sight. Shapely legs, short and massive, her thighs concealed the soft slit of her sex and the belly that swelled above gave way to breasts that hung almost to her deep navel. The face that looked down at Samuel might have been attractive if not for the rolls of fat at her neck and the double chin that framed it.

"I want you ready for the girls," said Crystal. "After you are ready you will clean up the room and then start your duties..."

Her hand dropped the shackles to the floor by his hands and she put her hands on her hips to look down at him with triumph.

"Put them on and then I'll dress you..."

Samuel considered the contrast of his own emaciated body to her massive frame. She was clearly far stronger than him, easily able to force him as she willed. No escaping her as she clipped the shackles to his ankles. The chain that ran between them was just a few inches.

"Shoes next and then this nice little dress..."

The shoes that she pointed at had transparent plastic heels, high platforms, spikes that were longer than the length of his feet. He sat on the floor and pulled them on, before starting to stand.

"Kneel, boy and put this on," said Crystal. "Sissy whores have to dress the part."

As she spoke, Crystal slipped her nightie over her head and dropped it on the floor.

"I want everyone to see exactly what you are!"

Samuel took the nightie. It was almost insubstantial in his hands as he slipped it over his head to drape to his waist. Looking down he could see that every detail of him was exposed through the lace and gauze. The tiny breasts, the rigid black and steel cock that bobbed between his thighs.

"Good, now you clear up the room, while I get myself ready for the pool."

Crystal disappeared into the tiny cubicle that was a shower and bathroom and he could hear the water splashing as she stepped under the water. Carefully he stood on the shoes, and moved to do her bidding. He pulled the silk sheets smooth on the bed that was his cage and moved around the room picking up all the discarded items that lay around.

A flogger, loose strands of rubber that hung from a dildo. Three canes that lay criss-cross on the floor. His hood and the shackles that had pinned him to the glory-hole. By the time that Crystal emerged from her shower he had placed them all on the rack by the cross on the wall and he stood ready.

"Good, now for a little fun," she smiled, "help me on with the bikini and then we head for the pool."

The top of the bikini was just a few strands of yellow cloth into which she poured her huge breasts before sitting on the edge of the bed and slipping on a pair of low mules.

"Here," she ordered and pointed to the floor between her open legs.

Samuel moved the two steps and kneeled between her thighs. For a minute, her foot lifted and she used the sole of her shoe to kick the steel between his legs.

"At least you are usable now," she laughed as she reached forward and grabbed his ears. "Show me what you can do..."

The strong hands pulled at him, causing him to bow between her thighs where the streaming slit of her pussy waited for attention.

"In you go, slut..."

The gash of her pussy, rough with two-day stubble greeted his lips and the rolls of fat of her thighs closed to trap his head. Her sex was a soft cave that opened as he kissed it. A mound split by soft lips, a clitoris that swelled like a tiny cock to his tongue. A stream of excitement poured from her as she pulled him close and used his lips and tongue to massage herself to a delicate climax.

"Harder," she groaned as she slid forward a little and opened her thighs to allow the glory of her to swallow him. "I can scarcely feel you inside me."

Samuel licked and kissed, but it seemed as though she was not satisfied with his efforts. Her hands pulled savagely at him, rubbing his face through her with hard pulls before Crystal lay back on the bed and opened wide.

"Kiss my ass, boy!"

The huge spheres of her buttocks widened, exposing a deep valley. A ravaged clench of pucker beckoned. A loose closure that had been fucked a million times. His lips met that soft opening and he felt a hand move to pull at his hair while the other slipped into her cunt and trapped the clitoris between its fingers.

"Fuck me, sissy," she groaned. "I want to feel you pressing into me, fucking me hard with your tongue..."

Her hand pulled strongly and she moaned as she felt his tongue press into her.

"You are nothing but an ass-licking cunt," she grunted. "Suck me out, sissy."

When the climax came, it was with a yell of exultation from far above and her thighs closed on his head trapping him in a universe of generous rolls of flesh as she savagely pulled at his hair, forcing him to fuck her ever deeper.

The thighs parted and she pushed him to sprawl on the floor.

"Every morning, slut. This is how it will be!"

Crystals' hands pulled on a yellow slip of cloth that barely covered her swollen slit and was quickly damp with the flow from her sex. She adjusted it a few moments and then moved to stand over the stricken Samuel that lay at her feet.

"Now, it's drinks by the pool with the girls before we start business at five," she said.

Episode Nine

At the front, trucks and the rest stop, to the back a high wall enclosing a few tattered palms and a small pool around which sunbeds were arranged.

Samuel blinked at the sunlight as he was led from the shade of the roof of the brothel to find himself the centre of attention of the five girls who lounged on the beds. A tug at the leash caused him to stumble, much to the amusement of the bikini clad girls.

"Our new slut," announced Crystal.

"At last," laughed Cherry. "Proper service by the pool! How did he get along last night?"

"Swallowed his first cock," said Eva. "A start..."

There was a small ripple of laughter from the girls and one pointed at the rigid member that stood between his thighs.

"Sissy is ready for anything," she laughed.

Samuel blushed at the eyes that were inspecting him and hung his head.

"Mm, a little foot massage would be great," said Cherry as Crystal gave the leash a small tug.

"Me too..."

Samuel knelt at Cherry's feet and watched her kick the casual mules off. Her nails were manicured red, hooking over the toes with diamante sparkles.

"Gentle and soothing," she said, "and make sure that you suck my toes as well."

Samuel was almost glad for the task. Now he could concentrate on those slender feet and avoid seeing the women who were enjoying his humiliation. Slim ankles, long shapely legs and a tiny triangle of red that was tucked between the tops of her thighs. He massaged the feet and planted a small kiss on each toe. Crystal passed his leash to Cherry's hand and then took a place on a vacant sunbed.

The claw of a nail scratched the roof of Samuel's mouth as he extended his lips around the toe and he suckled it gently to hear a moan from Cherry.

"If sissy can suck cock like he sucks toes, he will be a favourite for the glory-hole," said Cherry. "He looks perfect in pink, I think that it's his look!"

The comment caused more chuckles and Samuel licked the toe that was pressed between his lips. Mutely he looked up the length of Cherry's long legs and cast his eyes down when she looked down at him.

"I'm starting to think that our little slut is perfect for lazy afternoons by the pool," breathed Cherry. "Perfect in that nightie..."

Samuel studied the girls lounging on the sunbeds. Most had a drink nearby or in their hand. Cherry and Shawna, the owners of the Snake Ranch. Both in their thirties, bare breasted in the sun. Eva on the next bed, the one who at first had seemed so sympathetic. Crystal bobbing in the pool who it seemed he had been given to, to train, and then all of the others that were moving to their places. Now there were ten or so more whose names he did not know, some in bikinis, one or two naked, a Chinese girl whose whole skin was a collage of fuchsia tattoos and sat in the shade of an umbrella.

All of them chattering, playing on their phones as they relaxed in the sun whilst Samuel became their waitress. It was the Chinese girl that first ordered a drink and Samuel soon found that he was running here and there to find the ice machine and the bar, serving drinks, clearing the empty glasses, slathering on sun-block and massaging legs and backs. Most just called him 'slut'! One or two seemed to have picked up his name and called him 'Sammi' and the rest used 'boy' or no name at all.

Crystal needed rubbing down after her swim and lay like a beached white whale while he dabbed at her pale skin with a towel before she turned over and Samuel was required to massage her back for half an hour. The sun reached a peak and then slowly slid to the west and one by one the girls left their sunbeds and drifted away. The last around the pool were Cherry, Shawna and Crystal who were now sitting at the edge with their feet in the cool water of the pool whilst Samuel massaged Cherry's neck and shoulders.

"Business is good," commented Cherry to Shawna. "Fifty Grand this week so far. I think that we really need to spend some cash, brighten the place up and redo the bar..."

Shawna shook her head.

"It's fine as it is, darling," she replied. "What we need to do is to get the girls into the trucks more... It's fast and makes more money!"

"You know that I'm against that," replied Cherry. "Risky and we have to lower the prices!"

"I'm not getting into some fucking truck," said Crystal.

"You're not included in this," said Shawna. "Anyway, you need the Black Chamber *and* are booking only, so it doesn't affect you at all."

Crystal seemed satisfied and moved her head to allow Samuel to properly massage her right shoulder.

"The girls won't like it," said Cherry. "There's only three that work the trucks since Kelly was attacked three weeks ago."

"Well, she had what was coming," said Shawna. "I still reckon that she was working for herself."

Cherry shrugged.

"Makes no difference, Shawna. A week not earning cost us three thousand. I think that we need to make the rooms and bar better and then we can charge more. You forget how it was when you were working the trucks ten years ago!"

"I still do," said Shawna with a grin. "Don't always charge, either!"

"And sooner or later you'll meet the man who has a knife to pay with..."

"I know my men!"

There was silence for a few minutes before Crystal heaved herself up and said, "Gotta be ready in an hour, babes. This one's an all-nighter."

Cherry nodded at the huge woman in the tiny yellow bikini and grabbed Samuels' wrist as he started to follow Crystal from the poolside.

"You stayin' here," she ordered. "We gotta have a few words..."

Crystal hesitated for a moment and then turned and left the group. Shawna looked at Cherry and then up at Samuel and started to giggle.

"Crystal is such a bitch."

"She needs to be to keep those men in her grip," answered Cherry. "They always come back for more and more of her. Crystal might not exactly be a model, but she knows what the poor bastards need. Twenty regulars in her stable, all of them with her marks on them like little

puppies. The real question is, what the fuck do we do with this sissy that you dragged in here?"

"Oh, he's just the start! There's loads of men that want to fuck little boys, it's just that they don't want to admit it. Two or three more would really boost the bottom line!"

"Yeah, but we gotta be careful. The punters have to know what they're paying for. Eva could have been slapped around bad if I hadn't stepped in when that punter realised whose lips were around his precious cock!"

"You are far too delicate for this business, Cherry," sighed Shawna. "It is what it is! The girls are whores and would walk in a moment if they could earn without fucking all those greasy cocks. You and I would sell up for a million or two and poor little Sammi, here, is just fuck-meat who is nothing but a skank-boy. If we spend some green, we don't get a return, 'cos we can be closed in a moment anyways."

Cherry nodded and looked up at Samuel.

"We don't even know where Sammi is from..."

"What the fuck do we need to know that for?" asked Shawna. "All we need to know is that a fuck-puppet like him is pure profit!"

"I was just wondering," said Cherry. "A couple of nights ago, he was pushed out of a pick-up and you rounded him up. He's got a brand on his leg, a fucking bar-code on the other and someone has made sure that he can't even talk..."

"Just another 'lifestyle' pervert who was kicked out by some deviant lover," yawned Shawna. "I don't give a shit, all I know is that he could be worth a couple of hundred a day to me, if we do this right."

Cherry shrugged.

"Still don't think that doing the trucks is a good idea."

"I'll prove you wrong," said Shawna. "I always do when you get all soft on the girls. They're here to fuck and suck, they get paid a split and they can fuck off whenever they like as long as they work their contracts out. Even better if they fuck off, because we won't have to pay them off... If they don't like it I can find a dozen whores to replace them in an hour on the Reno streets."

"OK, you got the bigger share of the ranch," sighed Cherry. "I have had my say, prove me wrong then, but, how you gonna do that?"

"Eva and this little trans will start working the trucks tonight. Let's see if she can earn more bouncing in the back of a truck than in that pink room of hers! Pair her off with Sammi here and let's give it a week..."

"I'll tell her," said Cherry. "But, she ain't going to like it at all!"

"Then she can fuck off," said Shawna. "Tell her from me, she thinks that she's a fucking princess in that flouncy-bouncy pink room of hers, but to me she's just a ho who is not making me enough green!"

Shawna looked up at Samuel and slapped him on his ass.

"You gonna make me a fortune, babe. Twenty-four-seven you're gonna be sucking cock and being fucked in the truck-park as a twenty-dollar trick. That's when you're not Crystal's little gimp or open mouthed at the glory-hole! I'm gonna get me some more bitches like you and we'll offer a line of tight asses and open mouths for the truckers who just want a quickie."

Samuel moved his lips. The word 'please' and other entreaties could be read, but Shawna just laughed at him and pushed him into the pool. Her foot moved to hold his head under the water before he managed to struggle to the surface. Shawna kicked at him and he clung to her ankle and struggled to kiss her toes.

"Crystal will fuck the slut into line," laughed Shawna. "Tonight, he works with Eva and the other no-hopers in the lot and I expect it to turn at least five tricks..."

Cherry shrugged as she watched Samuel finally gain the side of the pool.

"Clean up, boy! I'll tell Crystal that from now on you gonna work the trucks unless she needs you. I've got a new girl to prepare, so make sure that you're ready to fuck!"

Samuel clambered from the pool. The nightie clung to his body, moulded by the dripping water that hid the tears that were streaming from his eyes. Cherry had forgotten that Samuel could not speak to Crystal...

"Truck, fuck and suck," said Shawna with a laugh. "We'll be watching you and I expect every lousy dollar to be in my hand..."

Episode Ten

A dripping Samuel knocked on the door of the Black Chamber.

Just to the side was the door into the cubicle with the glory-hole. A plain door that led to the tiled room that he had seen, but not yet entered. The sight of the door caused him to look back over his shoulder into the sleazy bar where, already one or two of the girls were taking their places on the stools.

The Chinese girl, carefully brushing on her green lipstick. Her tight silk dress revealing the pale tattoos that covered every inch of her skin. Another girl, dressed in a short tartan skirt and white socks sat cross-legged with a whisky in her hand, rocking a stiletto on her upturned toes. Samuel turned back to the door and was about to knock again when the door opened and Crystal stood looking furious.

"What the fuck?" she yelled and she grabbed the leash that dangled from his collar and pulled him roughly into the room. "Look at the fucking state of you," she yelled. "On your knees..."

Samuel almost fell to the floor on his knees and the spike of her shoe in his back pushed him on to all-fours.

"What you need is a lesson in manners," she spat as she picked one of the canes from the bin by the bed and bent it in her strong hands. "Kiss my feet at every stroke..."

The bamboo whistled down and struck one cheek of Samuel's ass with a sullen thwack. He exhaled and tried to crawl to her feet, but Crystal moved to one side and dealt another stroke almost immediately.

"Kiss my feet to say 'thank-you', she yelled.

The pain of the two wild strokes of the cane on his ass stung, but even though her hand was strong, it was not the overwhelming pain that his last owner's husband had inflicted with just a single stroke of the cane. It was a sharp sting, fading to heat in seconds and Samuel hastened to crawl to Crystal's feet.

"Do it like you fucking mean it!" shouted Crystal as she watched his lips brush the points of her boots from above. "Don't you dare stop!"

The next stroke of the cane ran the length of Samuel's back. From shoulder across to his ass, the cane caused him to jump, but he managed to press his lips to the patent leather hard enough to satisfy the woman who was punishing him.

"All night in the glory-hole while I fuck your ass, you fucking pervert," she cried and laid another wild stroke on his uplifted ass. "Look what you did to my nightie..."

It clung wetly to his skin, ripped where the cane had caught it and a long welt on his damp skin marked the rent.

Crystal was like an elemental force. She kicked the lips that were on her boots and laid another stroke that almost missed his crawling form and left a stripe on his thigh where it had landed.

"Don't fucking move..."

Samuel was in a panic. Crystal's feet moved beneath his lips making it almost impossible to keep contact. The hooks where the criss-cross laces ran over the front scored his chin and cheeks as she kicked again before she gave him a last stroke and tossed the cane to the bed.

"You got me all horny," she said.

Samuel felt the leash at his neck being pulled and he moved to kneel to find that Crystal was standing with her legs open while her hands pulled the hem of her short rubber skirt high to expose rounded belly and the folds at the tops of her thighs.

"In you go," she breathed and her hands gripped Samuel's head and pushed his face into her. "This is how to thank me properly, bitch!"

The perfume of her filled his nose and the loose lips of her pussy parted to reveal the wet cavern that he was to serve. He tasted her and then he was forced deep between her thighs. The first contact of his lips on her clitoris caused a gasp and she stepped back as if the pleasure was unbearable.

"On the fucking bed, whore..."

Crystal dragged Samuel on to the bed by main force. Strong enough to pick him up, she threw him to the bed and leaned down to put her face over his.

"This is what I call 'the grind'," she said as she smiled for the first time. "Normal cost, eighty dollars, but you gonna get my perfect ass for free, bitch!"

She mounted the bed and slapped Samuel's face as he tried to move before shuffling over him, her knees and rough boots on his shoulders facing his legs.

"Take a deep breath, whore, this is where you go under!"

Looking straight up, he could see her huge body towering over him. The loosely hanging breasts, the overtight corset that stretched around her waist and her leering face as she slowly tipped forward to cover him with her thighs like walls on either side of his face. A glimpse of a key on a chain at her neck and then Crystal moved each knee forward and Samuel was looking up at the vastness of her ass and gaping cunt.

He felt hands on his thighs. The fingers gripping tight and making their way the length of his legs and then she moved a little more and grasped his ankles. As she lifted his legs high, she put all her weight down and closed his face into her pussy with a sigh. Samuel tried to free his legs from Crystal's grip, but they were lifted and parted inexorably while she shuffled to force his face deep into the warm folds of soft flesh that closed his world to darkness.

Samuel fought to free himself, twist free, throw her bulk from himself, gain access to air, but her weight and strength held him pinned and all his efforts just opened his lips to allow the softness of her pussy to push into his mouth as she repositioned herself and began to rock across his face. Like a bear with its back to a tree. Crystal rubbed herself over Samuel's face, pressing her clitoris across his gaping mouth for attention, closing every chance of breathing and enveloping him in her yielding flesh.

His legs were lifted high and then bent back, until his thighs were under her arms and Crystal leaned forward to force them wide before a finger scratched a line from the steel that encased his balls to the pucker of his ass-hole. The scratching nail followed the tender line exactly, pressing hard, moving slowly as she ground her hips in a circular motion and uttered a small cry as he lapped at her swelling clitoris. When the finger reached the pucker of his ass, it pressed a little and Crystal slowed her hips to prolong the climax that was mounting all too soon.

The fat finger retreated and Samuel felt her straighten to put all her weight on his trapped face. His mind was dizzied with a desperate need to breathe, but Crystal did not move, but simply enjoyed the frantic soft touches as she relaxed and allowed her weight to settle before she picked up the cane.

Samuel was slowly bent under her immense strength and weight.

Crystal forced his legs further down with her strong hands until he was fully folded. His spine felt as though it was cracking as Crystal pushed ever downward with a laugh of glee. She lifted a leg and trapped one leg under it and then the other. Now his legs were parallel to his torso

with her weight closing hard to present her with a perfectly vulnerable stretched ass.

The target was too tempting!

Crystal hefted the cane and touched the flinching flesh of him. Pressing the cane on his thighs and running the rough tip across the delicate skin of his open thighs.

The first stroke of the cane on his tightly pulled ass caused Samuel to start. He moved under her vast ass and thighs, causing her to moan with the convulsions of her trapped toy. The second stroke caught the steel sphere on his balls and Samuel jolted hard in reflex to make Crystal pause, to keep her own reaction under her complete control.

She pressed the tip of the bamboo cane to his ass and enjoyed the startled reaction and then realised that the tongue that was touching her so intimately had stopped. Crystal waited a few seconds and then lifted just a little. Just before he blacked-out, exactly as she desired, the trapped slut under her sex gasped hard for breath and she dropped back to smother him completely. Humid, cloying air filled Samuel's lungs and the dizziness moved to the edge of his consciousness.

Once again, she pressed the hard rod of the cane and it forced it slowly into his ass while she scratched the tender place between balls and the juncture where the cane was embedded. The reaction was pure bliss to the massive woman that was destroying her prey and she gasped and muttered, "Bitch," before she grasped the dangling key and started to expose her next focus of attention. Samuel could feel his balls being unclasped, the hands pulling at the metal and stiff rubber that encased him and he desperately licked to satisfy the woman who was violating him so exquisitely.

His cock stood to its full three inches as nails scored lines the length of it and Crystal's other hand closed on his aching balls.

"Sissy slut," she murmured and pushed the cane a little deeper inside her victim. "I'll pull these little cherries right off you..."

Once again, the lips and tongue tried to beg Crystal for mercy, but she was high on the feeling of utter domination that washed her head and slapped at those vulnerable balls with the back of her hand. A jiggle of the hips to remind him and she gripped his cock and her hand was a blur of movement that stopped the instant that a translucent pearl of precum welled from the shiny tip.

Crystal bore down, then relented and lifted to listen for the gasp from below before she shuffled forward and lowered to put her gaping ass on his face. One hand on his little cock, the other now pressing between her own streaming thighs, Crystal leaned back and understood that the sissy beneath her bulk, knew where his duty lay. His lips enclosed her soft pucker, the tongue explored and then pressed deep and her hand moved in circles through her wet cunt to push herself past the finishing line.

She could feel the curtain lift, the waves of compulsion that caused her to sway as she climaxed. The wetness draining from the inner depths of her. The swelling sensitivity of clitoris and inner lips. Her hand pulled at his balls to push her prey to a last effort that would take her to the tipping point.

The point of no return.

Reached and surmounted, Crystal gasped, cried out and rotated her hips before reluctantly lifting an inch before she resettled and teased the tiny cocklet that was so desperate to be loved and played with. She leaned forward and took the metal and rubber of the restraint and slowly forced Samuel back into it with relish. The click of the padlock caused a last shudder of her thighs.

Then, she lifted and allowed Samuel's contorted legs to numbly flop to their full length across the sheets even though the tip of the cane was still embedded in his flesh and he cried out as he straightened.

Breathing hard, a hot flush on her breasts, Crystal slipped back and put a finger to Samuel's lips.

"You'll learn to hold your breath for ever," she chuckled. "Beg to lick very drop of come from my ass!"

Her hands cupped her loose breasts.

"Under *my* ass for ever and ever... while you suck and fuck."

Episode Eleven

"The fucking trucks! In the lot. Me?" exclaimed Eva. "There's no fucking way..."

Shawna stood with her hands on her hips, face thrust forward in confrontation.

"Cherry already told you, Min-Ling gets the pink room and you'll do as you are told She's fit to fuck, you're just a come dumpster!" she said between gritted teeth. "I want you in the lot tonight or you are out... I say so and so does this," she continued as she held up Eva's contract in the air.

Eva looked to Cherry for support, but the other brothel-mistress just shrugged and looked to her partner without speaking.

"Give me my cash then, and I'm off..."

"Eva, darling, I don't have to give you a cent until you have completed your notice, read the fucking contract!"

"Bitch!" said Eva. "You can't do this!"

"Watch me, honey! You signed on the dotted line, I don't gotta pay unless you leave regular, like your contract says!"

"Then here's my fucking notice, bitch!"

Eva grabbed a pen from Cherry's hand and the paper from Shawna and scribbled on the bottom of the paper.

"A month and then I'm out," she spat as she threw the paper to the wet bar. "I'll go to back to Texas, away from this shit-hole. I got friends..."

Shawna picked up the damp contract and folded it.

"You got nothing darling, nothing! I want you on the lot, that's where you belong, with the other three..."

Eva spat on the floor by Cherry's feet and stalked out of the bar to the outside with her back ram-rod straight.

"That went well!" said Cherry ironically. "Eva is one of the best earners!"

"She's an uppity skank, just a hole that we both have a share in," laughed Shawna. "She is getting too fucking arrogant for my liking. Glad to be rid of her..."

"She reminds me of you!" said Cherry.

"What the *fuck* do you mean by that?"

"Five years ago, that was you! You were so pissed because some ranch-owner took all your cash for your work. Now the boot's on the other foot!"

Shawna shrugged and smiled.

"I got what I wanted, I always did. You think too much, dear. I did my time on the streets, Eva has to do the same! Now then, we have to get our little slut-boy ready for a night's work in the lot with Eva. Then, we have to decide which girl gets the Pink Room!"

"You said Min-Ling would be in pink!"

"Only 'cos Eva hates the Chinese bitch!"

"I'll get it ready for action," said Cherry. "The Snake Ranch is ours, yours and mine, even if you have the biggest share. Eva is a business-asset, a girl that makes thousands, it won't be easy to replace her!"

"Watch me," said Shawna.

"If Eva gets into trouble in some truck, like Kelly, then you are to blame!"

"It'll save us a stash, let's hope she does!"

Cherry shook her head and stepped back.

"You really mean that, don't you? Anything for the cash, is that where you are at?"

"It's all just business!" answered Shawna with a yawn.

"I don't like it at all, babe! When we set this place up, this was going to be a place where the girls could work safely, where the truckers got what they needed. Get them *out* of the lot, you said. Now look at it!"

"Times change, babe. You have no idea what the cost of running this place is! I gotta pay to keep the doors open, there's people who need paying, cops like Gerry, judges and others, you don't see where the money goes!"

"We're all legal, that was the deal!"

Shawna shrugged.

"You're so fucking naïve, babe! Now let's get primed for the Friday night action and get the girls into action. I'll keep an eye on the lot, you get the girls ready!"

Cherry pulled a face, once Shawna had decided, there was just no changing her mind at all with argument.

Perhaps it was time to leave?

Chapter Five

Episode Twelve

Samuel stood quaking in the corner, watching the overwhelming woman primp herself for her client. Dressed in a tartan skirt and knee-high socks with a tight T shirt that barely covered his small breasts, Samuel was sick with dread. The ring on his balls itched and he was grateful that at least she had not decided to put the steel-and-rubber restraint back on him.

Meanwhile, Crystal bustled around the room after her shower and laid out her costume on the bed before crooking a finger to the fearful and silent watcher to help her.

She sat on the edge of the bed as Samuel rolled on the latex stockings and pulled her corset tight around her bulging midriff. Every chance Crystal got, she cuffed Samuel until his head rang. When he fumbled at lacing her knee-high boots, when he touched her breasts as he tried to settle them into the top of the corset and when he offered her one glove inside out.

The blows were casual, but her strength made his eyes see stars with each slap and brought tears to his eyes.

At last, he was kneeling at her feet and Crystal was applying her makeup. She pouted her lips as the charcoal matte lipstick was applied, then she lined her eyes with black and brushed the mascara on her lashes. He looked up and felt a wave of fear as she strapped a huge dildo to herself, allowing him to pull the straps tight while she held the rubber manhood in both hands.

"When I've fucked him, you'll get a turn too," she chuckled as the straps bit into her plump flesh. "Something to look forward to... This one will open you up and get you ready for tomorrow night! I got some great cock for you to choke on lined up."

Samuel's thin arms fell to his side as she turned towards him and the tip of the rubber cock lined up to his lips.

"Tonight, you're on the lot, sucking cock for Shawna and Cherry. Tomorrow I have a punter who can use you! A man that loves to choke twink bitches while he is whipped... Oh, I forget, you already met Ben!"

The rubber cock moved a little with Crystal's hips. Veined and bulbous, it came to rest on his lips and he instinctively kissed it lightly.

"That's right, Sammi! If you're good, I'll let you get it nice and wet in your throat before I shaft your ass with this and make you scream!"

Her finger touched the huge head of the rubber cock and stroked it gently.

Samuel's eyes looked up at the woman who stood over him. Tight latex that showed every bulge and ripple of her strength. There would be nothing that he could do to stop her violating him, and she knew it. She revelled in the sheer physical power that she had been given over her pet and pressed her hips forward a little, forcing the head between his lips in a casual movement.

Crystal patted her kneeling victim on the top of his head and then pulled free.

"A perfect fit, bitch! Spitted at both ends..."

At that moment, the padded door opened and Cherry entered the room. She stood and surveyed the enormous woman that had a helpless man at her booted feet. His waist was barely the same width as Crystal's thighs, the tip of the dildo hung wetly before his lips and she could sense the fear that emanated from him in waves.

"Shawna wants it out on the lot tonight," she said. "Your punter is in the bar, so let's get it out there and making green for us."

Crystal turned to Cherry, the huge cock swaying as she did so.

"Just turning-on the mood," she chuckled. "Bring the skank back when I'm done. I fancy playin' with it later, making it scream to be fucked..."

Cherry crooked her finger and Samuel stood and walked to her on his heels, grateful that he was leaving Crystal. Cherry took the leash and turned to lead him from the room. They walked through the bar, where two men stood drinking at the bar, while the girls that they had chosen sipped at the bubbly that was part of their price.

Outside the Snake Ranch trucks were pulled up in ranks. Dark shadows and sodium lights, a few denim-clad truckers stood with Shawna's girls and Samuel saw Eva, her face angry gesticulating with a huge man that had a hand on her shoulder.

"This is how it is," said Cherry. "Forty for a blow job and sixty for a fuck, a hundred if it's bareback."

She pointed to a lamp that stood alone where Shawna was leaning whilst she chatted with another woman through the window of a limo.

"You give it all to Shawna," continued Cherry. "No more than twenty minutes a truck or it's double! Understand, bitch?"

Samuel nodded.

Beyond the pool of light at the front of the Snake Ranch was blackness, the start of the scrubland that surrounded the truck-stop. A few abandoned buildings and then endless moonlit brushwood and dirt. Cherry walked slowly through the lot with Samuel trailing behind to where a black-and-white stood alone in the dust. She tapped on the window and it dropped to reveal a patrol-cop sitting eating from a carton.

"Gerry, this is one of our hoes," she said to the cop as he glanced at Samuel. "Wanna try it?"

"Maybe later, Cherry," he laughed. "I'll keep an eye out..."

"First night," said Cherry. "Eva's out on the lot as well."

"Don't think of running," said Cherry to Samuel. "There's nowhere to go and Gerry gets so fucking pissed when he has to get out of his vehicle!"

Gerry laughed and took a bite at his burger before stuffing fries into his mouth and hefting his beer.

"This bitch ain't going nowhere," he said as he chewed. "Cherry, where the fuck do you get all these skinny bitches?"

"This one's just road-kill," laughed Cherry.

Gerry chuckled and reached from the window of his patrol car and squeezed one of Samuel's breasts.

"She won't last a week..."

The hand retreated and Gerry stuffed the last of the burger between his greasy lips and shrugged.

"It's Friday night," he said. "Time for my money!"

"Shawna has it ready for you," said Cherry. "Three hundred..."

Gerry shrugged and the window slipped up to close.

"Cops are *a*lways sucked off for free," she said to Samuel. "Just make it quick and satisfying!"

The darkness, the humid chill in the air, the yellow light, the trucks that moved slowly as they settled into place. The rough concrete of the lot, the men and woman that moved in almost silence. The bright lights from the Snake Ranch and the gas station fifty yards back. Miles from anywhere with just the endless road connecting this hell from reality. The pull on the leash, the click of his heels and the svelte form of Cherry in the half-dark.

Samuel felt overwhelmed by it all, a living nightmare, a shadowed pit of hell that was like nothing that he had ever experienced before. He was nothing more than a puppet on a leash, a few dollars in the hand. And, when it was all done, Crystal waited for his return...

Watching over it all, keeping order and counting each fuck were Gerry and Shawna. Cherry led him back towards Shawna by the leash. The car was gone now and she stood watching the four other girls who stood provocatively, each in their place. Shawna took the leash from Cherry's hand and laughed at the expression on Samuel's face.

"Get with the fucking program," she said, "You should thank me, I already got one lined up for you..."

Tears rolled down Samuel's cheeks as his owner pointed at a huge truck that stood at the end of the line. Gilded in chrome, a monster of steel in blue and red that glittered in the gloom.

"Never seen that one before," commented Cherry as she inspected the truck.

"Three hundred up front," laughed Shawna triumphantly holding up her hand with a tattered fistful of notes. "Now, you run along and do what you're told, you're hired up for two hours..."

Samuel looked at the truck and Shawna slapped his ass.

"You're just a fucking whore and don't you forget it," laughed Shawna. "Go and earn for me, bitch! Show your punter a fucking fun time..."

Samuel felt the leash drop and took a step towards the red and blue truck.

Episode Thirteen

It was the longest walk that Samuel had ever taken.

His feet stumbled over the rough concrete. From amongst the trucks came a whistle that he supposed was for him. His cheap high-heels ticked on the surface of the lot, he could feel the hem of the short skirt flutter on his thighs. A cool breeze caused the soft skin on his belly and thighs to prickle, as he tried to roll his hips as he walked.

Dread filled his mind, making every step an effort, but he knew that Shawna and Gerry were watching every stride and there was no going back. He was nothing but a whore now.

Just cheap and easy road kill...

A truck-stop bitch on the Snake Ranch lot.

Up ahead the truck loomed larger and larger.

The polished chrome on the fenders, the emblem of an eagle on the door that slowly swung open to reveal darkness within. The steel ladder was cold in his hands, each step up into the cab an effort that was almost beyond his strength. Samuel's head came to the level of the huge bench that filled the front cab of the truck and he saw a woman's leg. A high platform sole, the straps of the open shoe, the ankle with a frilly white sock and the smooth leg that bent at the knee as it moved.

Samuel stood at the opening to see the whole of the woman who occupied the cab. Tight denim skirt and a crop-top artfully torn over her rounded breasts, pouting red lips and long, dyed blonde hair laced with pink ribbons.

"Mm, just what I ordered," said the woman as her hand reached for Samuel.

He hesitated for a moment, the shock of the woman in the cab where he had expected some huge hairy man threw him as her hand took the loop of the leash and gave it a sharp tug. The strength of the woman's arm as she pulled, the wicked smile on her face and then she was reaching out of the cab and pulling the door closed.

"I bought you for a couple of hours, babe. Name's Layla," said the woman as she slid across the bench, pulling Samuel behind her. "You thinkin' that only a man needs a whore? Well, you're wrong, I need a woman now and again..."

She laughed.

"I like what you've got, babe," said Layla breathlessly as her hand cupped a small breast.

Samuel nodded as Layla's hand slid the length of his leash and gripped his neck in a grasp that was fearfully strong. It slid down to his breasts and pawed them through his thin top before her other hand reeled him in and her lips pouted as they met his.

The kiss was brief and the trucker allowed her hand to slip to his hip.

"Wait 'till you see this... I got a nice place for my special bitches..."

Layla slipped between the gap in the front seat of the truck, dragging a helpless Samuel behind her through the curtain. He emerged into the private area behind the cab where a huge bed made up most of the space and Layla moved to kneel over him. Her legs pinned his arms and she laughed as he bucked under her.

"You got to try harder than that!"

Samuel pressed his feet against the side of the bed and heaved, but Layla just rode him easily and braced her hands on the low ceiling of the cab to press her knees into his shoulders and pin him to the bed. She leaned down and pressed her lips to his while her hands explored roughly.

He tried to wriggle free, but the strong hands squeezed his breasts and then moved downward as she slipped back to put her weight on his thighs with his arms pinned under his body. Samuel could feel the fingers on his thighs, they pinched him and then slipped upward.

"Oh my sweet Lord," she cried as her fingers encountered what lay beneath the tartan skirt. "What the fuck has my whore got between her legs?"

Her fingers closed on his balls and explored the steel ring that was tightly closed between them and his body before squeezing his cock and pulling at it.

"Shit! You've got your own little surprises," she said as she looked down between her thighs. "This is the best! A cute little girly-sissy..."

Her fingers pulled at the metal ring and turned it and Samuel felt his cock becoming stiff as she played with him.

"A ringer!" she laughed at her joke before slapping Samuel's cock sharply with the palm of her hand. "A sissy bitch to play with!"

Samuel writhed under Layla's weight, but her thighs clamped harder awhile she played with him and laughed. She leaned forward and her hands moved over his body as she squeezed his breasts and then gripped his head.

"This is so hot, bitch, so fucking hot..."

Layla's arms pulled up and Samuel was lifted before she dropped him and then suddenly slipped over the length of his body, her shins on his shoulders his frightened eyes looking up at her muscular body as she started to strip off the T shirt. Her small rounded breasts hung free, the rough design of an eagle tattooed across them as she pulled at her skirt, releasing the poppers with a series of clicks.

Now, Samuel could see all of her. A flat stomach, the well-defined sculpture of her body, a woman with a physique that was all solid muscle, a woman twice the strength of the sissy trapped between her thighs. She slid forward again, the tightly curled bush of hair between her thighs over Samuel's lips and she pulled his head into contact.

"This is how they pay to cross the border," she chuckled as she effortlessly pinned him.

After the weight and padding of Crystal queening him, the hard body of Layla was a complete contrast. The slit of her sex was buried in a mass of stiff curls, the inner sanctum smooth and oiled by a sweet-smelling flow of pleasure. There was weight, but no rolls of flesh to block his breath. Instead, Layla slid over his lips, rocking hard as she gasped at the touch of his tongue. Samuel found the tiny clitoris, forced it from its hiding place with the pressure of his lips and lapped at it as she rode him to completion.

She leaned back on her hands and opened her thighs wide.

"That's right, bitch, fuck me good... make me come."

Samuel raised his head to keep his lips to hers, lapping at the tiny bud that was the centre of her need. The brush of her pubic hair scoured his cheeks as he pressed forward and she moaned above him. In the dim light, he could see her fit body drip with sweat and hear the gasps at each touch.

"Fuck, that's good, don't stop... no, no, no..."

He tasted salt of clean sweat, the musk of Layla that oozed between his lips and then she climaxed with a gasp and a wail just as his neck could no longer support his head and fell back to the bed.

Layla held her position for a minute. Her breath came in long gasps and finally she sat up to look down at the sissy trapped between her thighs.

"You are good, boy, really good," she said breathlessly and lifted from him to move to kneel beside him and kiss his lips. "Worth every cent... you don't say much, and I like that in a whore! A sweet silent little Tex-Mex ho."

Samuel looked up at the kneeling woman and turned his head away. His hand went to the collar at his throat and he made a small whining sound.

"What's this?" she asked as the collar slipped down under his fingers and she raised an eyebrow at the tiny white scar at his throat. "Someone didn't like what you were saying. You poor little thing!"

Samuel's eyes welled with tears at her sympathetic tone and his hands lifted his skirt, to cause a gasp from the woman who sat by him.

"Jesus," she exclaimed as she saw the brand and tattoo on his thigh. "The Snake Ranch did this?"

Samuel shook his head and Layla slowly traced the curlicue 'H' with a finger.

"Never seen anything like this," she breathed, "The tattoo, that I've seen before... kinda horny though!"

Her hand moved to his upright cock and played with it casually.

"You want to get out of here?" she asked.

He looked up and nodded.

"Of course you do, sissy! I can take you to somewhere that is perfect..."

The fingers squeezed his balls and rubbed the little cock up and down and his blushing reaction made her laugh.

"You wanna be mine instead? I could do it, but there's a price to pay for my help."

Samuel frantically nodded his head and placed his fingers on the back of the hand that was playing with him.

"Be fun, to have my own little sissy boy to play with," she mused. "If you promise to be a good little boy, then perhaps I'll keep you a-whiles"

Samuel's head filled with hope. Of all the women who had owned him, abused him, Layla seemed as if she cared for him. Her hand slipped away from his and reached to the back of the cab.

"I'll think about it, babe, meanwhile, you gotta show me that you want to be mine!"

Her hands took his wrists and she turned on the bed. Lifting a muscled thigh over his face and sitting astride, he looked up at the tight buns of her ass as it lowered over him.

"I know just the place that you can hide..."

She lowered and sighed as his lips enclosed her ass-hole. Her thighs around over his head and clamped tight, blocking the sound of her voice as she slipped a hand down to her streaming pussy.

"Just the place... and they'll pay so good for a slut like you."

Samuel stretched out his tongue and touched the squirming pucker of her. Pressed a little and felt it slacken to allow him in. Layla's fingers strummed over her tiny clitoris and she slowly eased back on the helpless slut, the first climax, a slow wave of bliss to which she closed her eyes.

"Priceless," she breathed. "You're worth at least a couple of grand!"

Episode Fourteen

Samuel crouched in the small space. It had a slight tang of urine that caused him to retch. The tiny breathing holes in the door allowed the fierce growl of the truck's starting engine to fill his ears.

The tiny cell was just one of four. Three feet long by two and just two feet high. Smooth wooden sides with metal rings screwed in each corner. Samuel explored the space with his hands and moved to take the weight from his knees with his hands. The cell was warm and humid, now it stank of the sweat of his terror.

Each cell concealed behind the bed in Layla's cabin. A dark space where illegals could evade the search at the Mexican border, where drugs and cash could be hidden from view, each cubbyhole a concealed priest hole with no sanctity.

The loud growl of the engine stuttered to a stop, the vibration ceased and Samuel heard the door of the cab open and Layla's voice as she spoke.

"I'm moving on," she said.

The next voice that Samuel heard was Shawna's and he shrank to the back of the box as if he could hide in its nethermost recesses.

"Leaving now, at night? We are just looking for the slut that you hired for a couple of hours..."

"Gotta move on to pick up a load in Sacramento. Anyways, she's not here," said Layla's voice. "Hours ago, I tipped her out... Crying bitch was no good even to lick ass... I could've asked for my money back!"

A man's voice joined the conversation.

"Ma'am, you wouldn't mind if I just checked the back? Police business!"

"You doubting my word?" came Layla's voice with an edge that suggested confrontation. "If I say that the little skank's not here, then I fucking mean just *that*..."

"Well, I want to look-see," said Shawna. "It wouldn't be the first time that some trucker has taken off with one of my girls."

"Ma'am," said Gerry's voice as he spoke to Layla. "You wouldn't want me to have to check this rig for traffic violations, would ya?"

Samuel heard a slight sound that he imagined was a resigned sigh from Layla.

"OK, have a look-see, then you can apologise proper!"

The sound of Gerry mounting into the cab filled Samuel with horror. His hand covered his soundless lips and he shivered as he heard movement just a couple of feet from the door that concealed him. The sound of the mattress being lifted and dropped, the small side door to the shower being opened and closed and a warning from Layla.

"Go fucking careful, cop. This is my home and you haven't got a warrant."

"Calm down, babe, just need to be sure the little slut ain't hiding in your rig!" came his reply.

"When did the whore slip out?" asked Shawna.

"About an hour ago. Opened that door and moved to the next truck... That black rig, maybe. Wasn't looking."

"Fuck," said Gerry.

"You missed her," said Shawna accusingly to the cop. "Now we gotta check the *whole* fucking lot for the bitch!"

"Shit, do we? If she's in the desert..."

"Every truck, you stupid mother-fucker. I'll have Sammis's hide and balls when we catch her," said Shawna.

"Well, she's not here *and* she is *not* even a she!" said Layla.

"Ma'am, sorry for the disturbance," said Gerry ignoring Layla's last comment. "If you can wait while we check the rig from the outside. No takin' chances. Then, you're good to go."

"Knock yourself out," laughed Layla.

"OK," said Shawna to Gerry. "You start here and start earning the money we pay you and I'll start on the other trucks... Fuck, fuck, fuck; bitch's gonna end up permanently chained to the glory hole after this!"

The sound of the cab door slamming caused Samuel to exhale. Now all he could hear was the creaking of Layla settling in her seat. After a few

minutes, there was the sound of Gerry's hand slapping on the outside of the door and his voice, "Good to go, baby."

Layla's fired up the engine of the rig and her answering words were lost in the rumble. Samuel felt a lurch, a slight cornering and then the engine's sound turned to a throaty growl and the truck moved to the open road.

Episode Fifteen

Endless hours on the road.

Days!

Sacramento, where the truck was loaded as Samuel cowered in the hidden box that was now his home. At night, Layla pulled him from his hiding place and watched over him while he squatted by the road before using him and then putting him away again.

Samuel had imagined that, once away from the truck-stop, Layla would sit him in the cab beside her as she drove, but each time he was pushed back into the darkness while the miles slipped by. His knees were raw with the ceaseless vibration, his head filled with the rumble of the road.

The next stop was Phoenix.

He heard the name of the place while the rig was unloaded. An endless clattering of crates and the whine of a fork-lift. He considered beating his fists on the wood of his cage, but somehow, he still expected his new owner to be the best chance he had of escape and in the end, he crouched silently and hoped.

Samuel knew that they were headed south, but his knowledge of the United States was vague. After Phoenix, was the Mexican border the next stop? Perhaps there, that would be the place to make his break, when the border officials searched the truck.

Escape into the arms of the border guards...

In the almost complete darkness, Samuel swayed with every motion of the truck. The stench of his own sweat and fear filled the cubicle. He heard a radio, familiar songs, Country and Western ballads and the voice of the DJ. The road seemed to stretch forever.

But, it did have an end after all...

The rig pulled to a halt and Samuel heard the cab doors slam as Layla got out. The summer heat was almost unbearable and he sipped the last of the water from the bottle that rolled by his side while he wondered what was happening. Layla almost never paused during the day, except for gas, and when she did he was never allowed out, even for a few minutes. Each halt had been a roadside stop where she could easily keep him leashed and controlled.

Now and again, he moved a little in the confines of the smuggling-cubicle. Slipped his hands under his knees to relieve the soreness. Something that could only be done for a few minutes before his hands ached with his own weight. A tear rolled down his cheek and he leaned forward to rest his head on the back of the small cubicle.

The cab door opened and Samuel heard voices behind him.

"Just one for you, this time," she said as she clambered into the cab. "Mexican bitch, but top dollar."

"Looker?" asked a female voice.

"Not bad, but special... Two thousand..."

"Fascinating! You have certainly piqued my interest," came the answer. "let's see if I want her first!"

Layla laughed and Samuel heard the catch on his door open. He strained to look over his shoulders at Layla's smiling face and started to shuffle backwards from the box into the bright light.

"That's a good boy," said Layla to Samuel. "I've found the perfect home for you, so smile and show your new owner that you are worth every cent I'm askin' for you."

Samuel whined and Layla patted him on the head.

"They'll look after you better than I can, babe," she said.

Layla opened the curtain that enclosed her bedroom and slipped through the seats.

"Come on..."

Layla tugged at the leash and guided Samuel down the ladder.

He blinked in the brightness of the noon-day sun, and took a step at the tugging on the leash. Layla's truck was pulled up in front of a sprawling villa. Painted bright white, palms and bright green lawns, in the distance bare rocky hills.

By the red and blue rig stood a woman who was smiling thinly as he followed Layla from the truck.

Chapter Six

Episode Sixteen

"Cute little bitch, but not worth more than a grand at first sight," said the woman.

Layla put an arm around Samuel's shoulders and chuckled.

"You ain't properly seen the goods I'm selling yet," laughed Layla. "Get ready for *this*!"

The woman pursed her lips and lifted the crop in her leather-gloved hand. Middle aged, dressed in a bolero jacket that opened at her large breasts, tight jodhpurs on her shapely legs she took a pace and placed a finger under Samuel's chin.

"Ah, I see, dear. Something quite exquisite and so *almost* female," she drawled. "Perhaps it is worth a little extra!"

Samuel looked at the woman that Layla was selling him to. Hopes of freedom evaporated, hope of escape that would never be realised. His eyes misted over and now he could see through the tears that this woman was not Shawna or Cherry, Layla or Crystal, she was a feminine goddess resembling Miss Harriman, the woman who had set him on this course.

"Look what is here!" said Layla.

There was a twinge of disappointment in her voice when she realised that the buyer had seen through Samuel's apparent femininity to understand what stood on the auction block. She lifted the tattered short skirt to reveal Samuel to the eyes of her buyer.

The woman looked down and the tip of the crop lifted the hem of the skirt a little higher.

"Mm, already marked," she said. "Might I ask, where did you get her? Not in Mexico, that's for sure!"

"Reno. Turning tricks in trucks on the lot. I lifted her from the Snake Ranch on Route Eighty because, as soon as I saw the cock-sucking skank climb into the cab, I thought of you!"

The woman raised an eyebrow and looked at Layla.

"You realise what this mark means?" she said, allowing the hem of Samuel's skirt to drop.

Layla shook her head.

"It means that what we have here is someone else's property, that's what. I think we need to check up with the owner first, before I risk buying her."

"It's worth two big ones at least," said Layla.

"Eighteen hundred at most, and that's if we don't have a runner!"

Layla's smile faded and the woman moved close to inspect Samuel.

"Open wide," she ordered.

Samuel opened his mouth as wide as he could and the woman made a small sound before pushing down his collar with a gloved finger.

"Mm, complete set of teeth. Silenced professionally..."

Her hands roved over Samuel and pulled the blouse open with a popping of buttons. Her hand squeezed a breast and weighed it.

"Nothing artificial added, it's always better when I have the work done to my personal taste," she said, "but it does need a little work..."

The woman stood back and eyed Samuel critically before walking around him. She had an imperious look to her, thin lips that were compressed as her eyes judged him as though he was a prize filly.

"Eighteen hundred, and that's it. Let's see what we have here..."

From the inside of her jacket, the woman pulled a mobile phone and played with the screen. Then a small motion of her gloved hand caused Layla to lift the skirt high and the phone pointed at the tattoo on his thigh before making a small noise like a camera shutter.

"Mm, don't know *that* name," said the woman as she inspected the screen of her phone. Let's see..."

She touched the screen and lifted the phone to her ear as she waited for the call to be put through.

"Miss Harriman, I believe," she said. "I have something here that might just be yours!"

Samuel flinched when he heard the name spoken and Layla fidgeted while her buyer listened to Miss Harriman's reply. He longed to hear her

voice, but the phone was close to the ear and all he could do was to imagine her soft tones.

"That's very generous of you," said the middle-aged woman and for the first time she smiled as her eyes wandered to Layla and then Samuel.

"I shall certainly do that," she said next. "Simple courtesy, of course!"

Samuel could hear Miss Harriman's voice, but the words were indistinct.

"Quite, I understand perfectly! Of course, I can promise nothing, but I may just do that!"

Another few words and the woman with the phone in her hand uttered a polite 'good-bye' and tucked the phone in her jacket.

"Eighteen hundred then?"

Layla nodded.

"Good, I shall see to the ownership registration details. If you speak to Miss Sonya, she will pay you in cash, as usual. As always, it's a pleasure doing business with you!"

"Be a good little boy for Lady Isabella," said Layla as she patted Samuel on the top of his head.

She turned and strolled around her rig towards the shade of the villa while Mistress Isabella took Samuel's leash.

"You will have *such* a lot to learn here," she said as she tugged at the leash.

Samuel watched Layla disappear into the open door of the villa and then the tug of his leash caused him to follow the woman that had just bought him. He watched her broad ass sway in the tight, cream pants, the high-heeled boots scattering the dust. Samuel trailed behind her as she walked around the long rig.

"We'll have to see what my trainer decides for you," she said as they walked. "But, I think that you'll be perfect..."

Samuel and Mistress Isabella turned the end of the truck where a small two-wheeled trap stood in the sun's shadow. Tethered to the front, standing patiently were two men in harness that stared forward between their blinkers as they awaited their Mistress to mount.

Samuel looked at the woman who had bought him, the slight smile on her lips and then back to the men who stood still before the carriage.

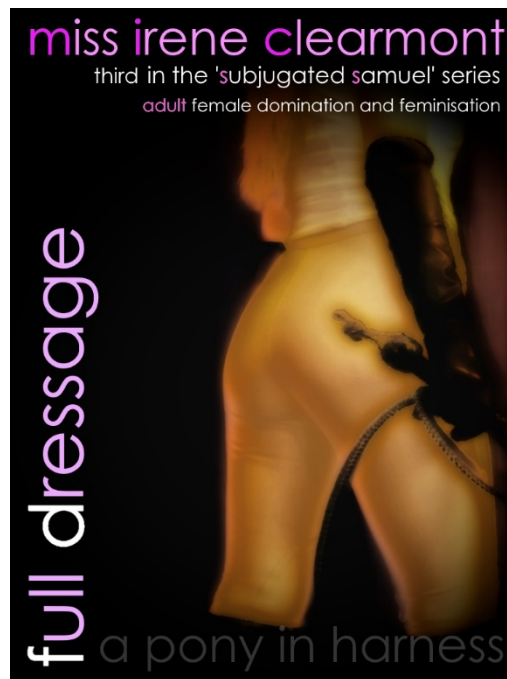
"We'll have you in the traces in double quick time," chuckled Mistress Isabella as she hitched Samuel's lead to a hook at the back of the trap. "Either that, or in the parlour, of course!"

She laid the crop onto the seat beside her and took up the long whip that stood to her side.

The small carriage swayed as Mistress Isabella settled and then, with a twitch of the whip in her gloved hand, the two stallions moved off at a smart, high-stepping trot.

Continue...

'Road Kill' is followed by the next volume: 'Full Dressage'.



'Full Dressage' will follow Samuel's further travails at a human pony-farm under the care of Miss Isabella, and will be the third in the series of novellas by Miss Irene Clearmont entitled: 'Subjugated Samuel'.

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