

Buffy the Vampires' Slave

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Buffy is sleeping peacefully, her body half-covered under her bed sheets. She is wearing a cute, semi-transparent, orange night-gown and a pair of black panties. The night is quiet, peaceful. Almost too peaceful. But there's nothing to worry about. Sure, being a vampire hunter is a tough gig, but tonight, Buffy has no enemies to worry about.

Or so she thinks. The magical, invisible shield, her home is usually protected by, has been compromised. Whoever has done that has infiltrated the girl's trust circle.

Five dark figures have broken into the young girl's apartment and are stealthily making their way towards her bedroom. Under normal circumstances, these dark creatures would never dare challenge this mighty slayer that carelessly. Even in her deep slumber, the vampire hunter would be able to take them out, her power always too great for them.

But now, there's an ace up their sleeve. Maybe even two. Buffy's bedroom door slowly creaks open. No sign of her waking up. She sleeps with a soft, innocent expression, blissfully unaware of the impending danger.

The three figures approach closer. The faintest moonlight coming through the window is not enough to illuminate them. The three shadows lurk over the teen slayer. All invaders are dressed in black leather. The men are wearing leather coats and biker boots. The only woman of the group is in a full leather bodysuit, her long, wavy, fire-red hair falling on either side of her chest. All of the home invaders are wearing dark shades, as if their look needed be any more mysterious. Their skin is as pale as the moon outside Buffy's window. They are creatures of the night.

With a head nod, they signal silently towards the direction of their vulnerable pray.

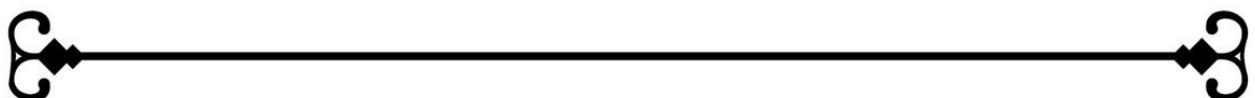
They reach her bedside and silently surround it, exchanging a meaningful look. In one orchestrated moment, Buffy feels a solid, rubber ball, being pushed past her teeth, and filling her mouth! Her eyes dart wide open, as she looks up at her many assailants, their faces too obscured by the darkness to make out. Still dazed from her sleeping state and clearly caught off guard, Buffy feels the tip of a needle being stuck on the side of her neck and the contents of a syringe being quickly squeezed inside her bloodstream. A feminine figure, can be seen retrieving the needle, as the other 4 male ones are focused on keeping each limb of the squirming, gagged girl pinned down to her bed.

The serum injected into Buffy's body was the infamous mixture her partner in crime-fighting, Giles had used to deactivate Buffy's powers, as part of the Tonto di Cruciamantum test. This vampire gang of bikers got a hold of it, and is planning to put it to great use.

With the debilitating drug now making each way through her veins, the girl screams into the thick, red ball-gag the mysterious woman keeps firmly stuffed in her mouth. There'll be time to buckle it later, if everything goes smoothly. Buffy flails her legs, dislodging both the vampires that were pinning them and sending them flying across the bedroom and smashing against furniture. The serum acts incredibly fast, though. The other two vampires manage to hold off the girl's struggles, keeping her arms pinned down.

Buffy twists and turns to get these creeps off her. But to her utter shock, she realizes she can't overpower them anymore! This was her last stand. "It's working!" a younger fanged guy whispers in disbelief, surprised that this ambitious plan is working. Now, the two vampires she hurled off her, moments ago, are back on her and the gang has no trouble incapacitating the vampire hunter.

They all have a "soft" spot for the little bitch that has given them so much trouble in the past. It is time she made it up to them. The realization of her newfound helplessness causes Buffy's struggling to become even more desperate and panicked, as she moans into her gag. The female vampire looks down at Buffy's eye-wide, shocked expression. In the night's darkness, the girl can make out an obvious, wide smirk on the woman's face.



73 days into being a Latex Goth Slut

The “Pit” is an underground Goth club, full of shady people, neon lights and loud beats. The patrons of this establishment clearly represent the sub-culture of leather, latex and the Gothic aesthetic.

The industrial/techno music is blaring on the crowded dance floor. The place features a few private booths, secluded from the common areas via three tinted glass walls, rising 7 feet around the semicircular couch. In one of those booths is seated a large group of pale-skinned individuals, dressed in similar attire. Lots of black, lots of leather, lots of biker boots. The round table in the center is full of booze and smoke. Everyone seems to be having a great time, aided by a couple rounds of shots and plenty of more booze.

But there is a presence in their company, which is sticking out like a sore thumb. A girl in a head-to-toe hot-pink look, from her hair that’s caught into two girly pigtails to the shade of her lipstick and even a pair of bright hot-pink contact lenses. Her face is heavily powdered with milky white makeup and heavy, dark eye shadow.

The young woman is dressed in a hot-pink, latex, strapless bodycon dress, which barely covers her ass, on top of the obscenely high leg cut. The dress really traces her curves, squeezing her tits and waist with mouth-watering seduction. A matching pair of Mary Jane platforms with 5-inch tall, chunky square heels adores her feet, with multiple little straps going up her ankles. Besides the bright colors of her attire, the young woman checks a lot of the boxes for the “Goth chick” archetype. Plenty of face and body piercings? Check. Sexy tattoos? Check. Black, choker necklace and leather arm and wrist bands? Double check!

Despite the apparent care given into her getup, the girl absolutely hates her look. She was used to cute tops and comfy jeans and sneakers, maybe a nice dress for a night-out, but nothing as short as what she is currently wearing! She’d never worn latex before, and the feeling of it constantly “gripping” her skin made her uneasy. She also never had any tattoos or any piercings apart from earrings. This is a drastic change. But her whole life has changed, recently.

Everyone in the circle is pretty handsy with her throughout the night, and it only seems natural, with the amount of skin the girl is showing off. She looks like a weird hybrid between the biker gang’s groupie and their communal whore. Unlike her “friends” she doesn’t seem to be having a good time.

Sexual acts might be a common occurrence at these VIP tables, given the relative privacy. Anyone who passes by the gang's table steals a glance or two. The reason is the slutty, Goth chick with magenta colored hair, styled in straight bangs with wave-curved pigtails, who is currently giving one of her "friends" an aggressive, generous blowjob.

The girl is still sitting on the leather couch, but in order to do her job she's bend over the man's shaft. Her arms are neatly stashed behind her back, almost as if to be "out of the way". The girl is quickly alternating between balling her hands into fists and spreading her fingers wide. But her leather covered wrists always stay around 2 inches from each other. Sometimes the distance reaches 3 or 4 inches, but then her hands snap back to their previous spot, as if an invisible spring is pulling them back. Same goes for her upper arms, the level where the girl's arm bands wrap staying at a strict 4-5 inch distance.

"Come on, don't be lazy down there" the pale-looking man scolds her, grinning to reveal a set of sharp canines, as he pushes her head down with his hand, which nests firmly between the girl's playfully girly pigtails. This motion drives the girl to fully swallow his member and her pink-painted lips to press the base of his shaft.

"Kguhthhhh...kuhthhhh!!!" the girl gags and coughs, with more than a mouthful of the man's cock, desperately needing less dick and more air down her throat. She twists her torso around in what would seem like protest in any body language lesson, but no one around the table seems to sympathize with her.

"Hey, don't knock her out just yet! She has yet to make the full circle" another milky-skinned individual jokes from the other side of the couch. It's the girl's fourth blowjob of the evening.

Buffy can't take any more of this degrading abuse. Ever since her abduction, the biker gang of vampires has been using her like a punching bag, a pin cushion and a flesh-light, all combined. Her only purpose in life seems to be helping any gang member blow off steam.

She could easily beat their butts to a pulp, if only her powers weren't being rendered useless each time she is given a "hit" of Giles' special serum. These regular "check-ups" keep Buffy from ever recuperating enough to put these puny assholes in their place.

But even if she could find a way to avoid her daily dosage of “not so strong now” drug, Buffy has no way to break the spells that these vampires have cast on her instruments of bondage. To a random person, they just look like the expected accessories of any self-respecting Goth girl. A black choker necklace, paired with some black leather wristbands and armbands, a pair around each arm.

These items, like others, have been deeply cursed with ancient vampire witchcraft to keep the girl obedient and restrained. The wristbands and armbands, the later worn snugly above her elbows, have been enchanted to push back to any movement, locked in suspended animation to imprison her. While it may seem to an unsuspecting eye as if the girl is being a very coy and submissive little slut, this is far from her own will. To add to her humiliation, the contorting position of her arms forces Buffy’s cute B cups to “proudly” stick out, inviting much unwanted attention.

Buffy gets granted a couple of seconds to “resurface” from the vicious face-fucking. She pants heavily, greedily sucking in oxygen, with her pink hair still under the man’s firm grasp. Her eyes scream death towards him. Despite the heavy duty work it’s been put under, her magenta lipstick remains perfectly intact. With the short break over, down Buffy goes once more, sucking the saliva-coated dick like a cheap whore.

In her relatively short time (though it feels like way longer) with the gang, Buffy has learned that biting down on any part of their anatomy results in very, very bad things for her. She has already tested that theory many times. So now she keeps her teeth as far away from the thrusting cocks as possible. She didn’t have much experience prior to her capture, but the pretty damsel has developed into a half-decent cocksucker. And there’s only more to go from here.

The man moves her head up and down his member at a faster pace, hurting her neck as well as bruising her throat. Buffy would bite him again if that didn’t entail painful things for her. Her human lips feel great on his vampire, pale dick. “Don’t spill anything, whore” he informs her as he shoots his load deep down her throat. Buffy tries to obey, sucking all the semen up into her mouth, also fighting the gravity that’s “pulling” the thick jizz the opposite direction.

Buffy completely despises herself, for obeying this jerk’s insulting command. Despite doing a great job, swallowing the generous load, she misses a drop, which slides down the man’s shaft and down on the floor.

“I told you to slurp everything up. How dumb of a bimbo are you?” the man with the pointy canines, scolds Buffy. The girl looks up at him with eyes full of more hatred, bright pink by the enchanted contact lenses. The girl mouths the words “FUCK YOU” to the man insulting her intelligence, before spitting on

his biker boots. Her voice is mysteriously absent and not because of the covering loud music. She gets a hard slap across her face for her insolence.

“Guess our spoiled brat needs another lesson” a redhead, hot chick comments from the edge of the couch. She is wearing a black, leather bodysuit, and has long, fire-red, wavy hair that go down her chest. Her makeup is white, matching her complexion; her lips are painted as red as her hair.

She’s Jezebel, the unofficial leader of the Vampire biker gang. Her male kin agree with her statement.

The round glass table is pushed out of the way. Jezebel reaches her hand and grabs Buffy by the hair, pulling her head towards the floor. She shoves the invisibly bound girl’s face right beside the drop of semen, like a dog being potty-trained. Buffy’s groans in silence, fighting the woman all the way. Even at the VIP section, the floor of the club is certainly dirty, covered with cigarette ash and whatever filth was stuck underneath the bikers’ boots all day.

Buffy clenches her teeth in pain, as her breasts press against the floor. It normally wouldn’t be that big of a deal, but the girl has her tits relentlessly tied around their base by two leather straps. Apart from drawing the tender titty-flesh painfully taut and making her boobs ultra-sensitive, this hidden breast bondage is forcing them to project more and look bigger and more pronounced as they press snugly against her tight latex dress.

Jezebel does not even register her toy’s dismay. Using her knee-high biker boots, with laces all across their length, she kicks Buffy’s lower thighs wider. With her legs half-spread, her panty-less ass is now very exposed, in this “fuck-me daddy” pose she’s holding, her latex dress riding up and revealing 80% of it. The rest 20% is “dealt with” by Jezebel, who lifts the rest of the dress up by the leg cut on the side.

“Stick your ass up and your tongue on the cum-drop, and don’t you DARE move it away from there” Jezebel “advises” Buffy, keeping her head against the dirty floor by the force of her 5-inch heeled boot. The latex-clad girl struggles to free herself, but only feels the resistance from the woman’s thick boot-sole on the side of her head. She lets out a muted cry of desperation, as she obeys, stretching her tongue to the drop of white liquid.

With the girl literally under her boot, the redhead undoes and rills out her leather belt from the waist of her bodysuit. It’ll do for what she has in mind. Wasting no time, she folds it in half and hurls a hard lash on Buffy’s naked, presented ass. The characteristic sound of leather meeting flesh is so sharp it actually cuts through the loud dance music.

Buffy is not only in great pain, but utterly humiliated. Getting belt-whipped while she’s licking a cum stain? How worse could it get? A month ago, she’d never have agreed to such a debasing treatment. A month ago, she hadn’t experienced such repeated torture and suffering. They say people can withstand

anything, but that's a lie. Pain shapes you. Molds you into something new. Buffy has definitely learned that lesson.

The girl silently twists her secretly restrained, body, but pinned securely by Jezebel's boot, she can't escape the onslaught of belt strikes, each one reddening her round cheeks some more. Buffy just wishes she was dead. The embarrassment is too great. She would have kicked all of these silly vampires' asses in a pinch. Now, she's become their sex-toy.

After a good dozen strikes, Jezebel stops for a brief moment. Buffy's asscheeks are as pink as her outfit. By tomorrow they'll be a darker shade of purple. "This was for being a lousy cum-vacuum" the woman refers to the cum-incident. "And this is for your little outrage" she says, and returns to relentlessly wailing on the poor girl's ass. "Now lick it clean" she points to the semen stain and the rest of the gang joins in. "Lick it! Lick it! Lick it!"

Buffy does as she's told, licking the dirty floor, as reluctant as a person can do something, holding back tears. She closes her eyes firmly shut, trying to transport herself somewhere else, somewhere better. This is pure hell, both from the feeling of her own dignity fainting away, as well as the immense pain in her behind. Waves of pulsating pain permeate that part of her flesh. With her face pressed against the floor, Buffy spots a waitress passing by the booth's entrance. She mouths the word "help" her eyes desperately trying to meet with the girl's. But the waitress just walks by, never even turning to face her.

"Even if she did" Buffy thinks, "How can I ever return back to normal?" The permanent nature of not only her magical bonds, but also her modified appearance, has stolen not just her freedom, but her identity as well. Her slutty, pale makeup and mascara is irremovable, as well as her hair dye, her lipstick and her contact lenses. All has been tattooed with magic ink, making it irremovable. Same goes for the dye on the girl's hair, as well as all her piercings, which can never leave her face or body with natural means. With all these permanent changes enforced on her, Buffy is truly a prisoner in her own body.

It might seem superficial, but these irreversible changes in the girl's appearance feel just as dooming for her, as her magical bonds. For a young girl, trying to express herself through her appearance like every other high school senior, this is detrimental to her psyche. She can never be anything other than this. A shameless, powdered, piercing-covered, goth chick.

The private show, starring the gang's pink latex slut, is over, at least for now. Jezebel lifts the girl up from the floor and wraps her arm around one of Buffy's – still pinned behind her- arms, in that way girlfriends usually hold each other when they're walking together. "We're gonna go freshen up a bit" she informs everyone with a cheeky wink.

The two “girlfriends” make their way amongst the partying crowd. Buffy tries to pull away from Jezebel throughout their walk, but it’s all in vain, as the woman easily controls her with a satisfied smile. Her slutty pink fuck-me-pumps force her to almost wobble alongside Jezebel’s grip. She hasn’t gotten fully used to them yet, since she always opted for flat shoes in her “past life”. They definitely obstruct her from making a clean run from the gang.

The two, vastly differently styled women reach the women’s restroom. Unfortunately for our heroine, there’s no waiting line. As soon as they reach the stall, the previous occupant, a girl with long, dark green hair on one side of her head and nothing on the other, comes out. Buffy’s eyes scream for help, wide and helpless, but the girl simply keeps washing her hands. Jezebel pushes Buffy into the bathroom stall, before she can alert the unsuspecting girl, shutting the door quickly behind them. The half-bald girl rolls her eyes at the indiscreet ‘fooling around’ that’s about to take place between these two lesbians and exits the restroom.

Inside the small stall, Jezebel pins the girl against the wall. There’s definitely no way out, now. She gives the girl a small, examining look. “Maybe you need one more face piercing, what do you think?” Jezebel asks pondering, knowing her ‘proposal’ will find Buffy opposed. The girl, as expected, bites her lips, trying to contain her anger. She hates the look chosen for her. The girl already has plenty of face-piercings, more than most people would have in a lifetime.

For starters, her ears both feature black, centimeter-wide, stud stretch earrings. On the top corner of each ear sit some black, spiky bar-piercings. On her face, both the sides of her bottom lip featured little silver rings, as does her nose on the right nostril. Under the left side of her lip, next to her chin, is another silver stud ring. Above her left eyebrow, are three more stud-piercings, all in a row. To cap it all off, her tongue is also pierced with a silver stud, like any self-respecting cocksucker.

And these were just on her face. Buffy has the almost necessary navel piercing, with a little upside-down cross hanging from the stud, as well as more piercings in more “intimate” areas, all currently hidden by her dress, despite how scandalous it is.

“Or maybe a new tattoo, that’d be fun” Jezebel keeps twisting the knife, mocking Buffy. The girl is fuming; she would happily kill this vampire bitch without the slightest remorse. The irony in Jezebel’s words is the same as with her previous comment, since Buffy certainly isn’t missing a tattoo on her body. There are three immediately obvious ones:

An old testament-inspired, dark-green snake seductively coiled around her neck. The head of the snake tilts upwards, ending midway towards the girl’s chin, while the tails drifts down towards her sternum. A naked Goth chick, drawn in only black, white and red, and tattooed on the inside of her entire left thigh in a provocative, booty-popping pose and lastly, a zigzagging highway with a motorcycle riding on it

towards a violet sunset, which spans her right forearm. There's also a demon-like winged figure drawn with dark red shades, half-visible on her right shoulder-blade, the other half obstructed by the dress.

There are a couple of more, more "private" tattoos – though they often see the light of day- like the multicolored, tribal tramp-stamp on her lower back, or the cute pink butterfly, on the upper right side of her pussy, next to where pubes would normally be, if she wasn't shaved like a baby down there.

Jezebel gets bored of the one-way conversation. Without a warning, the redhead vampire grabs Buffy's nipples over the thin latex of her dress, and pinches both hard. It's even easier to get a firm grip on them, since both are pierced with black bar-piercings. To add to her slutty image, these piercings can be seen through the thin latex. Buffy yelps in pain at the unexpected assault, though in the relative quiet of this room, it's evident that no sound comes out of her hot-pink lips.

"Hm. No need for a sip, yet" Jezebel nods to herself. The abrupt nipple crush is always a good test to gauge whether her little toy has functioning vocal chords, or not. The sip she is referring to comes from a metal booze flask that Jezebel always keeps in her purse.

Jezebel calls it "the Slut's Downer" even though technically, it is hers. While they seem to be, the contents are not alcoholic whatsoever. The magical potion deadens the girl's vocal chords with just a couple of gulps. Its nickname becomes apparent, when imagining the "calming" effect it appears to have on the girl. It burns her throat every-time, but the evil bastards always find a way to force her to down the sinister liquid. Since Buffy has been given a good dose before they went out, its effects will probably last until tomorrow.

Though the human slut can't scream for help, the fact she can mouth words is a pending issue. The explanation for this comes from the girl's lips, which while still pink, have lost their glossy shine. This is dealt with the next little enchanted "gadget" Jezebel keeps in her purse. It looks like a regular lipstick, but its effect is more than beautification. Once applied, the lipstick numbs the person's lips, essentially paralyzing them.

But to apply the slut's hot-pink lipstick, first the hot vampire needs to keep those restless lips from moving. For that, Jezebel takes out a wide ring-gag. Buffy knows what will follow. It's not the first, and sadly it doesn't look like the last time. She tries to shift her face away from the gag, which Jezebel holds an inch away. It's a losing battle, but Buffy is not a quitter. As far as she's concerned, she'll never be!

Jezebel sighs and lowers her free hand down the girl's latex dress. Buffy's eyes grow wide, when she feels the woman's hands reach for something on her "lady parts". Jezebel knows what she's going for.

It's a small piercing on the girl's clitoris, which is free to access without any underwear. There are more piercings there, her outer labia lips have rows of stud piercings on both sides, but the clit piercing is the more special one. The piercing itself is a simple stud, but it's attached to a thin, centimeter-long chain with a jewellery of a cute, silver, hollow heart at the end of it. That heart is what Jezebel grabs and gives a nice tug on. Buffy opens her mouth in an instinctive yelp, that split second is more than enough for the vampire to shove the ring-gag past her teeth. Once it's there, it's easy to just turn the bitch around and buckle it securely.

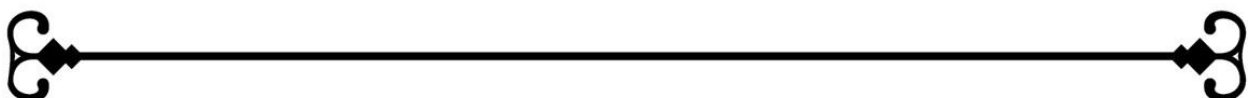
"I like that you always fight me. I wonder when that spunk of yours will die out" Jezebel asks Buffy, not waiting for a response, whilst taking out the magenta-colored lipstick.

Jezebel traps Buffy's body between her own and the wall. The human's hands are still well bound behind her back. With her lips now not going anywhere, either, she can't do anything to avoid the lipstick approaching her gaping mouth. "Theeere we go, all-pretty again" Jezebel coos her victim, coloring her lips back to uselessness. She takes off the ring-gag, and checks the girl's look. Her lips are in a permanent pout, almost lifeless, dull, dumb. If she didn't look the part before, now Buffy definitely looks like a streetwalking, Goth bimbo.

In reality, that could not be further from the truth. Buffy is smart and witty, the furthest from her current appearance. That's what's even more degrading about her whole ordeal. Her identity has been completely stolen from her, vandalized into something terrible, something shallow and crude and cheap! She never wanted these qualities to be associated with her personality. But she has no say in that.

Buffy's brows fur, giving Jezebel a hateful look, which only makes her look funny since her mouth doesn't follow her emotions. "Haha, you silly goose, don't give me that" Jezebel scolds her toy for basically disagreeing with her awful state.

"Let's go. Our friends are waiting for us. The party has only begun!" Jezebel smiles sardonically, leading her "girlfriend" outside the stall, arm in arm. "Maybe I'll feast on that cute punk-girl later" Jezebel monologues as she pulls Buffy along, remembering she hasn't had any blood yet, tonight.



11 days into being a Latex Goth Slut

“AAAAAAAAAAAAUGH....Aaaaaaaaagh...AAAAAAAAAAAAwww!” Buffy’s screams bounce along the tall ceilings, echoing throughout the building. No reason for soundproofing, in the gang’s remote vampire mansion. From the outside, it looks a lot like a traditional, almost medieval manor. And even though that screams stereotype as loud as Buffy, the inside couldn’t be more modern.

“AAAhh, Aaaaaaaw, ouuuuu!” the girl’s naked, tattoo-covered body has gotten a very thorough tendering, in the past hour, by a mean motherfucker of a bullwhip. All the “vital” checkpoints have been ticked, from her perky, belt-tied tits, to her drum-tight ass, and even her flat belly and thighs. The young girl is covered in red welts. Even her magically fused arms are sporting some whip-marks, acting as a not very effective shield for her back.

There are welts in plenty of other areas, too. In general, her body is a beat-down, worn mess. It’s not like her tormentors are master wielders of the bullwhip. But it’s not rocket science. If the whip makes contact with skin, they’re golden! Sometimes the whip coils where it wants to. Each strike sends a whiff of air to swish the girl’s purple locks of hair up, the pattern repeating with each subsequent smash. Violet purple. Her actual, permanent hair color. Unlike the illusion-spell that Jezebel frequently uses to keep her fuck-toy nicely color-matching her slutty latex outfits. The girl’s contact lenses now give Buffy’s wet eyes their “natural” violet color, same as her lips, currently quivering from the pain.

Three vampires are relaxing on long, comfy couches, on what might as well be yet another living room of the spacious building, watching the “show” unfold, while one is handling the whipping. They take turns passing the whip, whenever the user’s arm gets tired swinging.

Buffy is completely defenseless to this relentless onslaught of pain, in large thanks to the leather strap tied around her neck, which has strung her up from the ceiling. She has to constantly strain her legs and keep her naked body taut, in order for her 5-inch, dark stilettos to reach the dark, marble floors, otherwise she’ll add asphyxiation to her list of problems. She can tippy-toe her body around all she wants, but tethered in the middle of the room, she can’t avoid the sting of the whip in any way.

Buffy has cursed them out a bunch, commenting on the small size of their pricks and mocking their cowardness at refusing to even take on a small girl 1v4. Her emotions alternate between anger, derived

from her total powerlessness, to passive suffering, to even some small intervals of desperate pleading. Buffy is not proud of that last one. These moments cause her to spiral into more self-loathing, for stooping lower than her enemies. But the torture is too great to handle. Sometimes, unbearable. Her body has been rendered perfectly human, and a human body can only take so much suffering.

The cruel bastards keep whipping her, laughing and teasing her. "Where's your silver bullet now, slut?" the man with the whip taunted, bringing it down yet again with a loud "WACK". "The only spear you can hold in your hands is the one in my pants, haha!" another vampire laughed at his own joke.

"Enough with tenderizing the slut, I want some action!" one of the buff, broad-shouldered vampires stands up, tossing his shirt on the floor to reveal a well-shaped 6-pack. He approaches Buffy, turning her around to face him. He must have been three times her size. Buffy's piercing-covered face and whorish beautification is nothing like the cute and cool girl-next-door Buffy always was. "Go ahead, have your way..." she barks at him, trying to mask her pained expression with one of uncaring sarcasm. "It's the only way you can get lucky, with this ugly mug" she says right to his face. "Hehe" he shows his sharp fangs with his laughter, entertained by the girl's spirit. "It's not a good idea to piss me off, little girl, especially in your position" he growls.

"I'll piss you off all I want gghhhh.....!!!" Buffy's defiant rant is abruptly cut short, along with her air supply, as the muscular vampire picks both her legs up, causing her neck to take the role of supporting the entire girl's weight. He holds both her ankles for a few seconds, watching Buffy's bratty look turn into a red-faced reaction of panic, as she pitifully struggles to breathe with gurgling, choking rattles. There can't be a more fitting image of who actually holds the cards in this game. Buffy's mouth instinctively opens, the tip of her tongue visible as it's sticking out, all while her windpipe is being crushed by the leather strap. "Let's see how much you like me now" the vampire taunts. He keeps the girl's ankles together using only one arm. Despite Buffy's desperate struggling, he has no trouble holding her legs still. He needs the other hand to unzip his pants and pull out a hefty mass of a cock, already standing erect.

The vampire then grabs a hold of each leg again, this time moving his grip behind Buffy's knees, and then finally grabs a good hold of the back of both her thighs. In doing so, he has moved closer to her, his pelvis now right next to hers.

The girl is in a clearly dire position. Her lungs are starting to really burn for some oxygen, and the only help available is right in front of her. Her pride doesn't let her do what needs to be done, but her survival instinct quickly overrides that decision, and a neck-strung Buffy wraps her shapely legs, around the vampire's waist, her ankles crossing together on the man's lower back. "Gaaaaaah...gghhhh" Buffy gasps, greedily sucking in air again, albeit still with some difficulty. She tries to get a good grip on the man's body, the only thing keeping her neck from stretching like a thief in the gallows.

With his plan inevitably working, the vampire holds the helpless girl by her thighs, supporting her weight enough to guide his monstrous cock inside her loins. “OOOowww...” buffy gasps, this time from the sheer volume of hardened flesh shoved inside her. The vampire starts thrusting with horny violence, driving all its length inside the girl’s cunt. “Gaahhhh, Aaaaawwww” Buffy lets out a mixture of slight choking with painful moans. Her ordeal is not pleasant. Her two choices are either not breathing, or breathing but with 7-inches stabbing her cervix.

The rest of the vampires cheer and whistle for the girl’s pussy-splitting. There are now three more vampires in the “audience”, gathered to watch the show. Despite the obvious humiliation, the fact that this degrading act is being observed like a party game is the last thing in Buffy’s mind. She now tries to get her legs off the man. Her black stilettos could reach the floor, like before and she wouldn’t need to depend on his stupid cock to keep her from hanging. But the vampire is much stronger, his hands spam more than half of her thigh’s circumference, as they hold her up and away from the floor. She’s not going anywhere anytime soon.

“Gh...gh...gh....GH...” the girl is too busy trying not to die, a choked groan leaving her half-spread pink lips with every deep thrust, her pretty, violet lips stuck agape. The little heart ornament, swaying from her clit, is bouncing up and down with the man’s pounding, almost slamming against his pubes. Not that he even registers that; he’s having way too much fun. His hanging fuck-doll’s legs have wrapped tightly around her rapist, just like a woman’s around her passionate lover, which only adds more insult to injury. If she lets her legs slip, she offers no help to her pressed- shut throat. It’s not fair. But nothing is in her new life.

The vampire takes one of his hands off the small human girl’s legs and puts them on her exposed boobs. The man gives Buffy some more sensations, by giving them a rough grope, even digging his sharp, predator nails into them. Buffy only gapes her mouth wide with a miserable expression, the pain too sharp for an actual scream. After a few minutes of relentless air-fucking, the man finally ejaculates hard with a manly groan, inside Buffy’s petite, but damaged little cunt. It took quite the abuse by his girthy dick. His white sex-juice drips from her used hole, the woman still wrapped around his waist. He finally removes himself from his goth, little cum-sleeve, and lets her legs fall down. An exhausted Buffy is left to balance herself on her tall heels again, with a neck forced to tilt from the pull of the belt, and a pussy still dripping with the aftermath of her acrobatic rape.

“Alright, alright... stop screwing around” Jezebel appears, going down the flight of repurposed, wooden stairs. She’s wearing her favorite dark leather biker bodysuit, the red color of her long hair always contrasting the rest of her look. “Clean her up. I’m not putting a jizzy snail on my bike” Jezebel orders the guys, not in the mood to put up with their filth.

Even the act of cleaning their slave up is invasive and abusing. Buffy feels multiple pairs of hands on her, scrubbing with soapy, thought others feel like the sponge isn't necessary, opting for a more hands-on approach. "GETS YOUR HANDS OFF ME YOU SCUM!" Buffy still resists even in such uneven odds. She feels totally violated, with fingers going inside all sorts of orifices, even sliding easier with the help of the soap. At least she is now clean after many days of having her skin coated with piss, cum and her own sweat.

The men wash her off by throwing a couple of buckets of water at her, making a wet mess of the living room. Who cares? It is time for a late-night hunt for fresh blood. Their little fuck-toy just keeps things a little less dull, while they're scanning for victims.

"Ok, leave us" Jezebel returns, holding an electric blue, latex outfit, that comprises of a tiny, frilly skirt, and a very cropped top with a zipper going down its middle and a tall collar. The top leaves the wearer's belly and most of the shoulders completely exposed. Finally, a pair of over-the-knee, matching leather boots, with plenty of straps alongside.

"Are you gonna dress me up? You never had barbies when you were a kid?" Buffy mocks the female vampire. She simply smiles, showing the razor sharp teeth at the sides of her mouth. "And I was just about to lower your noose so you could be more comfy. Suit yourself" Jezebel rubs salt on the girl's bruised ego. "I don't need your stupid charity" the young woman's disdain for this person is palpable.

"You talk waaaay too much for a submissive little slut" Jezebel shakes her head and brings a metal flask in front of the girl's magenta-colored lips. "What's that?" Buffy asks, a little worried. "Drink" Jezebel says, and without waiting for a reply, pinches Buffy's nose, causing the girl to involuntarily open her mouth, then dumps the contents of the flask down the girl's gullet. Buffy coughs trying to avoid the mysterious liquid, but she has inadvertently swallowed a bunch, taken by surprise. She goes to curse at the mean woman for force-feeding her whatever this thing that burned her throat is, but realizes that only the faintest of raspy hisses escapes her lips. "FINALLY, some peace. What a fucking chatterbox..." Jezebel nods satisfied.

Buffy's eyes grow wide. "What in the hell has this bitch drugged me with?" she panics, yelling again and again, but much to Jezebel's amusement, nothing comes out.

The vampire hottie doesn't even bother with explaining what just happened to poor Buffy's vocal chords, but rather proceeds to take out a syringe, filled with the power-paralyzing serum that the girl had been injected with at the night of her abduction. Buffy shuffles and twists in place, but Jezebel has no problem pricking the inside of the girl's elbow, draining the contents inside. "There, there, don't want you being a GOOD vampire hunter now, do we?" Jezebel twists the knife with that sly comment. Whatever power Buffy had recovering, have once again been put to bed.

Now it's time for the actual dress up. Buffy's usual black lace choker necklace around her neck. Its function is always useful, come the right time. Then the woman gets to dressing Buffy, starting with the no longer than 3 inches, electric blue, frilly skirt, then her matching top – it's convenient how she can pass any clothing between her arms, even if they are permanently bound. The top is a size too small, its glistening fabric pressing tightly against the girl's B-cups, outlining them, as well as her areolae and nipples.

Finally, her –not just “fuck me” but rather “get ready for a gangbang” long, heeled boots adorn her legs. All the same vibrant blue color. Buffy's upside down cross navel piercing is exposed, along with her flat belly.

Someone would say that the dresser skipped a layer of clothing, but that's all there is. No panties or bra, no leggings or stockings or any kind of coat. Street skanks like her don't need anything else.

Jezebel waits for a few seconds. She knows that the girl's violet head doesn't match the rest of her outfit. But that is not problem, because before her very eyes, the purple color of Buffy's hair, contacts and lipstick slowly transforms into a bright, electric blue, matching her newest, slutty attire. The violet color was there only due to absence of any clothing. If Buffy ever manages to miraculously escape this fate, her hair would not change any color, nor her lips. Any dye would wash over them; any lipstick would appear like a sharpie with no ink.

Jezebel nods satisfied. The illusion spell on the girl's beautification add-ons has worked like a charm – no pun intended. The girl's look is now as blue as her mood. Well, much bright, to be honest. Her make-up remains that same pale white. Though some skanks actually go for that extroverted, heavily made up look, Buffy feels like a clown, powdered and colorful like that. Judging by Jezebel's outfit choices, no “nude” colors are in Buffy's future anytime soon. Only the most whorish, slutty ones.

Despite her lips' color changing, Buffy's lip-gloss still needs to be “renewed”. Buffy has never seen this item, not even during her makeup's tattooing session. “It's just to make you prettier” Jezebel reassures, as she spreads the shiny, almost glittery texture on Buffy's lips. They get a nice, bright shine, the color stronger than before.

Of course, Jezebel has lied to her vampire-hunter slave. Before Buffy has realized what's going on, the lipstick has rendered her lips useless, making only a vacant pout possible. It is sexy, in the sense that a brainless Barbie is sexy.

Buffy's wide, shocked eyes are full of questions for Jezebel, but she's not in the mood for any answers. "Come on, time to go" she undoes the leather strap from Buffy's neck and pushes her towards the mansion's exit.

Outside the house, a crowd of roaring big motorcycles awaited. Jezebel steps outside and with her slave-toy around her arm, reaches her own bike. It is majestic, a big, racing-type motorcycle. Jezebel throws the reluctant girl on the back seat of the bike. Buffy doesn't give her too much trouble, only because she hopes this might lead to someone discovering her, and calling for help. As soon as the expressionless Goth slut takes a seat, she sees that her "mistress" has taken a pair of shiny, steel Ben-Wa balls out of her pocket, each about an inch in diameter.

"Will you hold these for me?" Jezebel says with an evil grin, shoving her hand underneath the tiny skirt (easiest maneuver of her life) and rudely inserts the two balls connected by the shortest string, in the girl's pussy. Buffy tries to back away from the female vampire, but Jezebel has already locked her in place with a firm hold on the girl's hair right above the nape of her neck. As Buffy cannot avoid the degrading assault, she lets out a silent moan; to an outsider it is just a sigh.

"Good girl" Jezebel teases, as she pulls off a Velcro cover on her back seat, to reveal a previously folded, small rubber tongue, which springs up as soon as its cover is removed. It doesn't look like anything else, except for its dark color.

"Go on, then, take a seat" Jezebel pushes her magically mute and restrained plaything onto the back seat. Buffy can only wiggle, her helplessness infuriating her more with each passing second. Before she can realize what's happening, Buffy is feeling the rubber prod tickle the first couple of centimeters of her pussy's entrance. The tip of that rubber tongue is now touching the first Ben-Wa ball, already nesting inside the girl. Buffy is feeling pretty violated at the moment. She's eyeing Jezebel with deep, boiling hatred. Her voice might be gone, but she says all she needs to with that look.

Jezebel straps a pair of "safety" belts located on either side of the back seat, over both the girl's thighs, clicking them securely on their female counterparts, located between Buffy's inner thighs. Buffy now can't rise off her sybian-like seat no matter how much she wants to.

"Enjoy the ride" Jezebel winks at Buffy, as she puts on her helmet and gets up on her bike, in front of the restrained passenger. As soon as the bike roars off into the street, Buffy suddenly regrets getting on without a fight. Jezebel has made an interesting little modification on her bike. The throttle stick has been linked with the rubber tongue's motor, meaning the more she jams on the gas, the more the prodding little thing vibrates. Buffy's mouth is sprung agape by the shear intensity of the sudden

stimulation on her pantieless, filled up pussy. The vibrations of the rubber tongue not only tease her studded pussy lips, but also transfer through the two steel balls that shift inside her with every involuntary shiver or shift. They ultimately reverberate that tremble on the inner walls of the girl's cunt.

If Buffy wants to lessen the effects of her little predicament, she has to stay still, but that's easier said than done, when you're on a moving bike going 70 MPH AND you are having your sex blasted with enforced pleasure.

Jezebel did not want any cum-snail on her ride, but she never mentioned anything about a squirt-snail...

You could say the 30 minute ride was certainly "eventful". The girl's eyes look they were ready to pop when the bike finally stopped. Buffy had to constantly keep her grip on the holders behind her seat out of fear of falling off, even though the tight straps over her thighs would never let her.

The hoard of bikes reaches a dimly lit, outdoor parking lot. At first glance, it seems almost abandoned, but once your eyes focus on the new darkness, you can see small groups of people lurking in the corners. Lots of shady individuals, some in better shape than others. You couldn't be sure whether the group a few yards from you was in the middle of a drug deal, or just some hipsters hanging out, slamming down beers and killing time. The park certainly had that variety.

With not much else to see, all eyes in the parking lot fall onto the new visitors, sticking there for a good while. Buffy should normally rejoice in seeing strangers around. Each one might be a potential savior! But upon stepping off Jezebel's bike, her gut reaction is to draw as little attention towards her as possible. The girl has not forgotten what her appearance was, causing her to be very timid. Her latex skirt is sooo tiny, anyone who squats in front of her can probably spot the heart-shaped piercing, dangling from the girl's clitoris. "Oh my god, this is so humiliating! Everyone can see my ass, even those piercings on my nipples are obvious under the top" Buffy is utterly mortified, though her expression doesn't do much to betray that feeling. On top of the Ben-Wa balls still sloshing inside her little love-cave, Buffy faces some adversity balancing on her new, 5-inch tall heeled boots, but "luckily" Jezebel was never leaving her side. Wouldn't want the bitch to cause a ruckus all of a sudden.

The girl walks slowly beside her captor, though to anyone watching them, they appear as friends. Buffy moves slowly, both to keep her ankles from twisting, but even more urgently, to keep the couple of steel balls from slipping off her naked cunt. That would be REALLY embarrassing. The former vampire hunter is not sure whether Jezebel is aware of her predicament and doesn't care, or she has just forgotten about it.

The biker gang gathers besides the abandoned storage building on the side of the parking. There's even less light there, than on the other sides of the bare, asphalted area. A few vampires lean up against the wall of the building, others lean on their parked bikes, making a loose group circle.

Buffy is roughly pushed against the unfinished, rough, cement wall by Jezebel. The latex-clad girl is pulling on her useless arms as hard as she can, but she only manages to separate them about an inch, before they snap back together. "Stay there. Be nothing but an eye-candy" Jezebel threatens the numb-faced, invisibly bound girl. "Eye-candy?" Buffy repeats that word in her head. That's all I am? Buffy despises what these bastards have turned her into. "Oh, and don't drop the ball" Jezebel winks again at the girl, smiling at her own pun. Buffy desperately tries to form an insult with her blue-glossed lips, but they only flutter weakly.

About half an hour goes by, without much going on. A few of the biker vampires have already locked in on their pray for the night, sneakily following a group of high school, skater boys and girls, who were hanging out in the parking lot and have just called it a night. Young blood always tastes better.

In any other circumstances, Buffy would have leaped to these dumb-dumbs' rescue, but now she's too busy being on her knees, giving one of the vampires an impromptu blowjob. "Keep those eyes up!" the male vampire says, pinning the girl's neck against the wall with a firm handhold. Buffy raises her bright, ocean-blue eyes to meet his, a cock still being thrust in her mouth. That extra little indignity, having to lock eyes with her rapist, that's equally as bad as the mouth-fucking itself. She wants to bite his dick off soooooo bad. But two days ago, when she stood her ground like that, she had been hanged by her ankles and wailed on with riding crops from all possible angles! As much as she disliked having her throat bruised repeatedly, she didn't want to risk a repeat of that afternoon.

The man is grabbing her blue-colored, wavy locks, using it as perfect leverage to shove himself in and out of the girl's throat. He has passed the sensual lip-smacking, sucking portion and has moved on to the raw face-fucking part. "Glug...glug...glug...glug...glug...glug...glug...glug...." his dick makes that wet, plopping noise every time it slams against her throat. Buffy receives the violent dick-thrusting with periodic choking and gagging; she can't do much else beyond that. Her light-blue eyes nervously dart around from time to time, searching for any person passing by the gang's perimeter, hoping they might get a whiff of her peril. "Reminding" slaps on her face return her gaze to the proper place.

Buffy's attempt of holding on to her dignity is not aided by the fact that the parking lot is not as empty as she might have hoped. People are walking through it, whether using it as a shortcut on their way home, or going to pick up the few cars there. They're faces express shock at the audacious public sex act. But the resentment and disapproving head-shakes are targeted not towards her abusers, but

towards the girl, for displaying her hornyness so graphically, so shamelessly. Not only are they not helping her, they're badmouthing her as they walk away.

The blue latex Goth girl in the corner of the storage building is fellating a second "customer". Some more curious eyes have moved a little closer, the sight being definitely intriguing. A few sex-obsessed teens have even taken out their phones and are filming the semi-naked slut giving head. That video will probably be spread amongst their friends like wildfire. Buffy truly wants the earth to open up and swallow her, as much as she's swallowing that musty, pale cock.

If people's perception of you is what defines you, then at this moment, Buffy is nothing more than a goth-styled, latex-clad prostitute. She definitely looks and acts the part, so why would anyone think otherwise? The only thing that could throw an unsuspecting stranger off about that latex whore is her anxious, searching eyes. Normally a slut like her would be totally focused on her task at hand, sucking cock, making pornstar eyes to her clients. This whore appears uneasy, maybe scared even.

"Our toy is a little too curious" Jezebel mumbles softly, spotting Buffy's eye-shiftness. With the second vampire's cock being retrieved from the silent slave's mouth, only for a second, the female biker vampire moves her fingers to the girl's left temple. She moves them counter-clockwise as if turning an invisible dial on the girl's head. Magically, the blue color on the contact lenses, permanently "glued" on Buffy's eyes, takes a foggy, greyish hue.

The 'dial' controls the opacity of the lenses. Jezebel has just 'turned it to the max, rendering the girl fully blind, until someone dials it back 'on'. It's not the first time she has this done to her, but it's still terrifying for the poor girl, losing her sight like that. Buffy fidgets and shifts, moaning with no sound -the dick in her mouth doesn't help either. It's not like she has anywhere to go, trapped between an erect cock in front and an erect wall behind her. The back of her head meets the rough, hard surface of the cement wall behind her, at any defiant head-flinch. The few times she's tried to get off her knees, she's been pushed back down again, before anyone realizes how non-consensual her sexcapade is.

Buffy is truly helpless now. She can't call, nor signal for help. The vampire pumps harder and faster in the human girl's oral fuck-hole, closing in on a nice orgasm. With her blue lips tightly wrapped around the sliding shaft, Buffy mostly focuses on not dying, her throat sore, until he pulls out of those blue lips and throws 2-3 long strings of jizz onto her made-up face. It's a good thing her mascara is permanent; otherwise it would be copiously running down her eyes. Buffy's internally crying, trying hard to keep the actual tears from flowing out. She doesn't want to give them that satisfaction.

“Wipe your filthy load, I wanna play with her” Jezebel head-points to the empty-balled vampire. “Pff, what do you care?” he scoffs, but obeys. No one in the gang dares going against Jezebel’s wishes. She might prefer sexy bodysuits to flowy capes and Victorian-esque dresses, but she’s still the most powerful vampire in the group by far. “I got an idea” she mumbles, going towards her sports bike.

Buffy is left alone in her darkness for a few precious seconds, still panting from being dick-choked for the past half hour. Her knees hurt, but she doesn’t dare get up. She is still too shocked from the assault. “Traumatized” is the word. The welts from her vicious whipping have not even healed from a few hours ago.

The parking lot is desolating, the few people previously peeping from a distance into the random submissive slut’s sexcapades, now calling it a night. Ironically, some of them will never make it to the next dawn. Their drained bodies will be found with bite marks on their necks.

Jezebel returns, parking her bike right in front of the kneeling latex whore. Buffy’s lips are quivering from the emotional distress, but she still can’t mouth any words, thanks to that date-rape of a lipstick. “Squat, little slut” Buffy could only hear the vampire’s voice near her. She doesn’t obey. That’s fine. A couple of seconds later, she feels Jezebel’s long-and-sharp-nailed fingers on her choker necklace, as if in a chokehold, but not applying any pressure. The woman’s hand lays on the necklace itself, rather than the girl’s neck. Jezebel then traces her thumb and index finger along the lace of the choker, until the fingertips touch.

In doing so, the necklace constricts around Buffy’s neck, cutting off all air. Buffy gasps, surprised by the sudden loss of oxygen. “Khhhhhhh.....” the vice-like grip around her throat is so relentless, she can’t even produce the hissing, gurgling noises she made earlier in the day while swinging from the living room ceiling. She twitches in place, her studded tongue pushed out by the choker. “Get... on your heels... and...squat” Jezebel whispers this time right in the girl’s ear, so there is no excuse for not receiving the message. Buffy does not have the energy for another breath-holding contest. Strenuously, she rushes on her feet, assuming an embarrassing, deep squat. The tiny skirt she is wearing is now fully ineffectual, baring everything out to see. All six labia studs and the cherry-on-top-of-the-cake clitoral ring.

Jezebel puts her hand again on Buffy’s choker, and makes the opposite gesture from before, pulling her fingertips apart across the necklace’s length. As soon as she does that, Buffy inhales a greedy amount of air in one swoop intake. She is free to breathe again.

"I gave you some jewellery before to store. I want them back" Jezebel keeps teasing her vulnerable slave-toy. Buffy always fought her captors from day one of her imprisonment, but this was the first time she felt so powerless. "Just leave me alone" is the only thought in Buffy's mind, feeling the woman squatting in front of her and reaching right underneath her full pussy. Buffy has definitely done her kegel exercises throughout these past couple of hours. As she shamefully squeezes her pussy, the shiny balls, well coated in the moisture of the girl's pussy, fall together with a soft clank on the woman's open palm.

"Oh, on a second thought, I think I'll keep them safe somewhere else" Jezebel smiles. Buffy's ineffectual eyes never see the woman picking up the sex toy with the black, leather, biker gloves she is still wearing, and pushing the two balls in the girl's mouth. Buffy flinches, trying to push the foreign objects out with her tongue. "Nonononono..." Jezebel smothers the girl's mouth shut with her gloved hand, until it's clear that this moist little pocket is where she wants these things to stay. Buffy shifts her permanently spellbound arms nervously, trying to exert the slightest of freedom. She can taste herself on the small, metallic spheres, a sensation she never wanted to try out. Her eyes are open, but useless, shifting around searching vainly for light.

Jezebel slowly removes her hand, leaving Buffy to chew on her moist sex-toys. She gets back on her bike, and rolls it with the soles of her heeled boots until the thick, front wheel is nesting on her poor slave's cunt-lips. "What is happening? Somebody must be seeing this!" Buffy instinctively tries closing her legs, but two male vampires kick them open. Message received.

The blue-haired slut can only wish that this shameless debauchery has at least one witness. It has more, but the few drunks and junkies still orbiting the parking lot, just see her as either a lowlife scam, looking for her dose, or just a submissive whore, living out her twisted fantasies. Either way, it's none of their business.

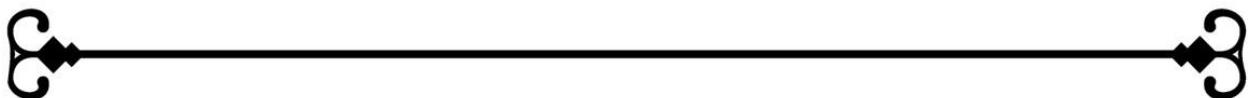
"Does it hit the spot?" Jezebel says, slightly jiggling the bike's handle, causing the wheel to rub against the poor girl's tender, pierced lips, taking them along for the ride as it trembles from side to side. "I should jam some throttle so you can reaaaally feel it" Jezebel remarks, loudly revving the engine up. The surrounding mob of vampire bikers cheer with similar comments that no father would ever bare to hear directed at his daughter.

Buffy is still blind, but she can definitely hear the ominous statements and the engine roaring, seemingly ready to run her through the wall. Her voice is dead, but if it wasn't, you would hear pitiful, pleading moans, nudging their way past the pair of steel balls she's suckling on. Quick, shallow breaths make the girl's nostrils flare rapidly, as she shakes her head frantically left and right. She can feel the thick rubber tire pressing roughly against her bare-naked sex.

Jezebel revs her bike some more, scaring the shit of the broken little vampire hunter. It gives her great joy, seeing Buffy in this vulnerable, dependent state. She feels like she can crush her like a small bug under her biker boot. The reality is, she very much can. But then all the fun would end.

“I’m bored” Jezebel eventually pulls the bike of the pinned girl, the sudden free motion making Buffy lose her balance and trip forward. Without any arms to keep her up, she’s lying flat, facing the gravel-pebbled ground. “Someone pick her up, I’m not putting that filth on my bike” Jezebel turns her bike to get back home. She might not get some fresh blood tonight, but if she gets a good cunt-lapping from her human sex-toy she’ll forget all about it.

Buffy’s legs cannot hold her anymore. A male vampire picks her up and throws her over his shoulder, as the gang gets on their motorcycles to return to base.



3 days into being a Latex Goth Slut

“MMMMMMMMphhhh! NNNngggg!” the buzzing needle hurts more than anticipated. Though Jezebel has taken her sweet, little time, making things worse for her most-recent, human toy. The naked girl is currently bound on a black, leather, bondage stool, resembling a comfy bondage horse. It keeps her laying on it on her belly. Her wrists always painfully behind her back, her ankles strapped onto the sides of the device, and a big, red ball-gag is silencing her annoying yapper. What’s holding the girl secure is the fact that her head is snugly trapped on a comfy but also confining leather stock, protruding from one corner of the apparatus. It looks like a leather pillow with a hole in the center, which currently circles Buffy’s neck.

“Come ooon, it doesn’t hurt that bad” Jezebel coos, pressing the tattooing gun against the girl’s sensitive lower back a little harder than necessary. Buffy strains to turn her neck to look at her captor. It’s a good thing Jezebel has also strapped the girl’s midriff down on the leather mat. She was being way too shifty for her to work in peace.

Jezebel loves tattooing; she is sporting a few pieces herself. But it’s always fun to have a clean canvas to go crazy on. Especially when that canvas is a writhing vampire hunter that has made your life very difficult in the past. “Y ltl btch! Lt m ggUUUUUUUUUUUGH!” Buffy’s muffled name calling gets interrupted by the painful yelp of the needle tracing tender flesh once more. The tribal tramp stamp is not even half-way done and Buffy’s already sweating from the strain. “If you keep still and don’t throw off my concentration with your constant moaning, I’ll finish quicker” Jezebel lies to her toy. She has her toy as immobile and as silent as she needs. “These things will stay forever with you. Don’t you want them to look good?” she said, causing her toy to snort angrily in her bonds. The enchanted tattoo gun (and the piercing gun that would come handy later) would make sure Buffy would never get a “normal” job at a corporate office.

With her tramp stamp out of the way, Jezebel moves her wheeled chair in front of the girl’s secured face. “MMMgggggmmfff!” Buffy senses danger, and she’s smart to do so. Jezebel approaches the needle onto the girl’s pretty, ball-gagged lips. “NOT MY LIPS!” the girl widens her eyes, but the needle, coated with a bright, violet color, was already tracing her top lip. It hurts like a motherfucker, and it will never leave, unless Buffy chooses to cut her lips off. Buffy’s heart sinks when she spots the photo references Jezebel had next to her, depicting a pale-faced girl with purple lips, hair and eyes. Unlike the colors of her tattoos and make up, her future does not look bright...

Three hours have gone by. Buffy is still tethered on the same leather furniture. Her torturer has gone upstairs about 30 minutes ago, taking a break from her creative work. It's hard tattooing someone for three hours straight!

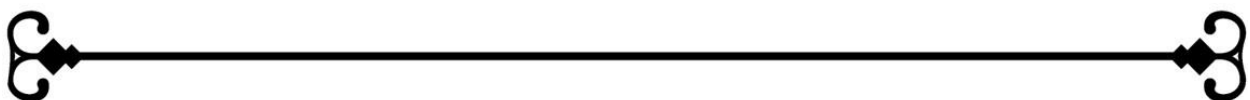
Buffy never considered her body to be "empty" of any décor, but her abductor did not share that view.

And so, the light-pink of her Caucasian skin is now accompanied by plenty of artwork. Jezebel is a great artist, though that offers little consolation to Buffy's permanent cosmetic interference, as well as the immense pain that still lingers from it. Her body features an almost obnoxiously loud tribal stamp that pops with its green, blue and purple lines on her lower back, a coiled snake around her neck, a sunset highway on her arm and the largest one yet, a demon with open devilish wings that spams a fourth of her entire back. And Jezebel said they'll be more.

The ever-present dye on Buffy's hair has settled now, a bright purple color. The contacts Jezebel forced in her eyes have been magically sealed to her retina.

The sight of a gyno-chair on the corner of the dimly lit room sends shivers up Buffy's spine. Her vampire tattoo artist mentioned this will be used for her "remaining" tattoos, as well as her piercings. That sentence has been keeping the bound girl restless ever since Jezebel went upstairs. Nervous nose breathing is now the only sound in Jezebel's little drawing playroom. Quick, anxious, vulnerable breathing. Seconds pass, it's all the same to Buffy. She has pulled on the straps of her bondage multiple times by now, enough to know it's pointless.

As she hears the heeled footsteps coming down the basement stairs, the girl lets out an involuntary, muffled whimper.



802 days into being a Latex Goth Slut

The initial break of a billiards game cuts through the rough, crowded ruckus. There's a kind of characteristic smell that permeates crowded places that have remained enclosed without a single window. That same earthy scent is very present throughout "The Mermaid's Tail", a traditional Irish pub as old as it is rough-looking. You can't see more than 10 feet in front of you with the thick mist all the smoke has created. The floors are covered with dirt and spilled beer. The place is a known hangout for bikers and biker gangs, and anyone who doesn't arrive on one is promptly kicked out, sometimes literally. The bar has this almost pirate-village type of esthetic, with some of the wooden, scratched up, round tables having a richer history than the joint's patrons.

But that's true only for the bar's human customers. The vampire gang that frequents "the Tail" has many more years on their backs. They strut in like they own the place. There are some pretty mean motherfuckers that shift their eyes towards Jezebel and her undead crew. Most of them would not hesitate to smash a man's skull open for the slightest insult. But as the vampire bitch makes her way towards the bar counter, whoever is standing in her way steps aside. Contrary to what her alluring curves might drive a man to do, no one wants a bite from this bitch.

"10 large pints" Jezebel says, looking down at the old, bearded barman. In seconds the whole length of the bar counter has emptied, leaving the pale, leather-jacketed bikers to take a seat comfortably. One of them appears to have a pretty dame on his lap, as he's sitting on the bar stool, with one foot on the ground.

The girl looks very demure, which is a big contrast to what she's putting out into the world. Her appearance is undoubtedly very sexual and revealing. She is wearing a semi-transparent, dark green bodysuit, which has the cut of a one-piece. The color matches everything from her neck up; from her hair to her eyes to her lipstick. Dark-green, thigh-high stockings adorn her shapely legs, with some black latex frills on the top. Over the stockings, the girl's feet nest in a pair of black, 4-inch tall, Mary Jane platforms with square heels. The red, welt marks, while partially obscured by the half-opaque stockings, are fully visible on her bare thighs.

The girl's waist is tightly constricted by a black, underbust, steel-boned corset, while her welt-adorned ass is only half-covered, thanks to the Brazilian cut of her bodysuit's bottom. Not that the rest of the woman's is concealed, thanks to the material's transparent nature. Same goes for her pierced little sex flower, the lips might not be visible but the girl's pubic mound surely is. Jezebel keeps her toy perfectly shaved down there.

Above the corset, the girl's chest is pretty visible through the semi-transparent latex. There's no question about her nipple piercings' overall exposure. The long-sleeves of the bodysuit offer little consolation for the outfit's overall lack of modesty.

Buffy feels her body being paraded in this outfit. Nothing to hide, really. Only the pretense of clothing is present. Diving into the girl's mind offers a useful insight on her psychological state:

Oh, god, there are so many old creeps staring at me... I can't even make eye-contact; they're such disgusting, slobbering animals. Can't really blame them on the other hand, they must think I'm the lowliest of whores with this look. I'm pretty sure my ass and boobs are on full display. Did that bitch have to dress me in that see-through shit? Isn't the indignity enough? Dammit, if only I could move my fucking arms!

The girl twists a bit in the man's grasp, more to convince herself she's not a willing participant, than to pose any actual threat. "Hey, settle down, slut" the male vampire pauses his conversation to calm his toy down, placing his hand over her latex-covered nipple and giving it a firm pinch. His arm then returns to where it was before, comfortably wrapped around her midriff, his hand harassingly resting on her naked thigh. His other hand never left his cold beer. Buffy silently yelps, stopping her temper tantrum, before spiraling into another self-loathing round. She falls into these more and more often.

Ouch, you prick! YOU settle down! Dammit what am I doing? Trying to talk with my voice and lips paralyzed. I simply look like an airheaded bimbo. I should just keep quiet and wait for this night out to blow over. I'll probably have to suck a few dicks before they call it a night, but I've gotten used to that...

*...Wow, great job Buffy, deep-throating vampire dicks is just as mundane as a walk in the park isn't it?
Could you be any more whorish?*

Noooo, it's not like that! It's, it's not my fault! They are forcing me to do this! All this torture and abuse every day. It's too hard to bear anymore. I just want my peace...

...You used to be Buffy, the vampire slayer! Now you act like a dollar-store prostitute for them. Of course it is your fault! You're not fighting anymore. You're not trying to escape. You're not standing up for yourself. You have just settled into being their fuck-toy. And for what? A little less pain. Pathetic...

The voiceless girl continues to wallow over her own helplessness for some time, while the party surrounding her picks up. Alcohol flows freely and with that, any previous inhibitions disappear. "Come on, time for you to be useful!" a second vampire grabs a tuft of the girl's dark-green hair, and pulls her

towards him. Buffy flies off the previous guy's lap, stumbling to not trip on her tall platforms. It's a good thing she's had lots of practice with such tall shoes over the past couple of years.

The rather drunk vampire leads the latex-clad girl towards the pool table and without much warning bends the girl over the edge. Buffy offers little resistance, as she feels her pretty face pressed against the felt. The man behind her only needs to undo a single, clip-button on the crotch of the latex bodysuit, and voila! The girl's holes are fully accessible.

Oh no, not here! Not in front of all these people!

Great priorities whore! Getting raped isn't bad enough? The audience is the problem?

Awww, awww, please don't shove it in too hard...please... OUUUUUCH! Just put some spit on it or something, it hurts! OUUUu he's gonna tear me open...

Buffy is being taken for a "ride", bend over the pool table. This ride is not fun for her, though. People are watching and cheering for her rapist to "give it to her rough" and "break the bitch in half". The girl is exhaling in rhythm with the man's upbeat thrusting, helpless to avoid the abuse.

The welts on my thighs and ass have still not healed, dammit; they hurt whenever he makes contact with them. This green mat feels rough against my face; I've had worse "pillows" though.

Nooo, please don't come over. There's three of them. All bearded, sweaty and dirty. Ewww! I know it's a lost cause, but i'll try to signal them with my eyes for help...nope .Just horny drunk scum.

The three sleazy, overweight men have approached Buffy it are looking to join this fun company. One of them grabs Buffy's hair roughly, pressing her face against the green felt. Another one has an idea, picking up the 2-inch thick, white pool ball. He places it right in front of the girl's lips, suggestively pushing it through. Buffy struggles, trying to shift her face away, but it's pinned strongly by another hand. She doesn't want that ball in her mouth, but if she resists the pressure for too long, this thing might break her teeth.

Finally, the latex slut's mouth welcomes the white ball around her green lips. It's so thick it gets lodged behind her teeth, spreading her jaw open.

Bastards! Let me go! My jaw feels like it's going to pop off any second. At least my pussy is finally warmed up, it doesn't hurt anymore. Actually feels kind of good...

Right, enjoy your rape. Maybe you deserve to be a gang's ragdoll. For shame.

I can't control how it feels, ok!? I've had forceful sex so many times; It's the only thing I know now. I can't help that rape and love-making seem one and the same after so long!

While the latex ragdoll's split, inner dialogue is bordering on schizophrenia, over half the pub's customers have swarmed to the fuck-toy like bees on honey. They've gathered around the pool table to watch, or elect a more handsy approach, groping and feeling everything they can get their hands on, from the girl's bare ass, to her parted legs. They cheer like hooligans, egging for the girl to be brought onto the table.

Can't argue with a mob, the vampire shrugs his shoulders, and in seconds, Buffy finds herself on her back – and her pinned arms- on the middle of the pool table with legs spread wide and up by eager, violent hands, which don't waste their chance at groping.

More hands are harassing her from all angles, on her face, around her neck. The girl feels the latex material that is always hugging her chest, being roughly pulled away from her, before a sharp object tears it to shreds. The people have spoken! They want to feel naked tit-flesh. Jezebel rolls her eyes at the stupid brutes ruining her toy's fetishy clothing.

With the wrapping of their early Christmas present torn, Buffy feels more vicious grabbing, groping and smacking of her bare boobies. Last, but not least, her once delicate little pussy gets violated with different groups of fingers every few seconds. They say a youthful pussy always snaps back to normal, no matter how much dicking it has endured. But Buffy swears things feel a bit "looser" lately, with the number of her sexual interactions at the thousands at this point.

Meanwhile, her little rim-hole, a few millimeters lower, is receiving equal amounts of attention, with nasty, dirty fingers prodding like crazy. It's pure pandemonium! No one ever registers how or why the girl has her arms pinned behind her back. No one cares. The girl simply shakes her head in denial, looking at her assailants with scared, pitiful eyes. Whatever hope was in her heart when she entered this place, was gone.

STOOOOOOOP! NOOOOOOO! I can't take it anymore, so many filthy paws on me! My pussy, everyone's shoving their hands... My pussy feels so agape, so inviting...Aaaw, I think I feel four fingers inside it, I must be a real cum-dumpster to fit so much...

They are so rough, Ouch! My tits, don't twist my nipples so hard! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA, my breasts, please don't touch them, they're too sensitive!

He's choking me! Can't...breath! Everything is too much. Too... overwhelming... My anus, what are they doing!? It hurts, so invasive...I'm being used like a sex toy, and I can't do anything about it. I'm NOT doing anything about it...

My body feels so foreign. Like a puppet being played with. I can feel whatever is happening to it, but I don't have any agency over it. They have taken it away from me. Everything is so intense. I feel like I'm watching myself outside of my body...

Vampires, humans, the male crowd has become one, uniting over this shared, new hobby. The cheering hooligans are so loud it's impressive how Buffy can even hear her own thoughts in this chaos. With their little Goth chick properly "kneaded" and "stuffed", the mob is chanting for more humiliation, more degrading acts. Buffy is tossed around like an actual ragdoll. One of the vampire's breaks a pool stick in half. Buffy's pool-ball-gagged face takes a horrified expression. She struggles to back away from it, her tall heels and ineffectual arms doing nothing to aid her cause.

The mod holds her legs up, propping her crotch and ass with them, while the thin, chalk-covered end of the stick is unceremoniously shoved in her asshole, while the opposite, thick end is buried in her pierced pussy.

"MMMMMMnnnggAAAAaaaawwww!" Buffy screams from the pain, right as her white ball gag is pulled off. She has regained some of the mobility of her lips, as well as her voice. It's still weak, too weak to surpass the hullabaloo around her. "NOoooo... stooooop!" she faintly utters but is quickly propped against the wall of the bar's counter. There is a metal bar, running alongside the bar, for people to put their feet while they sit on the stools. This is where the girl is hitched on, as another nameless abuser uses some rope to tie around the girl's neck, then attaches it behind her back and onto that metal foot-bar. The rope is taut so that Buffy is forced to take a deep seat on her impromptu chair, made out of two halves of a pool stick. The wood has impaled itself inside her exposed crotch holes. Standing off of them is impossible, with the rope pulling her neck down. The girl's knees are forced at an acute angle. The bondage predicament is forcing her to titer, balancing between her heeled feet and the two sticks she's impaled with.

This is excruciating! I feel like I'm being skewered!...Don't this people have any decency?

I need to find a way to balance without stabbing or choking myself. Ohmygodohmygod it's so scary!!! I could try to kick the sticks off, but if I miss, I might fall onto them and drive them through my stomach. Just keep still Buffy, find the right spot, don't slip... don't slip, these huge platforms will fucking kill me....keep balance, keep balance, try to ignore the literal stick up my ass and pussy...God it's sooooo deep, don't shift too much cause it drives itself further!!!

Please don't torture me anymore!. I'm a good little slut. I will suck all of you. I'll swallow all your cum...just please don't hurt me anymore...

Pathetic shit...submitting to their twisted tastes... You deserve all this...

“BEER FOR THE SLUT! BEER FOR THE SLUT! BEER FOR THE SLUT!” the mash up of drunk, horny vampires and humans chant together whilst gathering in a circle around the latex-clad, semi-naked whore. With an almost choreographed zip, all their flies are brought down. They’ve been chugging down beers for hours, so naturally, they need to use the restroom. Good thing the toilet has been brought to them now.

“Open up slut!” and various iterations of that phrase are simultaneously heard. Buffy has relinquished all individuality and free will to analyze these words. She tilts her head back – as far as the noose will allow- and opens her mouth nice and wide, even sticking out her studded tongue out to catch anything that misses her head-hole.

As soon as she does, a cataclysm of piss rains down on her open mouth, her face, her exposed tits and dripping down to her whole latexed body. The broken (former) vampire hunter takes it all in with a twisted, broken smile. The lines of tears, flowing from her green eyes, are drowned by the yellow shower.

Yeah, gulp everything down, taste that rancid piss! Mmm tastes so good Like the good filthy whore you are. Lower yourself some more on your two fucksticks. You not-even-good-enough-for- a-penis slut!

This is the mantra the girl repeats to herself, again and again. Like a good, latex goth slut.

