

My Very Own Foot Slave

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

I always felt a deeper, more intimate connection to my feet than your average person. They say our feet have nerve endings connecting them to every imaginable body part. I don't know if this is accurate, or some urban myth. But as far as I could remember myself, I enjoyed playing with my feet a lot. I liked the different sensations they could offer me. Tracing my fingers on the insides of my toes, kneading the arches and soles with my hands, absentmindedly. It was as soothing as it was pleasurable.

First time I discovered this wasn't the case for others was in elementary school. We had a metal swing set on one side of the yard, with a jungle gym nearby. The area there was covered in these small pebbles, presumably for safety.

During recess, I would take off my shoes and socks and kind of seat on the gravel. I liked the feeling of the tiny stones against my feet, under and between my toes. None of the other kids ever thought to do that. On the contrary, they made fun of me. My teachers, even though I was simply minding my own business, softly scolded me, "advising" me to best keep my footwear on while at school.

I felt ashamed; different.

As soon as my sexual awakening arrived, it was apparent that this, too, was different than most. I was always fascinated from movie scenes where there was a bound damsel in distress, pleading for help. My tastes quickly developed to be less ... consensual, shall we say. During high-school I got really into watching bdsm porn and even though I didn't know I was bisexual then, my search history was strictly lesbian-based. I always pictured myself as that dominant, bossy woman, the one in control, telling the poor, scaredy cat girl what to do and how to do it. I never sympathized with the submissive characters; I simply loved how degraded they appeared.

I never cared for the soft stuff, either, the "oh, ok if you say so I'll do it" kind of reluctant captives, who ended up enjoying everything in the end and cumming buckets. No. I wanted them to suffer. In my mind, that porn-star was not shooting an agreed-upon film. She was being raped against her will.

Before graduating, I've had my share of sexual experiences. Made out with a couple of girls. Was in a 2-year run with a nice guy named Kevin. Entering "adulthood", I didn't have particular trouble "getting some". I was always a chubbier girl, what the stereotypical black guys would call "thick" and what some asshole white guys would call "fat". Around 5'6", I wasn't exactly model height, either. But I could "work" my fine curves to get pretty much whoever I fancied. I had a big, E-cup, juicy bust and a meaty "booty" that those anorexic bitches envied.

Despite my aptitude in the "field", I never really pursued any long-term commitment. I found the few relationships I made tiring and unfulfilling, which was also the reason they were brief. Men or women, it didn't make a difference. One night stands were also usually awkward. They were an adequate novelty, but I found them overhyped.

My relationship with my own feet, though, was still going strong and blossoming. I loved every millimeter of my UK 7s. I took good care of them, pedicuring once a month. Experimenting with different nail-polish colors was also fun, though I usually settled for black toe-nails, due to the whole Goth look I had kept since high school. Either that, or I painted them the same dark red color as my wavy, chest-length, auburn-black hair.

Foot massages were also a nice treat. Too nice in fact, since I was finding myself hot and bothered during them and had to sadly quit them. Too public of a setting to "get off". One night stands rarely ended in foot massages, either. After the couple of rejections I got for trying to "move things further south" I gave up on the idea. I was regretting not taking more advantage of Kevin, back then.

A couple of strangers that had slid into my DMs had actually messaged me to send them pics of my feet, presumably after a long summer and longer Instagram feed with plenty of photos of my sandaled beauties. I didn't oblige them, but I certainly enjoyed the attention.

I was always proud of my feet and considered them very pretty.

Soon enough my feet's sensitivity and the impact it had on me was becoming apparent. Eventually, this obsession with my bottom-bells merged with my increasingly sadistic tastes, largely reflected on the kind of porn I was consuming. Lots of cute girls, "servicing" the feet of some badass bitch, almost always bound, almost always under some threat of violence. This was my jam, and it was fun for a while.

Without really noticing, I steadily reserved myself to the adult cycle of my boring day job and the rest from said day job. Rinse and repeat. I paid my bills. I made rent. I was content with myself and grateful for the couple of vibrators I had stashed on my bedside drawer.

Life was not thrilling, but it was ok. That's what i told myself.

It was a few weeks before my 24th birthday when i realized that I was not happy. This feeling that was bubbling for a long time just spilled over. Everything seemed boring. My gaming was never fun. My meet-ups with my few friends revolved around the same hackneyed subjects. The slightly amusing thing that happened at work, the new shows/movies/music someone discovered, the minutiae of their love lives (I was mostly out of that last one).

Nothing really gave me joy, only helped pass the time. Endless gaming or social media scrolling, they were only covering for the lie I was telling myself. The cherry on top of this depressing sundae came that night, with my inability to orgasm. The usual scenarios that I had replayed in my head and re-watched on my screen again and again were not cutting it this time.

I threw my vibrator aside, defeated. As I was lying on my bed panting, unsatisfied and naked from the waist down, a thought came to me. I was looking down at the blank space on the foot of my bed.

The idea was perfectly clear, an epiphany, that's the word!

I realized i wanted to fill that empty bed space with an unwilling, terrified hottie. A helpless girl that would serve me exactly as I pleased and that would have no more rights than the ones I grant her.

I wanted the fantasy that I had used countless times to masturbate, to come to fruition. Not with safe-words, not with quotation marks or fine print. 100% real. "That's stupid!" I thought, shaking my head and awkwardly chuckling. "That's ridiculous" I told my brain again, as if it had talked back the first time. Disregarding my most likely lust-fueled paranoia, i turned off the lights and called it a night.



The sun was starting to make its way through my blinds. It didn't make a difference. I had not closed one eye, remaining wakeful throughout the night. The more I tried to ignore this boiling fire inside me, the more it was roaring and growing.

The next day at work, i was nothing more than a sleepless wreck. I couldn't focus on anything. I only hoped that when I finally got some sleep back home, this frustrating itch would go away. But it did not. Not the next day, not the one after it and not the one after that!

This earworm of an idea had wedged itself deeply inside my head. After 3 weeks of being a psychological mess and making up my mind then chickening out, again and again, i finally blew half of my monthly income on some online orders. If there was a first step, this was it. You can find all sorts of things, and most of what I was looking for came from bdsm online sex shops. Some I had to look harder for, on more "specialized" places. I didn't want any flimsy shit. I wanted effective, quality stuff. They all arrived after a couple of shipping weeks. Each gadget was designed for two things:

Either restraining or administering pain.

With a person that would definitely NOT consent to her stay in my home, keeping her from leaving would be pretty vital! As for the pain, that would be useful for convincing said person to do things, without having to go through all the trouble of discussions about personal boundaries, our individual tastes and blahblahblah! I couldn't give a shit. More importantly, I didn't want this person to have fun. It would kill the thrill for me.

I always considered myself a somewhat distant, closed-off individual. I had friends, sure, but I was never "head-over-heels" with anyone. I always attributed it to my general disposition, a generally standoffish, too-cool-for-school demeanor. I was calculating and level-headed in my decisions. I never really cared for order or honor as virtues, but I was a law-abiding citizen. No one wants to go to jail, right?

During these, arguably despicable thoughts, I would start to get these bubbling feelings of shame. It was only natural. We were all raised to be kind to each other, to aspire to be the good guy and despise the bad guy. Had I become the bad guy? But soon these worrying feelings would be met with a different, a really wet one, coming from between my legs. And that always won, causing me to forget any inhibitions.

I needed to have this. No matter the cost.

I bought a crap-load of these foamy, wavy panels they used on music studios to soundproof a room. I had it installed to cover my entire bedroom's walls, but I had more stashed in case my kitchen/living-room required it as well. I also had my bedroom floor redone, pulling my linoleum off to add a soundproof underlayment, which would go underneath the actual floors. I glued my new floors with green glue, a noise-proofing compound, then once they were set, I covered the whole surface with these interlocking floor mats. I finally threw a pretty carpet over them, to cover the ugly, black mats.

I figured having people over would be pretty difficult, owning the kind of "pet" that I wanted, but any suspicious questions would be answered by the bass guitar and small amp I had stashed in my room, next to my desk. I was playing a lot in high-school, so it wouldn't seem farfetched that I picked it up again. Though given my newfound hobby, I didn't know how much time I would invest in music.

One thing was certain. Nobody would hear a thing from my bedroom, no matter how loudly I was bass-shredding. More likely singing would be the noise-pollution. And not coming from me.

Finally, I drilled some 3-inch-thick, metal rings on various spots of my bedroom. Spots to hitch my toy on. I installed one right next to my top bed post, one next to my desk and one on the far corner of the room.

I had shopped for the basic necessities that my plan required. What was left was the most crucial purchase.

The living one.



So i started going out more. My new calling had not only made me more chipper to leave the house, but required some prowling, anyway.

And I loved it! There were all sorts of delicious options! I was literally window shopping. Should I take the womanly black one, or should I take this small little innocent thing? Should I go for a real tough cookie that could kick my ass, just to make breaking her more rewarding? Choice fatigue was starting to become an issue.

All I knew was i needed her to be a real beauty. A smokeshow. And she needed to have pretty feet to play with. That was important.

I wouldn't cut corners for that. Even for a few, fleeting moments, I was stalking these women, who were just minding their own business, filling their cart at the super-market, or giggling with their friends at the bar, all a few feet away from me. Just putting these blissfully unaware girls in my fantasies was fun in its own right. But not enough to make the "scratch" between my legs disappear.

Finally, I spotted her. The ideal "candidate". It was another lone night out and I wanted to treat myself to a nice gourmet meal, not really caring if I was the "table-for-one" girl in the room. I had put on a cute outfit and used a darker lipstick that matched my hair.

From a few tables over, I spotted a real catch! She looked a few years older than me, but not too many. 3 or 4 I'd wager. She had beautiful, though clearly straightened, silky brown hair that were parted to one side as they reached down a pair of fine, C-cup boobies! I was a sucker for some nice "fun bags". They were pressing against the buttons of her closed shirt. Her sleeves were lifted to her elbows. "Very professional of you, bitch" I snickered inwardly.

While I was a dangerously pale "Lanky" (British from Lancashire), she appeared to have a darker skin tone. Probably from some sunnier, Mediterranean country. Bitch had a nose straight like an ancient marble statue and got free tans from nature itself? This was simply too much good karma! I would even things out for her.

Her face had beautiful, soft features, she looked...nice but also kind of posh. I did like that she looked fashionable. I didn't wanna grab a random hoe bag off the streets. She had some soft make-up that showed she knew how to take care of her appearance. My eyes were stuck on her succulent lips, colored a burnt-orange shade by her lipstick. I wonder what they would feel like kissing my soles. I blushed and had to control the urge to slip my hand underneath my table and between my thighs.

Even from where I was sitting she looked 'banging hot'. It was almost annoying. Seated as she was, I couldn't really see her ass, but she was wearing this high-waist skirt, that showed off her perfectly slim waist. I was on the chubbier side, about 160 pounds (on a good day). The skinny bitch was max 140 pounds. She was taller than me, too! Like 5'8".

The Greek (or maybe Turkish? Italian? perhaps Portuguese? I had no clue) hottie had ticked all of my boxes, unknowingly passing this 'job interview' with flying colors. But she still needed to ace that final question.

As my eyes sneakily traveled low, underneath the strangers' table, I laid eyes on her feet. They were exposed, no, presented for me, in some sexy, black sandal heels. They looked gorgeous, I felt my panties need change just be looking at them. They were slim, with some beautiful curves where the ankle met the bridge, then that little 'dip' where the toes start, ever so pretty and delicate all of them!

Her toenails were pedicured, too, what beautiful nails! I had to concentrate to not appear like a creep (which I very much was). Even dressed in this 'skimpy' dress (I mean the sandal heels) I could see the calligraphic outline that her sole made, from her round heels (which had zero signs of foot 'crud', what I called rough, dead skin) to that softer in between, to the balls of her feet, which I sadly could not see.

Kind of like the pussy at a strip-show, I gotta pay private to see that. Well, I'm not gonna pay. I'm just gonna take it for myself.

From my corner view of her table, my brunette hottie was talking to a man, whose back side was most of what I could see. She was very tender with him during their conversation, smiling at him and touching him. Watching them, I didn't sense that slight awkward energy that dates usually have. These two must be dating for a while.

For some reason, this was the slightest push I needed to seal this woman's fate for good. Taking this hot piece of ass for myself would be a blast alone, but stealing her from her man and turning her (presumably) hetero ass into a cunt-licking machine? That would be priceless.

I played around with my soup like a bored teenager, nervously whirling my fingers on my hair as my eyes were stuck on my target. I just hoped my stalking wasn't apparent. As soon as she and the man got up from their table, I did the same. Keeping an inconspicuous distance from the couple, I followed them to the parking lot, and got in my car. I tailed theirs, trying not to lose them in the busy late-night Friday roads. When they parked, I move slightly ahead and did the same. I watched them entered a quality apartment building. From my driver's seat, I watched the lights coming from the many rows of balconies, hoping for a sign. When I saw the darkness of the 4th floor's windows light up, i slammed my hand on the wheel with excitement. "Yes!" I celebrated audibly. I started my car's engine and drove away, with an address and a floor.

My 'butterfly' was getting cornered. All that remained was to set my trap.



Gosh, lookouts are so boring! I had brought my huge coffee cup and some donuts and waited in my car, parked as close to the building's entrance as I could find, feeling and looking like a pervy cop.

I didn't want to risk visiting future "Miss foot-breath" (my feet, her breathe) with her white knight guarding her. So I had to make sure he was out of the house and that he'd stay out, before I rang that bell. I cursed myself a couple of times. Going on Tinder would probably be far easier. But I had set my eyes on this little fox and now, everything else seemed to pale in comparison.

I must have been waiting outside hottie's building (I had started calling her that in my head, since I had no first or last name) about 2 hours. It was now around 9 AM. I was wearing some dark shades for the bare minimum of disguises. I was a bit scared this might all go to shit, before it even begun. Overreacting? Who was to say.

Due to my focus on this new little project, i had taken three days of work leave. In the back of my head, I was always saving them, for who knows. A getaway trip? With who? Visiting my parents? I don't really miss them that much. What I was doing now was a much better use of my time.

9:15. My future toy's date exited the building! Even though I hadn't taken as good of a look as I had with hottie, i was pretty sure this was him. Her boyfriend/husband/whothefuckcares. He might as well be her widower. After all, i'd make sure he never sees his gal again.

I waited a few minutes. I told myself it was too make sure he didn't return for something trivial, like forgetting his wallet. Honestly, I was also very worried. Scared, even. But it was go time. I needed to go. I looked at my reflection on the rear-view mirror. I let out a deep, long breath and stepped out of the car, with everything I'd need in hand. An extra-large luggage bag with wheels and a clipboard with some very official-looking documents and a simple, business-casual type of outfit.

Seems random, I know, but bear with me.

I got in the elevator and pressed the number 4. My heart was pounding. I could still turn around. Drive home. Find something else to kill time with. Go on another coffee date with my girl-mates. "Boooo!" I heckled myself inwardly. This was the coward in me talking. I was not gonna leave this place empty-handed, dammit!

I left the big luggage bag against a wall. The external corridor wasn't small. There were four apartments in this floor, but only two could face my street side. 50/50, I guess. I took out my sunglasses, propped my clipboard to my chest and pressed the doorbell. What I saw next made my heart sink.

Two...kids, two small boys answered the door. I never thought that bitch might have children! I couldn't do anything with these little snots as eye-witnesses. I certainly wasn't gonna take them along.

"EEEhm, is your mom home?" I asked them, having to say something. "Mooooom!" they both run from the door as quickly as they had gotten to it. "Yes, how can I help you?" a ginger-haired woman came to the door. She had freckles everywhere and looked older and...mom-like! This was certainly not my hottie.

I froze for a second, realizing that I knocked on the wrong door. "I'm...ehm...looking for a Theodore Watson" I asked for a random name, pretending to check my empty clipboard. "Oh, no, you must have made a mistake" the young mother responded kindly.

The wrong door closed behind me. I sighed, relieved. There was still hope I would not leave empty-handed. I turned to the last option remaining. The fancy, security door had the name "Callum Ashton" labeled next to it on the doorbell. Hmm, sorry Callum, should have been more careful where you leave your valuables. I pressed the doorbell.

The door opened just enough, to reveal the woman's face and body, her arms mostly hidden behind the door and the wall. It was her! I had found her! Her hair was a bit messier than I remembered at that restaurant, caught in a scrunchie and she was wearing a plain, cropped cami top (without any bra underneath) and the bottoms of some very cozy-looking pyjamas. "Good morning, I'm just doing a brief survey about problem-solving in our community. May I come in? It'll only take 5 minutes" I spouted my rehearsed line with a big smile. "Ehm, sure, let me throw something on first", the girl replied with a polite smile.

"Do what you want, it'll soon come right off" I told myself.

"Hottie" welcomed me into her home, now with a brightly colored, orange knitted sweater covering the previous sight of her nipples. Probably the last decision she'll ever make. "Do you want a glass of water, oor coffee?" she offered me. "I'm ok, thank you" I struggled to be cordial with her. This whole exchange seemed uncanny to me. Bet she won't be that nice towards me in a few hours. Well, she might, but not of her own volition.

Thankfully, no one else was home. No pesky kids or nieces or nephews. We sat on her dark brown, leather couch, on each side with some room between us. Every second that passed, my heart was beating faster, like a speed-metal drum. My right hand was twitching, fixed on the contents of my blazer's right pocket.

“As you can see right here, this is the neighborhood’s layout...” I took the opportunity to scooch over closer to her, showing her a map I had easily found online. She simply nodded, not really knowing where I was going with this. Our hips were almost touching now...This was now or never...

In one flashing motion, I took out the ether-soaked rag from my pocket and roughly pressed it over the woman’s shocked face. Naturally, Hottie was taken by surprise, and before she could start pushing me off, I had already jumped on her, sandwiching her body between mine and the soft, leather couch. “MMMMGghggghmHHNNN!” she screamed for help, but the rag underneath my hand was firmly smothering her.

The girl immediately flailed her legs in panic and tried to remove my hand from her face whilst trying to cause me any kind of damage with her other hand. I wasn’t taller than her, but I was definitely heavier and stronger. She had no chance of overpowering me, especially with me pinning her down, straddled on her belly. She did get a good scratch on my face, though. The bitch had these long, manicured nails which drew blood on my cheek!

“NNNNMMMMMMMMHeeellpgmmmmmmG!” her muffled yelps didn’t escape much. I made sure to constantly keep the rag over her mouth, muffling any calls of distress. Her wide eyes were looking up at mine, conveying an instinctive struggle for survival. This bitch was feisty, I’ll give her that.

After a couple of more last hurrahs, she had sucked in enough of the sedative gas to start a journey without return. I kept my body and both hands firmly pressed over her face, as her struggles weakened, her pretty, brown eyes begun tilting upwards and her eyelids got heavier and heavier. Finally, she closed her eyes and her whole body went limp on the couch. As soon as it did, I also went limp on her, from the sheer exhaustion.

I rested laying on the knocked out girl for a few seconds to catch my breath. Remembering the clock was ticking, I got off her and went to bring the large luggage bag inside her living room. I placed it on the floor and opened it, grabbing a roll of duct-tape from it, which I used to quickly bind Hottie’s bare ankles together with multiple, tight coils. I flipped her over like a ragdoll and bound her wrists, securing them behind her back. The way I was manhandling her fine body, got me horny. “Why can’t it ever be womanhandling?” I thought. Clearly it was just as plausible.

I stopped myself from losing focus. My dream would go to hell if her fairy-tale prince returned to her rescue. I guess that made me the evil witch. Oh well.

I finished the girl's bondage by wrapping plenty of duct-tape over her force-pursed lips and around her head, gagging her in case I had to deal with an "early riser". Doubly safe, I dragged the woman's body inside the folded open bag. "Jesus! I let out a stifled groan. The bitch wasn't heavy at all (on the contrary). But a dead-weight body is so hard to "process". I had to fold her legs at the knees, then fold the woman again at the waist, so snug that that her taped head was touching her knees. After finally getting inside the narrow space of her "travelling quarters" i closed the other half of the bag over her and run the zipper around her, sealing her inside. I even locked the two zippers together with those tiny safety padlocks.

Lifting the bag upright and careful not to leave any incriminating items lying around, I exited the house, wheeling my unconscious catch along with me. Reaching my car, i opened the trunk and almost blew my back out in order to toss the packaged bitch inside. Still worth it.

As I drove off, I couldn't shake the dumb smile off my face. I had done it! I couldn't reach home fast enough!



I opened my apartment's door with glee. The sunrays were coming through my half-closed curtains. I was at the 6th floor, though my unconscious princess would probably never enjoy the view from my windows. We'd keep things private between us.

I laid my suitcase flat on the floor and unzipped it. My captive was still sleeping, bound, gagged and squeezed inside her storage space. I placed the outside of my hands under her nose. Still breathing, thank god! It would be a real shame if my toy broke before I even played with it.

For the first time, I realized I didn't have a chance to find out her name. I could ask her, of course, but on second thought, it was better this way. I would find a new name for her. It was only fitting, given she'd start a new life from this day onward. 'Hottie' would do for now.

Tired from my successful expedition, I undressed and went for a nice shower, leaving Hottie to wake up from her slumber, still balled up inside the open bag.

I refreshed myself. Air-dried my hair. I changed into clean clothes, an all-black, long-sleeved tee with some cute, skin-tight cotton shorts. No bra or underwear. No socks or shoes. Finding it difficult to take my eyes off my prize in the living room, I started making lunch. I was famished from all that kidnapping business! I hadn't finished buttering my toast when I heard some strained shuffling, followed shortly by muffled groaning.

She was up! Lunch would have to wait.

I approached her. She had already stretched her sore legs outside of the bag's confines. Her tired, dazed eyes immediately got a spark of hatred once they looked up at me. "MMMmmggfh!" my gagged hottie whined angrily. She was now perked up, sitting on the bag's bottom. She would be so much fun to break! I giggled in my head, while externally maintaining a dominant air.

"I'm afraid there's no survey" I teased her with a grin. "LL mmm GGG!" (*Let me go!*) she groaned through the coils of tape, shaking her body for leverage. Ooooh how adorable! She wanted me to let her go.

I took a box-cutter from the kitchen counter and knelt over her. Seeing the sharp blade had shut her up momentarily, something I also found adorable. Her pretty eyes were now intently stuck on my cutting tool. "Don't move or you'll cut yourself" I warned her in a stern tone, putting the responsibility on her.

I began tearing at my treat's "packaging". Gone to shreds was her warm, loose sweater, followed suit by her cozy pyjama bottoms. I had my own clothes for her, and they would be definitely sexier and much

less comfortable. She didn't move much throughout this, though she did let out some defiant moans here and there. I could tell she was slowly losing her cool though. Her nose-breathing was becoming faster and more intense, her nostrils flaring with increasing anxiety.

With my blade tracing through the middle of her cute top like butter, I had my first glimpse at my girl's tits. Mine were more than a handful, juicy and heavy. But hers were perkier and leaner, nice round things. I really liked them. There was definitely something to grope, beat, whatever I wanted! Hottie looked mortified. She didn't like where this was heading. No shit.

She offered more physical resistance as i went for her purple pair of panties. Trying to turn away and protect her last clothing item with her back-tied hands. "Hands off..." I warned her one last time, inching the blade just out of scarring her hands. "MMMMmmmn!" she let an imploring whimper, for the first time. Sorry missy.

With not much bullshitting, i cut the underwear from one side of her hips, then the other, before pulling them from between her thighs. Hottie closed them tightly, clinking on to any shards of dignity. Good luck with that, I thought. I didn't get a good shot of her lady bits, but there was all the time in the world for that. From what I could see, she had a good shave going down there. If that Callum guy was worth a smooth cunt, I certainly deserved one, too.

Finally, I pulled her thick, grey socks off her feet. They looked so beautiful, slim and dainty. I couldn't deny their charm, though it was my feet that would be the show-runner.

With my toy now only dressed in tape and nothing else, I decided I wanted her tongue on my cunt, ASAP. I needed to move things to my... "boudoir". The more elaborate preparations could wait.

I left my bound toy for a moment, to grab what I needed from the bedroom. When I returned, I saw her pulling against her tape bonds with urgency, trying to free her hands and ankles. She stopped in her tracks as soon as she saw me. She looked like a kid with its hand caught in the cookie jar, only angry. Priceless.

"Going somewhere?" I asked with a straight face, not getting any response from the proud bitch. I liked reminding her of her helplessness. Holding a burgundy leather collar, I fixed it around Hottie's neck, buckling it to a safe notch that wasn't choking the girl, but made its presence known. "Come on" with the collar already attached to a golden chain-leash, I gave a double-tug on the girl, towards the direction I wanted. My bedroom door. "Gnmf" she pushed back, defiant. "Suit yourself" I replied and begun pulling with both hands, dragging the bitch against the floor by her neck. "MMM!...!....!..." she started

screaming in her tape-gag as soon as I pulled, but when her naked body inevitably slammed on my floor she had no leverage to resist sliding along with me. Her crushed windpipe did not allow much whining.

I literally lynched the stubborn cunt to my bedroom. My bed was messy and my bed-sheets wrinkly. I hope she didn't mind the untidiness. Hottie was still red-faced from the brief horizontal hanging she had received. She was catching her breath, but still looking at me with dagger-eyes.

I approached Hottie's head with my box-cutter, snipping the tape that had been roughly been wound around her head lots of times and was stuck to her pretty, brown hair. I took a few hairs with me on that slice, but it wasn't a big deal. Letting the tiny lock of straightened hair drop to the floor, I pondered over shaving the bitch bald. It was apparent from that first night I saw her in the restaurant that she took great care of her hair, looking all washed and conditioned and ironed. That meant she really valued them in shaping her beauty. It would really kill her spirit if I took them away from her.

Putting a pin in my "stimulating" thoughts, I removed the tape from Hottie's pretty lips with a snappy pull. "YOU FUCKING BITCH! LET ME GOOOOO!" she came in hot from the gate. "Don't waste your time. Can't you see the soundproof padding?" I cut her off after a couple of more swear words. There was padding even at the ceiling, and thick carpets on the floor. Her nervous eyes scanned the room, confirming what I just told her. She saw that I wasn't fucking around.

"Please...." she caught her breath. "I don't know who you are. My boyfriend and I have some money, just let me go...please" she quickly switched to the bribing route.

"I think you're worth more than anything you can give me" I figuratively shut her up with my logic, then literally, pushing a wide, gold-colored ring-gag between her perfect, white teeth. I buckled the leather straps (matching her collar's dark red color) securely behind her head. She would probably prefer if I used the silicone-coated ones. But I liked the look of the metal ones more. Besides, I didn't care if the metal hurt her more.

"Nuuuughhhuhuuuuuu...!" she cried, her heartfelt speech rendered to unintelligible moans again. It was funny how her tongue flapped aimlessly through the hole of her new gag.

Using the T-shaped hook of her chain-leash, I attached it with little slack to the vertical pole of my comfy desk chair. I removed my sexy shorts and got comfortable on my desk chair. My naked toy was

kneeling right in front of my spread legs. With a taut collar chain, her neck was about 2 inches from the edge of my seat. Saliva was already dripping from her fully gaping mouth-hole, down her chin and then my floor. God I was horny!

I grabbed a hold of the small red zapper that was already waiting on my desk. The cattle prod was more powerful, but at this moment I needed something easier to handle. Besides, I'd purchased the one with the largest voltage. Without saying a word, I grabbed her by a good tuft of her long, brown hair, and pulled her face towards my hairless vag, holding the zapper with my free hand. Should I have let the bitch taste some of my pubes? Oh well, let's be nice and hostly for our first day.

"NNuuuuuuUUUugh, nuuuuh!" she tried backing away, shuffling her knees on my carpet and resisting my pulling with terrified head jerks. I would not have a problem overpowering her. But this wasn't the point I wanted to make.

Without warning, I pressed the electrode-tip of my zapper against the side of her neck. It let out a spark as it hit her with plenty of electricity. "AAAAaaaaahhhaahhhaaaaaahhhh!" Hottie cried out with her mouth stuck open, shutting her eyes tightly and giving her collar a sharp tug that got her nowhere further from me.

"Lick me and I won't have to hurt you" I offered her the illusion of choice. Her eyes were now moist with building tears, but also still angry. Watching the bitch try not to cry got me wetter. I gave her one more zap, this one on her exposed tits.

I didn't want her to think she could take her time. In time, serving me should become instinctive. She let out another pitiful yelp of pain, but she still wasn't moving. She wasn't pulling at her leash though, either. I was making progress.

"Go on, don't waste my time" I scolded her, and gave her a double dosage of electric shocks, getting her kind of randomly on her collar bone and shoulder. Hottie was proper crying now, drool and tears dripping from her face. Not wanting to let her compose herself, I gave a reminding pull on the grip I was keeping on her hair, gentler this time. Guiding, not shoving. She did not fight me this time.

Her O-shaped lips made contact with my pussy-lips. Her pretty nose was pressing against my clit. I liked how her scared breath felt against my sex, but I needed her more active. "Stick out your tongue" I ordered, zapping her again underneath her ear. She squealed loudly into my pussy, which I found exciting. Then I felt her reluctant tongue touch my inner labia and shyly trace it up and down. "Eyes up

here” I said to her. “And don’t break eye contact” I specified. I loved having these wet, puppy eyes looking up at me.

Hottie went on about her business, as I gathered her brunette locks into a ponytail with my hand, steering her as I pleased. She was a lousy cunt-licker, but I was running on weeks’ worth of built-up. At this moment, it almost didn’t matter what she was doing down there. I liked how her fearful eyes were poking over my pubic mount, darting back and forth from mine, to the tip of the zapper I kept eerily close to her face, as a reminder. Then back to my eyes, as instructed.

Using my ponytail-hold, I propped her a bit higher, so that her tongue was nesting right over my clit. I was getting really worked up! “Move it more!” I commanded with urgency. It would be my first orgasm, out of plenty more to come with my new sex-toy, and I wanted it to be great. “NNnhggghhh!” my rookie slave whined, but obliged. Especially after I placed my zapper menacingly against the lower back of her neck, “brushing” her brown peach fuzz. She shut right the hell up after I did that, letting only these scared whimpers.

The constant threat of getting shocked egged her on. Besides her obviously suffering expression, i could also see her disgust and discomfort by how she was fidgeting her fingers and straining her wrists against the snug duct tape. Her fingernails were nicely manicured and painted a fun blue color. I thought I might paint them burgundy to match her restraints.

Hottie got lazy on a couple of occasions, her tongue getting too idle for my liking. I surmised she needed a refresher; hence the electric zaps on her vulnerable nape. Each zap sprang her pussy-lapping back to life. I could not deny the direct correlation. Her clit-worshipping got more enthusiastic after each zap, even though she’d probably bite it off, hadn’t it been for the round piece of metal wedged behind her teeth.

I could feel a wonderful orgasm approaching. Forcing my toy to stick her pretty eyes up to mine, I shoved her face roughly against my sex, pinning it with my ponytail grip. “MMnnnggg!” she moaned, being suffocated by my sopping wet cunt. “Faster... faster...” I exhaled, only focused on my pleasure. It was the only thing that should matter to her, from now on. To drive my need home, I dug the tip of the zapper onto the poor girl’s nape, not triggering it, but certainly making a statement.

Terrified and largely asphyxiating, my pet licked and licked and licked my little sex nubbin until I climaxed into a wonderful, long orgasm. Cum-drunk, I tossed her head away and hottie fell on the floor, choking and panting on her ring-gag. She wasn’t struggling anymore. She just looked she wanted to be alone. Probably on her “happy place”.

Chipping away at a person’s pride, self-worth and willpower would not be easy, but this was a start.



With my libido satisfied, i spend the rest of the day setting up everything my “guest’s” permanent stay would require. Most notable was her new attire. Leaving her constantly bound in duct-tape would be very crude aesthetically, not to mention very risky for my own peace of mind.

No, I had something much more effective and pretty for her.

Keeping with the color motif of her collar, Hottie’s restraints had an identical burgundy color. A snug, leather armbinder was the perfect way to deal with these fidgety hands. The piece came both with thick, crisscrossing laces that could be used to tighten the binder at the desired rate, as well as two leather straps that were pulled over the wearer’s shoulders and across their armpits, crisscrossing over their collar bone and making it impossible to slip out of the armbinder. Once I had tightened and tied off the laces, i buckled the two straps to the tightest notch that still allowed good blood circulation. She couldn’t be wearing it 24/7, but it was perfect for our intimate “play-dates”.

I wanted a bit more freedom for her legs, so I didn’t wanna have to drag her along everywhere. But she still needed to be restrained. My bondage setup consisted of a pair of leather ankle cuffs, matching thigh-cuffs and wrist cuffs. Finally a leather corset, more like a thick waist belt than an actual waist-synching garment was placed on her. All around her waist, it had two rows of straps surrounding it for a snug fit. Each metal feature on these leather accessories had a bright, golden coat, from their multiple D-rings from all directions, to their rivets. It wasn’t real gold, but I loved how they looked.

My “Barbie slave-girl” set had also arrived with multiple leather straps with golden carabineers on each end. There were a pair of 2-inch-long straps and a pair of 4-inch ones. One more inch if you added the carabineers’ length.

Depending on Hottie’s “utility”, I could connect these D-rings and straps however I saw fit. Wanted to froggie her? Simple, just connect her thigh-cuffs to her ankle ones. Feeling handsy? Attach her wrist-cuffs to the sides of her waist belt, for a nice servile posture. Not lifting her legs enough to take your strap-on? Easy! Hook her thighs to her belt with the 4-inch straps and you’re ready! My options seemed limitless!

Last two pieces of Hottie’s main outfit would be used interchangeably, since they served different purposes. They were two burgundy-colored leather hoods. Both skin-tight, they were put on via an opening at the back of the head, which was later secured with rows of laces, just like the armbinder. A small hole would be left on the top for Hottie’s brown ponytail to stick through. What can I say? I really like ponytails in slave-girls.

The difference was on each hood’s front-facing part.

The first mask had only an oval-shaped cut-off that only showed the wearer’s eyes and nose. Everything else was snugly encased in leather, giving my slave only a small oval little window from which to

experience the word. This hood would be used for Hottie's quiet times, moments of inner contemplation. To be honest, moments when her mouth was not needed and her squealing would only annoy me. And of course, for the loooong, looong hours when she'd be stored away.

Contrary to the first one, the second hood left the wearer's nose, mouth and chin exposed, via the soft-angled, triangular hole on the bottom half. The eyes were covered, unable to see anything through the sturdy leather.

Hottie had soon "relapsed" back to her feisty attitude. While I was dressing her in her new leather, revealing "ensemble", she was trying to kick me, head-butt me, basically make my life difficult any way she could. Her ring-gag also did not lend itself for cursing me out, though god knows she tried! It just made her look and sound silly, which I had to try not to chuckle at.

I used my zapper very liberally to "appease" her nervous struggling and also keep her still to "dress her up". Is this how parents dress their unbearable, whiny kids? They don't have an electric shocker, do they? Thank god I'll never be a mom.

My Mediterranean hottie was still fighting me, even through her incoherent, zapped yelps. I hoped this routine wouldn't stay that much of a hustle forever.

I hooked her chain-leash on the corner floor-ring of my room, leaving just enough slack so that she could seat upright on the carpet. I also chained the ring at the tip of her armbinder to the same ring, to eliminate needless flailing. Using my easy-clip carabiners, I frog-tied her ankles to her thighs and removed her ring-gag.

She cursed me some more, and this time in understood her. "Is this how you get off, you perv?" she looked up at me from her kneeling position with contempt, trying to hurt my feelings.

"As a matter of fact, it is" I told her and shoved a balled-up pair of my socks in her yapper. One was grey and one was black, I had found them tossed separately on my dusty floor. No idea how long they'd been there.

"MMggfhhh*cough* *cough*KKkgnnngg!" Hottie produced sock-drowned coughs, choking and gagging sounds. Keeping her new mouth-stuffing firmly with one hand, I slipped fitted the gagging hood over her face with the other, sealing my socks in. I then tightly cinched the laces behind my toy's squirming head, passing her long hair through the back/top.

I took in her disgusted expression as she tasted my dirty socks. It was very obvious she wanted nothing more than to spit them out, but the tight seal of the leather hood's face-hugging bottom over her mouth kept them in. "MMMMMMGGGh!" she shook her head and pulled desperately at the floor-ring she was tethered to. They needed a test run, anyway. I was satisfied to see the ring didn't budge one bit.

I placed a tender kiss on my captive's leather-covered forehead, which only infuriated her more and made her shake her leather-sheathed arms angrily. I then left her to finish my lunch. It was almost 3 PM and I was starving!



Staging and executing a kidnapping was surprisingly draining! Add to that my satisfying orgasm and the 45 minutes I spent getting the dumb cunt inside her leather attire and you get a very tired young lady. With my nameless hottie tethered to the corner of my bedroom, I hit the sack, snuggling under the thick blankets. Hottie was simply snorting from the other side of the room, nervously shuffling and periodically pulling at her chains. "Sshhh!" I shushed my bound and gagged slave. "MMmnngg!" she replied with a mouthful of socks in her mouth. They must have been pretty soaked inside their little 'laundry case' by now.

I ignored her and turned over to my pillow. I closed my eyes for a few minutes, ready for a wonderful nap. But before I could slip into dreamland, my sleep was interrupted by a repeating, soft thudding sound. Hottie was throwing a hissy fit, slamming her folded knees against the carpet and soft padding of my floor. It was definitely not alarming anyone to her need, but it WAS annoying me! Sentient sex toys should never be messing with their owners rest!

I tossed my covers aside. Hottie did not stop her knee-thudding, eyeing me with a rebellious spirit. I'd have to use the cattle prod much earlier than I thought. I opened my closet and took the thing out. It was about a yard long and looked much more menacing than my zapper. For good reason.

I approached my noisy captive. I could tell she wanted to say something to me, but didn't want to undercut her statement with undignified, muffled moaning. "Spread your legs" i said to her with an authoritative tone. I would get better at this, the whole bossing my slave around thing, but for now i had to use my tools more than my voice to "drive my point across".

Of course, hottie disobeyed me. Fine by me, I thought and brought the two pointy electrodes of my prod right in front of her face. "MMM!" her eyes widened and she leaned back, but I kept inching the two ominous metal tips until hottie was very literally cornered, her restraints stopping her from backing away any longer. I moved the end of the cattle prod just under her cute little nostrils. Hottie turned her face left and right, trying in vain to avoid it. "Open...your...legs" I annunciated, forcing her into another dilemma.

After a tense beat, the hooded hottie slowly spread her frog-tied legs, letting a gagged, defeated whimper which almost gave me a micro-orgasm then and there. I loved seeing her breathing intensify, her nostrils flaring, as I took my sweet time to reposition my cattle prod between her thighs. I squatted for a closer, more intimate look. I was enjoying her fear, soaking it all in.

"Never, I mean NEVER... disturb my peace" I spoke, deadly serious. The tip of my prod was making contact with her labia. Hottie instinctively lowered her gaze to the threat between her legs. She was

indeed clean-shaven, which I liked. Even more so, she had pretty pussy-lips, not too meaty, but not non-existent either. Nice and delicate. I hated when these pornstars looked like literal children down there, almost smooth like Barbie dolls.

Well, my Barbie had some womanly labia I could clamp with something.

“Eyes up here!” I corrected her. I wanted her to look at me whenever I was disciplining her. She did, fighting the urge to look back down where the pain would come from. Another micro-orgasm tickled my fanny at the sight at her struggling to focus her gaze on me. Only when she fully locked eyes with me did I continue. With my hand gripping the cattle-prod’s handle, i pressed the large button on the side. The two metal tips produced a small spark, which undersold how painful the thing was. But it did make a loud, satisfying sparking sound, as it speed-fried the poor girl’s cunt.

“MMMMMMMMMnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!” she cried out from the horrible pain, which lingered a few seconds after, too. Judging by her reaction, this was indeed worse than the zapper.

My afternoon was nice and peaceful after that. I slept like a little baby, while hottie passed her time waiting for me to wake up. She looked in bad shape when I finally got off bed. I should have fed and watered her before napping. Oh well.

I went to my kitchen cabinet and opened a box with 3-months’ worth of Soylent, these trendy liquid meals that were all the rage lately. Apart from a great convenience it would also steadily eliminate any bowel movements that I was in no mood to deal with. I poured the cream-colored, unappetizing smoothie into a 0.75-litre sports bottle, up to 3/4s. I filled the last quarter with water, so that i could water and feed my slave simultaneously. Practicality first.

My hooded, bound sex toy was naturally apprehensive, as I approached her. Awesome! I was setting a good precedent. “Relax”, I muttered as I undid the laces of her mask. She spat my socks out as soon as I removed her leather mask/hood.

“No talking or you don’t eat!” I cut her off before she got going on some more useless pleading. She was hungry and literally bit her lips to avoid disobeying. I stuck the sports bottle’s nozzle on her lips and started gently squeezing her liquid meal down her gullet, stopping every few pumps to let her take a breath. She furrowed her brows. This shit was probably not very tasty. But she gulped it down, nonetheless. I needed her energy full, for what I had in mind for later.

“Please... don’t gag me” she implored, this time in a calmer, ‘reasonable’ voice, as soon as she saw me nearing a black rubber ball-gag towards her mouth. It, of course, had the same dark-red leather straps and golden metal features as any other accessory. I genuinely paused for a second. Then I remembered. Precedent. I needed to lay the ground rules from the beginning. Backing down at this early stage would

only inform my trainee slave-girl that bargaining can actually pay off. I shoved the 2-inch wide ball between her teeth and I strapped it snug. Hottie let out a sighing, gagged whimper.

I played some games on my PC, put on some music. Relaxed. Just because you have a sex toy doesn't mean you use it all day. Every once in a while, Hottie would shake and moan behind me, before giving up on catching my attention. I figured it was her way of venting the pent up energy that comes with being bound, gagged and hitched on a spot for hours.

I rarely left her side. Cockyness was the downfall of every evil mastermind in history. I'd monitor her closely during my 3-day leave. It wasn't a real issue. I'd just have my toast-and-chips dinner on my desk, instead of the living room.

Finally, I could not ignore my longing anymore. I was kind of putting things off, waiting until everything the "perfect" moment. But that was just an illusion. My lovely slave was already there for me, ready, waiting. And if this story has a happy ending, she'll always be there for me.

I removed my pink socks, leaving my feet nude. I did have some gorgeous feet, nice and shapely. My nails and toenails were painted black ever since my Goth days, a habit that died hard. I was a US 10 (a UK 8), while Hottie appeared to be a size smaller. My feet were a bit chunkier than Hottie's skinnier soles, needing to support my heavy milk duds. What was her excuse?

I got off my desk chair and approached her. "MMMfff?" she shook her shoulders, drool flying from the sides of her ball-gag. "We're gonna play now, you and I" I caressed her cheek, which was slightly dented by the pressure of the leather strap that went across it. I probably had strapped it a buckle too tight, but better too tight than too loose.

The brunette cutie turned away from my touch and I chuckled. I brought Hottie's alternate hood, the one that freed her useful lips, but blinded her. The 5 minutes I needed to change my toy's setup would be worth the payoff. In the brief space that her words were coherent, she spouted some more angry curses at me. I stopped them with the metal ring-gag I'd used earlier in the day. Not worth taking any chances at day 1.

I unclipped the carabineers that held her legs folded, then undid the two hitching points on her armbinder and collar. Hottie groaned from finally using her sore knees and muscles again, but eventually

stood up, guided by my insistent leash-tugging. After some more pulling, I led her to blindly climb my bed and kneel on the foot of it. “Eeeeasy now” I tugged on the chain-leash that was double-wrapped around my palm, as Hottie got a bit rowdy, shaking her leather-bound body and whining through her ring-gag. I felt like a beast-wrangler, taming this wild creature.

It was very rewarding, in a weird way.

I took a comfortable, reclined position on my bed; plenty of thick pillows on my back. Cattle prod in one hand, chain-leash on the other. Without seeing her future, Hottie appeared extra nervous. “I really like my feet...” I told her in a soft, almost seductive tone. “...and while i expect you to be very loving towards every inch of my body, I do have a soft spot for them” I gently lifted my leg and rested my right foot on the girl’s chest, putting a slight pressure so she could feel my soles against her sternum. Keeping her still with my leash in hand, she wasn’t budging.

“Your relationship with them will start now” I informed the silently listening woman. “It won’t be an equal relationship, but hopefully it will be a passionate, long-lasting one, i concluded. “Heaahh, guh uhk uh guh waaa” (*Please, don’t make me do that*) she pleaded I assumed, more by her idleness than her botched words.

Immediately I stuck the end of the cattle prod on her naked pelvis, right underneath her leather waist belt and administered a series of electric shocks. She squealed and bucked like a bull at the rodeo, but I held her leash tight throughout this teachable moment. She would not avoid her lesson.

After about 6 or 7 “proddings”, I tugged her leash towards me. She was now desperate, moaning some bullshit I couldn’t bother decoding, but not offering me resistance anymore. Don’t leave her room to mentally recoup, i reminded myself and pressed the prod against her tits, giving her a few more hard zaps. Matching the ones on her hairless pubic area, little red dots quickly formed on her nice, round breasts, where my cattle-prod had just “kissed” them.

Hottie was full-on crying now; I could see some of the tears escaping from under her leather mask. I heard her open-mouthed sobbing. Realizing that i not only did not feel bad about her, but that i was also getting more worked up seeing her misery, made me full good about my decision. This was a solid investment.

“Do as I say and I won’t have to hurt you” i went for the classic “good mistress-bad mistress” routine, using a softer, kinder tone on my voice. Sort of like good cop-bad cop, though this bitch had nothing to confess. She WOULD end up jailed, though.

To my utter joy, this time the hooded brunette followed the tension of her leash, crawling with her knees closer to me. She tried to maintain her body's balance, with her arms nowhere around to support her. I didn't help her, only guided her via the collar and leash. My right foot was waiting for her, as my right calf rested on my left leg's knee. Finally, her cheek made contact with my big toe. "Show it some love, understand?" I said, giving a double-tap with the flat part of the prod on the top of the girl's leather-encased head. How condescending of me!

"Uuu..." out of options, she nodded, and cautiously stuck her tongue through the round, metal ring wedged behind her teeth. She whimpered again, as it made contact with the bottom of my big toe. Hottie begun licking around it with long, but not very enthusiastic strokes. I bet if it was Callum's cock you wouldn't have a problem...I thought to myself.

"Should I shock you again?" I said with clear implication, and she picked things up.

I loved how her wet tongue travelled across my toe-prints, then reaching down the base of the toes, just before my sole begun, before coming back up to trace inside that small crack where the skin met the dark-polished nail of the toe. It felt...terrific!!! The sensations were travelling from my feet through my entire body, especially stopping by my sopping wet crotch.

Keeping Hottie's leash taut, I raised my nude leg in the air and stuck my saliva-damp toe inside her mouth-hole. She groaned at her surprise treat. "I didn't say stop licking!" I ordered, giving hottie an "energizing" zap between her tits. She swirled her tongue around my toes, giving a thorough tongue massage. My smaller, index toe came to join. I would have jammed my whole foot in there, if it weren't for the 'safety' ring-gag. Didn't want my wild pet biting off any of my precious toes! But in the end, all 10 of my toes had their chance to enjoy Hottie's "tongue spa".

"Between the toes, too. Don't miss any spot" I said, zapping her again for good measure. The bitch was practically crying onto my foot, while slurping them clean with a busy tongue, now getting into the shadier, narrow cracks between my toes. Not being able to see when the zaps came added to her desperation. I loved that!

I had to admit, my feet looked gorgeous, even more so between her lips. I had them freshly painted their signature dark color yesterday, just for this occasion. But besides the slight floor dust on them, they were clean by my earlier shower. Bitch should be thanking her lucky stars I hadn't returned from the gym.

Boy, I couldn't wait for that day!

Wanting to change things up, I yanked my toy hard by her collar and she tipped over and face-planted on my soft bedding. “On your back” I gave a few threatening (but without pulling the prod’s trigger) jabs on her light-caramel-skinned sides. Bitch had the nerve to have her ribs visibly poke, she was so slim. It only made me want to hurt her more.

Hottie obliged, not wanting any more electricity. With the back of her head laid between my legs, her face pointing up and her tongue uselessly flapping, she reminded me of a small bird, waiting for momma bird to feed her. I’d feed her something, alright!

Lifting both my feet over Hottie’s face and sticking them side by side, I lowered them onto her face. “Tongue!” I reminder her, shocking her pubic mount. I was aiming for her cunt, but it was a bit hard to reach. Oh well. Practice makes perfect. “AAAAAAAAAAAAuuuuuhhhnnnnnnnnnnngg” her moan was soon muffled when my sole clamped over her gaping mouth.

She tried turning away from my foot, and I shocked her three more times on her pretty breasts. “DON’T MOVE!” I warned her, getting annoyed, but also loving the feeling of breaking her. It was work, but it was so fun! I would happily get paid to tame hot sluts like this one anytime!

A once-again subdued Hottie slurped both my soles with the kind of urgency that only comes from the petrifying fear of heavy torture. Her body was moderately covered with marks indicative of such. Having tested the cattle prod once on my arm, the small red dots would disappear in a couple of days. The question for her was how quickly would she accumulate them? Judging from my small sample, new ones would probably form way before the old ones disappeared.

I was immensely enjoying myself! My new slave left no stone unturned, starting from my soles, then insteps, arches and finally the heels my feet, generously coating them with plenty of saliva. I was adamant about despising a dry tongue and after a few “zapping” reminders, Hottie made sure to regularly “rehydrate” her tongue for my pleasure, keeping my soles nice and lubed up at all times. She was quietly sobbing all throughout her first ‘footjob’ (I know that’s not what it means, but that’s what I decided to call her oral exploration of my feet) but I couldn’t give a fuck.

On the contrary, her gape-mouthed cries got me even wetter.

The sensation Hottie was giving me was unlike anything I had imagined. It brought me back to that pebble-covered playground, where I first realized how nice it felt to touch my feet, to rub them, to run my fingers between my toes. That 5-year-old wanted someone to do this to her ever since. Well, this 24-year-old has added much more spice and intrigue to that dream.

I could feel the million nerve endings that made up my soles tingle each time a wet, smooth, but at the same time stimulating enough with its own million little flesh bulbs tongue traced over the tiny gaps that my foot prints made. I loved not just that it traced my feet, but also how it did so.

There was an eagerness to its movement, an urgency, and the fact that I knew that this urgency came from a place of pure fear, that it was 100% forced and unwanted by the person who owned this tongue, only amplified these sensations!

Somewhere along this fun ride, I “found myself” without any shorts and was playing with myself, first softly flicking my clit then sensually fingering myself, slipping a finger only about two knuckles deep (so like a couple of inches).

I took my time, safe in the weird notion that Hottie would never leave me. That if I never said anything, she’d never stop working her pretty tongue on my feet. In this magical moment, I truly believed that.

With the sensation of an unwilling, beautiful, bound stranger’s tongue on my soles, i soon “slipped” a second finger in, all the while keeping Hottie busy and intimate with my feet. Each time she seemed like going a gear down, I zapped her to remind her to keep all cylinders going. She’d rest only when I would say so.

“NNNUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGH!” Hottie cried out as she felt my drool-drenched sole rub against her cheeks, as I gently stomped down on her. I traced my slobber-wet sole over her hooded face, over her nose, over her covered eyes. I loved caressing her face with my orally-pampered feet. In a way, I was sweet, right?

I wanted this to last forever, but I couldn’t contain my lust any longer. The arousing feeling on my most erogenous zone was unlike anything I had ever experienced! Couple that with the stimulation I was giving my second favorite erogenous zone and I couldn’t stop this rollercoaster.

Demented with horniness, I rubbed both my feet against Hottie’s hooded, ring-gagged face, from heel to toes, pressing them (I bet) way harder than I should, as I was finger-fucking my G-spot faster and faster. “Tongue out bitch!” I yelled with all my muscles tense and a distressed Hottie obeyed (for her own

good), letting my soles go to town on her tongue like it was a welcome mat, as I climaxed powerfully, shaking with my whole body, my moan sounding like a horny jackhammer, totally losing control.

I had just cum buckets, panting like a marathon runner. But to my pleasant surprise, I could feel 'another one' creeping in from a distance. It would appear i was not done with breaking in my new sex toy. With my pussy still quivering from the recent orgasm, I got up (too hazy and quickly and I almost lost my balance) and straddled the panting, feet-crushed girl's head, taking a good, deep sit on her face and smothering her with my foof.

Panicking by the sudden assault and loss of oxygen, she started screaming and kicking at the air. Poor thing thought she was done. I can't blame her. But Mistress can take multiple rides in a row. I kept my 160 pounds firmly on her face, my crotch suffocating her and my thighs squeezing her head and keeping it from turning sideways. I wondered if I had broken her nose from how harshly I was straddling her face. I couldn't give a fuck.

"LICK!" I commanded loud enough for my words to penetrate the sound-barrier of my chubby thighs, whilst giving her 'beaver' and the inside of her flailing thighs numerous shocks. Her pained cries were heavily muffled by my cunt, but I did feel her tongue working my muff-lips and hole right after, so she must have received my message.

"Yes....yes ...yes!" I mumbled, dazed, my eyes closed, lost in ecstasy, reflexively bobbing and grinding on my living sybian seat. I was feeling another orgasm approaching again. But it was not yet here. If this bitch wanted some air, she'd have to work fast.

My finger-nails were digging deep into Hottie's left jug and the electrodes of my cattle prod did the same to her right one. My grip on my disciplining tool was now like a serial killer's on their butcher knife. My state of mind was also similar. Though in reality I would be very angry with myself, at that moment, I didn't care if I smothered that fake-blonde cunt to death with my minge.

That poor woman's survival instincts greatly motivated her pussy-lapping. Even though her tongue was undoubtedly sore and tired by her recent footjob, I could feel her it moving frantically inside the little circular area that her ring-gag allowed. That was exactly the kind of chaotic, energetic tongue movement my pussy craved. If it came from a near-death experience, so be it. If the bitch gets a tongue-cramp now, it's RIP for her.

I must have been sitting on Hottie's face for a full minute when I eventually reached my second orgasm. Though time was too wobbly and vague to tell. For all I know, it could be 5 minutes, or 20 seconds.

What mattered was that it was just as satisfying as the first. How rare! Barely able to move, I got off her and plopped on the bed, blissfully drained, while my sex toy simply lying beside me, red-faced, sucking in precious air. Her nose was fine. By that, i mean not bleeding or crooked. That was good. I needed a durable toy.

"I could get used to this" ...i thought, staring dumbfounded towards my ceiling with a stuck smile.



Two months had passed since I irreversibly changed my life forever. Well, I changed that tanned, posh slut's life too, but who cares about her? By itself, being an outlaw was not the most exciting thing. Not the cool existence you see in the gangster movies. Every time I heard police sirens approaching I always caught my breath, worrying if this was the end of my little adventure.

But they always passed me by, gunning after a lowly robbery, red light running or what have you. I bet my offence was more important than whoever they were after. But from what I knew, my little secret was confined between me and Hottie.

My "foot slave" (a slave for my feet, dah) was acclimating to her new life, as much as a kidnapped, abused and constantly raped person can. I'd dropped the "Hottie" nickname recently, since I had found a more fitting name for her.

Having tried a fish pedicure a couple of times, I decided to call her after those small fishes that hungrily nibble the dead skin off your feet. My observation was that both these fish and my captive expressed the same enthusiasm for my feet, regardless of whether they both wanted to or not.

A quick Wikipedia search showed that their scientific name was "Garra Rufa" but they were more commonly known as "Nibble-fish". In that regard, I thought "Nibbles" was a rather cute and fitting name. Thought she wasn't gonna do much literal nibbling, she was sure as hell be 'attentive' to my soles.

It was not my intention, but I had accidentally learned that her actual name was "Lena" only because she had mentioned it, during one of these futile attempts at garnering sympathy. Pretty name, I won't lie. But I had already chosen a name for her. That Lena girl was dead, even if she didn't know it yet.

Ever since I'd started dipping my toes (no pun intended hehe) into leaving her ungagged, some attempts at human communication were naturally bound to take place. Trained as she was becoming, my toy still thought of itself as human, which was a mistake I never failed to strictly discipline.

Despite my fierce and quick retaliation, the girl still tried to share little tidbits of personal information like her name, in-between all the pitiful pleading for release. Presumably, it was an attempt at appealing to my humanity and making me empathize with her. Good luck with that...She babbled about all kinds of shit. Something about parents, her siblings, her boyfriend (what was that fucker's name, I's already forgotten).

My mind disregarded it all. In through one ear and out the other. Each time "Nibbles" tried 'chatting me up', I shocked the shit out of her. Our relationship would be strictly...one-sided. All about me.

While “Nibbles” was still fighting me, not particularly accepting of her new role, she had learned the basic gist of how things went down in my household. Keeping me happy equaled less pain. Obeying promptly and effectively equaled less pain. Resisting or being a lousy servant meant lots of pain.

It was simple, but it wasn’t easy. I felt like I was teaching tricks to a monkey. Ok, bad analogy. My monkey was very attractive. Though disciplining and conditioning her to my wants and needs was sure taking time and effort.

I used my footy slave liberally, but working 9 – 5 weekdays basically left me weeknights and weekends for our more... elaborate games. I couldn’t of course, leave her to gnaw at her leather cuffs while I was away. No matter how durable they were, she’d eventually find a way out.

That was why I had repurposed the one of my three wall-closets, the one closer to my bedside. I had to get a professional rigger for this setup, though I doubt he suspected how safe, sane and consensual my games were. They were not.

The setup needed to be suitable for long duration bondage, to avoid blood circulation and atrophy problems. It also needed to be completely inescapable and prevent the encased “subject” from stomping against the closet door and giving me a headache. For the latter, more of my soundproofing foam panels were lined all around the inside of the closet’s walls and the doors.

As for her “storage station”, it was basically 4 rows of horizontal, steel stocks, with each frame being comprised of an immovable half, bolted on either side of the walls and a rotatable half, on the door’s side. Each stock had been measured to restrain a specific body part. There were two small ones on ankle level, two larger ones at the lower thighs, a single waist-stock and three more holes way above that, for the wrists and neck to be secured on the same level. The actual holes of the stocks had PVC padding on the inside, to avoid cutting. I did not want my toy’s “exterior” to be unnecessarily damaged. I was doing plenty of “damaging” myself.

Nibbles spent 8 hours a day locked inside that closet, so it quickly became a familiar place for her, despite being usually blind-hooded throughout her “storing” time. In my mind, it was her room. To avoid any “accidents”, i never left the house without fixing a catheter up her urethra, with a thin tube going

down a small bag, strapped around her thigh. The squirmy, gagged whimpering she did each time I inflated the little bulb inside her bladder, was annoyingly hot, since I had to leave for work moments later and not rape her right then and there.

Having fed her once before going to work, it was expected she'd fill that bag at some point before I return. Her second gross smoothie was some time in the afternoon.

As far as hygiene went, I was simply injecting a plain sedative into her neck every 3 days or so, to scrub her body with a soapy sponge and clean her leather restraints. Nobody told me I'd be brushing an unconscious woman's teeth at one point in my life, but here we were. She screamed and struggled like a banshee every-time she saw my needle approaching. Being unaware of what someone will do to your unconscious body must be terrifying to its core, because even after the first time, Nibbles was still scared of her "bath-time" shot.

But enough about maintenance. These were the necessary evils of being responsible 24/7 for an adult human; albeit one that hates your guts and constantly tries to escape you. Though the girl felt deeply degraded by her objectifying treatment, the real fun lied elsewhere.

It was a quiet Friday night. While a lot of people would maybe try their luck at a club or bar, to find some carnal fun, I had mine within literal reach. And without needing to go through the boring minutiae of courtships.

My gal was currently hitched on my new sybian machine, purchased especially for her. I had far better ways of getting off. It was easy to clip the ring-attachments on the machine's sides to the rings on the woman's leather thigh-cuffs. I also locked the latter to their respective ankle-cuffs, to keep those pretty legs from flailing. Her wrists were currently attached to the side rings of her corset, kept from being a nuisance.

I had lots of attachments for the vibrating top of the device, though just like my current setup, I usually went for the butt-plug and dildo combo, to really fill my little ragdoll up. I then turned the dial to 11 (metaphorically, since it only went to 10) and watched my Nibbles writhe on her buzzing little ride.

A naïve person might suggest that I was nice for giving my slave pleasure. I'd pose the theory that this person hadn't tried blasting their vajayay and rectum with vibrating stimulation as intense and unyielding as the one Nibbles was getting. She was begging me to stop from the first 5 minutes, never mind the first 45.

Of course, tormenting my dear Nibbles was only a part of the “course”. Sitting on the foot of my bed, I was also “granting” her the honor of worshipping my lovely feet. I’d only recently taken the step of playing with her without the ring-gag, which was very rewarding. I LOOOOVED the plentiful, tender kisses she was unwillingly giving my feet, like prolonged foreplay to our little sexy time. I sometimes didn’t even hood her, though tonight wasn’t one of these times.

Wearing the leather hood that left only the lower half of her face uncovered (and the small gap for her ponytail to pass through), my toy was currently kissing my soles, planting a peck then moving a centimeter over to plant another, tracing along the whole length of my feet with her lips. Moans of enforced pleasure would often escape her lips, though without pausing her kissing. She had painfully learned that she could only stop her “affections” when I said so.

It was always really fun to see her whole body trembling from the overwhelming sexual stimulation.

The sybian had been “working” my Lancashire 10, London 8.5 slave’s holes for about 20 minutes now, during which she had almost never stopped showing my naked feet dedicated affection. A couple of times she had paused to plead with me to turn the sybian off, misdemeanors that were dealt swiftly with my handy zapper. The third time she complained, i quickly ordered her to stick her tongue out.

She obeyed. We were past the negotiations on most things of that nature. I left her in blind dread for a few seconds, before calmly resting the tip of my zapper on her protruding tongue. As soon as she felt the electrode tip on her tongue she instinctively retrieved it back into her pretty mouth.

“Out! Or I’m getting the cattle prod” I warned her. My threat worked and the whimpering woman returned her tongue to its original, projected place, ready to receive her punishment. She yelped loudly as her sensitive tongue was harshly “stimulated” with a painful amount of current. I let her cry out her misery for a couple of seconds, then tapped the top of her leather-covered noggin with my zapper and she promptly returned to her “work”. She hadn’t finished making out with my heels.

And my ankles were next in line.

Nibbles was a quick learner during these two months, thankfully for her and I guess for me, too. I found my electrifying ‘aids’ to be very effective at tutoring the exotic (at least in my eyes) rich-tanned brunette in the ways of feet.

My beautiful, feminine, sensory-hungry feet, to be precise.

Using nothing but her oral faculties (since her pesky hands were always safely stashed out of my way) the woman had been educated in what makes my feet tick in the right way and what rubs them the wrong way.

She had (very painfully) learned many things:

- The differences between a deep, rubbing, stimulating tongue-stroke and a weak, annoying tickling tongue-touch against my soles. It could make or break things. I needed her tongue committed, not hesitant and limp.
- The skin on the underside of my toes was particularly ticklish. She needed to be extra gentle with her lips and tongue down there.
- At the same time, I adored a wet, swirling tentacle of a tongue sloshing between my toes. The wetter and 'wilder' the better. Those sensitive crevices always craved her 'attention'.
- My big toes were a big center of erotic potential. Fellating them almost like an erect micro-penis really got me going. I liked some proper suction mixed in with a dexterous tongue. It took a while before she learned to do it with proper suction AND without hurting my delicate, painted toenails with her bobbing motion. Extra attention was required towards the part where the little nub of flesh meets the start of my toenails. I loved having that part licked intensely and rapidly.
- I squealed in delight at each of the many, many gentle, pecking kisses my toy unwillingly gave me on the bridge of my feet and my ankles. It drove me wild and was an ideal foreplay if I wanted to take things slower. Only on and underneath my ankle though. Not above, that just felt slimy, like someone licking your calf. Eww.
- Getting her tongue just underneath my toenails (between my flesh and the nail) really brought me back to a lustful mood, whenever things went 'stale'. It was an interesting sensation, but too intense to do too often, so she had learned not to overdo it.

I could write an encyclopedia regarding my two, picky, particular 'floored beauties'. But the point was that Nibbles respected all of 'their' wishes. My wishes. She had no other choice but to strive to please at the apex of her abilities.

With my feet pleased and my pussy dripping, it was time for a finisher. Nibbles' cunt was also dripping, although she wished it wasn't. I figured that she would have orgasmed plenty of times, if she wasn't getting so ruthlessly abused. I guess being heavily turned off by brutal torture and rape sucked for her. What a weirdo, hehe!

I jumped off the foot of my bed and approached my nibbly little fishy. Straddled as she was on my sybian, her face was a bit higher than I'd like. I raised my one leg and stepped painfully on the woman's thigh, in order to spread my legs and give her access to my 'burning', flush pussy.

Standing as I was, I grabbed my slave's brown, hairy head-handle and pulled until her face was buried down my needy cunt, forcing her whole body to bend forwards, too.

Feetjobs and cunnilingus without the restrictive ring-gag were both a huge upgrade! Nibbles had the freedom to suck, kiss and generally pleasure my curvy body much better, than within the confines of her metal jaw-locker. I was still keeping an eye on her, menacingly pressing the mean point of my zapper on the back of her neck. It worked as a nice reminder to not try anything stupid.

But on average, I was pleased with her obedience and kept the zapping tool as more of a cautionary measure.

I didn't know if my living sex toy had ever pleased a woman before me, but she appeared to be getting better week by week in lapping at my tender 'cunt-curtains' (there weren't that many, but I did have a...womanly pussy). She was at least starting to pick up on how my body worked. Just like with my feet, she was learning what my particular needs were.

For example, that I liked long tongue strokes up and down my inner labia. That I enjoyed her tongue slightly penetrating my hole and wiggling on the edge of that slitted entrance and not any deeper. That whenever approaching orgasm, I needed my clitoris to be both sucked and gently licked, interchangeably and quickly.

She was far from a master at those vital (for her survival) things, but she was slowly improving.

As having an unwilling hottie forced head-first between my loins became more of a mundanity than a dream-fulfilling fantasy, I'd gotten progressively lazier at shaving down there. My auburn lil' bush had currently sprouted a tad, giving Nibbles a modest faceful of curly, dark-red hairs.

I might trim it later. At some point.

They say strict discipline is the secret to acquiring any skill and that certainly seemed to be the case for my cunt-lapping 'protégé'. She lapped and lapped and lapped, periodically moaning from the soreness of her jaw and tongue, and from the general indignity of it all (I can only assume). Even though I hadn't instructed her to do them, those moans got me going whenever I was feeling less...inspired.

With my grip tightening on my toy's ponytail, sticking from the top of her bordeaux hood (nicely complimenting my hair's color), I achieved a great orgasm.

I was being spoiled. Great orgasms were almost expected nowadays. Not just orgasms. Great ones.

Satisfied, I left for the bathroom to pee and clean up, leaving Nibbles, still with my downstairs-juice dripping down her chin, to ride on her sybian for just a little longer.



In the following months I got into a nice, daily rhythm with Nibbles. My good mood was certainly back. I was a lot more chipper at work. Maybe the thought of going home to my helpless, bound, pretty little lass had something to do with it. Though I wasn't engaging in many social gatherings, I didn't mind. Similarly to when you buy that new hot video-game, there was a necessary "binging" period. My girlfriends could wait.

Apart from my usual "uses" of Nibbles, I had started channeling my sadistic urges towards her pretty little feet. The experience for her could not be more different than the treatment my drool-drenched tootsies were getting. Nibbles had these slim, long feet, surely longer than mine. Even there the bitch was skinnier than me. They were begging me to torture them!

At least, that's what I got from marveling at them. Nibbles very expressively did NOT agree with my new hobby, but I never asked her opinion on the matter. In that regard, mine and Nibbles' feet were leading parallel lives.

Mine were dipped in a luxury of senses, while hers were as miserable as their owner.

I was currently in the mood for that new hobby right now. Nibbles had her gagging hood on and her hands were secured to the sides of her corset. Her mouth was stuffed with a pair of lace panties I had been wearing for the past two and a half days. I always liked giving my pretty plaything something extra "intimate" to chew on whenever I placed that hood over her lips. Mainly socks and underwear, almost always soaked in my feminine musk. My washer must be feeling neglected, haha!

This time I got her on the floor, connecting her collar to the floor-ring near my desk. I frog-tied her left leg, folding it in half via the two usual leather bands on her thigh and ankle. The other leg I left; it was scheduled for a "play-date".

Tethering her leg's ankle-cuff to the floor ring on the corner of my room meant Nibbles was now loosely stretched across my carpeted floor. Her right foot certainly wouldn't budge and she couldn't lift her head but a few inches from her collar's hitching post. After securing my naked toy, I sat cross-legged so that her "isolated" foot was resting gracefully on my lap.

"MMMMMMmmhh, MMMMMMMGGG, NNNNNNNNNN!" she struggled, trying to pull her right foot away from me. She knew what the deal was by now. This could only end badly for her. Very badly.

"STOP IT!" I scolded her loudly and though she did not fully cease to be an obstacle, she did tone down her resistance. Keeping her foot resting comfortably on my lap, I brandished my "instrument" of torture.

A plain, metal fork. Some might say anticlimactic. But as mundane as it appeared, it worked like a charm. I grabbed it and without much fussing around, I pressed its four points with all my strength into the tender sole of the girl's foot. A disturbing, muffled shriek escaped Nibbles, as i got our "playing" underway. Well, disturbing for a normal person. I really liked these sounds she produced.

The secret was not to make a swift, stabbing motion with the fork. That would most likely injure the surface of the foot. Instead, I liked to press gradually and bury the metal harder and harder. It gave me time to savor her despair and her gradual rise of suffering.

I had used other tools, too. A couple of long, thick knitting needle-sticks i had discovered inside an old memorabilia shoe box my grandma had left me. Inside that same box I had found some thread, which I was using to tie Nibbles' big toes and then hitch the thread around her calves, in order to pull the bottoms of her feet backwards, nice and taut, with aaaaaaaaaaall the nerve endings exposed. I didn't need to do any other toes to achieve that. Then, I'd take out one of my leather belts. My favorite was an old brown one, which was nicely wide, over 2 inches. I used that belt to whip the crap out of her bottoms. They were a deep red color by the time I was done with my two lovely needle-pillows.

After quite the "kneading" on Nibbles' sole, i moved on to her sensitive instep. I didn't leave any part "complaining". I even did the bottom of her big toe. Securing the foot on my lap made it immobile, then all I had to do was drive the pointy steel into the soft flesh; all the while the girl was writhing and crying, but remained nicely bound in place. I bet she wished her nerve endings would have been fried by now, and the connections to her brain would have shut off. Is that how it works?

The entire surface of the bottom of her foot, from her heel to her toes, had many markings of rows of four, closely located dots, where I had dug my fork. In my experience, these marks disappeared very quickly. I certainly didn't hold back.

My gal lifted her head from the floor until her collar choked her back, eyeing me with those pathetic puppy eyes. Still, they were as pretty as the day I'd first seen them. I mean, I get her distress. It must be very unsettling if all someone wants from you is your suffering. Very vulnerable. At least when there is a demand for something, be it an action, money or even a sexual act, things are more tangible. Do the required thing, stop the pain. It is something one can wrap their head around. But what can you offer as alternative for your misery? Nothing.

My philosophical musings were interrupted by my toy's muffled squeal, as my fork's end was buried into her soft flesh once again, this time into her smooth, pristine heel. More agonizing moans escaped her as

she pulled frantically against her unyielding restraints. These latest moans were caused from sheer fear. Fear of the next moment of pain, which was just around the corner.

God, i was enjoying her agony!



My small, desk speakers were playing some relaxing, hip-hop music. These lo-fi type of tunes that are so popular these days. I had gotten really into them lately. The more jazzy, soothing beats. I was more of a punk-rock chick back in my youth, but maybe I mellowed out a bit, too. Perhaps it had something to do with having a readily available outlet for my rage and sexual frustrations. I was indeed feeling less angry at the world, recently.

Less angry at myself. Maybe because I was starting to realize who I wanted to become all along; a cute, plump white gal with an ordinary job and a less ordinary, dark secret.

My taller, skinnier slavegirl's gagged, rhythmic moaning made for a strange mix with my chill music. Armbinded, hooded and with a mouth packed with a pair of nylon stockings I'd worn at work earlier that day, my hottie would not disturb anyone reaaaally.

She was lying on the bed on her back, her arms painfully pinned between the mattress and her back, stashed inside their leather armbrinder. Her pretty, scared eyes looking up at mine, anticipating something terrible. And for a good reason.

With a strap-on dildo secured over my pubic mount, I had already climbed over her bound form in a horny, less than sensual missionary. In that moment, I was not that different that the multiple, half-drunk dudes I once invited over, once upon a time.

They would wobble over with their hard cocks in hand, not that differently from me, moving their bodies needily over my splayed one.

I stroked my dildo, as if I would feel it. Its size would only satisfy Nibbles if she was dating exclusively black dudes in her past life. Without much lubricating, I guided it through hottie's fuck-sheath. I could tell she really wanted to close her legs, but thought better of it. Good girl.

I slowly started plowing my forced-lesbian slave nice and deep. It immediately felt really good! My latest sex toy had a special feature. While the 2-inch long, vibrating insertion designated for yours truly was made out of soft, flexible silicone (and felt terrific), the external "cock-piece", clocking in at 9-inches long and almost 2 inches thick, had an aluminum coating on its exterior, making it very conductive to electricity.

Through electrodes attached on the belt, and running through a thin plastic wire into a tiny remote trigger, my metallic cock could offer more sensations that just "fulfillment" and cunt-stretching friction.

“MMMMNNNGGGgg!” my poor slave cried out as I tested the small button I was holding, sending a plentiful amount of voltage through the inner walls of her cunt. She writhed in place, under me, but I was pinning her down nice and steady, not stopping my not-so-tender lovemaking.

I loved ramming my fake-cock inside that poor, pretty cunt. I loved how my hips grinded against her inner thighs with each “pump”. Even if this was still ‘technically rape’, I hugged her wholly and deeply close to me. Our embrace could even be considered romantic, if someone had no idea of how we actually met each other.

Maybe I was destined to be a man, a fleeting thought came. I really liked my fake cock. There was something in stretching my toy to shreds with my own anatomy. Naaah, I loved my feminine curves and feet. I wouldn’t change them for the world. Or a penis.

Her legs were forced to wrap around waist, like a needy slut. Of course, that last part was due to her ankle cuffs being locked together, as I didn’t want any wild kicking to take away from my fun. But still, I thought it was sweet, feeling her naked legs hugging my skin.

She was so utterly mine, at this moment. With her arms safely pinned against her back, sheathed inside their leather armbinder, she could do nothing to avoid my roaming hands, grabbing her tits, clawing along her ribcage (those fucking visible ribs), twisting her nipples. I was roughening her up as I pleased and she had to lay there and take it all.

Nibbles struggled with the equally rough penetration, letting out pained groans every once in a while, while either puppy-eyeing me for mercy or looking up at the heavens. Maybe her boyfriend wasn’t as “gifted” as my strap-on? Doubt it. He had a pretty ‘white’ name. Or maybe something was missing for her to get horny. Maybe she was one of these twisted whores that like to get choked while deep-fucked?

As soon as that visual entered my head, I wrapped my right hand around her dainty neck and squeezed. I found it a very fitting way of signaling to her: “I undeniably, completely own you. Every waking moment, your life is in my hands”. Judging by her widened, frightened eyes, poor girl was taken by surprise, but it made no difference in preventing it. “Gmmff...gghhhh...” her already gagged pleadings just got a little more labored and her face blushed from my hand-vice on her throat.

“GnnnnnnnnNNNNNNN!!!” her scream came out choked, as I shocked the inner walls of pussy with my conductive cock. Whatever little moisture she might have gathered in there must have evaporated from the zapping. Judging by her suffering expression, I doubt there was much, anyway.

I brought my second hand, coiling her neck with both hands now, basically using her throat as a handle for my increasingly violent thrusts and for supporting my upper body above hers. Her eyes were starting to get a little blood-shot. No moans left her nylon-full mouth, all crushed by my grip.

She was really running out of oxygen by this point and panic was starting to set in, as she twisted her torso around and flailing her fused legs, all fruitless in getting me off her.

Her initial idleness had given way to a worry, worry that i wouldn't let her go before it was too late. Hehe, silly thing. I would never 'off' her like that. Not yet, at least. She still had many years of pleasure to give me, before I'd consider "retiring" her.

The feeling of my G-spot being excellently rubbed through the repeated pounding I was giving my slave, along with the power-trip of squeezing the life out of her, brought me over the "finish-line". Next time, I should try "frying" her throat with my electrifying cock, I thought to myself. That would be a very interesting blowjob.

I stopped my imagination going off with these great ideas. I was getting myself wet again, and I had to get ready for a night-out with some friends. Getting my toy stored in its closet would also take 10 minutes.

I left Nibbles on my bed, composing herself from her recent rape, her natural face-color slowly returning. She sucked in oxygen hungrily through her cute nostrils. Her collar was already chain-tethered on my bed-post. She wouldn't budge far. I headed of towards my bathroom to shower. I could try my blowjob- idea when I returned home, anyway.



The alarm on my phone went off, signaling the start of my day. It's always annoying, whatever new ring-tone I choose to try out. After one snooze, I tossed the covers away. I opened my blinds and windows, letting some sun in. Thought I appeared to be alone in my bedroom, I was not. With my bare-feet stepping on the paneled, carpeted floor, i went to make a quick breakfast and get ready for work.

Freshened up with a toast and some orange juice in my belly, I opened the middle closet on my bedroom. That was where I kept all my clothes. Surprisingly, to some women, one large closet was enough. I picked up a cute shirt and some high-waist jeans that complimented my humps while also remaining professional. My work did not require the whole business-look formality.

My eyes fell on the nearby closet, on my right. It was the only one that had a key on the key-hole, and the only one that I always kept locked. "Oh, right, I have to feed my pet" i was reminded. Returning with the usual sport's bottle full of Soylent, i turned the key to that special closet and opened it.

My lovely sex-toy was where I'd stored her last night, bound into a standing position, thanks to her restrictive stocks. Though it was far from the ideal sleeping setup, my slave was out of it, with her wrists bent and her head slumped over as much as the stocks allowed. Drool was dripping from her ball-gag, her blinding mask also doubling as a nice sleep-time blindfold. Her pee-bag, attached to her inner thigh, was only half-full. I'd change it when I got back.

I took an examining look up and down her body. She looked fine; her tits were still proud and perky, riddled with red dots from last night's "session". I didn't know her exact age, but it would certainly take too long for these two beauties to sag on me. Her belly looked nice and tight, but maybe too loose inside that waist-corset. Maybe she lost a few pounds? Her meal quota was as instructed. In any case, I should tighten her corset when I get back from work. No one likes corsetry that limply dangles around the waist. Whatever the cause of this imperfection was, her hips still looked nice and supple, along with her ass. I congratulated myself for my keen eye.

"Hmmmff?" my stolen prize moaned so adorably and slightly lifted her head as I did not fight the urge to give her a gentle caress on the cheek. "Good morning, sweetie" she heard my voice and then felt my warmth as I moved uncomfortably, intimately close to her, to undo her gag's strap. The hard, silicone ball left a trace of saliva as I held it in my hand.

The beautiful woman shifted her blinded face left and right, still dazed by her troubled, chopped up sleep. I bet her muscles were pretty sore in this geddup, but she always managed to find a way and get some rest. I had been pondering getting her a sort of casket or coffin-like bed, something I could stash under the bed, with no one being the wiser. Maybe buy one of these beds with storage space

underneath and modify it to fit my foot slave? Until I get comfortable enough with the idea, the closet was a safe spot for my little nibbly girl.

I gazed at my helpless toy with all the time in the world. I noticed the lack of any attempts at verbal communication. She didn't plead for her freedom, nor did she curse at me, or play any sort of "getting-to-know-me" silly mind games. I must have broken some walls in her resistance.

Maybe I was a pretty good slave trainer, after all!

Throughout the past 10 months that this, still virtually unknown, woman was "staying" with me i had stomped down any of her efforts at human-to-human communication to the ground. She knew very well that just because she had just woken up, did not mean I hesitated any less in electrocuting her sorry ass. To her, my cattle prod always appeared to be within arm's reach.

With my docile captive simply waiting in her bonds for me, whatever that might mean, I brought the tip of the bottle to her lips. She didn't turn away from it or spit it back at my face, reactions that I had experienced plenty in the past and that Little Miss feet-licker had been thoroughly punished for; enough so that it simply wasn't worth repeating them. She gulped the ugly-tasting, sand-colored liquid down her gullet. Only watering her along with her meals had served well in putting out any thoughts of a hunger-strike. She was often requesting my special smoothie, only to get some water in her.

"Good Nibbles" I talked down to her as soon as she was done with her morning meal. I liked reinforcing her lowly status at every chance. I wiped the trace of Soylent running down her chin and before she could tell what was coming next, I shoved the ball-gag back in its place, buckling it snug as before, squeezing her cheeks where the leather straps had already left a faint, pink mark. She didn't make a pip, that time.

"I'm off to work, but be a good girl and don't cause any trouble" I rubbed her complete inability to do anything right at her face. Again, she didn't reply, moaning or otherwise, simply stewing in her own helplessness. I closed the door, locking it and taking the key with me.

My dirty little secret was well kept and going strong. I'll never forget the time her face came up on the television, while I was at work of all places. The news reporter was saying something about the investigation going cold. Only thing they knew was that there was a struggle in the missing woman's living room. No suspects, no motives.

I tried to hide my blushing from my co-workers, who mused about how can a person like that simply disappear from the face of the earth. Gossiping about whether her boyfriend or not had killed her and

hid his trail. I was too uncomfortable to partake in that conversation. I was just a horny, sadistic bitch; i was not Keyser fucking Soze. But no one suspected me. How could they? No one ever pins their co-workers as cold-blooded criminals. I looked back on the TV. "Lena's" picture on the screen increased the moisture between my thighs. She was mine and only mine. Written off by the rest of the world. Sometimes you forget the things that matter in life. I couldn't wait to get home...

Nearing a full year in my "care", it was becoming evident that I had broken something in my kidnapped sex slave. My unintended social experiment had shown that it takes about a year to make someone truly shut the fuck up. I could say I had somewhat succeeded, since Nibbles now rarely voiced her "concerns" with me. It was a difficult message to drive home, though. I had to be unyielding from the get go, even though I sometimes entertained the idea of chatting my little sole-moistener up. But I held my ground. It would send the wrong idea and take months away from my toy's submission training. Besides, I had "real" people I could chat with.

My pretty dildo-sheath had opted instead to either communicate her dismay with her eyes, or mumble incoherently through her gag, whichever that might be. I sometimes wondered whether her "gaggish" language was actually trying to form words or was just an outlet for her pain, a venting method. Either way, I liked how helpless they made her sound.

On a more important aspect, my Nibbles had become more resigned to my whims and tastes. The untamed beast that was bouncing between my bedroom walls had now been domesticated into a more reserved pet. Nowadays, she picked her battles in making my life difficult. Sometimes she was too emotionally drained and depressed and just sat on her sybian by herself like good Nibbles did. Other times, the "Lena" in her would take over, wrestling in her bonds like a wildcat, until my cattle prod would arrive like the cavalry to put things in order. I had not yet fully beaten "Lena" out of her.

What I had noticed in myself was that I was becoming a little desensitized to the pleasurable effect her misery had on me and my spoiled vag. Not to the point I wasn't having fun, of course. She was still a luxurious treat and still offered me great memories, ones that I could dream of in the past. Despite her increased proficiency in "making her kidnapper happy", she still had room for improvement. Not a week was going by without a punishing lesson of some sort.

But what I was at the start too preoccupied to realize, was that I was becoming meaner, more sadistic towards my little sole-licker. Like a junkie, I was used to her suffering. I needed to up the dosage.

Electroshocking the shit out of her with my fun little gadgets was still unbearable to her. No matter how many times she was zapped into submission, she still dreaded the pain that came from the current coursing through her body. It had reached a point where simply brandishing the cattle prod or moving its tip towards her vulnerable flesh was enough to trigger all sorts of traumatic reactions. It made my job easier, since just the thought of the incoming punishment was often enough to put my whinny little slave back into full servicing mode, purely subservient and docile.

My electrocuting dildo also was getting liberal usage. Prior to this purchase, I had never experienced the feeling of fucking someone. Dudes have it so nice! It's so empowering. I experimented with positions too. I liked the classic FDAP (face down, ass up) pounding I could give her from behind, but I had a soft spot for forcing her to ride my thick rod while I laid there, digging my nails on her ass and hips. She looked like a very distressed, whimpering cow-girl. It was an extra layer of humiliation, having her bounce herself on my painful cock, raping herself for my satisfaction. I really enjoyed pulling her close to me via the leash on her collar, feeling her soft, bound body pressing against mine, the close, intimate eye contact, smelling her, seeing the fear reflected on her pretty brown eyes.

During our "love-making" i made her constantly anticipate the next moment I'd shock the inside of her pussy with my divine, punishing dick. I was slurping up her misery like a diabetic holding an ice-cream cone. God, how sensitive her cunt must be, how bad that must sting! I didn't even have the courage to try it on myself.

Playing to my electricity-themed toolkit, I had also gotten these electrifying pads that I could stick anywhere on her body and set the voltage to all kinds of patterns and volumes. I usually did a combination, sticking 5 or 6 on her at any given time. Her arms, her inner thighs, her feet. All got a share.

What I really liked was sticking two on both areolas and a third over her cunt and set the voltage at a nice, intensely "buzzing" tempo, while she worshipped my toes or my cunt. Have you ever had someone cry out INTO your pussy? It's a marvelous sensation! But I still needed to come, so Nibbles had to quickly learn to skillfully eat me out whilst having her tits and cunt slow-roasted. How she'd achieve that, was strictly her problem.

While blowjobs were not as immediately stimulating for me, (at least until they create a dildo that can transmit sensations to the strap-on wearer), I used them as nice foreplay, whenever I was gearing up to fuck my little ragdoll. With the pretense of some very needed lubrication, my slave did a good enough job gobbling down my large phallus, choking on it all while keeping her sad little eyes up at mine. I really liked killing the bitch with my cock, another luxury guys have. Holding her firmly by her blonde ponytail,

watching her writhe with bound arms and legs, trying to back off my strap-on, all teary-eyed and red-faced, was a real treat.



I was searching for new sensations. New “games” to “play” with my dear foot slave. My imagination had met a wall, regarding how much pain I could inflict Nibbles’ doomed footsies.

It then hit me. I remembered as a kid when my older cousin had once pinned me down and was tickling the ever-loving shit out of me! It was excruciating, as much as I was laughing. He thankfully stopped soon enough, but that feeling had stayed with me.

My sensitive feet hated being tickled, but this was exactly the type of thing that my hopeless slave toy was destined for! How could I have missed it for so long?

Gears in my head started spinning and a tide in my pussy started rising!

The next day, I secured my unsuspecting slave on my bed. I usually tied her ankles to rings at the corner posts of my bed, so that her fanny was nicely presented to me and my 9-incher. But now I locked them together in a pair of leather ankle bands, securing the interlocking rings of the bands to another ring bolt in the middle of my lower bedpost.

Her wrists were cuffed on each thigh-cuff, her hood keeping her firmly gagged but that oval little eye hole allowing her sight. I wanted her to be able to watch. I loved the dreaded anticipation in those pretty, teary eyes so much!

When I took her out of her closet, they were in their neutral, slavish, meek-ish state. Half-dozing, half-resting, definitely moody.

Looking up at me with fear (tan bitch better be afraid of me) she expected to be fucked as per her owner’s usual MO. Thought she wasn’t making a peep, but let her eyes betrayed a confused moment, when she saw the different bondage I had put her in. With a sinister smile I did not bother concealing, I daintily, mistress-ly sat right by her soles, paired all neatly side-by-side. I wore something ‘nice’ for Nibbles: A cute skirt and some cute, calf-high socks under my Mary Jane heels.

Cunt better appreciate the effort I put in for her.

With her feet nicely rendered immobile, I moved my ‘itchy’ fingers, whose nails I had let grow up to an inch just for this (and painted with black nail polish). I sadistically, slowly circled them around her two pretty torture subjects. Like a shark circling two poor swimmers in the middle of the ocean.

Nibbles wiggled her toes in nervousness, but did not thrash or anything dramatic. She probably needed a demonstration. I ‘gingerly waved’ with my three middle fingers against the ball of one foot. “MMM!” she squealed and instinctively tried to yank her foot ‘out of there’. It didn’t budge one bit. I did the same

Oh, poor thing. We're just getting started.

It only got me wetter and I kept going.

"MNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!" hottie shrieked, shaking her hooded head left and right as copium, whilst trying to return her painfully yanked toes back to their place. I did not let her, but it was fun that she was actually fighting me on this. It meant she clearly could not handle this.

After 30 more minutes of relentless foot tickling, I was dripping like a slime in the rain. I climbed onto the bed. No panties anywhere on me, naturally. Nibbles was securely hooded, but I unzipped it hastily and tossed it away. I needed those lips on my fanny!

“Start lapping or your giggles will make come on their own” I ordered with a domineering tone I had perfected lately; I had lots of practice. I plopped my jiggly, pale ass on the tanned whore’s face. She started licking me, but not that enthusiastically; moreso trying to breath through the sides of my vagfolds than anything else.

“AAAAAAwww” I let out a wonderful groan of appreciation. As the merciful mistress that I was, I stopped tickling Nibbles’ feet, though I kept my hands around them, grasping them, holding them and gently rubbing them, like a sadistic captor with a knife on a family member’s throat. She knew what would happen if she stalled or worsened her cunnilingus even for a second.

Luckily for her, I was too worked up by her previous misery, so Nibbles only took a couple of minutes (and only a couple of tickling ‘reminders’) to get mommy over the finish line, with her fused feet at constant ‘tickle-point’.



I have to say, that night was a real relationship landmark for the two of us. It opened a whole new world (love that Disney song) for me in wonderful, cunt-tingling ways. For Nibbles, it opened a new horrific door to a different dungeon of hell.

Simply mentioning my 'tickling accessories' was enough to drown out any rebellious mood and turn a feisty damsel into a whimpering, cowering little puppy. It certainly made her adore my feet with more enthusiasm and gratitude.

Gratitude for her own feet being momentarily left alone.

AAaah, yes! I stepped up my game, regarding the sensations I could impose upon my unwilling tickle-buddy. I got some goose-tail feathers, for a very faint, very particularly edging tickling. I got a Wartenberg wheel, this metal thingy that rolls spikes along a surface. Very fun! Very scary and prickly. I also found lots of useful stuff around my house. My electric toothbrush did wonders in eliciting the most girly cries from her. My hair brush caused her immeasurable distress, forcing some long, breathy laugh/cries from her.

I found that it was vital to oil Nibbles' soles before every sensation, as it raised her sensitivity a lot and made every single atom of her bottoms experience the gentle scraping.

As soon as she'd see me approach her with my 'tools', my poor slave would start hyperventilating, shaking her whole body in increasing panic. "NNnngg pllllllllllllh...NNNNNNNN" she'd beg me to do something else, or outright offer to worship my body in any way she could think off.

I would take my sweet fucking time cherishing her fear, listening to her gagged, or ungagged pleading. I could sit and watch her beg for mercy all day. I never got bored of it. It only made torturing her more rewarding.

When I was done with her, my little laughing generator was in mental and physical shambles. A miserably pile of nerve endings, wrapped up in burgundy leather.

In the end, her throat would be completely coarse, her screams coming out rough and labored should I choose to keep going. Her chest would be aching from the unnaturally never-stopping laughter. There was no way her boyfriend was ever that funny. Laughing actually takes quite a lot out of you. She was always drenching my bedsheets in sweat, probably losing a pound in the process.

One time she passed out in the middle of another evil-scientist experiment. Hypoxia is a big thing when you can't take a breath in from all the laughing. I had to slap her awake to keep going. It was so funny to see her realize where she was and start sobbing all over again.

It was a good thing that tickling is not something humans really get accustomed to. It's a natural reflex that does not go away. So my hottie's experiences did not lessen, no matter how diligent I had become. On the contrary, I was fine-tuning my approach, finding what ticks her most and causes the biggest reaction.

- Her insteps (the part between the balls of the foot and the arch) were a particularly soft spot for her. No matter how I touched her there, she would jump up (metaphorically, since her ankles were always bolted stiff) in agony.
- Her toes were particularly vulnerable to my electric toothbrush. Coupled with some good oiling of those ten 'bad boys' I could 'clean' them for hours on end, with how lovely she was screeching and struggling.

The footboard ring did a mildly satisfying job of securing my slave's 'shifty' feet in place, but even the few centimeters of fidgeting got annoying soon. What can I say, I'm a perfectionist. I ordered a few things to up my foot bondage game.

I was so excited the day they arrived. I put them to use right away!

First, it was a pair of connected, thick, steel ankle cuffs. They actually could be bolted onto my footboard (or any other place of the house I choose to install holders). Their inside was lined with leather padding with a ratchet mechanism that reduced or widened the actual 'holding' radius of the cuffs. A few ASMR-adjacent clickity-clanks of the ratchet and they would be tighten over Nibble's ankles, perfectly tailored for them. Zero leeway allowed. All wiggling (and unplanned injuries, sure) would be eliminated. Nibbles' feet would be frozen in place like delicious, meaty popsicles.

In addition, to keep those pesky toes from trying to shield my two very own 'tickle paddles', I had purchased two more handy devices from the same bdsm gear site. These paired nicely with the metallic cuffs. It worked on the principle that the soles of someone's feet can only bent via the movement of their toes. Folding the toes down makes the sole-line convex and pulling them makes it concave.

We (I mean me, Nibbles had no say in any of this) wanted a concave, outstretched position that makes every fiber of her feet's undersides taut and...vulnerable.

These two steel toe-vices I got would help with just that. The clumpy, curved things (as to get every single toe, big or small, in one fell swoop) would jail my beauty's toes from above and below. Then, all I had to do was fasten each clamp (and the 5 imprisoned toes along with it) to the receiver waiting at the top of each cuff. It was a protruding spring-loaded bar that curved towards the wearer's toes, about 4-5 inches long. Ratcheting the spring would increase the tension, the pull, on the toe-clamps.

More anticipatory clickity-clacks! Lovely!

With each turn of the ratcheting screw I gave, Nibbles' viced toes were pulled juuuuust a bit further backwards, towards the front of her ankles, spreading her soles ever so...thin. The gagged whimpering she gave as she exerted futile resistance on my new evil machine made my fanny twitch with happiness! Her shapely, girly toes could not give any pushback to the strong springs. Her hourglass-shaped soles were now completely at my mercy.



“MMMMMMMMMmmmmm!”

“PPLLEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!”

“HTTTTTTUUUUUUUUUMPP!”

My beautiful, ballgagged, blind-hooded slave was pleading like a crazed banshee, ruined under the duress of another hour-long tickling ‘sess’.

With my handy vice-cuff-mechanism easily installed elsewhere, I had planted her feet on the side of my desk. Drilled some placeholders for the bases and off it went. My desk thankfully held strong, as she tried her best to rip her feet away from it and tear it to shreds, with the rest of her body resting on my floors, her legs raised high to meet the desk.

Bitch must have made quite the leg workout with all that tensing and pulling. It just made her body more alluring to me, so I filled that under the ‘pros’ category.

I was a bit annoyed that she told me to “stop”. I had made quite a lot of progress in breaking her spirit. But I guess I couldn’t fault this instinctive reaction. Poor thing is just trying to cope. I let it slide.

With my own legs equally naked, I was resting them crossed on my desk, holding the feather between my toes. The irony of torturing Nibbles’ feetsies with my very own tickled me, no pun intended.

“MMMMMMUuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.....mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmuuuhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!”

My sightless toy breathed in and out with difficulty, enable to catch her breath after so much, sooo much enforced laughing. Her nice boobies heaved up and down from the need for air. They were so pretty; they made me want to mark them. I hadn’t in quite some time. Her feet were pointed at me, still as a photograph, though in reality they were trying to break through the ceiling with their struggles. It made me so excited, this unperceivable helplessness.

I gave my toy a few seconds of rest, but blinded as she was, the horrific anticipation of when I would make more sadistic contact with her stretched soles, kept her on edge. I got up, and daintily moved over to her floored body, lying on its back. With my feet still bare, I stepped on her hooded face with my right leg. Not so hard that it crushed her, but no so soft that she didn’t feel me there.

“You’ve been a good toy lately, haven’t you Nibbles?” I sensually cooed her. “MMM-hmm! YUhh MUhhkrhuuh! (Yes *Mistress!*) she nodded under the weight of my divine foot, like a worm agreeing with my sentiment.

Even though the red ballgag I had shoved down her yapper was over 2 inches thick, I was very happy to see my little floor-dweller sincerely try to stick her tongue out of that fat rubber ball, just to lick the foot that pressed against her face.

I was so weirdly proud of her.

A few minutes later, with her precious feeties still recovering from the previous onslaught, dripping with massage oil and oversensitivity, Nibbles was now kneeling on the floor, appreciative of my Goddess-like mercy. As I sat at the foot of my bed, my docile captive was hungrily slurping on my smaller toes, blinded and armbinded as she was before.

I like to give her the smaller ones in pairs or even three at a time! She was a veteran toe-pleaser and I had dimmed her capable of “handling them”, hehe! With my feet resting on each of my toy’s shoulders, not even paying attention to her, I scrolled through my phone.

I had recently downloaded Tinder, and was toying with the idea of inviting a guy over. Not that I was particularly missing men, but the sheer thrill of fucking someone with the knowledge that a kidnapped person is stashed in my closet, a few feet from us, separated only by a foam-padded door, got me going.

The soft, sensual sounds of Nibbles’ tongue were undercut by the buzz of my building’s doorbell. “My pizza is here!” I cheered alone, hitting pause on my sentient foot-vibrator with her usual ball-gag, waiting ready to use on my desk. “MMMn” Nibbles let an almost content whimper, knowing that she’s not allowed speech whatsoever.

The fun could continue after my fatty, savory dinner. Boy, I really am a hedonist in every kind of sensation. What can I say? I like to enjoy things.



EPILOGUE: TWO YEARS LATER

“... So then i was like ‘I bet you’d say that’...hey watch it, they’re right behind you!” Playing FPS games with my friends was a favorite past-time. It was only improved by the soothing foot-massaging I was receiving from under my desk. My leather-masked, blinded toy was actually using her hands now to really knead my tired, bare feet, which were resting on her folded thighs as she knelt on the floor underneath my desktop.

She didn’t need to see my feet to make them feel soooooo fucking good! After so much...contact with them, they were as recognizable to her as the voice of your lover. I bet she could pick my feet out of a lineup every day!

Leaving her hands free was pretty safe for a while. Having “graduated” through all the stages of submission (stages arbitrarily picked by yours truly), my little Nibbles had gotten it well into her empty bimbo head that this added freedom was only meant to serve me, not cause any devious thoughts of a coup. And though I couldn’t know for a fact these thoughts were absent in her mind, they sure as hell would never come to fruition.

Just like her tongue, her hands had also been trained to give me a top-tier foot massage, the kind you’d pay good money for. I enjoyed her firm, relaxing foot massage. Besides, not every sensation she gives them needed to be erotic. I was due for a spa day. Usually every other day was ‘spa day’.

I had shown her just how I liked it. I could swear her forearms had gotten a slight buff to them, from the constant workout they were getting massaging my feet. Not anything muscle mommy, but just firm and capable. This was a hard work, but Nibbles never complained. At least without a fierce punishment following that complain.

“Mmmm.....mmmm....” Some very soft, very muffled unwanted moans were escaping my hardworking toy, under the desk. The reason for that was the two electric massagers I had strapped to her feet. Bolting her ankles cuffs to a spot a few inches from my desk wall, I had then glued these handy things to the wall, perfectly aligned to each secured sole. The massagers had a surface riddled with rubber prods sticking out. When turned on, the surface would move in randomized patterns, bringing the ‘massaging’ rubber prods along with them. Even though intended for ones’ back, they proved devilishly ticklish when applied to some nicely oiled footsies.

I had packed Nibbles' mouth with this dense, expanding foam I'd found online, keeping it there with a couple of pieces of micro-foam tape over her lips. It really dampened those tortured laughing fits so often went on. Trying to yell out through my call to my unsuspecting friends to come to her rescue, would also cause gagging chokes and nothing else.

Regarding my security measures, this tape thingy was just a formality. She never even bothered nowadays, being a good, silent little slavegirl, laughing her lil' ass off to my tickle-torture machines till the cows came home. I had trained her well to keep up whatever service I had deemed her worthy of, despite the simultaneous tickling predicament. It had really worked well in melting her rebellious tendencies away...

Only thing that escaped her lips was the muffled, involuntary moans of pained laughter, along with the lone, occasional groan, surely from over-straining her hands. She'd been at it for about 45 minutes now.

But my toy is not allowed stopping on her own accord. If she got tendonitis, too bad.

"Dammit girl, you can't shoot anything today" I whined at my under-achieving teammate, my slave's soft moans not even registering anymore. "Hey, fuck you very much. Anyway, i'm going to work" I heard from the other end of the call. "Byeeeeeee" I said before the call dropped.

I sat for a moment, pondering what to do next. It was the kind of Sunday without any plans, nor any mood for plans. They kind of day where you simply chill and let it flow by.

"Should I come over?" I received a text from one of my girlfriends. "Sure" I replied. "Cool, be there in about an hour" was the response.

I lowered my head under my desk. My non-the-wiser pet kept working my feet with intense pressure, just how I liked, kneading them like a baker with her job on the line. Her feetsies adorably wiggled against the ever-present 'massagers', not achieving anything to avoid their ticklish work. Besides her feet, only other form of restraint was the chain, linking her collar to the floor-ring near my desk. We were waaaaaaaay past the "running away" phase of captivity.

I could go for a quickie before visitors arrive. I hastily tossed the bottoms of my PJs and my panties on the floor. I roughly pulled the tape from her lips and pulled the expanding wad of white foam through them. "Aaaaaaaww-ww-www-www-ww-w" she let out a trembling moan, from the mind-melting tickling. One cannot react with laughter constantly to tickling. At one point or another, she reached the 'horny goat' phase, coined by me.

A mixture of both suffering droning yelp and crazed giggling. The overstimulation on her feet frying her brain synapses. I thought she was really funny when she made those noises.

Without any verbal warning, I grabbed my slave's ponytail/handle and pulled her uncaringly between my bubbly thighs, whilst spreading my legs and folding them so that my feet were over the bottoms of my pale asscheeks.

As soon as she felt the tug she went along with it, following my pull. "Such a great pet, Nibbles" I thought. I had worked my ass off to tame her, but she had blossomed into a priceless commodity. Maybe if a financial crisis ever hit me, I could sell her somewhere on the dark web. It'd definitely ask for 6 figures.

"Keep rubbing my feet" I said to her, as my tickled-silly pet started orally 'working' my pussy, sensually, tenderly. She removed her face from my cunt only to reply "Yyyy- yes, MMm---Mistress" with a tickle-trembling affect and then dove back in, keeping each hand lovingly grasping each sole, tracing her tender fingers all over them. It was kind of an awkward position, since her hands needed to be behind her head to reach my feet, but she was a good sport about it.

I really liked the novelty of these verbal responses. It was the only form of audible communication I allowed her. It was also the most recent "update" to my living sex-doll, but broken as she already was, it didn't take long for her to follow that new "script".

My toy was doing a good enough, job, using plenty of care both on her tongue-lapping as well as her caresses and rubs of my feet, all while fighting off the 'distractions' of her eternal feet-tickling. I didn't even have my zapper or cattle prod nearby. So fundamental was my certainty in her obedience. I had tested this theory hundreds of times before. If the bitch was playing the slow game to escape, she had probably forgotten about it.

Nibbles really made me feel her delicate palm running across my rougher sole, and her fingers dancing along that surface. She periodically did that thing I loved where she intertwined her dainty fingers between my toes, caressing these little, often neglected crevices. It rarely failed to drive me wild with lust!

Don't forget, she did all that without the need for an eye-sight. I'd pondered blinding her permanently in the past, there are these solutions that damage the retina irreversibly, but I always felt it was a shame, giving up those beautiful, pitiful looks she gave me. While her body language was idle and subservient,

almost object-like, these pretty brown eyes were like windows inside her shattered psyche. They say that phrase in romantic movies, but TRULLY belonging to someone isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Though her external appearance only had changed as far as her emotional and physical abuse went, this woman in front of me was not the woman I had found in that restaurant. I had molded her into something else. Something fit for my needs.

As I approached "curtains" to this show, i pressed my dolly's face roughly down my slimy crotch. Her nose must have been gotten rather "bendy" over the years of repeated "pounding" it has received. She still knew to lick me quicker and more excitingly during those moments, though. Since she knew how interconnected my feet were to my cunt, she also massaged my soles with more intensity, building my whole body up for a noteworthy climax.

"Mediocre" or boring orgasms were a rarity with my skilled slave. I kept pressing her head down there even after I came, signaling her tongue to linger just a bit longer. She obeyed. Such a good girl, my Nibbles.

I removed her hooded head from my sex, leaving her (still feet-tickled with the setting set to max) to compose myself and go to the bathroom.

I returned 10 minutes later. She was still kneeling were I left her, head slumped, silent. She had been good enough. She deserved a treat. Wanting to keep this a small surprise, i unhooked her leash from the post tugged. I freed her ankles. "Thank you Mistress! Thank you Mistress! Thank you Mistress!!!" Nibbles was so grateful to have her soles be left at peace. They'd be through A LOT.

She started crawling on all fours, following blindly as a tugged her leash. It didn't matter if I had pain or suffering or more "work" in mind for her. She followed just the same.

The sybian had been left beside my bed for a couple of days, now. I led my lovely toy to it. "Mount it" I said and she penetrated herself on the anal and vaginal plugs already attached on its "hump". I clipped her ankles to her thighs and tethered her wrists to the sides of her corset. She stayed still, essentially helping me attach her to the machine. No fighting or whining. Her body language was even perked up. She wanted this. Actually, no meek roleplay shit.

At some moment I could not pinpoint, she had started taking advantage of the “rides” my sybian was giving her. Even getting orgasms from her prolonged times on her buzzing “seat” of the room. Probably making the best out of a (really) bad situation. Couldn’t blame her.

While sometimes I still tormented her, putting the volume either too low or way too high from the start, I placed the dial at 7 this time. A nice, “orgasmable” speed. “Awwwwwwwwww” she gave a long, soft, grateful moan, as soon as her insides started to pleasantly vibrate. “Thank you so much Mistress, thank you Miss...thank you Mistress” my sightless toy expressed honest appreciation, sighing the final few repeats out of sheer loss of breath.

I smiled, I allowed her to be verbally grateful. It only did well for her mental state. The one I wanted her in, that is.

“Open your mouth” I said to my leather-masked plaything and she obeyed immediately, keeping it agape for as long as needed. I pulled her ponytail so that her neck tilted backwards. She looked like a little water-fountain, facing up almost vertically. I then gathered a good dose of saliva in my mouth, and let the bubbly, gathered pool of drool slowly fall right down her open lips.

“Don’t swallow, don’t close it” I said. Leaving her to savor her gift, wide-mouthed and waiting like a living ash-tray or receptacle, I went and picked my tossed panties from the floor. I balled them up and stuffed them half-way in her mouth. “Hold them for me” I said bringing her head back to its normal position, since she wouldn’t try doing it herself and potentially piss me off. My scaredy cat only took initiatives when it was blatantly obvious I needed her to.

Satisfied with my twisted creation of docility and servitude, I watched as a panty-gagged Nibbles moaned and grinded her hips against the stimulating sybian, trying to get her orgasmic “treat” with a mouthful of my underwear and spit. I was confident she’d get the orgasm she craved. It’d been about a months since the last one I allowed her.

Though she didn’t have much time. In about 10 minutes, I would store her back in the closet. I was expecting company soon and her presence would only raise uncomfortable questions.

I doubted my friend would understand my...particular hobby.

