

# Out of Reach

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

“Hahah, yeah he wished...” Emily replied to her “bestie” on the phone. She was walking home from a fun night with fellow classmates, hammering beers and joking around. It was nice, but exams don’t care about nice times. It was 11.00 P.M and the 20-year-old college student was heading back to the dorms. She liked calling someone to chat with during her walks at this time of night. Since she was alone, it offered her comfort, as well as fended off any prowling creeps.

Her appearance made these safety tricks necessary. Emily was a young, hot little thing. A pretty, brown-haired white girl with straight hair styled in some cute, chest-length bangs. With a pumping metabolism and a healthy exercising and dieting schedule, her smaller than average body was slim in all the right places, and curvy in the other ones. In her three years at campus, she had drawn the attention of numerous “boys”. College offers itself to indulgence of that kind.

But Emily was not in a rush to get to bed with someone. She picked her sex-partners very carefully and meticulously. In her last 36 months of “adulthood”, she only had two erotic escapades. And she was quite content with that. Being rather mature for her age, sex was further down Emily’s priorities. Good grades, new (wholesome) experiences and socializing with friends ranked way higher.

The pretty girl entered the dormitory’s entrance, never spotting the two pairs of eyes that were stuck on her for quite a while now.

It’s the middle of the night. Emily is peacefully snoozing on her single bed, laying on her back, dressed in some girly pyjamas with Panda bears on them. Her dorm-mate Nicole is god-knows-where, partying through the night. Her door’s lock gets compromised with some every-day thief’s tools. Two shadows, one belonging to a woman, the other to a man, approach her sleeping form. They reach her bedside and exchange a knowing look. A beat later, the man straddles the small woman’s body, pinning it down with his weight, while simultaneously the woman shoves an ether-soaked rag over her serene-looking face, smothering her.

Emily's eyes dart wide open from the sudden assault, looking up at a couple around 40, both dressed in janitor outfits to avoid any suspicious questions. "MMMf...MMMMMMMMMMMMGGG...mnnnnnn!" the young woman tries to fight the invaders off her and scream for help, but both seem impossible. The man's weight is pinning her arms to her sides, below the sheets, and the woman keeps the paralyzing rag in front of her mouth and nose with little trouble, no matter how much Emily's head shifts left and right in a frenzy. The girl's legs flail up and down, slamming against the mattress. To her fellow classmates, that might as well sound like "boning". Coupled with some indistinguishable moaning and no one will dare disturb her at this hour.

"MMFFfhhl!!!!" Emily keeps struggling, but the dark, wavy-haired woman is now also holding her head securely in place, with one hand grabbing a full tuft of her pretty, brown hair and the other keeping the pressure of the rag on her face. After a few more seconds of struggling, the sedative fumes of ether work their way inside Emily's nostrils, then her nervous system. Soon, the brown-haired lass lays unconscious on her bed.

"Finally, I thought she'd never go to sleep" the man mumbles, as he gets off her limp body. His female partner wheels in the room a janitorial cart that was waiting outside. It has a large plastic container on. The pair lifts Emily by the arms and ankles and roughly tosses her inside. Her unconscious body folds in half, squeezed inside the box where normally cleaning supplies are stored. With the lid closed over her, no one is the wiser to its contents.

The two imposters exit Emily's dorm-room, closing the door behind them and the woman starts pushing the cart towards the exit. No one sees them leaving the campus.

## **CHAPTER ONE:**

### **A Damsel in distress**

Elise and John were married for 10 good years by now. They shared a love of good wine, travelling and most importantly, dominating and abusing pretty little things. Things like Emily. Their mutual sadism made them an ideal dominant pair and they indulged themselves through the years by adding a third, submissive person to their sexual games.

Their “enthusiasm” often got the better of them, meaning that rarely any women returned for a second rendezvous with the married couple. Safe-words and limits seemed merely suggestions to Elise and John.

The pair wanted to inflict true suffering on someone. Beyond consent and the law’s boundaries. They want to make a pretty little thing truly theirs, to torment it as they pleased, no questions or permissions asked. They had talked about it a lot and finally decided to go through with their plan. Remaining safe, they “scouted” plenty of “candidates”, all beautiful women between 18 and 23. And all living far away from their cozy, family home. When they first laid eyes on Emily at the grocery shop, they knew they had found their target. Her campus was located over 200 miles from their place. It was ideal.

A stale cold loomed inside the dark basement. Only light that entered came from the edges of the only door, faintly illuminating some metal shelves and other reflective surfaces inside, like buckets, rusty metal shelves and plenty of home-improvement tools. The only thing that appeared out of place was the queen-size mattress, thrown on the ground, a few feet from Emily, no sheets and pillows necessary. Without any windows, it was impossible to know that it was morning already. Rough, cement walls covered what was until then an underground storage room. Though its utility would change from this day on.

The old ceiling lights flickered for a second before turning on, giving view of a knocked out, naked woman, seated onto a wooden construction with her limb head slumped over forwards. Her body was kept from toppling over by the metal restrains on the girl’s wrists. They were pinned way above her head, restrained on either side of a tall, wooden beam and forcing her arms to stretch taut alongside the pole.

Emily’s “seat” was different than your usual chair. There was nothing underneath her crotch; rather, each of her thighs was resting on a wooden block, which forced her legs to graphically spread open, giving readily access to her private parts. Similarly to her wrists, her ankles were secured to the outer sides of the blocks with metal, C-shaped brackets, each of their sides bolted deep into the wood.

The married couple approached their captive. Elise had changed into some blue-jeans that perfectly traced her legs and ass, along with a pretty, green top, its two chest buttons open, letting view of her deep cleavage. John on the other hand, was a lot more comfortable, wearing nothing but his boxer shorts. He immediately began stroking his erection through them, upon seeing his helpless prize, displayed exposed and vulnerable in front of him.

“Don’t mind giving her a quick test-drive” the short, bulky man uttered, scratching his thinning hairline. The currently lifeless girl’s face was nowhere near the height of his cock, but that was no problem, as the man stepped on the poor girl’s thighs, using them as no more than stools. If she wasn’t sedated, Emily would certainly yelp in pain. “Give me the salt” John said and a bored Elise rolled her eyes and gave him the piece of ammonia inhalant. She’d rather start with something more...sensually sadistic.

Elise always liked seeing the fear and desperation in a damsel’s eyes. The anticipation for the next painful moment. She savored all of it. Arguably, she was even crueler than her husband. But at this moment, John needed to get his balls drained. At least the show would be good.

Grabbing the beam that bound Emily’s wrists for extra support, John placed the ammonia piece under the girl’s nose. His balls were now dangling right in front of her face.

As soon as the girl came to her senses, still dazed and without a clue of her surroundings, the man bent his knees just enough to shove his cock in the unsuspecting girl’s mouth, without any warning or ‘foreplay’. “Glluhhhgg...mMMMngggg...ghllaaaH...!” The girl choked and gagged from the impromptu surprise blowjob she was ‘assigned’ to, still regaining consciousness. She let out pained, dick-blocked moans of pain, from the man’s whole weight on her thighs. John gave her throat generous, long strokes, only stopping after Emily’s pretty little French-nose was well-buried into his curly bush. Then back out and then down her gullet again. Emily tried flailing her restrained arms around, thought taut upright as they were, there was minimum movement. The metal around her wrists kept her from exerting any kind of resistance. Same with her tethered ankles. Elise enjoyed the girl’s suffering, standing nearby with folded arms and a satisfied, femme-fatale look. Just like her, her hubby was no stranger to making a bitch suffer.

With the back of her head pressed against the wooden pole, Emily had no way of avoiding the copious dicking her mouth-hole was receiving. She could only look up teary-eyed at this stranger, non-verbally pleading for mercy, which alternated with furious anger at her own helplessness. John was already pretty worked up, ever since him and his wife had undressed and “set-up” their new little plaything, so he didn’t take long before ejaculating. When he felt it coming, he shoved his dick waaay down the chick’s throat, actually grabbing the pole behind her head for added leverage. With his 5.5-incher balls-deep past Emily’s lips, most of his semen past the college-girl’s tongue and went straight down her throat.

“She’s a keeper” the man sighed as he stepped off the poor girl’s sore, already bruising thighs. A quarter of his load came dripping out of Emily’s mouth, as the girl had chocked down the rest. “Pleaseeeee, let me go...I swear I won’t tell anyone!!!” she yelped in a labored breathe. Emily had woken up alright.

“Ooooh, honey...” Elise cooed her, amused by her naivety, and approached her holding a thick, red ball-gag. “We can’t take that risk, unfortunately” she teased Emily, shoving the ball behind the girl’s teeth and buckling it tightly behind her head. “Hnnngblll...bbbgllll!” Emily’s educated, university-senior speech was dumbed-down to incoherent gibberish.

The bound girl’s eyes widened when she saw Elise produce two syringes from the back-pocket of her jeans. She didn’t know it yet, but one of those contained an extremely powerful aphrodisiac. Elise and John had initially bought it for themselves, something new to spice up their sex-life. But after Elise had initially tried it, she couldn’t stop herself from masturbating for 3 days straight. She was a non-functioning mess, the “horse-power” of this thing way higher than the couple anticipated.

After seeing her in this crazed state, John was naturally too scared to try it. Elise was certainly not using it again. But now, they had a delightful little torture tool for their new toy. In fact, they had already ordered more.

The other syringe contained a substance that harshly affected a person’s metabolism. It wasn’t healthy by a long-shot, more like a steroid. But the couple was not that worried about their toy’s long-lasting shelf-life. The girl’s restrained, liquid-only diet, in conjunction with this drug, would eliminate the girl’s bowel movements. Her bladder would still work just fine, but a bucket under her crotch would suffice. Being injected with this drug on a weekly basis, meant that the couple could keep her locked in her “designated” spot indefinitely.

“NNnggg...NNNNNNN!” the girl shook her head viciously left and right, signaling her terrified disapproval at whatever was taking place. “Here” Elise handed one of the syringes over to her husband, and they each plunged the needle on either of Emily’s thighs, emptying the contents into the girl’s bloodstream. Emily cried out, more from fear and desperation than the pricking pain. Her captors had shared none of the information regarding her new “medication”.

Then, Emily saw her captors produce a small operating box, which was plugged into a cable extension ending on the far wall. From the machine sprang multiple wires, each one ending on a brown-colored, square pad, about 2x2 inches. Starting from her arms and working their way down, Elise and John started sticking these pads on Emily’s exposed skin. The girl’s arms and legs received the most attention,

the woman's torso left mostly as it was. Once she was covered with about 4 pads on each arm and 6 more on each leg, John turned the machine on.

Emily felt a soft, humming buzz, permeate through her flesh, where the pads had been placed. These "muscle stimulants" would make sure the girl would be free of any muscle atrophy or blood clots, due to the prolonged immobility she was "scheduled" for.

"I gotta take a leak" John exited the basement momentarily, leaving the two females alone. Emily thought this might be the time for some womanly comradery, drooling through her ball-gag as she tried to talk to the woman almost 20 years her senior. "Don't give me that" Elise put a stop in her attempts at sweet-talking, taking a comfy, open-legged seat on the girl's right thigh. Emily could only look at her with a frozen apprehension, sizing her up. "I'm gonna have so much fun with you..." Elise went to caress the girl's beautiful brown locks of hair. Emily tried to turn her head and defiantly reject the gesture, though her bondage did not leave her much leeway. To her dismay, the 40-year-old cougar moved her hands over to the young woman's perky, C-cup breasts, then run them along her soft, smooth skin, from her armpits down the bones of her ribcage and down her waist, all while speaking softly, tenderly, which was counter-intuitively more terrifying.

Emily tried to stay dignified during this agency, until finally a scared whimper escaped her gag. "Nono... it's gonna be ok. I mean...not really, you're gonna have a terrible time, but I...I will enjoy it immensely" Elise comforted her victim with a demented logic. She then gave a little peck on the ball-gagged girl's cheek, then another on the side of her chin, then further down her neck.

"MMmmhmmmmmmmm!" the girl cried out and violently shook her body at this more intimate, gentle kind of abuse. It only made Elise hornier. The woman was now practically grinding her drenched pussy against the girl's thigh. Chances were there was a wet spot on the crotch of her jeans right now.

“MMMMMMMMMMMMMMG, HHHHHNNNNP!” Emily thrashed around in place, pulling uselessly at her unyielding restraints. Screaming her lungs out to anyone that might hear her. The darkness of the basement had returned.

It was over 5 hours since her captors had left her locked inside that room, onto that wooden apparatus. If only she was asleep again. Unaware of the terrors that she was certain awaited her. Silence followed. No replies to her pleading. She let out a whimper, which echoed in the empty room. Things were looking bleak.

It was around that same afternoon when the lust-boosting drug started showing its effects on Emily’s libido. At first, it was hard to pinpoint. A small spike in heart-rate. A strange feeling of anxiousness. In her scared state, these things felt justified. But slowly, a flushing sensation permeated her entire body. The girl’s nipples inexplicably hardened to attention and an increasing moisture between her legs became apparent. These sickos had injected her with some kind of aphrodisiac! Emily deduced correctly. Soon, she found herself becoming rather...shifty on her wooden bottomless seat, and her hips instinctively gyrate without a rhyme or reason. Emily caught herself and stopped, feeling embarrassed. There was nothing sexy about her predicament.

By night-time, when Elise came down to “check on her”, Emily was already finding it hard to adjust to this bizarre hornyness. This drug was no joke. The feather-weight girl’s system was no match for it. “Enjoying ourselves I see” the “cougar” mocked her captive’s undesirable state of lust, receiving two eyes of pure hatred in response. “Fuk yuh!” Emily adorably tried cursing the woman out through her gag, angered by her helplessness. “Whoa, what a naughty little minx we got for ourselves” Elise said, “rewarding” Emily with a hard slap across the face.

She took out a large syringe (without the needle), full of a Soylent-type of creamy, liquid meal. She undid Emily’s gag then brought the needle towards her lips. Emily kept her feistiness, despite her reddened cheek, turning away like a stubborn baby, refusing to go along with her captor’s wishes. She’d rather starve than be turned into their plaything. Elise was in no mood for games, grabbing a good tuft of the girl’s brown hair. “Open up!” she said assertively, pressing the tip of the needle so hard against the girl’s locked shut mouth, that she caught Emily’s gums, causing a few drops of blood to flow. The needle was rather phallic itself and Elise had no trouble filling the girl’s mouth with the clear, plastic container, before pressing the plunger. Emily choked as the liquid was swiftly shot down her gullet. She spilled some of the creamy, thick liquid on her thighs, but after 3-4 more “injections”, she eventually “downed” most of it.

The couple returned a couple of hours later. Elise was now more pampered than before, dressed in some sexy, all-purple lingerie, with thigh-high stockings and a garter belt to match, along with some hot, tall heels. John had some loose pants on and no shirt. Getting a better look at them, Emily saw that John was a not-very pleasant-to-look man. His large beer-belly and part-baldness aside, he was actually shorter than his wife, who had a slim, shapely body and beautiful facial features. John was definitely hitting higher than his “league”.

Her examining looks were cut short, as soon, Emily’s eyes were covered by a black, leather blindfold, which only increased her panicked state. “MMMMFffff, nnnng!” she cried out, causing more drool to spill down her exposed chest. “Sssh, honey, I’ll make you feel good. My wife on the other hand, I’m not so sure...” she heard John’s deep, raspy voice right beside her ear.

Emily never saw Elise brandish a long, thin cane in her hands, but she did hear it cut through the air, right as it made contact with both her tits. “Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!” Emily cried out in terrible pain from the strike she had no way of anticipating. Seconds later, she felt a wrinkly hand make firm contact with her cunt and start to massage it. “It’s ok girly, I’m here to make it aaaaall better” John said again, standing right beside her, his one hand wrapped intimately around the girl’s midriff, while the other was exploring her sex. Emily felt vandalized. Even though physical contact was just what she needed between her thighs, this was wrong. This was not the way it should happen!

A second blow from Elise’s cane followed moments later, painting a second, red welt-line across the girl’s chest. The girl writhed in place again and John kept violating her pristine young cunt, his hands kneading it like the world’s most appetizing dough. “NNNNNNNNNN...PLLLLLLLLLLLLHHH!” the girl begged, but more cane-strikes followed, all focused on her perky boobs. She had no way to avoid the onslaught and no way to see the next one coming.

Meanwhile, John was non-consensually stimulating her already needy pussy. Despite the clear rape that was taking place, Emily could feel some erotic ecstasy bubbling up, as a result of both the physical and chemical effects on her genitals. These feelings were dreaded. Emily despised any pleasure coming from this creep, no matter what her body was telling her. As if to fulfill her wish, each time Elise’s cane met her soft flesh, it brought any built-up back to zero. Then back it climbed again.

The couple took their sweet time, Elise cherishing the bound girl’s muffled screams and cries and John getting handsy with her. “Yeeees, you suffer so well” Elise uttered with a devilish smirk, after another terrible caning. John’s hand was wrapped around Emily’s neck, the other now fondling her pained breasts. The girl turned to the side towards his direction, unable to see them with her covered, teary, begging eyes, crying through her saliva-streaming ball-gag. “You’re doing great, kiddo” John planted a tender kiss on the girl’s forehead, giving her tit another squeeze.



In the end, Emily was weeping into her gag, both from the immense pain as well as the sexual assault she had gone through. The wedded couple was rather absorbed in their power-trip. "Take me John, I want you right now" Elise through the cane on the floor, too hot and bothered by Emily's suffering. The two were soon making out and seconds later, they were lying on their cozy mattress, making passionate love, a few feet away from Emily, who was left there blindfolded, gagged and full of cane-marks on her breasts, unable to cater to her own sexual needs.

## **CHAPTER TWO:**

### **A prisoner's dilemma**

The second day of her captivity was not any better for the unlucky college-girl. Elise came down early in the morning, only to inject her thigh with yet another dose of “horny-juice”, before she and John left for work. Emily tested her restraints’ throughout the whole morning, not producing any results, except from the small bruising on her ankles and wrists. Left alone, naked in that dark room, Emily could only contemplate what could happen to her next, waiting perched on her exposing furniture, trying to ignore her increasingly “itching” pussy.

Early in the afternoon, the duo paid her another visit. Emily was wound up, cursing at them through her thick ball-gag and being rather “fidgety” with her restraints. Her fighting spirit only amused them more. John put the girl’s whining to rest, by shoving his cock deep down her throat and then pinching her nostrils with his fingers, fully suffocating her. It was really fun to see the girl’s defiant, hateful eyes towards John, first fill with panic from the fear of asphyxiation, then turn drowsy from the intense oxygen deprivation. John kept her from passing out at the very last second, each time slapping her awake for good measure. Then the game would repeat.

Meanwhile, Elise was keeping herself occupied between the girl’s legs, stroking her youthful, beautiful labia and rubbing her cute clit. She even knelt between the girl’s sprawled thighs and gave Emily a few tender kisses and licks to her moist cunt. Too bad the girl was too busy to enjoy that, desperately searching for some air.

As Emily’s days in the couple’s basement progressed, so did her downward spiral into a sexual limbo of unfulfillment. Naturally, the girl was initially trying to deal with her abduction, worrying whether she’d ever see her family and friends again. This constant fear made for a weird mash-up when mixed with this weird, inebriated state, caused by the aphrodisiac.

The drug was injected weekly along with her metabolic “booster”, causing its effect to accumulate with time and rarely have time to dissipate. The poor girl was feeling hornier and hornier. Unlike the torments Elise and John inflicted on their poor victim, this one did not need their presence to slowly eat away at Emily’s sanity. After only the first week, Emily was on a 24-hour-a-day cycle of perpetual sexual frustration. One that never went away. Even worse, it was impossible for her to relieve.

John and Elise had agreed to be adamant about that last caveat. With their little voodoo-doll tittering on the brink of climax for most of the day, their physical contact with their new slave was careful, in order to keep her out of reach of that last hurdle. So any stimulating touch was kept to a minimum. And

though they gave Emily the occasional rough grope, slap or kiss, the young woman's youthful body never reached this moment of bliss. Any tender touch that might aid her goal of achieving pleasure was used for a fleeting moment, two at best.

But that didn't mean Emily's body wasn't getting attention. Just that it was of a much harsher, painful nature. Paddles, canes, whips or their own hands. If that was the only contact she'd receive, Emily would rather remain untouched.

Very soon, a dilemma was in place. Emily was torn between her altered biology and her pride, never admitting her shameful needs to the people responsible for her misery. As much as her body screamed for some sexual gratification, she never asked for such a release, no matter how much her pussy was "burning". Besides, she had much more serious problems.

Her pleading towards her captors initially centered on her own freedom. "Plhhh, I' mmm guuuuh!" (*please, let me go!*) and "Uh phmhh uh wnt Tuh Unnnun!" (*I promise I won't tell anyone!*) were some of the greatest hits John and Elise heard again and again each day. Whatever it was, it meant nothing to them. Though it did amuse them, how pitiful and stubborn the girl was, begging them for the same thing over and over. Realizing her captors would never let her go on their own volition, Emily's requests steadily turned towards lessening her pain and suffering during the group's "games". In any case, they fell on deaf ears.

After the first 3-4 weeks, Emily's libido had reached skyscraping heights. More importantly, her willpower and strength of character had diminished greatly. It is one thing to reject your (greatly amplified) animalistic instincts for the first time, and another for the 1000<sup>th</sup>. Being reduced to a sweaty, horny, quivering mess of nerve endings, bound and helpless to anything Elise and John had in mind, had damaged Emily's psychological resistance a lot. She had grown much less defiant and her aggression towards her captors had given place to a pathetic anxiety, as Emily's mental state alternated between screaming and cursing at her captors, followed moments later by desperately pleads for mercy. Elise and John were not that understanding of their distressed toy's adapting stage, always disciplining the girl's bad-mouthing.

Another side-effect of her enforced arousal was the loss of sleep. For most of the day, Emily was practically hanging from the metal restraints on her wrists, semi-conscious. The silence of the basement was only interrupted by the occasional drop of vaginal fluid free-falling from between her legs into her metal piss-bucket with a \*bloop\* sound. The mixture of piss and sex-juices was being emptied every week, or if Elise and John wanted to 'play' and were put off by the smell. The girl could accumulate up to

half a liter of arousal 'products' each day. Elise sometimes dumped its contents over the poor girl's head, getting her covered in her own cunt-juice. Emily did not appreciate that, whatsoever.

Mentally, the undergraduate's wit and her sharp-thinking were gone, her mind was melting away. The smart, university student was being dumbed down to a mindless bimbo whore, against her will. She was certain plenty of brain cells had burned up during this time. The amount of times she wished for an orgasm, despite her perilous, degrading state, made her feel tremendous self-loathing and shame.

At first, her sense of immediate danger and attempts and escaping took some of her mind of her needy cunt. But now, as her reality was cemented as a helpless, naked captive, not a second went by without Emily praying for this hell to stop. She was being sexually "edged" for over a month. As far as sexual stimulation goes, this hadn't felt "good" in a very long while.

The girl needed to orgasm. By all means necessary.

Wet, slurpy, rhythmic sounds were filling the basement. Emily was being face-fucked by John, once more. God only knew how many times that had happened already. With her pussy and asshole being “off-limits”, both in terms of the girl’s bondage positions, but more importantly because of the “over-pleasure” John’s dick might grant her, her mouth-hole was the only option left. John did not complain. The girl’s mouth and throat felt terrific and John had even given his sex slave a few tips, like pursing her lips tightly over his shaft and keeping nice eye-contact. His wife was great at blowjobs, but there was a great charm to a forced blowjob. The fact that Emily hated giving him oral sex made it that much more enjoyable. Though the girl was much tamer now, “accepting” her mouth-fucking with a reluctant, albeit tortured, grace.

John was standing comfortably on a 3-step ladder that was currently placed between the girl’s sprawled legs, allowing him perfect access to his toy’s facial fuck-hole, without having to awkwardly balance on her thighs or bend his knees.

With her “lazy blowjob” ramping up in intensity, Emily’s fingers opened and closed periodically, as if absorbing the tension. A coping mechanism. Her legs were rarely twitching now, in contrast to the furious, albeit contained, flailing she’d do during the first days. But now she seemed to take her throat-dicking like a good girl. Good enough.

Throughout the blowjob, Elise was standing next to them, wrapping her hands firmly around the girl’s neck, as if John wasn’t already inhibiting her breathing. John had commented about how he could feel his wife’s grasp over the girl’s throat with his penis, and how wonderful it felt. Elise was happily to oblige him, if only for a little while. Her whip was waiting to give Emily’s pussy a thorough reddening.

“Gluuuuuh!” a red-faced Emily got a chance to breathe as John momentarily retrieved his cock from her mouth. Her ball-gag was currently dangling from her neck. She knew that whenever her mouth was of no-use to her captors, it would swiftly return.

This rare moment of freedom seemed opportune for her to express a thought. A thought that was spinning around her head for days. She hated herself for what she was about to utter. But if she didn’t do it now, she might not have another chance until tomorrow. She didn’t know if she could handle another day like this. As John prepared to re-enter her warm mouth with his saliva-coated cock, Emily panicked and blurred out:

“Please, can I come? I beg you.....make me come...I need it!” She looked up at them both with eyes drenched in shame. Thick, throat saliva was dripping from her bottom lip and chin, “extracted” by John’s cock. Her chest rose up and down along with her tits, as she was still catching her breath from the recent dick-sucking.

“Please, I just want an orgasmmmmfffffg!” the girl was silenced as Elise popped the large ball back in her mouth. “Shut up you little whore. We say when ... or if, you come...” Elise replied to Emily’s request-

turned-to-moans. The “cougar” then exchanged a knowing look with her husband. This was a landmark they were waiting to reach.

The next day, Emily was awakened from her sexual fever dream/restless slumber by the plastic clink-clanking of a machine being installed right underneath her crotch, where her pussy-leaking and piss bucket was before. Looking down, her eyes slowly coming into focus, Emily realized it was some kind of custom sex toy, comprised of a pink operating box/base with a thick, long, flesh-colored rubber dildo attached on the top. John was bolting a steel base for the box itself, securing it onto the floor. The dildo could move along the vertical axis via a small crank-wheel at the front of the plastic pink box, which had a little screen monitor on it, its purpose still unknown.

“Mnn?” Emily moaned puzzled, in her permanent half-lucid state. “We bought you a present” Elise said as John was tightening the final screws to this new apparatus. “For being such a good cock-sucker” John added, finishing his work. Emily looked down at the stimulating device, with a hidden optimism. Despite the machine clearly design for strictly penetrative sex, in her needy state, this thing would DEFINITELY give her an orgasm.

“This button right here activates the machine, making the dildo thrust and vibrate. Would you like me to press it?” Emily said with a generous, kind expression, keeping her thumb floating right over the button.

“YYhhhh, PLLLLHHH, Yhhh!!!” Emily nodded her head maniacally, making no small effort to signal her approval of this. She couldn’t believe her luck!

“Well, I would love to, but I’m afraid you are going to have to earn it. “Hmmmmf!!!” Emily let out a long whining sob, shaking in her seat like a kid whose candy was taken away.

“Every day you will get a fun, little challenge. We haven’t really tested them out with John, but I suspect you will fail more than half of them” Elise begun explaining, as a gagged, devastated Emily paid close attention, pitifully furring her pretty eyebrows.

“But every time you beat a challenge, we will add a quarter of a second to your sex-machine’s running time” John interrupted his wife, pointing at a blackboard hanging from the wall. We will tally all your accumulated time so you can follow it, too. You could get an orgasm once every month, assuming you only need like seven seconds on the machine”.

“You’re also assuming she passes every challenge...” Elise corrected her husband.

“NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN! Pllllllllllh hhhh!” Emily sobbed into her gag. A moment ago, she thought she had her biggest desire fulfilled. Now, it was all coming crashing down. “U’l duh unuthn, ‘ht PLLLLH I’ muh cmmm!” (*I’ll do anything, just please let me come!*) the girl pleaded, utterly disgraced and humiliated. “Uh dnt cuh unumr, ‘ht ‘ouch m p’hmm!!!” (*I don’t care anymore, just touch my pussy*). She didn’t appear to even care whether these people would ever let her go. They had completely broken her.

Elise and John chuckled at the girl’s complete lack of self-respect. “What foul language...tsk tsk” Elise shook her head in mock-disappointment. “We were going to give you a couple of seconds on the machine, as a free sample, but treats like that are only meant for proper, young ladies, not vulgar sewer-sluts” Elise tilted her head slightly in a “too bad” expression.

“NNNNNNnn, pllllh, u’ll b’ gd...u’ll b’ gd uh hwrrr!” (*Nooo, pleaseee, I’ll be good, I’ll be good I swear!*) Emily cried out, her eyes wide with urgency, her head stretched towards her “milf-y” captor, imploring.

“Enough! Your first challenge will be tomorrow” Elise informed the writhing girl. “Now, let’s fix this over here...” she knelt over the sex machine, and turned the small, wheel-crank until the tip of the rubber phallus was resting about an inch away from the girl’s sopping cunt, taunting her. Emily bent her head to peak at where it was and tried to squat on it. But the wooden blocks her thighs were resting on did not allow her to lower herself. In addition, the metal cuffs on her ankles forbid her to raise her calves in order to squat. As much as she struggled and shifted over the device, she had no way of making any contact with it. She let out frustrated, gagged sighs, her pussy-lips “hanging” mere millimeters from it. Even without any vibrations, this plastic cock-head would still be amazing to grind on. But alas, Emily only had the air underneath her pussy to rub against.

John and Elise marveled at their sadistic creation. The man was already rock-hard from the sight of his sobbing, horned up kidnapped victim. He wrapped his arms around Elise, fondling her C-cup boobs and then started kissing her neck. “Oh...honey...” she gasped, her eyes still locked at the tortured Emily, trying pointlessly to graze a plastic penis with her cunt. While Emily got zero stimulation from the whole ordeal, the sight was very stimulating for the two lovebirds, who soon were laying on the mattress, Elise straddling John and riding his cock with passion.

“Oh that feels so good...he fills me up real nice...” Elise didn’t miss the chance to torment the bound girl, winking at Emily whilst pleasurably penetrating herself with her lover’s cock. Emily watched the pair with a boiling jealousy. John’s cock never seemed more alluring and attractive to her. It was completely shameful and detrimental to her pride, but the fleeting thought crossing Emily’s mind was...if only she was the one getting fucked.

## **CHAPTER THREE:**

### **Beggars can't be choosers**

From this day forward, Elise and John always introduced some form of challenge, at some point during the day. Whether it was sexual, physical or mental, these challenges had a distinct success or failure element to them. And just like they had informed Emily, a success added 0.25 seconds of valuable "riding-time" at the coveted dildo, which was teasingly located just out of reach. The couple's trials were mostly a fun break from the abuse (sexual and physical) that the girl was receiving, though they sometimes were even incorporated into the abuse. These challenges included (but were not limited) to:

#### **Orgasm Race**

With the clock starting at the moment genitals made contact with the girl's luscious lips, Emily had to grand John or Elise an oral orgasm within 2 minutes, in order to succeed. It went without saying that 120 seconds is a very short window of time to arouse someone to completion. Throw on top of that the fact that at any point, Elise and John could mentally picture their deceased grandparents and sabotage Emily's task. And though the poor college-girl had blossomed into quite the cocksucker and cuntlapper from the daily "lessons" she was getting, she mostly failed to get her captors off within the desired timeframe. That of course, didn't mean she didn't get them off, even after failure.

#### **Weight-lifting**

Emily was not the strongest of girls, but her scheduled gym-going would help her lift some average weights for her weight-class. But with her hands permanently secured above her head, she was using a different way to hold on to these weights. Namely her nipples and her pussy lips, which once clipped with some vicious metal clamps, had to endure the magnetic, metal weights that were attached to the clamps, for a set amount of time.

This exercise in physical durability and willpower was only further hindered by the fact that her captors could easily keep "using" her throughout it, whether face-fucking her, face-grinding on her, or whipping her raw. While the metal clamps were hurtful enough by themselves, they had to be tightened and dig themselves extra hard into Emily's sensitive flesh, in order to keep the weights that battled gravity, suspended from the young woman's unlucky nipples and labia lips. Wherever they were "hitched on", they immediately made their presence painfully clear, immediately bringing tears to Emily's eyes.

Elise had started the first challenge with 500 grams hanging from each nipple and 250 grams from each labia-clamp. But when Emily "comfortably" (at least in Elise's eyes) cleared the 30-minute mark, Elise



rather unfairly deemed the task “too easy” and doubled the weights to 1kg for each nipple and 500 grams for each cunt-lip. Each coin-shaped cylindrical weight could be clipped on to another, using their magnetic nature, so it was easy to alter the “load” that Emily would be carrying.

As much as she processed and counted to 10 over and over to deal with the unbearable pain, the wrist-bound girl more often than not used the “white-towel” signal before the 30 minutes were up. This signal was flashing her restrained, over-the-head hands 3 times, balling them into fists then opening her palms wide. It was used on many similar challenges.

### **Breath-holding**

Elise and John loved seeing the look of a purple-faced, suffocating Emily. They really liked mouth-stuffing the bound girl with any rags or sponges they could find, then wrap plenty of tight coils of duct-tape around her mouth, making sure to leave absolutely no room over or under her lips. Then, they’d insert a silicone ear-plug on each of her nostrils and wind more tape over her pretty little nose, effectively smothering her. Then the counter would start ticking. Emily’s target was the overly ambitious 2.5 minutes. Elise and John made it clear that fainting before that time would disqualify the unwilling “contestant”. As much training as she had gotten being smothered by Elise’s cunt or choked by John’s dick, 150 seconds was often too difficult for her to achieve, meaning that she often had to admit defeat and “flash” her hands, before her lungs would burst.

Another fun game was the makeshift garrote that John had come up with, utilizing the wooden pole behind the girl’s head. A thick scarf would be tied tossed around the helpless girl’s neck and tied to a wooden spatula, which could be rotated until the scarf squeezed Emily’s neck. The target for this one was 3.5 minutes, since the married couple had deemed that the girl had an “advantage”, being able to “steal” the faintest, labored intakes of oxygen through her crushed windpipe. Still, Emily had a tough time receiving a “passing grade”. Coupled with overzealous effort, she usually passed out from the lack of oxygen, rather than surrendering. That was still no good, though.

### **Posture-Balancing**

Be it with a bottle of water, a coke can or anything wobbly she could find, Elise loved testing Emily’s composure by placing the object on the bound girl’s head and tasking her with keeping it on during a barrage of cane/whip strikes. Emily had to take 10 of them without dropping the bottle to succeed. And though she first “absorbed” Elise’s full-strength swings with quick, deep exhales through her ball-gag, she usually lost her cool around the 5<sup>th</sup> or 6<sup>th</sup> strike, causing her tittering “hat” to tip over.

### **Low-Oxygen Trivia Challenge**

With a clear, plastic bag, placed over her head and taped around her neck, Emily had to answer 10 general-knowledge questions. She had to get them all correct to complete the challenge. While Emily was a knowledgeable gal, she always failed at some stupid question. With her mind's sharpness being gradually reduced by the diminishing oxygen that got to her brain, Miss "Smarty-Pants" as John called her was appearing rather dumb by the 7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> question. Elise and John had nowhere to go, so there was no need to rush each question.

### **Oral Calculus Test**

Elise had come up with that fun game after John's "smarty-pants" bit had become an inside joke. With the girl very busy with pleasuring one of her captor's orally, the other would then quiz the girl with math calculations. Emily then had exactly one second to signal the two-digit answer by displaying the correct amount of fingers (the left hand displaying the ones and the right the tens). Emily was a good math-student in school, but her tests never included choking on a cock or being smothered by a pussy. This added difficulty pushed back her mental calculations. Elise wanted to see 20 correct answers, without any mistake. Emily's mind slipped at one point or another.

### **Cream Tasting**

Blindfolded, Emily had to really "savor" the tea-spoon sized plop of cream, which was resting on the head of John's erect cock or Elise's cunt lips. The couple often threw curve-balls with the most obscure yogurt or cream flavors they could find at the grocery store. The taste often "blended" with the rarely washed man's musk and or with Elise's unwashed 'fishy' scent (even mixed with a dash of urine from their latest bathroom break), which made things more challenging for the girl, who had to be real intimate with her palette to guess all three flavors.

### **Sock Stuffing**

Elise loved gagging the little bitch with her own socks. So it was only natural to devise a challenge around it. 10 socks had to somehow stay inside Emily's yapper. The filthier the socks were, the better. She even neglected doing some laundry, knowing that game-night was approaching. She used the thick, winter-ones, which although only reaching her ankles, were a real mouthful. And despite Elise having to manually shove each cotton-wad inside the girl's mouth, it was Emily who had to somehow find the space to store all this filthy footwear. She usually started gagging and choking after the 7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup>. It was funny to Elise, watching her sex-slave cutie persist, even when there was clearly no more room for that 10<sup>th</sup> sock.

## **Hot Sauce Challenge**

Elise and John had tried using this sauce on their chicken wings, but they were immediately chugging milk to get off the heat. They had no problem using it on Emily, though. They agreed that pumping it through her nose, instead of the normal route, would suck even more. And they were right.

After transferring the dreadfully spicy, red liquid into a nose spray can, Emily had to stay strong through 10 pumps of the stuff. Meaning 5 in each nostril. It immediately brought tears to her eyes with the first one, never mind the rest, which made things worse with each successive spraying. John and Elise would laugh their asses off, watching the unfortunate college girl writhe in place, her face dripping wet from every conceivable hole. Failed or succeeded (usually the first), the challenge always left Emily's nose-canal and throat scorched for days on end.

## **Bug Eating**

This one was a simple dare. Do it and you pass the challenge. Easier said than done, though. The sight of the squirming centipede the couple had found in their back-yard was too disgusting for Emily to oblige them. Too degrading of an act. John and Elise's house being in the country-side, you could find all sorts of creepy crawlies around. They next day they checked whether her appetite had changed, but "offering" her the same creature, which had been kept inside a jar. She refused all 3 times, but she did end up munching on a small beetle, to Elise and John's amusement.

## **Human Astray**

Another dare, but one that lasted all afternoon. Each of the couple's cigarettes had to be put out on the girl's exposed flesh, before Emily gulped them down like a good astray. Her ball-gagged squeals every time a small round burn mark formed on her body made the couple question the soundproofing quality of their basement. Especially when John pressed the end of the lit cigarette against the girl's soft, smooth as silk armpit, Emily almost fainted from the pain. She still swallowed the bud though, making it disappear like these handy spinning ashtrays.

The list went on and on. Despite the girl's enforced limitations, it wasn't particularly hard for John and Elise to test how much their toy wanted to come. Initially, Emily was not "on board" with participating at her captors' cruel games. Throughout the first few days, she'd stomp the couples' ideas down, opting to clink onto whatever pride and dignity she had left, instead of jumping through hoops for a quarter of a second of sexual stimulus.

But the yearning of her drugged body was palpable. Even though these challenges were humiliating and torturous, one could say the same thing about her permanently lustful state. Stubbornly collecting “L”s only hurt her chances of ever getting the coveted climax she so desperately craved!

Emily’s sex-craze had reached new peaks. While her body craved the slightest form of stimulation in order to reach over that frustrating fence, all it received were the “kisses” of Elise’s stinging cane, or her heavy paddle, or John’s dizzying slaps. Any sensation she received that might be “paired” with her arousal to achieve orgasm, was either tremendous pain or near-death experiences.

Without her knowledge or wish, Emily started associating these new, violent sensations with sex. She had no other choice. In her twisted, mind-melting state, she would use anything she was being “offered” as sexual aid for her pussy’s neediness. Any logical person would be terrified of such torture, and Emily still was. But at the same time she found herself transforming into an unwilling pain-slut. A degraded whore that loved every second of her abuse.

While logical Emily knew she was an abducted victim of repeated violence, part of her started believing her new reality, as her mind’s way of processing and dealing with all this unjust cruelty. Was it really unjust? Could someone inflict such suffering to a stranger with no explanation? In her subconscious, there could only be one answer.

That she deserved all of this.

But Emily was never that kind of gal. Not the masochist-type. Her sex was always tender, loving and cuddly. She didn’t even like dirty-talk in the bedroom. She came from a god-fearing, noble family and though she wasn’t a nun per-se, her ideas of sex and love were much more...romantic. This attempt at re-contextualizing her own abuse only brought her more shame. Only a broken person could enjoy their own abuse, Emily told herself.

She never registered just how much she was breaking.

The girl’s body was collecting blisters, from her rubbing her thighs, back and even her skinny arms up against the wooden pole, desperate for ANY type of contact, any form of friction. The sometimes bleeding scars didn’t even register to her!

Among other attempts at self-stimulation, the desperate girl tried tensing the internal muscles of her pussy, but doing kegels wasn’t enough to orgasm. Clenching her pussy walls tightly gave her a nice spark of a feeling, but it was immediately followed by more longing and frustration. This spark was more a tease for what could have been, than anything else. Regardless, Emily found herself “clenching” her cunt

all throughout the day, not even registering it after a while. It reached a point in the middle of the day where it hurt from the constant muscle-tensing, and she'd have to fight herself to stop, like an anxiety-ridden person eating their fingernails.

Psychologically, Emily was even less lucid, the look in her eyes sometimes indicating that even though the blinds were open, "no one was home". The young woman often appeared like a patient of a mental asylum, catatonic for many parts of the day, but with her whole body constantly twitching due to her undying hornyness, before suddenly bursting into frantic thrashing around and muffled screaming, before slumping back down on her spread-stool. Her strict bondage greatly added to this feeling of frustration and helplessness. Seeing her hands restrained above her head, knowing well that simply a minute of freedom would be more than enough to get herself off, only intensified her misery. Her nakedness also made her whole body more susceptible to the slightest sensations, be it a drop of sweat coursing down her skin, drool falling from her ball-gag down her breasts, or the direct contact her flesh made with the relentless metal and the hard wood that confined her. "Hard wood". Even the name taunted her.

It was a matter of time before her pussy took the reins from her useless brain.

It was sometime during the 3<sup>rd</sup> week of her daily challenges, that Elise and John were pleasantly surprised to see their little needy slut's attitude shift, during her latest calculus oral test. Oral in more ways than one. Elise had shoved her cunt in the girl's face, gently grinding on it with a firm handful of her brown hair for extra leverage. "Ok, here goes nothing sweet-cheeks... 13 times 4..." John read, needing his phone's calculator to know the answer. He wasn't expecting much response. In the previous attempt, Emily simply did nothing and kept getting mouth-rammed by his cock. Another day another blank blackboard. But now, the married couple saw the girl immediately raise all five of her fingers on her left hand, and her index and middle fingers on her right. She was correct!

"Nice, someone remembered their needy pussy..." John chuckled satisfied, and Elise smiled, still feeling the warmth of Emily's tongue circling her moist folds. "Don't want you forgetting your job here, though" Elise looked down at her living orgasm-machine, only dressed with a white tank top and nothing else. "A college slut like you should be able to multitask..." she said with meaning. "HMMnnngg..." Emily moaned, smothered by Elise's cunt, looking up at the dominant milf. "72 minus 37" John continued. Emily managed to raise the correct corresponding fingers before John ruled her out. "Look at her...so smart" John mocked. "I thought she was only good for sucking dick..." Emily gave Elise a dejected look, her eyes barely visible, peeking above the woman's pubic mount. She did not stop swirling her tongue around Elise's clit.

“15 plus 19” John uttered the 15th question. Elise had already climaxed once from Emily’s skillful tongue and puckering lips and was going for round two. The girl, arm-bound on her wooden pole as always, was getting tired. Her jaw was hurting, her tongue was sore and her face was drenched with sweat and Elise’s cunt-juice. But she had cleared all 14 previous questions with the desired quickness. John started a one-second counter after every question, and though there were some really close calls, the girl was keeping up.

As soon as she heard the man (over her own bust slurping of Elise’s pussy), Emily raised four fingers on her left hand and three on the right. “I’m sorry, the answer is 34, not 43...” John said in a malicious tone. Emily’s heart sunk. The girl knew the answer. But exhausted as she was, she had mixed up which hand was meant for which digit. “Haha, what a dumb bitch! Now stick that tongue wayyy up my cooch. I want to feel it tickle my G-spot” Elise shifted the girl’s attention from her failure to her other ongoing task. Emily renewed her assigned cuntlicking, distraught. All that humiliation was for nothing.

Despite that setback, her desperation and crushed sense of self-respect guided Emily through the following days. Her sopping pussy was “guiding the ship” now, and that meant going wherever there was a chance at an orgasm. Emily finally managed to get “on the board” 5 days later, by powering through the stretching pain on her nipples and cunt, caused by the clamp-weights. She was crying throughout most of the test, praying for the countdown to end. 6 failures followed before her 2<sup>nd</sup> win. Odds were never on her side. If she wanted to come before reaching 30 years of age, she had to try harder...

## CHAPTER FOUR:

### Gambling

By the end of the 3<sup>rd</sup> month, the basement's blackboard had 26 lines, tallying up to 6.5 seconds. John and Elise had just entered the basement for what seemed like another fun afternoon. Elise approached the girl, the top of both her thighs full of dot marks from the constant pricking from her "medication". They were also rather bruised from the couple standing on them during some of her "usage". Her torso and breasts were covered with red welts, as well as cigarette burns from last night's "challenge". Drool dripped from her hollow, thick ball-gag, as her head was slumped limply forward.

Elise's gentle touch made the girl flinch into consciousness. Her pretty eyes were blood-shot, as Emily raised them to meet her Mistress' eyes. "How are we?" Elise asked her captive in a cheerful manner.

"Plllh...uh wwnt t' cuhmmm..." (*please, I want to come*) Emily mumbled weak. "What's that honey?" Elise asked, almost maternally, John watching behind her. "PLLLHH..." a wide-eyed Emily bent her head downward, gesturing towards the device underneath her crotch. "Uh wwnt t' uh' m' tuhm..." (*I want to use my time*).

Elise reached into the back-pocket of her jeans and took out her phone, turning on the camera. She would not miss the chance to capture all of the girl's attempts at an orgasm. Her goal was that after some years or so, she'd have a nice montage with a nice "best of" Emily's "time-withdrawals", whether they succeeded or not. It would make for a wholesome home video.

Elise had her fun, teasing Emily behind her phone's camera, acting like she couldn't discern the girl's muffled request, despite it being as clear as day. "Oww, you want cash-in on your seconds?" Elise said with an exaggerated gasp. "Yhh...yhhh, pllhhh..." the girl nodded repeatedly, her desperate, wet eyes pleading at Elise through the camera. She couldn't take it any longer. Elise and John shared an excited look.

John pressed a few buttons on the device attached to the electronic sex toy and set the duration for 6.5 seconds. He made sure the thick dildo, was perfectly lined up underneath the girl's sopping-wet cunt. No lubrication was needed, since Emily had already soaked the thing with her dripping "juices".

Emily's chest was nervously heaving up and down. This was it! The chance she'd been looking for so long. She was both excited by the prospect of an orgasm, as well as nervous she might screw this up. Elise had already shoved her hand down her comfy cotton shorts and was "diddling" herself, watching what unfolded. "Ready?" John said, without really expecting a reply, and turned the machine on. The pressure sensor on the rubber dildo would start the counter whenever the cock-head made contact with something, in this case, Emily's pussy. There wouldn't be a single decimal added to Emily's "acquired" time.

As soon as the machine was turned on, the dildo began buzzing lively, and the metal bar it was attached to rose to insert the dildo inside Emily's cunt. The anxious, hyperventilating girl closed her eyes, hoping to find enough privacy and "soul center" to achieve her goal. She instinctively opened her legs wider to accommodate her "gift", even though her bondage had set the limits of her movement already.

As soon as the fake cock-head effortlessly penetrated past her delicate lips the counter began ticking down from 6.5. "MMMMMnngg!" an ecstatic moan escaped Emily. It felt W O N D E R F U L. The dildo moved up and down her cunt, rubbing the inside of her untouched vaginal walls SOOOOO RIGHT! Emily was lost in this blissful moment. She could feel her orgasm starting to bubble up. She prepared to accept it. To grab it! To savor it fully!

But before she could do that, the dildo swiftly retrieved, sliding off her cunt as quickly as it had entered. Her counter read zero. "NNNNNNngg! NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNHHH! MMMMMMMMMMMMMMGHH!!!" Emily screamed, her cunt twitching in despair from the abrupt "emptiness". She tried to grab the orgasm that was slipping through her metaphorical fingertips. But her orgasm's "bubbles" had died down before they could overflow her with pleasure, like removing a pot of boiling water off the stove just in time.

Emily couldn't believe she had squandered all her very-hard-earned "fortune" for nothing. "PPPLLLLHHHHH, GUV M' MMMMRRR! JHT UH BUHT MMMMMRR" (*PLEASE GIVE ME MORE. JUST A BIT MORE!*) Emily was full on crying, begging her captors for a little extra push. She couldn't believe that after all this time she wasn't "getting some"! She flailed and jerked around in place, like a kid whose candy had been taken away. Her bondage only allowed only a slight range of that tantrum to show. Though her emotional state was apparent.

"Hmm sucks to be you ... don't fret though" Elise fake-comforted her captive, while John was erasing the lines off the blackboard, leaving it again as empty as Emily's spirit. "I'm sure you'll bounce back..." she said, already caressing the inside of the inconsolable girl's thighs with her long cane, foreplay for what was about to commence.



Emily wanted to stop feeling. Anything. Good or bad. Pleasurable or awful. It had all melded into a relentless cacophony of unwanted sensations. Her favorite moments were the brief breaks of sleep. At her worst, she would bang the back of her head against the wooden beam, trying to knock herself unconscious. It had only earned her bumps on the back of her head. Her permanently elevated heart rate and never-quenched lust did not allow for much peace of mind, either.

But she was a damn good sex-slave. A really fun plaything for John and Elise. Gone were the girl's hissy fits, always coupled with lots of mean-spirited, muffled words. Gone were her annoying pleas for release. Whether consciously or not, Emily had accepted that no help was coming any time soon. That her life's goal was to serve the married couple with her body. The people who had taken her from her dorm-room that fateful night. Her presence rejuvenated the couple's sex life and their overall happiness. They walked with a spring in their step.

Emily patiently "grinded" for 5 full months before cashing in her (re)accumulated seconds, amounting to 13 seconds. She was too scared to use them too early and relinquish another opportunity at an orgasm. When she finally decided to go for it, she was unbelievably nervous and almost fucked her chance up again, but the 13 seconds of dildo-fucking and buzzing were ultimately enough to push her onto an orgasm so hard, so beautiful, that Emily broke down in tears following it. Even bound tightly with steel, her whole body shook violently at the moment of climax. "Good giiiiir!" Elise gave the trembling, ball-gagged girl a kiss on the temple. A small part of her deprived soul was genuinely proud of her little fuck-toy's achievement. Emily did not even register the kiss, lost in a deep trance state, one that was a loooooong time coming.

As beautiful as this moment was, though, it was too brief, too fleeting. The next day her body appeared to have "moved on" from the girl's last endorphin high. It was already "pressing" Emily for more orgasms. So it was back to jumping through any humiliating, degrading "hoop" for Elise and John, collecting redeemable "climax-tokens", filling her empty pouch bit by bit. If she was good enough, she might get another one in 3 months. She really hoped so.

The girl's broken psyche had caused her to try and find any loophole in order to satisfy her undying thirst. On top of degradation and rape, which she was starting to slightly enjoy, the traumatized girl had started mentally projecting the stimulation she was giving her captors onto herself, in an attempt to trick her mind into enjoying the oral sex she was giving out. Especially during her all-too-familiar cunnilingus offerings to Elise (since they had matching genitals), Emily would try to envision the movements of her own, wet tongue and her own soft lips, tracing her own pussy-lips, licking her own clitoris, even though they were only "working" on Elise's sex.

It was all yet another attempt at infusing some extra “hotness” in her over-stimulated, sex-obsessed brain. It hadn’t worked in earning her an orgasm, thus far. But Emily didn’t have anything to lose. She was throwing anything against the metaphorical wall.

And why not? She had nothing.

## **CHAPTER FIVE:**

### **Making Lemonade**

“YYYYHHHHH! YYYYYHHH! YHHHHHHHHH!MMMMMMMMMMNNggg!” Emily sloppily drooled through the sides of her thick ball-gag, as her body writhed into an extreme (given the built-up) orgasm. She had been waiting 106 days for this! Even though she was enjoying it like a nun witnessing the second coming, she looked as if someone was electrocuting her, her taut arms twitching over her head, her legs so tense you’d think she’d rip her metal ankle-cuffs off the wooden blocks. As soon as the dildo automatically slid off her cunt, the girl slumped lifelessly on her bonds, drained.

“Good for you, slut” Elise ironically patted the unresponsive girl’s head, her once pristinely styled brown hair, now wet with accumulative sweat and greasiness from the lack of hygiene.

Two and a half years is a lot of time to constantly cater to your abducted sexual plaything.

At first, Elise and John would scrub her clean once a week, running the soapy sponge everywhere from her hair and her face, to her filthy crotch and everything in between. Emily had digested plenty of soap, since the pair was too lazy to bother with cleaning her teeth, opting instead to scrub her mouth with soap. They even sprayed it with perfume to get rid of the neglected captive’s bad breath. Jaded with their toy, they were getting sloppy, and Emily’s bath frequency was now closer to once every two weeks.

Not that Emily minded such frivolous concepts as hygiene, anymore. Her nose wasn’t even registering her constant lust-induced sweating anymore. Her sticky bangs were now her only available hair-style. And her naked, exposed body, the only outfit she had. Though her arms, hands and legs were still functional, thanks to the useful stimulant-pads, Emily had largely forgotten what it was like to use them. Her hands permanently dangled over her head, and her legs never closed, always allowing access and view of her privates. The shame from this graphic exposure had washed off her a while ago.

Her hornyness was persisting as strongly as ever. Despite her body’s efforts to adapt to this new hormonal norm, this stuff could make a stallion go crazy. They were never meant to be used on humans. Emily’s thighs were bruised and full of dots circling them, from the many pricks that “Nurse Elise” had administered them.

As John wiped Emily’s “scoreboard” once more, Emily could only dread the long, slow walk back up the mountain. In over 2.5 years of captivity and enforced lust, Emily’s orgasm record paled to her true wishes:

- October 5<sup>th</sup> 2020: Failure
- March 8<sup>th</sup> 2021: Success
- June 12<sup>th</sup> 2021: Success
- August 2<sup>nd</sup> 2021: Failure
- December 22<sup>nd</sup> 2021: Success
- February 1<sup>st</sup> 2022: Failure
- April 15<sup>th</sup> 2022: Success
- June 30<sup>th</sup> 2022: Success
- September 20<sup>th</sup> 2022: Failure
- November 18<sup>th</sup> 2022: Success
- January 28<sup>th</sup> 2023: Success

7 orgasms in that huge time spam would be pretty bad even for someone with normal physiological chemistry. Hell, it would be bad for an elderly person, retired from sex altogether. Emily's utterly fucked up nervous system was far less than pleased with those "scraps" of pleasure. In her pitch-black world, they were but tiny flickers of light.

Not enough.

Some point around the end of her second year of captivity, something clicked in Emily's mind. More correctly, something crumbled. Her pristine, "good girl" inhibitions? Her self-respect? Her sense of self? It made little difference. What Emily was aware of, is that she was finding it easier and easier to "get something" out of the welts with which Elise's was "painting" her raw body. She was starting to treat each violent smack of the whip or cane, as someone would a nice firm grope, a sensual rub. A spanking, perhaps? These were deemed universally sexual, right? She had never been spanked in her love-life, but during the past year, she had done much more "risqué" things. Extreme shit that put hardcore pornstars to shame.

Oxygen deprivation gradually turned from assault to a nice "high". Elise's stinging cane changed from a dreaded instrument of torture to a pounding synonymous with a man's cock roughly thrusting inside her. John's heavy face-slapping was now a waking jolt of energy. The welts decorating Emily's naked body were pleasant reminders of the time's she was "useful" to someone. To anyone. Her lingering soreness was proof that she was still alive.

Emily now felt each strike not only on her tits or thighs, but a fraction of it on her cunt, as well. The pain brought with it a newfound rush of adrenaline and dopamine. Emily seemed to be on-board the ride Elise and John had "threw her" in long ago. Though sexual edging was the last thing the girl needed, she was taking pleasure in riding this new wave, wherever it took her.

During her “play-dates”, that inner voice, her consciousness, steadily switched her motto. At first it was either reassuring or and fearful, depending on her mental strength:

***“Hold on Emily”***

***“Stay strong”***

or

***“I can’t take it anymore!”***

***“Please make it stop!”***

Through this subconscious shift, Emily’s inner thoughts were now along the lines of:

***“Yes! Fuck my slutty little mouth!”***

***“Whip this useless whore’s tits, please!”***

***“Use me like the horny cum-dumpster I am!”***

***“Oh God slap me again, AGAIN!”***

Her orgasm-starved, perverted alter-ego had completely taken over from this sweet, hard-working, level-headed college girl. And her captors were thrilled with this turn of events.

There were plenty of close calls. Caresses had already been substituted with beatings in the girl’s perception of sex; Emily just didn’t know how to mentally jump that final hurdle to completion. Though Elise and John had gotten whiff of the girl’s reconditioning into a pathetic freak that got off on suffering, they wouldn’t alter their evening plans for her shake. Nor would they stall her perverted goal. While they didn’t anticipate this turn of events, they were intrigued by their slave’s mental spiraling. Besides, turning their “goody-two-shoes” victim into a pain-junkie slut sounded very arousing.

Then finally, one day, Emily was receiving a very thorough beating from Elise’s new leather crop. She always like breaking in the new toys on the girl’s troubled C cups.

“Mnff....mMMggg...NNNgg...mmmmg!” the bound girl moaned with each rhythmic strike the woman unleashed on her delicate body. This thing hurt like a motherfucker, each blow leaving a clear red mark on her chest. But as Elise kept wailing on her plaything, she had a tough time discerning whether these moans were of agony, or pleasure. She brought John over to document this possible breakthrough. The star of this home video, Emily closed her eyes and tried to get lost in her own twisted pit, letting the successive strike after strike of the hard leather against her flesh push her further and further towards

ecstasy. Each smack was like another lick of her genitals, another kiss on her neck. Indistinguishable from each other. Love or pain, made no difference anymore.

With Elise happily obliging to beating the orgasm out of her, Emily came with an obscene climax, her final moans caught in her throat from the cocktail of relentless pain and erotic high.

Elise had a dumb smile of disbelief. She never anticipated her captive's mental deterioration to yield such results. She approached the powerless girl and undid the strap of her gag. She then pulled her dangling her up by the hair, looking deep into the girl's cum-drunk eyes. "I'm really proud of you, boo" Elise smiled softly, then planted a passionate kiss on bound girl's lips. She was even happier to discover the girl return the kiss, despite her debilitating (albeit blissful) state. John watched elated through the phone's screen. Emily was truly, their little submissive pain-slut.

From this day on, Emily embraced her inner pain-slave. Her inescapable bondage aided to her complete objectification, further solidifying her dependency upon her captors. The bound girl had no problem getting off on the couple's sadistic treatment anymore. Reserved to a life of misery, self-deprecation and chasing these small breaks of hollow bliss. This, as a result, made Elise and John become extra cruel to her, since they didn't want her enjoying herself "too much", being fateful to their sadistic urges.

Piercing her body with hypodermic needles, flailing the girl's skin with Elise's new bull-whip, placing lit coals underneath her immobile feet, or electroshocking her through electrode-clamps attached to her earlobes; all certainly reminded Emily that she couldn't turn any rock into a diamond.

But when the sessions were "tamer" (if you can describe a fierce caning of her thighs or some relentless nipple-twisting while she was being suffocated by a plastic bag as "tame") Emily often managed to get a good rhythm going on her libido. John wanted to train the young cunt to orgasm with his cock deeeep down her throat, so he made a little game out of "shutting her up" whenever she was approaching a pain-induced orgasm. After months, Emily associated choking on the man's shaft with orgasmic bliss, since the two often coincided.

Though the girl sometimes relapsed back to a pitiful, crying "baby", as John mocked, these moments were now rare and far between. The once daily challenges now took place whenever the couple felt like it, since "little Miss freak-show" was getting her orgasmic fix differently. Even then, Emily had to really dive deep into that submissive, deprived abyss to find an orgasm. Any thoughts of her family or past life always put a hard break on her attempts at this masochistic nirvana. So subconsciously, the girl was mentally deleting these unhelpful memories, deleting her identity with them.

## **CHAPTER SIX:**

### **A Bitch in heat**

It was a few days after Emily's 24<sup>th</sup> birthday. Not that she had any idea. Days, weeks, months; they all seemed indistinguishable, imprisoned in the same room, on the same wooden bench. No party, no friends, no birthday cake. Only thing Emily ate that night was Elise's asshole. John's lighter was not used to light any candles, only to burn the poor girl on various parts, while she was being smothered by Elise's ass.

If her mind was still lucid, Emily might think how she would have finished her Master's degree in Economics by now. How she might have moved to a bigger city and chase her dreams. How things might have panned out with that cute guy from her Statistics class. But her mind was a soup of much more basic urges:

*Thirsty... horny...scratchy... horny...sore... horny... hot... horny... sleepy... horny... sweaty... horny... bored... horny...tired...horny...*

Emily tried shifting in whatever space her bondage allowed. She was certain her shoulder-joints were damaged beyond repair, with her arms stuck taut above her head for so long. She looked skinnier than when she first entered that basement about 4 years ago. She was slim before, but her body had lost some of its "juice", on account of her atrophying muscles, deprived of any real movement over the years. Despite the buzzing muscle-stimulant pads, applied often, the girl's body had lost its glow and some of its roundness. Her brown hair, haphazardly cut short with kitchen scissors a few days ago, reached just below her ears, uneven and crude. Their shine was lost ages ago. A couple dozen of grey hairs were visible, as a result of the intense mental stress through the years.

Emily was a wrung-out cell of her past self. The former high-school valedictorian was now a pitiful sack of nerve cells, all screaming at her to climax. Her mind was more scattered than a smashed Lego model.

She was currently alone inside her dark "room", a closed-off space, always in need of some fresh air. The scent of sex and sweat had been installed in the girl's nostrils so much that she barely discerned it from a normal breeze.

Despite dominating the bigger part of her days, alone times were often tougher to handle. At least while John and Elise was there, Emily had something to focus on, be it withstanding pain or offering sexual services to her master and mistress. The hours alone, deprived of any stimulus forced the girl's attention to turn to her dripping pussy, with little distraction.

Things were even worse now, ever since John had come up with a devilish idea to torment the girl in their absence. Emily wished for the darkness to return. A VR headset, strapped snugly over the girl's eyes and ears was currently projecting a non-stop stream of hardcore pornography. All this graphic, explicit imagery bombarding Emily's irises only increased her frustration and hornyness. The virtual reality environment made her feel within reach of these people, who in her eyes, had their time of their lives. Emily caught herself praying for someone to raw-dog her like these men were doing to these slutty, sexy women. She wanted a black "9-incher" to reaaally give it to her. To be choked out with a cock pounding her pussy. To be slapped around again and again. She wanted to be fucked, manhandled and filled just like these lucky porn-stars. Even up her ass, she was certain it would "do the trick" despite her full virginity back there.

"If only someone fucked my asshole..." There's a phrase the young woman never thought would form in her head. "HMmmmmffff!" she let out a horny, frustrated whimper.

The bitch-blonde, fake-breasted woman, who Emily was currently watching through her visor being double-penetrated, let out exaggerated moans of pleasure, which covered the sound of the basement door being opened and the steps that followed. "Hmmmff?" the blinded Emily flinched as she felt Elise's soft caress against her cheek. The 44-year old woman liked being tender to her plaything, if only to keep her guessing about how mean she really was.

With her sensory-depriving head-set left on, Emily felt the muscle-stimulants being pulled off her troubled skin one by one. It startled the only half-present, bound, naked girl. Her owners rarely changed her setup. She did not make any motion, letting her captors do as they pleased, as usual. But as John climbed the small step-ladder with an electric screwdriver, and undid the rusty screws from the woman's metal stocks, Emily was surprised. Where they undoing her bonds?!

After 4 years with Emily, John and his wife had come to a mutual decision about their toy's future.

Her arms were too weak to pose any fight. Not that Emily's head was there. Being manipulated like a literal ragdoll, she felt her hands being brought down in front of her, where they were restrained with some thick leather, metal-joined cuffs. "Mnnggg?" Emily meekly inquired what was going on, though her ears could only pick up porn audio.



Emily felt John working the restraints of her ankles, and one by one, they two were removed. Meanwhile, she felt Elise's softer hands place a leather collar around her slender neck and buckle snugly. It was already attached to a chain-leash.

The girl's headset was finally removed and the girl's baggy, bloodshot eyes adjusted to the sight of her masters. They had a few more wrinkle-lines on their faces, and a few more pounds on their bellies, but being the only two people she "socialized" with these past few years, Emily would never mistake them for anyone else.

"Good morning, little slut! Hope you enjoyed your Saturday cartoons" Elise chuckled. Her legs were soon freed too and the fragile girl was stood up by John, finally able to close her legs after 4 or so years. She couldn't do it fully, as it brought tremendous pain to her pelvis from the prolonged soreness. She could barely remain standing, though she started spasming just from her thighs being close enough to rub against each other, producing one of the hundred "mini-orgasms" she had each day. Despite her sudden increased freedom, Emily was not moving an inch, staying petrified with her cuffed hands dropped in front of her, looking at her masters with her head bowed in reverence.

She looked as timid as a beaten puppy and as docile as an intensively trained one.

Elise stuck a taser, which she had "borrowed" from her cop brother, under the girl's chin. "I take it you're gonna be a good girl, or else we can put you back where we found you..." she warned the girl with a smirk. Emily nodded silently, another drop of saliva escaping her ball-gag.

With John creepily close behind the girl, he guided her towards the sheet-less mattress, his hard-on pressing against her bare ass, his chubby hands around her slim waist. Elise never took her eyes off the passive girl, holding the end of the chain clipped onto the girl's collar.

Truth was, Emily could not plan any coop at this moment. Even walking hurt the girl's joints terribly, causing soft groans through her gag. She was a physical wreck and that was without taking into account the rows of red welts all over the front of her body.

The couple plopped the girl down on the mattress, "Hands off!" Elise slapped Emily's hand, as it was wondering straight between her legs. Despite her pussy being on fire for nearly half a decade, Emily hadn't touched herself since. She gave her mistress a remorseful, scared look, putting her fused hands away, on her lap. "If you come at ANY point without my permission, I'll lock you back in your chair. We can try again next month, no rush" Elise threatened the girl, who listened with the same demure expression.

John undressed and laid on the mattress face-up, getting himself comfy by sprawling his hairy legs. Elise undid Emily's ball-gag and ordered the girl to kneel with her face pressed against the mattress, facing her husband's taint. "Let's see how your hands fair against your mouth" John said and after a "motivating" ass-slap from Elise, Emily awkwardly brought her wrist-cuffed hands to grab the man's erection and started rubbing it up and down. Balancing on her elbows and knees, the girl did a decent enough job for a common cock-jerker.

Kneeling behind her, Elise caressed the girl's asscheeks with both hands. They were so ripe, so round. She then produced a leather belt and without a warning brought it forcefully down on the girl's round ass-cheeks. "Aaawwwwww" Emily let a yelp, then another, as Elise started coloring her white cheeks a nice red. "Here, that'll shut you up" John roughly grabbed the woman's hair and guided her face down his cock. "Cop my balls, too" he said and a fellating Emily obliged, moving both her hands lower to a pair of hairy testicles, rubbing them gently.

"MMMMMMMMmmmmm!" Emily yelped, gagged with cock, as soon as she felt Elise's belt spank her exposed cunt! It was tremendously painful, but at the same time incredibly stimulating! "Do you like how I'm fucking you?" Elise asked. "N'hhhh! N'hhhhhh!" she received the confirmation from Emily, who was simultaneously busy sucking her fat husband off. As Emily kept bobbing her head up and down John's erections, massaging his sensitive balls, Elise rammed up her belt-whipping. Emily was now screaming with each strike, but despite her pussy being beaten raw, she was also nearing an orgasm!

"You can't come unless he comes" Elise ordered, setting a clear goal for the poor pain-slut. She kept wailing on her, the end of her belt catching ass-cheeks, pussy, upper thighs. It made little difference, knowing how that this pain would push the girl further towards completion.

"MMMm....Mmmmm...MMMMM...mmmm!" wet, slurpy moans escaped Emily, who was moving her head faster and faster up and down the cock, her lips making an air-tight seal around it, her lungs needing oxygen, her dainty fingers working the man's balls. All while trying to contain her rising lust. She didn't know how much more she could hold on!

Thankfully, John soon let out a satisfied groan and Emily felt his seed shot into her mouth. With Elise wailing on her tender pussy, Emily immediately "grabbed" what could not be held back any longer, riding her exploding pain-gasm with a mouthful of recently-drained cock.

In time, this new dynamic to her relationship with her master and mistress only encouraged Emily to relish in her masochistic tendencies. Though she kept spending her "unused" time bound on her usual chair, any time she was being brought "off-the-shelf" it was another opportunity for an orgasm. It was

the only thing occupying her broken mind. Elise and John had created the perfect sex-junkie, happy to be anyone's disposable sex toy for a few seconds in heaven.

On top of this passionate chase, Emily was also addicted to the actual drug she had been taken every day since her abduction. Despite digesting it daily, she still had withdrawal symptoms, begging Elise for more. The pair was dumbfounded, though they laughed the girl's depleted mental state off. Like a dog begging its owner for a walk, Emily was constantly pleading to her captors to use her, humiliate her, beat her. She begged for a chance to suck on John's cock, or shove her face down Elise's cunt. Besides showing her "orgasm-donors" undying loyalty, giving them pleasure was tied to the girl's chances of receiving the same. Her conditioning had turned her into the lowest of drug-whores, with her reward being the abuse she was receiving. An obscene wish-fulfillment.

Though Elise's demands were not always met. The girl often flew too close to the orgasmic sun, getting her wings burned by coming without her masters' permission. She was always so umped up, her cunt always trigger-happy, that her biology often took matters into its own hands, no matter how much the girl was trying to please her owners.

Her punishment was being locked back in her chair, usually for a month or so, deprived of any stimulation that could bring her the joy she craved. That was the worst for Emily. Not only the lack of gentle stimulation, but the lack of any stimuli at all. Just left to boil in her own juices, was the most maddening prospect imaginable. The never-ending pornography broadcasted an inch from her eyeballs, was the tipping point towards insanity. Elise and John would simply get their own socks off and leave her without much "play-time", tending to their own, normal lives upstairs.

In this erotic hellscape, Emily could only hope that the next time, she could control her cunt.

Her unruly, restless cunt.

## **CHAPTER SEVEN:**

### **Love is a drug**

Emily is 27 years old. Not a girl, when she was taken from her bed in the middle of the night. A full-grown woman. Or rather, what had been left of one.

Elise and John were relaxing on their mattress, naked under their sheets, coming down after another fun evening. Completely buried by said sheets, Emily was offering her mistress some nice “after-care” by tenderly kissing her thighs and caressing her legs, as she laying curled up on the foot of the bed. Even the sheet making contact with her heavily marked asscheeks, riled with brown horizontal welt-lines, was enough to hurt from how sore they were.

Emily was at a point where simply touching her mistress’ (or master’s) skin gave her a calming, self-soothing kind of pleasure. Her conditioning caused her to relate her pleasing of her owners with a sense of inner peace. In her depleted mind, if they were happy, then everything was going to be alright for her, too.

“That was nice, honey” Elise exchanged some romantic moments with her husband, who was already half-asleep next to her. She wasn’t even acknowledging her slave’s existence for a good while. “I hope for your own sake you’re not touching yourself down there” Elise spoke, feeling only one hand rubbing her leg, her gaze directed vaguely towards Emily’s direction. “No miss, I promise I’m not” Emily’s saddened voice was heard from under the sheet. Even though she had already failed her mistress and was set to spend a loooong time on the chair, the girl was still trying to sneak in another small “tingle”. Now that she was caught, she quickly put both her hands back at work, pleasing her mistress.

Her hands were free. Such was the certainty of her captors in her loyalty. In the past 4 years since her relative freedom, her rebellious acts could be counted with one hand. Some pitiful sneak attacks, which were easily put down in seconds. All ended in terrible agony for her; and not the kind that could get her off. Abandoned in the dark basement, with her only company the graphic adult content projected into her VR visor. Taunting her.

After each attempt, her spirit was more defeated. The woman was far too gone, too submissive to be conjuring any more escape plans. Especially with the looming threat of a permanent return to her previous post.

After a satisfactory massage and lots of relaxing kisses, it was time for Elise to “store” her toy. “Come on” she said, getting up herself.

“Pleaseeee mistress! I don’t want to go back to the chair. I promise I’ll be good” the woman pleaded. Though her features had evolved over the course of 7 pretty rough years, she was still just like that pretty girl John and Elise had picked up. Her brown, discolored hair, now reached below her naked chest, indicating she was due for a haircut months ago. Her body, though still beautiful, had been through so much hardship, it had lost some of its “clarity” and smoothness.

“You know I can’t do that” Elise replied with a maternal tone. “You disobeyed my orders, you get punished. It’s simple, really” Elise spoke as if she wasn’t the one torturing her captive. “Please, I beg you! Don’t leave me alone... I’ll do anything!” the broken woman dreaded the idea of yet another restless dark night. Emily’s voice turned from asking Elise to imploring her, as she fell on the woman’s bare feet and begun frantically kissing them, wrapping her hands around one of her ankles. “I ...I just want to stay with you. Don’t leave me! I...i love you!” Emily kept kissing the middle-aged woman’s unwashed feet, again and again. There was no clear reason why tonight should be the night, but the woman’s words were no lies.

In these 7 years, Emily had truly learned little about her captors besides their inhumane tastes. And though she wished their death for most of these years, their relationship was long ago much more than victim and perpetrator. A kinship had developed, and though the two women were the furthest thing from equal, their bond was unquestionable. This woman had undeniably shaped Emily’s life. And despite her influence being undoubtedly negative, it was still an influence. After all that time, she and John were all that Emily had. Even if for them, she was simply a fun, illegal hobby.

Elise was amused by her toy’s display of affection. She grabbed her by a tuft of her head and lifted her so that the girl was forced to follow her grip. Emily obeyed, standing right in front of the woman. Elise then placed her hand over the young woman’s mouth, then shoved the other down the woman’s pussy, slipping in her index and middle finger. “Mnng!” Emily was taken by surprise. “If you manage to avoid coming, I’ll sweep your little foul under the rag” Elise said with a wink, already rubbing the woman’s G-spot with both fingers. Her hand was instantly sopping wet.

Emily sensed a tidal wave of arousal coming, her pussy about to burst from such direct stimulation. She tried backing away from Elise to ruin her plans, but the woman moved her hand from Emily’s mouth and grabbing her by the nape of her neck pulled her head and pinned it against her chest. “Owwwwwww, noooo pleaaaase” Emily could not hold off for long. Her mistress fingers, they felt sooo good! Her knees were buckling over and over. If only she could tame her urges for just a few seconds! But her body was not hers, in more ways than one.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAaw...!!!” Emily’s whole body convulsed into a dreaded orgasm, her hands grabbing Elise’s arms to keep her from collapsing. “Please...” Emily said with a miserable expression, knowing she had blown her chances. “Come on you little snail...” Elise pulled the younger woman by from the strap of her collar towards the chair.

Emily was in for another rough month.

## **CHAPTER EIGHT:**

### **A sentimental goodbye**

10 whole years had passed since Elise and John made the most rewarding investment of their married life. They had decided to sell their house and move to the suburbs. A fresh start. But fresh starts can only really occur when you let go of your past.

Emily had a good run. Maybe in the house, the 50-year-old couple could give their new home a welcoming with a new, younger “model” as well! How exciting would that be?

“Offing” their slave would be the quickest, easiest way to get rid of her, but Elise’s devilish mind came up with something better. Besides, killing her just didn’t sound right. Elise had a more fitting fate for her. She would stay in her favorite (and only) room. Their old house’s basement. It would cost them a bit, but it was worth for the farewell they had in mind. Emily had sure “earned it”.

The couple brought down a segment of their basement’s brick wall, creating a 4x2-meter wide and 2m tall space inside the wall. Though Emily would have much less “wiggle room”, since most of that would be used for the essential equipment needed for her “preservation”:

A water tank, containing 380 gallons of Soylent/water mix, built with an automated dispenser for Emily’s daily meals. It took half of the area’s space and was enough to last a human adult for a little over 10 years.

A huge oxygen tank, spiked with a 10-year supply of the same aphrodisiac and metabolism-accelerator, which the couple managed to find in gaseous forms.

An operating box for the muscle-stimulating pads that would be placed all across her body. Just like all electrical devices, it was plugged to a solar-panel generator so that it never run out of power. The new house owners would have no idea that their resourceful energy panels were used for more than water-heating and house lights.

Once the woman was placed inside, she was propped against a vertical, hard PVC frame that was itself attached on the back wall. Her neck was secured with a U-shaped prod, its two ends passed through two holes that had been drilled on either side of Emily's neck. Her wrists and ankles followed, rendered immobile through more U-shaped steel bonds that each was led through similar holes drilled through the board. Her thighs, upper arms and her waist were also circled by the cold metal. Last couple of U-shaped hooks were placed at the very top of the girl's thighs, tracing her bikini line, with the inner holes basically on either side of her labia. The other hole situated next to the woman's hips.

Finally, when all restraints were in place and Emily was trapped more than an unpackaged Barbie-doll, the nuts were tightened behind the frame extra tight with an electrical screwdriver. The layout was such that Emily's arms were brought taut on either side. Her legs were slightly spread.

A large ball-gag with a single hole through the middle was shoved in her mouth. Through the gag's hole came a clear tube, which would be connected to the dispenser of the 30-year-old slave's unappetizing liquid meals. But before that, a clear, plastic oxygen mask was placed over the tube, using a makeshift hole in the center. The slightest gaps between the mask's makeshift hole and the tube were sealed with super-glue, before finally the tube was connected to Emily's "feeder".

Another thin tube was inserted into the woman's urethra, then inflated inside her bladder just enough as to be irremovable. The tube run into the huge container of Emily's food, meaning her liquid waste would be literally recycled back into her, prolonging her life-spam, as well as adding more and more "tang" to her meal's taste.

The couple left the cherry on top for last, drilling a vertical bar right between the girl's legs. John then attached Emily's elusive "lover" to its end, her thick dildo. Emily let a moan escape as the tip of the fake cock was secured in place, resting right past her pussy-lips, forcing them open, but not really penetrating the woman. It could move further up, but not lower. As before, the toy could rise and retract, moving along its runner. Connected to its CPU, the device could be programmed to vibrate and move at any frequency the user assigned, whether random or deliberate.

The sex-toy between her legs was set to activate at one randomized moment every 24 hours. During that 3-second period, the phallus would fully penetrate the woman's cunt and vibrate at a max setting. It would then retract.

Once all the equipment was stashed separately around the bound woman, Elise and John got to rebuilding the brick wall, sealing the writhing woman inside brick by brick. Emily struggled and cried through her gag, but the first barely registered in her relentless bondage, and the second was ignored by the moving couple. In the end, these moans were rendered completely inaudible. No one would ever suspect what their lovely home's secret was.



All was ready for the couple's departure. John was loading the final luggage on the trunk. "I'll be right back" Elise said to him going back inside the house. She made her way down the steps of her basement. It was now almost empty and sooo quiet. That was weird. Elise always heard lots of things from this room. She moved towards the opposite wall, which was freshly stocked and painted.

The 50-year-old woman placed her ear against the wall. Nothing could be heard, though Elise knew well what was on the other side. She took a black sharpie from her shoulder bag and drew a cute little heart on the wall. Her little secret. She smiled. "Bye honey!" she planted a kiss on her fingers and placed them on the heart on the wall, then turned away and left.

## EPILOGUE

Emily opened her eyes. It was tough to say when she actually did, since the darkness was identical to when they were closed. In her perpetual lust-limbo, it was even tough to discern when she was awake. Her mind often hallucinated scattered images of pornography that had been buried into her mind from all these years back. They were not welcome though, since even they taunted at her inability to satisfy herself.

The taste of blunt cream and piss still lingered on her tongue, from her daily force-feeding session about an hour ago. Seconds later, she felt her bladder emptying; the open valve of her urethral tube made the “drainage” almost automatic. Despite being used to it, the feeling that her bladder evacuation triggered was always negative, knowing she was only adding to the urine concentration of her food-tank.

Her puckered pussy-lips quivered once more, half-suspended above, half-resting on the bulging, round, rubber cockhead. As much as she tried lowering her hips further onto it to get some more friction, her metal straps forbid it. Her adductors were long ago sore from previous efforts. She couldn’t get any room to rub her pussy on tip by moving her hips back and forth, since both her pelvis was relentlessly wedged against her frame, both by the two straps tracing her bikini-line, as well as the one pressed around her waist.

The 36-year-old naked woman took a deep, frustrating breath, her sigh causing even more of the odorless aphrodisiac gas to be inhaled through her mask. There was plenty more of where it came from. Unfortunately for her, same was true for her life-sustaining supplies. Emily had plenty of time left in this demented isolation.

The woman was in a permanent restless state of anticipation. In her warped sense of time, she had no way to tell when the last trigger of the machine had taken place. Not that knowing would help her. Like all thousands of previous ones, it was all too little and too sudden. No one could “brace” their body for a stimulant that might take 23 hours to arrive, or a second. As a result, whenever the toy surprised her with a 3-second fuck, it always caught her off-guard and before she could prepare her body for an orgasm, the dildo had already withdrawn its “advances”.

“MMMMMMNNNNnnnnnnn!” the woman writhed in her bonds, venting off misery.

“And here is the basement...” a well-groomed man around his 30s, led a couple, continuing the brief tour of his home. “You got a lot of space, pretty useful” his male friend commented, his wife standing next to him. “Yeah, it’s pretty neat” the man nodded with his hands on his waist. He had bought this house 6 years ago for his wife and two kids and it had proven a great move.

“Did you draw the heart?” the female friend asked him, pointing to the slightly faded drawing on one wall. “Actually we found it here when we moved in. I assumed the previous owners had made it before leaving, so I thought it was too sweet to erase” the family-man replied with a kind smile.

No one had a clue that a few inches from them, a walled off woman was trying her best to “suck” any pleasure her “activated” sex-toy was giving her. The thing abruptly slid inside her spread, inviting cunt-lips with ease, vibrating at full volume. “Ohgodohgodohgod! It’s happening!” was all Emily could think, with her rubber lover already in its third thrust. 6 or 7 “pumps” was all the large phallus ever gave her. Her aggravated moans, a mix of strain and ecstasy, never reached the group’s ears. Her whole body was rattling in her bondage, though largely immobile. Before the woman could culminate, the cock retracted from her sopping pussy and shut off. “NNNNNNNNNNNNnnnggg!” Emily let out a sob of despair, her head slumping over her neck’s metal stock, defeated. Another day, another failure.

“Anyway, nothing else to see here” the man gestured towards the door. “Wait till you see the bedrooms. Martha, I think you’ll love them...” the man escorted his friends out of the room and closed the door behind them.