

The Man Cave part 1

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Ever since high-school, Kyle, Spencer and Johnny were inseparable. But life has a way of testing these things, and one by one, they settled into their adult lives. Now, in their early 30s, they had to try to make time away from their jobs, their responsibilities, and most importantly, their recently wedded wives. Marriage had taken most of the toll on their previously carefree time.

No more videogames without a nagging call for attention, no more hoodies and sweatpants without a girl whining about your “hobo” clothes. Between their jobs and their marital expectations, the three buddies barely had any time for themselves, never mind for a good, old-fashioned hangout with their bros. Their wives newly purchased suburban homes had taken them hours away from each other.

The rare times the three friends met, it was far from ideal, since it was more often than not done in the context of a three-way couples’ brunch or dinner. Way too formal and fancy for their liking. They couldn’t discuss sports or videogames without their wives rolling their eyes in unison and asking (meaning forcing) them to change the subject. Never mind any comment about the waitress’ tight ass. Not even a glance at another beautiful woman was allowed without some furious nagging following.

"I can't take this shit anymore..." Spencer said to his buddies, disappointed. With his curly, gingery hair and fun personality, Spencer was always the life of any party, implied by his generous beer belly. But his eyes had lost that life they had during his twenties.

His girlfriend-now-wife of four years, Katherine, was pressuring him more and more into proposing to her, and he had finally given in to appease her.

"I just don't know, ever since we got married, all she does is bitch and moan!" The 5'5", 27 year old Caucasian had short, Karen-like, straight blonde-dyed hair that left her slender neck exposed.

She was always stubborn as a mule when it came to her “needs” (which were actually just “wants”), but at least in Spencer’s eyes, made up for it with a fiiiiiiiine body. Skinny waist, a tight ass and some perky B-cup titties that fitted her frame, which was on the smaller side.

Always a persistent gal, Katherine had met Spencer in a professional mingling event and had initiated their flirting. After a few dates, she had charmed (and sucked) her way into Spencer's heart.

Only after a year or so into their relationship did Spencer realize the red flags. Katherine was very possessive of him, throwing jealous fits on a regular basis. It was exhausting having to constantly deal with her paranoia which led to many fights.

Both his friends nodded their heads, comforting him. There was Kyle, a dark-haired, slim, geeky looking guy (his glasses didn't help) and the most introverted of the group, and Johnny, a polar opposite in many ways. He was extroverted, built like a closet, with a close-shaved head. He was a total gym buff, who loved American Football almost as much as he loved womanizing.

The two men had also shared their frustrations over the past months.

At first, Kyle thought he had hit the jack-pot, when he met the beautiful Cho, a South-Korean girl with long, dark, straight hair that reached down the middle of her back. She was a legal counsel for Kyle's company, where he worked as a programmer and he had managed to impress her with his smarts more than his looks. He had his shit together and that was attracting for her.

The 31 year old (3 years older than him) was a skinny woman, but moderately tall with a model's stature (5'11"), small A-cup titties and a small, but tight ass. She was very feminine in nature and with big green eyes and luscious lips that could start wars.

Unfortunately for Kyle, she wasn't very adventurous in the bedroom. More like, she was a complete puritan, rarely satisfying his needs, and when she did, it was in the most boring and clinical of ways. Any remarks he made about improving their sex-life were quickly dismissed as "immature silliness". The best he could hope with her was either a closed-lights-under-the-covers reluctant missionary, or a half-hearted handjob with her face turned away in clear disgust.

Cho had turned him more insecure than he was before he'd met her, making him feel guilty for his libido and growing colder and less charming with each week. The lengthiest conversation they had always revolved around work, or their shared finances. Cho had a bossy, go-getter personality, with sex being in the bottom of her priorities. Always in some kind of pantsuit going from client to client, she had little time for Kyle's childish demands.

On top of that, she was lately giving him shit about "moving up in his job" and "making something of his fucking life" although Kyle was more than happy with his current job.

As for Johnny, he thought he had found himself “the one” after hundreds of sexual encounters his strong chin, rock-hard muscles and macho charm had earned him. The 23 year-old Carrie was a mixed-race girl, half-black, half-white. She was not the brightest of chicks and mostly a drifter in the career department. Once a part-time model, once a part-time waitress, once a part-time receptionist, all jobs that her good looks and huge charm had earned her. She had big, DDDs and an ass so bubbly and full that could make playboy bunnies blush. Her long, dark-brown hair, always ending in soft curls, gave off the seductive vibe she wanted. Carrie was the kind of woman that knew she was hot. And with her charisma knew how to use it to her advantage.

Swayed by her charms, Johnny believed she was the ideal candidate for the start of his monogamous journey. But despite being “technically faithful” to her man, the popular bombshell always seemed to “look around”, shooting flirting looks across the spaces of the bars or night clubs the couple frequented. Still, every time she was confronted about it she played dumb. Johnny was not just a ‘swol’ beast, he was also in a pretty good financial standing with a corporate gig, and as Carrie was clinging to Jonny’s buff arms, she also appeared to be “clinging” onto that sweet, sweet cash flow.

Despite being more than content with his wife’s beauty, ever since Kyle had laid eyes on his pal’s (then) girlfriend, he was overcome by a deep lust. It was one of his deepest secrets, something he didn’t even want to admit to himself, but every time he’d meet Carrey, on their rare social gatherings, Kyle always felt a knot in his stomach, caused by a strong attraction to his friend’s wife. His lust was kept under arms, but it made any (rare, since they had zero things in common) conversation with her a nervous ordeal.

It was one of those rare and precious occasions, where the three friends had found time to hang out one night, at Johnny’s place, a spacious suburban house. It was the first time Kyle and Spencer had stepped foot on it.

After exchanging some deep brotherly hugs, they skipped all the boring house-tour stuff and Johnny led them straight towards the basement. Going down the wooden staircase, they saw a space that was plain but spacious, albeit dusty and devoid of any personality. He and Carrie were still arguing about what to do with it. Johnny wanted to turn it into his personal space, but Carrie insisted it should be a room closet for her many, many clothes and shoes.

With Johnny tossing a can of beer to his pals’ waiting hands, the three started chatting and joking like old times. They were soon overtaken with a nostalgic feeling that made their current situation look grimmer than it already was.

"I'm trying to turn this into a man cave" uttered Johnny, and both men agreed that this sounded great. "But Carrie is being a cunt about it" he shook his head in tired disappointment, taking another deep, head-tilted gulp from the beer can.

"Sometimes, I think it would be better if our wives were gone" Kyle spoke what the other two were silently thinking. "We can't just divorce them. They're gonna bleed us dry in alimony" Spencer replied, betraying how he had already gone through this line of thought.

"Maybe we should just lock 'em here in the man cave and be done with it" Johnny let a light chuckle and downed his beer as his friends showed a sad smile. But the silence that followed was too tense...full of meaning and...potential. Their eyes interlocked in a triangle, as a joke started seem less and less like a joke with each passing moment.

"Guys, hehe, that would be crazy..." Kyle nervously chuckled, but Spencer and Johnny were eyeing him with a hunter's focus. "Would it?" Spencer asked with raised brows and Kyle remained sceptic, looking blankly at the floor.

A couple of hours were spent in that basement; they seemed like a couple of days. Pacing back and forth, both mentally and literally, arguing before agreeing and then again searching for excuses before arriving at the same conclusion. Something HAD to be done.

In the end, the plan was set and what remained were logistics.

Eventually, a wife would request a glass of water from her husband. Some invisible sleeping powder would make sure no one disturbed the men's "transportation".

But Cho didn't seem thirsty than night, ready to go to bed, clad in her usual burgundy satin nightgown, that showed off her porcelain legs. Kyle must have offered her three times, getting his wife more frustrated with each gesture. "I don't want water! What is your deal?" she yelled at him, fed up.

Panicking at his plan failing, the timid, pacifist man slapped his wife hard across the face. A dizzied Cho lost her balance and fell to the floor. She looked up at him with shocked disbelief. He had never even insulted her, never mind laying a hand on her. "Did you just slap me?" the hot piece of lawyer ass barked at him offended and angry. "I will sue your ass to the moon. I'll take aaaaall your shit!" she started ranting, still on the floor, pointing her finger at the equally stunt man.

But it was all a muffled hum to Kyle's ears. He was in a different real, in a surreal, predatory state, with his wide eyes fixed on his insult-hurling pray through his glasses, Kyle jumped on Cho, pinning her down with his body.

"WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING!?! LET ME GO YOU MMMMMMMMMmmmm!" was all the Asian beauty got to say before the man's hand clapped over her mouth, shutting her up. As she slithered desperately on the floor, Kyle used his other hand to squeeze the handgagged woman's slim throat.

"GmmHhggmgggghhh!" the smothered girl bucked in a frenzy, unable to get the man off her. Her eyes looked up at him not just with shock, but now with fear in them, too. Kyle used all his strength to keep his weight over her and keep his hands over her mouth and tightly wrapped around her neck. In her flailing, Cho knocked Kyle's glasses off his face and they flew before landing a few feet away on the floor.

Cho might have been mighty, but only mentally. Her slim, fragile frame did nothing to help her and after a few spirited seconds, her long-lashed eyes closed and she remained limp, knocked out under her husband.

Kyle got up, panting from the (rare for him) physical exertion. He kept his eyes on his knocked out wife, no, that knocked out bitch that had made him miserable. He got to work, wrapping plenty of duct tape around the girl's ankles, knees and her wrists behind her back, before wrapping her torso and arms tightly together. He wrapped more tape around her face, gagging her and blinding her for good measure.

Throughout this, he was sweating from anxiety. He never believed he could do this. He stood there for a good 5 minutes, watching the long, black duffel bag lying on the floor in front of him. It contained his trussed up wife. It was around 2:00 past midnight. Kyle was pretty sure none of his neighbors would be out this late. With shaking hands, he threw the bag over his shoulder and headed off.

Entering the garage, Kyle felt the featherweight girl squirm on his shoulder. She was awake from her choked slumber. "Mmff" Kyle heard the dizzy taped groans coming from the human-shaped duffel bag, and tried not responding to it.

Cho had already started protesting for her freedom, but the thud she made when her spouse dropped her into the trunk, knocked the wind out of her, and halted her efforts for a moment. "Sorry honey, it slipped" Kyle sincerely and unironically apologized. What for? "Why am I apologizing?" he caught himself. Years of subservient behavior had taken such a toll, that he was still submitting to his wife, even when she was bound in the trunk of his car.

"Eh, Rome was not built in a day..." he thought to himself, and got on the driver's seat.

After a nervous hour-long drive on which he rarely stopped glancing at the rear view mirror towards the muffled stomping coming from the trunk, Kyle finally arrived at Johnny's place. In the suburbs, everything seemed even more peaceful, a big contrast to the schemes that were taking place that night.

Kyle carried his taped up wife, who had regained her strength alarmingly well, being rather tough to handle on his shoulders as she struggled like a large duffel worm. After a single ring of the doorbell, he entered the house. There were no lights, apart from the corridor leading up to basement door. It was half empty. With the weight of a struggling woman exhausting him already, he carefully went down the stairs.

His friends were already there, each with a bound female next to them on the dusty floor. Katherine was ankle and wrist-tied with a myriad of different scarves and bathrobe belts, stuff Spencer had found around the house. "You didn't have tape or something?" Kyle asked Spencer, who simply shrugged.

The blonde white girl was stuff-gagged with the couple's bath sponges and was still unconscious, clad in only her lace underwear. Next to her was Carrey, Johnny's wife. He had cuffed her hands behind her back with those fuzzy pink handcuffs the couple had used in some kinky roleplay games. A big, matching pink ballgag was currently lodged in the woman's mouth. Johnny had run out of restraining sex toys and had bound the girl's ankles and knees together with some dark zip ties.

But unlike her blonde counterpart, the half-black girl was helplessly shifting back and forth in her bonds, hopelessly trying to get free. She was wearing the same sexy outfit she had on from her date with Johnny a few hours ago. A pair of black, skin-tight leather pants and matching heeled boots and a sleeveless crop top vest that showed both her belly button and some nice cleavage.

"Phewwww, this place could use a hand" said Kyle, his eyes darting around the "prospect" that was the half-empty room. Spencer did the same. Everything was the same, except for a large, metal dog cage that was in the corner of the room.

"We're going to do much more than that. We're going to turn this place into the perfect man cave!" said an adrenaline-driven Johnny, not paying much attention to his moaning spouse that only managed to drool over her pretty top and her generous bust.

Kyle figured it was time to unzip the duffel bag, or his wife might suffocate in there. Cho was indeed sweating from the accumulated heat, and as angry as when he last saw her. Finally, with a few encouraging smacks from Spencer on Katherine's cheek, all three women were awake and lined up, staring up at their significant other with a mixture of disbelief, anger and fear.

"Welcome to your new lives, ladies" spoke Johnny. The all moaned with a confused look. "This will be your home, from now on" explained Kyle. "You were very bad at being our partners, so we are sort of...demoting you, to slaves" added Spencer.

At the sound of that word, all three of the women renewed their insulted struggles, but a few more face and thigh slaps later, they were all ears once again. "We are sure that you will fulfil your new roles, with much more success than your last ones" the guys announced.

With those words, the bound trio was "escorted" inside the metal kennel cage. It was comfy enough for one big dog, but not so much for three adult human women. Katherine and Carry exchanged worried looks again and again; unable to verbally communicate effectively, while poor Cho had her eyes taped. They spent their night caged snuggly together, shifting and pulling and moaning until they were exhausted and passed out one on top of the other.

The guys conceived of a plan for the “tragic” disappearance of their three spouses. All they had to do was schedule them for a group road trip that would go very, very bad. They typed on each of their phones, exchanging their “plans” to go on this road-trip, and filling their social media with proof of their fake schedule. Then Kyle simply trashed Katherine’s car on the side of a Hill, sending it down the abyss of the sea, along with the women’s phones and packed suitcases.

All they had to do from that point on was play dumb to the police.

In a couple of days, the dirty basement had completely transformed into an oasis of manly fun. Apart from the thorough cleaning, which the guys swore not to repeat for at least a year, the room was filled with all sorts of gadgets and games. A pool table was decorating the corner, a dart board was accompanied by movie posters and pinned sports shirts. An 85” TV was covering the bigger part of one wall, paired with a badass sound system, opposite some super comfy, black leather couch and sofas.

A PS5 and full cable network made sure they would never get bored with gaming or sports events. A small beer station sat in one corner, with pretty gold-colored faucet and handle and a mini-bar full of drinks and sweets was in front of the entrance stairs of the cozy room. While everything was being set up by the three eternal boys, their spouses only watched with troubled eyes, bound and gagged inside their new, much “cozier” home.

Notably, three beds were also fitted into the room, the distances between their positions forming a discreet triangle in the basement, so that each bed was partially separated, even though they were all in the same area. Unironically, despite being a few yards away, none of the beds would be used by Cho, Katherine and Carrie for sleeping. This utility would again be saved for their metal cage.

All their (already few) clothes were stripped off and tossed in a garbage bag. They were replaced with a matching set of black leather collars, red 2-inch glossy ball gags, a pair of black, leather wrist and ankle cuffs, ready to be locked together at any moment, black thigh-high stockings and garter belt and for the “finish” some fire-red, 6-inch stilettos. The uniformly dressed whores would never remove them unless instructed otherwise. Johnny took the liberty of buying them some slutty Halloween outfits as well, like a latex, tight nurse outfit, or a skimpy schoolgirl one, “just for shits and giggles”.

While caged, the three ladies were always wearing a kind of chastity belt, which anally sealed them with sturdy butt-plugs, as well as a urethral plug. These belts kept any “accidents” from happening inside the cage, and drove the three damsels crazy and ready to burst.

The man cave had a small bathroom with a shower that was located next to the play-room area. While the guys would of course use it at their own leisure, the same could not be said for the three enslaved sluts. They would have two bathroom breaks a day, 20 minutes each time. Those 20 minutes were for all of them together, not for each girl individually.

In that some time span, the temporarily unbelted girls (still shackled by their wrists and ankles) would need to shower (usually squishing their nude bodies together to save time), brush their teeth (with a shared toothbrush), perfume themselves, put on attractive make-up (the same kind of powder, fire-red lipstick, rouge and dark eyeshadow for all three, along with three pairs of long, feminine fake eyelashes) and take care of any...natural needs or all of the above within those 20 minutes.

Regardless of what needed to be done, the three women were required to come out of that door flawlessly clean and more than presentable. They were demanded to be extremely pleasant creatures to be around, via all the senses (sight, touch and smell). Anything less constituted grounds for severe punishment, administered liberally from their husbands-turned-owners. So the three virtually strangers quickly learned to rotate between their hygienic duties like a well-oiled machine and get everything done before the door slamming signaled their time was "up".

With plans to switch job locations or work from home as much as possible, Kyle and Spencer moved in to Johnny's comfy villa. It had three bedrooms, a huge living room and kitchen and could easily accommodate three people.

"Just like old times!" cheered Spencer excited, reminded of his college years, where he was roommates with his two friends. Saving on two rents would make for a loooooo of disposable income, too.

With all the preparations for this new living arrangement, the three men had not bothered with their new slaves, beyond keeping them alive.

Their only source of sustenance was Soylent, that blunt liquid food-alternative, which Johnny had ordered a truckload of the stuff. It sure made feeding them easier, since all they had to do was hook the serum of Soylent to a stand next to the girls' cage, before screwing the three plastic tubes to the single small hole at the center of their slaves' ball-gags. That way they didn't even have to remove them from the cage in order to feed them.

If an uncooperative bitch happened to yank the tube off her ballgag, then she simply didn't eat that day. This forced the caged, hungry little 'bunnies' to obediently endure their degrading feeding times.

Even if they were not yet “using” them, the guys took the opportunity to start instilling some discipline and humility into their stubborn slaves. These learning chances came during their daily uncaging for their bathroom duties. At first, Katherine, Carrie and Cho tried to make a cowardly “run for it”, immediately realizing that their closely shackled ankles and 6-inch platform heels did not actually help with sprinting. It was at that first attempt at independence where the girls met with their (former) spouses disciplinary instruments.

Whenever inside the man cave, each male either carried or had stashed within close proximity a thin and long, plastic red stick, like a two-pronged fork with metallic ends and a little button on the handle.

A cattle prod, used to make bovines by administering strong electric shocks.

The tools “spoke” loud and clear from the very first ‘zap’ each cunt received for some kind of insolence. “Haha, look how wide their eyes get when they see it!” Johnny was amused by the slaves’ visceral reaction to the pointy electrodes nearing their bare flesh. They were petrified with fear, having experienced the horrible pain these things caused. They were meant to jolt a bull; they sure as hell worked on their max 140-pound bodies.

The others joined in, terrorizing the poor standing and leashed girls, who tried to shuffle away from the “mean” sticks that grazed their flesh without being triggered.

After they realized escaping was not that simple, the girls reverted to stubborn refusal to cooperate so that their wrists could be retied in front of them. At the peaks of their pride’s damage, the furious slaves even attempted double-punching or pushing the men with their shackled hands. That only led to a barrage of cattle “proddings” (along with a few face slaps for good measure) and quickly put to bed any ideas of retaliation.

With the last “touches” complete, the man cave was ready. The day coincided with the big basketball game that was on that night. "What better way to celebrate our new spot?" the guys thought. As they unlocked the now (triple-locked) door, they made their way from the “civilized” ground floor down Johnny’s refurbished basement, to find their bound and gagged sex toys sleeping inside their crummy, shared kennel.

Their nakedness caused them to regularly huddle closer for warmth, though “tenderness” was inescapable due to the narrow confines of the cage. Katherine had her legs folded towards one side with her back against the stiff bars and her head slumped on Cho’s shoulder. The South-Korean girl (extra difficult for her due to her larger height) was awkwardly contorting her slender body in a U-shape, with the heels of her platform shoes poking through the bars, as she was resting her feet on the opposite side of her back. Carrie’s caramel body was forced to slide underneath Cho’s milky legs, the fetal-positioned slave resting her head on Katherine’s thighs, drool from her thick ballgag falling onto them.

The girls had definitely gotten closer over these first few days, in many ways. They were only cordially social through the close friendship of their husbands. They had never hung out by themselves, but during the past days, they had done things like only the three of them had experienced. And this was just the start of their trauma bonding.

Kyle flicked on the strong, almost festive lights. Soft skin-to-skin rustling and weak moaning was heard as the slaves were rudely awakened by the burst of light. The ballgagged cuties simply stared up towards their captors, with three pairs of eyes that were full of the kind of fatigue that only a spoiled cunt that thinks she’s too good to share a cage with her slave-mates has. Their sleep time was jumbled and random. And it was only the beginning of their troubles.

Kyle unlocked the cage-door with loud clings of the key. "Come on, out you go!" he ordered (already discovering his secret, more dominant side) and the hesitant women one by one stuck their heads out of the cage (unable to crawl with their hands bound behind them), only to be raised up straight by their own hair. All of them fought their marital captors initially, trying to move away from the grip each had on their hair, but all soon faced the pain that came from the cattle prods. The girls were zapped repeatedly until they showed they were completely docile and tamed. They were each forced to awkwardly bend forwards, due to the height of their captor’s hair-holding hand.

A fitting image given the subservience that would follow.

DIING DOOONG

The sound of the front door bell reached the basement through a speaker phone. “Must be the pizza guy” Johnny turned to his mates, with Carrie’s beautiful dark-brown mane locked in his grasp.

“MMMMMMGGNN!N HHHHHHUUUUUUNNG! PPPPHHEEEHHHH!!” all three bitches started moaning in unison, twisting their shapely bodies under the hair-grip of their male handlers.

“Stop it you dumb cunt! He can’t hear you anyway!” an annoyed Spencer shocked Katherine right on her tits, despite how much she tried pulling her body away from him, his caveman-grip on her short hair still did the trick. His pals followed his example, “calming down” the “riled up” slave group.

The match was just about to start, and the gang settled on the big, comfortable leather couch and the matching sofa, each of their wives kneeling on the cold floor in front of them, with their hands cuffed and padlocked behind their backs via their wrist-straps.

"Rule number 1: No talking, unless you are addressed" said Johnny, who was adamant about having a strict, clear protocol. The captives' ball-gags were removed, but as expected, the rule was not kept.

"Let us go you monsters" or "what do you think you're doing?" or "You are going to regret this so much!" were some of the things the girls threw at them, before they were quickly replaced with painful yelps and cries from the electrifying prods.

After the untrained cunts settled, again, Johnny continued. "Rule number 2: You will perform any act we order you to, without a hesitation or negotiation. You will confirm your servitude before any act by responding with "Yes, Sir or Sirs". Do you understand, whores?" he asked the sluttily done up women, once destined to be partners in life to him and his friends.

"Fuck you! How dare you call me that?!" yelled Cho, the feistier and proudest of the group. "Apologize at once, or AAAAAAAH" before she could finish, Kyle jabbed the prod against her ribs, letting the “thunder” rain down on her flat chest for a good 5 seconds. Seeing their ...colleague writhe on the floor in a semi-paralyzed state, Katherine and Carrey didn't even bother protesting, and responded "Yes, Sir" with trembling voices.

With their second lesson learned, the scantily dressed slaves were given their first task: To pleasure their ‘hubbies’ with their mouths. The first quarter of the game had already started, so there wasn't time to waste. Each woman got to work, Carrey on Johnny, Katherine on Spencer, and Cho on Kyle. Pizza grease often fell on their pristine hair, as they were bobbing their face over the men’s laps. The boys didn’t seem to mind.

Kat and Carrie, even with tears coating their pretty eyes, were doing a pretty OK job, sliding their lips up and down the men's hard dicks. There would be room for improvement as they days went on. Cho, on the other hand, was having trouble. She had never fellated a man, and was suffering swallowing

Kyle's thin, but long 7-incher. She couldn't even get half-way without gagging. That didn't sway him much, "advising" her to relax her throat as he kept ramming her head down his shaft by pushing her long, straight hair downwards. At one point, Cho even tried a surreally pathetic (for her personality) "pleaaaaase" but the dick in her mouth kept her from sounding coherent. A couple of more zaps later she was genuinely trying to please her man, maybe for the first time in their wedded life.

Spencer busted a nut in his wife's mouth first. Katherine was after all, a natural cock-sucker. She reluctantly downed his load, then cleaning every last drop of semen with her tongue and dried her man's penis with her hair -something she would soon learn was protocol. Silent, Kat was surprised to see her wrists being unlocked from behind her and re-shackled in front of her, with the usual 10-inch chain linking them. "Go get us three pints" Spencer said with a ball-drained bliss in his tone.

The poor girl went to get up, but Spencer stopped her. "Whoa, whoa, back down" he ordered her back on her knees. He then gave her a dizzying slap across the face. "You forgot to say yes Sir!" he reminded her in a harsh tone.

"I'm sorry, Sir!" she exclaimed, still red-faced and light-headed from the facefucking she had taken and stumbled up on her shackled heels. "Remember, no foam, and don't spill a drop, or you'll clean it with your tongue" Spencer added in a warning tone just as the blonde had turned her back on him. "Y...yes Sir" the timid girl replied again, now too scared to do the wrong thing, hesitating to get up in case she forget something else. Spencer had never seen her so timid, so submissive. He really liked the look for her.

With Cho and Carrie still "burying" their faces over their partners' sloppy cocks, the sounds of their lip-smacking and sucking a pleasant ambience to the sound of the stadium crowd and the announcer coming from the TV, Katherine returned with three large pints in her trembling hands, serving them down on the table. "Go stand there and don't make a peep" Spencer pointed with his eyes towards a blank space against the wall. "Yes, Sir" the scared Katherine turned to go there and as she did, received a hard spank on her bare, round ass by Spencer. It definitely hurt, but she didn't dare object to it, just stood against the wall on her tall heels, facing the room, while the rest of Spencer's friends were finishing with their cum-vacuums.

The next three hours passed joyfully for the group of friends, as they watched the game, made jokes and generally fooled around like the old times. As a reward for being the most obedient one (she had not spoken out of turn nor object to any order) Carrey had the honor of "attending" to their beverage needs, careful not to leave any empty pint of beer or bowl of snacks unfilled. She was directed to be ladylike and seductive in her every move, cat-walking (despite the limiting shackles) and bending at her

waist to serve them their drinks, keeping her back straight and her tits flaunted at all times. She was too afraid to disappoint them and face the electric prods again, so she behaved accordingly.

Meanwhile, Cho and Katherine were spread by their ankle-straps and wrist-straps on the wall to the left of the men, the rings of their leather cuffs clipped to metallic hooks the guys had specially installed for that reason. It would be there "waiting place", not the cage where they stayed when not in use, but an intermediate place.

A place between possible uses.

While spread-eagle up against the wall, the girls were always ballgagged and blindfolded with matching leather blindfolds. Any other 'add-ons' depended on their behavior.

A pair of mean nipple clamps was the appetizer, for smaller "offences". In addition to the nipples, an identical pair of clamps could be snapped on to their sensitive inner labia, for more serious cases of disobedience. Katherine with forgetting to say "Yes Sir" had earned herself the clamps on her puffy, sensitive nipples. But Cho, who had blatantly disrespected one of her masters, had earned that double-clamped punishment.

It was excruciating, to say the least. The guys carefully clipped them on and saw both women flail uncontrollably in their bonds, and moan pathetically. Cho appeared even more...inconsolable than Katherine, who still huffed and puffed through her ballgag in order to deal with the lingering pain.

Cho was straight up screaming, her spread legs and taut arms leaving little room for...physical expression of her misery. Together with the nipple clamps, it was a pain she never thought imaginable.

The blinded slaves were occasionally zapped for being too loud and annoying, an added torment since they could never see it coming. The guys were trying to focus on the basketball game, after all, and were in no mood to be disturbed by their suffering, disciplined slaves. Therefore, their slaves had to work extra hard to suppress their painful moans, if they didn't want further torture inflicted.

Carrey watched her friends writhe in desperation, well secured on the wall, and felt so relieved she wasn't joining them on the empty spot beside them. In this nightmare she was experiencing, she was content serving drinks and shaking her (full figured) ass and big, milk duds for the men that "kept her".

She never imagined Johnny could do something so horrible to her, and was trying to find an answer.

She was coming up empty.