



EDWARD
LASTE

LILITH
CHANCE

The

**LASTE
CHANCE
BONDAGE INC.**

**VOLUME 11-20
MEGAPACK**

Laste Chance Bondage Inc.:

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All characters depicted in sexual acts in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Part 11: The Fetish Club

A New Venture

“Ok, ladies,” Laste said. “Here’s what we’ve got in front of us.”

“It looks like somebody puked leather over a trashy seventies disco,” I replied.

“Come on, Lilith... the place may be out of date, but just think of the potential. With a little hard work, the five of us can turn this old club into something special and unique. Plus it’s part of Liddy’s settlement to us, so we already own it.”

I sighed and tried to keep an open mind as I scanned the place again. If I had to make a guess as to what this place was before it closed, I would’ve picked gay biker bar. It wasn’t exactly a bad place, and the sheer amount of available space would mean we could do just about anything we wanted to do, but it also meant a ton of work to clean and renovate.

It had two public floors, and a basement which was mostly used for storage. Apparently we also owned the storefronts on either side of the club, so we could have even more space if we somehow needed it.

“We wouldn’t have to clean this pigsty up ourselves, would we?” Jill asked.

“The initial work would be done by others, but most of the décor would have to be done by us. If we want it to have a true fetish feel, then Joe Contractor would be clueless. We’d have help for the big or heavy stuff, though.”

“We could save a few bucks by making Liddy clean this hole up,” Sherri said. “It would be fitting, since it used to be hers before she became a slave.”

“I’m sure she’d be delighted to help,” he chuckled. “But if we want to open sometime this year, we’ll need professionals to gut this place for us. In fact, I’ve already hired them and they’ll be here first thing tomorrow.”

“Then why are we here today?” I asked.

“We need to come up with a design plan. Monica’s getting copies made of the blueprints so we can work off them, but looking at the place for yourselves will let you picture the changes better.”

“I can see the logic in that. Seeing the way the second floor is partially open to below, yet mostly obscured makes me want to have a special member’s only section up there.”

“I like that idea,” he said. “It means we could be a little more open with who we allow down here, yet have a semi-private area for the ‘elite’ upstairs.”

“If we put LCD glass up along the balcony, we could turn it opaque if we need even more privacy up there for some of our ... umm... special events.”

“Now you’re talking. Here comes Monica now, so let’s push a few tables together and start putting these ideas down on paper.”

I still wasn’t convinced this was a good idea, but like he said: we owned the dump. It might not be so bad if the private floor could have parties like the ones at Laste’s house, but we’d have to be careful with who we allowed in.

The main floor would have to be almost vanilla in comparison. We could still have lots of leather and latex, but there was no way we could have the real hardcore stuff where anyone could see it. Maybe a few light BDSM shows on the stage would be enough for down here.

It took us most of the night, but we eventually put together something we thought would work. I was actually looking forward to renovating the second floor now. We were gonna have some fun.

Kinky Renovations

“Don’t drag that thing over the floor!” I shouted, shaking my head in disgust. “If you scratch the floor, you’re polishing it!”

“Sorry, Mistress,” Sherri replied. “I just lost my grip for a second.”

“You don’t have to call me mistress when it’s just us.”

“Habits are hard to break, and I’m comfortable with it by now. Not only that, but I’m sure I’ll be starring in several shows up here, and wouldn’t want to slip up by naming you common and earning a punishment.”

“Fine,” I said, with the ghost of a smile on my lips. “I guess that means you just volunteered to test our fine new equipment and make sure everything works properly and safely.”

“If it means I get a break from hauling this heavy crap, then I’m all in.”

I probably should’ve mentioned that the spanking bench she was helping Jill to move was the last big item we had for today, but that was just too good of a line to ignore. Maybe I’d tell her at breakfast tomorrow.

“Ok, if you’re so desperate for a break, then strip, wench!”

She looked startled at my command, but didn’t hesitate for longer than a second. A few months under Laste’s and my care did that to a girl. Less than a minute later she was naked and standing at attention with her hands behind her head, eyes forward, chest thrust out, and legs spread two feet apart.

I wasn’t mad at her, and if anything this would be a welcome diversion for the both of us. We’d all worked hard over the last six weeks to get this place ready, so a little play break would be nice. I had her bend over the spanking bench she’d just placed on the stage and asked Jill to do the honors. I went to gather some accessories from our prop stand.

She quickly had Sherri’s waist strapped tight to the small padded top, and by means of a hydraulic foot pump, raised it up until Sherri’s feet were just barely touching the ground. I handed her some cuffs and let her do the ankles

while I worked on the wrists.

We tied them off to the very edge of the base, putting Sherri into what would've been a harsh spread-eagle if she hadn't been bent over like she was. I gave the foot pedal a few more pumps until she was stretched tight and her muscles were straining against the pull.

"This is a little extreme for... mmpmph" she started to say before being interrupted by the penis gag I filled her mouth with.

I had the gag ready, expecting her to start complaining as I stretched her to the max, although I thought she would've complained a few pumps earlier. She sure had excellent flexibility and a high pain tolerance.

"I'm just making sure the hydraulics don't leak and lose pressure. It would be embarrassing to have the bench lower itself in the middle of a show. In fact, I think we'd better leave it pumped up for a while to make sure it's perfect. An hour or two should do, unless Laste thinks an overnight test would be better."

I smiled at her sudden panicked attempt at speech and escape, but her struggles barely moved the bench a millimeter (which was what I really wanted to find out). I also had no intention of leaving her there overnight, but she didn't need to know that.

"We've got three other props up here to test," Jill said with a wink in my direction, catching on to my plan. "Maybe she could test one each day for a full day. Since none of these things are bolted down, we need to make sure nothing is going to fall over."

"Yes... safety first," I agreed. "But in three days, we'll have another half-dozen items we'll need to try. Proper testing of everything could take weeks."

"I'm sure Sherri won't mind. After all, she *did* just volunteer for it."

We teased Sherri for several minutes like that, and almost unconsciously began groping and caressing her taut and helpless body. Jill stretched out beneath her and fondled her breasts while I paid attention to her ass sticking up so invitingly.

I alternated between fondling and spanking for several minutes before letting my fingers roam between her legs. She was so wet already, her juices were running down her thighs and her snatch seemed to almost suck my fingers inside with her need.

I slowly finger fucked her with one, two, and finally three fingers. I used my thumb to work her clit now and then, but I mostly stayed away from it since she looked ready to pop at any second. She'd worked harder than any of us during our renovations and deserved a reward, but it was in my nature to make her work for it.

I pulled my hand away before she could cum, and wiped my fingers off under her nose. The smell of her own arousal would be there until we decided to let her go, and it seemed to amp her arousal up even more.

Jill was rambling on about maybe keeping Sherri in bondage for our entire first year when I decided to change things up. Jill was a fully trained dominatrix now, but she was still junior to me.

"As much as I like your ideas, Jill," I said, trying to sound sweet. "We open in two weeks, and simply have too many things left to do. Sherri can't be in two places at once, and your zeal to make sure everything gets a proper trial run gives me a good idea."

She wiggled out from underneath Sherri and stood, giving me a suspicious look.

"In other words, strip, wench!"

She hadn't been expecting that at all, but a ghost of a smile made a brief appearance on her lips and she quickly removed her clothes. I looked at the three remaining items on the stage, and decided to put her in the kneeling stocks.

It could be used in the conventional way with her hands trapped on each side of her head, but in the kneeling configuration, the second half would come into play. A second stock with four openings held her hands back next to her feet.

With her legs two feet apart and her wrists outside her feet, it looked dreadfully uncomfortable. Especially since it meant she had no means of

relieving her upper body tension; her neck muscles would probably start cramping within a few minutes.

I fastened a big red ball gag behind her lips and went out into the main seating area to see how the stage looked from different angles. We'd divided the entire upper floor into smaller sections and if some areas didn't have a clear view we'd have to change the layout.

I was glad when everything checked out, since the smaller sections were my idea and I didn't want to have to get rid of them. Once we were up and running, each section would have its own theme.

Restrained French maid, kinky nurse, ponygirl, latex breath play gear, and more... the servers in each area would be dressed and restrained for a specific kink, and I thought it would help keep things fresh. Repeat business is the key to a successful club.

"Master Laste wishes to speak to you in the basement if you have a moment," Monica said from behind me, making me jump a little. I'd been lost in thought and didn't hear her come up.

"Ok, can you stay up here and make sure the girls don't get bored?"

"Yes, Mistress," she replied and headed straight for the prop stand.

Feeling lazy, I took the elevator down instead of the stairs. He was waiting for me when the doors opened, looking very excited.

"You've got to see this," he said. "It's incredible!"

"Slow down," I laughed. "It's a musty basement with exposed pipes... how incredible could it be?"

"Something's been bugging me about the layout down here, and I've been down here all night trying to figure out what it was. I finally found what I was looking for, and wanted you to see it for the first time with me."

"Should I be looking at the dirt piled in the corner, or the cockroach that just ran across the floor? That reminds me... is the exterminator still coming tomorrow?"

"Yes to the exterminator, but no to the rest. Does the wall next to the elevator look a little odd to you?"

“It looks like a wall,” I said, after looking closely at both sides to try and see what he meant. “What are you...”

I stopped myself, finally seeing what he was talking about. On the left side, the wall was in line with the back of the elevator, but the right side was flush with the front. It meant there was something hidden behind a fake wall.

I took a closer look, but couldn't see anyplace a door might be. I turned and gave him a quizzical look.

“In here,” he said, gesturing to the elevator.

He inserted the operator's key into the panel and turned it to off. A moment later he turned past off to where there were no markings, and I heard a faint click. With a flourish, he put a hand under the side rail and lifted the entire wall up!

“Lidia may have been crazy, but she was rarely stupid,” he said, releasing a section of the shaft wall to swing open. “Shall we go down the rabbit hole and see what we find?”

I nodded assent and he led the way. A switch on the wall turned on a string of lights leading downward. Apparently we had a sub-basement that wasn't on any of the plans. After about twenty steps down, we came to a heavy steel door. Luckily, the key for it was hanging on a hook next to another light switch.

I gasped as I passed the threshold, not quite believing what I was seeing. It looked like a fully equipped medieval dungeon, complete with torture equipment and jail cells. It had a torture rack, whipping post, stocks, and about a mile worth of chains hanging from the walls and ceiling. It even had what looked like an iron maiden.

The one wall that wasn't covered with chains and manacles had about every conceivable torture device I knew about, and even a few I didn't recognize. There were four open bar jail cells and two solitary cells. It was the ultimate dominatrix secret lair.

“I don't know what to say,” I whispered, completely stunned at our find.

“I'm fairly impressed myself,” he said. “The big question for us right now is

what do we do with it? Do we show it off to a few people in the inner circle, or do we keep this a secret for now?”

“We have enough on our plate right now getting the rest of the club open. Let’s keep this to ourselves for now.”

“Sounds good,” he agreed. “If nothing else, it’ll give us something new to wow them with if the club starts to become stale.”

I lost track of time and spent close to an hour going through things. I figured I’d better go release the girls so we could finish sometime tonight, and left Laste to continue his inspection. When I got upstairs, I was greeted with a trio of moans and guttural screams.

Apparently Monica had taken me literally when I said to keep them entertained. She’d evidently given each of them a vibrator and set them to run on full speed. I wondered how many orgasms I’d missed while I was busy downstairs.

She’d even decided to join in the fun herself. She’d managed to strap herself to the upright whipping post using several long leather straps and two pieces of rope. She had an inflatable gag in her mouth, and judging from the way her cheeks were puffed out, it was pumped up to the max. A simple pair of handcuffs completed her self-bondage, holding her arms behind both her and the post.

I tried to look angry, but it was hard to keep a straight face. I gave her a closer inspection and tightened up the straps she couldn’t get right by herself. She also had a toy between her legs, but it was running on the lowest possible speed.

I guess she hadn’t been given permission to have an orgasm, so the slow speed would be more of a torture than anything. She may have stepped over the line in interpreting my orders, but I gave her full marks for creativity. I decided to be somewhat nice to her and cranked her vibe up to full speed.

The look of joy in her eyes was quickly squashed when I told her she still didn’t have permission to cum. Both of us knew her orgasm was inevitable, and we both knew it would lead to punishment. After a few minutes of the vibe running on high, it looked like she stopped caring about being punished,

but she still tried to delay her orgasm as long as possible.

All in all, watching the three girls in tight bondage being forced into multiple orgasms made me extremely horny myself. I slipped a hand between my legs and found my panties were already drenched. I removed them and pulled them over her face, making sure the big wet spot was centered over her nose.

The humiliation of being forced to breathe my musky odor was the final straw, and she exploded into an orgasm that had her shaking uncontrollably for a full minute. It was so intense, I thought for a moment she'd passed out at the end, but she managed to hold on.

I left her vibe running on high and went to check on the others. Jill was in the midst of her own orgasm, and a fairly large puddle beneath her crotch let me see that she'd squirted more than once. She was obviously tired, but otherwise fine. I went to check Sherri.

With her mouth fully stuffed and her head inverted, she was having a problem with her saliva building up faster than she could clear it. I quickly removed her gag so she wouldn't start choking. It was always a danger, which is why I wanted Monica to keep an eye on things.

I decided to explain that to her by means of a flogger. I left Sherri ungagged, but kept her vibrator running. She wanted to have some fun, so she was damn well gonna get it. I selected one of the longer floggers and went back to Monica just in time to see her have a second massive orgasm.

I started working her tits over with the flogger, explaining in detail the safety rules that should've been second nature to her by now. I kept it up for a full five minutes before letting her catch her breath. She had her third orgasm at almost the instant I stopped.

"That's three times you've cum now without permission. I wonder how many lashes your Master would give you."

"Twenty per offence," he said from behind me. I was startled again, and would have to learn to pay more attention to my surroundings.

I handed him my flogger with a little curtsy. He took it, but kept staring at me.

“I was expecting Monica to return to assist me. Instead, I find her tied to a post enjoying orgasms I never permitted. I’m not exactly pleased with your decisions, Lilith, but fortunately a solution presents itself.”

“What solution?”

“It seems we have one more bondage device left to test tonight, and you don’t seem to be busy at the moment. Shall we see if we can get four simultaneous orgasms going to christen our new stage?”

My first instinct was to say ‘no way in hell’, but for some reason, the idea held a strange attraction for me. Maybe it was the fact I felt hornier than I’d ever been in my life, but whatever it was, I slowly nodded my head in agreement.

He led me over to our last prop; the St. Andrew’s cross. I was in a daze as I began removing my clothes while he went to fill a bag with items from the prop table. The cross was the largest item on the stage, having a ladder framework built on each side of it to make it easier to restrain the victim.

Our cross had two wedges to allow the model to stand in position while the straps were pulled in place and could then be removed at the end, leaving her hanging... or rather leaving *me* hanging, for tonight anyway.

Four straps on each leg, four on each arm, and three across my torso had me firmly welded in place to the lightly padded cross. I was surprised he didn’t gag me as well, but maybe he wanted to hear my moans tonight. Maybe he was hoping I’d start begging to be let down... I may not be used to being on this end of things, but since I was, I was determined to handle it like I’d expect any sub under my control.

He chuckled when he found out how wet I was, and tossed the tube of lube back into his bag. He pressed a vibrating egg deep inside me and turned it on low to keep me simmering while he fastened a butterfly vibe over my clit. I couldn’t stop myself from moaning, and began to wish he’d gagged me after all.

I’d heard all three of the other girls have another orgasm while I was being restrained, and it just fanned the embers inside me into something close to unbearable. I needed it to be me, and soon or I’d lose my mind.

I tried to jump when he turned the butterfly on, but couldn't move at all. After only twenty seconds or so, he turned the butterfly down to low, leaving me hanging with an itch I couldn't scratch. I came close to begging him to turn it back up, but bit my tongue at the last instant. There was no way I'd let him win without a fight, even though it was killing me.

He left me to stew while he delivered Monica's punishment. The sounds of the flogger striking her tits and her accompanying moans added more fuel to my fire. If this kept up, I might actually be able to cum even though my toys were running on low.

I was close, but just couldn't manage to get that extra microscopic amount of stimulation I needed to get over the edge. He finished with her punishment faster than I would've thought, and decided to be nice enough to allow her to cum without the risk of another flogging.

She came almost instantly, and I almost felt like crying. He released Jill from the stocks but told her to keep her vibe in place for now. He let her work the kinks out of her body and went to release Sherri. Both girls were soon on their feet, although they were far from steady; their legs were like jelly after all their orgasms.

"Sherri," he said. "You haven't had the chance to play with Lilith before... do you feel up to the challenge?"

"I was born ready," she replied with an evil grin on her face. "C'mon, Jill, let's have some fun."

The two girls swarmed all over me, rubbing, caressing, and teasing me without mercy. Laste went to release Monica and they both joined in my torment a few minutes later. Jill was on my left, trying to stick her tongue down my throat while mauling the tit on that side and tweaking my nipple. Monica attacked my other breast the same way.

Sherri removed the egg and began playing with my pussy, but was careful not to stimulate me too much. Laste took the butterfly remote and began toying with it while using his second hand to play with Sherri's swollen and dripping cunt.

It wasn't long before Sherri was begging him to fuck her, and Laste was

obviously more than ready himself. I felt him turn the butterfly up to full power before dropping the remote and removing Sherri's harness and dildo. She went down to her hands and knees, ass thrust up in the air behind her.

He only lowered his pants enough for his cock to spring free before guiding it between Sherri's legs and ramming it all the way home in a single hard thrust. Between the attentions I was still receiving from Jill and Monica, the sight of Sherri getting pounded by Laste, and the butterfly buzzing against my clit, I didn't last long.

My orgasm hit me so hard I couldn't scream and couldn't even breathe. I had spots in front of my eyes before I was able to draw a ragged breath, but my body didn't give my mind any time to recover. I was immediately rocked with a second orgasm, and this time I *did* scream in ecstasy.

I simply couldn't stop cumming. My second orgasm ran immediately into a third, fourth, and even, a fifth. I'd never had a string of orgasms like this in my entire life, and I wondered if it was possible to die from orgasm overload.

The butterfly was turned down some, and I finally came down from the orgasm express train I was riding. The girls stopped mauling my breasts and stepped down from the framework, coming together like long lost lovers. Laste had apparently said something to them before my brain began working again.

They each removed their vibrators, and after kissing for a few minutes, they both went behind me. I heard two clicks and then felt my body start falling forward. I had a brief moment of panic before realizing it was the cross itself; they'd released the lock holding it upright and allowed it to pivot on the center point.

They stopped me when I was horizontal and hanging beneath the cross. It definitely felt weird to be hanging under it supported by the straps, but there were enough of them that the pressure from my weight was distributed fairly well.

Jill came back around front and lay down on the floor in front of Sherri, wiggling forward until her crotch was pressed in Sherri's face. Sherri had just finished having another orgasm, and Laste slowed his thrusts down in order to prolong the experience.

Monica removed my butterfly, and it was both a relief because I was extremely sensitive down there, and a disappointment because I was still hot and bothered. She started slowly teasing me by running her finger up my labia on one side, then popping the tip of my clit with a quick flick of her fingernail, and running it back down along the other side.

At the end of each round she'd plunge a finger inside my slit and wiggle it around for a moment before beginning again. After a few cycles it became two fingers inside of me, and then three. It was an amazing technique, and I soon found myself ready to hop back on that freight train again.

Once she got up to four fingers, she stopped the teasing and got serious about finger fucking me. She started pressing harder and deeper, picking up the speed until I barely knew if her fingers were coming or going.

Without warning, she suddenly stopped that and pressed her fingers into me slowly, but with a constant increase in pressure. Just as it was becoming painful, I felt a release of the stretching as her hand made it past my lips and went fully inside of me. I was very glad she had tiny wrists.

I'd never been fisted before, and didn't think I was even capable of accepting someone's hand in there, but Monica proved me wrong. She began pounding her fist inside me for all she was worth. I knew her hands were small, but it still felt like she was wearing a boxing glove.

I felt close to another orgasm, but didn't get the release I expected. Instead, the pressure inside me just kept building higher and higher until I thought I would explode. Then she touched the vibrating egg to my clit and I did.

It felt like a bomb went off inside my pussy, filling me with fire until it was quenched by my own fluids as I started squirting, the pressure of Monica's hand causing it to spray everywhere. She kept pumping, extending my orgasm until I was completely drained, and then she pumped some more.

Sherri and Jill both came at nearly the same time, and our shared moans and screams brought Laste off as well. Monica, still fisting me for all she was worth, pressed the vibe *hard* against my clit, sending me over the edge again.

I didn't have enough air left to scream this time; I simply rode it out as it went on and on and on, until blackness engulfed me.

When I awoke, I found myself lying on one of the new sofas we'd placed upstairs, my head cushioned by Monica's lap. I felt exhausted, but incredibly content. Our impromptu orgy had relieved stress I didn't know existed, and it was well worth losing a night's worth of work.

"Welcome back," she said, gently stroking my hair. "You've been out for hours and I was beginning to worry."

"I'm fine," I said. "Better than fine, actually... what time is it?"

"It's well past midnight."

"Where are the others?"

"After we cleaned up our mess, they went downstairs to work on something so they could let you get some rest."

"If we plan on doing something like this again, maybe we should fix up the loft next door into an apartment. I know I sure don't feel like driving home right now."

"I like the apartment idea, and it beats letting the place sit vacant, but Master said we already have sleeping quarters anytime we need them."

"We do?"

"I'm not quite sure what he was talking about, but he said we're welcome to stay in the guest rooms in the sub-basement anytime we want."

I chuckled at his joke... or was it a joke?

"I'll show you later," I said, not wanting to get into an extended conversation. "But if it's all the same to you, I think I'll stick to my apartment plan... except maybe for special occasions."

I lay my head back down in her lap and fell asleep with a smile.

###

Part 12: The Fetish Auction

Opening Night

As our doorman opened the front door to let our customers in, I couldn't decide if I was more nervous or excited. This was the grand opening for our new club, and everything needed to be perfect. I was relieved to see a steady stream of people make their way inside.

It took quite a while to clear the initial line since we only brought in a few people at a time, and some of them wanted to change out of their street clothes. We made sure everyone understood the house rules, gave them their collars, and showed them to their seats.

It wasn't a slave collar we put on everybody, but was more of a gimmick; collars instead of plastic wrist bands. We had color coded collars for the few who wanted to actually play in one way or another, but most wore the generic white one.

Staggering their entry also allowed us to keep up on drink orders. Once everyone was seated, I stepped on stage and turned on the mic.

"Welcome everybody, to the grand opening of *Argentum Seges*... also known as The Silver Crop!"

I smiled as I got a few cheers and a bit of applause.

"We have several shows and demonstrations planned tonight, and will be starting the first one shortly. Until then, feel free to mingle, dance, drink and have a good time. We want to offer an environment that's both kinky and safe, so if you have any suggestions, comments or concerns, please talk to one of us, or use the cards located on the tables.

"Each comment card submitted is also an entry into our grand opening contest. We'll be holding nightly, weekly and monthly drawings for some exciting prizes. We're here to serve... some of us more than others," I finished with a sly look at Monica who was waiting in a cage beside the

stage.

Monica would be part of our first act, although her ordeal had already begun. Before letting in the crowd, we dressed her head to toe in a white latex catsuit, and chained her standing in a spread eagle with heavy steel manacles we'd bolted to the back wall of the cell.

We also stuffed a huge red ball gag in her mouth and filled her lower holes with a small vibrator and medium butt plug. The toys were our little secret, and we had them running on low to make sure she didn't get bored.

I received more applause and waited for it to die down before taking a bow and stepping down to mingle a bit myself. Public relations are important in a new venture, and I could tell a lot of people were curious about me. The DJ started playing music, but at a level that still allowed for conversation. We all hated the ear-shattering music found in most clubs these days, and were determined to buck the trend.

The bulk of the people down here were mere dabblers in the BDSM fetish scene, and this might be the first time they ever met a real live dominatrix. Some of the questions were fairly predictable, like was I really a Domme, or was this just a gimmick for the club.

Others asked to be punished, or offer their services for anyone who needed a good whipping. I kept a tight smile on my face and responded politely to each of them in turn. A lot asked where they could buy the restraints, clothes and toys needed for this kind of fun, and I thought maybe we should open a kinky gift shop. I also made a mental note to have Jill take my place on the main floor tomorrow so she could deal with these people.

Once the initial rush of the clueless cattle died down, I sat in the gaudy throne we'd installed near the cages and let the stragglers come to me. Things got better as people who were really into the scene came by to give their regards.

It was easy to tell them apart from the rest, both from their demeanor and their outfits. Polite respect seemed to be the common theme with the true lifestyle crowd, and they tended to wear quality leather and latex. A few even had their own slaves with them, although they were never introduced unless being offered for service.

I handed out access cards to some of them, which would allow them to go up to the private second floor tomorrow when it wasn't closed for our 'elite' inner circle of friends. Upstairs was where the hardcore action would take place, and we wanted to reserve it for those who would actually appreciate it properly.

Two staff members walked by and gave me a thumbs-up gesture; it was time for our first show. I stood and straightened out my tight latex miniskirt while they opened up Monica's cell. They unchained her from the wall and carried her struggling body up on stage. This was a planned act, but it looked fairly realistic to my eye, and the vanilla people probably thought it was genuine.

They cuffed her wrists behind her back with institutional leather cuffs and hooked them to a rope coming down from the ceiling. I wheeled a small cart next to her and selected a wide leather belt, wrapping it around her upper arms and pulling it tight enough to make her elbows touch.

More of the same cuffs went around her ankles so we could keep her legs apart with the four foot spreader bar. It made her footing very precarious once I pulled the rope up and forced her to bend over in a tight strappado position.

This was to be a corporal punishment demonstration, and I was going to show crop, flogger, single tail whip and cane. I decided to start with the crop, since it's what gave our club its name. Before I picked it up off the cart, I pressed the buttons on the remotes for her toys, setting both vibrator and butt plug to maximum speed.

I didn't know if Monica had ever been forced to orgasm in front of a crowd of complete strangers before, but it wasn't her decision tonight. As far as I was concerned, the toys would stay running until the batteries died ... in about eight hours.

I gave her a solid whack from the crop on each butt cheek to let her know I was ready and turned on my headset mic. I gave tips to the crowd as I worked over her ass, thighs, and breasts. She came twice before I finished with the crop, and I wondered how many of the people watching knew she was experiencing something other than pain.

I switched to the flogger and she came a third time as I started pussy

whipping her. She'd be in for a rough night if she was having this many orgasms so early. The crowd loved the show, and began cheering, whistling, and shouting encouragement for me to hit her harder and faster.

Their excitement was contagious and I let myself get carried away a little, since I kept the show going a lot longer than originally planned. Even through the catsuit, I could see lines completely covering her ass before I finished with the cane. I could guarantee she wouldn't be sitting for a while after this.

I came to my senses before pulling out the single tail; there was no way her ass could take any more. I had my men help me take her out of the strappado and suspend her with her hands above her head, so I could finish my demonstration on her stomach and breasts.

I lost track of how many orgasms she had during the show, but since she never passed out or used her emergency safe word, I figured she was doing ok and was probably even enjoying all the attention. Laste never seemed to let her have any orgasms unless it was with one (or more) of us girls.

As if conjured by my thought, he came out of the elevator to take his turn at a shift down here. We had a brief consultation, and he decided to just let her 'hang out' for a while before he began his Shibari rigging demonstration.

I left as soon as I could. I wanted to get upstairs where the real fun and games were going on.

Fun and Games

Even though there were many animated conversations going on up here, it seemed almost unnaturally quiet to me after the noise of the crowd downstairs. I stepped out of the elevator and paused for a moment to take it all in.

Someone had rearranged the furniture and pulled many of the sofas and chairs into the open area in front of the stage. The bulk of our guests were sitting together there like it was a regular social gathering, and I guess for the most part it was.

I'd hoped my themed section arrangement would've gone over better, but that was mostly for the types of people I gave cards to downstairs. Tomorrow would show us if it was a good idea or not. A few were in use, though, and I made note of which ones so we could figure out what the most popular themes were.

It didn't surprise me to see both the bound fetish maid and the ponygirl areas were both occupied. The serving girls from the kinky nurse, sexy librarian, and MILF school teacher sections were busy attending people in the main area, but the rest of them had it easy tonight.

Quite a few of our special friends preferred to use their own slaves for service instead of our waitresses. It was probably for the best, since we allowed nothing below a five inch heel on our girls, and a lot of them were having difficulties.

I made my way around the room, making sure to talk to everybody at least once and make sure everything was satisfactory. Everything was completely free up here tonight, but those who wanted to join would be charged a rather large membership fee, so I wanted no unsatisfied customers.

Jill had been working on the stage behind a curtain, and was finally ready for her first show. I took a chair next to Laste's friend Brandon to watch it for myself. It was going to be a contest, with the winner receiving a free year's

membership.

Each guest was given a tablet when they got here, and while it was mostly used to order drinks, it could also be used in conjunction with our shows. In this case, they'd be able to place their bets on how well Sherri would do.

Jill was pretty nervous about being the spokesperson on stage, and gave me an imploring look, hoping I'd go up there and take over for her. I looked her in the eye and gave her my biggest smile before deliberately turning away to summon one of the waitresses over. (I picked the roped up cowgirl since she was looking bored.)

"Ladies and gentlemen, if I may have your attention please," she began. "For your entertainment, we'd like to hold a contest that you can all participate in."

She started off a little weak, but by the time she finished explaining about the tablets and the prize, had gained some confidence. She finished her opening spiel and pulled the curtain aside. Sherri was bound in a gynecological chair with so many straps, there was hardly any skin left showing on her arms and legs.

"Our lovely volunteer is hooked up to one of Laste's deviously clever stimulation systems. She's stuffed front and back with some fairly large toys, and if you look closely, you can see she has suction cups working on both her nipples, and over the entirety of each breast. She also has a vibrating egg mashed against her clit, and everything is programmed to run intermittently with completely random settings."

She started the program and a weak moan made its way past the inflatable gag that made Sherri's cheeks resemble a chipmunk's.

"This is all about orgasm control, and how long it'll take before the program rips one out of her. She's determined to hold out as long as possible, and if she manages to somehow last the night without cumming, she'll win herself a hundred thousand dollars. It's a great incentive for her, but I'm pretty sure our money will be safe tonight."

The crowd chuckled in appreciation of her joke.

"If you haven't already, please enter your guess for how long it'll take before

she cums. For those who are interested, your tablets will also display which toys are running at any given point, and at what intensity. Thank you, and good luck.”

She took a bow and stepped down amid genuine applause to join the crowd. A few technically challenged people had to be helped with their tablets, but most figured it out easily and were already in excited conversation over how the program was running.

With Laste’s expertise in biometric sensors and his knowledge of Sherri’s body, he programmed the tablets to display a ‘horny-o-meter’, allowing everyone to see how close she was orgasm. The tablets were cool, but rather awkward to carry around everywhere. I linked my display to the TV screens scattered throughout the room so people could watch easier.

Jill had finished like a pro, and her contest idea seemed to be a big hit. I had ‘Wonder Wench’ bring her a glass of champagne to celebrate. I had one myself, visions of future contests swimming in my head.

We could maybe run a weekly show and track the best times. It might be exciting to open it up to some of the other submissives, so our friends would have a real stake in the competition. Our group was always very competitive and would probably jump at the chance.

In addition to the control contest, I bet a head-to-head multiple orgasm contest would be even more popular. We could probably put six or eight girls on stage and see who can last the longest without either passing out or using their safe word. Monica would do well in that one.

I heard some shouts turn to groans and looked up to see what happened. Apparently Sherri had come within a hair of popping, but the program changed in time and allowed her to hold it off. It was bad luck for her that the program brought her to the edge so fast; she’d have to hang on by sheer will now, and I doubted it would take long.

I’d hoped the contest would’ve lasted longer, but maybe we could go for several rounds and let the crowd bet amongst themselves. Sherri did sign up for a full night so it would be a shame to let her go after a mere twenty or thirty minutes. When I announced the modification to our plans for the night, everyone (except maybe Sherri) enthusiastically agreed with me.

It was probably the thought of having to remain on stage for the whole night that crumbled her will enough that she lost control; Sherri started cumming and cumming hard. Her chest was heaving like a bellows, and even from the floor I could see her nostrils flare as she tried to get enough air through her nose to sustain her efforts.

For someone who could barely move an inch, her carnal display was the undisputed center of attention, although the ongoing betting probably had a lot to do with it. I couldn't keep my eyes off her either, and only a small fraction of my attention was to make sure she was still doing ok.

The music suddenly cut off in mid-song from below, bringing me back to reality. I hurried over to the balcony to see what was going on. Monica was suspended above the stage from a lattice of ropes around her body, and didn't appear to be in distress, but Laste wasn't there.

I finally spotted him next to the main bar, arguing with some man. I hopped in the elevator and went to find out what was going on. The man left just as I got there, and I could see fire in Laste's eyes. He absently waved for the music to resume, but never took his eyes off the guys departing back.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"Apparently Liddy's finances were far worse than we realized," he said through clenched teeth. "She'd been living well past her means for years, and that bastard holds an encumbrance on this place."

"What? If he held a marker on this place, why didn't he come to us before we dumped a fortune on fixing this place up?"

"He did compliment us on the nice renovations we've done on *his* place."

"That prick! What's going to happen now?"

"We have until the first of the month to pay him his money in full, or he takes possession. It'll cost us two hundred grand each."

"That's only three days from now... I'm not sure I can put that kind of cash together so fast, and I know Sherri and Jill definitely can't. Can you loan us what we need?"

"I can cover my share and Monica's, but most of my free cash is locked into

investments at the moment. It'll take me at least five days to free up the rest, and the bastard won't budge on the date."

"Do you think maybe Brandon or someone would be willing to give us a short-term loan?"

"Possible, but I doubt you'd like the... umm... terms they'd want to set."

I shuddered. Thinking of what being a slave to one of them would be like, even in the short term, wasn't something I wanted to contemplate.

Thinking of the betting going on upstairs gave me an idea. Everyone up there was both rich and bored... they'd be willing to pay a lot for certain kinds of entertainment, and their competitive nature could work in our favor.

"I think I might know of a way," I slowly said. "I think we need to hold a special kind of auction for our next stage show."

The Auction

“Welcome friends, both new and old,” Laste began. “Thank you for coming to what I’m sure will be the show everyone’ll be talking about for years to come. This will be a combination of entertainment, auction and contest with our four lovely ladies. In addition, since we closed the club tonight and feel we can trust everyone here, we’ll be allowing audience participation... for the right price, of course.”

He gestured for us to join him on stage. All four of us wore identical wrist cuffs locked behind our backs, ballet boots and ankle cuffs with eighteen inch hobble chains, and tight posture collars around our necks. It made the three simple steps up to the stage a little tricky.

“Here we have the lovely Lilith, and I’m sure you’re all anxious to see her on the other side of the whip for the first and possibly only time. Next is the mighty Monica, and she’s thrown down the gauntlet for the forced orgasm contest. She’s positive she’ll outlast any and all comers... pun intended.

“A show wouldn’t be complete without the sensuous Sherri, and she’s removed most of her hard limits in order to push tonight’s entertainment to the next level. Last but not least, we have jealous Jill who’s bound (pun intended again) and determined to take anything Sherri can handle, plus more.”

“At any time during the night, any of us can propose a scene for auction. The girls are all wearing special gloves that’ll let them accept, decline or set a minimum bid price for each item. Once a show begins, there will be secondary bidding to allow adding to the scene. I’ll be available all night to answer any questions, but I think it’ll be easier to show you how it all works by starting now.”

He stepped to the side of the stage so everyone had a good view of us before continuing.

“I’d like to start off with something short and simple as a demonstration; five

minutes with a flogger. Ladies, squeeze your right hand to accept the challenge, squeeze both hands to decline your participation, or squeeze your left to set the minimum bid needed for audience participation. Each left hand squeeze will bump it up by five hundred dollars.”

There were four large viewing screens hanging above the stage in front of us so we could confirm our choices and also see how the bidding was going. Sherri and Monica simply clicked accept and let the bidding begin.

Jill selected a minimum five hundred dollars, and after a moment of thought, I pumped my left hand four times to indicate a two grand minimum. I didn’t need to raise as much money as Jill and Sherri did, so if someone wanted an early shot at me, they were going to have to pay for it.

The bids immediately started to roll in. To my chagrin, my two grand minimum was met in the first few seconds, and I wondered if I was in over my head. There were a lot of people in the crowd who would pay through the nose for a chance to top me. I might have to up the ante by a large margin for the next round.

Bidding stayed open for all until no new bids were proposed for sixty seconds. During that time, people started adding options for each of us. Monica’s bidding finished first and she earned four hundred dollars for the flogging.

She also got an additional three hundred from the same guy for letting him put on nipple clamps and shove a pair of inflatable dildos into her pussy and ass. It seemed like a lot for a few simple things, but since the guy would get to grope her pretty intimately, I guess it was worth it from his point of view.

Sherri got a total of six hundred for the flogging and a large vibrator, while Jill raked in twelve hundred for just the flogging with no options. Even though she was newly confirmed in her title as Mistress, she’d be able to command a premium similar to me.

My bidding was still going strong, even though I had to decline a few things. There was no way I’d allow a number ten butt plug up my ass... the thing looked bigger than a wine bottle. Someone tried for the number eight plug next, and I declined again.

I reluctantly agreed to the number six, but because it was still way bigger than I was comfortable with, set the minimum for another two grand. I swore under my breath as it was immediately met and bumped up quickly to five grand as people fought for the chance.

When the bidding finally stopped, my total was twelve thousand five hundred dollars for butt plug, blindfold, clover clamps, ball gag, and a medium size vibrator. Not bad for a short session, but terrible for me in the long run... the way the bidding was going, I was going to be hard pressed to make it through the night.

Monica's flogging had just begun, but I only got to watch it for a few seconds. Laste put a padded leather mask over my upper face, buckling it tight enough to make sure I wouldn't be able to shake it off. My hands were then unclipped and fastened to a hook above my head.

I heard him walk away, and someone else approach a moment later. I felt rubber touch my lips, so I opened my mouth to allow him (or her, I had no idea who actually won) to gag me. It was a much larger ball than I was used to, but it was also very soft and compressed enough to get behind my teeth fairly easily.

It sure filled my mouth, though, and I was glad I only had to wear it for five minutes or so. She (I felt long fingernails brush my cheek) then buckled the gag tight enough that the straps were digging painfully into the corners of my mouth, and the ball was pulled into the back of my mouth, almost causing me to choke on it.

I felt her fingernails start to pinch my nipples, and after a minute of rubbing and tweaking they were fully erect. I knew they were coming, but I still had to bite down hard on the gag to stop from screaming when she applied the clover clamps. She pulled my nipples out hard before letting the jaws snap shut around the very base of each one.

The vibrator was next, and it was already running on high speed as she began rubbing it up and down between my pussy lips in order to coat it with some of my natural lubrication. I was already drenched down there, and wouldn't need any other lube. She played with me for another minute before guiding it home and slowly pushing it deep inside me.

I had to hold it in place while she moved to the rear, which proved difficult while she was inserting the large butt plug. That was probably part of her plan, since it meant she got to work me over with the plug for several minutes until finally getting it deep enough for my sphincter to lock around the narrow part near the base.

A crotch rope was quickly and expertly wound around my waist, down the front and between my legs, around the rope in the back, and between my legs again before being tightened up and tied off. It was the type of harness usually referred to as a 'crotch-cutter', and now I knew why; that thing fucking hurt!

At least it hurt for a few minutes, but apparently she was having trouble deciding which flogger to use, so the toy buzzing away between my legs was really starting to have an effect on me. The crotch cutter was also transferring a lot of vibrations directly onto my clit, and I was afraid I might have an orgasm if she didn't hurry up.

Again, it was probably part of her plan. My five minute scene would most likely run to fifteen or twenty minutes before it was all said and done. It irritated me, but mostly because it was something I would do if I was on the other end of things.

The first blow of the flogger caught me totally by surprise and set my ass ablaze with pain. A second later and a matching blow seared across the other side, and I howled into the gag. I tried to dance away from the blows, but she simply had Laste pull the rope to stretch me tighter until my toes were just barely touching the floor.

Once I was taut, she began swinging the flogger in earnest, slowly picking up the speed as she got into her rhythm. She wasn't hitting quite as hard as she did with her initial two blows, but the speed of her strikes meant the combined pain was building up incredibly fast.

The only thing stopping me from constantly wailing was the fact I couldn't catch my breath fast enough to keep screaming. I heard Laste call out 'three minutes remaining', and felt her stop. My ass was on fire, but the brief respite was enough to let me take a few deep breaths which helped a lot.

For a second, that is, until I felt the tips of the flogger rip across the bottom of

my right breast. She quickly resumed her former speed, striking randomly at different parts of my breasts, but thankfully avoiding any direct hits on my clamped nipples.

She still sent the clamps bouncing in all directions from the follow-throughs on her blows, which was bad enough to make me cry. 'One minute left' I heard Laste yell out. She stopped again, and I thought she was going to go back to my ass for the finale.

Boy was I wrong. She began pussy whipping me with an underhand stroke that simply took my breath away. The crotch cutter forced my labia out and made for an unparalleled target. To make matters worse, it also sent me over the edge.

I began shaking and howling with the combined pain and pleasure, and even I couldn't say which felt stronger at the moment. The continued blows helped extend my orgasm, and it must've lasted for the full final minute since I never even heard Laste call time.

I only knew it was over when my arms were lowered and my 'extras' were removed. Once the butt plug was out, I was given a chair to sit in since my legs were quite wobbly. Surprisingly, my ass didn't hurt too much when I sat.

Once the blindfold was removed and I got used to the light again, I saw the other girls were sitting calmly in chairs of their own. I guess they'd finished long before I did.

"The next item up for bid is a two girl contest. The top two girls selected will be tied to each other in a sixty-nine position so they can eat each other out. The loser is the one who cums first, and will be punished by ten lashes from the cane. The winner takes home the full amount from both girls."

I decided to sit this one out since I'd just been worked over by a real expert with a flogger, and I was already far ahead dollar wise. It got me a few boos, but the crowd was having too good of a time to complain much.

It wound up being Jill and Monica, with a combined forty-two hundred dollar pot. I immediately felt sorry for Jill, since while she had a talented tongue, Monica was in another league altogether. Jill didn't have a chance.

It actually took longer for Laste to tie them together and stick his biometric sensors on the girls than it did for the actually pussy licking. Jill either knew from the start she was doomed, or was still turned on from the flogging round.

Jill was on the top layer of the sixty-nine, and was ordered to stay as she was and continue trying to give Monica an orgasm while being caned. I didn't know the man who came up to deliver the strokes, although he looked vaguely familiar.

Laste cautioned him against drawing blood with his lashes, stating it would be an immediate fifty thousand dollar fine and a lifetime ban from the club. He nodded his acknowledgement and selected a whippy rattan cane. He took a few practice swings to get the feel of it and moved into position beside them.

His first two blows were so fast, they almost blended together. A few seconds later and I could see a line appear on each butt cheek, perfectly in line with each other. Jill raised her head to howl at the pain, but then rammed her head down hard into Monica's pussy to muffle her screams.

Another pair of quick lashes and two more lines appeared just below the first ones. This guy was better with the cane than I was, and his technique was amazing. He seemed to be using the recoil from the first hit to assist his second strike. I'd have to give that a try later and see if I could figure out how he did it.

It was all over in a minute, and Jill had two sets of perfectly matching stripes on her ass. It also looked like Monica had been close to cumming but needed just one more minute, the poor girl. They were released and allowed to sit again. (Jill elected to remain standing.)

"Our next item up for bid will be a thirty minute predicament bondage scene, with the option to double down and make it an hour. All items and toys are allowed under the usual rules, but only light corporal since it's a fairly lengthy show."

All four of us were in on this one, and we all agreed to the double down possibility as well. There were so many options available, that the bidding process seemed to go on forever. As expected, everyone wanted a piece of

me and I was actually holding up the show with all the ideas being thrown my way.

Laste decided to start with the other girls while the bidders figured out what to do with me. Sherri's scene was both simple and devious. She was restrained in a latex three-quarter length straitjacket, with her thighs tied to the floor with just enough slack so she could only squat.

Below her was a sybian machine with a massive cone shaped dildo mounted on top. The tip was inside her pussy just enough to make sure she couldn't move off of it. Nipple clamps were then attached to her tits and tied off to the ceiling hook, making her want to stay as still as possible, although there was a tiny bit of slack... unless she sat down.

Being forced to squat like that for any length of time would be murder on her legs, and sooner or later they'd give out, forcing her to impale herself on the massive cone. The stimulation from the powerful sybian would also make it happen much faster, as it forced her to cum over and over.

Monica got off fairly easy with her predicament. She was strapped to the whipping post in a kneeling frog tie, with rice scattered below her. Kneeling on rice kind of sucked, but it could've been a lot worse.

She also wore nipple clamps, which were tied off above her and around the post. A thong braided into her hair was tightly tied to the floor behind her to keep her from leaning too far forward. She had to maintain a precarious balance in order to keep from tormenting herself. A magic wand vibrator between her legs provided the distraction needed to make it interesting.

Jill's predicament wasn't as strict, but would be the most painful out of the three of them. She was gagged, blindfolded, and had her hands tied to the ceiling hook again, but this time behind her back. Her elbows were tightly cinched together and when they raised the hook, it forced her into a nasty strappado.

A three foot spreader bar kept her legs apart, and provided the anchor point for her set of nipple clamps. A tray beside her held a dick-on-a-stick, a magic wand vibrator, and a TAZapper. Being blindfolded, she'd never know what combination to expect, and I expected her to be involuntarily moving a lot more than she probably thought.

By the time they were all ready, my final bids came through, and I was more than a little daunted at the list I'd agreed to. Individually each item was of little consequence, but looking at them all together at the same time was almost enough to make me tap out. I gulped and hit accept.

My scene would take a bit of time to organize, so Laste decided to let the shows finish for the other girls first and I'd get a *slight* break. I was gagged, blindfolded, and had my collar tied to the floor. It meant I could sit, but couldn't straighten up all the way, and was more of a humiliation than anything else.

One by one I heard each girl finish her show, and then it was my turn. The rope was untied and I was led over to the hitching post we planned on using in the occasional ponygirl show. I was turned around so my back was to it, and then my legs were forced wide apart and tied to the uprights.

My cuffs were removed, but quickly replaced with an armbinder that had my elbows grinding together inside the tight leather. One of our ponygirl waist belts was wrapped around my stomach and tied to the horizontal bar.

For how fast they got me restrained, there must have been at least three people working on me, but I didn't mind since it meant I could get this over with a little bit faster. I decided this would be my last scene for the night, no matter what.

A rope bra was quickly woven below, above, around and between my breasts, causing them to engorge with blood and become more sensitive for what was to come. I had nipple clamps attached to me like the other girls, but unlike them, I also had electrodes from a TENS unit stuck all over me.

I had one under each nipple, two on the sides of each breast, four on my ass, four on my thighs, and two outside each labia lip. I also had a glass butt plug with electrodes shoved up my ass, but that was going to run on a different predicament program.

Once all of those were attached, I was slowly bent backwards over the bar with my arms pulled out to the wall. It was a sort of horizontal strappado, and it sucked a lot more to experience it in person than it did to read as a description on a screen.

A short piece of string was tied between each nipple clamp, pulling them close together, and then upwards as another string went to a pulley above me. This was the part I was really dreading.

On the other end of the string was an empty one gallon bucket that would slowly fill up through my session unless I was very, very careful. A trembler switch clipped to the bottom of my posture collar would open a water valve and allow a shot of water into the bucket each time I moved too much.

A full gallon of water weighted more than eight pounds, and was something to be avoided at all costs. Holding still would require extreme concentration and breath control, since the waist belt squeezing my belly made me breathe more from the chest. All of the other distractions I'd have to face were just icing on the cake.

My gag and blindfold were removed and I had a brief respite before they continued. I saw Claire remove her panties and drop them into an aroma canister. She put many more pairs in as well; probably from every girl in the place based on the amount I could see, and each pair had an obvious wet patch which she delighted in showing me before adding them to the can.

I lost my sight again as she slid a gas mask with blacked out lenses over my face. The long corrugated hose coming from the mask was connected to both the aroma canister and a rebreather bag. My oxygen supply was immediately cut in half, and what I could get had an almost overpowering odor of feminine musk.

A small microphone inside the mask would pick up any sounds I made and activate the electrodes on the butt plug. The louder the noise I made, the more powerful the shocks would be. I began to wish I had the gag back, since being quiet was not something I was very good at.

I felt someone pull the string attached to my nipple clamps, and I grunted from the sudden pain. The sound of my grunt activated the butt plug and sent a very painful shock through me. Holy shit, they must've really turned up the sensitivity and power on the thing.

I felt something cold drip over my pussy, and I almost laughed... I didn't really need any extra lube down there. Someone still rubbed it around and into my pussy before I felt the tip of a dildo slide in an inch or so. I was

suddenly glad for the extra lube, since it was a lot bigger than the one I was expecting.

Once they were satisfied with the positioning, they turned it on and I was slowly impaled by Laste's pneumatic fucking machine. He set the stroke to about six inches, (which was just far enough for the vibrating finger to tap my clit) and slowly ramped up the speed. I felt a periodic spurt from the tip which was actually more lube, although it felt a lot like real ejaculate.

Once it got up to two thrusts per second, I found I needed to keep control of my body better. I was being pounded hard enough to activate the trembler switch, and I could already feel an increased pull on my nipples. It was a bad sign, especially in the first five minutes.

They must've been watching me fairly closely, because as soon as I got my body's motion under control, they activated the TENS unit. Just like the butt plug, it was set a little higher than it should've been, and was especially bad with the electrodes under my nipples and the ones on each side of my pussy.

If I tightened up my stomach and chest, then I could stop the twitches enough to keep the trembler from activating, but then I couldn't get enough air in my lungs. My legs were also starting to burn from the strain of keeping them locked against the pounding of the dildo.

A moan escaped my lips, earning me another shock from the butt plug; this was a *real* predicament, and I began to doubt I'd last a whole hour like this. Why on Earth was I stupid enough to ever allow the double-down rule?

I needed to concentrate, and started with my breathing. The oxygen-poor air I had to make do with wasn't enough to satisfy my body's growing needs, especially as the relentless dildo was bring me closer and closer to orgasm.

Between the strong odor coming off the panties and the lack of real air, I could almost envision myself as having my head stuck all of the way inside someone's pussy. I also think I might've been becoming a little loopy as my body fell deeper into oxygen debt.

I lost control of absolutely everything as I began to cum. My legs gave out which meant I was bounced around by the fucking machine, and my whole body was shaking from both the orgasm and the electricity. I used what little

air I had left to scream in a mixture of ecstasy and pain, which set the butt plug off and compounded the problem.

I was nothing more than a twitching rag doll by the time it was over. Someone must have opened up the rebreather valve, as I suddenly got a big burst of fresh air for the first time in ages. It lasted just long enough for me to get back in control again before closing back off to what might have been an even more restrictive level.

I had no idea how many times I triggered the trembler switch during my orgasm, but my nipples were definitely feeling the pull now. I also had no idea how long the scene had been running for, but figured it had to be close to over by now. Boy, was I ever wrong... I was actually stupid enough to swear out loud and shock myself when I heard Laste call out 'fifteen minutes gone, forty five left'.

The mechanical dildo didn't care about my dire straits and kept pounding away, slowly forcing me to another inevitable orgasm and a repeat of my earlier performance. When I came the second time, I simply couldn't stop screaming and came close to blacking out.

I got my extra air for much longer this time, but had it cut back the second I seemed to be with it again. My nipples felt like they were close to being ripped off by now, but the sheer amount of pressure it put on my chest actually helped keep the trembler steady. It was a pretty stupid thing to be grateful for.

My head was constantly swimming now, and my ragged breath was often loud enough to earn me a shock from the butt plug. I heard Laste call out the halfway point just before my third orgasm struck and sent me into the now familiar loop of pleasure, pain, and asphyxiation.

Something pungent assaulted my nose this time, bringing me back to reality much quicker than before. I think they added something like smelling salts to the aroma canister to help keep me awake and alert. It worked, but it made my eyes water like I'd been chopping onions for the last hour.

I was sure I'd activated the trembler many more times, but I couldn't tell the difference anymore; my nipples were in constant agony at this point, as was my ass. No matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't keep quiet anymore, and

the butt plug was shocking me almost non-stop.

My orgasms started coming faster and harder now, and in a brief moment of clarity, I wondered if they added something else to the aroma canister to get me amped up. Then I slipped into sub-space, and it just didn't matter anymore.

All of my pain and pleasure became intertwined and it felt like I was in the midst of an orgasm that lasted forever. I found myself screaming as much as I was able, just to keep the butt plug firing and drive me to new plateaus. Time no longer mattered, only the orgasm did.

A new searing pain suddenly ripped through me and yanked me back to myself for a moment. It felt like my nipples were just ripped off, but a hard punch to the gut followed by some cold water gave me enough of a clue to figure out what happened.

The weight of the bucket had finally been enough to pull the clover clamps off my tits, and the punch to the stomach was the bucket falling on me. That split second of clarity was all I had left, though, as the pain sent me into my most intense orgasmic peak of the night, and this time I actually did pass out.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself still upstairs at the club, but laying back in a recliner. Laste and the girls were sitting near me and chatting, but it looked like everyone else had already left.

I tried to sit up, but didn't have enough energy or coordination at the moment. My movement was enough to get Jill's attention, though.

"Welcome back, hon," she said. "Just sit there and take it easy, and have a drink."

She picked up a water bottle with a straw and held it to my lips. I never knew water tasted so damn good before. I felt much better after a few sips and was able to ask what was going on.

"Well," Laste began. "Your show pretty much drained the bank for our whole crowd, so we ended early tonight."

“Did we earn enough to save the club?”

“Yes and no. It’s ironic that Jill, who needed the most money earned the least, yet you cleaned up almost a quarter-mil.”

“How the hell did I earn that much?”

“It was an expensive scene to begin with, and everyone wanted in on it. When the bids got too high, partnerships were formed and funds pooled. I think everyone knew they’d never get another chance like that, and nobody wanted to be left out. None of them thought you’d last the whole hour either, and you won a substantial bonus from their bets.”

“What about Jill and Sherri?”

“We struck a new deal at the end, and both of us got all the money we needed,” Sherri said. “It was sort of like a final auction.”

“Oh?”

“I got the idea from when Laste said he had a private fetish dungeon,” Jill answered. “We both agreed to a private twenty-four hour session with her next weekend, and we got the cash in advance. Liddy’s dickhead debtor is already paid off in full.”

“Her?”

“Mistress Grey,” Sherri answered in a subdued voice.

“She also said she’d double her whole payment if you’d be willing to join us.”

“Not a chance,” I snorted. “Tonight was bad enough, but if you signed up for a whole day of Claire’s full attention, it’ll make my ordeal look like fuzzy handcuffs and a feather. You have no idea what you just signed up for.”

I could see the worry enter their eyes, but didn’t have the strength left to keep talking. I closed my eyes to rest and fell asleep with one final thought:

I wondered if Claire would let me watch.

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Part 13: The Fetish Dungeon

Risk vs. Reward

“I wonder where she’s at,” Sherri said, for about the tenth time. “You’d think someone who put up so much money for the privilege of getting to top us for the day would at least want to be here on time.”

“From her point of view, it doesn’t matter when she arrives,” I replied. “The deal was for twenty four hours from the time she begins with us, so she won’t be losing anything by starting late.”

“Maybe not, but I might lose something; my mind.”

“You can’t lose what you ain’t got, girl.”

She stuck her tongue out at me and began pacing. “I just want to get this over with. I think the waiting is harder than anything she could do to us.”

I laughed at that. “If you really think that, then you’re in for a rude awakening. This is Claire Grey we’re talking about, and she doesn’t hold the reputation as the cruelest mistress in the inner circle for nothing. Even Laste and Lilith tread lightly around her.”

“Gee, thanks for all the help in calming me down and making me feel better about this.”

“I’m nervous too, but I trust her to respect our hard limits. Laste brokered the contract for us and the deal was witnessed by most of the council. She wouldn’t risk alienating her friends by going too far with us. It’s all about risk vs. reward, and since we already took our reward, for better or worse we’re stuck with the risk.”

“You girls aren’t thinking of backing out on your deal with Claire, are you?” Lilith asked as she stepped into our living room from the club next door. I guess she caught the end of our conversation.

“No,” I quickly replied. “But we reserve the right to piss our pants in fear of

what we've gotten ourselves into."

"I wouldn't worry *too* much," she chuckled. "She only agreed to pay as much as she did because you two girls are sort of famous this year. Sherri has almost superstar status after her record breaking performance in the ponygirl show, and you're the newest mistress to join our inner circle."

"So we're curiosities, is that it?"

"Something like that," she agreed. "Let's go get a drink and I'll explain a few things to you."

Our new apartment next to the fetish club was still mostly unfinished and sparsely furnished, but having an unlimited amount of food and drink available just a few feet away was a nice perk. It was also nice to be able to join in the fun anytime we wanted with our private door into the member's only section.

Tonight was one of the nights when it was reserved exclusively for our inner circle, and normally we'd be in there already as either hostesses or as part of the show. It was a lot of hard work, but we all loved it. Sherri and I took a seat in an empty sofa with the largest group while Lilith went to order some drinks from one of the themed waitresses who wasn't busy.

The stage show tonight consisted of slaves and subs brought by our guests. These people were among the most competitive men and women on the planet, and the chance to show off how well they trained their girls was highly sought after.

There were six girls competing on stage tonight in an endurance contest. Each one was naked, gagged, and bound in a tight hogtie. They had their heads pulled back and tied to their elbow ropes, forcing them to look straight ahead at the crowd.

Each one also had a pair of Laste's biometric feedback toys inside them, running at whatever speed their masters and mistresses decided they could handle without cumming. For every ten seconds of operation, the girl would receive points based on how fast the vibrators were running.

If a girl did cum, she would lose half of her accumulated points, which would send them straight to the bottom of the leaderboard. Scores were

automatically updated and displayed on the large TV screens scattered throughout the room. It was a tricky balancing act to keep the toys running fast enough to stay on top of the standings, yet deny the slaves their orgasm.

As I watched, the girl in second place was being worked hard in order to pass the leader, but was stimulated too hard and too fast. She came in an explosive orgasm and instantly dropped to last place. A combination of swearing, laughter, and cheers erupted from the floor, and some money changed hands.

I felt sorry for the girl since she'd probably be punished for being the first one to cum, but this was a marathon session and she might be able to make a comeback before the end of the night. I really wanted to watch the show, but it kept reminding me of what I might be forced to endure when Claire finally showed up.

Our drinks arrived via the girl dressed as the fetish maid. I was intimately familiar with that costume, as I was forced to wear it once myself as part of the price I paid for my training. Her arms were trapped behind her in a box-tie pouch, and her serving tray was held in place by chains connected to her nipples.

I saw a battery pack on the tray as well, and knew she had a pair of Laste's devious devices keeping her distracted down below. I was surprised she agreed to the toys, but each girl working for us was paid a bonus based on how many accessories they wore during their shift, and the money added up fast.

I took my glass and immediately drank half of it to help settle my nerves. I saw Sherri drain her entire glass without stopping, and knew her anxiety was still running on max. I tossed back the rest of my drink and ordered us another round.

We shouldn't really be drinking tonight, but I figured one more wouldn't hurt. I was already feeling pleasantly warm from my first one, and I could feel the tension practically running out of my body.

"Good evening, ladies," I heard from behind me. It was Claire... I mean Mistress Grey now. If I called her Claire while she was topping me, she'd whip me into next week.

“Hello, Mistress,” I said, getting into sub mode. “Do we have time for another quick drink before we begin? We’re both pretty nervous about this.”

She leaned over the back of the sofa and put an arm around the pair of us. “One drink is all you’ll need, and we’ve already begun.”

I wasn’t quite sure what she meant; I seemed to be having a little trouble thinking straight. She stood up and came around front of us. I thought it would be a good gesture to go to my knees in the proper slave waiting posture, but my legs gave out halfway through and I fell back into the sofa.

The room seemed to be spinning and I couldn’t seem to regain my balance. I tried again and made it up this time, but immediately slipped sideways and fell to the ground. I wanted to apologize for my clumsiness, but my mouth wouldn’t form the words right. I’m pretty sure my mumbles were completely incoherent.

“Yes, my dear,” she said from what seemed a million miles away. “We’ve already begun.”

My body was completely unresponsive now and my brain felt well on the way to joining it. The last thing I felt was a rope pulling my arms together behind my back and then the world faded to black.

Jill's Ordeal

I woke up in slow stages. I wasn't even sure I was awake at first, since opening my eyes didn't do any good. It probably took me a good five minutes to figure out I was wearing a discipline hood that didn't have any openings for my eyes.

My mouth was parched, but a ring gag kept me from closing it and working my saliva around. I tried to remove it, but found my hands were held immobile above my head and to the sides. I started weakly thrashing in a panic, but didn't get anywhere.

My legs were also securely bound; I was in a spread eagle position on my back, lying on something hard and uncomfortable. I stopped struggling as my memory started coming back... I was in Mistress Grey's hands now, and there was no way out for the next twenty four hours.

"I see someone finally woke up," she said from beside me. "Sorry about slipping you the mickey, but Jerry has this huge fetish about seeing girls being drugged or chloroformed before getting tied up. He so rarely gets a chance to see it for real, and I owed him a favor."

I felt her start pinching my nipples with her long fingernails, slowly increasing the pressure until I was howling into my gag. Yeah, I was awake now.

"I'll have to admit it kind of turned me on as well," she continued.

"Watching your struggles get weaker and weaker, seeing your eyes glaze over and roll up in your head, feeling your limp body being completely under my control before I even used the first rope. I was feeling pretty fucking hot by the time you two were bound and brought down to the dungeon."

I'd almost forgotten about Sherri. I briefly wondered how she was doing, but then Mistress Grey stopped mauling my nipples long enough to snap a pair of clamps onto them and I howled again. A moment later I felt my arms and legs being pulled away from me, all at the same time.

Shit... I was strapped down on the torture rack. If this was just the opening act, what would it be like when she started getting serious? I tried to beg her to stop, but the gag prevented me from any real speech. Luckily, she stopped just before I was about to grunt the safe word SOS code.

The safe word wouldn't get me out of the weekend, but accidents can happen, and it gave me a way to stop a scene if I was in genuine distress... like if she pulled my arms out of my sockets. I felt pressure around my forehead and the snaps holding the blindfold to my mask were undone.

The lighting in the dungeon was subdued, but it still took me a minute to blink my eyes clear after being in the dark for so long. She was standing above me with her hands on her hips and her legs spread wide.

From my point of view, I could clearly see the moisture between her legs that coated her swollen pussy and was running down both her thighs. She wasn't kidding when she said how horny she was. She knelt down until her pussy was pressing against my face, cutting off my air supply.

"You know what to do," she said after a minute of watching me struggle for air. "I'll tell you a little story while you're busy taking the edge off."

She moved enough to allow me to breathe again, and I took several deep gasps before going to work on her hungry snatch.

"One time when I was vacationing in Belize, I got the chance to spend a day in the jungle with one of the local Mayan tribes. At dinnertime I got to try some of the indigenous cuisine, and found I had a rather extreme allergic reaction to one of the herbs they used to flavor the meal."

She began humping my face as I ate her out, and I had to time my breathing in order to get enough air. She seemed close to popping, even though I'd barely gotten started.

"It wasn't a dangerous reaction or anything, and I didn't break out or have trouble breathing, but I had to excuse myself early from the festivities. What it did to me could probably be compared to what would happen if you ate a pound of Spanish fly and washed it down with a gallon of espresso. It ... oh God... ahhhhhh."

Whatever she was about to say was interrupted as she started cumming. She

clenched her thighs tight to my head while her orgasm washed through her, but luckily I could still breathe a bit through my nose. The smell of her musk was overpoweringly strong, but also pleasant and kind of erotic. She hadn't commanded me to stop licking, so I kept going as best as I could while she thrashed in the throes of her ecstasy.

"What was I saying?" she asked once she finally came down. "Oh yes... the herb. It unfortunately doesn't affect most people the way it does me, or I'd make a rather large fortune importing it. It would probably fetch a higher price per gram than cocaine."

If the herb was as powerful of an aphrodisiac as she claimed, I'd have to try it myself some day and hope I was allergic as well. It sounded fun.

"The Mayan tribe probably thought they poisoned me or something, since I was up all night masturbating in the back seat of my car. I must've cum at least two dozen times. Let me tell you, I was never gladder to have dark tinted windows as I was that night."

She began cumming again, and this time she also squirted. I began choking on it and could barely swallow fast enough; it even sprayed up my nose, causing me more difficulties. By the time I could breathe properly again, she'd finished cumming and resumed her story.

"Ever since that night, I make sure I have a good supply of the herb on hand at all times, although I try not to use it too often. However, since this is a special occasion, I took a triple dose while waiting for you two to wake up.

"As you can probably tell, it's already working its magic on me, and will most likely last all weekend. In case you were wondering, it's actually rather delicious and sort of tastes like sage. It's great in chicken soup. But that's enough chit-chat for now; hurry up and give me one more good orgasm before I go and have some fun with Sherri."

I was already licking as fast as I could, and if she wanted me to do any better she'd have to get rid of the stupid ring gag. Even with a tired tongue, I still managed to bring her off again within a couple of minutes.

When she recovered from her orgasm this time, she immediately leaned back and jammed a penis shaped plug into the ring. It went deep enough to tickle

my throat, and I had to fight off the gag reflex it caused. Once she saw I was ok in dealing with it, she climbed down my body and briefly put her own tongue to use.

She chuckled when she found out I was already wet and leaned over to grab some toys from the side table. I briefly saw the cone shape of a butt plug before it disappeared between my legs. She slowly worked in into my pussy, twisting and pumping it in order to coat it with my natural lubrication.

She pressed it against my rosebud and I tried to relax as much as I could so it wouldn't hurt too bad going in. It actually slid home without too much trouble for once, and she put a waist belt on me to hold everything in place once she was finished.

She had an evil grin on her face as she held up the vibrator so I could see what was coming. It was the one that looked like three balls connected together, each one larger than the part before it. It also had a finger nub that would press against my clit once the thing was all the way inside me.

She took her time inserting it, watching my pussy spread and contract as each ball passed my pussy lips. She pulled it out and repeated the process several times, which was enough to make me extremely hot and bothered, even without any vibrations.

She finally grew tired of that and shoved it all the way in, quickly locking it there with the belt. She pulled the crotch strap several notches too tight, forcing the toys deeper inside me and causing the finger to mash my clit hard enough to hurt.

She pressed a button on a control hanging from the ceiling and I heard chains rattle above my head. The top of the rack was slowly raised by the winch until I was at a forty-five degree angle. She checked something below my feet and adjusted the table a little more before nodding to herself in satisfaction.

She let go of the control box and picked up an inflator bulb that she quickly screwed into something between my legs. As she took her first few pumps, I felt the pressure in my ass start to rise, and now knew why it had gone in so easily; it was an inflatable butt plug.

She kept squeezing the bulb until the sheer pressure of my innards kept her from inflating it any more. It felt like I had a boxing glove up my ass by the time she gave up. She dropped the bulb and left it dangling between my legs for now.

Even as her left hand made its way between her legs, she picked up a tablet with her right and placed it on the bottom ledge of the rack. She was looking me straight in the eye as she pressed an icon to start a program running.

The vibrator in my pussy roared to life at full blast, causing me to jump the tiny amount my tightly stretched limbs allowed. It drew a deep moan out of me, and even though it was a little harsh to start out this way, I was looking forward to the orgasm it was bound to give me.

I had my eyes closed in ecstasy and must've missed her activating another program, because a sudden searing pain on my left foot brought me back to Earth in a hurry. My eyes flew open and I saw her still staring at me, this time with a cruel smile on her face. A moment later and I felt the same searing pain lance through my right foot.

"As a reward for my first few glorious orgasms of the night, I'm allowing you to cum as many times as you want. Unfortunately for you, I also strongly believe in balance, so I borrowed Laste's bastinado machine and programmed it to strike the soles of your feet randomly."

The next swipe hit my right foot again, catching me off guard. I hated that fucking machine.

"Enjoy yourself, and if you get bored, I raised the table up so you can get a good view of the fun I'm about to have with Sherri. After all, why should our friends upstairs be the only ones enjoying the show."

My eyes flew wide open again. I thought this was supposed to be a private session, meaning my humiliation would be limited to just us. If this was being shown on the screens upstairs, I'd die of embarrassment the next time I saw them.

Despite the pain I was enduring, the humiliation and futility of my situation seemed to overcome rational thought; my eyes rolled up and I started cumming hard. I still had both the smell and the taste of her pussy tainting

every breath, and it added to the humiliation, but also drove me to a higher peak than usual for a first orgasm.

I was almost crying by the time my orgasm faded, but I managed to hold my tears back. We had a long way to go still, and I didn't want everyone to know how fast she managed to break me.

Sherri's Service

I could clearly hear what Mistress Grey was saying and doing to Jill, but couldn't spare the attention needed to make sense of it all. I had my own trials and tribulations to deal with.

I woke up lying on a table in a cruelly tight split-leg hogtie, with my elbows crushed together until the bones were aching. I had a spider gag forcing my mouth wide open that had to be the product of some demented dentist, and a hook in my nose that forced me to keep my head up and stare into a mirror mounted on the wall in front of me.

A dildo the size of a pick-up truck was lodged in my pussy, running just enough to keep me on the very verge of cumming without allowing any relief. The only good thing about my situation was that I was spared the indignity of a plug up my ass.

I saw her approach from behind me and heard the click as she unlocked the wheels of the table. She moved me along the wall that held the various torture implements, grabbing items she wanted to play with before parking me in front of Jill and relocking the wheels.

I heard a chain rattle above me and felt a cold steel hook touch my back. She put it around a rope back there and started slowly raising it with an electric winch. It put a painful new tension onto my already aching arms, but once I was vertical, the shift in weight seemed to transfer the pressure along the whole harness and it became tolerable again.

Once I was about a foot off of the table, she stopped the winch and I found myself bouncing slightly. There must be some sort of bungee cord supporting me back there. I watched as she tied two clover clamps together with a length of sisal string before tossing one end over the pulley above me.

My nipples had been standing at attention ever since I woke up, so she didn't need to waste time getting them hard. Both clamps bit down within a few seconds of each other, causing me to gasp in pain.

She removed the slack from the string and retied it once my nipples were pointed toward the ceiling. It hurt a fair amount, but not as much as expected. She was probably still warming up.

I didn't see what she was about to add next because she suddenly froze and put it back down after a moment's thought. She went over to the wall again and came back with a long single tail whip.

"I'll admit I'm pretty fucking horny right now, but I want to draw it out until I can't stand it anymore. A little bit of fun with the whip is just the thing I need right now to get me ready for a marathon fuck-fest."

Her first blow caught the bottom of my right breast and came back on my left before the initial pain had even registered. Within a minute I had about two dozen stripes along my chest and stomach, and I was screaming non-stop.

Through either mercy for me or a need to share the pain, she gave me a minute to catch my breath as she spun around and starting whipping Jill. She was in the midst of an orgasm when Mistress Grey switched her attentions, and it caught her totally off guard.

The sudden new pain was bad enough that she somehow managed to expel the plug from her ring gag. I'd never seen that happen before, and it even looked like Mistress Grey was surprised. She laughed and paused long enough to totally remove the discipline helmet and ring gag. My gag also came out, to my great relief.

"Gags are fun, but I want to hear you girls scream and beg for mercy," she said. "It won't do you any good, of course, but it's like music to my ears."

She resumed whipping us, switching back and forth every minute or so. If screams were music, then we gave her a duet worthy of the finest concert hall. She was panting almost harder than we were by the time she threw down the whip. I saw Jill was completely covered by red welts, and expected my chest looked just as bad.

"Ok, that's enough of that," she said, grabbing a strap-on and buckling it tight around her crotch.

It looked like she almost had an orgasm just from sliding her end inside her pussy, but she managed to hold it back. She coated the dildo with some lube

and climbed up on the table below me.

Oh shit... that's why I didn't have a butt plug today. She lifted me up enough to get it into position and slowly began working it past my rose bud. She had a hard time getting it started, but then it finally penetrated my sphincter and I instantly sank down a couple of inches from my weight on it.

Once my ass was impaled, she turned on the vibrations to maximum and tossed the remote to the side. She then grabbed the D-rings on each side of my crotch harness and started pulling, using the bungee cord to assist in raising me up for the next thrust.

As she got her rhythm figured out, I found out why I had that tiny bit of slack in the string holding my nipple clamps up. When she pulled me down as far as I could go, it meant my nipples were stretched to the limit. It was a real pain in the ass, and trust me... as she continued to pound my rear end with her dildo, I had a pretty damn good point of reference for 'pain in the ass'.

She started to cum after only a dozen or so thrusts, and to my dismay, she held me down tightly against her writhing body. The pull on my nipples was intense, yet the grinding in my ass was causing enough extra stimulation that I thought I might be able to cum. I was close, but then she began pumping again and I lost it.

"Please, Mistress. For the love of God, please let me cum," I screamed. "I'll do anything you ask, Mistress, anything!"

"You already will do anything I ask, silly girl," she said with a throaty chuckle. "That's what this night is all about. Still, I'm in too good of a mood to deny your request, and your begging pleases me."

She turned her head to the side and shouted to the camera. "If anyone up there watching has access to the control program, give this slut the works!"

Someone obviously did, as I felt the vibrations between my legs increase. Within a few seconds the vibrations in my pussy and on my clit came up to full speed and sent me over the edge. I screamed through the entire amazing orgasm, sending Mistress Grey into her next one as well.

Things became a little hazy after that, as she kept me bouncing on her fake dick for what seemed like hours. I heard Jill cum every now and then, but

I'm sure I missed most of them due to Mistress Grey's very vocal and almost continuous orgasms.

I'd long lost count of how many I'd had, but they were fairly painful by now. A woman can only handle so many orgasms before she becomes overly sensitive. Most women, I amended, as Mistress Grey rocked out yet another one without any sign of slowing down.

Eventually her muscles gave out, even though her libido was still going at warp speed. She finally collapsed onto the table and took a break. Of course, the vibrators inside us all were still roaring away, so we really didn't get much rest.

After she slid out from under me, she removed my nipple clamps and lowered me to the table again. Out of habit more than anything else, she clipped my collar to the edge of the table before releasing me from the hogtie.

My limbs were completely useless after being held in strict bondage for so long, and I couldn't even make my arm muscles move enough to try and remove the vibrator from my pussy. I was unable to put up any kind of resistance at all as she put leather cuffs on my wrists and ankles and fastened them to the longest spreader bars she could find.

She used the winch to raise my legs up until I was hanging upside down and clear of the table. She unlocked the wheels and pushed it out of the way before lowering me back down again. When she stopped, I was only partially on the ground, with my face and tits resting on the cold concrete. She left me like that while she worked on releasing Jill. It didn't take long to free her from the rack, but she couldn't walk very well either and had to be half-carried over to me.

She was placed between my legs and left with her head resting in my ass crack while Mistress Grey bound her wrists to my spreader bar and her legs in a frog tie. Once Jill was secure, she picked up the tablet and finally turned off our vibrators and removed them. I slumped down, falling completely slack in relief.

She tied off my wrist spreader bar to something ahead of me and messed with the pulley holding my legs up a bit, but I just lay there, trying to recover while I could. I only came back to myself when I felt her thighs against my

face as she wiggled her way beneath us.

“Ok, girls, we’re gonna play a fun little game of round robin,” she began.

“The rules are simple; all of us get to cum, but the orgasms need to be in order. We’re locked into a triangle, and each of us has her face stuck in the next girl’s pussy.

“When I say go, we all start licking and sucking, and we can’t stop until I say so. If you stop at any point, you lose a point. If you cum out of turn, you lose two points. If you fail to make the next girl cum before the five minute timer dings, you lose a point.

“Of course I’m immune to the penalty system and the chances of Sherri failing to make me cum are almost non-existent, so there’s one little modification of the rules: If Sherri can’t keep me on the very edge of orgasm until it’s my turn, she’ll be the one who’ll lose the two points.”

It sounded like I was going to be getting the short end of the stick in this contest, but had no way of asking to switch places with Jill.

“I don’t want to spoil the surprise by telling you what the loser will get, but trust me... you do *not* want to come in last place. Ok, sluts, it’s time to get busy... I get first orgasm, and then the race is on with Jill following me and Sherri cumming last... no pun intended. Go!”

My body was a little strained, but my face was perfectly positioned in her crotch. Without a ring gag in my mouth I was able to both lick and suck, bringing her quickly to orgasm. She obviously had a pretty good technique as well since she was able to make Jill scream shortly after.

Then it was my turn, and Jill had been going to town on me the whole time so it didn’t take long. It was a good thing too, since Mistress Grey starting screaming with her second orgasm only a few seconds after I started cumming. She was still ultra horny, and I slowed down as much as I could without incurring a ‘stop’ penalty.

I wasn’t sure if Mistress Grey slowed down or if Jill held her orgasm back by an act of will, but it took most of the five minutes before she finally exploded. Once she settled down and could concentrate again, it didn’t take long for my next one to well up, but unfortunately not fast enough.

Mistress Grey had a squirting orgasm a few seconds before I popped, giving me the double penalty. I still had to give her another one to get the proper order back on track, but it was child's play. I soon had her screaming for a second time in less than a minute.

Jill managed to hold hers back again, and this time it was determined I slowed down enough to earn a 'stop' penalty. It messed me up and I started sucking her clit a little too hard with just a little too much tongue action. Mistress Grey came once more, earning me the double penalty again.

Jill finally exploded, but rather than pick up the pace on me, she actually slowed down a little. I was confused at first, but then clarity struck; she knew how to guarantee a win for her. Mistress Grey was basically a non-stop orgasm machine tonight, so the longer each round took, the more times I'd incur the double penalty for her extra orgasms.

Even as I realized her strategy, Mistress Grey had another orgasm out of turn, putting me two more points in the hole. There was no way I could win, so I said screw it, and kicked my mouth into high gear. I already knew I lost, so my only hope was to either tire her out, or make her grateful to me.

I was probably a hundred points behind by the time she finally called a halt to our game, but the amount didn't matter. By one point or a hundred, I would be the one getting to enjoy the devious punishment she'd come up with.

She crawled out from under us and went to get a drink. She guzzled a whole bottle of water before grabbing some for us. I discovered I could actually drink upside down through a straw, even with Jill cheating and still sucking on my clit.

She was untied and pulled off before I came again, but I didn't mind since it was a real relief to finally get a break. She got to drink her own bottle as she was given a chance to rest on her hands and knees while Mistress Grey prepared our next torments.

She replaced the dildo in my sore pussy and added a large glass e-stim plug in my rear. She activated both of them on medium before leaving me hanging and tending to Jill. She quickly wrapped a harness around her torso and connected it to the winch, raising her up off the ground, still in her frog tie.

She raised her to waist level before donning the strap-on again and fucking her up the ass until she came twice more to 'take the edge off' again. Once she removed her strap-on, she pushed it back in Jill's ass and ordered her to hold it there or face some real punishment.

I thought I'd be released from the ceiling chain, but she had a different plan. Sure my spreader bars were removed, but once my legs were back together, she began wrapping them with vet wrap. Breaking with tradition, she started from my waist and worked her way down towards my feet.

I was actually grateful for the thick leather cuffs since it meant my ankle bones weren't grinding together, although my knees were already aching. She strapped a board to my feet before going back up with the wrap, and I found it pulled my feet into a harsher line than even the worst ballet boots.

She continued back up to my waist before lowering my legs and helping me to sit upright. She had me clench a springy rubber ball in my fists before tightly wrapping them with more vet wrap. My fingers were completely useless by the time she was done.

Next up was a shiny black latex straitjacket that forced me to hug myself until I could barely breathe. I was amazed at how tight it felt, since it was only a three-quarter length jacket and it left a part of my midriff exposed. She connected the D-rings at the shoulders to the winch and pulled me upright.

She grabbed another case of vet wrap and continued wrapping me from the waist up to my neck. She took the time to install a heavy duty posture collar around my neck to prevent me from choking before going any further with the wrap. She also pushed plugs into my ears, but they weren't very good ones, as I could still hear fine.

Keeping me breathing seemed to be a big concern, since she worked tubes into each nostril before filling my mouth with an inflatable gag. I'd only had breathing tubes once before, and it wasn't something I ever wanted to try again. I wished I had a vote right now.

Once my continued breathing was assured, she finished wrapping my head and did another wrap all the way down to my toes again for good measure. Just as she finished, the vibrator in my snatch finally did its job and pushed

me over the edge into orgasm.

She left me for a few minutes, and although my hearing was muffled, I was pretty sure she took the edge off again by having another go at Jill. When she finished and came back, I felt her start work on my feet again.

It felt different this time... harder and more restrictive. I'm pretty sure it was duct tape, and soon I was wrapped in a new layer, although a far more restrictive one. She pulled it incredibly tight around my stomach and chest, reducing my breathing room to nothing.

I'm not sure what came next, but by the time she was finished I was as rigid as a board, and close to passing out from a lack of oxygen. Before I did, I felt my lungs start to inflate from an external source, and figured she connected me to a breathing unit. It wasn't quite enough for comfort, but at least the spots in front of my eyes receded.

I felt her moving my body, but had no clue where I was. It felt like I was standing next to a wall or something, since all of my weight was on my toes, and I felt straps wrap around me, holding me upright.

It was about a dozen straps in total, but the number was irrelevant; I was totally and completely immobile. No part of my body had even a single millimeter of wiggle room, and the heat inside my cocoon was starting to become a problem.

I thought I was completely compressed and immobile, but a minute later found out how wrong I was. A new force started pressing against my whole body at once, and I briefly wondered if she decided to dispose of my body in one of those machines they use to crush cars.

It stopped before my bones turned to jelly, but I remained in the crushing embrace of whatever the hell it was. The only thing that changed in my favor was that I felt slightly cooler, but maybe that was just my extremities losing feeling.

"Hello, my dear," her voice suddenly crackled in my right ear. "I hate the fact you can't see the work of art you've become, so I decided to let you in on what's become of you. I'm sure you figured out the basic mummification part, but the rest is probably beyond your experience and imagination.

“Right now, you’re being compressed by an inflatable sack inside the iron maiden. It doesn’t have the spikes like a real iron maiden of course, but the pressure we were able to pump into it is most likely almost as bad.

“Personally, I’d be surprised if you could even twitch a muscle in there by now. I wish you could be out here to enjoy the fun I’ll be having with Jill, but I figured out a way to let you join us by proxy.

“Each time one of us has an orgasm, your vibrator will start running on high until you do too. To keep things in balance, every time you cum you’ll also receive a hundred shocks from the butt plug.

“Don’t worry about falling behind, though, since Laste made me enforce the safe and sane regulations before I started this program. It means you’ll be getting a minimum of a five minute break between cycles, but there was something you all neglected to consider.

“I’m at my peak right now and can probably cum three times as often as you can, and I won’t be taking any breaks for the rest of the night. By the time you add Jill’s orgasms to the tally, it means the safety regulations everyone insisted on will extend your stay in the iron maiden by at least another day, and probably more.

“I’d love to keep chatting with you, but it’s time I got to work and started getting my money’s worth out of this night. See you on Monday... maybe.”

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Part 14: The Fetish Shop

Club Expansion

The club was really hopping tonight. Business had been getting a little bit better every day since we opened, but now the word had spread and it was full of people who loved the BDSM fetish lifestyle.

We had a solid core of regulars, their trusted friends, and of course their submissives and slaves. There were always lots of regular people off the street who were curious about us, but they either left quickly or converted to our way of thinking and became regulars themselves.

Even our staff had started enjoying the elaborate costumes and accessories we made available, and were dressed to the kinky nines. It was costing us a small fortune to outfit everyone now and none of it was available locally, but hopefully we'd be able to fix that soon.

Laste was on the main stage giving another rigging demonstration with Monica as his model, and once they finished, we'd be having a very important meeting. As impatient as I was to get the meeting started, I couldn't ask him to rush his show; even for someone like me who'd seen it all, it was fun to watch.

Monica enjoyed these shows since she always stuffed herself with a vibrator and butt plug before going on stage. She got to cum in front of hundreds of people every night, most of whom didn't even realize it. Even as I thought it, I saw her start to twitch and shake as she went over the edge for the third or fourth time tonight.

If you didn't know her, the orgasm she was having right now looked like she was simply trying to escape from the strict hogtie she was in. I found myself breathing shallower as I watched, and was glad I had latex panties on tonight so my arousal wouldn't be too obvious.

It was almost disappointing to see the show coming to an end, but we had

business to take care of. I gathered up Jill and Sherri and took them to the member's only section upstairs where our meeting would take place.

We chatted with the people in our inner circle of friends while waiting for Laste and Monica, but they joined us fairly quickly. We'd be talking business with our friends later, but for now we needed a partner's only discussion. The five of us went to a private booth where I had my plans waiting for us.

"Ok," I began once we were all seated. "You know why we're here, so let's get right to the point. Is anyone opposed to the idea of opening a kinky fetish mega-shop next door?"

"If everyone has the money to cover their share, then I have no problems with it," Laste said.

"We won't need as much initial capital as you might think. We already own the building, and almost everyone in our circle of friends makes some sort of fetish or bondage gear already. The ones I've already talked to would be more than willing to put their goods on sale with us under consignment terms."

"What about staff?" Jill asked.

"We have several waitresses wanting more hours who would be willing to work as sales staff, and it's easy for us to help out on the floor since I was thinking to have the place open right into the main part of the club. We could model some of it in here, and then people can simply walk into the shop and buy anything that catches their eye."

"It would be the ultimate in targeted advertising," she agreed.

"Are you thinking of using the whole building for the shop?" Laste asked.

"God, no... the place is huge. We'd only need a quarter or a third of the place at most, plus some storage in the basement."

"Good. I thought it might be a nice perk to have elite parking in the back part, then. It'll allow our friends to come straight into the club without having to worry about prying eyes if they want to transport someone in a less than street friendly condition."

“If you want to get really fancy, you could offer ponygirl transport from their cars to the elevator,” Sherri said. “It’s not really that far, but it would add a new level of ‘wow factor’ to our establishment.”

“I love little things like that, and I’m all for it,” I said.

Everyone else agreed, so we quickly sketched things out on the blueprints in front of us. We decided to start with two thousand square feet for the actual shop, and see how it went. We’d then knock a twenty foot wide doorway through the wall into our club, to make sure our merchandise was prominently displayed.

Now we just needed to stock the place.

Fetish Inventory

Boxes were stacked almost higher than I could reach, and I began to wonder if this was a good idea or not. The bulk of our inventory consisted of latex from Claire Grey, leather from Brandon, steel and wood from Jerry, and of course toys from Laste.

Add in the other stuff like lotions, lubes, breath-play gear, e-Stim equipment, and medical accessories, and we'd barely have enough room for any of the big ticket items. I decided to let our clerks handle hanging up the clothes while I took a break and simply opened boxes for a while.

I found enough leather restraints from Brandon to subdue a small country, and wondered why he had so many available for immediate delivery to us. Laste's toys made an even bigger pile, but I knew he had so much because he was always tinkering and trying new things. To him, this was mostly out of date crap, but to anyone else it was considered cutting edge.

Jill and Sherri finally decided to finally show up and help, so I made them start with the heavy stuff from Jerry. We had to get heavy duty racks and shelves for his stainless steel manacles, chastity belts, collars, and even corsets.

The workmen finished with a large display stand near the front just as I found the boxes of whips and related items, so I decided to put them all out. Floggers, crops, canes, quirts, paddles, and whips of all sizes and styles soon covered that section of wall, and would make an impressive first impression when someone entered the shop.

Laste and Monica arrived with the last load of his toys, and began putting them on display near the club entrance. He had a very vivid imagination, and it meant we had an almost unlimited selection of vibrators, dildos, butt plugs, and gags.

Despite my earlier fears, we managed to get everything unpacked by the time the workmen and our clerks had to leave for the night. It would still be a lot

of work to arrange everything to our satisfaction, but it was a great start. The place looked more like a kinky playroom than a retail store, which was the exact look we were going for.

In fact, after working so hard all day I think it'd be a shame to let all this fun stuff just sit here. Jill and Sherri had both slept in today, and I knew just the way for them to make it up to me. I had a quiet word with Laste and we came up with a plan.

I walked up to the girls where they were sitting and sharing a bottle of wine. "Ok, you two," I said, standing with my hands on my hips. "Since you both decided to lounge around in bed all day, you owe a forfeit to those of us who were up early and actually working."

"What did you have in mind," Jill asked, suddenly suspicious.

"It would be bad for our reputation if we sold any defective merchandise, so you two just volunteered to test some of it out."

"That's a pretty weak excuse for you wanting to play, but I actually don't mind," Sherri said.

"Handling this stuff all day had my imagination working overtime, and I wouldn't mind blowing off a little steam," Jill agreed.

"Good, then it's settled. Sherri, go join Laste in the back. Jill, go into a dressing room and strip. I'll be with you shortly."

I looked around and realized I couldn't decide what to use first; I was like a kid in a toy store, and I wanted to play with everything at once. I decided to start with the basics and go from there.

I selected some white latex panties that had a pair of slightly larger than normal inserts, a matching bra that had tiny plastic spikes lining the inside, and a long black hobble skirt. Moving over to our leather section, I grabbed a pair of white ballet boots, and black armbinder. I added a white discipline hood at the last second and moved over to the restraints.

I thought black ankle cuffs would look nice over the boots, and a black ball gag would provide the same effect against the hood. I usually didn't care for a pure black and white motif, but I thought this combination would look

pretty damn hot.

My pile of goods was getting pretty heavy by now, so I dumped it all in the dressing room, went back to get a bottle of a new silicone lube Claire said was ‘the bomb’, and left her to start getting dressed.

“I need to go see if Laste needs anything, but I’ll be back shortly to help you finish. Hurry as much as you can, please; the club’s already open and I’ll need to do my rounds in there as well. We’re all working overtime tonight.”

Kinky Overtime

I sorted the pile of gear into a nice row based on what I'd need to put on first. The vibrator attached to the panties was calling my name, so I decided to start there. I lubed up the butt plug and gave the dildo a quick swipe for good measure, even though I didn't need any lube up front tonight.

I wiggled around for a few minutes to make sure they were settled completely in place, and also because I loved the feeling of them moving around inside me. I looked around for the remote, but unfortunately didn't find it.

The bra was next, and I didn't see the tiny spikes inside until it was too late. I almost went to change it for a different one, especially since it was a little small for me, but said 'screw it' and fastened it in place. The spikes weren't terribly bad when I was standing still, but wow, did they ever make themselves known whenever I moved.

I changed my mind about the bra, but found I couldn't remove it. This model needed a special tool to release it, and I didn't want to ruin an expensive piece of merchandise by trying to force it open. Knowing Lilith, I'm sure she hid the tools already, so I was stuck with it until she released me.

I figured I might as well get this over with quickly so we could change this outfit for a more comfortable one sooner. I put the collar on snugly, but not too tight. It wasn't a posture collar, but it was a lot wider than I was used to, and I found it rubbed the bottom of my chin in an annoying manner.

The ball gag was next, and while it was also a little bigger than I'd be comfortable with for any length of time, I strapped it tightly in place and picked up the hood. This one had openings for my eyes, so I was able to get it properly in place fairly easily, and even managed to lace it up reasonably well.

I'd saved the ballet boots for near the end since this pair had a monster nine inch heel on them. I'd never worn a pair higher than eight inches before, and usually preferred a max of five. You wouldn't think that extra inch would

make much of a difference, but my feet and calves noticed it immediately.

I laced them as tight as I could, since I knew my ankles would need the extra support. I thought the wide leather cuffs added a bit of extra support as well, but couldn't tell for sure yet. I paused to catch my breath for a moment and contemplated the hobble skirt.

Even with a zipper they'd be a bitch to get on, and I doubt I'd be able to take more than a four inch step once it was in place. Using a lot of the silicone lube, I managed to get it all the way up, but now I was stuck waiting for Lilith. I wondered what was taking her so long.

I had mixed feelings when I saw the outfit Laste expected me to wear. I'd worn it before and it was absolutely gorgeous, but my parade ponygirl outfit seemed a little out of place here. Since we were in the back where our new members parking area would be, I thought he maybe wanted to try out my ponygirl valet idea.

I shrugged and slipped out of my clothes, ready to accept the first piece. He handed me a skimpy latex bikini to put on, so this time my nipples would be covered. Next was the white latex top that went on from the front and connected over the shoulders and around the back with ornate silver buckles.

Monica handed me a tube of silicone lube for my inserts and legs. They filled me with a larger than usual dildo, but a slightly smaller butt plug. The toys were held firmly in place by a set of panties that matched both my top, and the leggings that reached to the very top of my thighs.

The black knee-high hoof boots were polished so perfectly you could have used them for a mirror. They laced up a lot quicker this time than when I wore them for the show, since we weren't being judged today.

My lower harness was flat black, but had reflective sparkles in them that shone like stars. It contrasted well against the pearlescent white latex. It had a crotch strap that was much wider than normal in order to highlight the sexy gap between my legs.

It was a little uncomfortable, but not too bad. It also had a complex array of straps and rings leading up to my chest harness, and looked amazing.

Unlike my racing harness, this one didn't do more than circle my breasts for show, deliberately providing very little support so my breasts would bounce with each high-step during my parade march. The rings and buckles were also made of highly polished silver, and the effect was stunning.

I put my arms behind my back and grabbed my elbows so they could slip on the box tie pouch easier. My heart began to race as I felt it tighten up, knowing I was past the point of no return. My mouth opened automatically to accept the bit gag as soon as they started sliding my headgear into place.

My hair was pulled into a ponytail and guided through the top ring of the harness, and everything was buckled firmly but reasonably comfortable. He selected a strict posture collar instead of the fancy choker I used for parades, but it seemed proper to me since the valet service was actually closer to workhorse duty.

It was still high end workhorse duty, so I got the fancy feathers on top of my head, and the long horsehair tail was screwed into my butt plug. The bells that normally attached to my nipples were fastened to the harness instead, like they would be for a race. The reins were attached and there I was, standing once again as a proud ponygirl.

He made me trot in a circle like I was being lunged, although he didn't bother using a lunge rope. He simply wanted to give me a chance to loosen up my muscles and remember my training. After a few minutes in the pony boots, I found myself walking like I'd never left the ranch, although the tiny horseshoes on my feet made a lot more noise on the concrete than I was used to.

"Yo, Laste," Lilith shouted from the far end of the warehouse where we'd stored the items too big to fit in our showroom. "It's over here and ready for you. I've got to go back and help Jill finish getting ready."

"Go ahead," he shouted back. "I'll take it from here."

He grabbed my reins but let me set my own pace over there. I used it as a chance to practice my high-step gait and warm up that set of muscles. When

we got closer, I saw Lilith had unpacked a fancy passenger cart.

It was much bigger than the sulky I was used to; it had room for a passenger beside the driver, and a space for two others or for cargo at the back. He guided me backwards into place and clipped the poles to my waist belt.

It felt awfully awkward to me, but would probably be better when it had some weight in the rear to counterbalance things. It was also a lot shorter than I would've expected a passenger cart to be, but I guess it would make it easier for me to make tight corners and fast turns.

He had me kneel so he could climb aboard easier, and then stand again so Monica could sit in the back. The balance definitely felt better now, but more weight meant it would take more effort to pull it. He shook the reins and had me do a practice lap around the place to get used to it.

He stopped me near the club entrance so Monica could get off, and when he remained seated behind me, I began to wonder if he was planning on opening up the parking garage tonight. I would've appreciated advanced notice if that was the case, but since this was originally my idea, I wasn't going to complain.

He clucked and pulled back on the reins, signaling me to walk backwards so I had enough room to turn around. He then ran me around the building for another two laps, this time at a faster pace. I felt a little winded, but not too bad; I made sure to stay in top shape, and usually spent an hour a day on the treadmill.

"Good girl," he said. "I thought you might've forgotten your training or gotten soft, but you've still got it."

I felt my vibrator kick on to a medium speed, which was his way of rewarding a good pony. I wasn't sure if he'd let me cum or not, but I really wanted an orgasm after all this. Each step caused the intruders to shift inside me, and while I could rarely cum from just that, it meant I was perpetually horny when wearing my pony gear.

He had me kneel so he could get out, and I saw him walk past me and into the club. He'd left the vibrator running, and it took less than a minute before my orgasm overtook me. I found myself panting around the bit harder from my orgasm than I did from my run.

He was gone long enough for me to get close again, but returned a minute or two too soon and turned it down to low. I saw him smile as I grunted my displeasure, and knew he was aware of what he'd done. He gave me a quick drink of water before climbing back in the cart and turning me around again.

"Off we go, girl," he said, flicking the reins. "We've got our first batch of passengers to pick up."

I was confused at his words, but started moving anyway. Did he have one of our friends pulling around back? When we got to the overhead door, I saw it open but didn't see a car. He guided me toward it and outside onto the street!

He couldn't be serious about having me show myself on a public street like this, could he? I tried to dig in my heels and stop, but wasn't having any of that. He started lashing my ass with the buggy whip until I resumed my forward motion.

He guided me around the building, and if I wasn't wearing blinders I would've been rubbernecking, trying to see if people were staring at me. When we got to the front entrance, I saw there was a second line of people standing next to a new sign.

Free Ponygirl Rides

Courtesy of the *Argentum Seges* Gift Shop

Grand Opening Tomorrow

The second line had a dozen people in it already, and was growing as I watched. Holy shit... what had I gotten myself into.

"Sorry I took so long, dear," Lilith said as she burst through the dressing room door. "I had to help find something out back."

She gave my outfit a quick once over and seemed pleased with the results. She helped me into the armbinder and quickly had it pulling my elbows together. Once she was satisfied with how my outfit looked, she sprayed down the latex and gave it a mirror-like shine.

Her tablet was hanging from a chain, and she had me bend over slightly so she could put it over my head. When I stood upright again, I found it was resting right at the top of my tits and angled slightly upwards.

“Perfect,” she said.

She fiddled with it for a moment, and then I felt both vibrators come to life, but at an extremely weak speed. She clipped a leash to my collar and gave it a slight tug to get me moving.

“Come along now... we’re about to see what your adoring public thinks of your new outfit.”

Not having much choice, I shuffled along behind her as best as I could, which wasn’t much in the killer boots and restrictive dress. She led me to the club door and hammered on it three times.

One of our bouncers, Antoine, opened it and came through pushing a hand cart loaded with velvet ropes and the stands like the ones we used for the line out front. He set them up behind us, blocking the shop off from the club.

“Here’s what we’re going to do,” Lilith said. “I want customer feedback on the items we’ll be selling, so we’re going to raise the main shop door in a moment and let our customers come in and take a quick survey using the tablet hanging around your neck.”

I knew Lilith was pissed at me for coming in so late, and expected her to pull something to get back at me. This wasn’t too bad, though, and might even be fun.

“Everyone who completes the survey will be rewarded with a ten percent discount on their first purchase in the store, and will get to give you one lash on your ass with a small flogger. Antoine will be standing by to make sure nobody tries anything stupid.”

Ok, I knew there’d be a catch. Still, with a bodyguard standing over me and the customers only allowed to use one of the wimpy floggers, it shouldn’t be too bad.

“Since it’s technically overtime for you, I programmed the tablet to give you a reward as well. Every completed survey will increase the power of your

toys a little bit. I hope your control is good tonight, or you might give some lucky person a rather unexpected surprise.”

She wouldn't, would she? The main door began to rise up and I saw more red velvet ropes on the other side. There was already a line of a few dozen people, plus a lot more standing around to watch. Oh shit, she was serious.

The first few people were rather tentative, and the vibrations didn't climb much... maybe a mere percent or two per survey. Of course, it added up rather quickly as the crowd started getting comfortable with the situation and the line moved faster.

The speed was only maybe a third of the way up before the sensations started becoming overpowering, and I knew I couldn't hold it back much longer. My nostrils were flaring from the amount of air I was trying to force through the two tiny holes in my hood, and I began grinding my hips.

“Hold on a sec, folks,” Lilith said. “I want to get a picture that'll be available as a souvenir for anyone who wants one.”

She stood beside me and put an arm behind my back underneath the armbinder. I felt some of my weight leave my feet as she gave me some support.

“Ok, Sherri... struggle for the camera and let's see if we can get a good action shot.”

I almost laughed at the transparency of her plan, but it gave me a chance to release the fire burning between my legs. I let my orgasm loose, but tried to keep the external signs to a minimum.

It was probably the stupidest thing I'd ever done, since trying to contain it only seemed to make it hit me harder and longer. My legs were weak by the time I finished cumming, and I was glad of the support Lilith had the foresight to give me.

Once I could stand again, she reached down to the hem of my skirt and started to roll it up. She kept going until it was all the way up to my crotch, and I hoped the latex panties I was wearing weren't leaking my juices from around the edges.

She had someone in the crowd fetch a bar stool and Antoine helped me to hop up on it. Lilith took the heels of my boots and forced them up and over the side bars of the stool, leaving me with my legs spread wide and my ass hanging off the back of the seat.

The sheer length of the heels meant my feet were basically locked in position until she decided to change things up again... no rope needed. She added a rope anyway, just because that's her thing, and the survey taking resumed.

I lasted through another couple dozen people before my next orgasm exploded, and this time Lilith simply chuckled and complimented the person who'd just flogged my ass on such a good shot. I heard him laugh and say 'yeah, right'; I was mortified, but it also turned me on more.

I came three more times before the vibes got up to full speed, and if anything, the line of people waiting was even longer than when we'd begun. How many people were in the place tonight, and were they all going to take the damn survey? My eyes rolled back in my head and I started to cum again.

Once that orgasm finished steamrolling over me, I tried to catch Lilith's eye and let her know I desperately wanted out of this situation. She deliberately avoiding making direct eye contact, but after I came again a few minutes later she turned off my toys.

"Ok, everybody, we need a few minutes to change things up," she called out. "We have a store full of wonderful goodies, and it'd be a shame to show off only one outfit. Grab a drink if you want, and we'll be back shortly."

She closed the door and released me from the stool. I could barely stand, but found it a tiny bit easier once she rolled the hobble skirt back down and the restrictiveness of it steadied my knees a little.

She removed the helmet and gag long enough to give me a drink of water, but caught me off guard and quickly filled my mouth with a pump up gag while I was still gasping for air. With Antoine's help, she removed the armbinder but all I could do was let them fall limply to my sides.

Before I regained use of my arms, they were thrust into the sleeves of a full length, heavy duty latex straitjacket. A few minutes later and I was gasping for air again, as Antoine was able to pull the straps a lot tighter than I thought

possible.

Lilith worked my skirt down until they were able to get the crotch strap between my legs, and Antoine pulled that one just as tight as the other straps. I felt the plugs go deeper inside me, and the strap was stretched so severely I was willing to bet I had a camel toe showing, even through the thick rubber.

I heard the rattle of chains above me for a moment, and then heard the click of carabineer clips at each shoulder. The chains rattled again and I found my feet leave the floor. I was left hanging a few inches off the floor, and my body weight impossibly added even more pressure to the strap between my legs.

She took the time to wipe down my face, fix my makeup, and brush my hair before giving the gag another few pumps and removing the hose. I felt her tie her tablet to the loop holding my arms in the jacket front, and then I began slowly spinning as she gave me a slap on the ass.

“I reset the survey program to give you a little break,” she said. “Of course, the club is probably a little over maximum capacity and there’s a ton of people wanting a turn. I hope the fire marshal doesn’t stop by for a count or we might get fined.”

I thought she was exaggerating, but as the door opened back up, I saw the place was standing room only. This was going to be a long night... I briefly wondered what they had Sherri doing, and if her night was anywhere near as brutal as mine.

I was drenched in sweat from all the rides I’d given, yet the line never seemed to get any smaller. An individual ride wasn’t too hard since it amounted to about five yards of high stepping, turn around and pose for a picture in front of the fetish shop, a longer run past the club, and then turn around and walk back.

Of course, a few dozen rides like that added up to a lot of work on my part, even with a decent break between rounds. To make it harder for me, he kept the damn vibrator running on a medium speed, and I found myself cumming

about every fifteen or twenty minutes. I wasn't sure if I wanted to kill him or kiss him.

It was embarrassing, but at least I hadn't squirted yet so Laste was able to make semi-plausible excuses, like I had muscle cramps or something. I don't think it fooled many people, but it sounded good in case someone called the cops on us.

The crowd had never seen anything like this before, and everyone cheered when I ran by. It helped keep me going for quite a while, but eventually even repeated use of the buggy whip couldn't get me to go faster than a slow jog.

"I think we done wore this little filly out," Master Laste shouted to the crowd. "Apologies for anyone who didn't get a ride, but we warned you in advance we'd be stopping without warning, and she lasted over twice as long as we thought."

I heard a few good-natured boos, but most people were clapping and cheering over my performance. I put a foot forward and did the ponygirl equivalent of a curtsy, holding it as long as I could while they took pictures.

"After we groom her a bit, we'll bring her inside so anyone who didn't get a chance at a ride can at least get a picture with her. Only our stage camera is allowed inside the club, but we'll print it out for you right here, and if you come back tomorrow, the picture gets you ten percent off your first purchase inside our shop. Thank you."

He murmured 'parade' to me, shook the reins and let me set my own high-step pace around the side of the building. Once out of sight, he let me walk normally the rest of the way inside. He stopped me near the club entrance, laid out a blanket, and had me move to the middle of it.

"On a scale of one to ten, how horny are you right now?"

I stamped my foot eleven times. He laughed.

"Do you trust me?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied by stamping my foot once.

"Spread your legs slightly and hold your upper body rigid."

I did what he asked and felt him step close behind me, grabbing my thighs.

Before I could figure out what he was doing he pulled my legs out from under me, causing me to pivot from my waist belt and sending my face rushing towards the floor.

I started to scream in panic, but the stand at the front of the cart was high enough that my face stopped a few inches above the ground. He spread my legs wider and draped them over the poles on each side. He gently removed my tail and butt plug, and then I heard his zipper.

I felt a cold squirt of lube fall on my ass which he worked both in and around my stretched rosebud; a moment later and I felt the head of his penis start to press insistently against it. It went in fairly easily after being stretched all night by the butt plug, and he was soon deep inside me.

I felt the vibrator pick up some speed at the same time as he began thrusting in and out, and the combined attention was quickly bringing me to a monster orgasm. The dam broke within a few minutes, and I howled through my gag as wave after wave of pleasure washed over me. I briefly wondered if they heard me inside the club.

He started pounding my ass harder and faster as I came down, and I felt another jump up in the speed of the vibrator. The aftershocks of my first one instantly bloomed into another screaming orgasm, and kept going until my head was swimming and I had spots in front of my eyes.

He cranked the vibrator to full speed and continued pounding me so hard I thought he might be trying to break me in half. I was close to cumming yet again, but sensed he was close himself so I chomped down on my bit and held it back.

Just when I felt I couldn't delay things any longer, I felt him push deep inside me and hold it there as he began spurting what felt like a gallon of cum. I started cumming the instant he did, and was shaking and twitching uncontrollably from the myriad sensations racking my body.

It seemed to go on for ages, but eventually I came back down to Earth and fell limp. He turned off the vibe and put my feet back on the ground, but all I could do was lay there, completely exhausted.

He left for a few minutes and came back with towels, a sponge, and a bucket

of warm, soapy water. He let me rest as I was while he gave me the best sponge bath of my life, only helping me back to my feet when he needed to get to my chest.

“Better?” he asked once he finished.

I stomped a yes and gave a contented little whinny. He put my butt plug and tail back in, unclipped me from the cart, picked up the reins, and led me inside the club. Composing myself again, I used my best parade posture and high-step gait as he led me to the stage through a throng of cheering spectators.

My old racing sulky was up there, and I was fastened between the poles so people could pose for a picture with me. I was angled so I could see part of the club, and I couldn't believe how full it was. It was standing room only tonight, and would be a record breaker for us.

As the line for pictures with me began forming, the crowd in front of the fetish shop cleared enough for me to see Jill. She was in a black latex straitjacket, hanging from the ceiling by hooks attached to the shoulder rings.

It almost looked like she was shaking from an orgasm, but I couldn't tell for sure. She was slowly spinning, and as her back came into view, I saw there was writing on the jacket.

My Master went to Argentum Seges, and all I got was this lousy straitjacket.

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Part 15: Fetish Plus

Interviews

“Excuse me, but is this where the interviews are taking place? The club door is locked.”

I looked up from the résumé I was reading to see a lady poking her head through the doorway, a nervous expression on her face.

“Come on in, I won’t bite until I get to know you better,” I replied, walking around the counter so I could introduce myself properly. “My name is Lilith, and I’m one of the owners of both this place and the club next door.”

She smiled weakly at my joke, but stepped the rest of the way through the door. I had to mentally back up and take stock of her as we shook hands; she was a lot bigger than I first thought.

She was close to six foot tall with what was probably a forty-two double-D chest, and had hands that made mine look like a toddler. She would’ve been intimidating if she didn’t have the scared look on her face.

“Pleased to meet ya, I’m Nancy Drow. That’s Drow with an O, not an E.”

“I guess you must get that a lot,” I smiled.

“Enough.”

“Are you here about the modeling job?”

“Me?” she snorted. “Are you kidding? No, I’m here about the bartender job.”

“That’s too bad. I think you have the lines to make a great model for our plus sized items.”

“I think you’re a terrible liar, but I’ll take any compliment when it’s thrown my way.”

“If you’re here for the bartender job, I’m afraid we’ve already filled the full

time position, but do have some part time hours available in the club, plus some part-time work in here. Did you bring a résumé with you?”

She handed me an envelope with her info and I had her take a seat while I flipped through it. It was actually pretty good... better than the crap I'd been leafing through a few moments earlier. She had both bartending and retail sales experience, and based on her size, drunken customers would be less likely to mess with her.

“Do you know what kind of club we run?” I asked. I wanted to make sure this giant mouse knew what she was getting into.

“Yeah, it's fairly obvious what kind of shop this is, and I stopped by the club last night to see if it was a place I thought I could work at.”

“Well, since I don't remember anyone running and screaming for the door last night, and you're here today, I guess we didn't scare you off.”

“I'll admit I'm more than a little nervous, but I thought the club seemed liberating and kind of cool.”

“Do you have any allergies to latex?”

“No, but I wouldn't have to dress up like the waitresses, would I?”

“Not unless you want to, although I admit it would help your chances of getting the job if you did. We'd like all our staff to fit in with our theme and our clientele.”

“I doubt they make latex clothes my size, but I guess I could wear some leather stuff.”

“You'd be surprised, but we can talk about that later,” I said, making up my mind. There was something I liked about this girl. “I'm willing to give you a trial run so we can see if you'll fit in. Can you start tonight?”

“I can start right now if you need me.”

“Perfect. How does ten bucks an hour sound for today, and if we both decide this will work we can work out the details tomorrow. Street clothes will be fine for tonight.”

“I'm in. Just show me what you need me to do.”

I had Monica watch the store while I gave her the fifty cent tour, and left her at the bar she'd be working at to see if she could put together a liquor order properly. I went to the office and watched her work through a security camera. I think she'd fit in just fine with a little encouragement. I picked up the phone and dialed my friend Claire.

"Claire? It's Lilith here. Can you come to the club tonight? I've got a little job I need your help with."

I explained the situation in detail, and was smiling when I hung up.

New Blood

I couldn't believe I got hired on the spot; maybe my luck was finally changing. I was determined to do anything and work my ass off for her and the other owners, even if it meant dressing in tight leather.

I'd draw the line at latex, though, and skip all of the Goodyear blimp jokes. Beautiful women like Miss Chance never seemed to realize not everyone could wear clothes like they could. It was too bad, because the high quality latex they had here was just amazing.

Well, if I couldn't wear it at least I'd get to look at it all night. I loved everything about latex... the look, the way it hugged every curve, even the way it smelled. I made a mental note not to get too distracted by it all so I wouldn't screw up my drink orders and wind up getting fired.

I found the bar to be set up pretty close to others I'd worked in, so it only took me a few minutes to get my shit together and figure out what needed to be restocked. They even had pre-printed inventory forms, so all I needed to do was write the current number by an item and check it against the baseline they set.

It barely took me an hour, and now I didn't know what to do. It seemed the doors in here all required a swipe card before they'd open, so I couldn't even go find someone to ask. I decided to take a look around the place while I waited.

The décor was rather tasteful considering the nature of the place. There were pictures coving the walls showing scenes from shows they'd done in the past, interspersed by a variety of BDSM gear. I think this was the first bar I'd ever seen that didn't have those tacky neon beer signs hanging everywhere.

The slave cells next to the stage freaked me out a little, but I knew the girls locked in there last night had been both willing and eager to begin their shift. I stood there for a few minutes and tried to imagine what it'd be like if I was the one chained to the back of the cell.

I found my nipples getting hard, so I quickly moved on in case someone walked in and noticed. I went back to the bar and started cleaning, even though it was almost spotless already. Miss Chance came back to check on me a few minutes later.

“I got the list ready, but don’t know where the booze is stored and I can’t open any doors,” I said.

“Leave the list on the counter. I can’t get you an access card until Laste gets here, but we have bar backs to do the heavy lifting so you don’t have to worry about it.”

She scanned my inventory list and seemed to find it in order.

“This looks good,” she said. “Do the same for the upstairs bar and make sure you’re ready to serve this woman a glass of champagne when she arrives.”

She showed me a picture of an attractive middle-age woman she called Claire while we waited for the elevator to arrive. She also warned me to call the lady Mistress Grey at all times, and to be extremely polite to her.

I figured she was an important customer or something, but I knew the drill for dealing with VIP’s so I wasn’t worried. Whenever anyone was around, I was to call her Mistress Lilith, call anyone I didn’t know sir or ma’am, and do anything they asked immediately.

She took me past the bar and into what was obviously a staff room. There were lockers on the wall, racks filled with the wildest uniforms imaginable, and cheap furniture that didn’t fit in with the public spaces.

“I’ll get you a key for one of the lockers so you can put your purse in there, and you can look through the racks to see if there’s anything you like. Claire will be doing fittings up here for some of our girls this afternoon, and can take your measurements if you find something you’re comfortable with.”

She scurried off again, leaving me to my thoughts. I began going through the uniforms, although kinky costumes might have been a more accurate description. There was no cotton or linen to be found anywhere; it was all leather and latex.

They were all outlandish and sexy, some were downright stupid looking, yet

others looked extremely erotic. I held up a beautiful purple corset with a black lace design worked over the surface and tried to imagine how I'd look wearing something like that. I felt the familiar tingle start between my legs, and my nipples started getting hard again.

"I don't think that'll fit, dear," Lilith said from the doorway.

I jumped and almost dropped it, feeling like a kid who was caught with her hand in the cookie jar. I quickly replaced it on the rack and took the locker key from her outstretched hand, hoping my embarrassment wasn't too obvious.

"I was just looking," I mumbled.

"No need to feel embarrassed," she said. "Come sit for a moment and let me explain something to you."

We sat on the sofa and she turned to me with a serious expression on her face.

"This isn't something to be ashamed of or to keep hidden in the back of your closet. It's not unclean or unnatural, and everything we do here is completely consensual. The girls who work up here wear their uniforms proudly, and practically fight for the right to serve. The bonus money they get for wearing these uniforms helps, but they all genuinely enjoy it."

I could see that made sense, and nodded for her to continue.

"Be honest with me... if you could wear anything back here, what would it be?"

"The latex stuff," I replied without thinking. "But I could never wear it in public... it would make me look like the Michelin man. I'll dress up if you want me to, but it should probably be leather so I can hide these love handles."

"Claire usually travels with a trailer full of inventory when she comes here for business, so we can see if she has something that'll fit."

"Don't go to too much trouble on my account, since this is just my audition night or whatever you want to call it. I might scare off all your customers."

"Ok, that's the last time I want to hear that kind of crap from you," she said,

sounding pissed. “From one girl to another, let me give you one simple piece of advice; be who you are, and anyone who doesn’t like it can go fuck themselves.”

“That’s easy for you to say, but I’ll try to take your advice.”

“I’ll tell you what. I only need you here during the fittings, but once your replacement arrives, I’d like you to stay the night up here and just hang out. I’ll pay you for the whole night and all you have to do is watch and learn.

“Feel free to talk to the other staff, get to know them, and ask any questions that come to mind. All food and drink is free up here so you can consider dinner to be on me, and if at any time you feel uncomfortable, we can call it off.”

“It sounds like a good deal from my end, and I could sure use the extra money. How can I refuse?”

“You can’t,” she chuckled.

She patted my shoulder as she stood, and told me to see to the bar. I went to the bathroom to compose myself a bit and then got to work. This bar was much smaller than the other one, and everything in it was the absolute best.

There was a lot less beer than I was used to seeing, and one of the coolers probably had about twenty grand worth of champagne. Even the scotch bottle in the well was twenty-five years old and probably cost a fortune.

The bar was also fully stocked and completely spotless, so I found myself twiddling my thumbs after fifteen minutes of looking around.

Two girls came through a door on the far side, laughing and chatting amiably. They did a double-take when they saw me, but smiled and scampered over for introductions. That or maybe they thought I ate the regular bartender and wanted to see if they could save him.

“Hi there,” the first one said. “I’m Jill and this is Sherri.”

“Pleased to meet you, ma’am. I’m Nancy, and Mistress Lilith is giving me a trial run as a bartender today.

“Then I guess we’re your new bosses,” Sherri giggled. “We’re part owners and live next door.”

“Pleased to meet you too, ma’am,” I said, shaking each of their hands. “Can I get you anything?”

“She’s got you on the clock already?”

I explained the deal we’d worked out, and they gave each other a peculiar look.

“That’s different from our usual hiring and orientation technique, but if that’s what she wants, then that’s fine with me.”

They each took a bottle of water and sat down at the bar. I asked a few questions and answered a lot more, and we slowly got to know each other. I also learned a lot about the etiquette I’d be expected to follow if I continued to work here.

More girls arrived for the fitting session, and I started getting self-conscious about my appearance again. Everyone except me looked like they could be a model, and while my blouse wasn’t anything to be ashamed of, it looked like old dishrags compared to the fancy outfits they all wore.

I didn’t get a chance for more than brief introductions before Mistress Grey and her staff arrived. I quickly filled a champagne flute for her and put it on a tray. She seemed to be setting up shop in the center area, so I took it over and figured I’d take drink orders from the rest after serving her.

“Claire, this is Nancy,” Jill said. “She’ll be replacing George if she works out.”

She nodded at me and took a sip of her drink. I politely nodded back before taking the rest of the drink orders and hurrying back to the bar.

“Hiya, hon,” a voice said from behind me as I was pouring the drinks. “Can you zip me up?”

I turned to help the girl with her dress, but was shocked to find what she needed help with was a single glove armbinder. I’d never touched one before, but it was fairly obvious what I needed to do.

“My name’s Charlie, in case you forgot during the flurry of introductions earlier, and I’m on waitress duty now. After you finish with the armbinder, I’ll need you to help me with my tray as well.”

It wasn't a part of the job I was expecting, but I thought it was actually kind of cool. It was also a lot harder than I thought, since it was rather tight on her, and I had to use one hand to pull her arms together while I worked the zipper with the other. Once the zipper was all of the way up, I had to tighten the straps as well, but those were a lot easier.

When she turned around, I was shocked to see her fancy French maid outfit left her breasts exposed, and her nipples were standing at attention. She wiggled a bit to test the fit of the armbinder, seemingly unconcerned at the way it caused her tits to bounce around.

"That's perfect," she proclaimed. "Now quickly help me with the tray, please. I need to get those drinks delivered five minutes ago."

One end of the tray connected to rings on the bottom of the corset, but the front side had cords ending in formidable looking clamps. I had to attach them to her nipples! I turned bright red from embarrassment, but snapped them in place after a little encouragement from her.

She had me turn one slightly to put it at a better angle and while I felt awkward about groping her tits, I also found myself getting hot again. Even putting the big ball gag in her mouth and strapping it tight was turning me on.

I loaded her tray with drinks, and couldn't help but to stare at her bound arms and tight, latex covered ass as she walked away to deliver the order. I could feel a little moisture forming between my legs, and needed to go wash up before it soaked into my panties. Unfortunately, I didn't get a chance.

"You, the Amazon behind the bar," Mistress Grey called out. "You'll be the toughest to outfit, so I want to start with you. Get over here and strip."

I froze like a deer in headlights. I knew I wasn't supposed to refuse anything she wanted, but she couldn't expect me to strip in front of all these strangers, could she? She obviously recognized the expression on my face since she came over and guided me back into the staff room so I'd have a little privacy.

"Don't be ashamed, girl, you ain't got anything we haven't seen before. Leave your bra and panties on for now if it makes you feel better, but please hurry up. I've got a lot of work to do, and I need to get those measurements."

I figured it was either comply or lose my job, so I quickly shed my clothes and stood there as she took measurements from every part of my body. I'd never had any custom fit clothes before, but it seemed the sheer number of places she measured and inputted into her tablet was overly excessive.

I turned beet red again when she got to my thighs, figuring she could see the wet spot on my panties. She finished her measurements professionally and without comment, letting me get dressed and back to work as soon as she was finished.

I came out to find all the other girls were standing or sitting completely nude as they took turns getting fitted. I wished I had the body to be as comfortable in my appearance as they did. I served some drinks and placed a food order for everyone, but mostly I just stood there watching.

Her staff was soon making non-stop runs to get items from her inventory trailer for the girls, almost all of it in skintight latex. One box was put next to the bar, but I didn't know it was for me until my replacement arrived and Mistress Grey had me take it to the back room.

"Lilith told me you're here on a trial today, so I won't make any custom items until she's sure you're a keeper. Until then, here are a few stock items that'll be a close enough fit for you to get a feel for what it'll be like."

"I'm still not sure about all this," I started to say.

"Just give it a try," she assured me. "It's obvious you're curious, and if I can make a personal observation, I'd suggest you try the latex panties if nothing else. They feel amazing, and help prevent any unwanted shows of arousal."

I blushed again... she *did* notice my wet spot earlier.

"You can walk out at any time, but I suggest you at least try it once or you'll always wonder what it would've been like. Call out if you need any help, and don't forget to use lots of the silicone lube," she said as she walked away.

I knew she was right about what I'd feel if I didn't at least try it, so I took a deep breath and unpacked the box.

Big and Beautiful

I took the box into the bathroom so I could have privacy in case any staff came into the back. I pulled out three pairs of latex shorts, all of which looked too small for me. I found they had a fair amount of stretch to them and thought it might just be possible, so I stripped down and rubbed some lube onto my thighs and butt.

The first pair of panties had two dildos attached to the crotch and while curious, I quickly put them aside. The second pair was plain and simple, so I stepped into them and worked them into place.

They actually did fit, but looking in the mirror I saw I had a huge camel toe on display and thought it would be more embarrassing than the wet spot on my regular panties. The third pair had a thick rubber patch for the crotch with some nubs on the inside, and while they didn't look very comfortable, I thought it would at least hide things down there.

I tried them on and found the nubs rubbed my labia and clit whenever I moved. It was distracting but not unpleasant, so I kept them on and looked at the tops. The first one I picked up had cut-outs for the nipples, and I quickly returned it to the box.

The second was more like a combination of a pushup bra and a sports bra, and I thought it might work. Like the panties it was also a little small, but it had front hooks so I was able to eventually fasten it. I shook my chest and was pleased to see it hold everything in its proper place.

It also made my nipples look like rockets, but I could put my blouse back on overtop to help hide it. The latex stockings were tough to pull on, but reached right to the top of my legs and both looked and felt amazing. I could get used to those in a hurry, and it seemed like they'd stay up without garters.

There were some elbow length gloves I thought I could wear as well, but decided to save them for the end so my fingers could stay nimble. Then I saw the answer to one of my biggest worries; a full face mask. If it fit, I

could wear this getup in public and keep my identity hidden from the crowd.

It wasn't easy and I almost suffocated myself twice by putting it on crooked, but was happy with the end result. This wouldn't be too bad as long as I sat in one of the darker booths. I was admiring myself in the mirror when I heard a tap on the door.

"Are you ok in there?" Lilith asked.

I gathered my courage and opened the door. "Well, how bad do I look?"

"I told you to cut that self-depreciation crap out," she replied. "I think you look great, and if you trust me with the rest, you'll look amazing."

I nodded and stepped out after quickly gathering the unused items scattered around the bathroom. She gestured for me to put it aside and held up a big girdle.

"This half-corset will get rid of the Michelin man effect you were so worried about earlier. It's not boned like a real one, and is actually quite thin. It's usually worn underneath a catsuit and can only remove a couple of inches from the waist, but is great for a beginner."

I'd be willing to try anything if it hid the love handles. She quickly got it around my waist and had me hold onto a bar fastened to the wall so she could lace it up. It didn't take long before my breathing became shallow, and if this was newbie gear, I wondered what a real one would be like.

She ran down the laces four times in total, and while I would've been happy to stop after round two, I had to admit it looked spectacular by the time she was done. We put the gloves on and then she accessorized my outfit with matching blue belt, collar, and shoes.

The shoes had a five inch heel and I was a little wobbly on them, but extra ankle straps gave me enough support to get by, and I didn't think I'd be walking much tonight anyway. A thin white latex kimono finished my outfit and was just the thing needed to set everything off perfectly.

I couldn't stop staring at myself in the mirror. I was actually dressed head to toe in beautiful latex, and I didn't feel like an inner tube from an old tractor. The tingling between my legs started again, and I briefly considered

switching to the panties that had the dildos.

“Come, dear,” she said, wrapping an arm around my waist. “Let’s go take a seat while the place is mostly empty.”

I thought that was a good idea and followed her out. Mistress Grey had packed up and gone while I changed, and there were already a few customers sitting in their place. I thought she might make me sit up front with them, but got lucky. She took me to one of the dark booths I was hoping for and let me sit in the back.

Charlie came by with a tray full of drinks, and I took a glass of the champagne since I’d never been able to afford the high-end stuff before. It was pretty good, but in my opinion wasn’t worth the two grand per bottle price tag.

I’d wanted this booth for the privacy, but having Mistress Lilith next to me blew that plan apart. Every new person walking in came by to say hello to her before finding their own seats. She made sure to introduce me to everyone, although she called me Drew instead of using my real name.

I was grateful for the anonymity, and slowly relaxed and began to enjoy myself. I even received some genuine compliments, and after a lifetime of being the biggest girl in the room, I knew how to separate the genuine from the polite.

The only problem I had now was the damn panties. I couldn’t seem to make myself hold still, and every tiny movement sent those damn nubs rubbing over my damn clit. In short, I was horny as hell and wanted nothing more than to excuse myself and hide in the bathroom for a few minutes so I could take the edge off.

I took another glass of champagne and drank it down quicker than it deserved, hoping to dull the senses a little. It didn’t really help, but it was worth a shot. I felt a hand squeeze my thigh to get my attention and she leaned close to me until her mouth was at my ear.

“Here comes Master Laste, the last partner in our club. Be on your best behavior.”

“Hello, Laste,” she said. “This is Nancy Drow and I think she’ll be a perfect

here.”

“Very pleased to meet you, Nancy,” he said, leaning over the table to kiss my hand. I almost giggled at the archaic gesture, but suppressed it in time.

“We’ve got a problem and need to talk, Lilith,” he said, sliding into the booth next to me. “We’re short one girl for tonight’s shows.”

“What happened? Everything was fine last time I checked.”

“Shelly had a family emergency and won’t be in tonight, and I can’t find a replacement. We’ll have to cancel the downstairs show.”

“Let me think for a sec,” she replied.

Master Laste complimented me on my outfit and made small talk while she made some phone calls. She eventually tossed her phone aside in disgust.

“I can’t get anyone to pick up, so we’re screwed... unless...”

“Unless what?”

“If we replace Shelly with Jill as the sub, and you take my place downstairs with Monica, then all we need is one more person to help when we do the dual flogging routine.”

“Are you thinking of asking one of our friends to work on stage for us? They’re here as customers, not staff, and I won’t ask it of them.”

“What about Nancy here? A flogger isn’t hard to use, and I could get her up to speed in five minutes or less.”

“Me?” I asked incredulously. “I can’t go up on stage, I’d die of embarrassment.”

“I think you look amazing, and with your height you fit the role of a dominatrix perfectly. It would mean a lot to me, and I’d be willing to pay you a thousand bucks cash for simply swinging your arm for a while.”

Her offer made me pause. A thousand bucks cash would instantly take care of all my overdue bills, and what was the worst that could happen? I get laughed at... big deal.

“Ok, if you think I’ll actually be a help, then I’ll do it.”

“Thank you,” she said. She threw her arms around me and gave me a big, sloppy kiss.

“Go to the restroom and fix your makeup or whatever, and meet me backstage in fifteen minutes.”

I jumped at the chance of getting into the bathroom so I could relieve my building tension. My short, fast steps across the room were a mistake, though, since it made those evil nubs rub over my clit with every step and I came close to cumming before I made it to safety.

I ripped my shorts off as soon as I was inside and rubbed myself to an instant orgasm. I’d never had such an intense orgasm from masturbating before, and it took me several minutes before I could compose myself enough to clean up and fix my clothes.

To my horror, I found I ripped one side of the panties completely in half; they were ruined. I considered my options and decided I needed to use the panties with the inserts so I could avoid the ugly camel toe.

They actually slipped into place easier than I expected, and didn’t cause as much of a distraction as those evil pussy rubbing things did. Even the plug up my bum didn’t hurt like I expected it to. I fixed myself up as much as I could and rushed out to meet with Lilith since I’d already wasted all my free time.

“We need to hurry,” she said as I came into sight. “Pull off the kimono so we can wire you up.”

I slid out of it and adjusted the headset mic she thrust at me until it fit comfortably on my head. She attached the sending unit to the back of my corset, but then pulled it off and grabbed up a different one.

She put the new one in place and plugged my mic in, and also seemed to connect it to the back of my panties. I didn’t have any time for questions, though, as she tossed the kimono back at me and pulled out some sheets of paper while I put it back on.

“Here’s a standard stage contract,” she said as she furiously began filling in the blanks. “One thousand dollars cash for one night of stage time. Once we start, you cannot leave unless it’s a genuine medical emergency or you forfeit

the entire amount and incur a five hundred dollar fine.”

That didn't leave much leeway, but I always started whatever I finished so I wasn't worried about it. Besides... if I keeled over dead from fright when I stepped up on stage, then that would be a genuine medical emergency and I'd be off the hook.

She handed me a cat-o-nine tail whip and told me to practice on a manikin for a few minutes while she checked on Jill. I took a few tentative swipes at the plastic dummy, but didn't have a clue on how hard I was supposed to really be hitting it.

“You need to use more wrist action, and follow through with the whole arm for maximum effect,” Master Laste said from behind me.

He took the flogger and demonstrated a few times before handing it back to me. I tried again and found it definitely felt better when I swung and made contact, and the wrist action helped give power to the blow without using as much force.

“Better,” he said. “You'll learn the rest as you go, and I can guarantee you'll know it when you're doing it right. Try to relax and enjoy yourself, now get up there.”

I peeked around the edge of the curtain and saw Lilith already on stage with Jill, the girl I met earlier. She impatiently waved me forward and I took my first step into the spotlight. I was committed.

“Good evening, friends,” she began. “I'd like to introduce a very special person. This is Drew, a new friend of mine who was willing to step up and help me out of a major bind tonight. She may look like a natural, but this is her first time doing anything like this so please be supportive of her.”

‘Gee... thanks for telling the world I'm a fucking newbie,’ I thought.

“Jill, who was supposed to be my assistant tonight, is now the one who'll be standing in for Shelly. For anyone who didn't hear the announcement, this will be an endurance contest for you all to bet on. With Jill taking Shelly's job, new odds are now in place and preliminary bets are all voided. Please check your tablets for current information and place your new bets now.”

While the crowd was busy, Lilith motioned me over to help secure Jill. She was standing there wearing only the thinnest of leather thongs, and I could clearly see the bases of a dildo and butt plug protruding around the edges of the leather. Those things must've been massive!

Lilith attached some odd leather cuffs around her wrists and had me hang them over a hook above her head. She called them suspension cuffs. There was at least one advantage to my height; I didn't need to use the stepping stool.

Lilith went to the side and came back with plain cuffs for her ankles, and a four foot long wooden bar. I watched her put the first cuff on, copying her actions until mine was properly in place. She put the wooden bar behind Jill's feet and told me to spread her legs.

I yanked them apart a little harder than I probably should have, but my nerves were still frayed. I held them in place while she clipped the bar to D-rings on the cuffs. Jill was now standing on the very tips of her toes, doing a little dance to try and keep her balance centered.

"That was very well done," she whispered to me. "Keep it up."

I thought she was being sarcastic, but someone from the crowd called me out on it, claiming there was no way I was a newbie and the odds needed to be readjusted. I guess the stunned look on my face was enough to make him change his mind, since he waved off his complaint and went back to working on his tablet.

Lilith stepped over to me while we were waiting and turned off our mics for a moment. "How uncomfortable would you be with rubbing or groping her once in a while? Nothing really sexual, just smoothing out the areas you're flogging, so to speak. It'll help her deal with an extended torture session."

"I guess I could do that," I said.

"Great. You might get the occasional instruction through your earpiece, but other than that, use your imagination. Start slow so she can get used to it, but then hit her anywhere you feel like except for the face, kidneys, and liver."

I nodded agreement, but wasn't exactly sure where the liver was located. I guess someone would tell me if I was fucking up, and shrugged it off. She

told me to begin on the ass since it was the easiest target to learn on.

I pulled the strands through my free hand until I could grab the tips like Lilith did. At a nod from her, I let loose with my first real swipe. She did the same, and the sounds from our combined blows were indistinguishable.

After a few minutes I began to gain some confidence, and tried to add a little flair to my swings. The crowd immediately noticed the change and called out their encouragement. I lost that rhythm on my very next swing when I felt the dildo spreading my pussy lips come to life.

“We reward success, but punish errors,” a voice in my ear said a second before a searing jolt shot up my bum.

I started swinging again and quickly got back into the proper rhythm. My ass stopped getting electrocuted as soon as I did, and the vibrator came back to life. The stimulation made me very horny and very nervous, but was infinitely preferable to having the power pole in my ass going off.

I paused again a few minutes later when Jill started uncontrollably thrashing and shrieking. I thought we’d hurt her too bad, but it wasn’t that; she was having an orgasm! I resumed hitting her again before I got zapped, and on impulse, aimed a few swats between her legs.

It seemed to drive her into a second, more powerful orgasm, and I got another compliment with a corresponding increase in the power of my vibrator. I tried to catch Lilith’s eye and shake my head, but she just smiled at me for a second before her eyes rolled up in her head and she fell twitching to the floor in the throes of her own pleasure.

Even if I wanted to pay the penalty, I knew there was no way I’d be able to even make it off the stage now, so I succumbed to the inevitable. I came with a throaty growl, and wrapped my arms around Jill to keep my balance.

I’d never had more than one orgasm in a single day before, and expected this new one to wipe me out but boy, was I ever wrong. Once I could stand properly again, I unclenched my hands from Jill’s titties and resumed flogging with a new vigor.

To the delight of the crowd, I started getting creative and tried new things as I got used to the little whip. I got the best reaction when I hit her on the sides

of her chest and the ends wrapped around her body to snap on her tits.

Lilith finally got to her feet and apologized to the crowd for losing control so badly. Apparently this show wasn't like any done before and it made me feel better about ad-libbing. I heard Jill's grunts and gasps start turning into moans, and figured she was getting close again.

I switched back to hitting her between the legs, but this time I used the tittie whip technique and let just the ends of the flogger whip between her legs to strike her snatch. She came again, and I briefly thought she passed out at the end since she was hanging completely limp.

Only her constant moans and slight grinding of the hips let me know she was not only alive, but very much into the scene. Lilith and I switched sides, or rather spun Jill through a one eighty and now I got a chance to work on her titties in the same figure eight pattern I started the night off with on her ass.

The slack jawed expression on her face was like nothing I'd ever seen before, and now I knew what people meant by the expression 'cum-drunk'. Jill was beyond pain right now, and living in her own little world of ecstasy.

I wasn't far behind, and the very thought of what she was experiencing was enough to send me crashing into another violent orgasm that was so far outside my experience, it might as well have been on the moon.

I fell to my knees and grabbed onto Jill's body to keep from going all the way to the floor. I hung there for close to a minute before I realized my nose was pressed hard against her snatch. I quickly got to my feet and hoped I didn't look as red with embarrassment as I felt.

I almost felt like crying, and started whipping her tits harder than before due to the emotions rolling over me. I could still smell her arousal with every breath I took, and knew her juices were covering my face after my little accident.

Both of them started cumming again, and I barely knew what to do. I felt so embarrassed about cumming in front of people who I'd be expecting to serve drinks to, that I knew I couldn't keep working here. I'd be a laughing stock.

Then I had an epiphany.

They didn't seem to be laughing at me and they didn't consider any of this to be unnatural, so maybe I just needed to expand my horizons. If the cheers and comments from the crowd were to be believed, they were actually accepting me as one of their own.

They didn't look at me as some fat ugly freak, but simply as someone who was doing a job, and doing it well. Could I actually dare to think I might be able to fit in? Since I was already swimming in the basement of an outhouse as far as my modesty went, I decided to try something outlandish.

As soon as I started cumming again, I let go of the flogger and dropped to my knees, burying my face in her crotch as deep as possible with her thong and inserts. I reached around behind her and began slapping her ass with both hands as hard as I could.

Each slap pushed her cunt into my face, and after a dozen hits like that, she came in an explosive torrent, her juices gushing out and practically drowning me with the sheer volume of it. I didn't think things would ever arrange themselves like this again, so I burned the memory into my mind, content I'd be able to walk away from the night with the memory of a lifetime.

My vibrator shut off, but I didn't have the energy to get to my feet yet. I could only kneel there with my face in her groin, my body twitching with the aftershocks still shooting out from my groin. Eventually they died down and Lilith helped me to my feet.

The crowd was on their feet, cheering and clapping for my epic debut performance. Apparently by making her squirt, I'd ended the contest and come out on top. People were already shouting out demands for a repeat performance next week.

I leaned on Lilith enough to make her knees buckle a bit, but she helped me off stage and guided me into a big fluffy chair where I flopped down, completely spent. Charlie came over and knelt by my side, her tray containing a big glass of water and two glasses of champagne.

I guzzled the water and sat there trying to make sense of the night, but not making much progress. Lilith rejoined me and sat on the arm of the chair, giving me a big kiss on the lips before picking up the flutes and handing one to me.

“That was simply amazing,” she said, clinking our glasses together. “A performance like that is rare from an expert and unheard of from a rookie. How on earth did you know to do the things you did?”

“I just did what felt right at the moment. By the way, I’m still debating kicking your ass for pulling that vibrator stunt on me. That wasn’t part of the deal.”

“Hey, you put the equipment on yourself, all I did was make use of it. Don’t put them on next time if you don’t want to have any fun.”

“Next time?” I asked, incredulously. “Are you crazy? I can’t show my face up there again after that disgrace.”

“You just don’t get it, do you,” she said in disgust. “Take a look at the video of us up there tonight, and tell me it was a disgrace.”

She pulled our performance up on her tablet and sat on my lap, forcing me to either watch it or dump her on her face. The face came close to winning out, but after a minute, I began to see her point.

If I hadn’t just lived through it, I wouldn’t have known it was me up there. I looked confident, competent, and most wondrous of all, beautiful.

“How is that possible,” I finally asked. “That doesn’t look like me.”

“It’s you all right; you just need to get over yourself. Chubby doesn’t mean ugly, and tall doesn’t mean freak. You’re a beautiful woman, and I hope you stay with me... I mean us for a very long time.”

“C’mon,” she said, jumping to her feet and dragging me up by my hand. “Let’s go meet the crowd and see if anyone proves me wrong.”

We emerged from behind the stage to an absolute roar of approval from the crowd. I automatically straightened my back and tried to look elegant, but then remembered I had Jill’s drying cum plastered over my whole face.

‘So much for grandeur,’ I thought.

Everyone wanted to talk to me, several wanted to take pictures with me, and a few even propositioned me. In short, they accepted me. The last of my worry faded away and I joined the group with a lighter heart. These people were all my friends now, and I loved them for it.

It was the strangest journey imaginable, but I'd found a new home. Everything was perfect until I felt my vibrator start up with enough power to rattle my bones. As soon as I made eye contact with Lilith I saw her toss the remote over the edge of the balcony and wave goodbye.

Oh shit!

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Part 16: The Fetish Models

The New Job

“Thank you, please come again,” I said, handing the customer his purchase in a plain brown bag.

I gathered up the unsold items they’d tried and polished the fingerprints off the latex before hanging them back on the rack. I’d never really enjoyed retail sales before, but this place was different... in more ways than one.

If someone would’ve told me a month ago I’d be helping customers decide between one type of dildo or another, I’d have sat on them until the guys with the white coats came to take them away in a straitjacket.

Of course, we had our own straitjackets on the shelf here (in a dozen different styles) but that’s beside the point. I still felt awkward about selling this stuff, especially when someone asked me if I’d tried the various toys and restraints and could say which I liked better.

I liked being completely professional in any job I’d ever done, and not being able to give an informed opinion was a bit embarrassing, but not nearly as much as the alternative. I picked up a dildo shaped like an arm with a fist on the end and tried to imagine how that conversation would go.

“Yes, ma’am, the triple vibrator action in this one will really rock your world, and with the external battery pack and remote, will keep you quivering in delight for up to eighteen hours,” I said to my imaginary customer.

“It sounds lovely, dear,” Mistress Lilith said from behind me, scaring me half to death. “I’ll take two.”

“I’m sorry,” I said, quickly putting it back on the shelf. “Those last customers kept asking if I’d tried any of these things and it was a little embarrassing.”

“Don’t be embarrassed. Anyone who walks in here and asks real candid questions like that wouldn’t blink an eye at an honest answer. It’s easy to tell

the experienced customers from those who just came in here on a lark.”

“That’s true,” I said, thinking about some of the people who came in and were obviously uncomfortable. If they didn’t make eye contact when they walked through the door, then they were just as nervous about being here as I was.

“Maybe you should try some of our various items,” she said with a throaty little chuckle. “You might enjoy it.”

I secretly thought it was a tempting offer, but there was no way I could ever take her up on it. It was bad enough when she tricked me with a pair of vibrating panties during my first night at the club.

“You first,” I countered, straightening my back with false bravado. “I owe you one for what you pulled on me, and I’d love to see you standing in the front window with one of these monsters running inside of you all day.”

“Maybe someday, but not today,” she laughed. “I’ve got some business to discuss with you.”

“Ok,” I replied, glad to get away from the awkward conversation.

“The custom clothes we ordered from Claire are ready, and we’re scheduled to do a photo shoot tomorrow. I’d like you to help me with it.”

“Sorry, but I don’t think so. It was bad enough having to get on stage in front of all those strangers.”

“You were great up there, and everyone loved you, dear. Besides... this is a lot easier.”

“What would I have to do?”

“Help me restrain the models, position them during the shoot, maybe stand over them with a crop or whip... that type of thing.”

“That’s it? No sex or kinky shit?”

“Not unless you want to,” she said, causing me to blush again. “I’m just kidding... this is just a plain photo shoot so we can get pictures of Claire’s new latex line for the store. Your new stuff is ready too, and if you were in some of the shots it would give you a lot of ‘street cred.’ with the customers.”

“Hmm,” I said, wavering a bit.

“If you don’t like any of the pictures with you in them, we simply won’t use them. I think you’ll be great, though, so please think about it. I’m even willing to toss you a five hundred buck bonus in cash if you help me with this.”

That decided me. My car had broken down this morning and I had to take the bus to work. The extra cash might be enough to let me fix it before payday.”

“You’ve got yourself a deal.”

Fetish Model

I couldn't believe how many custom things Mistress Grey made for me. There were multiple sets of bras and panties, tops and bottoms, and all of it in shiny new latex. The smell of rubber was almost overpowering, and I felt my nipples getting hard as I took a deep breath and inhaled the heady odor. God, I loved latex.

As nervous as I was about being in a fetish photo shoot, I was excited to feel what a properly fitting outfit would be like. Women my size can't buy this stuff off the rack, and I'd never be able to afford any the custom stuff on my own.

I quickly unpacked all the boxes, sorting everything out onto a table by type so I could figure out what to wear first. Almost without thinking about it, I picked up a hood that would hide my face and pulled it over my head. Even in private, the anonymity made me feel better about putting on the rest of my kinky clothes.

It took me a while to get the eye, nose, and mouth holes positioned right, but it was definitely worth it. I looked at the selection of bras next and passed over the ones that left my boobs completely exposed, or my nipples poking through small holes. I wanted full coverage.

I was tempted by one with little nubs that'd rub against my nipples, but remembering what a pair of panties with those evil things had done to me, I added them to the reject pile as well. A plain strapless bra would do for today, even if it did show off my headlights more than I cared for.

Crotchless panties, the ones with the evil nubs, and the one with built in dildos went to the side and I went for the plainest pair. The tight latex gave me a rather prominent camel-toe, but I was planning on wearing a knee-length skirt today so it shouldn't be a problem.

I put on a pair of thigh-high latex stockings, the skirt, and a pair of knee boots with five inch heels. I needed to get those on while I could still bend

properly since I'd be wearing a corset with my outfit.

Monica was available, and I had her come in to help me with my top since it zipped up from the back. It wasn't much of a top, having a plunging neckline that went down to my navel, but it helped hide my nipples and also compressed my upper arms enough to make them look toned.

There was a beautiful corset with half cups, and I gladly put it on so it would hide my love handles. I easily fastened the front busks, but needed help with the laces. Unlike the one I'd tried before, this one had some rigid boning in it and would take a while to get used to.

Monica was something of an expert, and kept pulling the laces until I threatened to sit on her if she didn't cut it out. She told me there was still another two inches left to go, but relented and tied them off where they were. As tough as it was to breathe right now, I couldn't imagine what another two inches would be like.

Long latex gloves went all the way up to the sleeves, and you'd have to look pretty close to see they weren't part of the top. She helped me with my makeup, polished everything to a mirror-like shine, and escorted me to the set.

Lilith was already there, instructing our two models in the positions she wanted them to take for the initial solo shots. If I didn't know better, I would've thought the form fitting catsuits they were wearing were painted on. They fit every curve on their bodies perfectly.

"Good timing," she said to me. "We need a few still shots with all four of us, and then we'll add some bondage into the mix. You'll be working with Lisa, here."

Lisa was a gorgeous little thing of about a hundred pounds and five foot nothing in height, with long black hair and huge bazooms. It felt weird posing with someone so small, since her face only reached up to my cleavage. I felt even more like a giant than usual.

"We'll be taking both stills and video as we work, but feel free to ask questions as we go since the video is mostly for screen-caps. Just do what I do and try to relax."

I nodded and accepted an inflatable gag from her, shoving it into Lisa's waiting mouth and buckled it tightly in place. I watched Lilith closely as she pumped it up, and matched her squeeze for squeeze of the inflator bulb.

I didn't realize it, but my stronger hands and Lisa's smaller mouth meant I inflated it far past her comfort level. She was an experienced submissive, though, and didn't complain. I later wished she would've let me know, since it might've stopped me from a whole string of overzealous errors on my part.

I tied her wrists together behind her back, cinching it tight enough that circulation would be a problem if the shoot went on too long, but I couldn't tell since she was completely covered with the catsuit.

I was also far too rough when I yanked her upper arms together and began tying them. My huge hands easily crushed her elbows together and held them in place while I wrapped the rope around four times before cinching it tight.

It wasn't until I had her ankles done and I pulled her into a tight hogtie that Lilith noticed something was wrong. Lisa grunted out the SOS safe word code as I bent her too far, too fast, and we had to immediately stop and cut the ropes away.

I was instantly sorry once I realized what I'd done, and also mad at myself for not figuring it out on my own. I'd never been in bondage before, and had no clue what a proper tie looked or felt like.

We had to give Lisa thirty minutes to recover before we could continue with the shoot. The photographer said he got some good shots of the hogtie, so we wouldn't have to do it again. Thank God.

The next scene had me tying her ankles to her thighs in a 'frog tie' position. I was careful not to overdo it again, but wound up with a sloppy tie and had to redo the whole thing twice before I got it right.

Lisa began screaming when I pulled her arm up behind her back for a reverse prayer tie, and I thought for a moment I dislocated her shoulder. I didn't, but her arm was so sore we had to call off the rest of the shoot.

I went back to the dressing room and punched a hole in the wall over my stupidity, and then flopped down on the couch and began crying. I wasn't

used to being that incompetent, and it was both infuriating and embarrassing.

“What’s the matter, dear,” Lilith said as she strode into the room.

“I was a complete fuckup out there. I had no clue what I was doing to the poor girl and I ruined the shoot.”

“Lisa’s fine and just has a pulled shoulder muscle. She’s used to things like that happening, and probably would’ve been fine if she’d gotten a chance to loosen up beforehand. It was my fault for pushing things too fast.”

“I haven’t got a clue what it’s supposed to be like, and wound up hurting her as a result.”

“Maybe we should tie you up someday so you know what it feels like,” she said, chuckling.

“Maybe you should,” I shot back, still feeling pissed.

“I was only kidding. You’re right when you said you don’t know what it’s like, and I doubt you could handle it.”

“I can take anything you can dish out, girlie” I said, getting to my feet and looming over her.

“I doubt it,” she snorted. “You wouldn’t last five minutes on the other side.”

I snapped.

“Hit me with your best shot. You can even get that scrawny little girl to help tie me up, and if I tap out, you won’t have to pay me for the day.”

“I can do anything I want? For as long as I want?”

“As long as my face stays hidden from the camera, I’ll take it with a smile and rub your nose in it later.”

“If we can save the ruined photo shoot, then I’m willing to give it a shot. I’ll even pay you the model’s wages if you last the whole day without wimping out.”

“Do your worst,” I said, striding back to the set.

I’d show her who could handle what. I hoped.

The Other Side

“Lisa, gag her and put these cuffs on her wrists. Hands in front and hook ‘em on the chain. Pull the bitch tight while I go get a few things,” Lilith said before storming back out.

I held out my hands to let Lisa wrap the cuffs around my wrists, which took almost no time at all. She held the gag up to me and paused.

“This is your last chance,” she said. “Are you sure you can do this?”

I glared at her and leaned down with an open mouth so she could reach easier. She shrugged and quickly filled my mouth with the foul tasting rubber bladder. She pumped it up until it filled me completely, stretching my jaw like never before.

Still angry, I took the bulb and gave it another couple of squeezes to prove I could take what I’d given her earlier. It was probably a mistake I’d regret after a few minutes, since my jaw was already starting to ache, but it made a point.

She fastened my wrists together with a carabineer clip and connected them to a chain above me. She stepped to the wall and raised the winch until my hands were far above my head and I was barely able to stand without going on tip-toes.

“Being a fetish model can be tough, but it can also be fun,” she said to me as I struggled in my first bondage position. “Try not to tense up any more than you have to, remember to breathe, and don’t forget to use the safe word if you even think there’s a problem.”

“According to her, she won’t need a safe word,” Lilith said, pushing a covered cart through the doorway. “She told me to do my worst.”

“Oh my,” Lisa said, stepping away laughing. “Can I watch?”

“You can both watch and help. Start by getting rid of her shoes, panties and skirt.”

I was stunned. I didn't think things would go this far so fast, and looked at Lilith to see if she was serious. She was staring at me with a gleam in her eyes, practically daring me to tap out. My anger rose again and I resolved anew to take anything she could come up with.

I deliberately looked away and lifted my left foot to let Lisa take the boot off. I found myself stretched a little tighter once my feet were bare, and couldn't stop her from pulling my panties off if I wanted to.

I immediately felt the cooling that comes from evaporation, and realized I was wet down there. I was getting turned on by all of this. Lilith went behind me and put a wide and very tall collar around my neck that kept me from moving my head at all and forcing me to look slightly upwards.

It restricted my breathing a bit, but not enough to put me in danger of suffocating. Then the two of them went to work on the corset laces, and I really knew what it was like to wear it properly.

My nostrils were flaring with each ragged attempt to get air in my lungs, and I felt light headed from the lack of oxygen until I started getting used to it. As soon as I was breathing easier, they gave the laces one last pass and tied them off. Holy shit, it was tight.

I could just manage to see myself in one of the screens the photographer had the video feed linked to, and couldn't believe it. The corset probably took four or five inches off my waist, and looked absolutely amazing.

"Spread your legs," she commanded, giving me a tap on each thigh with a crop.

I spread them as far as I could, but it wasn't easy since I was stretched so tight.

"More," she commanded, hitting the insides of my thighs hard enough to make me grunt.

I stretched out with my toes as far as I could and spread a bit wider. Metal cuffs immediately closed around each ankle and locked in place. When they let go I tried to bring my legs back together a bit, but found them locked in place. The cuffs were apparently part of a spreader bar.

I felt a hand touch me between my legs and start rubbing up and down my moist slit and over my clit. It felt wonderful, but made it hard to stand still. More and more of my weight was taken up by my wrists cuffs as my feet and legs started to give out.

“Remember, you can tap out any time,” Lilith purred. “I’m going to give you a little taste of everything tonight, and this is just the beginning.”

I remained silent, so she took that as confirmation I wanted to continue. She thankfully lowered me a few inches so my feet were flat on the floor and I got to recover slightly from the burning in my limbs.

“Lisa, an egg please, if you would be so kind.”

“Yes, Mistress,” she said.

A moment later and Lisa was kneeling in front of me, working a gel over and into my snatch and causing me to moan from the stimulation. She pumped a pair of fingers into me for a minute and then pressed the egg in with one fluid motion.

It felt good, but distinctly out of place. It was about the size of a regular chicken egg and just barely stayed inside me. The only toy I’d ever masturbated with was a normal shaped dildo, and I kept thinking the egg needed to be longer so it would fill me the same way. Then she turned it on and I stopped caring how weird it felt.

“Let’s go back to the other night when you helped me on stage,” Lilith said. “I think warming your butt up with a flogger will give you a new appreciation of what it’s like to be on the receiving end.”

The first lash made me jump, but more out of surprise than pain. She was starting off slow so I could get used to it. Still feeling cocky, I thrust my ass out at her to give her a better target. I’m sure she recognized it as a challenge, but didn’t change the pace; she was the one in charge.

Lisa began playing with the speed on the egg, turning it randomly up and down and never giving me the chance to figure it out. She’d also rub my clit now and then, making me wild. I forced my rising lust down and tried to concentrate on the lashing my ass was taking.

The continuous blows were starting to add up, and my ass was really feeling the burn now. She might have been hitting a little harder now as well, but I wasn't sure.

"Go get an eroscillator," Lilith said, aiming between my legs once Lisa was out of the way.

I got about two dozen whacks directly on my pussy before Lisa got back, and although it hurt like blazes, it also made me hotter than hell. I'd seen the eroscillator on the shelves before and thought it looked vaguely like an electric toothbrush. I never dreamed it was as powerful as it was, but the second she started rubbing it over my clit I knew I was in trouble.

It was like driving full speed down the highway and suddenly hitting the nitrous. I exploded into orgasm within a few seconds from the powerful vibrations directed with pinpoint accuracy against my most sensitive spot.

Halfway through my orgasm I felt the egg go up to full speed and Lilith began lashing me harder and faster. Lisa mashed the tip of the vibe hard against my clit and held it there, causing me to immediately go into a second, more powerful climax.

They kept at it long enough I thought the aftershocks might build into a third one, but Lilith stopped things in time and gave me a minute to catch my breath. It made me realize I was hanging completely from my wrists, and they were really starting to hurt. The photographer said he was going out for a smoke break and would be back in fifteen minutes.

I managed to make my legs work again, and started feeling better as I recovered from my ordeal. She wasn't kidding when she said I was in for an education. I felt her loosen the laces on my corset and I gratefully filled my hungry lungs for the first time in what felt like ages.

They took the corset completely off and unclipped my hands from above. They removed the wrist cuffs and my top and bra as well, leaving me completely naked and exposed. I started to panic a bit, but Lilith shushed me and told me to cooperate so they could finish before the photographer returned.

I was all for that, and meekly stood there to let them work. The first thing

they put on me was a girdle, and I immediately felt better, even though my titties were still hanging bare. My hands were tied behind my back, and I paid attention to how the ropes felt when applied by someone who knew what they were doing.

My elbows were next, and holy shit did that hurt. I vowed to be more considerate in the future, since it was a massive strain on my whole upper body, and they didn't even have my elbows close together!

The chain was reconnected to my wrist tie and was slowly pulled up. It easily doubled the strain I felt, and I had to do a lot of quick shuffle steps in order to keep my balance. I was forced to lean forward to ease the pressure on my shoulders, and I was starting to sweat by the time they stopped.

I barely had a minute to get used to the position before the photographer returned. Lilith told Lisa to keep me amused while she continued her work, and she immediately dove between my legs and attacked my pussy with her mouth, tongue, and the eroscillator.

She brought me to a fever pitch in mere moments, but backed off every time she thought I was about to cum. It was maddening. Once Lilith saw Lisa had me well in hand, she doubled over a rope and looped it tightly around the base of my left tit.

She did four tight turns around it, and it was getting painful by the time she finished. She did the same thing to my other tit, and then tied a thin string around the bottom of each nipple. It felt like my tits were going to explode from the pressure of the trapped blood.

She deflated the gag and removed the rubber mass from my mouth, along with a large buildup of saliva that I couldn't swallow in time.

"How are you holding up, dear," she asked me, rubbing my cheeks where the strap had been digging in.

"Oh, have we started yet?" I said with false bravado once my jaw started working again.

"We've only just begun," she chuckled.

She forced a ring gag behind my teeth and buckled it extra tight. It was

smaller than the blow-up monstrosity, so it was easier on my jaw, but the straps were really digging into the corners of my mouth.

“Lisa, a number four, please and thank you.”

Lisa stopped tormenting me long enough to get something from the cart. She started rubbing lube around my rosebud, and I began to panic again, knowing what was coming. Sure enough, after a few minutes of stretching me with her fingers (and keeping me hot by rubbing my clit with her other hand) I felt something large and hard press against my rear passage.

If I remembered our store inventory right, a number four was one of the smaller ones, but it felt huge at the moment. I thought for a second she might tear something, but then the widest part was past my sphincter and it sucked itself down to the base.

She went straight back to ‘keeping me amused’, not giving me any time to get used to the new intruder. Once I was back on the very edge of cumming again, Lilith began flogging my now ultra-sensitive titties.

She did a quick and hard lash over the middle of each one, causing me to scream into my gag at the blinding pain. I was a lot louder without the inflatable gag filling my mouth. She waited until my screams died down and then repeated the dual blows.

After a few minutes of repeating that pattern, she changed to a weaker but faster pace that had me screaming almost non-stop. I think I kept screaming for at least a minute after she stopped; my brain wasn’t working at full capacity any more.

She gave me several minutes to recover and regain my breath, although Lisa kept working me over so catching my breath wasn’t easy. She reminded me I could grunt my safe word to stop at any time, but I stayed silent, other than a few moans due to Lisa’s attentions.

She took the loose ends from the strings around my nipples and tied them together, pulling them to the center of my chest until they were stretched and aching. She held a set of clover clamps in front of my eyes until she was sure I recognized what they were, and then snapped them cruelly onto each nipple.

I howled again from the sudden lancing pain, and miracle of miracles, kept

howling as it somehow pushed me over the edge into orgasm.

“That’s it, Lisa,” Lilith snapped. “Keep her going now.”

The erosillator mashed my clit again, and I gasped as a very large dildo was suddenly and without warning rammed deep into my pussy. The sensations were overwhelming and I felt my orgasm blossom to a whole new level.

Lilith began attaching weights to the nipple clamps one at a time, until it felt like I had a pound of lead stretching them out.

“It won’t hurt as much if you don’t move around, so try to hold still,” she said once she finished.

That was easy for her to say. Lisa was pounding me so fast and hard with the dildo, I thought it might be connected to a jackhammer, and my clit was still getting vibrated into next week. All in all, it meant the weights on my nipples were bouncing around like crazy and I wondered if they’d eventually rip right off. I came three more times in rapid order, and could barely get enough air into my lungs.

“Grunt once for yes, and twice for no. Do you want me to take the weights off, dear?” Lilith asked.

I immediately grunted once.

“The next thing you need to learn is that there’s always a tradeoff when you ask for something to stop.”

She held up a thin rattan cane and waved it under my nose.

“There are five weights on each nipple, so I think five lashes on each breast is a fair exchange.”

She sat on the floor and began tapping my right breast with it. Suddenly I heard a whoosh and a crack. A second later and the pain exploded in my already aching breast. She began tapping on the other breast before my scream even died down.

Pain lanced through that one when she struck a few seconds later, and then I felt her remove a weight from each clamp. I came close to tapping out at this point, but then Lisa’s efforts ripped another orgasm from me and I was able to hang on.

Tears were running down my face by the time she'd finished, and she paused the action long enough to make sure she didn't go too far. She removed my gag and gave me a chance to call it off with no repercussions, but I decided if I made it through that, then I could make it through anything. She assured me the worst was over and I said I could continue.

"Are you sure? The next thing you need to learn is that you must always please your Mistress and thank her properly for your training."

I thought I knew what was coming, but didn't care by this point. In a way, it almost seemed fair to return some of the orgasms they'd given me tonight. I was slowly lowered to the floor and my arms were released.

They'd gone numb and useless sometime during that scene, and I couldn't resist as I was rolled onto my back and my arms spread wide. They must've had ropes already attached somewhere, since my arms were securely bound within a few seconds.

More ropes went around my ankles before the cuffs and spreader bar were removed. Then they took the time to pull out all the slack until each one was equally taut. I couldn't move an inch by the time they were done, but this position was infinitely easier to deal with than the last one, and almost felt comfortable in comparison.

She stepped over my head and I could see her bare pussy glistening with the juices that had already run down her legs.

"Last chance to back out, dear," she said. "The shoot is over and this is more like overtime."

I blew her a kiss and wiggled my tongue at her.

I started licking the moment she was in position over my mouth. She let out a moan and began playing with my nipples. I felt the string holding them together get released and the clamps were removed.

I howled in pain for each one, but she gently massaged them until it was just a dull throb. It hurt a lot more when she untied the strings from the nipples themselves, but again she caressed them until the pain went away.

The rope around my tits didn't hurt as much coming off, and the relief of

having them free was incredible. I felt Lisa crawl back between my legs and put her expert mouth to work. I had some experience with women, but not much; I started to copy what Lisa was doing to me and had an immediate increase in the volume of Lilith's moans.

Lisa might've been better at eating pussy than I was, but Lilith had been close to a boil all night. I brought her off into a shattering climax within a few minutes, getting smothered for a while when she collapsed in ecstasy.

I came again while she was still recovering, her sweet, musky smell making it seem more delightful than ever. She got up before I suffocated and changed places with Lisa. I found Lilith had an equally talented tongue, and she gave me two more incredible orgasms before I made Lisa cum.

One orgasm was enough for her, and she stood, saying she hated to 'cum and run' but she had to get ready for a date tonight. Lilith took her place and stayed there until I was too exhausted to continue. I think she came three more times, but I lost track and it might've been four.

She released my arms and helped me to sit up. She knelt behind me and let me lean back against her soft breasts while I recovered. She kept her arms wrapped around me and nibbled my ear while I sat there, occasionally giving me a tender grope or caress.

I thought she might take it further, but eventually she finished removing my restraints and helped me to my feet. She grabbed a pair of robes for us and guided me to the elevator going to her apartment. A steaming bubble bath was already drawn in a tub big enough for both of us, and there was a bottle of champagne in ice within easy reach.

I soaked my aches and pains away and we washed each other down, staying in there for far too long, but enjoying it too much to leave. The cold water eventually forced us out and we toweled each other dry before putting the robes back on.

I sighed as reality began to reassert itself. I wasn't looking forward to the long bus ride home after all I'd been through tonight. Maybe I should splurge and call a taxi.

"You're welcome to spend the night here," she said to me, as if she was

reading my mind. “There’s plenty of room in my bed... if you don’t mind.”
She sounded like a nervous teenager asking someone out for their first date.
It was really cute, and so unlike her regular confident attitude. How could I
resist? I guess I wouldn’t be taking that bus ride after all.

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Part 17: Fetish Conversion

My Kinky Boss

I came awake in a panic, not remembering where I was at first. The long blonde hair tickling my nipples and keeping them erect engaged my brain enough to make me remember I spent the night with Mistress Lilith.

I slowly and carefully slid out of bed so I wouldn't wake her... not an easy feat when you're as big as I am. Especially when a pressing need to pee urges extreme haste. I managed to make it both out of bed and into the bathroom without waking her, but both were close calls.

My clothes were downstairs in the fetish shop change room, so all I could do was throw on a bathrobe for now. I considered going back to bed, but my stomach was demanding attention; I'd burned a metric fuck-ton of calories yesterday and badly needed to refuel.

I decided to raid the kitchen and see if I couldn't find something to fill the hole... a horse would do, or maybe a pair of cows. I was really, really hungry. There wasn't a lot of food in the fridge, and I seemed to remember something about them eating most meals from the *Argentum Seges* kitchen.

I'd kill for a burger and salad right now, but the chef probably wasn't in yet, I had no way of finding out, and for that matter, I couldn't even use the elevator without my access card. I made do with cereal, some strawberries, and some industrial strength coffee that brewed while I ate.

"It smells like someone around here finally figured out how to brew some real coffee," Sherri said, walking into the kitchen and grabbing a mug.

I almost choked on my mouthful of food when she came into view; completely bare-ass naked.

"I hear you had a ... umm... interesting photo shoot yesterday," she coyly said.

I thought I saw a smirk on her face, but she hid it behind the coffee cup

before I could tell for sure. I'm pretty sure my face turned redder than the strawberries I was eating.

"Hey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you," she quickly apologized. "It's just that Lilith hasn't had someone share her bed in ages and we were all talking about it last night. Neither one of you made it out to the club floor either... and she always makes at least a brief appearance."

I was still off balance and didn't know how to respond. I wrapped my robe tighter around my body and tried to think of something clever to say. 'Do you come here often' was on the tip of my tongue, but luckily my higher brain functions intervened in time.

"I'm sorry. I didn't realize you all shared the same common space up here. I've never been in the apartment side before."

"No, I'm the one who should be sorry," she said, instantly contrite. "I'm sitting here in my all-together, beating you up before you've even had a chance to soak some caffeine into the system. Let me go grab my robe so we'll at least be on an even footing."

She jumped up and ran through a set of double doors two places down from Lilith's bedroom, giving me the time I needed to regroup. If double doors indicated a bedroom, then it meant there were five separate bedrooms up here. Why hadn't I figured that out from talking with the girls over the last few weeks? I guess I'm a little slow sometimes.

She came back a few minutes later wearing the promised robe, practically dragging Jill along with her. They both began grilling me with questions like a pair of school girls looking for juicy gossip. I could barely keep up with the deluge and felt lost.

Salvation briefly came when Monica stepped out of the elevator carrying several large bags that smelled delicious. She had bagels and muffins and a big fruit platter which she quickly laid out on the table. After she laid it out for us she went and knocked on Lilith's bedroom door, opening it a crack and announcing that breakfast was here.

Jill joined Sherri in grilling me about last night's events as well, meaning I couldn't even get a bite of food in between their questions. Lilith finally

emerged from her room wearing a thin white kimono and saved the day.

“Knock it off you two,” she said, as she sat down next to me. “At least let us wake up before you begin your inquisition.”

They both looked contrite and shut up long enough for everyone to finish breakfast. Monica disappeared while we ate, and came back with a bag containing my clothes from last night. I felt relieved, and quickly excused myself so I could shower and change.

Once I was clean, I felt a thousand percent better. I opened the bag to get dressed, and had a moment of shock as I saw it contained my new fetish gear instead of the street clothes I was expecting.

I could also smell oranges, which meant she’d taken the time to clean them with the powerful disinfectant cleaner they used in the club. That meant she knew what state they were in before picking them up off the floor after our impromptu bondage session and orgy.

Not having any choice other than the skimpy robe, I started to put on the tight latex clothes she brought, determined to put my best foot forward. I also determined Monica was either very evil or had an incredible sense of humor. Only part of the bags contents were what I’d worn last night.

Both the bra and the panties she selected for me were the ones with the nubs inside that stimulated me without mercy whenever I moved. She probably thought it was funny as hell, but it could’ve been worse; she could have selected the bra that left my nipples exposed or the panties with built-in dildos.

My thigh-high stockings were the same, as were the knee-high boots with five-inch heels. The corset was the same half-cup model, but a deep cobalt color instead of the black one I wore yesterday. The mask, gags, cuffs, and other toys were also included at the bottom of the bag, but I quickly passed them over.

I fastened the front busks on the corset and ignored the laces for now. I held it in place with the belt from the robe I was wearing earlier, and put on a kimono like the one Lilith was wearing. I felt a little better now that I was wearing something, and stepped out to rejoin the girls.

I heard the conversation grind to a halt as soon as I stepped out of the bedroom, and knew they'd been talking about me while I was gone. I had a lump in my throat, but held my head high and rejoined them in the kitchen.

Lilith stood and wrapped her arms around me, giving me a tight bear hug and a quick peck on the cheek.

"You look wonderful," she said. "But not perfect... let me help you with that."

She pulled off my kimono and the belt as well so she could work on the corset laces. She either didn't pull them as tight today, or I'd gotten used to it a bit after yesterday's extreme session. It almost felt like she was girding me in armor before some epic medieval battle, and I felt some confidence return by the time she'd finished.

"There," she said in satisfaction, pulling my head down so she could give me a proper kiss. "All better now."

I blushed again, but quickly took my seat again, hoping my flushed skin would look like it was a result of the freshly tightened corset. I doubted I could fool these girls, but one can always hope. At least they didn't tease me about it.

I was feeling pretty good about things by the time our brunch broke up and I had to go to work. Monica recoded my access card so I could use the apartment elevator and private club door, so going to work meant it took me two whole minutes. It sure beat the shit out of the cross town bus.

Suspicious

“It’s been a month now since Lilith fell for Nancy, and I’m starting to get worried,” I said, opening my meeting with the girls.

“Worried, Laste?” Jill asked. “It’s been so long since Lilith had either a partner or a personal slave, the rest of us have been happy for her.”

“No kidding,” Sherri agreed. “What’s there to worry about? It’s obvious they’re in love.”

“Well, let’s see. Since she’s started here she got a huge raise, made more bonus money than almost anyone, got about twenty grand worth of custom clothes for free, and now she has one of Lilith’s cars. The two of them also don’t socialize with our VIP customers, and that hurts business.”

“You think Nancy is a leech or something?”

“Something,” I agreed. “She’s also one of the few staff to have an access card without any restrictions. Small but valuable items have been going missing from inventory over this last month. The thefts started just a few days after we recoded her card, and now money is going missing as well.”

“So how do we find out for sure if Nancy is bad news?”

“I thought up a little test for her. If Nancy truly loves Lilith as much as she claims, then she would do anything to keep Lilith safe and out of harm’s way, right?”

“True.”

“Then here’s what we’re going to do.”

“What’s this?” Lilith asked, looking at the package I put in front of her.

“It’s a new version of the catsuit for the Ultimate Bondage Device,” I said. “I need to test all of the sensors and e-Stim electrodes, but neither Sherri nor Jill

showed up. You're the same size, so I was hoping you could help me with a quick calibration run."

"I don't really feel like getting the shit shocked out of me today, can't it wait? I want to finish this paperwork so I can go upstairs."

"It's strictly a low power test. Nothing over ten percent, no bondage needed, no hood to mess up your hair or makeup, and you wouldn't even need to insert the toys. Can't you spare fifteen minutes to help?"

"Fine," she sighed. "Let me go change."

"Great," I said. "I've got gear my in the back and will wait for you there."

The UBD catsuit was heavily reinforced at the ankles, wrists, and other strategic places to allow for the built-in D-rings so it took her a while to get into it, and I had to close the back for her. Everything else was ready, so all I needed to do was connect the wiring harness to her suit and have her sit in the comfy barber chair I put out for the test.

I'm told the low power pulses in the suit are akin to a sensual massage, and that was one of the reasons I picked the bullshit reasons I did. After a few minutes, she'd be nice and relaxed. Another reason was all of those strategically placed D-rings; we could trap her in mere seconds.

"This is lovely, Laste," she purred. "It feels like I have a thousand fingers running over my body at the same time."

"It seems we're two or three short from that thousand," I said with a frown. "A couple of them aren't reading right and I'll need to find out which ones they are. Try and stay still while I track down the faulty pieces."

"Take your time."

I went over with a handheld test meter and began checking the connection points throughout the suit. I actually didn't even turn the meter on, but it gave me a good excuse to touch her limbs, and quietly slip the D-rings into waiting carabineer clips.

I managed to get both wrists and one ankle locked down before she noticed something was wrong.

"Hey!" she exclaimed. "What the hell are you doing?"

“Just relax,” I said, grabbing the last leg and locking it down. “This’ll all be over before you know it.”

“Let me go you bastard, I don’t have time for this shit.”

I was actually the one who didn’t have time for this shit, since I had to get upstairs and tend to Nancy. Lilith’s thrashing and screaming was becoming annoying, so I went with my backup plan.

I walked around behind her head and pulled out the plastic baggie I’d filled earlier with a chloroform soaked rag. I waited until she’d finished yelling at me and was about to take a deep breath to resume her diatribe. I covered her mouth and nose just as she began that breath.

Her eyes went wide in shock as she realized what I was doing, but it was already too late. It might take a minute, but that first deep lungful of tainted air sealed her fate. Her eyes were already beginning to glaze over and lose focus.

She was still flailing her arms and legs at the limit of the bindings, but without as much purpose now. More breaths, and now she was having trouble keeping her eyes open. She mostly stopped flailing her arms now, except for the odd weak flop one way or another.

Her shouting was reduced to pathetic little whimpers and I knew she was close. Another breath and I saw her eyes begin rolling up in her head. Her eyelids fluttered a few times and then went shut as the powerful fumes took away the last of her consciousness.

I held the rag in place for a few more breaths to make sure she was truly out of it and then got to work adjusting her situation into something more appropriate for tonight’s *real* test. I finished as quickly as I could and rushed upstairs... it was time to slay a giant.

Charlie was standing at the bar and chatting with Nancy when I stepped out of the elevator.

“Where’s everyone else?” I asked.

“We’re the only ones here, sir,” Charlie replied.

“Damn. I need to calibrate the oxygen flow rate on my new equipment, and Sherri and Lisa were going to help me.”

“I’m sorry, but I haven’t seen them all day.”

“Since you look bored, can you help me get started? I have a long day ahead of me and need to get busy.”

“Sure, what do I need to do?”

“Just sit in the dentist chair and breathe normally while I adjust the flow and check the fittings, hoses, and mask for leaks.”

She quickly agreed, but probably because we had her wearing ballet boots today and she wanted to get off those eight inch heels for a few minutes. I’d truly be running only oxygen with Charlie, since she wasn’t my target. She was only a decoy to put Nancy at ease.

I took my time and then sent her to the bar to get me a scotch once I’d finished. I pretended to call Lisa (who I knew was out of town today) and swore loudly when I couldn’t reach her.

“Dammit, I needed Lisa for this. She’s the smallest girl we have, and I really needed to test with two wildly different body sizes.”

“I’m not doing anything at the moment,” Nancy said. “If medium and small works, would medium and large do?”

“Hmm,” I said, pretending to think about it. “It’s worth a try. Come on over and hop in the chair.”

She lay back and made herself comfortable, putting on the mask herself as soon as I had the oxygen flowing. I let it run for a minute while I adjusted the flow to make sure the breather bag was correctly inflating, and then added fifteen percent nitrous oxide to the mix. I wanted to start slow so I wouldn’t make her suspicious.

“I’m going to add a few drops of perfume into the rebreather bag so I can sniff around for leaks. Can you smell it?” I asked.

She nodded her head at the same time I bumped the nitrous to thirty percent.

It takes about thirty seconds for nitrous oxide to hit someone, and I watched the clock. Right at thirty I cranked the flow up to seventy percent and casually walked over to her.

I could tell the first little hit was beginning to take effect, and with maximum flow on the nitrous, she'd soon be out of it. I stood over her in case she tried to bolt, pretending to check the seal on the mask.

I could instantly tell when the high concentration took effect. Her head lolled to the side and her eyes completely lost focus. I could see her mouth hanging slack through the translucent mask, and one arm fell limply to her side. I quickly strapped her arms and legs down so I could reduce the nitrous flow without worrying about her getting away.

"Go get Monica for me and take her place in the store," I told Charlie.

She scurried off and I went to our apartment door. I banged on it three times and Jill and Sherri came out from where they'd been waiting.

"Let's get this show on the road," I told them, moving back to our slumbering giant. "It's time for the test."

The Test

“What happened?” I tried to ask as I slowly woke up.

I only got to try, since I had a large ring gag wedged behind my teeth and all that came out was a weak mumble. I also tried to sit up, but found myself stuck to the chair. A bit of struggling told me I was securely held in place at my wrists, elbows, feet, and knees. What the hell was going on?

I was still groggy, but knew this wasn't what Laste said he needed me to do. I felt a buzzing invade my crotch, and realized I was plugged both front and back now. As the vibrations helped clear the cobwebs, I realized I was very full down there. I'd kill him for this stunt... once I got out of it.

“I see you're finally awake now,” Monica said. “I told him he was using too much chloroform, but does anyone ever listen to me? Nope. Anyway, I'm sure you're wondering what's going on.”

She paused to make sure I was able to understand her, and continued after my nod.

“Someone's been stealing from us, and Laste is sure it's Nancy. He's going to torture the truth out of her, and we needed you out of the way since she seems to have suckered you completely in.”

I immediately started to struggle, shake my head, and shout in denial. Nancy was no thief.

“On the odd chance you really do care for her, we're going to give you a chance to reduce her torture. There's a button next to each of your hands. The one on the right will remove power from her electric shocks and transfer it randomly to either your vibrator or your e-stim butt plug.

“The one on the left is for when you can't take it anymore or you finally agree she's guilty. It'll dump all of your power back into her system. Every ten minutes the system will give a string of a hundred shocks to her, and you have to decide if you want to either take it for her, or let her suffer.”

She couldn't be serious, could she? She pressed a remote and the screen behind her came to life showing Nancy strapped down in a dentist chair, twitching and thrashing. There was also a countdown showing four seconds left.

As soon as the countdown hit zero, I saw Nancy scream in agony. I immediately pressed the right hand button and felt my vibrator climb to full speed. This was a fucked up game Laste was playing, but it seemed like I had no choice. I watched the countdown start anew and shuddered as the buzzing toy forced my first orgasm out of me.

"See, Nancy," Laste said. "Look at her thrash around in pain. That's what we do to someone who embezzles money from our company."

"She wouldn't steal a dime," I spat, once I'd recovered from my orgasm enough to talk. "This is fucked up and I demand you let us go."

"One way or another we'll get the truth. We think you were in on her scheme, so here's what we're going to do. We're going to let you take some of the juice away from her if you feel like preventing us from completely frying her.

"Every time you hit a button you'll take some of the power out of her system. The right hand button will shock you for ten minutes and the left hand will power up all three of your vibrators for ten minutes.

"It may sound like as easy choice, but this could go on all night, and I'm not sure you can handle being stimulated at pussy, clit, and ass for eight or ten hours straight without either passing out or losing your mind."

Was this fucker serious? I'd kill him once I got out of here.

"If you're having trouble keeping up, we may allow you some alternate way of reducing her power, but only if you beg nicely. If you see the power meter on the right hand side of the screen hit a hundred percent, you can kiss your lover goodbye."

I heard a faint 'ding', saw the countdown timer hit zero and the power meter

jump up from fifty to sixty percent. A few seconds later I saw Lilith start to convulse again, and I immediately hit both buttons so she'd get a break next round.

The shocks weren't actually as bad as I expected, although they did make my muscles twitch in an involuntary reaction. I barely noticed them over the sensations the three toys were causing me. I came within the first few minutes, and then a second time just as the countdown hit again.

I almost missed seeing the countdown reset due the fireworks going off behind my eyes, but I managed to hit both buttons in time, sending me rocketing into a second ten minute cycle. I came again right when the countdown hit zero, and missed my chance to press the buttons.

I wondered if they were somehow timing my orgasms to coincide with the ten minute cycle in order to make it more difficult for me. With Master Laste's skills, it was entirely possible.

I could see Lilith's suffering increase by a large amount, and vowed to get her power levels back down as fast as I could. Laste was right, though; I might not be able to handle these things running at warp speed all night, and I'd already missed once because of them.

The brief respite I'd get from missing the mark would help in the long run, but now Lilith was hurting more. He mentioned alternatives to the shock-and-vibe treatment, and I wondered what he meant.

"Please, Master Laste," I shouted. "Please torture me and use me as you see fit for your pleasure."

"I wonder where I should start... do you have any suggestions?"

I thought for a brief moment on what might give him a good incentive to remove a large amount from the progress bar.

"My tits are open and available. Please torture them in exchange for reducing Lilith's power level."

"What a wonderful suggestion," he said. "Since you asked so nicely, I think I'll reduce the power by five percent."

He took some rubber ankle cuffs from Jill and leaned over my chest. I was

only confused for a brief moment; he actually managed to wrap them around my tits, causing them to painfully poke straight up from my chest. They started turning purple almost instantly from the harsh constriction.

He pulled the electrodes off my nipples and ran the tip of his crop over each one in turn before lashing down on them with ten quick blows. My eyes were closed from the pain, but I heard that faint ding and pressed both buttons. He tried to make me miss the countdown again and almost succeeded.

Of course, now it meant the vibrators were all back up to full speed, and I was back on the orgasm express. Now that I was aware he was cheating, I could feel the vibrations changing through the next ten minutes and knew I'd only have to worry about the button when my next orgasm arrived.

He was definitely keeping me hovering on the edge until the timer was about to run out. He also didn't stop beating my tits, and all the blows were beginning to add up. I saw ten seconds left on the countdown and tried to brace myself for the next distraction.

He began lashing my nipples at the same time as my orgasm hit, and I fumbled with the right hand button. By the time I got it back in my hand, it was too late. Lilith's power was back up and I needed to up the ante again.

"Surely the good Master would like to use my body for more pleasure? I beg of you... please take me in any hole you find pleasing."

I thought it was a stroke of genius on my part if he bought it. Having his huge pecker up my butt wouldn't be pleasant, but it couldn't be as bad as the football they had lodged up there now. And if he chose to fuck my pussy, then I'd get a break from the powerful vibrations. Unfortunately, I forgot about my mouth.

He removed his pants, revealing a monstrous cock. He then lowered the chair until it was almost flat and crawled over my head.

"Don't even think of biting, or I turn everything up to a hundred percent and leave you both to fry," he warned as he slipped it inside my mouth.

My idea had totally backfired. Not only was the screen not in view now, but I had to deal with his massive hard-on ramming down my throat, causing me

to choke and gag with every thrust. It took all of my concentration to get ready to hit the buttons in time, but I used my impending orgasm as my timer. My plan wasn't the only one backfiring!

He kept fucking my face for the entire next cycle, and at the end he plunged deep into my throat and stayed there as he shot his load. Even though I started cumming myself, I couldn't breathe with his dick down my throat and I missed the timer this time.

He climbed off me and I was able to raise my head enough to see Lilith's power sitting at seventy percent! How did it get so high? Was he cheating, or did I miss something. She was straining mightily at her bonds, and I knew I had to act fast.

"Surely a great and generous Master wouldn't want his assistant to miss out on the fun. I would give her much satisfaction if it pleases you."

"What a wonderful idea, but make sure you take less than ten minutes to bring her off, or you'll receive another penalty like you did with me."

So that's why the power level was so high. This would be trickier than I thought.

Jill climbed aboard and had Master Laste raise the chair slightly until my face was pressed tight into her snatch. I immediately started sucking on her clit and flicking my tongue over the tip. I managed to hear the ding this time and press both buttons in time.

It meant I had new distractions to deal with, but Jill exploded into a violent orgasm a moment later and I knew I won that round. She climbed off but was soon replaced by Sherri. Damn, I didn't realize she was up here as well.

She waited for the next cycle to begin before lowering her pussy to my face, and I quickly got busy. My tongue was a little tired after working Jill at the furious pace I set so I could beat the timer, and I also had the shocks and vibrations to deal with this time which definitely didn't help matters any.

I wasn't exactly sure how much time I had left, but I was hovering on the edge again and knew I didn't have long. Sherri was moaning and grinding her hips into my face and I knew she was close. Unfortunately, I was closer.

I started cumming again, but this time I lost it. This orgasm racked through my whole body, causing me to gush a veritable river out of my pussy, and almost making me black out from the sheer power of it.

By the time I recovered, I realized I'd stopped licking and missed both the timer and my chance to hit the buttons. I finished Sherri off a moment later, cursing at my lack of control. When I could see the screen again, I saw the power was at eighty percent and Lilith looked to be in dire straits.

Her whole body was covered in sweat and she barely had enough energy left to struggle in her bonds. Only her constantly twitching and writhing body betrayed her torment. My extra efforts all backfired on me, so I gripped my buttons harder and vowed not to miss any more cycles.

By missing the buttons last round, I actually recovered enough to get my second wind, so to speak. I hit the next round without a problem, and the next two as well. Each new orgasm was an even mixture of both pleasure and pain, but I endured and got Lilith's levels down to sixty percent.

I started whispering encouraging words to her, even though I knew she couldn't hear me. It helped keep me focused. Another tortuous orgasm was ripped out of me as the timer hit zero, but I managed to hit the buttons again and went another round.

I lost track after that, but I kept hitting the buttons and endured each new orgasm as best as I could. I was rapidly running out of strength, and knew I couldn't possibly last more than another few cycles. Poor Lilith... I hope Master Laste burns in hell for doing this to her.

My next orgasm was another over the top squirting affair, and it took a moment to realize I heard another ding. I just barely hit the buttons in time. I tried to see how Lilith was doing, but didn't have the energy to raise my head up enough.

I probably couldn't have seen it well enough to make out any details anyway, since I couldn't make my eyes focus anymore and the room itself seemed to be all in shades of grey. My next orgasm was another massive one, possibly the strongest yet.

Wave after wave of pleasure coursed through my body and I couldn't stop

cumming. It went on and on for what felt like forever, until the room went away, leaving me alone in never-never land.

“How’s she doing?” I asked, concerned we might have pushed her too far.

“She seems ok, just completely exhausted.”

“Monica,” I said into my mic. “How’s Lilith doing?”

“She’s holding up fine, although I don’t think she could’ve handled many more orgasms. She fell asleep as soon as we shut the system down.”

“How did it look down there?”

“It looked pretty good. Even though I knew the plan, it still looked like you were torturing the hell out of her.”

“So she didn’t suspect she was doing everything to herself?”

“Lilith didn’t have a clue down here, what about you?”

“Nancy worked her ass off to keep Lilith from ‘frying’,” I chuckled. “She gave herself almost non-stop orgasms and shocks, just to keep the bullshit meter in check.”

“So you think she’s completely converted to our way of life, and truly loves Lilith?”

“I think so, and after we explain we only did this test because we all care so much for Lilith’s happiness, she may even refrain from stomping the living shit out of us.”

“I sure hope so. I think I can smooth things over with Lilith, but Nancy’s your problem.”

“That’s not a very good attitude, coming from a slave.”

“Maybe not,” she chuckled. “But I’m down here watching Lilith and you’re up there with the primary shit stomper.”

“True. I’ll welcome her to the inner circle after she recovers, and worst case scenario, I think I can run faster than Jill and Sherri.”

“Master is wise,” she said with a wink.

I hoped so; in reality, I really couldn’t run very fast at all.

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Part 18: Fetish Domination

Slave Options

“Can I talk to you for a minute?” I asked Master Laste.

“Sure, Nancy,” he replied. “As long as it doesn’t involve changing your mind and kicking my ass over last month’s test.”

“If that was it, you’d already be in the hospital since I’d cheat and hit you from behind when you weren’t expecting it.”

“Then come in and tell me what you need.”

“I’ve been hearing rumors about me and Lilith, and I want some advice.”

“Go on.”

“Everybody knows we’re a couple by now, but they all have their own ideas of what that should mean. I’m not talking about the normal customers either, but your ‘inner circle’ friends that meet upstairs in the private area.”

“You’re offended by them?”

“No, not at all,” I said, starting to pace in front of his desk. “But I was thinking of suggesting something more formal or permanent to Lilith, and I’m not sure of the proper etiquette in this BDSM lifestyle.”

“Ah, now the light bulb comes on.”

“So what do I need to do?”

“That’s a rather complex question, but let me give you a few options to consider. The simplest way is to buy some rings and propose to her like a vanilla couple would. She’d probably accept and be happy, but might want more. She’s a well-respected Mistress, and might be happier with a dominant/submissive relationship.”

“I wasn’t even considering a ‘normal’ marriage.”

“If you want to be formally acknowledged as her submissive or slave, then

there's various ways to go about it depending on how serious you two want to make the relationship. The simplest is a collaring ceremony, where she locks a collar around your neck in front of witnesses from our council.

"It's tradition for the collared sub to give a token to her new Mistress, but never a ring. It can be any other item or adornment, often a pendant or bracelet. If you want to go the slave route, then the options are practically endless, depending on how strict she wants to be with you."

"What kind of options?"

"She could decide on a permanent collar, cuffs, or piercings. She may have you wear a gag for the rest of your life. She could tattoo or brand you. She could even lock you into a chastity belt for the rest of your life, although the way you two constantly go at it that's highly unlikely."

"I don't think either one of us would like that much," I said, blushing.

"It's mostly about the affirmation of her control and the willingness of you to obey. If you love her enough to give yourself completely to her, then you'd do anything she asks, no matter how cruel. It's all about trust."

"I already trust her. I know she wouldn't do anything to really hurt me, and I don't mean physical pain."

"Let me give you a hypothetical situation. Let's say you're her slave and she ordered you to pick a random guy from the club downstairs and blow him in front of everyone. Would you do it?"

"I... I don't know," I floundered. "If I signed on as her slave, I guess I'd have to do it but I wouldn't like it very much."

"What if she took you to a tattoo parlor for some piercings and told the guy to give you a nose ring, a two-inch hoop through each nipple, a ring through the clit, and eight fat rings through your labia?"

"I'd have to think about that. I don't care much for piercings, especially piercings as painful and extreme as those ones sound."

"If you're a slave, then you don't think... you obey and then thank her afterwards."

"I guess you're right."

“The life of a slave can be harsh, painful, and humiliating. It can also be rewarding, and only you can determine if it’s right for you.”

“Is there a way I could do a trial run? Experience being a true slave before any of that permanent stuff happens? Sort of like an engagement period before a wedding?”

“There’s an extended ceremony I’ve seen before, but it’s rarely used since it takes three months to complete. It’s mainly for when a new slave has to prove her worth to family and friends, but is also a test for the Mistress.”

“How does it work?”

“You have to learn proper etiquette and how to obey any command instantly. She’ll have to know you’ll instantly obey any command, and we’ll also have to know she’s willing to give those commands and enforce the proper protocols.

“It happens in three stages, and there’s no backing out once you begin. For the first part, she needs to prove you’ll obey her in a public gathering of other Masters and Mistresses. In the second part, she needs to give control away and let the others command you for a night.”

“She has to watch, but not intervene unless a hard limit is being breached. It’s designed to test the resolve of the slave in as humiliating of a manner as possible, and to make sure the Mistress isn’t being all starry-eyed and lovey-dovey with her property.”

“Wow,” I said. That sounds pretty extreme.”

“It is,” he agreed. That’s why we rarely use this particular ritual.”

“What’s the third part?”

“The last part is the wedding ceremony itself. That’s when you get your one and only chance to call it off.”

“How would I start this thing rolling?”

“You’d present a gold collar to Lilith and ask to be hers. You’d talk about it all in advance so you two can figure out if it’s really what you both want, and if she puts the collar on you, then it begins.”

“It sounds simple enough.”

“Once she locks the collar around your neck and puts on your gag and chastity belt, your training will begin.”

“Wait,” I interrupted. “What chastity belt?”

“In order to make sure she’s not getting into a lifetime relationship with just a talented tongue, you’ll be locked away from each other until the night of each test.”

I paused at that; I really liked the wild and crazy sex with Lilith these days and wasn’t looking forward to it stopping. Still, this weird ritual seemed like the best way to prove to everyone I was serious about doing this.

“Thanks. You’ve given me a lot to think about.”

Leap of Faith

Taking a massive leap of faith, I decided to go for broke. None of their friends took me seriously, and Lilith was losing credibility as a result. Laste's three month ceremony wasn't the last choice anymore; it was the only choice.

I cleaned out my apartment (which I hadn't actually used in the last few months anyway) and either sold or gave away everything I owned. I commissioned Master Jerry to make me a gold studded collar, and he promised to have it for me by the weekend.

I also got an idea from him on what the perfect wedding gift for Lilith would be, and placed the order, even though it pretty much cleaned out my bank account. He also made a stainless steel chastity belt for me, and threw in matching cuffs for free since I'd just spent so much money on the other stuff.

The belt was a fairly formidable piece of hardware, and I'd need to wear a butt plug with enema attachments once I put it on. I'd hopefully be spared using a catheter most of the time, but he gave me a case of the supplies anyway.

Master Laste helped me cast an alginate mouth mold so he could make a highly effective gag that I could wear long term without undue stress. It would actually be glued to my teeth and only had a hole through the middle for breathing safety and for feeding.

It was white, but the hole made it look like I was missing a tooth and I didn't much care for it. It was also scary as hell, but he assured me that someone who knew what they were doing could remove it in a few minutes if there was an emergency.

I'd been talking with Lilith about changing our relationship so I could get a feel for what she really wanted for herself. It became obvious she would be happiest if I submitted completely to her, so I put my plan in motion for Friday night when the upstairs of the club was restricted to only their inner

circle of friends.

I could hardly wait.

I was also scared shitless.

I had Monica help me with my corset. I wanted everything perfect tonight, and she was the best at getting it tight. She was also the only one I could ask since tonight was going to be a surprise for everyone, other than the few who'd helped me get things ready.

At her recommendation, I was wearing fishnet stockings, ankle boots with five inch heels, and no panties. A short latex skirt would cover me for now, but if I was to really become a slave, then modesty would have to be quickly forgotten. Lilith could even choose to completely deny me clothes for the whole three months if she wanted to!

Once Monica got a call from Master Laste that Lilith was busy downstairs, I threw on a robe and we hustled out to the stage with the rest of my stuff. It was already set for my surprise, consisting of a gaudy ornamental throne for Lilith, and a curtained off area for me to hide behind until the proper moment.

Their friends seemed curious when we scurried by, but didn't ask any questions. Master Jerry gave me a covert wink and thumbs-up gesture, and it made me feel instantly better about what I was about to do. Saying I was nervous was the understatement of the century.

She helped me prepare myself in a kneeling position with my ankles connected by a twelve inch hobble chain, my wrists fastened in front of me with a slightly longer chain, and a small red temporary ball gag. My offerings to Lilith were placed on a small table in front of me, and now all I could do was wait and hope she accepted.

"What's all this?" I heard her finally say. "What've you got planned this time, you evil bugger?"

"This isn't my plan," Laste replied. "And it's hardly evil... this time. Take a seat and you'll find out."

I heard her stilettos clack across the stage toward the throne, and then the room fell silent. Monica and Laste quickly removed the curtain, exposing me to the room. Gasps and murmurs instantly broke out from the crowd, but were quickly hushed.

I heard her come close and felt the tip of her crop under my chin, indicating I should raise my head. I saw her eyes were as wide as saucers and she looked completely stunned. Monica came up and removed my ball gag. I licked my lips and took a deep breath.

“If it pleases you, Mistress, I would like to offer myself into your service. I offer you my body, soul, and mind, trusting you to take care of me in all ways for the rest of my life.”

She leaned down until her lips were brushing my ear. “I may beat you senseless for surprising me in public like this. Are you really sure you want to do this?” she whispered.

I gave a tiny nod and she stood back up. She picked the collar up from the table and opened it wide, holding it a few inches in front of me.

“Your offer pleases me, and I accept. You now have one last chance to back out, and can turn and leave without fear of any repercussions. If you choose to continue, place your neck in this collar and seal your own fate.”

I leaned forward until my neck was pressed against the collar and reached up to close the two halves together. The click when the clasp engaged sounded unnaturally loud and my heart started racing.

“I call upon you all as witnesses to this collaring,” she shouted. “By her own hand she has chosen to submit to me as a slave.”

The whole room exploded in cheers and thunderous clapping. She let it go on for a minute or so before waving for silence. She picked up the gag and squeezed a gel into the grooves on both top and bottom.

“Open your mouth and then bite down hard until I say otherwise,” she told me.

I did as she said. I wiggled my jaw a bit to make sure it was perfectly positioned and then clamped my jaw shut. That glue tasted like shit and

almost made me gag, but the foul taste quickly dissipated as it dried. It only took about ninety seconds, and my mouth was now sealed shut for the next thirty days.

“Rise and remove your skirt.”

It was tough getting up after kneeling for so long, but I managed. Once my skirt was off, she removed the hobble chain and put the chastity belt around my thighs. She made me spread my legs wide and lean over the throne when she installed the butt plug.

She gave me a gentle caress over my pussy and clit before sealing it away with the chastity belt. It was done!

“I now claim this slave as my own personal property, to do with as I please for at least the next ninety days. Is there anyone present who objects to my claim?”

Nobody responded or objected; not even a joke or catcall. She clipped a leash to the front of my collar and had me kneel beside her throne. My hands were refastened behind my back and my ankle cuffs clipped together.

“I hope you know what you got us into,” she whispered. “This won’t be easy, and you’ve got a lot to learn in the month before the first trial.”

I knew it would be rough, but her serious tone made me nervous all over again. It didn’t matter, though... for better or worse, I was now a slave.

Domination

My initial thirty days of training seemed to fly by, and tonight was to be my first trial. I had a bit of an advantage with the basics since I'd seen how submissives and slaves were expected to act every night since I started work in the club, but it was the little things I had trouble with.

It took me weeks before I learned to fall into the proper position for whatever was required of me. Standing at attention, kneeling in submission, or presenting my body all had their own variations, and woe was me if I picked the wrong one.

I had enough stripes on my ass from all those errors that someone might think I was wearing a patterned bathing suit. She didn't just punish me for my errors as I made them either; every night she made me go on stage and bend over the spanking bar while she read off a list of the days infractions and shortcomings.

If it was a bad day, she'd make me kneel with my legs spread wide so she could deliver my punishment to my bare breasts. On a really bad day, she'd pick ten random strangers from the crowd downstairs and have them spank me with a leather strap.

It was embarrassing, but effective. I learned the hard way to obey with both speed and precision, although some things still were tough to take. My twice-daily enemas fell into that category, especially when she decided to do them in public like tonight.

"Pay attention, wench!" Mistress snapped, giving my leash a tug. "It's time to begin, and you better not fuck things up tonight or it'll be a month of isolation and hot pepper enemas for you."

I took her threat seriously, and stood straight, thrusting my breasts out like she liked. I was unsteady on my feet as I followed her out of the apartment, since I had a hard time with heels over five inches. Some girls here could wear up to a nine inch heel, but six was the limit for me due to my rather

extreme size.

She led me onstage and had me stand in an inflatable kiddie pool that had cartoon characters printed on it. Yeah, she really did. Her friends all had front row seats to witness the chastity belt come off for the first time in a month, and to see the enema I'd been holding come gushing out.

The soapy water was almost completely clear, since she'd prepped me earlier with three extra ones to make sure I didn't stink up the place in front of her friends. It was still embarrassing as hell.

Next came the gag, and if I thought the glue tasted bad when it went in, the solvent to remove it was a thousand times worse. It was a few minutes of hell, but then it popped free and I was able to open my mouth again. It had been so long since I could freely move it, that the motion actually felt unnatural now.

As far as rituals go, I secretly thought this one was kind of lame but I kept that to myself. I was given fifteen minutes to clean everything up (including myself) and join Mistress on the floor. I barely finished in time since I spent several minutes trying to get the foul taste of solvent out of my mouth.

I wasn't given any new clothes to wear, so I figured it was the first part of my test. I'd been forced to exercise twice a day for the last month and my body was in better shape than ever, but I was still overweight and a little self-conscious about it.

Nobody even acknowledged my existence as I knelt in front of Mistress, presenting myself with knees spread wide, chest out, and hands behind my head. She made me stay like that for about fifteen minutes before telling me to start fetching the presents her friends had brought for her tonight.

The presents were laid out along two buffet tables set up on the far wall. I returned with the first one and knelt in front of her, holding it up so she could open it. It was a beautiful set of eight cobalt blue leather cuffs.

Of course she had to immediately try them out. A pair went on my wrists, above my elbows, my ankles, and even a large set for my thighs. There was also a matching collar, but that went unused since I was still wearing the ceremonial gold one.

The next box was heavy, and was tough to hold steady while she opened it. It contained silver cuffs, chains of different lengths, shackles, and a variety of nipple clamps. She told me to rub my nipples while she selected some chains.

She put a four inch chain between my thighs, a twelve inch one between my ankles, and eight inch chains for both wrist and arm cuffs. Heavy clover clamps were snapped in place on my nipples and connected with one of the thinner chains.

Walking to get the next present was a lot harder now, but nobody seemed to mind how long it took as long as I kept moving. She also didn't make me put on every new gift, since some weren't practical at the time. The leather sleep sack from Master Brandon would've put a crimp in the festivities for sure.

She got so many toys, accessories, and restraints that we could've stocked a second fetish store with all of them. I could foresee my next thirty days of slavery being a lot tougher to endure with all the new stuff custom made to fit my large frame.

After the last present was unwrapped, she made me take everything back to the tables and lay them out for people to admire. I knew my feet would never be the same after all those trips. Then I had to go get everyone drinks, and only after everyone had a glass of champagne in hand was I allowed a brief respite.

Master Laste made a toast to Mistress, congratulating her on her fine new slave. She stood and thanked everyone, and asked if anyone wanted the slave to thank them personally. Three hands immediately shot up; Masters Laste, Master Brandon, and Mistress Grey.

Mistress ordered me to crawl over and thank them one by one. I didn't realize what thanking them meant until I got in front of Master Laste and he pulled down his pants. I froze in shock at what she expected me to do.

I glanced over my shoulder at her, trying to beg her with my eyes not to make me do this in front of everyone. Her flinty gaze shot down any hope of mercy, so I steeled myself and inched closer. I reached out to grab his member, but my hand was whacked with a quick blow of his crop.

“No hands,” he said. “In fact, start diddling yourself so I know they stay out of the way.”

My eyes flew wide open and I glanced back at Mistress again, but her hard scowl promised nothing but punishment in my future for even the briefest delay. I put my hands between my legs and leaned forward until I could start licking his cock.

It didn't take long for it to become hard enough for me to start sucking it properly. I tried to give him the best blowjob imaginable so I could get it over with fast, but was at a serious disadvantage for multiple reasons.

First was a simple lack of experience. I'd never given head more than maybe a dozen times in my entire life, and I'd never learned the best techniques... especially since I couldn't use my hands. Second, his cock was bigger than any of the ones I'd ever sucked before, and I couldn't fit the whole thing into my mouth without choking on it.

Third, and maybe worst of all, was the fact that I had to play with myself. After a month of enforced chastity, I'd been ready to explode. Just being able to touch myself down there was almost enough to make me instantly cum.

However, I hadn't been given permission to cum, so all I could do was try to suppress the urge and slow my pace. It wasn't easy, especially since it took me over fifteen minutes before Master Laste exploded in my mouth.

His first spurt made me retch when it struck the back of my throat, and he forced my head away from him to allow the rest to hit me in my face. One shot went straight into my right eye, and holy shit, did that ever burn.

Master Brandon gave him a dirty look and he ordered his own slave to clean it off my face before I'd be allowed to thank him. I had to kneel in front of him, still diddling myself as she licked Master Laste's cum from my face and spit it into my mouth.

Only once I was completely clean was I allowed to thank him. It was slow going, but mostly because of my own distractions. By now I'd been playing with myself for close to a half hour, and even the lightest caress would've been enough to make me explode if I didn't keep it tightly contained.

It was a close call, but I managed to make him cum before I lost it. Taking a page from Master Laste's playbook, he withdrew the moment he was ready so he could paint my face with his ejaculate. I got lucky and managed to keep my eyes closed this time.

I shuffled over to Mistress Grey, but was stopped before I could get my face in position.

"I'm feeling a bit energetic tonight, and would like to take my thanks in another way, if that's all right with you, Lilith?" she said.

"It's your choice... what do you have in mind?"

"I want to use a strap-on. I've always wondered what it would be like to fuck an Amazon."

"I don't think we have one here," she said, eyeing the contents of the tables.

"You have a whole store full of toys downstairs. I'm sure she wouldn't mind fetching one."

My eyes bugged out and I started shaking my head in denial. The club downstairs was full of strangers right now... surely she wouldn't make me go down there like this? I think shaking my head was a mistake; Mistress had steel in her voice when she said it was a wonderful idea. She'd lose face if either of us refused, so what was I to do?

I had to be gagged since I'd be out of sight of the council, and to my ever-loving gratitude she told Monica to fetch me a robe since I couldn't walk into the public area bare-ass naked. Unfortunately the robe she brought me was semi-sheer and just barely covered my ass if I stood ramrod straight.

Without a word Mistress clipped the leash to my collar and dragged me to the elevator. When it opened downstairs, I thought I'd die of embarrassment. Here I was, bound and gagged with only a skimpy robe thrown over my shoulders, a trail of my own juices streaking down each of my legs, and a face covered in cum.

She dragged me through the middle of the dance floor before turning to head to the fetish shop door. Our appearance shocked a young couple who were tentatively looking through some leather skirts, causing them to stare in

disbelief for a moment before remembering a pressing engagement elsewhere.

She jerked me to a halt in front of the main dildo display and loudly asked which one I wanted to be fucked with tonight. She said there were six choices ranging between ‘Small’ and ‘Holy Fucking Shit You Can’t Be Serious’.

She wasn’t really giving me a choice, but was instead pandering to the crowd who’d followed us into the shop. After crudely and graphically explaining the merits of each model, she asked the crowd what they thought I would like.

Since they were a typical drunken crowd, most of them voted for one that looked like it was modeled from a mule. Mistress thanked them for their input and attached the massive donkey cock to a harness.

She then made me hold it against my crotch while she guided me back through the crowd. It hiked my robe up in front and just barely covered my nakedness. I also felt some cum drip off my face and land on my tits during the walk back, and wondered if it was possible to sink any lower.

When we arrived back upstairs, Mistress Grey was standing on stage next to the spanking bar, naked from the waist down. Yeah, this was about to become more embarrassing once again. She removed my gag and made me suck both ends of the strap-on before going behind me and fastening my ankles wide apart to the posts.

I could tell from her moans when she had her end in place, and braced myself for the inevitable. Even expecting it, I still jumped when I felt the cold, wet tip brush against my pussy lips. She worked it in slowly, withdrawing every inch or so to add more lube. (For which I was extremely grateful.)

Once she had it all the way in, she held it in place for over a minute, wriggling around and enjoying the sensations it caused.

Leaning over my, she whispered in my ear. “Sorry to do this to you, sweetie, but you still don’t have permission to cum. Enjoy the ride if you can, because I know I will. I even coated my pussy and clit with a topical anesthesia in order to dull the sensations and extend this as long as possible.”

I felt the dildo roar to life as she activated the dual vibrators. She kept it pressed painfully deep inside me, her weight crushing me to the bar and keeping me from drawing a full breath. The powerful vibrations were like a blowtorch inside me, and brought my orgasm to the surface in mere moments.

I exploded with a ragged scream, the first sound I'd made since I became a slave. She held me tightly in place until I was limp and merely twitching in the aftershocks. Then she began pumping her hips.

I could intimately feel every vein and bump in the dildo as it stretched my pussy lips to the limit with each powerful thrust. I didn't have even the slightest chance of regaining my senses enough to try and fight off the next orgasm; the sensations were coming too fast and too strong.

I came for the second time within as many minutes, and this time it wouldn't seem to stop. It went straight into a third massive orgasm that left me panting with both pleasure and pain. She didn't care and just kept pounding me like she was a machine; never stopping and barely even slowing.

She kept it up for at least a hundred years (I found out later it was only thirty-five minutes) before finally cumming and letting herself fall limp on my back in exhaustion. I'd long lost track of how many orgasms I'd experienced, but had one more as she lay there with the vibrator still working away inside me.

Even after she pulled out and stepped away, I didn't have enough energy left to raise myself off the bar. I simply lay there breathing heavily, twitching a bit now and then as involuntary spasms flitted through my groin.

I felt my nipples being yanked toward the floor and opened my eyes in time to see Mistress tie them to the floor below me.

"Nobody gave you permission to cum, you slut," she hissed. "It should be ten lashes per offense, which means eighty in total, but since you're supposed to be in the middle of a trial, the offense is worse. I'm sure each person here is disgusted by your lack of control, so I think letting them have at least ten strokes each would be both fair and merciful."

Did she really just say merciful? There were over two dozen people in the room. Assuming they all took only the minimum number of strokes, it meant

well over two hundred lashes, and possibly even twice as many. My ass would look like ground beef by the time they were done!

“In addition to that minor transgression, you’re also guilty of a far greater offense. Not once through the entire night did you properly thank or worship me. You’re about to pay for that.”

Monica pulled a low slung divan onstage and placed it underneath me. Mistress then slid on it and wiggled her snatch under my face, causing my nipples to become stretched to the max as she forced my body slightly upwards. It was painful, but I almost didn’t mind since the powerful smell of her arousal was like ambrosia to me.

She’d barely gotten into place before I attacked her clit with the tip of my tongue. She was dripping wet and her lips were swollen before I’d even started, so I knew it wouldn’t take long to get her off. I started changing my technique in order to bring her to the absolute highest pinnacle possible before pushing her over the edge.

I licked, I sucked, I nibbled, I tongue fucked her. I did everything I could think of, but only for a few seconds with each technique. I kept her on the brink for what seemed like an impossibly long time, and then when I knew she couldn’t possibly stand it anymore, I bit down hard on her clit and rubbed it with the tip of my tongue.

She started shaking in the most violent orgasm I’d ever seen, and considering what Mistress Grey had just done to me, that was saying a lot. I kept going, forcing her into a second orgasm right when the first was barely dying down, causing her to squirt so hard it even sprayed up to my tits.

She pushed my head away once the aftershocks died down, needing time to recover. I wasn’t the only one who’d been chaste for the last month, and she needed to catch her breath after releasing all that pent-up energy.

“Go ahead and start her punishment,” she said in between her ragged gasps. “I’ll stay here since she owes me at least six more orgasms, and if she doesn’t finish them all in time we can always start over.”

I was dreading the sheer number of lashes I had coming to me, but the reality was even worse. I was spared getting all of them on my ass, but it meant I

usually had six people working me over at once.

Two people sat at my sides and flicked springy wooden rulers at my tits, two people were constantly working my ass or thighs, and others would randomly attack my feet, snatch, or even my armpits!

Despite it all, I kept worshipping my Mistress, making her cum over and over again. I even came twice more myself from the overwhelming erotic sensations I couldn't suppress. Some of them tried to humiliate me further by masturbating and cumming on my back or into my hair, but I was beyond that now.

My mistress was the only thing I cared about, and as long as she was there then nothing else mattered. In a way, she was mine as much as I was hers. It was a major epiphany, and if I thought about it, was probably the whole point of this cruel and unusual night.

Other than having my butt plug and chastity belt put back on, I was left for the night as I was. It was a reminder of my new place in the order of things, but I didn't mind. Nobody would ever discuss the matter with a mere slave, but I think I passed my ordeal with flying colors.

I belonged to Mistress now, and for the first time in my life I found myself truly content.

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Part 19: Fetish Submission

The Second Month

I woke up earlier than usual this morning. I hated getting up early more than almost anything else, but today was a special day and I found I just couldn't sleep. Tonight was the night for my second major trial in becoming a lifelong slave to my Mistress.

I was fairly excited for it to begin, but also a little scared. The first trial was hard, and even brutal in some aspects, and I was warned this one would be worse. This time Mistress wouldn't be calling the shots, and would merely be observing my actions and my ability to take orders from the others.

I felt movement next to me and hoped Mistress was about to release me from my nighttime restraints so the wonderful day could begin. Every night for the last thirty days I'd slept in complete isolation and strict bondage; last night was the full body sleep sack.

It was actually the most comfortable option, even though it was the most restrictive and took the longest to setup due to my larger than large size. It covered me from head to toe in thick leather and had additional sleeves inside to contain my arms.

It also had about twenty straps over the outside to make sure I truly felt its crushing embrace for the duration, each of which had to be locked in place for some obscure reason. It was stifling hot, especially since I always wore a full body latex catsuit inside it, but the suit made it easier to keep the sack clean.

I enjoyed the way it held me tight and made me feel safe, but every good came with bad. In this case, the 'bad' was my need to be intubated for the night. I hated the breathing tubes even more than I hated the catheter, but knew they were needed.

She'd been working on me while I'd been lost in thought. It felt like the

straps were all gone now, and sure enough I felt some cooler air hit me as the sack was opened. It was noticeable even without having any exposed skin to allow evaporation. Did I mention the sack was friggen hot?

It seemed slightly unfair that the breathing tubes sucked just as badly to remove as they were to install, but luckily it was a faster process. She patted me on my cheek to let me know the medical equipment was out of the way and I could start wiggling out.

The rest of the morning was now my own, although I had a specific list of things I needed to get done in the allotted time or I'd be punished. Removing my hood was always the hardest part for me, since my fat fingers weren't very dexterous while covered in latex.

Once it was off and I could see again I got the rest of the way out of the sack, and headed for the bathroom so I could ditch the catheter and the rest of my suit. I drank some water while filling the other end with my morning enema, and once both bottles were empty I stepped into the shower.

I washed the catsuit inside and out and hung it up to drip dry before scrubbing myself clean. I released my enema before giving myself a final rinse, taking care to wash between my legs as much as possible around the stainless steel chastity belt.

Then I finished cleaning, drying, and polishing the catsuit, as well as taking care of the sleep sack and other gear before heading to the closet to get dressed. A thin, translucent pair of latex panties was enough to obscure what the chastity belt wasn't already hiding, along with a thicker, heavy-duty sports bra to contain my forty-two double-D breasts.

I'd be spending an hour on the treadmill this morning, and Mistress jokingly said I needed the support so my bazooms wouldn't give me a black eye once I started jogging. I laced on a pair of custom black leather running shoes, glad that Mistress had lost interest in making me wear high heels.

I think it was because of the height difference between us; at six feet tall, the extra boost from five or six inch heels made me look ludicrous. I still had to wear heels while I was working in the fetish shop or club, but the rest of the time I was usually given a break.

I did my hour on the treadmill, took another shower, and cleaned my workout gear before finally getting to sit down for breakfast. Breakfast (actually all my meals) these days consisted of a type of protein drink, since the form-fitting gag in my mouth was glued to my teeth and couldn't be removed without a special solvent.

I could see I was almost out of time so I quickly rinsed out my breakfast bottle, refilled my empty water bottles, and went to present myself to Mistress. Life was so much simpler since I became a slave.

Slave Preparations

I waited patiently for Mistress, kneeling with my legs spread shoulder wide, chest thrust out, and hands behind my head. A purist would've had my head looking down, but Mistress preferred to have me looking up so I could see her beauty and power from the very moment she entered the room.

She looked me over closely but didn't compliment me on my perfect presentation; these days, she'd only let me know if I failed in something and earned a punishment.

"Come," she simply said.

I stood and followed her back to the bedroom so I could help her dress. She loved tightly laced corsets, and my strength meant I could get the laces done faster and tighter than anyone else. Today's outfit consisted of fishnet stockings, a half-cup corset, five-inch stilettos, and a tight latex mini skirt, all in black.

Once she was dressed it was usually my turn for either clothes, restraints, or both. Today she simply had me follow her back to the kitchen as I was and told me to cook a big breakfast for everyone.

I loved cooking (which was part of the reason for my plus sized figure) but found it to be a real trial these days. It's been two months since I last tasted bacon, and having to smell it cooking, yet knowing I couldn't have any was near torture. Grease splatters on my naked breasts wasn't fun either.

I prepared bacon, eggs, pancakes, toast, coffee, and fresh squeezed orange juice. Mistress Jill and Sherri joined us just as I was setting it all out, and they all quickly obliterated everything while I knelt next to Mistress.

I began cleaning up once they were finished, but Mistress commanded me to leave it for once; my trial was about to start. Mistress Jill and Sherri looked far too eager to begin, and I wondered what they had in store for me that made them so excited.

The first thing they grabbed was the heavy rubber armbinder. I hated that

one, since the thick rubber kept trying to squeeze my arms together and became painful after only a few minutes. They worked together and got the straps extra tight today.

Next up was the half-corset which was more like a simple boned girdle. I'd gotten better at accepting waist restriction lately, but it was always a challenge when it was first laced in place. They moved on to other items while letting me get used to the compression, but I knew they'd tighten the laces once or twice more before considering it finished.

I saw Sherri pull out sensors for the pulse oximeter, and got worried again; only the most restrictive bondage required them to monitor my pulse and blood oxygen saturation level. While she got that equipment ready, Mistress Jill attacked my breasts.

Using long rubber tarp straps, she wrapped each breast from the base outward until about three-quarters of each one was covered and tightly compressed. My tits immediately started to throb and turn purple.

They tightened my laces again and had me lie down on a hospital gurney for the next step. Leather straps went around my ankles, below and above my knees, and my thighs. They helped me to sit up so they could wrap four more around my torso and arms, including a wide one over my breasts that crushed my nipples painfully flat.

Ear plugs were put in place and a hood slid over my head, leaving me in darkness with only two tiny holes at each nostril and a third at my mouth. Hard plastic inserts were placed in my nostrils and a tube was jammed in the breathing hole of my gag.

Starting at my feet, they began covering me with what felt like vet wrap. I think they used a dozen roles before even getting past my waist and the restriction was incredible. They'd neglected to put padding between my knees and ankles (probably on purpose) and I could feel those bones grinding together.

Wrapping my tits was even worse due to the restrictions already in place, and breathing was becoming a problem. They ran the monitoring wires past my throat, wrapped a cervical collar around my neck, and finished wrapping me up. Or so I thought.

They went back down to my feet and started another layer, this time using pallet wrap. The feel of them wrapping the strong, wide plastic was unmistakable, even through the layers of vet wrap already covering me.

Before they wrapped my head with the new layer, I felt them fiddling with my breathing tubes. It seemed like they were hooking me up to the breathing apparatus, and a sudden rush of air confirmed my suspicions. A moment later the clean air became tainted with a foul smell; they'd hooked an aroma casket into the air feed.

The smell consisted of fresh rubber and also of my Mistress's musk. Now I knew why she had me save her used panties in a plastic bag during this last week. Once they were sure I was breathing ok, they resumed wrapping me up.

Once they taped the end at the top of my head I thought again they were done, and again I was wrong. They lifted my feet again and started a new layer. (Duct tape this time, but I didn't know what the rest of my bondage consisted of until later when I was cut free.)

I had precisely zero percent wiggle room by the time they were done, but it still wasn't enough for them. They worked me into the sleep sack and strapped it tightly around me. They finally finished my multi-layer cocoon by strapping me to the gurney using another twenty or thirty belts.

I was wheeled over to the elevator and taken out back where they had a cargo van waiting. I was placed in the middle of the cargo area where the gurney was secured in place using strong ratchet style cargo straps.

We were taking a trip.

Total Submission

I had no clue how long the trip took. I think I passed out shortly after it began, but had no way of really knowing. All I knew for sure was that my extreme mummification had been removed and the debris was scattered on the floor around me.

My limbs were still numb and completely unresponsive when they started putting on my new set of restraints. My matching set of cobalt blue cuffs were locked around my ankles, knees, wrists, and elbows, but only my wrists cuffs were fastened together.

Using the wrist chain and a winch, they lifted me off the ground until I was sitting upright. Master Laste came around front of me with a jar of the foul tasting solvent and began the process of removing my gag. Just like last time, it was bad enough to make me want to puke, and I had to really fight the urge.

Once the gag was out, they raised the winch again until I was on my feet. My legs had recovered enough by now that I could more or less stand on my own, but I was still very wobbly. I felt cool air between my legs as he removed the chastity belt; it was a real relief to get rid of that thing, and I hoped I'd be allowed an orgasm or twenty tonight.

A two foot spreader bar was clipped to my ankle cuffs, and a short chain between my knees before they lowered my hands from above me. My wrists and elbows were refastened behind my back and a two inch ball gag was shoved in my mouth before they deemed my appearance to be acceptable enough for my presentation to the council.

Master Laste and Sherri went on ahead, leaving Mistress Jill to make sure I arrived at my destination. I stepped through the door and was almost blinded by the sunlight, but she gave me a minute to get used to it before cracking her crop across my ass to get me moving again.

I had to follow a long, winding cobblestone path, and found myself in trouble

the instant I stepped out of the shade. The path was painfully hot on my bare feet, and with the tiny steps I was forced to take due to my fetters, I had doubts I could make it even a dozen yards.

Too bad I wasn't given the choice. I tried to go to the side so I could walk on the infinitely cooler grass, but Mistress Jill tore into me with her crop until I got back on the proper path. Lovely... twenty feet down, and only about a thousand more to go.

It seemed to take hours, but I'm sure that was just my mind playing tricks on me. The path finally ended at a large open sided tent erected next to a huge swimming pool. The tiles under the shade of the tent felt almost cold in comparison to the path I just stepped off of.

Mistress was sitting on the gaudy throne from the fetish club, which had been placed on a raised dais near the back. Most of her friends from their inner circle were here as well, some relaxing in the shade and others working on their tans next to the pool.

It might have looked like a regular summer pool party if it wasn't for the odd slave serving their Masters and Mistresses in whatever level of restraint their owners decided on today. The crop on my ass steered me over to the edge of Mistress's dais where I was allowed to kneel.

A leash was attached to my collar and fastened to the ground, letting me know I most likely had some waiting to do. It held my head down too far to allow me to look up at Mistress, which was a shame since she'd changed since this morning and was wearing a very fetching bathing suit.

I occasionally heard more people arrive and greet Mistress, but didn't dare to try and look at them. I had to remain on my best behavior today or face the combined wrath of everyone here. I knew it would be impossible to avoid all punishments today, but I didn't need to add to the tally out of sheer stupidity.

After a while without anyone new showing up, Master Laste came up to talk with Mistress.

"We've got a bit of a problem, Lilith," he said.

"Oh?"

“It seems our remaining guests won’t be arriving until tomorrow. There was some sort of mechanical problem with their jet and they’re stuck at Heathrow airport.”

“That’s a shame. How are we going to handle the trial?”

“We could either do it without them, or extend it until they get here, even though it means a slight break with tradition.”

“Since we’re the ones who determine what the rules are, I don’t see a problem with changing any rule that’s inconvenient. Let’s extend the trial through the night so there’s no doubt in their minds that everything has progressed properly over the last month.”

“Are you sure? It’ll mean her ordeal will most likely be the longest and hardest one in the history of our club.”

“She’ll survive, and it’s the best way to remove any remaining doubts about her commitment to being the perfect slave.”

“Very well,” he said, unclipping the leash from my collar. “Just don’t forget you can’t interfere unless a hard limit is being broken.”

“I know the rules,” she said, standing. “Now if you’ll excuse me, I think I’d like to take a little dip in the pool to cool off.”

“Go mingle among the guests and see if there’s anything they need,” he said, removing my ball gag.

“Since I’m in a good mood, I’ll give you a friendly little warning. If you offend anyone here today you’ll not only earn an immediate punishment from them, but every lash will be added up and added to a running total. At the end of your ordeal, every person in attendance will deliver the entire tally amount. Try not to fuck up too much or you’ll be leaving on a stretcher, understand?”

“Yes, Master Laste, this slave understands.”

“Good,” he said, giving my ass a slap. “Now get to work.”

I immediately went up to the first guest and knelt by his side, asking if there was any service I could do for him. He smiled at me and stared into my eyes for a moment, but then dismissed me for now with a sharp flick of his

fingertip on my right nipple.

I struggled to my feet and went to the next guest and had almost identical results. In fact, none of the guests under the canopy wanted anything at the moment, so I made my way poolside. The first person I came to was Mistress Grey, and although she wasn't watching my approach, I could see a smirk on her face and knew she had something in mind.

"Is there some small service this slave can do for you, Mistress Grey?" I asked once I was on my knees beside her.

"Oh, you startled me," she said. (She wasn't a very convincing actress.) "I think we need to adorn you so you don't scare anyone else today. There are supplies set up in the rock garden over there. Go wait for me and we'll see if we can't take care of that."

I went in the indicated direction, hoping it wasn't down another scorching cobblestone path. It was, but this one was only about ten feet long. The rock garden itself was a beautifully landscaped area, but the spot where the tables were set up was in the middle of ornamental chipped marble fragments.

Walking across it was painful, but kneeling on the sharp, coarse stones was absolutely brutal. She made me wait with the stones cutting into my knees and the sun burning my back for at least fifteen minutes.

She took her time looking over the items on display, finally deciding on some plastic mini clothespins. She immediately clamped one on each nipple and hung a bell from a hole in the ends.

"There we go, now you won't be able to sneak up on anyone. Of course, now that I see we have a whole case of these things, it would be a shame to just let them sit here unused. I know a fun little game called 'zipper'. Would you like to play this game, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress Grey," I replied.

"Good," she said, releasing my arms from behind me. "Take this case of clips around to everyone and ask them if they'd like play zipper with you."

"Yes, Mistress Grey, thank you."

I did as she asked, not really sure what this game was about, but knowing I

wouldn't like it. The first person I asked actually broke out laughing, and grabbed a handful out of the box. He then began pinning them to my body, starting around my nipples and working outward.

His laughter got everyone's attention, and soon I didn't have to move; they were lining up in front of me for their turn. Within minutes I was covered in painful pinches from the multitude of clips adorning my body.

They covered my breasts, the front and side of my chest, my stomach, arms, armpits, thighs, and even my pussy lips. They used the entire case of the damn things, and I wished I had a smaller body so they couldn't have fit so many on me. Once the case was empty my arms were refastened behind my back.

I was breathing through my nose with my teeth tightly clenched so I wouldn't start screaming from the pain. Mistress Grey came back with a long spool of yarn and started threading it through the holes on each clip, which pulled and twisted them, hurting even more than the initial clipping did.

It took an extremely long time to thread them all together, and sweat was pouring off me by the time she was done. Only part of my sweat was from having to stand in the hot sun; the rest was from the pain.

Eventually she had them all linked together in four groups. Each one had a long string leading from the end and she handed them off to four of the people gathered around. She made me hop (yes, hop, not walk) to a clear area near the pool so her four friends could have some elbow room.

Holy shit, the bouncing caused from each hop hurt like hell with all those evil little clips covering my tits. She ordered me to close my eyes and stand completely still or there'd be hell to pay.

All of a sudden my entire body exploded in agony. My eyes flew open and I saw each of the four people holding the strings and clips that were attached to my body a second ago. The pain of having all those clips ripped off my flesh at the same time was so intense I couldn't even scream for a moment.

Then that moment passed and I howled in agony. I instinctively tried to step back away from the pain, which was stupid; I lost my footing and fell backwards into the poolside hot tub. This caused a fresh wave of agony as

the hot water washed over my body, and I inhaled to scream again.

That was my second mistake since my head was completely underwater at that point. I panicked and began thrashing aimlessly. With my arms and legs bound and my brain still trying to come to terms with the pain, I would've drown if Master Brandon hadn't pulled me up by my hair.

He held me up with one hand until I could breathe again and I was able to get my knees to support my weight. It probably took another two or three minutes before I stopped coughing and choking, and the whole crowd was still standing around and laughing at my display.

"Thank you, Master Brandon, for saving this slave from her own stupidity," I said once I felt able to speak without gagging on the water I'd swallowed.

"You're quite welcome," he said, stretching out his arms and leaning back in the contoured underwater seat. "I will permit you to thank me properly as well."

It took a few seconds for that to sink in, and I wondered if he was serious. He reached down with his hands and brought them back up a few seconds later with his swimming trunks. Yup, he was serious all right, but was it even possible?

I had to at least try. I took a few deep breaths and dove down, floundering around until my nose bumped into his groin. I only had a few seconds to work on him, and didn't even get him hard before having to rise to the surface and breathe.

My second attempt wasn't much better, but I felt him start to stir this time and began to think it might be possible. Another breath, another dive, and this time I managed to get him hard before having to retreat for air.

I slowly figured out how to do it, but it was sapping my energy fast. If I wanted to make any progress at all, I had to stay underwater until I had spots in front of my eyes. I think it was the longest blowjob I'd ever given, but I eventually made him cum.

It wasn't easy, but once he started shooting, I kept my mouth tightly wrapped around his pecker as he ejaculated, so nothing escaped; after all, I didn't want any disgusting blobs of cum floating around in the hot tub.

I waited until he started getting soft before rising to the surface and swallowing his load. I'd stayed below for so long this time, that all I could do was lay my head on the edge of the tub until I caught my breath.

Crawling up the steps to get out was another interesting chore, but I didn't want to ask anyone for help and no one was offering any. I eventually made it back to dry land and was able to get back to my feet, but that was my limit; I was spent.

Mistress Grey held a tall flute to my lips and slowly fed me the Mimosa it held until the glass was empty. The champagne and orange juice wasn't much, but it seemed to refill my energy tank enough that my legs stopped shaking.

The dunking, blowjob, and drink also had the pleasant side-effect of washing away the last of the foul solvent taste from my mouth. I recovered enough to remember my manners.

"Thank you Mistress Grey for letting this slave play your zipper game, and thank you as well kind Masters who assisted in it."

"Well said," she crowed, turning to one of the people standing around and collecting a wad of cash from him. These people would gamble on anything it seemed.

"I think you deserve a break after that, so how about a proper dip in the pool?"

"Thank you, Mistress Grey," I said, although I was quailing inside.

She had two people hold a long inflatable pool lounge at the water's edge and made me roll over until I could flop onto it on my stomach. It supported my weight well enough, but my head was hanging over the top edge and I was forced to keep it held high to avoid drinking any more pool water.

One of the men in the pool undid my bindings and wrapped my arms underneath the mattress before reconnecting them. He did the same to my legs, and it must've looked like I was holding it in a tight embrace.

They pushed me away and let me float out to the middle. It was actually quite comfortable, although I was sure my neck would eventually start

hurting from keeping it held up. I had my eyes closed and didn't realize anyone was close until I felt my chin brush against something.

One of the out of town guests I didn't know was in a floating chair that had his legs underwater right up to around the level of his groin. Once he got hold of me, he pulled himself in front of me until my head was in his lap.

I rested my neck for a brief second, but since he wasn't wearing any swim trunks, it was obvious he didn't pull himself into position to become my pillow. I wrapped my lips around his already hard cock and started sucking.

It didn't take long to get him off, and once I felt him start to cum I kept my head down and let it shoot straight down my throat. I kept him in my mouth until he was completely soft and he pulled away from me, but I honestly only did it to rest my neck. It was a win-win for both of us.

A second man took his place a few minutes later, and I repeated my floating blowjob technique. He seemed to love the fact I kept his pecker in my mouth after I'd finished, and I got to rest there for at least five minutes. Someone pushed me back to the steps where I was released and allowed to walk out.

"You're getting quite the uneven tan," Master Laste remarked. "You need to get some sun on your chest to even things out."

He made me lay flat on my back in a lounge chair where my arms and legs were quickly fastened down with zip ties. He removed my sodden leather cuffs and put them off to the side to dry out. Reconditioning them would be a bitch after their long immersion in the chlorinated water, and I hoped they weren't ruined.

While I lay there, both Mistress Jill and Sherri came over to help keep the sun out of my eyes. That was their euphemism for sitting on my face and making me eat them out. They played with my pussy a bit while I was servicing them, but only enough to keep me horny. God, I was willing to do anything for some relief, but it wasn't in the cards at the moment.

When I was finished with them they left me with a large water bottle and a straw, and I got a chance to finally rehydrate myself. Pool water and cum doesn't really count. I was left alone for a surprisingly long time after that, and I relaxed into a half-dozing state.

All good things must come to an end, though, and when I felt cutters snip away the zip ties I knew my rest was over. I was again cuffed and hobbled and made to walk down the path, this time towards the patio kitchen where a whole pig had been slowly roasting all afternoon.

I was helped onto the middle of a long table, blindfolded, and positioned in the very middle. A rope went around both my elbow and ankle cuffs and I found myself quickly bent back in a tight hogtie. Mistress Jill forced a red apple in my mouth and ordered me to hold it there until dinner was done.

Sherri worked a dildo into my pussy to keep me occupied, and then a cold metal hook into my ass. A cord from the end of the hook was attached to the back of my blindfold and pulled taut. I was forced to hold my head up high to relieve the pressure in my ass.

The dildo inside me started vibrating at a medium-low speed and almost caused me to bite through the apple in surprise. I was their kinky little centerpiece, and I hoped dinner ended before my self-control did. Even the moderate speed of the vibrator would be enough to get me off if it ran long enough.

It was tough to tell for sure, but it sounded like Master Laste was next to me on one side of the table, and Mistress on the other. It sounded like a wonderful party and the food smelled delicious. Too bad I only had an apple I couldn't eat and a vibrator I couldn't stop.

By the time dessert was served, I was holding my orgasm back by a sheer act of will. I might have even made it, but some spilled coffee flowed under my tits and the unexpected sensation on my nipples was enough to blow my concentration.

I bit through the apple and screamed in ecstasy as the waves of pleasure began coursing through me. I thrashed my head so hard that I broke the strap on my blindfold, and even started squirting.

Squirting was extremely rare for a first orgasm, but this one was a doozy. I think I squirted with enough force to reach people three seats down. When I finally came down, I realized the table had fallen completely silent and I'd just ruined dinner. This wasn't good.

Four sets of hands pulled me off the table and carried me over to a set of sturdy standing pipes. I was briefly stripped of all my restraints, but soon had them replaced with suspension cuffs. Ropes were tied to the top of the poles and were slowly tightened until they were actually stretched tight enough to pull me about a foot off the ground in a severe flying spread-eagle.

Someone slapped my ass to check how tight I really was, and I howled with how badly it hurt. A slap shouldn't have been that bad, but then it hit me; I was sunburnt from head to toe, and a whipping right now would be next to impossible to endure.

Mistress Jill shoved some rubber in my mouth, and I soon discovered it was the largest inflatable gag I'd ever experienced. Another pump or two might even be enough to dislocate my jaw!

The first lash of the cane against my ass let me know why she'd selected such a brutal gag. People in the next state would've called the cops from the decibel level my scream would've had without it. Never in my life had a punishment hurt so much, and I wondered if he drew blood with that blow. (Not even close, but it sure felt like it at the time.)

It seemed like I'd managed to offend every guest at the table tonight, since they all took a turn at me. Master Laste was one of the worst since he used a bullwhip on me, making it wrap around my chest before landing precisely in the center of my sunburnt tits.

I actually blacked out from the pain of those lashes, and came to with the acrid odor of smelling salts in my nose so he could continue. I'd been whipped and beaten before, but nothing close to this. I was a limp mess by the time everyone had finished and I couldn't stop crying. I was a complete and utter failure as a slave.

My gag was removed and I was left alone to my misery for a while. I came close to begging for mercy and to be let go, but figured it'd only earn me another beating so I kept quiet. I heard them laughing, making toasts, and drinking back at the table, and wondered how they could change gears so fast.

I heard Master Laste bellow, calling for two more cases of champagne. The party was getting rowdy. At this point, it was only a matter of time before

someone remembered me and came back to have some more fun in one way or another.

The German guy from the pool was the first, and after only spitting on his hand and rubbing it on his cock for lubrication, he rammed it hard up my ass. I bit my lip to keep from crying out, but it wasn't easy especially once he started pounding as hard as he could.

Each thrust not only felt like it was about to split me in two, but his hips slapping against my sunburnt ass made it twice as bad. It took him a lot longer to cum this time and when he did, he shot his load deep inside me with the exception of his last spurt.

The last bit of cum was just barely inside me, and he shoved his fingers up there and twisted them around a few times before reaching around to my face and rubbing the residue off under my nose.

Master Jerry was next, and he simply lay underneath me and fucked my pussy from below. It was actually pleasant in comparison, and I found myself moaning from the first pleasurable sensations I felt in what seemed like forever.

He finished before I reached orgasm, and simply left me hanging there with his cum slowly running out of my snatch. Someone else came and took me up the ass, but I never saw who it was and he never said a word. I now had cum running out of both holes and some decorating my back as well.

I lost track of how many times I 'gave thanks' to the people partying here tonight, but everyone seemed to have at least two turns with me... everyone except Mistress that is. The one person I wanted to please the most was staying away from me. I was actually given permission to cum now, and managed to get an orgasm every third or fourth person.

Things slowed down a bit as we got to the wee hours of the morning, but then they released the slaves on me. They were given a rare opportunity to take their pleasure as many times as they could, and none of them wanted to miss the chance.

The two male slaves took turns with only the minimum amount of rest they needed before they could go again. The four female slaves all wore dual

sided strap-on vibrators and pummeled me in any hole the guys weren't using at the time.

At one point I even had a cock in my mouth and two girls pounding away at my other end at the same time. I began cumming almost non-stop at that point, and they thought it was so much fun that they kept it up for close to two hours by rotating in and out. (Pun intended.)

Eventually they ran out of steam and had to call it a night. The girls didn't think I deserved a break, though, and left me with a vibrator running in each hole, tied in place to make sure I couldn't expel them.

The sun was long up by the time the batteries started to run down, but just when I thought it was over, the guests began waking up and some came over to 'work up an appetite' before breakfast. Was this ever going to end? I was surprised any of them were even willing to come near me with all the dried cum coating my body.

When breakfast was served, Monica led a group of slaves over to release me from the poles and clean me up. Cleaning consisted of hosing me down and scrubbing me with a coarse brush which was hell on my sunburnt skin, but getting clean was worth it.

They took me to the pool and pushed me in as a way to quickly rinse me off. There was no malice in the act, just simple expedience. I was brought over to the dais and made to sit where the throne was yesterday, although I was facing backwards and I was blindfolded.

My ankles were tied to rings at the back of the dais and a belt went around my thighs to hold me down. Then they put the throne back, except this time there was a hole in the seat for my head to stick through. My arms were secured to the chair legs and then they left me alone to wait and wonder what else was coming.

I felt someone crawl over my head and plop themselves down in front of me. A distinct feminine musk was mere inches in front of my nose. The blindfold was removed and I heard a comforting voice.

"It seems we've proven you've got what it takes," Mistress said. "Now it's time for us to get reacquainted. Take your time, dear... we've got all day,

and soon all the time in the world.”

Maybe the rest of the day wouldn't be so bad after all.

###

Part 20: The Fetish Wedding

Wedding Jitters

Was I really about to go through with this? When given my one last chance for freedom, would I decline and say yes to a lifetime of slavery? Would she say yes? Never before had I been this nervous about saying one simple little word.

If I thought about it intellectually, then a 'yes' from both of us wasn't in doubt since we loved each other. On the other hand, I have yet to meet a single person who could think coherently on the morning of their wedding day.

If it was up to me, I'd just walk up to Mistresses and say 'Yo, you wanna get hitched?' and be done with it. She'd probably whip me unconscious for ruining her big day, but I'm sure she'd still say yes. I think. God, I needed this to be over.

Luckily, the group of girls who'd be helping to get me ready finally arrived, saving me from working myself into an even bigger tizzy. They were all either submissives or slaves themselves, and getting to help get me ready was probably the highlight of the year for them.

Yes, I was about to become a slave for life, but this ceremony was also a wedding and would come with a huge rise in status for me. A slave-partner was rare, and I'd have responsibilities on both sides of the whip, so to speak.

I'd already had my morning enema and shower, but today needed to be perfect and the girls weren't going to skip any steps. Three of them stripped down and hustled me into the shower. It's a good thing Master Laste had a huge shower stall, since my six-foot tall frame usually filled a regular one to capacity.

The first girl started on my hair, lathering it up and digging her fingers in hard to make sure not a single strand escaped her attention. The second girl

gave me a powerful douche which was fairly embarrassing, but I'd endured a lot worse in the last three months of my training.

The third girl gave me an almost painfully hot and soapy enema... and then a second one... and then a third. Dammit, I was probably so clean back there by now you could've drunk the water that came out when she finally finished.

By the time enema wench stepped out, the other girls had long finished their jobs and were simply washing my body over and over to either kill time, or just to make me horny. The whole lot then attacked me with big fluffy towels and had me dry in mere minutes.

My hair was trimmed and styled to within an inch of its life, and I couldn't believe how elegant they made it look. I wasn't sure I dared to step outside where the wind would ruin the artistry in mere moments. I was assured this style was designed for an outdoor event and would hold up.

Next was the corset, and getting it tight would probably take as long as the hairdo did, since they'd have to work it closed in stages. It was a new quarter cup model I'd never seen before, and would leave my forty-two double-D breasts completely exposed.

Apparently Masters Brandon and Jerry had been working on it for over a month now, and the exquisitely tooled leather was a genuine work of art. It even had real gold filigree all over it to highlight the patterns.

It also took close to an hour before we got the laces pulled tight enough for the covering flap to close. In between lacing rounds I got sheer white silk stockings, garters, and white sandals. No high heels for me today so our height difference wouldn't seem as severe.

My actual wedding dress wasn't what one would normally expect, since it might've been considered a negligee if it wasn't for the fancy lacework and strings of pearls adorning it. Long white gloves finished my outfit (no underwear for me today) and some subtle makeup wrapped up the job. I wore no jewelry other than my symbolic gold collar.

It felt weird going out into public with absolutely no restraints of any kind, but that would be changing shortly unless one of us chickened out at the last

minute. I took several deep breaths to compose myself and stepped out the door.

It was time.

The Ceremony

Sherri was patiently waiting for me... or probably not so patiently since she was wearing her full parade ponygirl outfit and had been standing there for over an hour. She looked stunning in her pearlescent white latex outfit, gleaming black pony boots, and sparkly black harness.

Her hair was held in a high ponytail and was braided with silver wire, and it just barely outshone the perfect white ostrich feathers on her head. The long blonde tail sticking out of her rear was a perfect match for her real hair, and had been groomed to perfection. I almost wished she didn't look so perfect since I was sure she'd outshine me.

She knelt so I could climb aboard the cart she was attached to, and the girls kept my dress straight as I carefully sat. I heard Sherri grunt through her bit gag as she stood; I guess she was used to pulling smaller passengers, but she was a champion and could manage for the mere quarter mile she'd need to go.

The road had a slight incline to it and I could see her strain to get us started, but once we were in motion it looked like it went a little easier. I briefly wished I had a crop or buggy whip to get her going, but this was purely ceremonial and she'd be joining the other guests after she dropped me off.

We had to wait just before the last corner until everyone else was in place, but once we got the word, she finished the last part of our journey with the elegant high step gait she used in dressage contests. The sound of her mini-horseshoes ringing off the cobblestones and the tiny bells on her nipples tinkling were the only sounds in the glade.

The crowd was arrayed in a long, wide corridor for us to pass through, and this was my equivalent to walking down the aisle. With how wobbly my knees felt right now, I was glad I didn't actually have to walk it.

Trying not to think, I stepped down from the cart and up the three steps to the wedding dais. Satin sheets decorated the ground and helped protect my dress

as I knelt at the edge. One just doesn't kneel directly on the ground in a ten grand dress.

Footsteps approached from both sides. Mistress Grey who was officiating stepped in front of me first. Master Laste provided the setting and the entertainment, but she handled all the decorations, catering, and everything to do with the actual ceremony. No woman would ever trust a mere man with real wedding planning details.

Then Mistress appeared, looking absolutely beautiful in her wedding garb. She'd also selected an outfit in pure white, although that was by choice rather than tradition. She could've shown up bare-ass naked if she really wanted to.

I barely noticed her elegant corset or flowing robe, my eyes went straight to her adornments; yes, she was wearing the jewelry that was part of my surprise gift to her. A blaring of trumpets announced the beginning of the ceremony and Mistress Grey gestured for everyone to take their seats.

"I call upon you all as witnesses for this binding ceremony between Mistress Lilith Sharon Chance and suppliant Nancy Jane Drow. I have personally witnessed the suppliant's trials and swear that she has learned proper etiquette and obedience. Does anyone gainsay this?"

Nobody spoke up so she continued.

"This is not a simple collaring ceremony, but will also be a partnership. Is it your decision to accept this suppliant's petition in both aspects?"

"It is," Mistress simply said.

"And you, Nancy Jane Drow," she continued, stepping up to me and lifting my chin. "Is it your choice to bind yourself to your Mistress for the rest of your life?"

"It is," I said as firmly as I could while trying not to piss in my dress from the sheer terror of the moment.

"Then rise," she said, offering me a hand up.

Mistress Jill escorted Antoine the fetish club bouncer onto the dais and had him place a large wooden chest next to me. She helped me out of my dress and the rest of my outfit with the exception of my corset. My golden

‘engagement’ collar was also removed for the first time since my ordeal started.

Three short months ago I would’ve been embarrassed about stripping naked in front of a crowd, but those days were long gone. Everyone here had seen me naked numerous times, and most of them had even touched me sexually during my training.

I knelt in front of Mistress again and she held up my new collar. It was a flawless white leather piece, studded with diamonds and chased with gold. I leaned forward until it was around my neck and she buckled it in place. She selected a small lock from the chest, pausing a moment to admire the workmanship of it, but then looked confused as there weren’t any keys present.

“May I speak, Mistress,” I asked.

“Yes, of course.”

“I was told it’s traditional for a slave to present a gift to her Mistress on this day, so I commissioned a full set of golden locks to be made. Each lock has a small jewel set in it, and the color of the gem indicates which key will open it.

“The new jewelry you’re wearing are the actual keys to these locks and each key has a matching gemstone to the lock they open. I believe the one you’re looking for right now is located on your right ear.”

I was looking into her eyes when I said this, and the look of pure pleasure and surprise was worth the hefty price tag the gift cost me, and more. The crowd, other than Masters Brandon and Jerry who’d helped me with the gift, were both amazed and impressed.

She removed the earring and opened the lock briefly before snapping it shut again to secure my collar in place. She then yanked me to my feet and gave me the biggest, sloppiest kiss in the history of weddings anywhere. She also slipped a hand between my legs and gave me a gentle caress, which wasn’t on the agenda but nobody minded, and several cheered.

Continuing with the ceremony, she put me into my real wedding garb. Leather cuffs were wrapped around my ankles, thighs, wrists, and elbows.

Each piece got one of my fancy new locks. The covering flap on my corset had spots for locks down the whole length and she attached one to each hasp, twenty in all.

She pulled a butt plug out of the chest and lubed it in her own mouth before having me bend over to accept it. She teased me with it, pushing it partway in and letting my sphincter expel it before pushing again and going a hair deeper. Eventually she got it all the way in place and selected a dildo which she lubed the same way, not that I really needed any lube in that hole by this point.

This model had a flange around the base that pressed against my clit and would transfer some of the vibrations to it when she turned it on. I held it in place while she buckled a wide belt around my waist and ran the crotch strap between my legs. That took four more locks.

She locked my wrists to D-rings on the sides of the belt and also clipped a remote to the right side within easy reach of my hand. Mistress held another remote in her hand and pressed the button to test it out.

I felt my vibrator start on a low speed and wondered what my remote was for. I pressed the button but didn't feel any change. I saw Mistress jump slightly, and shook my head at how slow I was; she had a toy between her legs as well. Dinner would be interesting. We both shut the toys off for now so we could finish while we still had the will to do so.

Chairs were brought up to us and it was obvious which was mine. (It was the one with dozens of D-rings and straps on it.) I sat and let Mistress lock my remaining cuffs in place, holding me firmly in place to both the seat and chair back.

By this point, my nipples were rock hard and didn't need any extra attention before they were ready to accept the gold plated clover clamps. She licked and sucked them for a few minutes anyway, just for the fun of it. She ran a golden chain through the D-ring on the front of my collar and connected it to the ends of each clamp, forcing them to pull my nipples up.

Before sending Antoine away with the chest, she selected a white trainer ball gag, but just draped it over the back of my chair for now. Of course she had another lock with it as well, and I was happy to see how much she liked my

gift.

A table with a starched white tablecloth was set up in front of us and champagne was served while the grounds were rearranged to allow for dinner seating. She held my glass for me and let me take small sips as she also began playing with the remote.

I got right back at her with my remote to her toy, and we were having so much fun messing with each other, we both climaxed before dinner was served. It was the happiest day of my life.

A New Life

Dinner was excellent. Since it was the first real food I'd tasted in over three months, I'm sure even a baloney sandwich would've tasted like heaven on Earth. We had far better fare than baloney, although I was only allowed tiny portions of each course since I wasn't used to solid food any more. I had an extra bowl of the delicious chicken soup to make up for it.

I was released from the chair after dinner and was gotten ready for the dancing. I had my wrists and elbows locked together behind my back, forcing my chest out invitingly. My legs were left free for once so I could actually move, but I had the ball gag locked tightly in place so I couldn't refuse any dance requests. I wasn't likely to refuse any of the guests here anyway, but it was tradition.

It was actually a lot of fun, even though the more energetic dances caused my tits to bounce and pull painfully on the nipple clamps. Mistress randomly played with her remote while I danced, but even when it was off I found myself getting hornier by the second as it jiggled around inside me with every step I took.

I was passed from partner to partner like a prom queen, barely even getting a chance to take a sip of champagne (through a straw) in between songs. Mistress cut in every third or fourth song, but was kept busy with her own multitude of dance requests.

After about an hour of dancing, I was feeling flushed and my heart was racing. I was hovering on the very edge of orgasm, and knew I wouldn't be able to hold it back for much longer. When Mistress got her next dance with me I tried pleading with my eyes, but she either didn't understand or didn't care.

Well, if I was going to have to endure an orgasm in the middle of the dance floor, then I was determined I wouldn't be alone. I turned Mistress's vibrator on to full speed and hoped she was as hot as I was.

Of course, that meant she simply turned mine on to full power as well and the battle was lost. I saw stars as the pent up sensations exploded out of my pussy and tore through my body. I was cumming so hard I couldn't even stand and had to be supported by Mistress. There was a wet spot on the floor below me by the time I was finished.

She started cumming just as I was recovering, and now it was my turn to offer support, although that meant I just stood there and let her hold on while she shuddered in ecstasy. We'd both turned off the vibrators we controlled, but I hardly knew the difference; I found my lust rising again even without it running. God, I'd never felt so horny in my entire life.

It seemed our impromptu show on the dance floor was having an effect on the rest of the people as well, since a few of them had started playing with their slaves. Even as I watched I saw Mistress Grey twitch in the throes of passion as some unknown sub below the table licked her to orgasm.

I was so hot I began wishing Mistress would turn the vibes back on, and to hell with what anyone thought. I just wanted to cum, and I didn't care who knew it! Instead, she led me back to our table and told me to drink a large glass of ice water.

Sucking up the cold water seemed to help, but only for a minute or two. My skin wasn't flushed and covered with a sheen of sweat from the dancing, but from the fire burning between my legs. A playful little buzz with the remote was enough to send me over the edge again, and I found myself still wanting more.

Enough was enough. I cranked Mistresses vibe up to the max and left it running, determined to keep it at full blast until she got the hint and took me to bed so we could fuck each other silly until the break of dawn.

She gave me a dirty look before her eyes rolled up in her head. She began moaning as the powerful vibrations ripped another orgasm out of her, and it looked to be a doozy. She gave me an even dirtier look when I didn't turn it off afterward, but I wasn't going to shut it down until she got the hint.

She turned mine back on again, determined to get her 'revenge' on me, and also because she didn't want to be the only one making a spectacle out of herself. I came twice more in short order, and some of the guests began

joking we needed to ‘get a room’.

She finally agreed it would probably be a good idea and turned off the remote so I could stand. I’d finally gotten what I wanted so I turned hers off as well. She took me back out to the dance floor for one last turn, which also gave me a massive squirting orgasm and caused Master Laste to call for a mop bucket so other dancers wouldn’t slip and break their necks.

Mistress hobbled me with a small chain between my thighs and a longer one between my ankles. She clipped a leash to my collar and led me around the dance floor in what felt like a victory lap; it took damn near forever with the tiny four inch steps that was all I could take due to my fetters.

I had one more orgasm as we were leaving the dance floor, and another as I was stepping into the elevator inside the house. Mistress was shaking her head in disbelief as she removed my hobble chains, and I felt the same way. After this many orgasms, I should be painfully sensitive down there and slow to build up to each new one.

We went down to the dungeon level and into Master Laste’s playroom which he’d set aside for our use tonight. The walls were covered in flowers and looked beautiful, although slightly out of place as they were interspersed with his large collection of sex toys and torture implements.

She removed my ball gag and gave me a long, deep kiss that turned my legs all wobbly, and I returned it with gusto. Once we finally broke our embrace she began removing the rest of my restraints as fast as she could, acting almost like a horny teenage virgin on her first night past second base.

As soon as my arms were free I started in on her clothes, although I couldn’t do much since she had to keep changing positions to remove the multitude of locks she’d used on me. Eventually we were both naked and I’d had enough waiting. I broke with tradition and picked her up over my shoulder and threw her down on our waiting nuptial bed.

She seemed surprised at my aggressiveness, but eagerly returned the kisses I attacked her with. After a few minutes of tonsil hockey I spun around into a sixty-nine position and dove between her drenched thighs.

“So much for foreplay,” she chuckled before diving in herself.

I was licking, sucking, and fingering as furiously as I could, using the new techniques that Monica had explained to me in graphic detail over the last month. I could tell it was having a good effect on Mistress, but she was no slouch in the oral sex department and I found myself cumming first.

Her mouth was infinitely better than any toy, and she literally rocked my world. I gushed over her face and completely drenched her with my juices as I collapsed into a twitching and screaming wreck. I was slow to recover and only her hand slapping against my ass made me realize I was both crushing and smothering her.

“We need to switch positions,” she said after she caught her breath. “Or you’re going to either drown me or suffocate me if this keeps up.”

“Sorry, Mistress,” I said as I climbed off of her. “I don’t know what’s gotten into me tonight.”

She climbed off the bed and poured two glasses of champagne for us. I drank mine down like it was a tequila shooter and poured myself another one to drink like a civilized person while I watched her cute ass wiggle as she selected some items from the wall.

She came back with a small bag of toys and crawled back beside me. After a brief kiss we finished our champagne and she put the glasses aside. Using suspension cuffs she tied me into a tight spread eagle on my back. She left the rest of the toys in the sack for now and climbed on top of me to resume our interrupted sixty-nine.

Again I climaxed before she did, but this time I had the presence of mind to keep working at it and it wasn’t long before I returned the favor. Her pussy had never tasted as good as it did tonight, and I wanted to stay like this forever.

She moved away slightly after she finished cumming and simply lay on top of me panting while she recovered.

She spun around and lay beside me with her head nestled between my breasts, her hot panting breath passing over my nipple and driving me crazy with lust. She noticed my reaction and changed position slightly so she could take one nipple in her mouth and the second in her hand.

After a few minutes of that her free hand went down between my legs, and I exploded at the first touch of her fingers on my pussy lips. She seemed surprised at my extreme reaction to a few simple caresses, and even more surprised when I begged her not to stop.

“You’re insatiable tonight,” she laughed. “If this keeps up we’ll need to order some room service so we can keep our strength up.”

“We might need it,” I replied, only half joking. “If you do call for some grub, you can have my steak. It was a little hard on my tummy, so I’ll stick to Mistress Grey’s tasty chicken soup.”

“You can have whatever you... wait... did you say Mistress Grey’s soup?”

“Yes, it was quite delicious. Remember I asked for a second helping earlier?”

“Oh my fucking God,” she swore. “She couldn’t have. I’ll kill her for this.”

“What is it? What’s going on?” I asked, confused.

“Give me a minute to find the right DVD and I’ll let you hear it in her own words.”

She climbed off the bed and opened a drawer at the main entertainment center. After a minute of searching she took a DVD and put it into the player, coming back with the remotes. She stepped above my head and slid her legs underneath my arms, wiggling downwards until my head was propped up on her chest.

Using one hand to fast forward the video, she absently began to caress my tits again with the other. She stopped when she found the part she was looking for and turned up the volume.

“You know what to do,” she said after sitting on Jill’s face for a minute and watching her struggle for air. “I’ll tell you a little story while you’re busy taking the edge off.”

“One time when I was vacationing in Belize, I got the chance to spend a day in the jungle with one of the local Mayan tribes. At dinnertime I got to try some of the indigenous cuisine, and found I had a rather extreme allergic reaction to one of the herbs they used to flavor the meal.”

She began humping Jill's face as she was being eaten out.

"It wasn't a dangerous reaction or anything, and I didn't break out or have trouble breathing, but I had to excuse myself early from the festivities. What it did to me could probably be compared to what would happen if you ate a pound of Spanish fly and washed it down with a gallon of espresso. It ... oh God... ahhhhhh."

Whatever she was about to say was interrupted as she started cumming.

"What was I saying?" she asked once she finally came down. "Oh yes... the herb. It unfortunately doesn't affect most people the way it does me, or I'd make a rather large fortune importing it. It would probably fetch a higher price per gram than cocaine."

"The Mayan tribe probably thought they poisoned me or something, since I was up all night masturbating in the back seat of my car. I must've cum at least two dozen times. Let me tell you, I was never gladder to have dark tinted windows as I was that night."

She began cumming again, and this time she also squirted.

"Ever since that night, I make sure I have a good supply of the herb on hand at all times, although I try not to use it too often. However, since this is a special occasion, I took a triple dose while waiting for you two to wake up.

"As you can probably tell, it's already working its magic on me, and will most likely last all weekend. In case you were wondering, it's actually rather delicious and sort of tastes like sage. It's great in chicken soup. But that's enough chit-chat for now; hurry up and give me one more good orgasm before I go and have some fun with Sherri."

- (Authors Note: See Volume 13, The Fetish Dungeon for the whole tale.)

She stopped the movie and threw the remote to one side.

"It appears she made her 'special' chicken soup tonight, and you have the same reaction to the herb that she does. I'll kill her for this, or better yet I'll force a pound of it down her throat before leaving her tied naked to a skid-row dumpster so she can beg every bum in town to fuck her senseless."

“Before you break out the torch and pitchfork, can I say something?”

“Of course,” she said, giving my cheek a gentle caress.

“She had no way of knowing I’d have this reaction, so I’d like to think of this as a lucky accident.”

“Lucky?”

“Yes... it means our wedding night is going to be one for the record books, and if you think you can survive the best night of wild sex you’re ever likely to see, then I say we thank her... and steal part of her stash.”

“I hadn’t thought of it that way, but you might be right.”

“Then if I may be so bold, I’d like to say one last thing.”

“What’s that?”

“Shut up and fuck me already!”

She actually broke out into uncontrollable laughter at that, and it took her several minutes to recover. She climbed out from behind me and hopped to the floor, fiddling with something and occasionally leaning over to give me a sip of champagne.

“Ok, slut,” she said, jumping into view. “If you want to be fucked senseless, then brace yourself.”

I could see she was wearing a massive strap-on vibrator and an evil grin.

“Incoming!” she shouted, falling between my legs and guiding it into place.

The first thrust was almost enough to send me over the edge, and she lasted for much more than just that single stroke. It was indeed the best night of sex for both of us, and the perfect way to start out new life together.

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The Billionaire's Bondage Club Series

Volume 1: Bondage and Power

Volume 2: Bondage Auditions

Volume 3: The Bondage Brat

Volume 4: Trained to Obey

Volume 5: For the Love of Bondage

The Last Chance Bondage Inc. Series

Volume 1: The Bondage Contest

Volume 2: The Ultimate Bondage Device

Volume 3: The Longest Bondage Weekend

Volume 4: Dominatrix Submission

Volume 5: The Master's Price

Volume 6: The Academy
Volume 7: The BDSM Party
Volume 8: Ponygirl Training
Volume 9: Ponygirl Challenge
Volume 10: Breaking Lidia
Volume 11: The Fetish Club
Volume 12: The Fetish Auction
Volume 13: The Fetish Dungeon
Volume 14: The Fetish Shop
Volume 15: Fetish Plus
Volume 16: The Fetish Models
Volume 17: Fetish Conversion
Volume 18: Fetish Domination
Volume 19: Fetish Submission
Volume 20: The Fetish Wedding
Volume 21: Self Bondage Gone Wrong
Volume 22: Bondage or Dare
Volume 23: The Bondage Predicament
Volume 24: Bondage Ménage
Volume 25: Bondage Poker
Volume 26: Bondage Service
Volume 27: Bondage Revenge
Volume 28: Winter BDSM Carnival
Volume 29: The Reindeer Ponygirls
Volume 30: Wrapped Tight For Xmas

Questions? Comments? Concerns?

Please feel free to contact me: edwardlaste@gmail.com