

Have Faith by Diane Gaynor

- [Chapter 1](#)
- [Chapter 2](#)
- [Chapter 3](#)
- [Chapter 4](#)
- [Chapter 5](#)
- [Chapter 6](#)
- [Chapter 7](#)
- [Chapter 8](#)
- [Chapter 9](#)
- [Chapter 10](#)
- [Chapter 11](#)
- [Chapter 12](#)
- [Chapter 13](#)
- [Chapter 14](#)
- [Chapter 15](#)
- [Chapter 16](#)
- [Chapter 17](#)
- [Chapter 18](#)
- [Chapter 19](#)
- [Chapter 20](#)
- [Chapter 21](#)
- [Chapter 22](#)
- [Chapter 23](#)
- [Chapter 24](#)
- [Chapter 25](#)

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**Chapter 1**

Faith grumbled again as she turned off the freeway and onto the side streets. She was not going to like her summer vacation at all.

At eighteen, Faith had just finished her freshman year of college. Most of her friends were going to be enjoying themselves at the beach for the next three months. That was her first choice too. She wanted to get a nice tan and have some fun.

Here parents were the spoilsports, however. They insisted that she get a job and earn some money for next year. Why couldn't they just give her an allowance like her friends' parents did? Why did she have to work? But they kept up the pressure and Faith saw her dream of frolicking in the surf disappear.

Once she resigned herself to getting a job, she did make an effort at finding a summer internship. She thought that working at a technology company would be good experience and she even applied to several modeling agencies because she thought that would be exciting. She might even get a chance to do some modeling and she knew that paid good money.

She was certainly pretty enough to be a model. Her tall, slender body was very graceful and she had an elegant, statuesque form. Her breasts might be bigger than the typical model's but they were firm and she would have no difficulty wearing strapless attire. And her face was beautiful. Green eyes sparkled and every aspect of her facial features was perfect. Her long auburn hair was silky and lustrous as it framed her face.

Unfortunately, she had waited until it was too late to get an internship. All of the positions had already been filled. And none of the modeling agencies even replied to her letters or returned her calls. Apparently, they had already filled their needs.

She was not about to work in a restaurant, though. She had done that one summer during high school and she vowed to never do it again. The people had been rude and demanding and she had been miserable.

But the edict still stood. She had to get job. One night, a week earlier, her aunt had proposed a solution. She had been visiting for dinner and heard the debate about summer employment. She said that she could use some help for the summer.

Faith's eyes lit up. Aunt Jane was an executive at a pharmaceutical company less than two hours away. Why hadn't she thought about that? Of course she should do an internship with that company. And it would solve her other problem. It would get her away from her overbearing, nagging parents.

Just as fast as her hopes had been raised, however, they were dashed. Aunt Jane's offer was to take care of her daughters for the summer. Faith liked her cousins; loved them, in fact. But they were five years younger than her. She wanted to be around a more adult crowd. And being a babysitter for the summer sounded even worse than being a waitress. Jane helped a little by describing her as a governess but Faith still knew that she would be babysitting.

Faith couldn't find any way to wiggle out of the job, though. The summer had arrived and she still had no job. Plus, how could she say no to family? Aunt Jane had already said that she needed help. It was impossible to reject the offer.

Now she was near the end of the trip. It was Sunday afternoon and, instead of sunning herself at the beach with her friends, she was reporting for duty.

Jane met her at the front door and gave her a big hug. Then she helped Faith bring her suitcases into the house. After dropping them in the room she would be using for the summer, Jane led her to the family room where the twins were watching the television. They squealed and jumped up as soon as they saw Faith, running to her and squeezing her tightly. They giggled and ran around their older cousin and then hugged her some more.

Faith had to admit that Linny and Cinny were cute. They were clearly excited and were adorable in their enthusiasm. Their full names were Caroline, who had been dubbed Linny, and Cynthia, who was Cinny. They were identical twins and Faith always had a hard time figuring out which was which. She would have to ask Aunt Jane how she kept them straight.

"We're so happy that you will be staying with us," said one of them excitedly.

"Yeah," the other chimed in. "We've never had a governor before."

"Governess," corrected their mother. "Faith will be your governess for the summer."

"What does governess mean?" asked the first one.

"It means that she looks after you, and that she's in charge."

The twins looked at each other and immediately started giggling. Neither of them said a word but put an arm over each other's shoulders and walked back to the television, still giggling.

"Oh boy," thought Faith. "This is going to be worse than I thought."

"They'll be fine for you," said Jane after she had led Faith back to the living room. "They're just a little wound up right now. They'll settle down for you quickly."

Jane then showed Faith around the house to familiarize her with it. She already knew her way around pretty well because she visited frequently with her parents as she was growing up. The one saving grace that she had been looking forward to was the pool. Her aunt had a completely secluded back yard with a huge swimming pool. She might not be able to get to the beach this summer but she was sure going to get that tan.

## Chapter 2

Faith got up early the next day with Jane. She received her instructions and Jane said she would try to get home early that day if she could. Then Jane left and Faith went back to bed. She woke up again with two sets of eyes watching her and the girls were lying on her bed with her in the middle.

"You're gorgeous," said Linny.

"Thank you," replied Faith, lifting her head to look at her two cousins. "You are both quite beautiful. I just wish I could tell you apart."

"Oh, that's easy. I'm Linny."

Faith laughed. "It's easy for you. I haven't figured it out yet. Maybe I'll have you wear different colored bows in your hair."

Both girls truly were beautiful. They both had long blonde hair. Faith had never seen them wear their hair in anything other than a ponytail so a bow or ribbon would work. They had bright, twinkling blue eyes. Their faces were quite pretty and unblemished and reminded Faith of fine porcelain. And their bodies were developing their womanly curves. These girls will steal the hearts of all the boys, thought Faith.

"I'm the prettier," said Cinny as she giggled.

"No you aren't," challenged Linny. "I am." And she reached across Faith's body, poking her sister. Instead of retracting her arm fully, however, she left her hand lying on Faith with it right above the older cousin's belly. She started moving it in slow circles as she and her sister bickered back and forth.

"Want some breakfast?" asked Cinny, finally.

"Sure, let's eat," replied Faith. She tried to sit up but was pinned beneath the bedcovers by her two charges.

"I guess we have you trapped," giggled Linny who then leaned forward, kissing Faith on the lips. Faith opened her eyes wide in surprise. A kiss on the cheek would have been more appropriate, she thought. Then Cinny did the same thing and crawled off the bed to release her captive cousin.

"We'll let you go this time," said Cinny. "But next time, we might just keep you." She giggled.

"Awww!" groused Linny as she got off the bed also. "I wanted to keep her this time."

"Very funny," said Faith as she got out of bed. "Let's go eat." Faith thought nothing of staying in her night shirt. She traipsed around her own house dressed like that all the time. And it was modest enough. The pink cotton shirt was baggy and opaque and reached to halfway down her thigh.

Linny wrapped her arm around Faith's waist and led her out of the room, toward the kitchen. Cinny followed close behind. "We would have eventually released you, though," Linny said. "But you would have been our prisoner for awhile."

Throughout the day, the girls seemed to be constantly touching Faith. Once, it was a playful swat to the bottom. Frequently, one of them wrapped her arm around their governess' waist as they walked. When they went outside to sun, the girls insisted on applying Faith's tanning oil and then lay beside her, holding her hands. In the afternoon, as they watched television, one of them laid on the couch with her head in Faith's lap while the other sat on the floor, resting back against Faith's legs. Nothing was inappropriate. But it was constant.

"The girls are certainly touchy," observed Faith once Jane got home.

Jane smiled. "Yes, they are very sweet, affectionate girls. And they like you a lot."

The next day, Faith took them shopping. Jane had given her money to buy things for the girls and had told her to buy something for herself. Once again, Faith was being constantly touched as they walked three abreast, holding hands, though the mall.

At first, the perpetual touches had unnerved her. She always thought of herself as affectionate but she also had her private space. The never ending invasion of her private space was uncomfortable to her initially. But by the end of the first day, she had become used to it.

They went into a dress shop and the girls immediately started sorting through the racks, selecting items for Faith to try on. Faith had commented that she

needed a sundress so they looked through the assortment and picked out a few. Faith was unprepared, however, when they tried to follow her into the dressing room.

"I can handle it by myself," she told them.

"Oh, but we want to help," said Cinny. Then she stuck out her lower lip and put on a pouty face.

"It's just not right for you to be in there," Faith said.

"Why? Linny and I do it all the time. Do you have something we don't?"

"No," countered Faith. "But people don't undress in front of others."

"They don't?" Linny said with raised eyebrows. "Mom does it with us all the time."

"That's different," Faith argued. "You are family."

"Well, you're family too," retorted Cinny. In the end, the girls wore Faith down and she relented. Fortunately, it was a spacious dressing room and the girls sat on the bench, waiting for the fashion show to begin. Faith blushed as she pulled off her t-shirt and shorts and then quickly donned the first dress.

"That looks great on you," remarked Cinny as Faith turned back and forth.

"Thank you," replied Faith. "But it's a bit short." She would eventually discover that all of them were short. The girls had purposely only selected dresses with very short skirts.

"But you have such great legs," Linny commented. "This displays them so nicely."

Faith had never thought about displaying any part of her body and thought it was an odd comment. She chose not to respond, however, and turned her back to the girls, removing the dress. With the next dress, Linny helped her by zipping her up and then smoothing the dress over Faith's curves. Again, Faith was uncomfortable with the touching, especially since it covered more of her body this time, but chose not to protest this either.

The final dress was strapless. Faith slipped it over her head as Cinny zipped and smoothed it. Faith turned to model it and Cinny shook her head.

"You don't like it?" asked Faith.

"I can't tell," replied Cinny. "It looks silly with this." She reached out and plucked one of the bra straps to illustrate what she was talking about. "Take it off."

"Oh," replied Faith. She looked in the mirror and had to admit that it looked odd with the bra on. She thought quickly about how to get out of removing her bra but could not come up with anything. So she turned to let Cinny unzip her. Cinny did that and then reached down, grasping the hem and lifting it over Faith's head. Then the girl held out her hand.

"Give it to me," she said.

Faith blushed. This was not going well at all. Reluctantly, she reached behind her back, unhooking the bra and then shrugging it off her shoulders. She was left wearing only her panties and was blushing furiously by this point.

"Put your hands down, you ninny," Linny mocked. "We've all got them although ours aren't nearly as nice as yours. You have nothing to be embarrassed about." Faith had been holding her hands up to try to protect her modesty. She slowly lowered them as her face turned even redder.

"These are amazing," said Cinny who was holding the bra and dress in one hand. With her free hand, she reached out and ran a finger down the soft swells of Faith's right breast, causing Faith to gasp and nearly jump out of her skin. "Do you think ours will ever be this nice?"

"Linny, stop that!" Faith snapped.

"I'm Cinny," she corrected. "And why stop? We're all girls here. Well, do you?"

"Do I what?" asked Faith testily as she reached for the dress. Cinny moved her hand, keeping the dress from the older girl.

"Do you think ours will ever be as nice as yours?"

"Oh," replied Faith, trying to control her anger and act civilly. "I'm sure they will be; probably even nicer."

"I doubt that," said Cinny as she reached out and repeated the action on the left breast, enjoying the smooth softness of her cousin's generous orbs. "Yours are just so perfect."

They were indeed perfect. The 36C mounds stood proudly on Faith's chest and were beautifully shaped. Even the nipples, which were stiff at the moment, were perfect. The areolae were about the size of a quarter and were light pink, surrounding the slightly darker pink nipples which were about a half inch long. The twins' breasts had also begun to develop and they now wore 34B bras.

Eventually, Cinny had to stop keeping the dress from her cousin. But she refused to hand it over. Instead, she raised it to help Faith put it on. Not seeing any

polite way to get the dress from Cinny, Faith held her arms out to let her cousin put the dress on her. Cinny slid the dress over the extended arms and tugged it down over Faith's body. She zipped it and then stood in front of Faith, running her hands over Faith's body, ostensibly to smooth out the dress. She paused and made motions of positioning the dress properly over the perfect breasts but was, in reality, just copping a feel. "There, that looks much better."

Faith's head was spinning by the time Jane got home that night. She almost felt as if she should buy a suit of armor to protect herself. The hands seemed to come out of nowhere and no part of her body seemed to be off limits.

"How do you discipline the girls?" she asked Jane. "Or more importantly, how would you recommend that I discipline them?"

Jane raised an eyebrow, "Why? Are they misbehaving?"

"I'm just talking about if they misbehave." Faith was not ready to rat on the girls yet. She decided that she would try to manage the situation and just wanted to find out what constraints she had.

"I can't remember the last time I had to discipline them. They're always such angels for me. But you let me know if they do start acting up and we'll come up with something. Okay?"

"Yes, Aunt Jane," she replied.

### **Chapter 3**

The next day found Faith in the barn. Her aunt owned a huge property that had once been a farm but hadn't been farmed in years. Now it was a rolling combination of meadows and forests. The property came complete with a barn and several other out buildings in addition to the manor house.

The family's four horses were kept in the barn. Faith assumed that the fourth one was for Jane's ex-husband. They had been divorced a year earlier. Faith did not know why the divorce happened and it seemed that her parents were clueless about the cause also. She had always liked Uncle Frank and thought that he and Jane were a perfect couple. Apparently, they weren't.

The twins were supposed to clean out the stalls daily but had not done it at all this week. Jane had pointed this out to Faith and instructed her to do a better job with the children's chores. Faith said that she would see to it that they were done.

She decided that she would do it the first day. That way, she could not be accused of assigning things that she would not do. And she would pitch in occasionally to clean them in the future.

She did not mind cleaning the stalls. She had been around horses her entire life and this was just one aspect that people get used to in the horsey life. The horses were in the field at the moment and she was working on the first stall.

It was hot in the barn. She opened all of the doors to get a breeze blowing through it. That helped, but it still didn't cool her off enough to be comfortable.

She thought about taking off her top and shorts. That would help but she hadn't planned very well for the day. She was wearing panties under the cutoff jeans so that would work. But she had worn a halter top and removing that would have left her naked from the waist up. Under normal circumstances, she probably would have done that but she knew that she couldn't risk having the twins find her so exposed. And she also didn't want to go back into the house. The twins were happily watching TV and she didn't want to risk drawing their attention by walking through the house and having them follow her out to the barn. She would just suffer in the heat.

She got the stall cleaned out and spread some fresh straw on the floor before starting on the second one. By the end of the second stall, however, the heat was unbearable. She went to the door and cooled off for a moment. She looked around and saw that the twins were nowhere to be seen. They were obviously still watching their favorite shows. What had seemed like a risky act earlier now became a necessity. She peeled her shorts down her sweat covered legs and then pulled her top off, hanging them on hooks in hopes that they would dry before she had to put them back on to return to the house.

At last, it was bearable. She blushed a bit as her heavy breasts swayed on her chest as she worked, knowing how wicked it was to be nearly naked outside, but at least she wasn't burning up. She cleaned out the last two stalls and was spreading the straw in the final one when she heard the giggling. She turned to look and froze as she saw two grinning girls at the door of the stall.

"What a pretty pony," Cinny said. "And she even started preparing herself for us."

"Yes. A beautiful filly," agreed Linny. "Nice lines."

"Okay, girls," Faith said as she looked crossly at them. "You've had your fun. Now go find something to do while I finish up."

"Oh," said Cinny. "We already have something to do." She closed the stall door and slipped a padlock into the latch, clicking it shut. "We have a new pony to train."

"You're not funny," Faith said, raising her voice. "Let me out of here this instant or I'll tell your mother."

"Oh, you can tell her," responded Linny. "But it will have to wait until next week."

"What do you mean?" asked Faith, feeling a cold chill snake down her spine.

"She was just here," explained Cinny. "She packed a suitcase and headed for the airport. She said something about an emergency in Europe. She hopes to get home next week but it could take longer."

"We looked for you," said Linny, "but we couldn't find you. We assumed you had gone for a walk or run or something. And Mom couldn't wait. She had a plan to catch."

Faith silently groaned to herself. How was she going to control these imps? Especially when she was trapped and nearly naked.

"Have faith," said Cinny. Then she giggled. "Actually, we're the ones who have Faith. But we can take care of ourselves and we'll take care of you too."

"Yes, we have Faith," Linny giggled with her sister. "Now be a good little filly and give us your boots and panties."

"I will not!" Faith said indignantly. "Give me the rest of my clothes and let me out of here this instant!"

The two girls turned toward the door and started walking to it. "We'll get them; either the easy way or the hard way." They kept walking.

"Wait! You can't leave me here!" The girls just kept walking and quickly disappeared into the sunlight. Faith collapsed against the bale of straw that she had been working on and fumed. How dare they?

#### **Chapter 4**

It was growing dark when the girls returned. "We're cooking chicken. Would you like some?"

"Of course I would. Now let me out of here," Faith demanded.

"We will. The price is the rest of your clothes," said Cinny.

"Not a chance," retorted an angry Faith. "But when I do get out, you two will have a lot to pay for."

"Suit yourself," said Linny. Then, the two girls turned and left the barn again, turning off the lights as they went.

Faith continued the examination of her stall. There must be some way of getting out. But, try as she might, she could not find any. The stalls were solidly built. Plus they had bars across the top. The bottom four feet of the walls were wood. Then steel bars extended upward another six feet to a wooden rail that held the steel bars that formed the roof. All of this ensured that she would not be able to climb her way to freedom. "Why would they have bars on the ceiling?" she wondered. Horses don't need them.

It was daylight the next time she saw her captors. She had spent a miserable night trying to get comfortable on the little straw bed that she had fashioned in one corner of the stall. And after the sun went down, the temperature dropped. It had been a chilly, uncomfortable night for her and she hardly slept at all.

"Bacon and eggs for breakfast," said Cinny.

"Want some?" asked Linny.

"You know the answer to that," replied Faith.

"Then may we have your clothes?" asked Cinny.

"You know the answer to that too."

"Oh well," said Linny. "Maybe you'll want lunch." Then they left a brooding Faith alone in her stall.

By lunchtime, Faith's stomach was grumbling. She desperately wanted to eat. She was even more desperate for water. She had not even had a sip of water in almost twenty four hours.

"Grilled cheese for lunch," said Cinny. "Want some?"

Faith refused to hand over her remaining clothes and the girls turned to leave again. "Wait! Can I at least have some water?"

"You can have all of the water you want," replied Linny as she held up a water bottle. "The price is the same."

Faith slumped against the wall and groaned as she shook her head. The girls left her alone in her thoughts.

The afternoon grew hot again, which did nothing to help her thirst. She was sweaty again which she knew was just dehydrating her faster. Her lips were dry and her tongue kept sticking to the roof of her mouth. By the time dinner came around, she knew that she was defeated. She removed her boots and socks and pushed them through the bars. She took a deep breath and slid her panties down her legs, leaving her completely naked. This was how the girls found her.

"Oh, lookie!" squealed Linny in delight when she saw her very naked cousin. She picked up the clothing and set it on a table out of reach of the stall.

Cinny held up a water bottle to Faith's lips and let her start drinking. Cinny raised her free hand and lifted Faith's left breast, enjoying its weight. Faith reached up and grasped Cinny's wrist, pulling the hand away from her body. Cinny reacted immediately by pulling the water bottle away from Faith's lips. The captive girl whimpered as she realized her dilemma and released the offending hand. The hand returned to claim the luscious breast at the same instant the bottle was returned to Faith's lips.

"Good girl," said Cinny as she caressed and squeezed the soft mound. Linny stepped closer and claimed the other breast, lifting it with one hand as the fingers from her other hand danced over the warm, smooth flesh.

"Pretty pony," said Linny as she enjoyed the perfection that was in her hand. "Isn't this so much better than starving and thirsting? We want to be good to you. You just need to let us."

Faith was finally able to eat her first meal in over a day. The girls kept her in her stall. Faith was required to stand at the bars with her hands locked behind her head. This caused her breasts to be displayed even more prominently, much to her chagrin, and made them easy targets for the girls. The twins fed their captive as the offered breasts received attention. When the meal was finished, the girls started to leave again.

"Wait!" Faith called out. "You're not going to leave me here like this, are you?"

"But this is where good little ponies are supposed to sleep," said Linny.

"Maybe we'll take you out for some exercise tomorrow," added Cinny. "If you're good for us." Then they left, turning off the light on their way out. Faith spent another sleepless night curled up in her cold stall.

## **Chapter 5**

"Tell me again about Plan B," said Cinny. Both girls were naked and were curled up in bed, spooning. Linny was behind her sister, holding her, as her hand slowly caressed her.

"Well, it just came to me yesterday. Plan A was to slowly wear her down. First was the constant touching. Then, we're going to move her to constant nudity. After that, we were going to going to make her totally dependent on us. And voila. We have ourselves a ponygirl."

"Yeah, I know all about Plan A," said Cinny as she felt her sister's hand glide over her naked body. "What was wrong with it?"

"It takes forever," replied Linny. "We would have been working on her all summer. And Mom would be sure to figure it out eventually."

"Mom wouldn't object, would she? She's had slavegirls of her own. She'd have to expect us to want one." It was true that Jane had slavegirls before. That was the main thing that led to the divorce. When it started, which was before the twins were even born, it had been more of a hobby. It was just recreational fun. As the years progressed, however, Jane spent more time with her subs and slaves and less time with Frank. She knew all along that she was bisexual but finally realized that, in reality, she was lesbian. There was no room for a male in her life.

"I don't think that she would mind us having our own girl," replied Linny as she slid her hand up Cinny's belly to cup one of the firm, developing breasts. "But I think she would mind us enslaving our cousin; family relations and all that."

"Oh," sighed Cinny as she enjoyed having her breast held. "Maybe. So how did this plan pop into your head?"

"Well," explained Linny. "She was right where we were going to put her eventually; in a stall. And she was already almost naked, just like we were going to make her. I just skipped months of conditioning."

"Seems kind of risky to skip all of those other steps."

"It might be," agreed Linny. "We'll have to be harsher than we had planned. But unless Mom comes home right away, we should be able to break her. And once we've done that, it will be too late to release her."

"So how do we break her?" asked Cinny.

"I haven't figured all of that out yet." Linny's finger was toying with her sister's nipple now, rolling it back and forth and causing the delicious bud to stiffen. "We've already started. We deprive her of food and water and she only gets either when we are playing with her body."

"I think arousal and relief should be part of it too," Linny continued. "If we keep her constantly aroused but only let her climax with us, she'll start to need us."

And then she went on. "We'll have to punish her when she misbehaves too. I think it will work."

"I sure hope so," said Cinny. "She's just so beautiful. I'd love to own her."

"You will, sis," assured Linny. Then she rolled her sister toward her to kiss her. They embraced as they kissed and made love before drifting off to sleep in their warm comfortable bed.

## Chapter 6

"How's my pretty pony this morning?" asked Linny as she stood at the door to the stall.

"Miserable," replied Faith. "You have to let me out of here. What you are doing is illegal."

"Oh, it's not illegal," said Cinny. "We're just three teenage girls having some fun."

"I'm not having fun," said Faith. "And yes it is illegal. It's called kidnapping."

"But you haven't been kidnapped," argued Linny. "You are still living with us."

Faith gave up hope of winning this argument. It was clear that the girls were not going to let her go. She would just have to find the right time to escape. "I'm filthy. I need a bath."

"Yeah, you have looked better," said Cinny. "But ponies don't take baths."

"What's all of this nonsense about ponies?"

"You are our pony," responded Linny. "Our beautiful pony."

"I don't even know what that means," replied Faith. "You aren't making any sense."

Linny explained what she meant and Faith grew more irate with each new revelation. She was not going to be treated as human. She was going to live in a stall. She was going to be exercised and raced and shown. "It will be lovely. I think it must be most exciting to be a slavegirl."

"I've had it with you two," Faith said angrily. She pointed a finger at one girl and then the other, causing her breasts to jiggle as she moved. "Open that door this instant!"

"We were planning on opening the door, silly. You don't have to get mad at us."

"Well, it's about time," said Faith. "This has gone on long enough." She stepped to the door, crossing her arms and tapping her bare foot impatiently.

"Now just turn around and give me your hands," said Linny.

"What!?!?!?!" said Faith, indignantly.

"Yes, pretty pony," said Cinny. "Until you are tamed, we need to keep you harnessed."

"Forget it!" responded Faith. She stomped to the far end of the stall and sat down on her bale of hay. "You two are nuts!"

Faith missed the next two meals and was starved by the time dinner rolled around. Plus, with the heat and the dirty stall, she felt unclean. It was a miserable state of affairs for her: starving and filthy. When the girls showed up at dinner time, she tried to reason with them again. When that failed, she tried to negotiate. They would not budge, however. In the end, she found her wrists held behind her back by steel cuffs.

The girls marched her out of the barn to an outside shower. There, they stripped themselves so they would not get their own clothes wet and Faith found herself blushing as she saw her younger cousins naked for the first time.

They turned on the water and pushed Faith under it, following until one was in front of her and the other behind. Faith had expected the water to be cold but was pleasantly surprised to find it comfortably warm.

The girls wet her hair and then worked the shampoo in together, raising a sudsy foam in the long auburn locks. They rinsed out her hair and then repeated the shampooing. They worked the bar of soap in their hands, creating a new foam and then used their bare hands to spread the soap over their captive's body.

Faith suspected that Cinny would pay too much attention to her breasts and she was right. She squeezed and manipulated the fleshy mounds, resoaping her hands several times before she seemed to think that they were clean enough. Both girls crouched down and soaped up the legs, starting at Faith's feet and working their way up. Faith was completely unprepared for what happened next, though. She felt a hand covering her sex with a finger parting her labia at the same time she felt one of Linny's soapy fingers pushing down they valley between her bottom cheeks.

"Hey!" she shouted at them. "Get out of there! Both of you!"

"Gotta clean the pony," giggled Cinny. Faith twisted and tried to move away but Linny grabbed the cuffs and held her in place.

"We can always tie you up more for your showers if you would prefer," said Linny. Faith stopped struggling for fear of more severe bondage.

Cinny softly stroked Faith's petals for awhile, smiling as she felt them becoming slick with arousal. Faith closed her eyes in shame as another girl touched

her so intimately. After awhile, Linny's finger started moving again and stopped to tease Faith's little pucker each time the finger passed through the forbidden valley.

After a few more passes, Linny soaped up her hand again and pressed the tip of a finger to the little rosebud. She kept pushing harder and harder until the little pucker finally yielded. Then she sawed her finger in and out of Faith's bottom as Cinny started plunging her finger in and out of the captive's sex.

Faith protested again but was immediately silenced when each of her bottom cheeks and each of her breasts were spanked harshly. She stood silently while her two younger cousins had their way with her vulnerable body. It did not take long for the girls, working together, to steal an orgasm from their captive. They both squealed in delight at what they had accomplished, seeing Faith tense and hearing the soft moans.

## **Chapter 7**

"Mom called last night," announced Linny. "We told her you were taking good care of us."

"She didn't want to talk to me?" asked a surprised Faith.

"Oh, she did. We told her you were sleeping. And she said she would be gone another week; something about complications."

This was not good news at all for Faith. She felt her heart sink at the knowledge that her ordeal was to be extended. She would just have to work harder at finding a way to escape. But so far, there hadn't really been a chance. She had either been locked in that escape-proof stall or had her arms chained together behind her back. Even if she ran, she would not get far and she would be easy to overpower.

It was very good news for the twins. They would have much more time to tame their cousin now. They sat up late, refining Plan B to take advantage of the extra time before they made love and then went to sleep together in their warm, cozy bed.

"You have to let me go, then," pleaded Faith. "A week is too long to keep someone locked up."

"Oh, a week is not long at all," said Cinny. "It will be over before you know it."

"And you'll have lots of fun," added Linny. "You seemed to enjoy your little orgasm yesterday."

"That was awful!" complained Faith. "I still can't believe you did that to me!"

"It didn't look awful to us," said Cinny. "It looked like it felt pretty good. And you are so beautiful when you climax. We'll have to do a lot more of that."

The other thing the girls did the night before was to figure out the pony harness. They knew it would work because they had seen some of their mother's girls prancing around it the harness but, at first, they could not make any sense out of the jumble of straps. They finally decided to test out the harness on one of them and Cinny was selected.

"You should take off your clothes for this," advised Linny.

"I'm sure it would work with clothes on," replied Cinny.

"Yes, but we want to be as realistic as possible. We don't want to be fumbling around on Faith."

"Ha!" remarked Cinny. "You probably just want to feel me up."

Linny laughed. "I don't need you in a harness to do that. I do that every night." Cinny finally relented and took off her clothes. Linny started laying the straps over her sister and then turning the harness. They bickered back and forth as Linny worked with Cinny providing advice and Linny arguing why that wouldn't work or saying that she already tried it. Finally, they figured it out and Linny started adjusting the straps to fit the harness.

"You look so sexy as a pony," said Linny as she stood back and admired her sister. Jane had several harnesses in different colors and they had chosen the plain brown leather one to start with, thinking that it would go well on their auburn haired cousin.

"Thanks, but I'm not sure that we've got it right yet," Cinny reached up and tugged on the straps that encircled her breasts. They were loose.

"I tightened it as much as I could. It will be snug on us in a year or two. It's just made for better endowed girls than us. It will be perfect on Faith."

Linny led her sister to the mirror and let her see herself. "Yeah, it does look sexy. I can't wait to get Faith into it."

"Let's try out the other stuff," said Linny.

The bit and bridle turned out to be just as confusing as the harness had been. The bit itself was easy enough but figuring out the straps to the bridle was a challenge. They eventually got it sorted out though.

The girls had debated whether or not to cuff Faith's wrists to her harness or use an armbinder, although that had been an earlier debate. With the bit in her mouth, Cinny was in no position to debate anything. They had decided to use an armbinder on their cousin since it was more severe. That way, she would appreciate it on days when she was simply cuffed.

The armbinder turned out to be easy to slip onto Cinny. Because of her youth, she was very flexible. And she was not as large as the girls the thing was designed for.

"One last thing," announced Linny as she held up the tail and grinned.

"Rai, rai!" Cinny tried to say around the bit that was preventing her from speaking. Linny wasn't exactly sure what she meant but interpreted the desperate plea as "Wait, wait."

"We have to check out everything," explained Linny. "This won't be bad."

Cinny had panic in her eyes as her sister advanced on her with the plug in one hand and a jar of lubricant in the other. Linny circled her sister and Cinny kept turning to keep her bottom pointed away from Linny. Linny finally realized that she would need both hands to fit the thing and stopped. She dipped the end of the plug into the lubricant and then held the other end in her teeth, letting the tail drape down her cheek.

With both hands free, it was easy to catch and subdue her bound sister. Linny dragged her over to the bed and bent her over the edge of it. Cinny kept her bottom cheeks clenched together and wiggled as much as she could. But with Linny sitting on top of her and prying her cheeks apart with her free hand, she was easy prey. Linny placed the tip of the plug at the cute little rosebud and twirled it to spread the lubrication. Then she slowly pushed it in to the grunts and pleadings of her sister.

"Let's see how it all looks," said Linny as she climbed off the bed and helped Cinny up. She led her sister to the center of the floor and then slowly circled her, trailing her fingers over the straps and naked flesh. She eventually stopped and faced her sister. She leaned forward and kissed the tip of Cinny's nose as she lifted her hands, placing her palms over her sister's exposed breasts.

"You are such a pretty pony," she said. "I might just have to change the plan." Cinny shook her head furiously and mumbled some loud complaints. Linny couldn't understand anything that was said but assumed that, whatever it was, it was laced with expletives. Linny smiled and lowered her hand to Cinny's sex and stroked the petals that were amazingly slick and the little pearl until she gave her sister a powerful orgasm.

"Don't worry," said Linny as she started to loosen the harness. "I already have a pony. I like you better as a sister. But it's true that you look delicious as a pony."

The harness was removed and then the bit and bridle. "That was so cruel!" complained Cinny once she could talk again. "Get that thing out of me!"

Linny laughed and went behind Cinny. She grasped the tail and pulled the plug half way out but then pushed it back in, causing Cinny to groan.

"Don't!" cried Cinny as she felt her bottom filled again. "Stop!"

Linny experimented and kept sliding the plug in and out of her sister's bottom. Cinny kept protesting until the protests faded away to a series of desperate moans. Linny recognized the moans as a sign that Cinny was close to climaxing.

"Don't stop," moaned Cinny. Linny reached around her captive to start stroking her clitoris. It did not take a lot of stroking to push Cinny into another powerful orgasm.

"You are so cruel!" exclaimed Cinny once she had recovered enough to speak coherently. In the meantime, Linny had pulled the plug out and removed the armbrinder, leaving Cinny completely unbound. "Faith is going to hate this."

"Oh, it didn't seem like you hated everything about it," smirked Linny as she wiggled the finger that had just inflicted two earth shattering orgasms on her sister.

Cinny blushed. "Well maybe not everything was horrible," she said and then giggled. "Maybe she won't mind it that much."

## **Chapter 8**

"The orgasm was nice," replied Faith. "But you still shouldn't have done that. It was like rape or something."

"It looked more like something wonderful," said Cinny. "Now come out of that stall. We want to get you ready for the day."

"No!" retorted Faith. "I'm not playing this game any more."

"How much of a fight do you think you can give us with those cuffs on?" asked Linny. They had left Faith cuffed when they put her back in her stall the night before, much to Faith's chagrin. It had been difficult to find a comfortable way to sleep with her arms held behind her.

"As much as I need to," replied Faith as she glared at her two cousins. "I'm not playing any more."

The girls had packed the pony gear and some other items in a bag that they brought with them. Linny reached into the bag and produced several items, some of which she handed to Cinny. She fished a coil of rope out of the bag along with a mean looking paddle and what looked like a long metal wand. Then she opened the door to the stall and the two girls advanced on their prey.

"Don't you dare!" screamed Faith. "Don't you touch me!" She backed away from her cousins but soon hit the wall and could escape no further. She was trapped and they kept advancing. Seeing that the door was still open and she had no other choices, she lunged forward. She figured that if she surprised them, she might be able to get out of the stall and escape, although she saw that as highly unlikely. But she had to try.

She never even got to the door. Linny jabbed the cattle prod into her belly and gave her a jolt that completely immobilized her. She collapsed in a heap to the floor where Cinny quickly bound her ankles together. They never even had to use the paddle.

The girls dragged the groaning captive out of the stall and unfastened the handcuffs, moving the hands to the front and then binding them with rope. Then they tied a rope from the pulley and slowly hoisted her until Faith was standing on tiptoe.

Linny decided that it was time to set some rules. She took the paddle from her sister and slowly walked around Faith who was still whimpering from the nasty shock of the prod. She placed the paddle against the smooth naked flesh of her cousin and let its surface glide over the skin as she walked slowly around the captive.

"Faith, dear," she started. "We have been kind to you so far; much kinder than we could be; and maybe much kinder than we should be. We can make it rough if that's what you would prefer." She swung the paddle back and then quickly forward, striking Faith's bottom with a loud crack and causing her to sway back and forth from her tether. Faith screamed.

Linny continued her orbit. "Some girls love it rough. We have known some who were just pain sluts. We can treat you like that if you want." The paddle swung again and another loud crack rang out with the paddle leaving an angry red mark on Faith's tight belly. Faith shrieked again as pain tore through her body and Linny continued her travels around the dangling girl.

"Stop! Please stop!" begged Faith as she felt her abused flesh burning from the assaults.

"We'll stop. We don't want to hurt you," explained Linny. She swung the paddle and Faith's left breast exploded in a pain as the paddle flattened it against her chest. The twins watched Faith jerk backward from the blow which lifted her toes off the ground and started her swaying again. They saw the reddened breast bounce and bob as it rebounded from the harsh blow.

"We need you to be more appreciative, though," Linny continued. "We are only playing a game in which you benefit. After all, you are the only one who has received pleasure so far. Yet all you do is complain and resist." The paddle whistled through the air and flattened Faith's right breast, causing the air to be pierced with another shriek. Faith's body was an image of motion. Both breasts were bouncing and she was swinging wildly from her bound wrists.

"Stop, please stop," wailed Faith. Pain consumed her entire being. She could not stand any more. She felt arms circle her body and stop her swinging. Lips kissed one breast and then the other before they met her own lips. She cautiously opened her eyes and found Cinny holding her.

"Will you be a good girl for us now?" asked Cinny.

Faith whimpered and sniffled as she nodded. "Yes, I'll be good."

"Will you do whatever we tell or ask you to do?"

"Yes, I'll obey," sniffled Faith.

"And will you stop complaining every time there is something new in your adventure?" Cinny continued.

Cinny smiled and snaked her tongue between the captive's lips. Faith obediently let her lips part and felt Cinny's tongue exploring her mouth. She did not resist at all. She had learned her lesson. Cinny continued the kiss for almost a minute and then ended it. She leaned down, sucking a nipple into her mouth and letting her teeth rake lightly over the stiff nubbin before repeating the action with the other nipple.

## **Chapter 9**

"Do you think she's broken yet?" asked Linny.

Cinny paused licking Linny's sex and lifted her head. Both girls were naked and lying on the bed with Linny lying on her back with her legs spread and Cinny lying between them as she devoured her sister's sex. "Don't know yet. She might be. Or she could just be acting that way until we let our guard down." She lowered her head and resumed the love making.

Linny sighed happily at the loving touch of her sister before resuming. "Well, she sure was docile. And wow! She looked so hot as a ponygirl. And I loved the way that she kept lowering her eyes. She looked so submissive."

Cinny raised her head again. "Yeah, she's a natural. I don't even think that any of Mom's girls ever looked quite so submissive. Speaking of Mom, do you think she'll let us keep her?"

"After seeing her today," Linny replied, "I'm worried that Mom will want to keep her for herself."

"Well, we can always share."

While the twins were enjoying one another's bodies in the warm house and on the comfortable bed, Faith was curled up in a corner of her stall. Once again, her wrists had been bound together and she struggled to find a comfortable position for the night.

Why hadn't she just taken a job as a waitress? Her pride had been the ruin of her. She held out too long for what she viewed as a glamorous job and now she was the sex toy for two demented girls.

The day had been long for her. After the initial beating, however, she had not been struck again. The fourth strike of the horrid paddle had taught her the value of obedience and submission. She tried to be the perfect slavegirl after that in order to avoid more of the harsh, painful treatment.

She did not give up hope, although she tried to present the appearance of complete surrender. While she surrendered her body to the manipulation and schemes of her young torturers, she held onto her mind and soul. She vowed that those would ultimately rescue her body from the clutches of her captors.

After beating her into submission, the twins wrapped her in strands of leather that they called a harness. They tightened the straps until they were satisfied and it took every ounce of determination not to cry out when her full breasts were squeezed tightly at the base by her bindings. The metal bar was placed in her mouth and then the straps attached to it were tightened behind her head. Her arms were trapped behind her and more straps were tightened until she felt her elbows touching, causing her shoulders to ache terribly. But she didn't cry out. She didn't even cry as she felt the huge plug being forced into her rectum. But she wanted to cry. It hurt terribly.

It wasn't until she was led outside of the barn and put into the corral that tears started to flow down her cheeks. Here she was a fully grown woman being trotted in circles around a corral that had been built for animals.

She listened to their commands and obeyed them instantly. She raised her knees high and 'pranced' when they told her to prance. She moved her bare feet quickly over the ground and ran when they told her to gallop. She stopped when they told her to stop. She vowed to do everything she could to avoid being beaten again.

She tried to formulate a plan. She had to escape the clutches of these two terrors. At one point the day before, her plan had been to endure until Aunt Jane came home. Now she knew that she could not wait that long. She could not live like this for another day, let alone another week.

She had been dirty and sweaty when her training in the corral ended. The girls took her to the outdoor shower and stripped, repeating their cleansing of her from the day before. Again, she received an unwanted orgasm. She was abhorred at how wet she was but Linny had gloated as she held up a glistening finger that had just been thrust into her, showing her how aroused she was. It just wasn't right! Why was her body betraying her so badly?

She decided that she would be the perfect submissive. She would be the perfect pony. She would be the perfect sex toy. And she would be free of their insanity when the first opportunity presented itself.

## **Chapter 10**

The days dragged on. Faith endured humiliation after humiliation as the twins continued to mold her into a human pony. Each day, she was strapped into a different harness and she wondered how they came to own so many. Some, like the one on the first day, were plain. Others, like the one she wore today, were highly decorative with tooled leather and rhinestones.

Each day, she was trained. For the first few days, she never left the corral. They taught her all of her paces and she learned to walk, trot, canter and gallop to their satisfaction. She learned to stop and pose. She learned to display herself for inspection, which she found to be highly humiliating.

Each day brought multiple orgasms. The girls had not beaten her again. They did use the riding crop occasionally to correct her but that was child's play compared to the horrid paddle that she had been beaten with originally. Instead of relying on punishment to mold their new pony, the twins focused on rewarding her for good behavior. Whenever she mastered a new pace or pose, they would use their fingers or tongues to bring her to climax.

This was a new side to her. Faith had never had sex before. She had never even dated a guy beyond going to an occasional movie. She had masturbated a few times but felt unfulfilled by the experience. And she had kissed and petted with

other girls when she was younger. She viewed that as a rite of passage for young girls to explore and experiment and never saw it as anything sexual. Now she found herself receiving five or six earth shattering orgasms a day. What was worse was that she realized that she was behaving differently in order to achieve her rewards. She was being the best slavegirl she could be.

Each night, she was bound again with her wrists held securely behind her back and then locked into her stall. She never had a chance to escape. She had either been locked up or bound or both since that day she had been mucking the stall.

The girls seemed to delight in their slavegirl's body. When they were not training her, they would frequently bind her to a post or over a rail. Then they would explore her body. Cinny was most fascinated with the full round breasts while Linny seemed obsessed with her sex and bottom. It was Linny who discovered that Faith was still a virgin. This started a discussion about what to do about it; a discussion that did not include any input from Faith. After all, she was just a pony and what could a pony say that would matter to anyone?

"I think we should break it," said Cinny, "or take it or pop it or whatever the right way to say it is."

"No, we should leave it intact," argued Linny. "Do you realize how rare an eighteen year old virgin is?"

They debated and bickered for twenty minutes as Faith remained bound upright and spread eagle in the middle of the barn. In the end, Linny won the debate. They would leave Faith's hymen intact for now.

It seemed like months had passed since her captivity started but Faith realized that it had probably only been a week. The arduous days and the mind numbing practicing of her paces had simply caused her to lose track of time. She lived from meal to meal and orgasm to orgasm.

Eventually, the girls decided that she had learned her paces and they pulled out the cart. It had been stored in the back of the barn and Faith had not noticed it before. It was smaller than the carts that she had seen before and she was puzzled by it. When she was attached to it, she found that it was perfectly designed to fit a human to pull it. Why would someone have a cart this size, she wondered. Then she felt a chill rush through her. She was not the first girl to be held captive and trained to be a pony! That's why they had all of the harnesses and this cart. But what had happened to the others? And what did that mean about what would happen to her?

Linny adjusted the harness as Faith stood between the rails with the rails attached to her harness. Linny grasped each breast and tugged on them before tightening the straps further, causing her beautiful orbs to bulge out even more. Then Faith received a new indignity. Linny produced two bells with clamps on them. After flicking each of Faith's nipples to stiffen them, Linny opened the jaws of the clamps and let them bite into the sensitive nubs. Faith felt pain surge through her bound breasts and grunted around her bit.

"Such a pretty pony," commented Linny as she flicked each of the bells, causing them to tinkle. "And now we have a musical pony."

Both girls climbed into the cab and then Cinny picked up the reins. She snapped them once and made a clicking sound with her tongue. "Giddy up, pretty pony."

Faith started forward, slowly at first. The girls praised her but urged her faster and faster. Soon, she was trotting and pulling the cart around the property. Cinny tugged on one rein and then the other, guiding the beautiful girl. Linny just sat back and enjoyed the view. Faith's firm ass was poetry in motion as the muscles strained and moved with each step. The girls had tied Faith's hair into a ponytail that seemed to spurt from the top of her head and the auburn hair billowed out behind her like an undulating fan.

Faith was panting when Cinny pulled her to a halt. The girls seemed pleased with her performance, though, because she was rewarded with another one of those explosive orgasms that she had come to crave.

The twins climbed back into the cab and steered their ponygirl back toward the barn. Faith was covered in sweat and dust by the time she was released from the cart and received another orgasm and her daily shower.

That night marked a change in the routine. Instead of being returned to her stall for the night, the girls led her to the house. This was the first time she had been back in the house since they captured her. Did this mean that they were finally going to release her?

It turned out that it did not mean that. Instead, it meant that she was to be their sexual play thing for the night. The girls laid her on her back on the bed and tied each of her limbs to the corners of the bed, spreading her tightly. They gave her another orgasm and then, one at a time, lowered their pussies to her waiting lips.

She had never done this before and the idea disgusted her. For the first time in many days, she resisted. She twisted her head away and clamped her lips shut.

"I'll get the paddle," announced Cinny.

"No, wait!" pleaded Faith. "I'll do it! I'll do it!" She spent the next hour giving the girls pleasure. It turned out to not be as disgusting as she had feared. It was not something that she would offer to repeat but it was not bad. It certainly was better than being abused by that cruel paddle.

At the end of the evening, the three girls slept together. Faith remained on her back with her body stretched tight. The girls laid on either side of her, using her soft, firm breasts as pillows. Faith was in a bed for the first time in over a week and she slept like a baby.

## **Chapter 11**

"My, my," Faith heard. "What have we here?"

Faith looked up from her little bed of straw and peered through the barred door of the stall. Standing on the other side was her Aunt Jane.

Faith was initially elated that she was finally rescued. Her long ordeal was over. But then a fear washed through her body. If Aunt Jane was going to rescue her, why hadn't she opened the door already? And someone had to own all of those harnesses and that cart. Her aunt was in the practice of enslaving girls, she suddenly realized.

"Stand up for me," Jane said. "Let me get a good look at you."

Faith had become better at getting to her feet during her captivity but, with her hands bound behind her, it was still an awkward struggle. She turned toward her aunt and pleaded.

"Please release me, Aunt Jane," she begged. "The twins have held me prisoner for over a week."

"Yes, I just learned that," Jane replied. "I was wondering why you were never around when I called. I should have guessed. But they have never captured a girl before. At least they've got good taste. You are even more lovely than I could have imagined. Turn for me."

Faith blushed at the command. "But Aunt Jane..."

"Hush, little one. Just turn."

Faith bit her lower lip nervously but complied with the command. She felt her blush deepen as she slowly turned, knowing that she was displaying herself to her aunt.

"Simply perfection," said Jane as she studied the delicate feminine curves of her niece. "They have good taste, indeed."

"Aunt Jane, why haven't you released me yet?"

"All in good time, sweet girl. All in good time."

"Are you planning on keeping me?" asked an astonished Faith.

"I have faith," smiled Jane. "And I intend to keep her for a bit. We'll play this game a little longer."

"Aunt Jane! How could you?"

Jane was facing a dilemma. Her daughters had created a mess and, if she released Faith, Faith was bound to say something. In the best case, her relationship with her sister, Faith's mother, could be severely damaged, if not severed. In the worst case, her daughters would end up in prison for a variety of crimes. She knew that she would have to let her niece go eventually but she needed time to come up with a solution before that could happen. Of course, she could always dispose of the girl by selling her into the slave market but she couldn't imagine doing something like that to family.

There was a bright side to her problem. Her niece was stunningly beautiful and she had already been partially broken in by the twins. She was currently between slavegirls and Faith would provide some entertainment for her for the next couple of months.

Jane opened the door to the stall and walked to where Faith was standing. She reached up and plucked a piece of straw out of the girl's hair. "Relax, little one. Nobody is going to hurt you. At least nobody is going to do any permanent damage. And you might find that you enjoy being my slavegirl."

She reached down and cupped Faith's sex with her hand, feeling the slick petals against her fingers. She brought them up to let Faith see. "See? You are already enjoying it."

"Oh, Aunt Jane, I don't know why I'm always so wet. I don't enjoy it. It's horrible to be naked and chained all the time."

Jane reached out and touched Faith's breasts, causing the girl to back away from her aunt. "Come back, little one."

Faith did not want to do anything that even remotely resembled being cooperative. But she also remembered the awful torture inflicted on her body earlier in her imprisonment. She did not want a repeat of that. Reluctantly, she moved back to where she had been standing earlier.

Jane returned her hands to the girl's breasts. She ran her palms over the smooth soft skin, appreciating the firmness of her niece's well endowed chest.

Then she slid her hands beneath them and lifted them, feeling their weight. "These are beauties. You should be very proud of them."

"I should be free and clothed too," retorted Faith. She was blushing from having her breasts being so intimately touched by her aunt but she was still angry that she was not being released.

"I will enjoy owning these, even if it's just for a little while," said Jane, ignoring Faith's response. She continued to hold the firm mounds and let her thumbs brush back and forth across the nipples, causing them to stiffen.

Eventually, Jane led her captive out of the stall and sat on a bench. She instructed Faith to kneel, which turned out to be every bit as awkward as standing up. But she finally was able to assume the correct position and knelt at her aunt's feet.

They spent the next hour talking. Faith did most of the talking as Jane asked questions. She had to describe everything that happened to her since the twins captured her. She had to describe the best thing that happened and that was when she was finally given water. She described the most erotic thing as the daily showers when the girls would strip and play with her body. The paddling was, by far, the worst thing. Pulling a cart was the most humiliating.

She had to describe her sexual history which resulted in a very short explanation. Almost her entire sexual history occurred in the past week and a half.

"Do you like giving orgasms or receiving them better?" asked Jane.

Faith blushed at that question. In the past week, she had learned that she liked both for very different reasons. She liked receiving because of the delicious feelings that exploded in her body. She liked giving because it gave her a sense of power to be able to control someone else's pleasure. She was not sure how to answer. Either answer carried with it embarrassment.

"I like to receive better," she finally chose.

"Let's go to the house," Jane finally said after the quizzing was finished. "You've slept in the barn long enough."

"Thank god," thought Faith. This was a big step forward in her mind.

Faith remained cuffed but at least she was out of that stall. Jane led her naked across the yard and into the house. The twins were sitting at the kitchen table, grinning as they entered the house.

"Isn't she just perfect, Mama?" asked Cinnie.

"Yes, dear," replied Jane. "She's perfect in every way. But she is through being a pony for awhile."

"Oh," said Linny with a frown on her face. "But we're going to keep her, aren't we?"

"For a little bit longer, yes," said Jane. That news brightened the faces of both girls. Jane continued leading her charge deeper into the house and up the stairs until they got to the master bedroom. "I think we could both use a bath right now."

Faith had not seen a bathtub in a week and a half and was dying for a bath. "That would be lovely."

Jane turned to her and placed her hands on her niece's shoulders as she looked her in the eyes. "Listen, Faith. It was not my idea to turn you into a slavegirl and I never would have done something like that to family. But what's done is done."

Faith listened with wide eyes and her heart seemed to pound faster with each word spoken. What did her aunt mean by 'what's done is done'? Was she going to keep her forever?

"We can't unring the bell. You were captured and enslaved. But I promise that you will be released at the end of the summer. Until then, you will belong to me. I will let the twins play with you but you are my property. Do you understand?"

"No, not really, Aunt Jane," replied Faith. "Why won't you let me go now?"

"For two reasons," Jane said. "First, you have entered a world that you don't fully understand yet. It would not be fair to you to let you go before you know enough to like it or dislike it. You did not choose the world. The world chose you. But I feel it is my responsibility to help you learn it." Faith remained silent.

"The second reason is a selfish one. You are so beautiful that I can't help but want to own you. I may not be able to keep you forever, but at least I will own you for a little while to be able to enjoy you."

"You may find that you like it and want to continue. The life of a slavegirl can be very erotic and satisfying. You get to explore all kinds of new things without the responsibility of making any decisions. All of your decisions will be made for you. And because you aren't deciding, there can't be any guilt."

"You may find that you like the lifestyle but don't want to be a bottom or submissive. That would be worth learning too. And if you turn out to be a mistress, then your time as a slavegirl will be very valuable to you. Or you may conclude

that you want no part of the domination and submission lifestyle. That would be worth learning too but at least it will be an educated decision."

"Now," continued Jane, "will you agree to be my slavegirl for the remainder of the summer?"

Faith's head was spinning at this point. "Aunt Jane, are you asking me to voluntarily give up my freedom?"

Jane smiled and leaned forward, kissing Faith on the lips. "You have already lost your freedom, little one. I am offering to give you a little bit more right now and then return all of your freedom at the end of the summer."

"What will I have to do?" asked Faith.

"Whatever I choose," responded Jane as she brushed her lips back and forth across Faith's.

"Will I be kept naked?"

"Yes, you will. I love your body and want to be able to enjoy it."

"Will I be chained?"

"That's up to you, love," replied Jane. "If you agree to be my slavegirl, then I see no need to keep you constantly bound. You would just have to promise not to run away."

"Will there be sex?"

Jane laughed and flicked the tip of Faith's nose with her tongue. "Of course there will be. This is a very sexual lifestyle and I can't wait to help you explore it."

"What else will there be?" asked Faith. With each of her aunt's answers, Faith's initial reaction was 'no way!' But then she would think more about it and rationalize that it would not be so bad. She was probably just making excuses at this point. She had already been naked this long. She could last longer. She would be bound but not as often. That was actually an improvement. And she had already had sex with the twins. She was surprised that she liked it so much but she did. While she hadn't had sex with her aunt yet, she assumed that it would be as nice and maybe even nicer since Aunt Jane was more experienced.

"Anything I choose," replied Jane.

"Can you give me some examples?" asked Faith.

"I could, but I won't," responded Jane. She reached out and wrapped her arms around her naked niece, hugging Faith to her. "It would spoil the excitement and fun of the game."

"This is a game?"

"It's a game between you and me," she said. "You aren't going to be my permanent slave so just think of it as a game in which you have a role for the time being. It's not a game for many people. They are very serious about it. But for us, it's going to be fun."

"Okay, Aunt Jane. I'll be your slavegirl."

Jane smiled again and gave Faith a squeeze. "Good girl. Now let's get those cuffs off of you and you can bathe me."

## **Chapter 12**

Jane moved Faith along slowly. She did not want to scare away her new charge or make her regret her decision. She felt that the twins had been too aggressive with the girl and moved too quick, although, in a way, she was thankful for them doing that. It opened the door to her owning Faith.

The twins were allowed to play with Faith and they usually harnessed her up and treated her as a pony. Jane too liked ponygirls but only as an occasional amusement. A full time ponygirl would go out of her mind with the boredom of trying to be like a pony. The twins were allowed to use the riding crop in guiding their pony but were otherwise prohibited from punishing her.

Faith no longer slept in the stall. She was now a nightly fixture in Jane's bed. And Faith had overcome any uneasiness she had about lesbian sex. She now readily licked all three pussies and she did so because she wanted to; not out of fear of punishment. She especially liked having sex with her aunt. The twins were nice but they were so inexperienced and unrefined. It was much more like an athletic event than an intimate act. With Jane, however, it was tender love making. Even though she was still treated like a slave by her aunt, she felt like a most prized possession.

Jane did inflict pain on her from time to time but she always seemed to do it in a loving and erotic way. Nipple clamps, whips, paddles, floggers and crops were all introduced to her body. Hot wax, electricity and ice also became occasional instruments of torture. But it was always a delicate and erotic torture. There was almost always some kind of bondage and sometimes she was even blindfolded. Her aunt would apply the pain but would stimulate her at the same time. She always had at least one earth shattering orgasm during each session and actually started looking forward to her sessions.

Jane also started to introduce a little bit of humiliation. At first, it was mild. One day, she was sent down to the road naked to fetch the mail. That had been

embarrassing but it was also exhilarating. Over time, Jane increased the level of humiliation as she thought Faith could deal with it until, one day, Faith thought she would die of embarrassment.

"She's lovely," Faith heard the voice declare. She cringed as she recognized the voice. She was kneeling naked in the living room with her hands bound behind her back and was wearing a blindfold. The new voice was that of her Aunt Ann, her mother's other sister.

"Yes," replied Jane. "She's my pride and joy." Faith remained silent but felt her face turn crimson with shame at being so exposed to yet another family member.

"Does Jill know about this?" asked Ann.

"Oh my lord, no," Jane said. "How could I tell her that the twins captured her daughter and then I took over ownership?"

"I don't know. She might not mind," Ann said. "Remember that she was always the kinkiest of us."

"Maybe," responded Jane. "But I wouldn't even know how to raise the subject with her."

Faith listened to her two aunts. Her mom was kinky? That was something she had never heard before. And she had never seen any sign of it in her mother.

"I'll tell her," Ann offered. "I think she'll think it's a hoot." Faith cringed at the thought of her mother finding out about how she was spending her summer. "Stand up, dear."

Faith assumed that the command was intended for her and started to rise. She had gotten better at maneuvering with bound hands but the blindfold made it especially difficult. She didn't struggle for long, though, because two sets of hands grasped her upper arms and she was lifted to her feet. Then the blindfold was removed and she found herself looking at her Aunt Ann who was staring back at her. Her face erupted in a new explosion of red.

"Simply gorgeous," Ann said as she looked the girl up and down. "May I?" she asked as she looked at Jane.

"Be my guest," replied Jane.

Ann reached up and tucked Faith's hair over her shoulders, letting the long auburn locks cascade down her back. The hair had been providing some modesty to the girl as it covered her breasts but now she was totally exposed.

Ann traced her face with her fingers as if she were inspecting the girl. In fact, that was exactly what Ann was doing. She looked at every inch and found it flawless. Not a blemish or scar to be found anywhere and the features of the girl's face were perfectly sculpted. She was beautiful with that fresh, innocent look but had a face that made people want to have her sexually.

Ann moved her fingers lower and trailed them along the slender, swan-like neck. "No collar?" Ann asked Jane.

"Only sometimes," replied Jane. "I don't use it often. I prefer her totally naked."

The fingers glided across the smooth, silky shoulders and down Faith's arms before moving inward to stroke the breasts. The blush spread from Faith's cheeks to her chest as her aunt lifted her breasts with splayed fingers and bounced them. "So delightful," said Ann, "and so perfectly proportioned."

Ann played with the firm globes for quite awhile before sliding a hand down the girl's belly to cup her sex. The middle finger toyed with her petals, finding them wet from arousal before sliding into her. Faith rose up onto her toes to try to escape the intrusion but the finger stayed with her and slid deeper into her sex.

"She's very wet," observed Ann. "You have trained her well."

"She has been a delight to train," replied Jane. "Despite her reluctance, she has responded well. And she's always aroused, it seems."

"I'll have to bring my boy over some time and let them couple."

"She's not ready for that," said Jane. "She's still a virgin."

"Oh my," responded a surprised Ann. "Isn't that a rarity? A virginal slavegirl. That's probably one of a kind."

"Like I said," replied Jane, "she's my pride and joy."

"When do you plan to take it?" asked Ann.

"I'm not sure," Jane responded. "It hasn't prevented her from fulfilling her duties so I'm in no hurry."

"Yes, I guess that's true," agreed Ann. "In a house full of women, a cherry can remain unplucked."

Ann started stroking her finger in and out of the bound girl, feeling the wetness coating her digit. Then she started to rub her palm against Faith's clit, mashing it before rolling it in circles. She looked into Faith's eyes again. "Do you like what I'm doing to you, girl?"

Faith cast her eyes down in embarrassment at the question. "It feels nice, Aunt Ann; embarrassing but nice." Ann kept up her movements and, in very little time, had to wrap her arm around Faith's waist to support her as an intense orgasm rocked her body and caused her to wobble unsteadily.

"Very responsive," remarked Ann. "I like that in a girl."

### **Chapter 13**

Faith was having second thoughts and was once again regretting her promise to remain a slavegirl for the rest of the summer in exchange for the promise of being released at the end of it. She could tell that she was changing and she was not at all sure that was a good thing.

Activities or events that would have shocked her before were starting to seem more normal now. Things that she would have found repulsive were becoming part of everyday life. What was worse was that there seemed to be a never-ending stream of new experiences that were being thrust upon her. She worried that she would never be able to return to being just a girl.

Being treated like a pony or being bound or having her nipple clamps were examples of normal existence now that would have been unthinkable before the summer started. Being kept naked was another example. While she loved the all-over tan that she was developing, it would have been considered wanton and obscene by her just a month earlier.

Now, another aunt had been introduced to her predicament. Aunt Ann had become a regular visitor since that first day when she had discovered that her niece was a beautiful, naked slavegirl and took great joy in playing with the girl. Faith wondered how she would ever be able to face others at future family reunions. Who would know about her? Would they all be snickering behind her back?

"I have a surprise for you, little one," said Ann as she rubbed down Faith. Faith had just pulled her aunt around the property for the previous hour. "At least I'm getting plenty of exercise," thought Faith. After the run, Ann had hosed her down and dried her and now was working her muscles to loosen them. Faith was lying on her belly on a table in the barn as Ann's fingers kneaded her tight muscles and worked the oil into her skin. The massage had become part of Ann's ritual after taking the girl for a ride. After the muscles were lovingly massaged, Faith would be told to roll over and the process would be repeated on her front. The ritual always ended up with Ann oiling and teasing the full breasts as she played with Faith's sex, coaxing a series of orgasms out of her.

"What surprise, Aunt Ann?"

"You'll just have to wait until the weekend, little one," grinned Ann. "It will be exciting." Faith was not so sure. True to the ritual, however, Faith body tensed as she uttered low guttural sounds as her aunt brought her to orgasm over and over again.

The rest of the week was pretty normal, if the life of a slavegirl can be considered normal. There was sex, pony training, sex, pampering, sex, serving, sex and more sex. Finally, the weekend arrived.

Faith was once again blindfolded. She was naked but for that and the armbinder that encased her arms behind her back, stretching her shoulders back and thrusting her breasts forward obscenely. A ring gag was lodged behind her teeth, keeping her mouth open uncomfortably wide and effectively eliminating any form of speech from her. Finally, her ears had been plugged with a thick foam that eliminated all but the loudest of sounds. She stood mute, deaf, and blind in the center of the room.

She heard what sounded like a door closing and she could feel people moving around the room as their feet touched the floor. She held her breath for a moment to try to hear to get some idea of how many people were in the room but the foam frustrated her efforts.

A hand lifted her left breast and bounced it several times. Another hand did the same with her right breast. She could tell by the positioning of the thumbs, which were strumming her nipples, that the hands belonged to two different people. She felt the unwanted but delicious thrills rushing through her body as her breasts were toyed with.

A pair of lips kissed her belly. That meant that there were at least three people in the room. Then another pair of lips kissed her bottom cheeks, letting her know that four people were witnessing her sexual torment. The lips on her belly trailed lower and kissed her Venus mound, sending a shiver through her.

She moaned through the gag as the lips and hands continued to toy with her body and arouse her. Her moans came out as gurgling sounds due to the ring gag holding her mouth open and the saliva that formed in her mouth. A tongue flickered her clit once, sending a thrill through her that formed goose flesh all over her body as two hands pried her bottom cheeks apart to let a tongue flick once over her little pucker.

Over and over again, the two tongues would flick and then stop for a long pause. It was pure torment to her. The tongues kept her heated but did not touch her long enough or frequently enough to push her over the edge. She groaned through the gag, trying to plead for mercy.

The blindfold was removed. Faith blinked and, as her eyes adjusted, she saw her two aunts holding her breasts and playing with them. She glanced down and saw one of the twins at her sex and assumed the other was behind her toying with her bottom. As she raised her eyes back up, she noticed that there was a sixth person in the room, seated nearby and watching.

"Oh, gawwww!!!" Faith uttered through the gag. Seated only feet away and watching her depravity was her mother! Faith wished the earth would open up and swallow her at that moment. She wished she would just die.

The removal of the blindfold did not stop the activities. The tongues continued their occasional flicks. The hands squeezed and bounced breasts as fingers tweaked and stretched nipples. Faith closed her eyes to shut out the humiliation, hoping that when she reopened them, her mother would be gone. She finally mustered the courage to look again and felt as if her whole body was burning with shame as she realized that her mother really was here.

The torment lasted a little longer but the two tongues eventually stopped pausing. The steady flickering of her clit and the stabbing of her little rosebud had their desired effects and quickly pushed Faith over the edge. Her two aunts held onto her bound arms as Faith's body tensed and convulsed and they eventually laid her down on her side to let her recuperate. Faith just lay there, drool dripping out of the side of her gagged mouth as her pulse and breathing returned to normal. She kept her eyes closed this time, not wanting to see what she knew must be a disapproving look on her mother's face.

"This is the best one you've ever owned," a voice said and Faith recognized it as her mother's.

"I'm glad you like her," replied her Aunt Jane. "She's by far the best yet."

"Do you plan to keep her?" asked her mom.

"We'll have to see," Jane responded. "I made her a promise earlier in the summer. And I always honor my promises."

"Oh, tell me about the arrangement," her mom said. "I'm very interested in learning more about your new slave." Faith cringed as she heard the conversation. She couldn't believe that her mother hadn't insisted on having her released. Instead, she seemed to enjoy her plight.

Jane told Jill the entire history about how the twins had captured her and kept her for a week and a half. She described how she had assumed ownership of Faith once she got home and discovered what had happened. And she explained the agreement and the two promises that were made.

"Oh," said Jill after her sister finished. "It sounds like she sold herself into slavery."

Jane chuckled. "Well, she was already a slave when I found her. But yes, in a sense she did barter her body for her eventual freedom."

"How lovely," smiled Jill.

Faith's eyes flew open wide. She was aghast that her own mother would find the arrangement lovely. Her own daughter lay on the floor with her shoulders stretched back painfully and with a gag in her mouth and her mom thought that was lovely?

"Awng!" was what came out although Faith had tried to say 'Mom.' She looked pleadingly at her mother who smiled back at her. Then she saw her mom turn to Aunt Jane.

"Do you share her?"

"Haven't we always shared everything?" was Jane's response.

"Yes, of course we have," said Jill. "But this one is so special that I thought you might want to keep her for yourself."

"What's mine is yours," said Jane, "just like always. Would you like to try her?"

Jill smiled. "Yes, that would be very nice. If we take her gag out, will she bite?"

"She hasn't bitten me yet. But we might hear a lot of whining. We'll get her to her feet and then leave you alone with her for a bit." Jane and Ann helped Faith to stand and then they and the twins left the room.

"This is an interesting situation that you've gotten yourself into, love," Jill said as she moved to stand in front of her daughter. "But I have to admit that you make a strikingly beautiful slavegirl."

"Aangh," pleaded Faith as her mother's eyes swept up and down her naked form. She slowly circled her daughter and then stopped in front of her.

"Okay," Jill said as she reached up. "I'm going to take the gag out. No whining."

She slipped her fingers into Faith's mouth and gripped the ring gag. It took a little bit of maneuvering to dislodge it but she managed to remove it and tossed it aside.

"Mom!" hissed Faith. "I can't believe this! I'm your daughter! Why haven't you released me already?"

"You aren't mine to release," Jill explained. "You belong to my sister."

"Mom! You can't be serious!"

"That you belong to my sister? That was my understanding. Do you have a different version of the story?"

"I had no choice. I was already captured when I made that promise. It was the only way I could see to make sure I eventually got free."

Jill nodded as she listened and circled Faith again. "It makes sense. It seems like it was a good deal that you struck." She reached out and patted her daughter's firm bottom.

"Mom!" hissed Faith indignantly as she felt the pat. "There's no such thing as slaves nowadays."

"But that's where you're wrong, child," Jill replied as her hand moved up to Faith's narrow waist. "You're living proof."

"Mom, you shouldn't be touching me like that. You shouldn't even see me like this. It's so wrong."

"Pish," responded Jane and then chuckled. "See you like what? Naked? Remember I've seen you naked plenty of times. I'm the one who used to change your diapers."

"That was long ago. You shouldn't see me naked now."

"Why?" asked Jill as she slid her hand up and cupped one of Faith's breasts, lifting it. "Because of these?"

Faith jumped at the touch and backed away. "Yes! Because of those! And because I'm all grown up now."

Jill chuckled again and stepped forward, claiming the breast again, gripping it more securely. "Pish again. You prance around in your bra and panties all the time at home. And you're nearly naked at the beach and pool. Plus, you don't have anything that I don't have. Just chill out. It will make your summer more enjoyable."

Faith did not back away this time. She realized the futility of trying to evade the hands. It was clear that she was not going to be released. And it was clear that her mother seemed to be enjoying her predicament.

## **Chapter 14**

Jill admired her daughter. She was remarkably beautiful and very sexy. She knew that she shouldn't be thinking that way but she couldn't help herself. Perhaps it was all of the years of sexual activities with her sisters that had worn away the normal taboo of incest. All that she knew was that Faith was a very exciting slavegirl and she was envious of Jane.

Jill went behind Faith and unfastened the sleeve that encased her arms, allowing her daughter to flex her arms and eliminate the strain on her shoulders. Now, Faith was completely unfettered.

"Come sit with me," instructed Jill. She went to the couch and sat at one end, patting the seat next to her. Faith reluctantly moved to the couch and sat next to her mother. "Lie down. Rest your head in my lap. We need to talk."

Again, reluctantly, Faith did as she was told. Jill let her eyes roam down the girl's body and then looked her in the eyes. "I know that you find this awkward; uncomfortable."

"Yes, Mom, I do."

"Try to relax," Jill went on. She rested her hand on Faith's breast and slowly caressed it. "It can be exciting for you."

"Oh Mom," Faith whined as she felt the hand claim her breast again. "It's just so wrong."

"Maybe," said Jill. "But maybe you'll find that you like it. My sisters and I did."

"Aunt Ann said that you were the kinkiest of the three," Faith said. "What did that mean?"

Jill laughed and gave the breast a squeeze. "I'm not sure that kinkiest is the right term. I think that I am just the most adventurous."

Jill went on to explain how she and her sisters had played together since they were teenagers. It turned out that each of them was dominant, though, so as girls, they had to each take turns as the submissive. "I loved my days as a slave almost as much as my days as a mistress. I know you'll just love it too once you let go."

"But I don't want to let go," whined Faith. "I don't want to be a slave."

"You already are a slave," said the mother as the fingers grasped Faith's nipple and started rolling it back and forth. "You can't change that. So you can either get used to the idea or be miserable."

"Oh, Mama," groaned Faith. "Can't we just go home?"

Jill slid her hand across Faith's belly, marveling at how toned her daughter's body was. In fact, every inch of her body was perfect. The full breasts stood proudly on her chest and, even now as she was lying on her back, they defied gravity and arose from her chest like two giant snow cones. Her flesh was flawless and silky. Her waist was impossibly narrow but gave way to flared and extremely feminine hips. Her hand kept traveling until it reached Faith's sex and she cupped it in her palm, noticing the heated wetness that was there. "You are already home, pet. This is your home until your deal expires."

Faith groaned again, both from the words and from the way that her mother was so brazenly feeling her up. It was all so unreal. It was all so wrong.

"Frankly, I'm pleased that you made your deal," Jill continued. "It's been a long time since I've had a slavegirl. Even though you belong to Jane, I'll enjoy playing with you."

"Oh, Mama," moaned Faith again, "what will this do to our relationship?"

Jill slid her palm up and down over Faith's slick petals. Her daughter may be embarrassed at finding herself in this predicament but Jill could tell that she was also aroused by it. The juiciness of her sex contradicted all of the protests and complaints.

"I think it may expand the relationship, love," Jill responded. She drew her palm up and then extended a finger, letting it circle the little clitoris which was now standing naked and erect. "You will be my daughter again once you are released. But in the meantime, we'll get to enjoy each other as mistress and slave."

Faith shuddered as her mother continued the intimate exploration of her body. Once again, unwanted thrills surged through her body and she prayed that her body would stop behaving so wantonly. "Does Daddy know?"

"Oh, good heavens, no," replied Jill as her finger continued to tease the little nubbin. "I didn't know myself until today."

"Does he know about your kinkiness?" the girl asked. "Does he know the games you play with Aunt Ann and Aunt Jane?"

Jill started tapping the clit lightly with her fingers. She would give it a pat and then pause as she admired the tremors that it sent through her daughter, seeing the taut belly quivering with lust. "He knows that I have a wild side, if that's what you mean. But I have never included him in our games."

Tap. Pause. Quiver. Quake. Tap. Pause.

"Have you ever been unfaithful?" asked Faith. She had to get off the defensive somehow. She couldn't just always keep reacting as she was pushed further and further down the slippery slope.

"We have both had sex with others, love. Don't be so naïve. We enjoy sharing with other couples."

Faith gasped, not knowing if it was from her mother's revelation or the latest thump on her clit. She closed her eyes as images of her parents' infidelity flooded her mind. How had her world become so depraved so quickly?

Tap, tap, pause, quiver, quake. The tapping became more frequent and more steady. While one hand worked on the clit, the fingers of the other hand combed through her hair. She felt her mother's lips on her own and then felt her mother shift and suck one of her nipples into her mouth. Tap, tap, tap, pause, quiver, quake.

Faith's whole body was trembling by this point. She willed herself not to be aroused but the touching and sucking were moving her closer and closer to an orgasm. She felt her nipple being pulsed in and out between her mother's lips and felt the finger tapping incessantly on her engorged clit. She opened her eyes and gasped at the sight of her breast being sucked into her mother's mouth and then tensed and groaned as her body exploded in climax.

Jill lifted her dewy finger to her mouth and sucked off her daughter's juices. It was delicious and she was very much looking forward to tasting more of it. She knew that she should feel guilt at what she had just done but there was none of that. There was only excitement and hunger. She had long ago realized that she truly was a decadent libertine.

"Do you feel any better now?" asked Jill as she continued to comb the auburn locks in her lap. Her other hand had returned to rest on Faith's breast again and she pivoted it back and forth, letting her fingers strum over the stiffened nipple.

"Not really," said Faith. She felt the fingers toying with one nipple before Jill moved her hand to the other breast to strum that nipple.

"Oh, don't be such a fuddy duddy," mocked Jill. "This will be the time of your life. You'll see."

"Well, if you liked being a slave so much, why aren't you one now?" asked Faith. "You could take my place if it's so enjoyable."

Jill laughed. "Actually, I was supposed to be the slave on this trip. We still rotate as the bottom. But it seems that they already have a girl so my turn will have to wait."

"Arrgggghhh," growled an exasperated Faith. "You are impossible! I had no idea that you were so perverted!"

Jill laughed again. "You are right. You have no idea. I could make a stone blush." She emphasized her point by giving Faith's breast a squeeze, causing her daughter to cringe.

"Darling, these are wonderful," Jill continued, giving one breast and then the other a squeeze. "I'm going to have hours of fun with these babies." She started slapping the bottoms of the breasts with her fingers, causing them to bounce on Faith's chest. She enjoyed the sound of her hand striking the firm orbs and watching the animated movement of the twin mounds of flesh. "These were designed for fun. I can't get over how firm they are. I mean, I knew they were firm from when you go braless. But I had no idea how delightful they are. Has Jane talked at all about getting them pierced?"

"Mom!" protested Faith. "How could you even think such a thing?"

"You would look so exotic with a ring in each nipple; maybe some wide gold hoops. Oh, I'm getting wet just thinking about it."

"You're impossible, Mom. I can't believe you just said that. And I can't believe that you would even consider mutilating my body."

"Oh pish! You got your ears pierced and you didn't consider that to be mutilation. This would just be one more decoration for your beautiful body. Yes, I think a ring here." She pinched one nipple. "And a ring here." She pinched the other nipple hard enough that Faith gasped.

"Maybe a tattoo here," Jill traced her finger over Faith's mound. "Of course this would all have to go." She grabbed a tuft of the short pubic hair that had started to grow back and tugged lightly.

"Mom!"

"Yes. A little dragon with its mouth open at your clit. Or maybe a decorative script that says 'Mom's slave.'" Jill was enjoying shocking her daughter. And she was thoroughly enjoying being able to take advantage of the delightful naked charms.

"Mom!"

"And one more ring here." She punctuated her sentence by gripping Faith's clit and pinching hard, causing the girl to yelp in pain. "Or another gold hoop. That would look stunning."

"Mom!"

Jill raised her hand and brought it down, spanking Faith's sex hard. The wet slapping sound echoed throughout the room, only to be covered by Faith's scream. Jill then started to lovingly caress the slick petals, trying to soothe her daughter's pain. "Hush, little girl. Let Mama worry about things."

"M..." Faith started to say but stopped herself, not wanting to incur another spank. She raised her hands to cover her sex and rub the punished flesh.

"Hands down," Jill instructed. "Don't ever let me see you covering yourself."

"But Mom, it hurt."

"That's nothing," Jill replied. "Wait until Annie gets a hold of you. She's the little sadist in the family."

"And you aren't?" asked Faith with a sarcastic tone.

"No, actually I'm not," Jill remarked as she moved her hand to cover Faith's sex. She gently rubbed the punished flesh, enjoying the slick softness.

"What are you then?"

"I'm not sure there's a name for it. I like a little pain now and then. But I'm more into delicious humiliation. And I have been loving all of your blushing."

"Well this sure is humiliating enough," agreed Faith. "I can't think of anything more embarrassing."

"Oh, I'm sure we'll come up with something," Jill grinned. "You shouldn't have any trouble with Jane, though, as long as you behave. She's mostly just into control."

The three sisters were a lot alike in many ways. Jill was the oldest at thirty eight. Jane was thirty six and Ann was the baby of the family at thirty five. All were beautiful with naturally blonde hair and shapely figures. Each of them maintained their bodies well through diet and exercise.

As they rotated the roles of slavegirl and dominants, they had each gravitated to a different aspect of BDSM. They had to be careful about how far they went with each other, though, because they knew that they would soon be on the receiving end.

It was always best when one of them had a slavegirl that they could share. Then, there was no fear of reprisal. It's not that they ever got too extreme. But having fresh meat allowed them to exercise their creativity. Jill knew that Faith was in for some interesting times.

"Jane tells me that you are still a virgin."

"Yes, Mama, I am."

"I assumed so. But it's nice to know." Jill continued to move her hand over the dewy folds of Faith's sex and had slipped a finger into her. "Do you want to remain a virgin?"

"Not all my life," replied Faith. "I want to get married and have children some day."

Jill slipped a second finger into the girl, causing Faith to suck in her breath and squirm a bit. "If I'm not mistaken, Annie is already dreaming up some scheme to deflower you. I will tell her not to unless you want to lose your cherry."

"Thank you, Mom. But I think Aunt Jane already told her."

Jill moved her fingers in and out of Faith and then started rubbing the girl's clit with her thumb. Faith's face turned crimson as she realized her mother was masturbating her again. She closed her eyes at the shame of what was happening to her, trying to block out the world.

"Open your eyes, little one. Look at me while I play with your succulent body."

Reluctantly, Faith did as she was told and saw her mother smiling down at her. For some reason, her mother looked different now. She was still a beautiful woman. But now, she had a devilish, almost devious, look in her eyes. Although she still looked loving and warm, there was no sign of innocence.

Faith watched in horror as Jill lowered her lips to her full breast again and captured the nipple. While one hand skillfully moved Faith toward orgasm, the other one snaked a finger into Faith's mouth, pumping it in and out in unison with the ones between her thighs. It was beyond obscene in Faith's mind, but that did not prevent her from experiencing an earth shattering orgasm.

## **Chapter 15**

After Jill finished exploring the new slavegirl, she led Faith out to the pool area. There, Faith found another surprise. Cinnie and Linny were naked and kneeling at Ann's and Jane's feet with their wrists bound behind their backs.

"Since we have three dominants for the week," explained Jane, "I captured a couple of extra slavegirls."

Cinny grinned up at Faith. "Isn't it so exciting?"

Linny grinned at her too. "We're going to be slave sisters."

This was an unexpected turn of events. She never would have thought that Aunt Jane would do something like this to her own daughters. But then again, she thought, her own mother had just treated her like a slave. Anything seemed possible these days.

It was also a surprise that her mother and Aunt Ann were going to be staying for a whole week. She had assumed that her mother would return home that evening or Sunday at the latest. Now, she would have to endure the humiliation of serving her mother over an extended period.

The three dominants shared the three girls and rotated ownership. Each night, Faith found herself in a different bed, making love to a different dominant. Having sex with her own mother had been difficult at first but, eventually, she grew numb to the immorality and decadence that surrounded her and accepted the incest as just another part of her new life.

The twins were in seventh heaven with their new roles. It was an exciting game to them and they were having a ball. It was a thrilling adventure. They weren't real wild about the punishments, and they were punished frequently, but even some of the discipline was fun.

It was their energy and enthusiasm that caused most of their punishments. One time, Linny got so excited as she was having sex with Ann that her teeth nipped Ann's clit. This earned her a punishment. She was hung upside down by her ankles with her legs spread wide. Ann placed clothespins all over her labia and clit and then used a small whip to punish the girl's sex, flicking each clothespin off one at a time. This was repeated five times and Linny walked bow-legged for most of the rest of the day.

Cinny made the mistake of talking too much. She couldn't help it. She just turned into a chatterbox whenever she got excited. It was her mother, Jane, who administered the punishment for this offense. Cinny was strapped into a chair with wires attached to various sensitive parts of her body. She was told that she would not get shocked as long as she was talking but that, as soon as she paused, she would feel the current biting into her flesh. Then she was left alone in the small room for several hours. Every time she paused, even if it was for a short breath or to swallow or draw in air, a nipple or clit or belly or earlobe would erupt in pain.

By the time she was released, she was a bedraggled mess. She did not speak another word for over twenty four hours.

Faith escaped with relatively few punishments. Perhaps her short time in slavery had taught her the value of obedience. She was also more mature than her impetuous cousins. Whatever the reason, she was thankful for it.

She did not escape pain and discomfort entirely, though. On the days she belonged to Ann, she learned that her mother had been right about Ann being sadistic. Her aunt seemed to take great delight in seeing Faith endure pain to various parts of her body. Faith tried to figure out which of them had been the worst but gave up after realizing that they were all pretty horrible.

Some of them were horrifying as well. One day, Faith had been bound between two poles and stretched spread eagle so that every part of her body was exposed and vulnerable. Then Ann had produced a jar full of long slender needles. Her aunt commanded her to watch as needle after needle was sunk into her sensitive breasts. It was terrifying to see the sharp tip approach her tender mound and then dent the soft flesh until it yielded. The pain was not horrible but it still hurt and she could feel every inch of each needle's progress through her breasts.

After every few needles, Ann would masturbate Faith. She would bring her close to climax but then stop before Faith was able to achieve release. Then she would return to her bottle of needles and stab a few more into her niece.

"You squirm and moan so deliciously, little one," commented Ann at one point. This was an occasion for another kiss and each kiss was long and passionate, leaving Faith breathless.

Once she completed her task on each breast, she moved on. The final needle for each breast was a shorter one that was pushed directly in through the center of her nipple. Faith screamed at each of these since the pain was so much more intense.

"You have the most beautiful breasts, dear," Ann said before she moved on. "They just beg for abuse."

More needles were inserted into Faith's labia. All the while, Ann continued to stroke the exposed clitoris, stopping right before Faith could climax. Faith whimpered incessantly as she was tortured. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she looked down and saw the pin cushions that were her breasts. She knew her sex must look just as bad based on the number of needle pricks she had felt and she worried that her body was being permanently marred.

Ann finished with the labia and started rubbing the sensitive clit again. She was amazed at how wet Faith had become and realized that, even though Faith complained, she was aroused by the torture she was undergoing. Ann kept strumming the engorged clit and, this time, pushed the girl over the edge. As soon as the orgasm started, Ann produced one more needle and efficiently inserted it through Faith's' clit, eliciting a shriek as intense pain and intense pleasure mixed inside the girl's body.

Faith tensed and shrieked again as her orgasm went on forever, feeling the sharp pain in her clit piercing to her very soul. As the orgasms kept intensifying, Faith finally passed out and hung limply in her bindings. Ann removed all of the needles and swabbed the affected areas with antiseptic and then left the girl as she was to recover and sleep.

"Got the needle treatment today?" asked Jill as she cuddled with her daughter at the end of the day.

"Yeah, it was horrible!" replied Faith as she instinctively raised her hand to check out her breast for damage.

"I know," said Jill. "I hate it."

Faith blinked. "She's done that to you?"

"Oh, yes," responded Jill. "Many times. I told you that we rotate and that she's such a little sadist."

"Wow," was all that Faith could think to say.

"I hate it," continued Jill. "But it has given me the most powerful climaxes of my life."

"Yeah," agreed Faith. "Me too. What's up with that?"

"Dunno," said Jill as she cupped and held her daughter's breast. "Maybe there's a masochist inside each of us."

## **Chapter 16**

The days progressed and Faith experienced a new mistress each day. Her mother owned her for the next day. True to form, Faith was embarrassed throughout most of the day. It started in the morning when she was commanded to make love to Jill. She thought she would die of humiliation as her tongue fluttered between her own mother's slick petals. This was not right.

After she completed that task, Jill had her kneel on an ottoman as she sat in a chair facing it. She then instructed her daughter to masturbate. Faith's blush extended down to her chest at the humiliation of the task and then deepened as her

mother corrected her and instructed her on technique. It was not right to be doing this in front of someone; especially one's own mother.

Other humiliations included working naked in the garden under Jill's watchful eye and supervision and answering the door topless. At least she had been allowed to wear swimsuit bottoms and she realized that these were the first clothes she had worn in weeks.

The final humiliation was being the serving tray. Dinner was finished and Jill announced that she would serve dessert in a few minutes. She took Faith into the kitchen where she strapped her to a serving cart. Then, she proceeded to layer her body with bits of fruit and whipped cream. She was wheeled back into the dining room and five hungry mouths feasted on the fruit and her body while she blushed furiously throughout. That night, she slept with her Aunt Jane since Jane was to be her mistress the next day.

The day with Aunt Jane turned out to be an easy one. She was simply required to be in attendance and to meet her mistress's needs. When Mistress was thirsty, slave fetched a drink. When Mistress was horny, slave sank to her knees and serviced her. When Mistress wanted to lie by the pool, slave applied the lotion. At least Faith got to lie by the pool also and was even able to take a nap while she bronzed her body.

Throughout the week, Faith occasionally caught glimpses of Cinny and Linny. They were still having the times of their lives, which Faith found truly remarkable. It seemed that they just viewed this as a fun adventure. Even the sadistic Aunt Ann did not affect their enthusiasm for 'the game.' One evening, as the three girls worked together to prepare dinner, Cinny was almost bubbly about her day with Aunt Ann. She said she could not tell what happened but Faith knew it had to be painful. And yet, Cinny was elated about it.

Ann was Faith's next mistress. As they did each night, each slave slept with the next day's mistress. Faith found herself tied spread eagle to Ann's bed with clamps on her nipples and clit hood as Ann slept, using one of Faith's arms as a pillow. Sleep did not come easily because of the dull pain in Faith's breasts and between her legs, but eventually she did drift off.

The next day was predictably painful for Faith. More to the point, it was predictably painful to her breasts. Throughout the day, Ann devised new ways of torturing her tender orbs. At one point, they were whipped by a flogger that pinkened them and sensitized them. At another point, they were flattened between two boards that were clamped together and periodically tightened. Later, the boards were removed and Ann dripped hot wax on them. Faith was vocal throughout. She

knew better than to complain but she did her share of moaning, groaning and shrieking throughout the day.

The worst part of the day was when she was hung by her breasts. Ann had tied a rope around the base of each firm mound and tightened them, causing the breasts to balloon out obscenely. Then the rope was raised by a hook that hung from the ceiling until Faith was on her tiptoes. It did not take long at all for Faith's calves to start aching. But if she relaxed them, then all of her weight was supported by her breasts, which was excruciatingly painful. She was caught in a dilemma. Either her calves would scream out in pain or her breasts would. She spent her time alternating between the two, hoping that she did not do any permanent damage to her breasts. Thankfully, this torture did not last long. After fifteen minutes, Ann released her and massaged her breasts to make sure that the circulation was restored. And, thankfully, there were no needles used throughout the day.

At the end of the day, what Faith knew would happen, but had been hoping wouldn't, happened. She was bound face up and spread tightly between four posts and about three feet off the ground. A platform supported her body and extended from her lower back to her head. Her arms and legs extended outward toward the posts, leaving her completely exposed and vulnerable.

The three mistresses were there, along with the two other slavegirls. Linny and Cinny were assigned the task of preparing Faith and had just finished the binding. Now, they were oiling the girl, spreading the liquid over her body until it was shining. Faith closed her eyes as the fingers roamed over her body and toyed with her, feeling her body responding against her will.

When the body was coated and glistening, Cinny and Linny stopped and stepped away from the girl. Faith opened her eyes and that's when she knew that it would happen. Her beautiful Aunt Ann was standing with her sisters. She was naked other than for the harness that circled her hips and waist. And protruding from the harness was a dildo. Faith gasped as she realized that her virginity was about to be stolen from her. Jane and Jill moved forward and stood on either side of her. Jill leaned down and kissed her daughter as a hand claimed one of the oiled breasts. "We love you," she said.

Jane claimed the other breast and then leaned down to kiss Faith also. "We love you," echoed Jane.

Jill toyed with one breast and reached between Faith's legs, cupping her daughter's sex before gently rubbing the exposed clit. Faith was already quite wet, leaving Faith wondering again why her body betrayed her so. Ann stepped forward and ran her palms up the slick legs. She moved a little closer and positioned the tip of the dildo between Faith's petals.

The dildo moved in and out in short strokes as the other two women kept toying with the breasts and clit. Linny and Cinny had moved close again and took turns kissing the bound girl. Faith kept feeling the dildo touching her hymen lightly but then withdrawing as soon as it met resistance. She was moaning now as her mother's fingers continued to toy with her sex. The combination of having the shaft moving inside of her and the fingers teasing her clit moved her toward an orgasm quickly. She let out a low groan and trembled as the orgasm swept through her and then cried out in pain as the dildo speared deep into her body, easily slicing through the thin membrane that had been protecting her virginity. More orgasms followed and the pain quickly subsided as lips and fingers prolonged and intensified the climax. Eventually, the trembling subsided but the shaft kept pistoning in and out of her damp tunnel long after the orgasms shrank away. The dildo moving inside of her was a new sensation for her but one that she found pleasurable. She could not explain why her body so much enjoyed the abuses to which it was submitted.

"How many is that, Annie?" asked Jane as Ann slowly withdrew the dildo, leaving Faith's sex gaping and pulsing.

"Seventeen, I think," replied Ann. "How many virgins have you taken?"

"No girls," Jane replied. "And maybe a dozen boys. I would have to count them."

"How about you, Jill?" asked Ann.

"Twenty one girls and eleven boys," responded Jill, eliciting a gasp from her daughter as she heard the revelation. "But that was long ago. And you are in that number, Annie."

Annie laughed. "Yep, I remember that night. It was pretty exciting. I remember when you took my other virginity too." Ann turned slightly and wiggled her bottom at Jill.

Jill laughed with her and swatted Ann's bottom. "I might have to take that one again soon."

"Oh, but it's not virgin any more," said Ann with a pout. "You can only pop a cherry once."

Jill swatted Ann's other bottom cheek. "It doesn't matter. I still love fucking your ass."

Faith's eyes flew wide open at that exchange. This was her mother? This was a whole new side of her mom that she had never seen before.

Faith was left in her stretched position for awhile as the others disappeared back into the house, presumably for more sex. This left the recently deflowered girl with nothing to do but look up into the sky and reflect upon her situation.

She was highly conflicted. Part of her was repulsed. She could not believe that she was enslaved, even if it was just a temporary situation. She could not believe that her mother and aunts used her as a sex toy, even if she did realize that it was all just a game to them. She could not believe that she had been deflowered by her own aunt as her mother, another aunt and two cousins watched. And she could not believe how her body kept betraying her by enjoying what was being done to it. It was all so disgusting when she took time to think about it.

The other part of her was not repulsed at all. In fact, that part was thrilled. While the bad news was that her body betrayed her, the good news was that her body betrayed her. Each new indignity shocked and embarrassed her but it also aroused her beyond belief. The orgasms were a wonderful added bonus and were more intense than she could have imagined possible. But the most amazing thing to her was how aroused she was even when not having sex. It seemed that each humiliation made her feel even more alive.

Was she meant to be a slavegirl? She couldn't imagine that was true. But she also couldn't explain her emotions and thoughts. Even now, after having been forcibly deflowered, she had a feeling of excitement and contentment. It was as if her morals were being stripped away from her and she was a willing accomplice in the stripping.

She had been watching the clouds roll by as she contemplated and then shook her head to clear it. She realized that she had seen something sexual in each of them. One looked like a dildo to her. Another was shaped like a cock and two balls. Yet another was a pair of breasts. One looked like a nipple. And the one that made her shake her head was a cunt, complete with distended clitoris. "Oh I'm becoming so depraved," she lamented as she lay supported and stretched between the poles.

## **Chapter 17**

"How do you like being a governess?" Jill asked. She and Faith were both naked and lying on the bed with the covers pushed to the foot of the bed. Faith was on her back and Jill was snuggled up against her with her head propped on her hand. Jill alternated between kissing her daughter's lips and the closest nipple as she slowly slid a finger into the swampy, warm tunnel between Faith's legs.

"Ha!" retorted Faith. "It's sure different than I expected."

Jill giggled and nipped at Faith's nipple. "Yes, I suppose it is."

"Did you know this was going to happen?"

Jill kissed Faith and lingered for a moment before answering. "No. I honestly didn't. I don't think Jane planned it."

"But you knew it might happen."

"It honestly never crossed my mind," Jill responded. "I knew that Jane kept girls. It never occurred to me that she might capture and keep you, though."

"Well, actually she didn't capture me. The twins did that."

"Regardless of how you became enslaved, I didn't know it would happen. I'm happy it did, though. You make a beautiful slavegirl."

"Thanks, Mom. I think."

Jill inserted a second finger into the girl's sex, causing Faith to suck in her breath. "Are you disappointed that your summer job turned out different than you expected?"

Faith turned her head to look into her mother's eyes. "Do you mean am I disappointed that I was enslaved?"

Jill smiled and kissed Faith on the tip of her nose. "Yes. Are you disappointed that you are a slave?" She flicked her tongue over the nose and then turned her head to suckle on her daughter's breast.

"Well, it sure takes some getting used to," Faith chose her words carefully. "It isn't something that I have aspired to. And I'm not sure that I'm comfortable being your lover."

"You aren't my lover," Jill responded. "To be sure, I love you very much; more than you can imagine. But we aren't lovers."

"You are sucking on my nipple," said Faith, incredulous at her mother's response. "You have two fingers in my pussy. You just had me eat you. We aren't lovers?"

"No, dear. We aren't lovers. We have had sex but that was recreational sex. Think of all of this as a game. It will be much easier to understand that way."

"I'll try," replied Faith. She gasped as Jill slid a third finger into her, feeling her sex being stretched.

"Your body seems to enjoy being owned," observed Jill. "You are constantly wet and aroused. And I enjoy owning your body."

Faith moaned as Jill ran her thumb over her clit. Jill continued. "You are so delightful as a slave. My sisters and I have had lots of slaves and subs but we all agree that you are the most desirable one we have ever owned or played with."

"What will happen to us?" asked Faith. "What happens to our relationship after the summer is over?"

Jill slid down on the bed until she was lying between Faith's legs. She continued to pump her fingers in and out of Faith, occasionally tilting her head down to flutter her tongue over the girl's clit and savoring the taste. "That's up to you entirely. I plan to resume being my daughter's mother. I'm hoping that you will be my daughter. If you decide to join Ann and Jane and me again in the future, that's up to you. Or you could decide that you don't want to play the game any more."

"How can you think of this as a game?" asked Faith. She sucked in her breath as Jill sucked on her clit and nipped it lightly with her teeth. "There is too much emotion involved for it to be a game."

"There can be emotion," replied Jill. "But it's a game because it's make believe. It's role play." She reached for a bottle of baby oil and poured some over her knuckles before sliding her fingers back into Faith.

"I don't know what to think any more," complained Faith. "I'm so confused. Part of me hates this. And part of me wants this to go on forever."

Jill slid a fourth finger into Faith and flickered her tongue over the erect little clit. "I think there's at least a little bit of slavegirl in everyone. I'm glad that at least part of you is enjoying it. All of me is enjoying owning you. You are just so precious."

Faith groaned as Jill's fingers stretched and opened her. Jill started moving her fingers again in a slow, steady pumping action. "You are just the girl I want to own," Jill continued.

"But Mom, I'm your daughter."

Jill sighed and suckled on the clit again, causing Faith to shudder. "I know. I'll just have to find someone just like you." Then, she tucked her thumb alongside her fingers and pressed them forward, stretching Faith even more.

"Mom! What are you doing!?!?!?"

"Hush, little one," replied Jill. "Relax. Relax. Relax." She kept pushing, causing Faith to grunt and groan. It became uncomfortable and then painful for the girl and then the pain subsided. She looked down and saw, to her horror, that her mother's wrist was embedded in her body.

Jill flicked the clit with her tongue as she opened her hand inside of her daughter. It felt like she was inside a tight warm mitten and she let her fingers dance along the inner walls. "Isn't this nice?" she asked.

"Ohmigod!" groaned Faith. She couldn't believe that she had a hand buried deep inside of her. She felt her mother's fingers exploring and probing, causing her to tremble. Her body became damp with perspiration as her sex was stretched around the hand and wrist. "Ohmigod!"

Jill caressed the inner surfaces and poked and prodded, enjoying the way it made her daughter's body tremble. The taut, firm belly was in constant motion as it quivered. She flicked the distended clit again and drew an immediate gasp from the stretched girl.

Jill started to focus her attention on Faith's cervix, stroking it lightly at first. Then, with a single finger, she started pushing. Faith groaned as she felt the pressure and felt her belly starting to cramp. Jill continued to push, eliciting louder groans until she pushed through the opening, causing Faith to shriek in pain.

Jill kept her finger motionless as it was lodged in the tiny orifice. She started suckling on the juicy clit as Faith's body tried to adjust to the intrusion. The sharp pain had subsided, replaced by the dull throbbing and cramps. Jill's tongue fluttered over the sensitive little bud, drawing Faith closer to an orgasm.

Jill pushed her daughter right to the edge of her climax before she moved again. Then, as Faith was about to fall over the edge, she started sliding her finger in and out of the girl's womb, sending fresh pain through the captive body. Jill flickered her tongue more quickly, pushing Faith into her climax as pain coursed through her belly. The orgasm went on and on as Jill's tongue and finger kept moving.

Faith gripped the sheet beneath her tightly in her hands as she shook her head back and forth. The pain was intense. The orgasm was even more intense. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets and her entire body quaked from the mixture of pain and pleasure. Eventually, she fainted.

Jill gave the tender clit one more kiss before she slowly extracted her hand. She went to the bathroom to wash up and Faith was still passed out when she returned. She climbed into the bed with her beautiful daughter and gathered her lovingly in her arms, pulling a sheet over the two of them. They slept together though the night, cuddled tightly against one another.

## **Chapter 18**

The week drew to a close and Jill and Ann departed for home. The twins were promoted back to the status of mistress and Faith was once again the only slavegirl in town. In a way, the twins were almost disappointed that their adventure was over. They had both truly enjoyed running around naked at the beck and call of the three mistresses.

"Is it true your mom fisted you?" asked Cinnie. She and Faith and Linnie were lying around the pool after Faith had been harnessed to the cart and had taken the two girls for a ride.

Faith blushed at the question. She wondered if they knew all of the details of the past week. "Yes, it's true."

"Rats!" groused Cinnie. "I wonder why she didn't do it to me. You had all the fun." Faith just shook her head in disbelief.

Jane returned to work after taking the week off to spend it with her sisters and the three slaves, leaving the "governess" alone with the two girls. All pretenses about Faith being in charge were gone now, though. She was kept naked all the time. The only time she ever wore clothes was when she had to take the girls somewhere. Even then, her clothes were either minimal or very revealing.

Halters and tube tops were frequently prescribed by the twins. Their favorite outfit, though, seemed to be the bib overall shorts. It was a pair of denim shorts with a denim bib that was held up by suspenders over her shoulders. If she was motionless, the bib covered her nipples and much of her breasts from a frontal view. From the side, however, the full profile of each breast could easily be seen. And when she moved, her breasts became animated and frequently peeked out from behind the bib. The twins liked the outfit for that reason and also because it gave them free access to the luscious orbs, which they frequently took advantage of.

Faith was frequently bound in some way also. While Jane preferred her slave without a collar, the twins liked their girl in a collar so they could cuff her wrists to it. This kept Faith's hands out of the way, giving them unlimited access to the charms on the slave's chest.

The arm-binder achieved the same result and they frequently put that on their girl. But just about any kind of bondage seemed to delight the twins, even if it served no apparent purpose. Hobbles, spreader bars and manacles frequently adorned Faith's ankles. A variety of cuffs and ropes and scarves held her wrists together at times. She was tied to posts and between posts and fastened to walls. She sometimes dangled from the ceiling by her wrists and sometimes by her ankles. They wrapped ropes around Faith's chest to bind her breasts and sometimes

wrapped a rope around her waist or thigh, which did nothing that Faith could determine.

She was dangling from her ankles when Kim arrived. Cinny and Linny did not have many friends. They mostly relied on one another for companionship. And now they had a slavegirl to keep them company and to keep them entertained. But Kim was a good friend. She had been away for the summer but, now that school was about to start, had returned.

Linny was just finishing with the bindings. Faith's legs were spread wide, leaving her sex gaping and vulnerable. One arm was stretched to the side and tied to a ring in the floor. Linny was securing the other arm when Cinny brought Kim into the barn.

Kim shrieked when she saw the naked, bound form of a girl hanging from the rafters. "Oh, my god! What have you done?"

Cinny wrapped her arm around Kim's waist and propelled her forward. Linny stood up and kissed Kim on the cheek. "Meet our slavegirl," smiled Linny. "Her name is Faith."

"Ohmigod," muttered Kim, still in shock over the spectacle. "What is going on?"

"We were getting ready to play with her," said Cinny. "You can play with her now too."

For once, Faith was glad that she was gagged. Having the ball in her mouth saved her from having to say anything. Trying to explain away the situation would have been just too embarrassing.

"What do you mean play?" asked Kim. "What do you mean slave?"

Linny explained that Faith had been hired to be their governess for the summer but that they had captured her and enslaved her instead. "Now she belongs to us. We like to play with her." Linny left out the part about Faith being their cousin. "Isn't she beautiful?"

Cinny reached out and rested her hand on Faith's exposed sex as Kim stood speechless. In the position Faith was in and with the ball gag in her mouth, it was difficult to appreciate her beauty but Kim could tell that the dangling girl was attractive. "Yes. She's pretty."

Cinny rubbed her palm over Faith's petals, feeling the slickness against her hand. "And she's so responsive. Here, look at this." Cinny held out her hand to Kim, showing her the glistening palm. Kim immediately backed away.

"You can touch her too," offered Linny. "She's awfully fun to play with."

"Yeah, touch her here," said Cinny as she put her hand back on Faith's sex. "She likes it."

Kim remained planted where she was but couldn't tear her eyes from the nude, stretched form. Her gaze moved back and forth from the girl's face to her breasts to her sex where Cinny was slowly rubbing. The breasts especially fascinated the friend. While Kim had large breasts of her own, she did not think that hers were nearly as perfectly formed as Faith's and her eyes kept wandering back to the firm orbs.

"What do you do with her?" asked Kim.

"Anything we want," replied Linny. "She belongs to us."

Linny pushed Kim closer, causing the friend to tense as she neared the slave. "Touch her here," coaxed Linny. "You'll like it." Linny took Kim's hand and drew it to Faith's sex. Kim stiffened again but did not protest as she watched Linny guide her hand between Faith's thighs and then press it down on the awaiting sex. The folds were warm and wet and Kim thought they felt oily. Linny moved Kim's hand and she felt the slick petals gliding against her palm.

Linny curled her fingers, causing Kim's fingers to curl beneath her. She moved Kim's hand, letting the fingers slide over the wet folds and then pushed Kim's finger into Faith's sex, causing Faith to moan. Kim opened her eyes wide at the sound and tried to pull her hand back but Linny held it firmly in place. Linny slowly moved two of Kim's fingers in and out of Faith and Kim just watched, mesmerized by the sight before her.

Cinny came up behind Kim and wrapped her arms around her friend's waist, holding her and softly caressing her belly. "Isn't it wonderful?" she whispered into Kim's ear. "So soft. So inviting. So beautiful."

Kim nodded slowly as she watched Linny manipulate her fingers. She felt Cinny holding her and caressing her lightly, causing her to relax against the warm body pressing into her back.

Linny lifted Kim's hand and brought it to her face. Linny sucked one of the dew-covered fingers into her mouth and licked it clean, savoring the taste. She then guided the hand to Kim's face and extended the other glistening finger. Instinctively, Kim parted her lips and Linny pushed the finger in, letting her friend taste the juices of the slavegirl.

Linny released the hand as Kim suckled the finger. She released Faith's hands and then lowered the slave to the floor, removing all bindings before tying

Faith's wrists together behind her back. Then, she helped the slavegirl to her feet and turned her so she was facing the friend. Finally, the ball gag was removed.

Kim sucked in her breath at the beauty of the naked girl standing before her. She had never seen such perfection before. Everything about the girl was fantastic.

Cinny kept her hands moving slowly and became bolder with her actions. One hand glided over Kim's full breasts and the other moved to cup her friend's sex beneath her shorts. Eventually, Cinny's fingers started to unfasten clothing but she did it slowly to try not to scare away her prey.

Faith would be leaving soon to return to college and Cinny had decided that Kim would be a good replacement. She hadn't worked out all of the details in her mind yet but knew that a slow seduction would be the start.

The girl's shorts fell to the floor and puddled around her ankles. Still, Kim showed no signs of resistance. Cinny tugged the bottom of Kim's t-shirt and slowly lifted it, rubbing the bare flesh that the movement exposed. Instinctively, Kim raised her arms to assist in her stripping and Cinny tossed the garment aside, leaving Kim dressed only in her bra, panties and sneakers.

Faith watched in disbelief as Cinny slowly stripped her pretty friend. It was almost as if Kim was in a hypnotic trance. The girl's gaze was now fixed on Faith's chest but her eyes looked like they were glazed over. Faith watched as Linny knelt at Kim's feet, unlacing the sneakers and pulling them off along with the socks.

The bra was the next item to fall to the floor, exposing two plump breasts. Kim was much more developed and well endowed than the twins and Faith wondered if the girl might be older than her cousins. The full, rounded orbs looked heavy and were thrust out from the slender chest of the girl. Faith thought that the girl might even have larger breasts than her own.

"Wha?" uttered Kim, showing signs that she recognized what was happening to her. Cinny moved on hand in slow circles over the naked belly as her other hand glided over the exposed swells of the glorious breasts. "Wha?" Kim repeated.

Cinny leaned close and kissed Kim's neck before letting her lips dance across the tender flesh until they reached the girl's cheek. "Hush, little one," Cinny said calmly. "You are safe with us."

Kim remained in her stupor-like state and continued to stare at the tanned perfect breasts of the slave standing before her. Cinny continued her soft caresses as her lips continued to kiss Kim's cheek and jaw and ear.

Linny was still kneeling at Kim's feet and reached up, hooking her fingers into the waistband of the girl's panties, slowly drawing them down the toned hips.

Faith watched as there continued to be no resistance and saw the trimmed blonde bush slowly emerge. Linny knelt up and kissed Kim's belly and then her Venus mound as the panties reached the girl's ankles. Cinny's hands moved beneath Kim's breasts and she lifted them, supporting the succulent orbs in her palms.

Linny helped Kim to step out of her panties and then lightly kissed the future slave's sex. Faith could see that Linny's lips were wet when she pulled back, giving testimony to the fact that Kim was highly aroused by what was happening to her, even if she wasn't fully aware of what was going on.

Linny stood up and leaned close, kissing Kim on the lips. "Wha?" uttered Kim again. Linny went to the bench and Cinny finally released the firm breasts, lowering her hands to grasp Kim's wrists and draw them behind her. Linny returned with wide leather cuffs, which she attached to Kim's wrists, securing them together.

"Faith, come here," instructed Linny. "Service our friend."

Faith blushed at what was going on. Three pretty blondes were standing before her; one naked and the other two clothed. Cinny and Linny stood on either side of the naked one and kissed her cheeks as one hand from each girl held a bottom cheek and the other claimed a breast.

Reluctantly, Faith stepped closer and then obediently knelt. She leaned forward and smelled the musky aroma of Kim's arousal. Like Linny had done before, Faith pressed her lips to the girl's sex, feeling the oily slickness coating them.

Cinny and Linny tapped the insides of Kim's thighs and, instinctively, Kim moved her feet wider apart, giving Faith better access to her hidden charms. Faith extended her tongue and slowly licked up along one of the petals, gathering the girl's juices on her tongue before repeating the action with its twin.

Faith looked up and saw that the twins were stroking the breasts from the base to the nipples. Then they would grasp the nipples, rolling them back and forth before returning to the base to start over again.

Faith curled her tongue and slowly stabbed it into Kim's sex, hearing the girl moan softly as she was penetrated. She scooted a little closer and leaned into the girl's thighs to steady herself, feeling the soft, warm flesh of the girl who was being seduced into slavery.

Faith moved her tongue in and out several times before scooping it up between the slick petals. She stopped at the top and used her tongue to expose the

tender clitoris before fluttering it over the tender morsel several times. She heard another moan and then a series of short gasps.

This continued for several minutes. Faith would scoop up between the slick folds and then would flutter her tongue. Faith kept her eyes upward, watching the twins playing with the ripe breasts that were now their toys and Faith saw Kim's belly eventually start to quiver. Faith stopped her scooping action and now concentrated fully on little butterfly motions of her tongue over the tasty little nubbin before her.

It took less than a minute of this to elicit a groan from Kim. Her body tensed and then shook as a powerful orgasm pumped through her. Cinny and Linny held onto her bottom and arms to support her as Faith kept her tongue fluttering incessantly.

Kim gasped and groaned and then whimpered. Eventually, her knees buckled and the two girls laid her gently on the floor. She just lay there on her side and moaned with her eyes closed as Cinny and Linny caressed her.

Eventually, the girl opened her eyes and then looked around in shock. "Ohmigod!!! What did I just do?"

Cinny leaned down and kissed Kim's cheek. "Relax, little one. You didn't do anything. We did it for you. We will take over from now on. No worries."

"Oh god," groaned Kim. She tried to sit up and that's when she realized that her hands were bound behind her back. "What just happened?"

Cinny smiled and leaned down again, kissing Kim on the lips this time. "You just had a wonderful orgasm. That's what happened. And we made you ours."

"Yours?" she asked. "What do you mean?"

"Yes. Ours," assured Cinny. "Faith is our slavegirl. You are ours now too. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Yes, Kimmy," agreed Linny. "You belong to us now. Isn't that nice?"

Kim groaned. She didn't understand what was going on but she did understand that her body was still tingling from the explosive orgasm she had just experienced. It had been unlike anything she had ever felt.

"What does that mean?" asked Kim. She knew that she should have protested or screamed or fought back. But something inside of her prevented her from resisting.

The twins helped Kim to her knees in front of the bench and then sat together on the bench. Each stroked the backs of their fingers over Kim's cheeks while their other hands each claimed a breast, which they lifted in their palms.

"It means that we will own you from now on," said Linny. "We will be your mistresses and you will be our girl."

"Yes," Cinnie went on. "You will be our pet. You don't have to worry about making decisions any more. We will take responsibility for all of your decisions from now on. We will take care of you."

"Oh," was all that Kim said in response.

Faith watched all of this with disbelief. If she had not seen it with her own eyes, she would not have believed it. She had to be starved and then bound and beaten before she was broken into her slavery. But this girl seemed to be accepting it readily without any kind of fight or even resistance. Had the twins known that this girl was naturally submissive? If so, how could they tell?

Linny got up and went back to the table. She returned with a wide black collar. Cinnie gathered Kim's long blonde tresses and held them up, away from the girl's neck as Linny sat back down.

"Kimmy, do you accept that you now belong to us?" asked Linny as she leaned forward and kissed Kim.

"Yes," replied Kim in a whisper. Faith's eyes flew open wide in surprise.

Cinnie leaned forward and kissed Kim. "You should call us Mistress. And do you understand that, as our property, you will do whatever we want?"

"Yes, Mistresses."

Linny wrapped the collar around Kim's slender neck. She buckled it snugly and then added a padlock to ensure that it could not be removed. "Then you are now our pet. And you will be Kimmy from now on."

"Thank you, Mistresses," replied Kim as she cast her eyes down and blushed.

"That went well today," said Cinnie as she pressed her back into Linny later that evening. They were naked and spooning together again in their bed.

"It sure did," replied Linny. "What made you make your move? Did you know that she was a natural submissive?"

"I was pretty sure."

"How did you know?" asked Linny.

"I saw the way she was acting as you guided her fingers over and into Faith. She wasn't resisting or repulsed. She had this dreamy look on her face and it got dreamier the more you controlled her. I was pretty sure we could take her."

At that moment, Faith was with Jane. "I understand you have a new slave sister," said Jane.

"Yes, Mistress," replied Faith. She and Jane were also both naked in bed and were also both spooning. Jane was behind Faith and was holding a luscious breast, squeezing it lightly.

"Again, the girls have shown that they have good taste. Kim is pretty; almost as pretty as my girl."

"Oh, I think she's much prettier than me, Mistress."

"Nobody is as beautiful as my Faith, little one. But I hope that the girls don't make a habit out of enslaving girls or we'll have to expand the barn."

"Are they going to keep her in the barn? Is she going to be a pony?"

"I'm sure she'll spend a lot of time in a harness. But I suspect that on nights when she is here, she will be a bed warmer for the twins."

## **Chapter 19**

The twins arranged for Kim to spend a week with them prior to school starting. Kim's mother, Heather, dropped her off and Jane invited her in. The three girls immediately disappeared out of the house, leaving Jane, Heather and Faith together in the living room. It was a rare occasion for Faith to wear clothes and she wore a green sundress.

"I hope it's not an imposition on you," said Heather.

"No, not at all," offered Jane. "They play well together. And besides, Faith is their governess for the summer so they will be in good hands."

"Faith is such a beautiful name," said Heather, "for such a beautiful girl."

"Thank you, Mrs. Sarkin," blushed Faith.

"You are welcome. But call me Heather. In fact, it's remarkable that there are so many beautiful women in this household."

Jane smiled at the compliment. "Do you mind me asking your age? You don't look nearly old enough to be Kim's mother."

"I'm thirty," replied Heather. "And no, I'm not her natural mother. I'm her step mother. Her real mother died giving birth to her. So, I'm the only mother she has ever known."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear about her real mom," said Jane sincerely. "But you actually look closer to twenty than thirty." It was true. Heather was beautiful in her own right. She had a trim, shapely and curvy body. Her hips were a bit on the narrow side but were decidedly feminine; not boyish. She had a narrow waist and shapely legs. She had large breasts that almost looked out of place on her slender athletic body. Her long raven black hair flowed freely over her shoulders and framed a beautiful, youthful looking face. And her smooth skin was pale and looked like fine porcelain and it was obvious that she protected herself from the ravages of the sun.

"Thank you very much. My face used to be a curse. Everyone always thought I was a teenager. Now, it's turning out to be a blessing."

"Well you are truly beautiful; striking, in fact," said Jane. "And you could still pass as a teenager."

This caused Heather to blush. "Thank you again."

"Faith, dear, would you fetch us some drinks?" asked Jane.

"Yes, Mistr..." Faith started to reply. Luckily, she caught herself before she said the word 'mistress.' She arose and turned to Heather. "What would you like to drink, Heather?"

"Some ice tea, if you have it, please."

"I'll have the same," said Jane. Faith disappeared into the kitchen to prepare the drinks.

Heather furrowed her brow. "What was she calling you before she caught herself?"

"Hmm," replied Jane. "I didn't catch it."

"It sounded like she was going to call you mistress."

"Oh. Hmm," said Jane as she tried to figure out how to respond. "Well, maybe she was. There is no master of the house. So maybe I'm the mistress of the house."

"Oh, I see," said Heather. "I thought it might mean something else. I had a mistress once. But it was a different kind; more of a play mistress."

"Oh?" responded Jane. "How adventurous of you. Do tell more."

Heather grinned. "It was years ago. But it was very exciting. I still remember it vividly."

Faith returned with the drinks and offered them to Heather and Jane.

"Perhaps we should change the subject," offered Heather.

"Nonsense," replied Jane. Then she turned to Faith. "Heather was just about to tell me about her experiences with a mistress. Do go on, Heather."

This prompted Heather to blush again. "Well, like I said, it was years ago. Being married and raising a daughter don't leave much time for play. I'm not sure that I should go into it, though, here."

"Does having Faith here embarrass you?"

"Um, yes. I'm sorry, Faith," Heather fumbled for words. "I just don't want to be a corrupting influence on you."

"I understand, Heather," replied Faith. "Perhaps I should go check on the girls." Faith stood up to excuse herself.

"Come back in five minutes or so," instructed Jane.

"Yes, Aunt Jane." With that, Faith left the room.

"This is so embarrassing," said Heather. "She won't tell the girls, will she?"

"No, she won't tell them. She is very trustworthy. Now go on with your story."

Heather described how, in college, she had lived a rather wild lifestyle. Drugs, alcohol, parties and kinky sex abounded. She fell in with a crowd that loved domination and submission and somehow found herself cast in the role of a submissive. She did not mind that. In fact, she loved it. It was very erotic and exciting to her.

She had both masters and mistresses at first but, over time, gravitated to a particular mistress who eventually claimed her exclusively. For the last two years of college, she lived with her mistress and was effectively her slave, although no formal ownership rights were ever established. Then they both graduated and went their separate ways.

"I'm sure you could have found a new mistress," said Jane. "You really are extremely beautiful."

"Thank you again. But I got married shortly after college and had Kim to look after."

"I understand," said Jane. "Raising children does not leave much play time. What were your most exciting moments as a slavegirl?"

"Oh, that's easy. The most exciting was the time I was sold, although it was terrifying at the time. I didn't know that I was being sold for just two days. I thought it was permanent. Looking back at it, though, it was thrilling."

Jane nodded. "I wish I had been at that auction. I would have given the others a run for the money in the bidding."

Heather blushed again. "Thank you. You are very kind. I'm glad that my story didn't offend you."

"It didn't offend me at all," assured Jane. "I found it quite exciting. Now I just have to figure out how to claim you for myself since I can't buy you."

Heather's eyes flew open wide in surprise. Just then, Faith returned. "Would either of you like some more tea?"

Heather shook her head in response. "I think we're fine," said Jane. "But come here, pet."

It was Faith's turn to blush but she obediently crossed the room to where her aunt was sitting. Jane looked down at the floor and Faith understood the nonverbal command. She knelt at Jane's feet, blushing as she did so, and tucked her hands in the small of her back.

"Heather, I would like you to meet my slavegirl. At least for the next two weeks, Faith belongs to me. I agreed to release her once college starts up again."

"Oh, my," gasped Heather. This came as quite a shock to her. "Your own niece is your sub?"

Jane reached out and combed her fingers through Faith's hair. "She's a beauty. Why wouldn't I want to own her? I just wish I didn't have to give her up so soon. Now, I'll have to look for a replacement. Any interest?"

"Oh, my," said Heather again. "Who? Me?"

"I only claim the most beautiful. And you and Faith easily fit into that category."

"Oh, my," Heather repeated. "I don't know. It's been so long. What would your daughters think? For that matter, what would my daughter think? Or my husband?"

"Well, I don't know what your husband would think. I have never met him," Jane responded. "But I can assure you that my daughters would not mind. They love playing with Faith."

"Oh, my," said Heather. "They know that Faith is your sub?"

"My slave," corrected Jane. "Yes, they know all about it. And as far as your daughter is concerned, I'm not sure what she would think but I suspect she would be pleased. She has a very beautiful mother and she would probably want to see her mother happy."

"Oh, my," Heather started again. "When would you want this to start?"

"Whenever you are ready, little one," smiled Jane. "I am ready to claim you now but you have to be ready also."

"Oh, my," said Heather. "This is all so sudden."

"I understand, pet," said Jane soothingly. "I will give you all the time you need. But in the meantime, may I see what I am acquiring?"

"Oh, my," blushed Heather as she heard Jane's question. Her head was spinning. And being referred to as little one and pet had sent a wave of arousal through her body. Without thinking, she stood up and turned to face Jane.

Jane patted Faith's upper arm. "Go unwrap her, pet."

Heather's blush intensified at the words. She saw Faith gracefully rise to her feet and then trembled slightly as the girl approached her. She watched Faith's hands reach out and unbuckle the belt around her waist and then saw Faith move behind her. Gooseflesh formed down her arms as she felt Faith unzipping the back of her dress and then blushed again as the straps to her dress were pushed off her shoulders. The dress slid down her slender body to puddle at her feet, leaving her wearing only her bra, panties and heels.

The bra was next. Faith unhooked it and then slid the straps off of the elegant shoulders. Jane smiled as she saw the beautiful pendulous orbs coming into view. They were every bit as full and firm as she had hoped for and they were delightfully capped with dark, stiffened nipples. Finally, Faith knelt and slid down the panties, helping Heather to step out of them and the dress.

"You can leave the heels on, pet," instructed Jane. "But you won't be needing your clothes any longer."

"Yes, Mistress," replied Faith. She quickly shed her clothes and stood to the side as she saw her aunt arise and move toward the other naked woman.

"My, my" smiled Jane as she stood in front of Heather. "Look at what we have here. Even more beautiful than I thought."

"Thank you, Mistress," blushed Heather as she cast her eyes downward.

"I'm not your mistress yet," responded Jane. She reached out and tucked Heather's long black hair back, letting it drape down the woman's back and expose

the ripe breasts. Faith was in awe of the scene she was watching. Once again, in the span of just a few days, she was witnessing the claiming of a slave and, once again, there was no sign of protest or resistance. She found it remarkable that women would allow that to be done to themselves. And she found it even more remarkable that women could and would enslave other women.

"But soon," Jane continued. She leaned forward and kissed Heather's lips. It was not really a sign of affection. It was more of a test to see how the soon-to-be slave would react. And she passed the test with flying colors. Heather closed her eyes and parted her lips, sighing softly at the tender touch.

Jane placed her hands on Heather's shoulders and looked into her eyes. "If we do this, I will expect you to take it seriously. If we do this, you will belong to me."

"Yes, Mistress," Heather repeated.

"Okay, I'm your mistress for today," Jane said. "And then you can go away and think about it. When you return, you can give yourself to me if you choose."

"Yes, Mistress. But I think I already know the answer," Heather replied. "I want this. I know I do. I haven't felt like this in over eight years. I want to be yours."

"What about your husband?"

"He is gone until Thursday, Mistress. I could be yours until then and will return whenever you let me."

Jane leaned forward and kissed Heather again. This time, Heather threw her arms around Jane, hugging her and holding onto her as if her life depended on it. Faith was even more amazed now. Not only was this woman allowing herself to be captured, she was practically begging for it.

"Won't it bother you that Kim sees you like this?" asked Jane.

"Yes," replied Heather. "It will bother me. But it just feels so right. She'll have to get used to the idea of her mother being a slave."

"Let's go tell her, then," said Jane, thinking that this would shock Heather into taking the time to think this through.

"Yes, Mistress."

Faith's eyes flew wide open at this most recent exchange. She knew that the girls were out in the barn and figured that Kim was already stripped naked. What would happen when mother and daughter realized that they were both slavegirls?

"Come girls," instructed Jane as she turned and started walking toward the door.

"You want me to go naked?" asked Heather.

"Of course," replied Jane. I keep all of my girls naked." She turned back toward the door and Faith and Heather followed her out to the barn.

"Oh gawd!" croaked Kim when she saw her mother step into the barn.

"Oh wow," gasped Heather as she saw her daughter. As Faith had predicted, Kim was naked but for the harness that Linny was just finishing tightening. Cinny had just clamped a bell to one nipple and was toying with the other one to stiffen it so she could place a clamp on it also.

"Oooo!" squealed Cinny as Jane led her two girls deeper into the barn. "Do we have another pony?"

Jane smiled at her enthusiastic daughter. "We'll see. I haven't yet decided what kind of slave she will be."

"My mom's a slave?" asked Kim incredulously. "How long has this been going on?"

Jane laughed. "Oh, about fifteen minutes. But she's actually not my slave. Yet. She's just trying it out today. Harness her up, girls. You can take care of today's training."

"Oooo!" Cinny and Linny squealed in unison. Cinny quickly clamped Kim's second nipple, causing her to squeak and then walked over to where her mother was standing with Kim's mother.

"I've never had an adult slavegirl," she said. "This will be lots of fun."

"No marks," warned Jane. "But you can punish her if she misbehaves." With that, she turned to the door and walked out of the barn. "Come, Faith."

"Let me see what I have to work with," Cinny said as she walked slowly around the older woman. "These are very nice." She reached out and grasped the two full breasts roughly. Heather had her head turned, watching her new mistress walking with Faith toward the house and gasped as the fingers dug into her tender breasts.

"Ouch!" she exclaimed as she backed away.

"Where do you think you're going, pony?" asked Cinny as she dug her fingers deeper into the yielding flesh. Heather whimpered as the pain coursed through her chest but obediently stopped trying to escape. Cinny released her grip on the beautiful orbs and leaned down, kissing each nipple. "Good girl."

Kim was bug-eyed at the sight. Here was a girl younger than she was who was treating her stepmother as a slave. And her mom was putting up with it! She couldn't believe it.

And Kim was still getting over the fact that her mom was naked. She had seen her mother naked many times in the past but had never quite seen her in this light. Before, she had been a pretty mom. Now, Kim realized just how beautiful her mother was. She wasn't sure that she liked the idea of her mom seeing her like this but she loved being able to see her mom as an exotic slavegirl. She wondered what it would be like to have her mother as a slave sister.

Cinny led Heather over to Kim, causing both slavegirls to blush. Then Linny started the task of fitting one of the harnesses to the new slave. Kim and Heather just looked at each other and blushed as Linny fitted the straps around the large breasts, causing them to bulge even more than Faith's or Kim's had. "We might need a bigger harness for this one. I don't think she should wear this all day."

"Well, let's start her in it," replied Cinny. "We can take it off in a bit and train her naked. I can't wait to see those bouncing."

Both slaves were fitted with armbinders. Kim slipped easily into hers. Heather was not quite as limber, though, so it took both of the twins to struggle it onto the older slave, causing Heather's shoulders to be drawn back painfully. Bits and bridles and tails completed the outfits and then the slaves were led outside.

Cinny trained Heather while Linny trained Kim. For two hours, the mother and daughter were pranced and trotted around by the teenagers. After thirty minutes, Cinny removed the constricting harness from Heather for fear that the breasts might be harmed if squeezed so tightly for very long. Heather had to put up with the bouncing and jiggling on her chest after that and couldn't figure out if the constriction or the animation was worse.

After training, both slaves were led to the shower and Kim's harness was removed. The slaves were positioned back to back as the girls washed and scrubbed their fronts. Then they were placed facing each other and both blushed furiously as they found their breasts pressing against the other's.

When the slaves were clean, they were moved several feet away from one another but still facing each other. Then, Cinny and Linny masturbated them. The mother thought she would die of embarrassment at her daughter witnessing such a depraved act. The daughter also thought she would die of embarrassment but soon found that she enjoyed watching her mother being used as some sort of sexual plaything. Again, she was struck by just how truly gorgeous her mom was. She especially liked it as Heather was drawn closer to her orgasm. She could see the

toned muscles of her belly quivering and saw the inviting nipples stiffening as her face and chest became flushed. Kim thought that there could be no more erotic sight in the world than this.

That night, Faith and Heather bookended Jane in bed while the twins kept Kim between them. Jane thought about sharing one of her girls with the twins since there were once again three mistresses and three slaves in the house. But she wanted Heather in her bed so they could talk. And she wanted to keep Faith close until it was time for her favorite slavegirl to leave.

"Are you still certain about your decision?" asked Jane as she faced Heather and traced one of the slave's nipples with her fingertip. Faith was spooning behind Jane and caressing her mistress' hip.

"Yes, Mistress," came the reply. "I'm certain."

"It didn't bother you that I gave you to my daughters for the afternoon? Or that they masturbated you in front of your own daughter?"

"Oh yes, Mistress. It bothered me. I felt like I was being rejected when you gave me away," explained Heather. "And I thought I would die of humiliation when I was forced to orgasm." "Then why do you want to stay?"

"Because of the way it makes me feel," said Heather. "Like I said earlier, I have not felt like this in over eight years. I feel all liquid inside. And I feel like I can trust you."

Jane laughed softly. She paused and reached between Heather's legs, sliding a finger into her and pulling it back out. She then resumed her circling of the nipple, painting it with her slave's juices. "From what I can tell, you really are all liquid inside."

"How do you plan to tell your husband?" Jane asked.

Heather's eyes flew open wide. "Do I have to tell him?"

"Well I don't know how you keep it from him. He's bound to find out sooner or later. How will you explain all of the time you will be spending here?"

"Couldn't I just be your slave when he is on business trips?"

"No," replied Jane. "You will be my slave always. And you will come when summoned."

"Yes, Mistress," sighed Heather.

"You could be my sub instead," offered Jane. "I'm not nearly so demanding of my subs."

"I don't think that would be the same for me," responded Heather.

"Well, you sleep on it. But know that I will be very demanding. If I want to shave your sex, the hair will be gone. If I decide to brand you, you will wear my mark. If I decide to ring your nipples, they will be pierced. If I decide to share you with others, you will be fucked by men you don't know and possibly some who you do know."

Heather felt a chill rush through her body at the little speech. "Yes Mistress. I will sleep on it."

## **Chapter 20**

Each day, Jane would leave for work and give Heather to the girls. Faith was allowed to relax and pamper herself. She mostly used this time to darken her all-over tan before going back to school. Sometimes, she would wander over to the corral to watch the training. While she did not like being a pony at all, she found that she did understand what people saw in it. Seeing a near-naked girl prancing with her knees high was an incredibly erotic sight.

Kim was quite beautiful. She still had a touch of baby fat that gave her a youthful and innocent look but she also had very enticing feminine curves. And her well developed chest looked luscious even to Faith who was an avowed heterosexual.

What Faith found surprising was her attraction to Heather. If Kim was beautiful, Heather was stunningly gorgeous. Every aspect of her, taken singularly or in combination with the other features, was divine. Faith loved watching her muscles straining with each new exercise. She loved the way her body glistened in the sunlight from her exertions. She loved the way her hair billowed out behind her as she ran. And she loved the way the full, firm breasts bobbed and swayed as she moved.

On Heather's second day of captivity, Jane had instructed Faith to shave the new slavegirl. Faith had done that in the morning before sending her out to meet the twins in the barn. Faith even thought that Heather's sex was beautiful. It easily opened into a delicate flower with dewy petals and a coral pink nubbin at the top. Jane had also instructed Faith to give the new girl an orgasm so Faith made sure to keep brushing against the little pink pearl with her fingers as she stroked the razor through the black bush. By the time Heather's mound had been denuded, she was panting and moaning and it only took a couple of flicks of Faith's tongue to push her over the edge.

Heather was exhausted and sunburned after her day of training by the twins. Her porcelain skin would eventually tan up but it was obvious that the new slave

had rarely seen the sun during the summer. Faith inherited some new chores. Each morning, she was to give Heather a massage and then lead her in stretching exercises. She was to apply sun screen to Heather in the morning and then at least one more time during the day. And she was to give her a rub down and bathe her after training. The twins were not real wild about Faith taking over the bathing. They enjoyed their little masturbation ritual at the showers with their slaves. They grumbled but had to make do with just toying with Kim's body.

Faith loved her new tasks. She diligently kneaded all of Heather's sore muscles and again marveled at the beauty of the naked woman lying on the table in front of her. Even though she was a self-proclaimed heterosexual, she found herself becoming aroused by the nearness of her slave sister. After she kneaded the muscles of one part of the body, her fingers danced over the smooth, flawless flesh, delicately caressing Heather's body.

When Faith finished massaging the back, she had Heather turn over and she repeated the actions on the front. Jane had not instructed her to give Heather an orgasm but, then again, she had not prohibited it. So once she finished her chore, she toyed with her slave sister's body until she climaxed. She coaxed a second orgasm out of Heather when she applied the sun screen and then sent her out to be trained by the twins.

On the third day of Heather's slavery, training finished before Jane got home so Faith took her charge from the twins and led her to the bath. She gave her a brief rub down as the tub was filling and then let Heather relax in the hot, steamy water.

"You are awfully beautiful," said Heather as she looked at Faith who was kneeling by the tub. "And awfully caring. Thank you for pampering me."

"You are welcome," replied Faith. "I love taking care of you. And thank you for thinking that I'm pretty but, if I'm beautiful, I don't know what word could possibly describe you. You are way beyond beautiful."

"Thank you," replied Heather. "Won't you join me in the tub? There's plenty of room for two."

Faith got up and stepped into the tub, settling back against the older slave. The feel of the warm, full breasts flattening against her back was electrifying and sent thrills through her body. And when Heather reached around and cradled Faith's breasts in her palms, Faith trembled slightly and felt another thrill rush through her.

They chatted as they soaked and Heather let her hands roam freely. Faith was in heaven as the beautiful woman held her and caressed her. Faith kept hoping that the woman's hands would stroke her sex but instead, they concentrated on the breasts, occasionally moving to caress her belly or arms or even legs.

"The girls told me that your mother is your mistress," Heather finally said.

"Yes, she was for a week earlier in the summer," Faith responded.

"How did that feel?"

"Pretty embarrassing," replied Faith honestly. "But this whole summer has been full of embarrassments. And eventually, you get used to it and it's not so embarrassing."

"Yes, I know what you mean. It's pretty embarrassing to be controlled and trained by a couple of fourteen year olds. But I'm getting used to it. You have a very sexual and open family."

"Yes," said Faith. "I'm learning that. I never know who will show up next and join in."

"I take it that you didn't know until recently."

"I had no idea," responded Faith. "Even when the twins captured me, I had no idea. I thought it was just a juvenile prank."

Heather gave the two breasts a squeeze. "Well, for the record, I'm glad they did capture you. I love being with you."

Faith felt another thrill surge through her body at the words. She turned her head and kissed Heather who returned the kiss with enthusiasm. "I love being with you too," Faith said once the kiss was broken.

"Let's get out of the tub," said Heather. "I want to make love with you." They got out and dried each other and then padded to the bed where they made love until Jane arrived home and that was how their mistress found them.

"Here are my two lovelies," smiled Jane as she entered the bedroom. Faith was lying on the bed with Heather on top. Each of their tongues was slowly probing the other. They had each brought the other to two climaxes so they were just leisurely arousing one another now.

Heather lifted her head and smiled at Jane. "Hello, Mistress."

Jane walked to the bed and sat down, running her hand down Heather's back, enjoying the satiny softness. "Hello, pets."

"Hello, Mistress," said Faith as she paused for a moment. "I hope you don't mind."

Jane reached down and combed her fingers through Faith's hair. "I don't mind at all. I know that beautiful slavegirls are easily aroused and frequently need

release. I know that you keep saying how straight you are, dear, but you look like a cute little lesbian to me."

Faith blushed as she realized how true the words were. "Yes, Mistress. I understand. But I still think I'm straight. I only like women when I'm a slavegirl."

"How about you, little rug muncher?" Jane asked as she stroked Heather's nearest breast. "Are you straight?"

"No, Mistress," replied Heather. "I'm definitely bi."

"Bi is good," smiled Jane. "I'm definitely lesbian but I still like a good cock now and then. So maybe I have a little bi in me. Speaking of cock, what did you decide about your husband?"

Faith giggled at the question but Heather blushed. "I still don't know, Mistress. I don't know how he will react. Could you meet him and then we can talk about what I should do?"

"Of course, pet," replied Jane as she gave Heather's bottom a playful swat. "I'd be happy to meet him. Now go ahead and finish your meals. I want to check on the girls."

Faith and Heather resumed their love making and later, when Jane came to bed, they made love to her.

## **Chapter 21**

That Saturday, Jane invited the Sarkins to dinner. There was no nudity allowed and no playing, which greatly disappointed the twins. John was quite a bit older than Heather and Jane estimated his age to be fiftyish. But he was quite handsome and in good condition. Everyone seemed to have a nice time and got along well.

Heather came back on Sunday to talk to Jane. The two of them and Faith sat around the kitchen table while the twins took Kim off to play.

"What do you think?" asked Heather.

"He certainly is nice," replied Jane. "And cute too. It was hard to tell how adventurous he is but he was flirting shamelessly with Faith." This caused Faith to blush.

"He does that a lot," said Heather. "And he's pretty adventurous in bed. I can tell you that much." That comment caused Jane to raise her eyebrows which, in turn, caused Heather to blush. "Well, he is. And athletic in bed too."

"Have you ever shared your bed with anyone?" asked Jane.

"We have talked about it," Heather replied. "But we have never done it."

"Why not?"

"I guess we've just never found the right girl, although we haven't really looked too hard. There were a few that we talked about but I could never bring myself to ask. I was afraid that it might ruin a relationship."

"Well, you have found the right girl now," said Jane. Faith's eyes opened wide in fear that she was the right girl that Jane had in mind.

"Here's what I recommend," Jane continued. "I'll join you for a little bit of that athletic and adventurous sex you were talking about. And I'll dominate you at some point. And we'll see how John reacts."

"But I thought you were a lesbian," responded Heather.

"I told you that I still like a good cock now and then. And it's not like I don't know my way around a cock. After all, I had the twins, didn't I?"

"Do you think it will work?" asked Heather.

"I hope so," said Jane. "I'm hoping he gets turned on by seeing his wife tied up and used. In which case, we just naturally continue it when he is not around and eventually we tell him that I'm your mistress. And if that doesn't work, at least we'll get some good sex out of it and you will have done something that you've been talking about for years. Then we move on to Plan B."

"What's Plan B?"

"I haven't figured that out yet," replied Jane. "Does he have a big cock?"

"Oh yeah," said Heather with a smile. "It's pretty big. But what does that have to do with Plan B?"

"Nothing. I was just curious. I like big cocks." This caused all three of them to giggle.

The tryst was set up for the following Saturday. It was Faith's last day before she headed back home to prepare for returning to college and she could look after Kim and the twins. Jane would meet John and Heather at their home and they would have the house to themselves.

It was obvious to Jane when she arrived that the situation was awkward for John and Heather so she didn't push things hard. They had cocktails on the patio and then had wine with dinner. Jane figured that the alcohol would loosen the atmosphere. Finally, after dinner was cleared, Jane decided to break the ice.

"Do you two play poker?" she asked. They said that they did and Jane recommended that they play while they chatted. After they got set up and just before John started distributing the chips, Jane decided that it was time to push the situation. "How about we play without chips?"

"You want to play for money?" asked John.

"No," responded Jane. "I was thinking that we could use our clothes for wagering."

"Oh, my," replied John as he raised his eyebrows. "Frisky lady. I'm okay with that. How about you, dear?"

Heather grinned. "Sounds like fun."

The game progressed and everyone lost some clothes. Jane continued to break the ice by becoming very touchy. When John lost his shirt, she ran a hand over his firm chest and commented on his manliness. When Heather lost her bra, Jane acted as if she was seeing the firm mounds for the first time. Then she reached out and lifted one in her hand.

"These are magnificent," she commented as she bounced the breast in her palm. Then she turned her head to John. "Will you share these with me? I just love them."

At first, John was at a loss for words. But he recovered enough to stammer out a response. "Of course. That is, if it's okay with you, dear."

Heather smiled at John. "It's fine with me. It feels nice."

Heather turned out to be the first one naked. John still had his pants and underwear on. Jane was still wearing her bra and panties. Heather stood up from the table. "Well, I guess I'm out. Would anyone like another drink?"

"Get us drinks," said Jane. "But you're not out yet. We'll pause the game while you freshen our drinks."

"I'm not out? What else do I have to bet with?"

Jane grinned at John and then turned back to Heather, still grinning. "Your freedom. I recommend that the loser be the slave to the winner for the evening. Are you game for that, John?"

Again, John was at a loss for words. Heather answered for him. "Of course he's game. Having a slavegirl is one of his biggest fantasies. And I'm game too."

The game continued after Heather freshened the drinks and Jane lost her bra. John's eyes just about popped out of his head when he saw his wife reach over and lift one of Jane's breasts, repeating Jane's actions from earlier.

"Mmmm, these look delicious," said Heather.

"Taste them if you like," said Jane. The ice was definitely broken at this point. She only hoped that she won the game. Her plan would still work if John won but it would be easier if she won.

As expected, Heather lost another hand. "Such a beautiful slavegirl," commented Jane. "I can't wait to own you. Why don't you get up on the table and kneel for us? You'll make a lovely table decoration." Heather readily scrambled onto the table and knelt with her knees spread and her hands in the small of her back.

Jane reached out and stroked the shaved mound, turning to John. "I just love a bald pussy."

John blushed but managed to stammer out another response. "Yes, it's nice. That's a recent change for her."

Jane continued her caressing and then ran her fingers over Heather's petals. "Oooo, she's so wet. My little slavegirl must like being owned."

John cleared his throat. "She's not yours yet."

Jane laughed. "No, not yet. But soon."

John lost the next hand and removed his pants, leaving both players wearing only one article of clothing. Jane reached out again, running her finger lightly over Heather's slick petals. Then she curled her finger and probed into the naked woman, eliciting a soft moan. "What do you think about the slavegirl?" she asked John.

"She's a beautiful creature," he said as he started getting more into the act. "It will be fun to own her."

Jane reached over and ran her fingers over John's cock which was straining against his underwear, threatening to burst free. "I hope you'll share her if you win."

"Of course I will," he smiled. "But there may be a price."

"No price is too high for her," Jane smiled back.

Jane won the final hand and John found himself sitting naked. His cock was now standing fully erect as it protruded from his lap. Again, Jane reached over and, this time, wrapped her fingers around the pole, slowly gliding up and down the shaft. "I think the slavegirl arouses you." Heather watched in awe as another woman stroked her husband's cock.

"Yes, the slavegirl does. And so does her owner."

"Why, thank you for the compliment, Sir," Jane smiled. Then she turned to Heather. "Girl, come down here."

Heather got down from the table and stood in front of Jane. Jane had pushed back from the table but was still seated. She let go of the cock and reached up, grasping each of the bountiful breasts, leaning forward and kissing each nipple. "Mmmm, delicious. Girl, this man must be quite uncomfortable with that thing straining so much. Please relieve him."

"Yes, Mistress," replied Heather. Then she moved to her husband and knelt between his legs. She kissed the tip of his cock and then let it slowly slide into her mouth. Her hair hung loose and fell forward, obstructing Jane's view. Jane gathered the long raven hair and tied it so she could watch the beautiful woman pleasuring the man. John was so aroused that he didn't last long. After only a dozen or so strokes, he erupted, flooding Heather's mouth with his seed.

"Do you have a bedroom where I can try out my new toy, Sir?" Jane asked after John had come back down from his euphoric high. "You are welcome to come play with us."

"By all means," said John. "Why don't you bring your girl this way?" He then led Jane upstairs to the master bedroom with Heather following closely behind. The rest of the evening was a blur of sexual activity that continued into the wee hours of the morning when everyone collapsed in a tangle of limbs from exhaustion.

## **Chapter 22**

"He thought that last night was incredible," Heather reported the next morning when she came to pick up Kim. She was kneeling at Jane's feet and was naked again. Jane herself had only gotten home minutes earlier and had not even had a chance to check on the girls.

"And what did you think, little one?" Jane asked.

"Oh, I agree with him. You were amazing. I don't know how you do it but you do it so great. It was exciting and erotic and fun all at the same time. He's even still calling me slavegirl."

Jane smiled. "Good. I was hoping it would work out. Now it should be a lot easier to tell him. I just need to figure out the next move. I was thinking about making him your co-owner." "Wow!" gasped Heather. "Wouldn't that make me a slave all the time?"

"Isn't that what you wanted?"

"Well, I thought that's what I wanted," replied Heather. "But now I'm not so sure that's a good idea. I'm not sure it would be good to change my relationship with him." "Maybe not," agreed Jane. "How about this? We, or rather you, tell him that I have taken ownership of you and that you didn't want your relationship with him to be affected or changed in any way. But that I have offered to loan him any of my slavegirls at any time, including you."

"But as of this afternoon, I'll be your only slavegirl." "Well, he doesn't have to know that. Tell him that Faith was my slave as an example of what my slaves are like. And if she decides to return, he can borrow her."

"How many slavegirls will you have?"

"Two, if Faith returns. Probably only one if she doesn't. I think you'll be a handful anyways."

"Let's go find the girls," Jane continued. "You know, I had been thinking of making him Kim's co-owner too but that won't work for the same reason it won't work for you. But maybe I should throw her into the same pool with you and Faith."

"Kim would be John's slave sometimes?" asked Heather incredulously. "Them having sex?"

"Well, slaves can be used for many things other than sex. But he might enjoy having that tight little package serving him."

"Yes, Mistress. If you think that's best."

Kim and Faith were both stretched in identical positions. Each was tied between two poles with their arms and legs pulled outward. They were facing each other and were about six feet apart. The twins moved around in the space between them, carrying floggers which they occasionally used on the two slaves. Cinny had just brought the flogger up between Faith's legs, eliciting a grunt as Jane brought Heather into the barn.

"Have they been bad girls?" asked Jane as she approached.

"Yes, Mom," replied Linny. "They were lazy ponies this morning."

"Aww," said Jane as she stepped up to Kim. She kissed the teenager and cupped the girl's sex, finding it steamy. Her other hand stroked the girl's left breast with the backs of her fingers. "Is that true, girl? Were you a lazy pony?"

"No, Mistress," gasped Kim quickly. She felt Jane's fingers insinuating themselves into her sex and moaned before continuing. "I'm just exhausted. They ran us ragged yesterday and then kept us up all night having sex."

"It's true, Mistress," added Faith. "We pulled the cart for hours and haven't slept a wink."

Jane turned to her daughters and frowned. "You aren't taking very good of your property; or mine. And you know that Faith has to drive home today."

"But Mom," whined Cinny. "It was our last chance to play with Faith. And with school starting tomorrow, we won't be able to play with Kimmy very often."

"I'm sure that you will be able to play with Kim every weekend. And who knows? Maybe Faith will return someday. Now let them down so they can go take a nap."

Reluctantly, the twins released their prisoners and Faith and Kim returned to the house. "Don't you two have some things you need to get ready for school tomorrow? Go take care of them."

"Yes, Mother," they sighed in unison. The twins left and Jane and Heather went for a walk through the property. At first, it felt strange to be walking naked through the fields but Heather quickly adjusted and, after ten minutes or so, she didn't think twice about her nudity.

"What does Kim think about being owned by the twins?" Jane asked as they strolled together arm in arm.

"It's not clear. It came as kind of a shock to her. And seeing me as a slave almost pushed her over the edge."

"It did happen pretty fast," commented Jane. "I'll have to talk to the girls to make sure they stop capturing girls so quickly."

"She does say that she finds it exciting," said Heather. "I think that deep down inside, she likes being a slave. I think she's still adjusting to that and getting used to the fact that her owners are two years younger than her."

"Yeah, they are pretty young to be owning girls," said Jane. "But they do have good taste in slaves. Just like their mother. Kim is a beautiful girl."

"Thank you," replied Heather. "Yes, she is lovely; even lovelier as a slave. She may be conflicted but she positively glows when she is in the hands of your daughters who, by the way, are beautiful themselves."

"Thank you," smiled Jane. They continued to chat as they meandered around the estate and eventually made it back to the house. Jane led Heather upstairs where she checked on the twins. They were dutifully organizing their notebooks and stuffing things into their backpacks in preparation for school.

They wandered down the hall to the guest room and found two sleeping beauties. Kim and Faith were lying naked on top of the bed, apparently too exhausted to even pull the covers down. Their arms were wrapped around each other and they were lying on their sides, facing one another. Kim had one of Faith's nipples in her mouth and occasionally her cheeks would hollow, indicating that she was sucking on the nipple. Faith had her face buried in Kim's luxurious blonde mane.

"Don't they look cute?" asked Jane.

"They look like two little angels," agreed Heather.

Jane led Heather to the master bedroom where they slowly made love to one another until they too fell asleep in one another's arms with Heather suckling on Jane's nipple and Jane's face buried in the lush raven mane. Faith slept through the night and returned home on Monday instead of Sunday as she had planned.

### **Chapter 23**

Faith returned home to prepare for college. She was only there a week but it turned out to be quite eventful. Jill was not finished being her daughter's mistress and she picked up where she left off. Faith may have changed homes, but nothing else about her life changed. Once again, she was naked and spent quite a bit of time kneeling.

Jill had told her husband about how Faith had spent her summer, so he was not surprised when he came home early to find his naked daughter setting the table. Faith, on the other hand, was shocked. She shrieked and ran upstairs, using her hands to protect her modesty as best she could.

A few minutes later, Jill returned, bringing Faith back downstairs with her. Faith was wearing a collar and Jill tugged her along with a leash. Faith also had her wrists cuffed behind her back and was blushing furiously.

"She's a little skittish," Jill said as they met Jack in the living room. "But isn't she beautiful?"

"Oh yes," agreed Jack. "She's delightful." Then he looked at Faith who was blushing furiously. "I hear that you had an interesting summer. Do tell me all about it."

Faith's blush deepened as she heard the words. Apparently he knew all about how she had been enslaved and used. "Yes, Dad. It was interesting; different."

"I can't wait to hear all about it. Come sit with me and tell." He sat down in an upholstered chair and patted his lap. Faith groaned. She had not sat in his lap for

years and certainly never while she was naked. In fact, she had never even been seen by him naked since she was a baby.

Faith glanced at her mother who only nodded encouragingly. Faith groaned again but then reluctantly stepped forward. Jack reached out and pulled his daughter into his lap, adjusting her bound arms to make her as comfortable as possible. Faith's blush intensified and she felt mortified.

"Your mother says that she told you about our occasionally playing with other couples; or with just one of them if the spouse is unable to attend. I always love it when another girl can share our bed."

"Yes, Father," was all that Faith said. She had her eyes cast down to try to avoid making eye contact.

"I'm looking forward to having you share our bed. You'll be our first slavegirl. Well, you'll be my first slavegirl. I know your mother has enjoyed some, including you, in the past."

"Yes, Father," she repeated. She watched in shock as her father's hand slowly glided up her right leg. She had thought that nothing could ever surprise her again after all that she had been through during the summer, but she was wrong. The hand kept climbing her thigh until it reached the top and rested on her mound. She was beyond surprised or shocked. She was incredulous.

"Your mother didn't do you justice," he continued as his fingers started stroking her petals. She silently cursed herself for being so wet. She was sure that she must have seemed like some kind of wanton slut to her dad. "She told me how beautiful your body was. But it goes far beyond beautiful."

Jack raised his glistening finger to Faith's lips. "Clean it for me."

Faith closed her eyes as she obediently parted her lips tasting her juices as he rubbed his finger on her tongue. He moved his finger slowly in and out between her lips, almost as if it were fucking her mouth. The shame that she felt was intense.

He withdrew his finger and she tentatively opened her eyes, just in time to see his hand claim her left breast. Again, she was mortified at what was happening to her and couldn't believe that it was occurring. It must be some kind of nightmare!

Jill was loving the scene. She was into anything humiliating and she could tell that her beautiful daughter was intensely humiliated. The deep blush and furrowed brow and the closing of the eyes all told her that Faith was dying a thousand deaths inside. It was simply delicious. She had talked to Jack ahead of

time and they had worked out a plan together. She expected that she would have to convince him to keep Faith as a slave but he readily agreed.

Jill wondered how far he would go. He seemed to be enjoying fondling his naked daughter. He had not penetrated her with his finger yet but she could picture him doing that. Would he masturbate her? Would he have her give him a blowjob? Would he fuck her? She hoped so because she knew how humiliating all of those things would be to Faith but she just didn't know if he would do them.

Jill did not think of herself as an immoral person. In her mind, nothing that provided pleasure could possibly ever be considered immoral. Immoral acts were ones that provided pain or harmed people. She never did that. She could tell that Faith was not in pain. In fact, she could see her daughter's arousal from where she was sitting. There was no pain or harm; only pleasure.

Jill knew that she could be accused of being amoral. The rules that governed other people did not affect her. If it was pleasurable, then it was good. She had repressed her hedonistic tendencies for years other than those times that her sisters got together for a play vacation or when they invited other couples to share their bed. But hedonism was in full force in her life ever since spending a week as a mistress earlier in the summer and especially since she experienced her daughter as a slave. She would have difficulty repressing it from now on, although she doubted that she would ever want to repress it.

As she watched her husband's hands exploring Faith's body, she wondered what was going through Faith's mind. When Faith returned home, she did not have to be a slave. Her deal had been with Jane and the deal called for the release of the girl at the end of the summer. Perhaps Faith thought it was still summer since she had not gone back to school yet. More likely, Faith was naturally submissive and took pleasure from being owned. In any event, Faith had easily fallen back into her role of her mother's slave.

Jill thought back to Faith's return earlier in the day. Jill had hugged and kissed her daughter like any mother would. But the look on Faith's face when Jill squeezed her luscious bottom cheeks was priceless. And when Jill referred to her as 'slavegirl' and pointed out the fact that Faith was overdressed, the expression on Faith's face was one she would always remember.

But Faith had not resisted. She had not even protested. She simply said "yes, Mistress" and removed her clothes. It was divine to see the blushing girl surrender so completely and so quickly.

Jill watched as her husband toyed with the naked beauty. Both hands squeezed the firm, plump breasts. Then one hand moved back down between the

shapely legs and urged them apart. Fingers once again stroked the dewy petals and Faith's face turned crimson again.

Jack leaned down and kissed each of the nipples which, by now, were quite stiff. Faith groaned as she watched her father touch her so intimately. He sucked one of the succulent nipples into his mouth and clamped his teeth down on it, holding it in place and eliciting another groan from the girl. He raised his hand and brought it down, spanking Faith's sex lightly and causing the girl to jump and yelp.

"Hush," said Jack soothingly. "Lie back and just enjoy."

"Oh Dad," whimpered Faith as she saw him capture her other nipple between his lips. "It's not right. We shouldn't be doing this."

Jack spanked the girl's sex again, a little harder this time, sending the wet slapping sound through the room. "Hush, slave," he repeated. "I'll decide what is right. You just be a good slave and obey."

Faith whimpered. "Yes, Father."

He slipped his finger back into his daughter and slowly moved it in and out. His thumb strummed the slippery clit, sending unwanted waves of pleasure through the girl. A second finger joined the first and he felt the vaginal walls clamping tightly around them.

Finally, he stopped toying with her and had her stand. He stood up also and removed his clothes before sitting back down in the chair. Faith gasped as she saw the huge cock pointing at her, realizing that she had never seen her father naked before. In fact, she had never seen any male naked before.

Jack reached up and grasped Faith's hips, drawing her closer. With his legs together, she had to place her legs on either side of him. He kept pulling her closer until she was positioned directly over his straining pole.

Jill got up and moved behind Faith. She reached around and bounced the full breasts several times before kneeling. She could see her husband's cock almost throbbing as it pointed upward at his daughter. Faith's sex was virtually dripping as it awaited the upcoming impalement. Jill reached out and stroked her fingers along the slick petals, parting them and opening the beautiful flower. She grasped Jack's shaft with her other hand and positioned it for penetration. Then Jack pressed down on Faith's hips, lowering her until he felt the tip of his cock being wrapped by the warm wet folds of his daughter.

"This is her first, love," said Jill.

"Oh, this is heaven," smiled Jack. "I get to be your first fuck."

Faith shook her head in disbelief. She whimpered as she felt the cock touch her petals and closed her eyes in shame.

"Open your eyes, little slavegirl," commanded Jack. "Look at your master as he fucks you."

Reluctantly, Faith opened her eyes. Again, she thought she would die a thousand deaths as she saw her naked father smiling up at her. He pressed down on her hips again and Faith felt the cock sink a little farther into her. She whimpered again.

"She's tight," announced Jack as his cock was half-embedded in her.

"Yes, isn't she delightful?" replied Jill. She's like a warm vise."

Jack let his cock sit still inside of Faith for a bit before finishing the impalement. He pressed down on her hips again, fully embedding his cock in her in one final thrust, causing Faith to gasp as she was stretched and filled completely.

"Mmm, gawd, so good," said Jack ecstatically. "So tight. So wet. So warm."

Jill enjoyed watching the cock slowly disappear into her slavegirl but stood once it was fully inside. She leaned down and kissed Faith passionately as her hands found the glorious breasts again. She lifted them in her palms, enjoying their weight in her hands before pushing Faith forward and offering the succulent breasts to her husband. Jack greedily sucked on one and then the other before using his hands on the girl's hips to guide her in a slow up and down motion. Again, Faith was in a state of total disbelief. Her father's cock was sunk deep inside of her and he was moving her up and down to fuck her. Her mother was still kissing her the way no mother should ever kiss and daughter and was feeding her breasts to her father. And despite the depravity of the situation, her body was highly aroused. It was just so wrong! "What is wrong with me?" she wondered.

They fucked in this position for what seemed like an eternity. Jill slipped her hand down the girl's tight belly and toyed with her clit, causing even more arousal to rush through her captive body until finally, an orgasm exploded in her body, causing her to groan and shudder.

Faith's hands were released and Jill lifted her off of the straining cock. The girl was repositioned on her hands and knees on the carpeted floor and Jack moved behind her, impaling her again with one easy stroke.

Jill knelt beside her daughter and toyed with the dangling, heavy breasts, gliding her fingers from the base to the stiff nipples as if she were milking them. Faith continued to get more and more aroused at the sensations in her sex and her

breasts and climaxed again as soon as her mother reached down to touch her clit. Still, Jack had not climaxed and he kept moving in and out of the slave slowly.

Finally, he stopped moving with his cock fully embedded in Faith. "Annie may have taken her cherry, but I can take her other cherry. Dear, can you prepare her for me?"

"Of course, honey," replied Jill as she stood up again and left the room. Faith looked around in bewilderment at the exchange. Other cherry?

Jill returned with a tube of something and knelt again beside Faith. Jack pulled partially out of the girl to give his wife room to work and Faith felt her mother prying her bottom cheeks apart. Then she felt something cold between her cheeks and felt Jill's fingers rubbing it around. It wasn't until a finger pushed into her bottom, though, that she realized what was about to happen.

"Noooooooo!!!!" she wailed. "Don't! Please don't!"

A second finger joined the first one and she felt her little pucker being stretched. A third finger soon joined in and Jill rotated her hand, making the fingers twist in Faith's asshole to ensure that the slave was stretched and lubricated enough.

"Oh gawd!" groaned Faith as the third finger pushed into her previously virgin bottom.

Jill swatted one of Faith's bottom cheeks as she pumped her fingers in and out and twisted them. "Relax, girl. Or you'll hurt yourself."

"Please no!" wailed Faith again.

Finally, Jill extracted her fingers. She squirted more lubricant on her fingers and rubbed it up and down the length of Jack's cock after he fully withdrew from his daughter's sex. "She's ready for you now."

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no..." whimpered Faith. She felt her mother spreading her cheeks again and then felt the tip of the cock at her little rosebud. Jack pushed and Faith groaned. Jill spanked her bottom again.

"Relax, little one."

Faith huffed and puffed, trying to adjust to the intrusion. After Jack got halfway in, he arched forward, impaling the girl in one final stroke. Faith shrieked as she felt her belly cramping but then the cramping stopped and she just whimpered.

Jill returned to stroking the dripping clitoris and toying with the magnificent breasts. She wanted to time things right. She kept Faith on the edge until she could tell that Jack was close to climaxing.

She marveled at the sight of the long thick shaft penetrating her daughter's smooth, silky bottom. She could not imagine a more erotic sight. When she could tell that Jack was ready to erupt, she pushed Faith over the edge. Jack emptied his seed into his daughter's ass as Faith climaxed. She shrieked as the sensations overwhelmed her. And then she fainted, collapsing on the floor with her father's cock still deeply planted in her bowels.

## **Chapter 24**

Life was almost surreal for Faith during her week at home. She continued to be treated as a slave to her parents and they seemed to love the discomfort she felt at the new relationship. She was a sexual plaything, a decorative ornament, and a maid.

After the initial sexual encounter on the first day, the family had dinner together. Sitting naked in front of her parents during the meal was embarrassing enough. But when her mother placed a plastic cloth on her chair so she would not stain it, she was thoroughly humiliated. It turned out to be a wise move, though. When Faith arose from the table, there was a sizable puddle on the cloth consisting of her father's sperm and copious amounts of her own secretions.

Her wrists were bound behind her again after dinner and the family watched a rented movie together in the family room. Faith found herself back in her father's lap and missed most of the movie due to the distractions of his roaming fingers.

The three of them retired to her parents' bed for the night. It finally dawned on her why they had such an oversized bed. They were accustomed to having an extra person to play with. She wondered how she had never noticed the games that they played. She found her face buried between Jill's thighs and used her lips and tongue to bring her to a satisfying orgasm. Then she used those same lips and tongue on her father until he decided that he wanted to fuck her again. This time, he did it vaginally and, once again, she was filled with his seed.

Her attire for the week was usually nothing at all other than whatever bound her. She almost always had her wrists tied or cuffed behind her back when she was not doing chores. And when she was not needed sexually or for chores, she was frequently bound to a wall or ceiling or post.

Her friends called frequently and wanted to get together with her before everyone went back to school. She pleaded with her mother but Jill was adamant. They could come to the house if she did not mind seeing her like this. But

slavegirls do not travel alone and unprotected. Faith decided that she would not see them.

When Jill went shopping or ran errands, she generally bound Faith in some way that would limit her movement but keep her mindful of her new status, as if she wasn't already fully aware of her new lot in life. On this day, she was standing on her tiptoes, her body stretched upward by a rope that was secured to a hook in the ceiling and attached to the leather cuffs that circled her wrists. She had been like this for over an hour when disaster struck.

She heard a knock at the back door. "Hello. Anybody home?" she heard the female voice call out.

Then she heard a squeak as the door was opened. "Hello. Anybody home?"

"Can you come back later?" Faith called back. "I'm a little busy at the moment."

She heard footsteps coming closer. "I just wanted to.... Ohmigod!" exclaimed the voice. She heard the sound of metal pans clanging to the floor and turned to see her neighbor standing there with her hand to her mouth. "Oh my gawwwwwwd!"

Faith scrambled to find something to say but found herself speechless. Besides, what could she say? I'm a bit tied up? Or, I'm just hanging around waiting for my mother to get home? Or, I'm part of the decorating scheme now? Nothing seemed appropriate. The damage had already been done.

Jessica Philpott continued to stand at the doorway with her mouth agape and the remaining pan dangling precariously from one of her fingers. "Dear gaaaawwd! What's happening? Are you all right? Were you raped?"

"I'm okay, Mrs. Philpott," replied Faith. She wasn't sure what to say but she knew that she couldn't let her neighbor call the police.

Finally, Jess Philpott was able to move. "Let me get you down from there. And get you covered up. You poor girl."

"Thank you, Mrs. Philpott," said Faith. She felt her face blush as her neighbor unfastened the rope and then started to remove the bindings on her wrists. She still couldn't figure out what to say but, thankfully, she was spared that.

"Oh, hi, Jess," said Jill as she strode into the room. "I see you've met our little slavegirl."

Jess blinked and then looked at Jill, dumbfounded. "Slave girl? Faith?"

Faith was massaging her sore, stretched muscles as she listened. She wanted to go put some clothes on but didn't want to miss out on the explanation. Besides, she knew that being in clothes would be short lived.

"Sure. She's our slave all week," said Jill. "You know how you like to be tied up during sex? Well, we like tying her up." "Oh god," thought Faith. "She's one of my parents' playmates." She wondered if Mr. Philpott was also involved.

It was Jessica's turn to blush. "Er... um..." Then she tilted her head toward Faith. "Um... does she know..."

Jill laughed. "Well, she didn't know before now. She knows that we share our bed with others. But she didn't know with whom before now. Have a seat. I'll tell you all about our little slave." Both women sat on the couch, leaving the naked girl in the center of the room wondering what she should be doing.

"Well, it all started early this summer," Jill started. "It seems that our lovely daughter must have the same slavegirl fantasies as you. She was captured and spent the entire summer as a slave. Since the summer isn't quite over, we kept her as a slave once she was returned to us."

"Wow!" was all that Jessica could manage to say.

"She's been delightful to have around and to play with. You can play with her too if you like. Better yet, why don't the two of you plan to spend the night. It's Faith's birthday and you and Tom can help us celebrate."

"We can't," sighed Jessica. "Tom's out of town." She kept glancing at Faith, unable to believe that her neighbor was keeping her beautiful daughter as a slave.

"That's okay," responded Jill. "Come alone. We'd love to have you."

"Thank you. I'd love to," said Jess. "I brought your pans back. That's how I found Faith."

"Faith," said Jill. "Be a good girl and put the pans away."

"Yes, Mistress," replied Faith as she walked to the doorway to clean up the mess.

Jill turned back to her friend. "Maybe we'll have two slavegirls tonight." She reached out and cupped Jessica's chin, turning her to look into her eyes. "Would you like that?"

Jessica cast her eyes downward and blushed again. "Yes, Mistress," was all she said.

Faith did not understand Mrs. Philpott. At twenty eight, she was a very pretty woman but it was almost as if she was trying to hide it. She and her husband

had moved in five years earlier and Faith had never seen her dress up. Even today, she wore no make up, wore baggy jeans and had on a t-shirt that was about five sizes too big and hid her body very effectively.

But Faith knew she had a nice figure; a stunning figure, in fact. She had been to the Philpott's pool and seen her in a bathing suit, although it had been a modest, one-piece suit. But even then, she could tell that her neighbor's body was as close to being perfect as possible. And despite the lack of makeup, Faith saw a very beautiful face. Even her hair style, though, tried to disguise her beauty as long brown bangs shielded part of her face and her long hair covered other parts of it.

So it came as no surprise to Faith when Mrs. Philpott showed up at the house that evening wearing a raincoat despite the fact that it was not raining and it was too warm to need a coat. What did surprise her, though, was what she saw once the raincoat was removed. The mousy housewife was transformed into a beautiful slavegirl.

Jess was wearing gauzy, sheer pantaloons that were almost transparent, offering easy viewing of her body from the waist down despite the clothing covering it. On top, she wore a white vest that was embroidered with gold thread in an intricate pattern. The vest was short, leaving her midriff exposed, and was too small to close, allowing ample viewing of the cleavage between what seemed like impossibly large breasts.

"There's my little harem girl," smiled Jill as Faith led Jess into the living room. "I see you took me seriously earlier." Jessica blushed at the comment. "Oh. I'm sorry. I thought you were being serious. I can go change."

"No, don't even think about it," said Jill as she arose and crossed the room to Jessica. "You look adorable." Again, Jess blushed.

"Thank you, Mistress."

Jill reached up and grasped the two sides of the vest, pulling it open and smiling. "Faith, love, come look at these beauties." Faith moved closer and found herself once again staring at a pair of female breasts. She had to admit that they were beautiful. They were large but not as large as Faith had imagined. It was just that they were out of proportion with Jessica's tiny frame.

"Yes, Mistress. They are very beautiful," agreed Faith.

"I think yours are nicer, actually, Faith," said Jessica.

"Thank you, Mrs. Philpott," responded Faith. "But I'm not so sure about that. Yours are very nice."

"Yes," agreed Jill. "Too nice to be covered up, in fact. But I'm sure you'll be stripped down as soon as the master arrives home. I'll let you keep your top on until then." The next hour was spent relatively normally. The two 'slavegirls' knelt and Jill sat in a chair, forming a little circle for the conversation. That part was not normal but the conversation was. They chatted about various neighbors and upcoming vacations. They asked Faith what classes she was taking in the fall and she told them what courses she had signed up for.

The conversation finally strayed away from normal topics when Jill and Jessica started talking about their experiences with other couples. Faith recognized some of the names, two of which lived on her street. The others were not familiar to her. She figured that her parents and the Philpotts must belong to some kind of sex club to be able to meet so many couples who were similarly inclined.

Then the conversation became embarrassing for Faith when Jill told Jessica more about Faith's summer adventures. She told Jess more details about how Faith had been hired as a governess but how her two younger cousins had captured her to use as a ponygirl and how her aunt had enslaved her and shared her with her two sisters. "She's simply delicious as a little slave."

"Yes," agreed Jessica. "She looks so desirable."

"You can taste her later," offered Jill. "I think you'll like."

Jack arrived home and was pleasantly surprised to learn that he would have two toys for the evening. He kissed his wife and then kissed Jessica, giving her butt a squeeze. "I can't wait to fill your pot, Mrs. Philpott." He ended by kissing Faith. He held her in an embrace for a long time, cupping her bottom cheeks in his hands and pulling her tightly against him. "And I plan to fill your pot too, girl."

Faith's head was spinning as the embrace was broken. It left her breathless. And despite how wrong she thought it was, it left her sex throbbing.

"Let's start with the birthday celebration," offered Jill. "I have been looking forward to this all day."

"Oooo!!!" squealed Jessica, bouncing up and down. "I love birthdays!"

"Well, here's how this will work," Jill explained. "Since Faith is nineteen, she will get nineteen swats from each of us... to each cheek... to each breast... and to her pussy."

"Mom!!!" complained Faith. "That's not fair!"

"And now it will be nineteen to her belly."

"Mom!"

"And now to the backs of her thighs!" Jill glared at Faith. "Do you want to add more?"

Faith just shook her head and lowered her eyes, defeated. For the next thirty minutes, she suffered the latest indignation as Jill, Jack and Jessica delivered her 'birthday spanks.' Actually, they were not all spanks. Jill laid out a variety of instruments that each could choose from.

Jill and Jack chose their open palms as Faith laid across their laps. Being spanked like a little girl was humiliating enough for her but Jill also toyed with her sex as she swatted the sexy bottom. This resulted in Faith becoming embarrassingly moist and leaving a wet spot on Jack's pants when it was his turn. Jessica chose a paddle which was, thankfully, much smaller than the ones that the twins had used on her earlier in the summer.

Jack chose the flogger for the breasts, which were next. Faith was asked if she wanted to be bound. She declined but was warned that, if she used her hands to protect herself, they would be cuffed behind her back. She laced her fingers behind her back and then watched in horror as her father brought the flogger down nineteen times on each sensitive breast. Jill was next and chose the riding crop. The breasts were bright red by the time she was finished. Jessica, once again, chose the paddle and instructed Faith to lace her fingers behind her head. Then she abused the beautiful breasts by swinging upward and paddling the tender lower swells, sending each breast flying upward with each stroke.

By the time they were finished with her belly and thighs, Faith's skin was burning. Finally, it was time for her sex. Jack used the flogger, swinging it upward to make a wet slapping sound with each contact as Faith stood with her legs apart. Jessica was next and had Faith lie down on the coffee table. Then she used a short, little whip to slice downward, leaving the labia burning after each stroke. The final blow was placed right on her clit, eliciting a shriek from the tortured girl.

Jill was to deliver the last 'spanks.' She sat in the middle of the couch and had Faith lie face up in her lap. She used her open palm again after parting Faith's legs widely to leave her sex exposed and vulnerable. She would spank and then would slowly caress the injured pussy for awhile. Despite the pain and the humiliation, Faith found herself becoming very aroused. Jill continued this routing, causing Faith to move closer and closer to an orgasm until, after the final blow, Faith was consumed in climax.

They ate their birthday dinner and then had Jessica perform a couple of improvised belly dances in her harem girl outfit. The final dance was a strip tease which left Jessica totally unveiled. For the first time, Faith got a complete view of

her gorgeous neighbor and again she wondered why she took such pains to hide her body. It was remarkable.

The rest of the evening was spent in the huge bed and Jack was in seventh heaven. He had enjoyed two girls at a time but never three. Each of the females received a ration of sperm before he could no longer get erect. Then, the three females pleased one another before they all collapsed together from exhaustion.

## Chapter 25

The next night, Tom was back in town and Jessica arranged to borrow Faith for the evening. This was especially embarrassing for Faith. When the Philpotts first moved next door, Faith had only been fourteen and she had a terrible crush on her handsome new neighbor. She always blushed and fumbled for words when he was around. Even now that she was older and more mature, she still felt like an infatuated fourteen year old in his presence. It was silly, she knew, but it still happened.

She was standing naked in the front hallway with her wrists cuffed to her collar when he walked in the door. "Welcome home, honey," smiled Jessica. "I got you a gift."

Tom smiled brightly as he saw the naked teenager in his hall. "So I see. It's a beautiful gift. Is it a toy?"

Jessica laughed. "You can play with it all you like. We have her for the night. She's your slave to do with as you please."

"Oh my," he said. "A slave, huh? That sounds very interesting." Then he turned to Faith. "I have been hoping for this day for the past five years. But how do you feel about it?"

"I am yours to d..d..d..do with as you p..p..p..please, M..m..m..master," she stammered.

He reached up and stroked her auburn hair which was flowing down her back. "Thank you. But that's not what I asked. I asked you how you felt about this."

"I would not b..b..b..be here if I d..d..d..didn't find you attractive and want to b..b..b..be with you," she lied. In fact, she would be here whether she wanted to or not. Her mother had made that very clear. But the fact that Tom was so handsome and she still had a crush on him helped.

He turned to his wife. "It's a wonderful present. Can we go play with it?"

"Don't you want dinner first?" Jessica asked.

"No. Let's eat later. I want to play with my toy first."

"You're like a little kid sometimes."

"A little kid with a grown up sex toy, maybe," he replied. Jess laughed but then led Faith upstairs. Tom followed, shedding his clothes as he went. By the time they reached the bedroom, he was naked but for his shorts, which he quickly discarded.

"She has a velvety soft mouth," offered Jessica. "Try it if you like." Tom took her up on the offer and helped Faith to her knees so she could suck his cock which was already hard and throbbing at the prospect of sex with his beautiful neighbor. After that, it was nothing short of an orgy. He fucked her mouth, pussy and ass. Faith licked Jessica to orgasm and was licked by her. This action got Tom hard again and Jess rode his cock while he laid on his back with Faith behind her, playing with her breasts and kissing her. Again, Faith had sex until she collapsed of exhaustion. Dinner was never served that night.

"Mom, will it be like this when I come home for breaks?" asked Faith the next day as Jill helped her go through clothes in preparation for packing.

"That's up to you, sweetie," replied Jill. "We love having you as our slavegirl but you are free to decide for yourself at the end of this week; unless you get captured again, of course."

"Will you and dad try to capture me?"

"Do you want us to?" asked Jill.

"No. I was just wondering if I had to worry about that."

Jill put down the blouses she was holding and stepped behind her naked daughter, wrapping her arms around her. "No, dear. You don't have to worry about us. The only way you will ever be our slave again is if you ask to be or if someone gives you to us."

"Do I have to worry about Aunt Ann or Aunt Jane?"

"Hmmm," replied Jill. She let one hand glide over the firm soft belly of her daughter as her other hand reached up to hold one of the miraculous breasts. "I honestly don't know about Ann. You probably should worry about her. She's capable of just about anything. You don't need to worry about Jane, though. She would never capture family. Now Cinny and Linny are another matter entirely. I'm sure they would love to own you again."

Faith leaned back against her mother and nodded. "I'll have to be careful, I guess. I never had any idea that so many people were into slavery."

Jill laughed softly. "It must be in the genes."

"And in the tap water on this street," added Faith, referring to the next door neighbors.

"Oh, they were just role playing. They like to get kinky now and then but they're basically vanilla at heart." Jill switched hands and held the other breast, squeezing lightly. "Now, I could introduce you to some folks who do take it seriously, if you are interested."

"I'm not sure that I want to be a slave again, Mom. Although if I do, it would probably be better if my owners weren't family."

"Yeah, I know that bothered you, dear," replied Jill, giving the breast a squeeze and letting her fingers trace lower to stroke the petals that were almost always slick with arousal at this point.

"But that was such a gift that you gave us." Jane can't stop talking about the perfect slavegirl that she owned for the summer. And your father and I are very much enjoying owning you this week. You just have no idea how desirable you are."

"No, Mom," responded Faith. "I guess I just don't understand that part."

"Well you make sure that you don't get captured at school by some professor or something this year."

"Mom!" said an exasperated Faith. "They don't do things like that at school. In fact, I doubt anyone outside of this family ever does that."

"You are wrong there," said Jill as she dipped a finger into Faith's sex. "Just be sure to be careful." Faith sighed, realizing that her mom actually believed that there were people out there who captured and kept girls. "Okay, Mom. I'll be careful."

"Good girl," said Jill as her finger kept pumping in and out of Faith. Finally, she lifted it to her daughter's lips and Faith dutifully licked it clean. "And remember to let us know when you want to give yourself to us as a gift again. But until that time, you will just be our daughter." "A daughter who has had sex with both of her parents, two aunts and two cousins," thought Faith.

"Yes, Mom, I'll let you know."

Thursday night was family sex night. No outsiders were involved and the three of them used practically every room in the house at one point or another. Jack took Friday off from work to be able to enjoy his wonderful slave on her last day before leaving for college. He realized that he had to pace himself, though. His

sexual appetite for his daughter by far outpaced his cock's ability to recharge. But he was able to deposit his seed in her mouth and bottom and twice in her pussy and was quite proud of his ability to recover.

"We'll miss you, sweetie," said Jill as the three of them lay in bed on Friday night. Faith was on her back and Jill was lying on top of her, suckling the precious nipples. Jack was just watching the erotic sight.

"I'll miss you too, Mom," replied Faith. "And you too, Dad."

Jack smiled and reached over to stroke the unused breast. "You have a great semester, princess."

The next morning, Jack packed the car for Faith. They stood in the driveway, hugging each other and saying their goodbyes. Faith gave her father one last hug and kiss and then hugged her mother goodbye, whispering in her ear. "Don't tell Daddy. I want it to be a surprise. But I'll be your little slavegirl over Thanksgiving too."

Jill smiled and whispered back. "I'm looking forward to my tender little morsel coming back to us. I can't wait to have Faith again."