

DANIELLE IN CHAINS

By Argus

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One

"Danny!"

Danielle turned and gasped, then reached out to catch her younger sister as the five year old threw herself off the nearby landing. She swung the girl around and around, then set her down on a stair, ruffling her brown hair.

"Are you gonna miss me, Danny?" Tara asked.

"Of course I'm going to miss you, sweetie," Danny said with a smile. "More than anyone else." She reached out and tweaked the girl's nose.

"Why d'you have to go away anyway?" the girl demanded, pouting.

"I'm eighteen now. Daddy said I could take a holiday in France. It'll be ever so much fun."

"How come I can't come?"

"You have to stay and go to school," she said.

"I hate school!"

"Danielle, are you ready? Your car is here," her mother said.

Danny nodded and followed her mother to the front door, Tara trotting along behind.

"Will you write to me?" Tara asked.

"Of course I will," Danny said, picking up her long, hip length suede coat at the door and sliding into it.

"Now if you get into any trouble you know to call," her mother said, smiling tolerantly.

"I'm sure I won't, mum," Danny said. "I'll be with Marie anyway, and her parents will be nearby."

She looked out to the Rolls and saw her things already being loaded into the boot. Geoffrey, the family butler, was looking on as the chauffeur placed everything, then closed the boot up.

"Well, do enjoy yourself, my dear," her mother said, aiming a kiss just to the left of her cheek.

"I'm quite sure I will, mummy," Danny said.

She trotted down the stairs and slipped into the back of the Rolls as Jeffrey held the door, then closed it. She looked up and waved at Tara, who waved frantically back. Then the chauffeur got in and the car moved off.

The drive to the airport was long, but exciting; with her mind fluttering about in contemplation of what awaited her. She had some idea, but knew she was quite innocent in worldly ways. Marie knew far more.

And Jacques, of course, but she hadn't mentioned him to her mother.

Jacques, with those brilliant brown eyes, his lovely, soft skin, his muscular chest and long, sensual fingers. And what those fingers had done to her on their first date!

Had it really only been a few months ago she had met him at a nightclub? Had it taken so little time for her to completely change her mind about what and who she was?

Not, she thought ruefully, that she'd really known what and who she was anyway.

Many of her friends had dreams and aspirations, were going on to university to learn this or that. But Danielle had felt no calling, no desire to engage in any of the careers open to her. Computers bored her, as did the idea of sitting at a desk processing dull paperwork. Her family was rich, anyway, so it wasn't as though she needed a job. Still, the thought of going to university to gather the expected education of a young woman in the modern world; art, history, psychology and such, well, that bored her to tears.

And then she'd met Jacques. He was so much more mature than the boys and men she'd dated, so much more confident, so sure of himself in everything he did. He was beautiful, as well, and she'd been knocked for sixes the first time she'd heard his gorgeous face as he begged her for a dance.

Danny had been taught to comport herself with the dignity of her station in life, and had, for the most part, done so. Yet all the rules had gone out the window as gorgeous Jacques had held her body against his, and she'd felt the heat of his muscular chest pressed flat against her firm young breasts. Almost instantly her nipples had swelled and begun to tingle, and his eyes were so - so knowing as he had smiled down at her, so sensual.

She'd felt a little cloddish, a little like a backward provincial around him, and all her defences seemed to fall away as she'd felt his hands stroking and kneading her bottom through her short skirt. She'd never allowed a man or boy to be that familiar with her so quickly, but her mind seemed to swirl, her stomach to churn as his fingers delicately kneaded her buttocks and then crept beneath the skirt to caress her soft flesh directly.

They were in the middle of the club, with music pounding wildly around them and scores if not hundreds of other bodies twirling and twisting and dancing in wild, rhythm. It had felt animalistic as his lips had come down on hers, and their tongues slithered together, and she could only moan as his tongue caressed hers and slipped between her lips to teasingly slide along the inside of her mouth.

She'd felt wild, feral, as he'd danced her across the room through the heaving mass of people and then crushed her up against a dark wall, his body against hers, his tongue inside her mouth. She'd shuddered as his hand slipped in between her warm thighs and up beneath her short skirt.

“P-please I-I...”

Her fears of watchers seemed to melt away as his fingers found her sex, as they rubbed up and down over her clit through her thin bikini, as her hips had ground almost frantically back against him. People must be watching, she'd thought. Surely people were watching! Yet embarrassing as the thought was she could do nothing to resist him as her body roared with heat and her head rolled back helplessly under waves of sexual pleasure.

She was on the edge of climax when he pulled his hand back and jerked her away from the wall. She staggered, gasping, moaning, eyes wild, not

knowing or caring where he was taking her. Then the cool evening air washed over her and she realized she was sweating. They were in an alley behind the building, and Jacques roughly pulled her around and bent her over a low dustbin, then jerked her skirt up over her hips.

Dazedly, she felt his fingers in her panties, and gasped as he tore them free of her and threw them away. A harsh hand pushed down between her shoulder blades as she started to rise, to protest, and then she felt him rubbing along her sex, and her mind melted once more under the fiery heat of her body's sexual need.

She cried out at the pain of his violent entry, but the pain turned to elation as his cock filled her to the brim, as he jammed himself deeper and ground his hips against her bottom.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" was all she could manage as he pushed down on her back again and kicked her legs further apart.

Then he began to pump, to thrust, and she felt her swollen sex lips riding across the thick girth of his shaft as he moved in and out of her. Her entire body began to thrum with wildfire sexual heat as she grasped the far edge of the dustbin and clung dazedly to it to keep from falling away.

Then his hands were at her hair and she cried out again as he wrapped it around his fist and pulled her up, almost upright. She reached dazedly back behind her and then felt his other hand at her skirt, yanking it up higher, pulling it up beneath her armpits, and then over her head in a single rough movement.

She was nude and the realization shook her like an explosion. She gasped aloud and her body shuddered as he bent her forward again, now naked, her throbbing breasts pushed against the cold, gritty, dirty steel top of the dustbin as he renewed his hard, steady thrusting.

Her breath came in small, sharp, ragged pants and gasps as his hips pummelled her bottom and his big cock pistoned inside her. Her warm thighs and belly were chilled by the cold steel, her knees bruised as they were knocked against the dustbin again and again by the impact of his hips against her bottom. Again she was going to come, and her hands flailed about as she tried to find better purchase and thrust herself back.

But he would have none of it. He pulled her wrists up and back behind her, then lifted them upwards, sliding them up her spine even as she moaned in discomfort - then pain. He forced her wrists up behind her back almost to her neck, then jerked roughly on her hair, wrapping it around her wrists and holding hair and wrists with one hand. For the first time in her sexual life she felt - mastered - conquered - and a hot, dark tide of glorious heat swept over her from out of some dark, masochistic corner of her mind.

And then he really began to give it to her. Danny was no virgin, but she'd never experienced the kind of hard, rough, wild rodding she felt that evening. His hips hammered against her bottom so painfully hard she knew she'd be bruised for days. But that was almost irrelevant compared to the sensation of his cock spearing deep into her belly with every savage thrust.

Her arms and shoulders ached, as did her scalp, as he held her head up and back, pulling on her hair. But that didn't deter her heat in any way.

Instead, somehow, her helplessness, the violence of his attack, only made her hunger flare higher.

She moaned dazedly as his cock pounded into her body, and her sex heat became almost feverish as she approached climax. Her soft breasts were grinding back and forth against the dustbin cover, her hips jamming against the edge, her knees knocking the side, her feet jerking and shifting and losing balance against the dirty ground.

Then it all swelled up around her and collapsed atop her head like a tidal wave. She would have screamed if she'd had breath. Instead she gurgled and gargled loudly, her breath locked in her throat by her shuddering, spasming muscles.

The orgasm was massive, all encompassing, like none she'd ever felt before in her sheltered life. It literally took her breath away and left her dazed, able to feel only the pleasure and the hammering of his big body against her.

More than a few eyes turned her way as she strode across the airport concourse. She was used to the attention, and rather enjoyed it. This day, however, she hardly noticed.

Danielle, Elizabeth, Cutler-Armstrong stood just a hair below six feet tall in her stocking feet. She had a dancer's grace, with long well sculpted legs. Her hair was golden blonde, perfectly coiffed, perfectly straight, but blown dry to a thick, silky mass parted directly above her eyes. It flowed down around her angelic face to dance along her slender shoulders as she moved

Her soft blue eyes peered out from beneath heavy bangs. There was often a sparkling mischief in them, but today they seemed distracted. Her face was softly rounded with porcelain skin brushed by stray tendrils of wispy hair she had a small, turned up nose, lush, full, sensuous lips and perfect white teeth.

It was a young face, a face of hope and anticipation of things to come, a face caught between girl and woman.

She moved with self assurance, giving the customs man an impish grin as she passed through, then strolling down the aisle to the plane, drawing furtive gazes from men and boys of all ages. Her full, firm young breasts sat high on her slender chest, lightly straining the thin green blouse she wore tucked into white cotton trousers. Those trousers sat low on her hips and were tight across her small, round bottom. It was a warm day, and the trousers were light and thin. Those eyes which lit up at the sight of her approach were almost as pleased with the sight of her going, and lips were licked at the just barely discernable outline of a thong cutting up and out from the top of her buttocks.

She rode in silence, neither reading nor eating, thinking instead. She veered between fear and a crackling excitement, between wanting the journey to end and anxiously trying to decide whether she should turn and go back.

Danny had a reputation as a nice girl, sweet, caring, and if not entirely virginal certainly inexperienced. Yet reality was something else again, for while she had been quite circumspect about her sex life, she had involved herself in more lewd, carnal and kinky sexual antics than anyone who knew

her could have ever imagined.

All due to Jacques.

She'd hardly been capable of thought as Jacques produced her dress and shoved it back over her head and down her body. He'd been very gentle, very apologetic for the violence of his sexual attack.

"It is only that you are so incredibly beautiful, so marvellously sexual that I could not control myself," he said, his lips nibbling lightly on her earlobe.

In his car, she'd felt unaccountably girlish and anxious, as if worrying over their first kiss. But Jacques had been smooth, confident, disarming. She felt like a silly girl in his presence.

"Lift your skirt," he said at a light.

She bit her lip and looked around.

"But - ."

His finger pressed against her lips and his eyes rebuked her.

"Do not speak. Simply obey. Raise your skirt and show me your sex."

Her chest hammering, she obeyed. It was dark, and no could see. Yet she blushed as he took his eyes off the road and looked between her legs.

"Spread your legs more, wider. Wider still," he ordered.

Embarrassed, yet already beginning to feel aroused again, she obeyed, flushing in excitement as she looked around them, worried someone would see. His touch drew her back and she gasped as his hand rubbed lightly against her warm pussy mound.

"Jacques - !"

"Shh," he ordered.

His finger slipped into her moist sex and pumped slowly in and out as he started the car forward once more. Danny turned her head aside, swallowing nervously as they passed other cars, her breathing growing more ragged as his fingers massaged her clitoris.

He pressed two fingers together and pierced her, and Danny groaned as they slid deep into her pussy and twisted about.

"Take off your dress."

The words hit her like a lightning bolt and again she looked around wildly. Yet she was slumped down, and the car had tinted windows and it was night and - .."

"Now," he said, his voice hardening.

She did not let men talk to her in that tone, or - she hadn't used to. Now she felt more excitement than anger, and reached down to grip the hem of her skirt and peel the little mini-dress up and over her shoulders - and off.

Naked, she trembled with excitement and alarm as his hand moved freely over her body. She slumped lower, her knees spreading wider as his hand caressed her mound again, and his fingers slipped into her wet sex. Now there were three, and they pumped in and out as she moaned and rolled her eyes upwards and out at the traffic around them.

They turned onto a quiet, dark street and parked. She reached for her dress but Jacques stopped her. He unzipped his trousers and brought out his cock, hard, thick and erect, then gripped her behind the head and pulled her

forward and down into his groin.

Danny let her lips envelope his cock and moaned in pleasure as she took it deep into her mouth. She tried to massage his balls but he gripped her wrists and pulled them away, pulling them up and behind her back together. Then he leaned across her and opened the glove compartment. A moment later she felt leather laces wrapped around her wrists, binding them together.

The wild, sensual heat roared within her as she felt herself tied, and no fear or alarm could push back the flood of sexual desire which rolled and tumbled her mind end over end. She drove her lips down his shaft, gurgling as she took it too deep, gagging, choking slightly as she kept trying to take more and more of it.

Then Jacques pulled back with a gasp of his own, pushed his cock back into his trousers somehow and opened the door.

She fell forward across the gear shift, gasping and panting, staring in bewilderment at the door closed behind him. Then the door opened behind her and she turned as he reached in for her.

“Come, my little slut. I will teach you things about your body you would never have suspected.”

He pulled her, all but dragged her out of the car, and she gasped as the cool breeze washed over her trembling erect nipples.

“S-Someone will see!”

“Take off your shoes.”

“But - .”

He slapped her bottom sharply and she yelped, then he turned her around and bent, gripping her lower leg, pulling it up and slipping off her shoe. He did the same to the other, and she was entirely nude, her bare feet feeling the hard cold pavement beneath, the little stones and pebbles and dirt digging into the soft soles of her feet.

Her eyes stared wildly up and down the quiet street, seeing nothing as he took her arm and led her, still naked, hands bound behind her back, up a quiet walkway to a white painted door.

“Jacques!” she gasped in alarm.

“Are you afraid someone will see you, my lovely little slut?”

The word made her shudder in an odd way. It was an insulting word, yet he was using it almost as an endearment.

“Yes!”

“And if someone sees you they will be jealous of me, they will lust after you and wish they could have a lovely, hot, sexy little slut like you for themselves.”

He gripped her hair and forced her head up and back, forced her to her toes. She moaned in protest, but the moan turned to a gasp as his fingers slid between her legs and began to stroke across her clitoris.

“J-J-Jacques!” she moaned. “W-W-we sh-should go in-inside!”

“Come for me first, little slut. Come on my fingers. Come for Jacques,” he whispered.

She stumbled, off balance, half falling against the door as he bent her back. Her legs were spread in an attempt to hold herself in place and his

fingers used her expertly, thrusting into her slippery opening while stroking skilfully across her engorged clitoris.

“Come,” he said. “Perhaps many are watching, yes? Perhaps they watch from behind those dark windows. Perhaps they think you a filthy whore and are disgusted. Perhaps they want your body and wonder what you will charge. Come, slut. Come on my fingers.”

And she did, her hips bucking helplessly against him as her body exploded into climax. Her muscles spasmed and she swayed and jerked, almost falling, but he held her body pressed against his, his fist tightly filled with her hair as her lower body bucked and ground against him.

He turned her then and bent, then caught her behind the legs and heaved her up and over his shoulder.

Danny moaned as she stared at his back, as the door opened and he carried her inside. She felt overwhelmed by it all, completely helpless to do anything but Jacques’ bidding as he carried her easily up a narrow flight of stairs, then down a darkened, shadowy corridor.

Then lights snapped on as he carried her into a bedroom.

The bedroom was beautifully set out. The wall on the right was made of four large, mirrored glass doors which almost certainly opened on a closet. Just past that was a doorway leading to the toilet. The bed sat against the wall in front of them, a massive square mattress sitting atop a slightly wider pedestal. The room was in beige, or sand, perhaps. The rug was thick as he set her feet on it, with deep black parts between the weave running the length of the room. The cover of the bed matched perfectly. The window behind was floor to ceiling glass covered by vertical blinds - in beige.

It was certainly a man’s room, she thought as he pushed her onto the bed. The lighting was low and recessed along the walls. But then he flicked a switch, and bright lights flared up in three rows which bordered the bed, and she saw that a large mirror covered the roof between them.

She gasped at the wicked, sordid nature of such a thing, her heart pounding as he smiled knowingly at her and began to strip.

His body was every bit as gorgeous naked as she had suspected, and she felt her pussy beginning to quiver as he dropped his trousers and, naked, stepped towards her.

“Untie me,” she whispered, wanting to feel him.

He smiled and pulled her from the bed. She gasped as he gripped her hair behind her neck and forced her head back slightly, marching her to stand before the mirrored doors of the closet. There he eased his grip, letting her head down, and moved behind her.

“See how beautiful you are,” he whispered, his tongue stroking her earlobe. “See how lovely, how provocative, how sexual a creature you are.”

She moaned, staring at herself, watching his hands come around her body to cup and knead her breasts. One hand slid down her heaving stomach and began to finger her sex, and she moaned again, her legs shifting apart as she rolled her bottom against him.

He pushed down on her shoulders, forcing her to her knees, and turned her so that she was sideways to the mirrors. “Look at yourself, my little slut.

Are you not fabulously beautiful? Do you not look like the dream of every man?"

Eyes hot, Danny stared at herself kneeling before him, at his cock rising and pointing at her face, at her wrists bound together behind her back. She felt another hot surge of sexual need as he turned her head towards him again and thrust his cock into her open mouth.

"Pleasure me, my English slut," he growled, his fingers pulling at her hair. "Show how you adore having my cock in your mouth."

She moaned around his stiff cock, wildly excited, her eyes rolling to the image of themselves in the mirror, watching her lips moving up and down the glistening shaft of his cock. And then, suddenly, distracted, she watched as he pulled her face in tightly, watched and gurgled in shock as his cock punched through her mouth and down into her throat. She was still watching in amazement as his hips jammed in against her face and her vision disappeared.

Her throat spasmed and convulsed instinctively. She had not been at all prepared for this. Yet it was that lack of preparation which made it so easy, for her gag reflex had not even cut in until his shaft was already filling her throat. And then it far, far too late.

"Ahh, your throat feels lovely," he whispered, his strong grip on her head holding her in place.

Danny's hands twisted and writhed behind her, her wrists stinging and burning as she pulled frantically against the leather laces binding them together. Her head twisted and pulled as Jacques slowly pumped his cock within her tight, aching throat. But his hands were huge, almost covering her head, mashing her hair in around her face.

"Hold still!" he barked, and such was his tone that she did, her eyes enormous as she looked at his groin down the length of the slick cock shaft.

She watched it emerging from her mouth, inch by glistening inch, her chest pounding as she ran out of air. Then the fat, spongy head popped free and she was able to gulp in air through her nose, then her mouth, choking and gagging now as he stood over her and wiped his spit wet cock along her face.

"That is how you pleasure a man, my English slut. That is how a truly sensual woman brings a man to his knees."

"I-I d-don't.. c-can't d -."

"Shhe," he ordered. "I am the teacher. You are the student."

He pushed his cock through her open mouth and before she could do anything he was yanking her forward. The pain as he pulled at her hair momentarily distracted her as his cockhead was forced through into her throat again, and then she moaned helplessly as she watched the thick shaft of his cock sliding forward, watched his lower belly come forward to cover her face.

"Ah, my beautiful girl," he growled. "My lovely, slutty little English girl."

It was not so terrible; Danny thought desperately, her heart pounding. She had been able to gulp in some air this time, and so had only to deal with the discomfort and instinctive rejection of the thick shaft filling her throat. A wild carnal heat swept over her as she thought of what she was doing, that she

was deep throating him. Only the sluttiest of girls did that, could do that. And at that moment it made her wildly excited to think of herself as being a hot slutty girl.

And yet there was more driving her excitement. For her own helplessness aroused her, intoxicated her. She had never realized before that she had any kind of masochistic feelings, yet now they rose and churned her belly as she caught glimpses of herself in the mirrored doors, saw her pale face as his glistening shaft slid in and out, in and out. It was a bizarre, impossibly sight.

She could see her wrists bound in leather laces, could see how helpless she was on her knees, naked before him, could see his cock pumping in and out of her mouth, between her straining lips. It was all shockingly exciting, despite the discomfort. And the more his cock moved the more able to cope with it she was.

He pulled free, allowing her to breathe again, wiping his cock against her face as she gulped in air.

“Do you love my cock, girl?” he growled. “Do you worship my magnificent cock!?”

The thrust it into her mouth again, and she inhaled deeply before her throat was blocked by his thick flesh. He forced it into her until her face was jammed against his groin, then pumped in and out, faster and faster. Danny became dazed by the hard thumping of her face into his groin, the hard, savage use of her throat by his cock as it slid back and forth across her tongue.

He pulled out again and flung her backwards. She landed heavily on the soft rug, gasping for breath, choking and coughing. He dropped between her legs, then gripped her ankles and roughly flipped her onto her belly. She was still gulping in air as he caught her hips and yanked her bottom up. Then he was pressed against her sex, and thrusting into her, and Danny moaned weakly, still gasping for breath as he filled her, as his hard cock pumped in and out of her hot, moist sex.

“Filthy slut!” he growled, leaning over her, grasping her hair, and yanking back. “Hot, filthy little whore!”

His hips pounded against her backside as he twisted her hair cruelly, and his hand slipped beneath her chest to roughly knead and squeeze her breast.

Panting, moaning, gasping, Danny’s eyes rolled up and back, then sideways, to the image of herself, and him, and she felt her insides twist and turn at the sight, moaning helplessly as a crackling wave of sexual electricity swept over her body.

She came, crying out in pleasure, not caring who heard, casting aside her inhibitions for the first time in her life as she watched herself being crudely ridden like a bitch in heat, being ridden by the wild bull that was Jacques, his cock stabbing into her again and again as her body flared with orgasmic energy and her eyes rolled up and back in her head.

Exhausted, drained, it should have been the end of the wildest sexual night of her life. But it was only the beginning. Everything she thought she knew about sex and men was to be swept away that night.

Jacques untied her wrists and kissed them gently, kissed her gently, as soft and quiet and tender as he had been wild and rough and insulting moments earlier. He lifted her in his arms and carried her to the bed, then set her down gently, smiling as he crawled into bed with her.

He swept a half dozen grey and blue pillows off the top of the bed, leaving it clear, a stage for the play he was to perform. Danny, chest heaving, did nothing as he lifted her wrists up and back and pressed them against the top corners of the bed. He released her left wrist and leaned forward to the right, drawing out a leather strap hidden behind the top corner, wrapping it around her wrist, tightening it.

“Ja-Jacques?” she panted

“Shhh,” he whispered, kissing her lips tenderly, then drawing her other hand up and kissing it before strapping it in place as well.

He drew back, spreading her legs wider, towards the corners of the big bed, then strapping them in place.

Danielle moaned weakly. She flexed her muscles, pulling at the straps, somewhat frightened, and yet, elated at the same time. What would Jacques do to her next? Always before the sex had stopped with the first climax, or on one or two occasions, the second. But this was Jacques, and he was not like other men or boys, she thought with heady excitement.

His hands moved gently over her body, staring at her ankles, stroking and caressing, moving upwards inch by slow inch, his lips following, kissing softly, his tongue licking out as he made his way up her leg to her inner thigh, just below her groin. Then he bypassed her sex, sliding higher, nuzzling at her belly, licking and kissing and nipping lightly as she gasped and moaned and stared, her neck aching as she tried to keep her head up.

By the time his tongue had circled slowly up to her breasts her neck was too sore and she had to drop her head onto the mattress. But there was another shock, for she stared now at the mirror, watching the top of his head as he moved slowly up her body, staring at herself, spread-eagled before him and helpless.

His lips encircled her nipple, his teeth nibbling lightly, his tongue lapping as he sucked rhythmically. His fingers stroked and caressed her breast as he turned her nipple into a fiery button of heat, stiffly erect and throbbing with need. He moved aside, working on her other nipple, yet his fingers continued to knead her breast, to stroke and roll her nipple until both were throbbing almost painfully.

And then he slipped back down her body, and she moaned, staring at him in the overhead mirror, watching as his head dropped down her belly, down her abdomen. She felt his fingers at her sex, felt them tracing the line of her slit, then peeling open her sex lips so his tongue could push into her.

The sensations his tongue roused in her were - shocking, and she was

soon staring at her body as it writhed and bucked, her back arching, her legs spasming against the straps as the pleasure tore through her.

And then, at the height of pleasure, as she was about to climax yet again, he reared up above her, looking like a Greek god, and his hand swept across to slap her face.

She cried out in shock at the blow, her head flung to one side, her cheek stinging. Yet another blow from his other hand cracked across her other cheek, and again she cried out as her head jerked to the side. Again and again in rapid succession he slapped her face, and she was unable to protect herself, unable to tell him to stop, unable to even think as the repeated blows dazed her.

He thrust into her then, his finger on her clitoris as he used her roughly and violently Danny's face burned, and she grunted dizzily as he hammered himself against her body, but then orgasm rose up around her and this time it was more powerful than all the others. Her body writhed under the fiery grip of its power, thrashing madly as pain turned to pleasure and pleasure to - ecstasy.

She liked to think of it as their little game, a hot, sexy, wicked game which made her belly churn at the thought of it. She felt wild and sinful and sexy, for surely she was leagues ahead of her girlfriends, who had never experienced such a hot, carnal ride as this with their dull, ordinary boyfriends.

Every time she went to Jacques' flat she was required to strip naked, and put on the leather restraints he kept at the front door. Then he would decide when and how to lock them together. She felt wicked, absolutely wicked kneeling before him nude with her wrists bound together behind her, or down on all fours as he rode her, or bent over a convenient table so he could take her from behind.

Jacques always took her roughly, wildly, his hands racing over her body as he called her his slut, his English whore, his sex toy, and she thrilled to the words as his cock pounded up and down inside her abdomen.

And when they were in public, though never among those who knew her, he would treat her as a slut, as his whore. At first Danielle was exquisitely embarrassed, and even angry. Jacques introduced her as his slut to a blonde friend of his, and she coloured and jammed her elbow into his rib.

But then they returned to his flat and he stripped her, shackled her wrists behind her back, and pulled her across his knees to spank her thoroughly.

This was different, more than being tied up. And at first she sobbed wildly as her bottom was smacked again and again, burning with pain as she wriggled on his lap. But then his fingers began to stray, to caress the line of her sex, to massage her clitoris in between spanks, and her mood shifted.

"I'm a bad girl! I'm a filthy slut!" she cried, repeating the words he gave her even as she writhed and sobbed and moaned and bucked her bottom back against his expert fingers.

And then, with three fingers thrust deep into her sopping sex, and the other hand slapping down firmly against her bright red, fiery bottom, she

came, crying out in unrestrained exultation as a massive orgasm tore through her body.

Jacques began to tell her what to wear, after that; what clothes, what lingerie, how much and what kind of makeup. If she was late for any appointment with him she was soundly spanked. And sometimes he made her come when he was spanking her, while sometimes he prevented her from coming until she begged for it.

Several times he taunted her, telling her he was going to give her to his friends, asking her how she thought she would feel with a cock in her mouth and another in her cunt, telling her how wild and thrilled the man or men would be when he gave them her sluttish body. And always she was aroused, nearing orgasm when he said it, so that it became a strange, dark fixation with her, a longing forced upon her without her knowledge.

So that when she arrived at his flat one afternoon and found another man there she felt her chest tighten and her heart begin to pound. The two men rose, and Jacques beckoned her forward. She went, her legs wobbling a little, and he drew her in against his body, pulling her head back.

“This is my whore Danielle,” he said.

She flushed deeply, feeling a breathless sense of anticipation, not even considering protest as the man, easily ten years older than Jacques, but still attractive, smiled down at her.

He reached for her breasts, and she instinctively raised her hands to ward him off, but Jacques’ hand twisted painfully in her hair and she gasped, her hands jerking up and back to grip his wrists.

“Are you my whore, Danielle?” he growled.

Flushed, she moaned in denial.

“Are you?”

“Y-Yes,” she moaned.

“Say it.”

He twisted his hand cruelly and she cried out in pain.

“Say it. Tell Robert.”

“I-I-I’m Jacques’ wh-whore!” she gasped.

He removed his hand from her hair and shoved her towards the other man. She stumbled but Robert caught her by the arms.

“Use her. Fuck her,” Jacques said in a cold voice.

Danny’s eyes went wide, yet a dark, aching need seemed to swirl within her mind, and when Robert reached for her breasts again she made no effort to resist. She turned her head and looked at Jacques as he backed away, watching, smirking.

Robert groped and fondled her breasts through her top, then slid a hand beneath her short skirt and rubbed it along her sex.

She wore no panties, at Jacques’ order, and was shaved bare, for the same reason. Now she squirmed as the stranger’s hands caressed her naked sex, her face burning with embarrassment and anxiety.

Robert all but tore off her clothes, then put her down on all fours where Jacques could watch. Jacques smoked a small French cigarette, a smirk on his face, watching as the man thrust into her from behind and began to ride her.

Danny felt low, shamed, degraded, and tears filled her eyes. Yet despite that her lower belly flared hot around Robert's cock as the man used her.

And then Jacques was sliding off the chair and onto the floor, moving before her, undoing his trousers. She stared as he drew his cock out and pressed it against her lips, then moaned around it as he plunged forward.

Her shame melted away, replaced by a wicked sense of sensual glee. She was being done by two men at once, and the dreams and desires he had poured into her mind over the previous days and weeks came alive as her body trembled in heat.

"Harder, Robert. This little slut loves it hard and rough," he growled.

And she did, and her nervous system screamed with the sexual heat tearing through her body as the two men thrust into her from either direction.

She was eighteen. She had thought him twenty four or five, but it emerged he was twenty nine. Her parents knew she was seeing someone, but not who, and she dared not introduce them. She began lying to them about her whereabouts, getting her girlfriends to cover for her. It was difficult, and strange, to come home with her bottom still stinging from a spanking, his semen in her pussy, in her throat, her breasts still throbbing and aching from his harsh hands and teeth, and pretend she had simply been at a girlfriend's house watching television.

Yet they never seemed to suspect, never could have imagined how deeply their youngest daughter was being drawn into the darkest reaches of Jacques sexual desires.

Or how those desires were becoming her desires, as well.

It was fitting that she was bound when she first told him of her love. She was sitting across his lap, a large dildo all but buried in her puss, leaning tiredly against his shoulders in the languorous aftermath of the orgasm he had given her, his finger still gently rubbing her swollen clitoris, when she whispered "I love you, Jacques"

He didn't answer, and she opened her eyes to find him smiling lovingly at her. Then his lips found hers. No further words were necessary. She knew he loved her as well.

"But - ."

"Shhh," he ordered, his fingers caressing her bottom.

Danny let her head fall again, trembling slightly with anxiety as Jacques finished tightening the strap around her left ankle. She had been bound spread-eagled on the bed several times before, but never on her belly. And as Jacques moved up between her legs and his hands began to knead and caress her bottom she knew, with a sinking feeling, what he intended.

"No, Jacques!" she moaned.

He slapped her bottom and she gasped at the stinging pain.

"Did you lie when you said you loved me?"

She blinked uncertainly. "No," she whispered.

"Then do this for me, my sweet little English whore."

She felt his finger against her wrinkled anal opening, and tensed up, but another slap across the bottom made her gasp and loosen her muscles.

"Such a lovely bottom," Jacques said, his finger pushing slowly into her

anus.

He had oiled his finger, she felt, for it slipped easily into her bottom, then pumped gently in and out, pushing ever deeper as she moaned weakly and closed her eyes. Soon his finger was buried inside her, twisting from side to side, caressing the soft wall soft walls of her anal tube. Another finger slipped into her, pumping gently. Whenever she tensed up his hand cracked across her buttocks so her muscles unclenched.

Then he withdrew his fingers and she felt his hard cock pushing against her. She clenched her teeth, gasping. "Gently! Slowly!"

He slid into her much more easily than she would have guessed, and pushed far more deeply than expected. She felt soft cramps in her belly as his cockhead drove deep into her abdomen. Then she felt his pubic hair, then his balls against her buttocks as he buried the last inch of his cock in her backside.

He let himself slide forward atop her, then, his heavy body crushing her into the bed as his lips sought the nape of her neck. He ground his pelvis against her, twisting his cock around inside her rectum. Danny turned her head aside and he gripped her hair roughly, making her gasp in pain as he crushed her lips with his.

"Do you feel it inside you, slut?" he gasped. "Do you feel my cock buried in your bottom? Do you feel me, little slut? Do you, my whore?"

He began to move his hips up and down, slowly pumping his cock in her anus, working ever harder as her muscles loosened, relaxed. Sooner than she would have expected he was pumping freely, and she was gasping and groaning with each deep thrust. He drew himself up and back, kneeling between her legs, and picked up speed, thrusting hard and deep. Each deep thrust made her gasp as cramps and a dull ache swept through her, yet he only pumped faster.

It was not as bad as Danny had feared, and she grunted in time to his thrusts as he sodomised her, feeling a touch of arousal now that her fears had faded, arousal at her own wickedness. What would her friends think if they could see her now, being done up the backside!?! What would her parents think!?!

And then Jacques collapsed atop her again, crushing her into the mattress. He yanked on her hair to twist her head about and crushed her lips with his once more. His other hand pushed beneath her belly, fingers searching for her slit, and finding it.

Her arousal deepened and she moaned in time to his thrusts, his fingers stroking roughly across her clitoris as he drove his thick cock deep into her belly. Her buttocks were being slapped, her body jarred hard by each thrust. She came with a wail of uncontrolled sexual heat as Jacques bit fiercely into the side of her throat, drawing blood.

Not long after Robert came Paul, and then Otto, and then Dennis and Paul together. Paul sat back on the bed while she mounted him, her arms bound. Then he pulled her head forward and Otto thrust himself into her anus. Just as she was beginning to cope with the shocking, wicked, delicious - if slightly painful sensation of being doubly pierced Jacques gripped her hair

and yanked her head to one side so he could thrust himself into her throat.

It was a wild, dark fantasy come to life, and her body shuddered to orgasm after orgasm as the three men used her together, their hands racing over her body as she trembled and writhed to her own inner fires.

One day Jacques ordered her to tell her parents she was going away for a weekend. It didn't matter where or with whom. She made the appropriate lie, and then went to his flat, her stomach trembling oddly, wondering what wonderful, terrible thing Jacques had in mind for them.

No sooner was she inside and naked, when he placed the restraints around her and locked her wrists together behind her back. Then he forced a thick dildo up into her pussy and another up her anus, chaining them to a thin chain around her belly. He kept her hands locked behind her back, put a coat over her, and led her out into the hall. She was frozen, afraid of speaking loudly for fear of attracting the attentions of their neighbours.

"Where are we going!?! Jacques!" she gasped, trying to resist but pulled inexorably along.

They rode downstairs in the elevator and he put her into the car, then drove out onto the street, refusing to answer her questions. When she continued he forced her jaw open and forced a gag into her mouth, a thick, round, spongy thing which strapped around behind her head.

She felt hot, incredibly hot, but at the same time frustrated, irritated, and afraid of what he had planned.

They drove only a short distance, and pulled into a townhouse drive, where he paused and honked the horn. Dannie saw movement behind a curtain, then the garage door opened.

The car drove forward into the garage and the door clanked down behind it as Jacques got out of the car and walked around to her side. He dragged her out, then opened her coat and removed it, tossing it into the car.

Naked, chained, the bottom inch of the dildos protruding from her shaven sex and anus, her heart pounded with excitement and anxiety as he led her to the door into the home. It was unlocked and holding her arm tightly, he took her inside.

Her mind exploded in shock and embarrassment as two people looked back at her. They were Black, and one was a woman. She froze, her mind locking, unable to function as the two looked her up and down. A woman!

The Black couple were fully dressed. They were both tall and attractive. The man was taller than Jacques, and very broad shouldered. His head was shaven, and he had a wide face and heavy brows over his dark eyes. The woman was just as tall, with long dark hair high drawn cheekbones.

There was something - dangerous - about them which caught at her vitals and made her heart flutter like a small bird caught under the eyes of a cat. Jacques had merely been horny. These two were - what - shrewdly considering? Cold, calculating, and giving off an aura of power and danger which made her whimper into her gag.

She could see Jacques grinning beside her, could feel his eagerness. Could he not see how cold these two were? Could he not see the darkness behind their eyes? She knew suddenly that he had sought out a couple long

experienced in bondage and found them. Yet she did not see these two as game players, but serious, determined and hungry.

She felt a thrill of fear, and marvelled at herself, for it was a thrill. The fear that these two were not merely suburban game players, that they might actually hurt her, was causing her pussy to thrum around the dildo, was making her belly flutter and her chest tighten. Even through the mortification she felt, even through the anxiety, she knew a terrible hunger herself as those cool eyes looked down at her.

“Give her to me,” the Black man said, his voice a cold rumble.

“Danielle, this is Garret,” he said, pushing her forward.

“And his wife Nicole.”

Garret took her arm in a bruising grip, yanking her forward, and she shuddered, her body trembling as he stared down at her. Fear, embarrassment and excitement swirled through her as he ran his hands up her body and squeezed her breasts, then thumbed her nipples and gave them a sharp twist which had her crying out in pain.

He pinched her nipples hard and lifted, forcing her to rise onto the balls of her feet, to tremble and moan in pain. Yet the heat only roared higher.

“This is your slut?” he asked in a cold voice.

She shuddered, a cold spear driven through her belly.

He pinched harder, and tears filled her eyes. He lifted higher, forcing her onto her toes, forcing her to dance awkwardly on her toes as his nails dug into her aching, burning nipples.

“We will make her into a proper slave,” the woman said.

What did they mean, she wondered in a near panic.

He released her nipples and she groaned, dropping back onto her feet, but then he gripped her hair, forcing her back up onto her toes, pulled her head back to arch her back, and ran his rough black hand slowly up and down her trembling body, fat fingers prodding at the dildo protruding from her pussy, jabbing it upwards, digging the nose into her gut.

“Nicole and Garret have been doing this for a long time,” Jacques said confidently. “They will teach you much you must know to satisfy me.”

Dannie shuddered as the man’s cold eyes stared down at her. If her teeth weren’t jammed against the spongy ball gag they would have chattered.

“You will belong to them for the weekend. Obey them as you would me.”

She gasped, wide eyed, then shook her head frantically.

He smiled and caressed her cheek. “Do you love me, my little slut?”

She nodded anxiously.

“Then do this for me. They will teach you how to please me more, how to make me more happy with my beautiful English whore.”

She shook her head, pleading with her eyes.

“It is necessary,” the woman said in a mild Caribbean accent. “You will not be able to learn and fully reconcile yourself to slavery with him watching.”

Slavery! Danny stared at her, appalled, and yet at the same time darkly aroused. Slavery! She would be taught how to be Jacques slave! His sex slave!

The Black woman’s hand cupped Jacques groin and squeezed and he

gasp as she leaned in to lick along the nape of his neck. Danny saw him immediately swell with excitement and watched, wide-eyed, as the woman knelt before him and drew his cock out, then took it between her lips. Jacques gripped her head, groaning, as she bobbed her mouth up and down on his shaft.

The Black man sat and drew her back to straddle his legs and sit on his thighs. She felt his fingers at her bare little slit. One tapped lightly against the base of the dildo sticking out of her body, the nose of the toy jabbing at her cervix in a way which was both painful and exciting. His other finger stroked across her clit, and despite her fear and anxiety, despite the jealousy she felt at watching the woman servicing Jacques, she felt herself rising to thrilling heat.

He was talking, but not to her. He was telling Jacques of the societal inhibitions which gripped her, of the shame she felt in giving herself up as she ought to, and of the need to free her of them. His voice was a low, hypnotic rumble even as Nicole took Jacques deep into her throat and turned his legs to rubber.

Then she cried out in pain as her hair was pulled back more sharply and her back arched. She could no longer see Jacques or Nicole, could only see the ceiling overhead as the man's fingers continued to torment her.

And somehow, in the midst of it, Jacques left. She could hardly believe it when she realized she was alone with the two, that Jacques had left her with strangers. She felt betrayed, terrified, and excited all at once.

The woman moved to stand beside her, staring down at her coolly.

"Have you been whipped?" she asked.

Dannie shuddered and moaned, shaking her head violently.

The man released her hair and stood her up. The man, Garret, then took her arm and led her deeper into the house, up a flight of stairs, and down a hall into a bedroom which held no bed. It was a playroom, a playroom for sadists, and her eyes bulged as she looked around at the whips and crops hanging on the walls, and chains dangling overhead.

"You will learn to obey," the woman said.

She moaned and shook her head, trying to tell them that this was beyond her, that it was all a game and that foolish Jacques had made a mistake. She felt terribly helpless and small and vulnerable in her nudity beside these two tall, strong strangers, completely at their mercy.

Why had Jacques left her here!? Why could he not have taught her himself?

She was frantic with alarm, burning with embarrassment, and yet even so her pussy was squeezing down on the dildo as the two led her into the room.

She would prove herself to Jacques, she thought weakly. She would show him that she loved him, that she would endure for him.

The man lifted her arms up, forcing her to bend forward, and she saw a metal bar dangling from the ceiling, a chain attached to either end and locked together over a hook. They pushed her head and shoulders through the triangle this formed and she shuddered as the cold steel of the bar pushed up against her belly.

Then her ankles were spread and locked to a similar bar chained to the

floor. They unfastened her wrists, but her attempts to pull free were pitiful as their strong hands pulled her wrists straight down and locked them to either side of the bar holding her ankles.

The upper bar was then pulled, and she gasped as it dug up into her belly, then her hips, forcing her up onto her toes. She felt mortified as the two moved around her, making minute adjustments, knowing their eyes were on her lewdly displayed sex and bottom.

The man moved before her and gripped her hair, just as she felt fingers at her sex, circling the taut flesh which gripped the dildo. She burned with new embarrassment and sexual confusion. She had never had an interest in women, and having one touch her so intimately was uncomfortable and strange.

The man unfastened the strap and worked the gag out of her mouth as the woman undid the chain binding the dildos in place.

She gasped as the gag came free.

“Wait!” she panted. “Don’t! M-My boyfriend made a mistake!”

The man undid his pants and they dropped, revealing a semi-erect cock which was long and black and frightening in its thickness.

“Suck,” he ordered.

“No, you don’t - ahh!”

He twisted her hair coldly and she cried out in pain.

“Suck, whore,” he growled.

His cock pushed into her mouth and she gurgled and gagged, her lips closing around it. The pain drove her to suck and his grip eased, though remained firm as his cock began to thicken and harden in her mouth.

She felt the woman behind her pulling on the dildo, easing it out of her pussy, then pushing it back in. A moment later she felt a tongue against her sex and shuddered in excitement mixed with disgust. She wanted no part of lesbian sex!

“Suck!” the man ordered.

Damn Jacques, she thought desperately.

The man’s cock was already forcing her jaw painfully wide and still swelling as it got harder. She sucked weakly, then more frantically as he twisted his fingers in her hair and pushed harder.

She felt the woman’s lips closing around her clit as she began to suck, and her insides seemed to twist and roll over. A slap at the dildo sticking out of her anus made her shudder and groan around the black cock filling her mouth.

Her neck and scalp ached, for with her wrists bound low the man had to hold her head up sharply in order to push his cock into her mouth, and he was not being gentle about it, as Jacques usually had.

What were they doing? What had Jacques told them? What did they plan?

Her mind spun as she sucked on the man’s cock, moaning and slurping weakly as the woman pumped the dildo behind her and ground her teeth gently against her clit.

Her fears began to fall away, or rather, to shift and meld into the sexual

heat which flowed through her veins. She thought of all the terrible things they might do to her and the images leant a scalding excitement to her rapidly building lust.

The man had two massive hands gripping her head, and was thrusting ever deeper into her mouth so that she gulped and gagged and choked on each deep thrust. And then he was in her throat, filling it painfully, slowly forcing his way deeper and deeper. He was longer than Jacques, and her throat ached as she watched his black cock sliding forward, watched his belly closing on her eyes, then crushing her nose back against her.

The woman was pumping the dildo in and out with growing speed now, even as she sucked and chewed on Dannie's burning clit. She felt light headed, dazed, as the man began to pump his cock in her throat. Jacques had never done that, and her eyes lost focus as he pumped violently in and out.

She gurgled and gagged and choked as her nose was repeatedly jammed into his abdomen. When he drew back a long stream of saliva dribbled over her lower lip as she coughed and gasped and gulped in air.

Then he moved behind her, out of her sight, and the woman appeared, nude, her body as dark as coal as she too gripped Dannie's hair and yanked her head up. Dannie stared at the woman's sex inches from her face, and knew a new anxiety.

"I-I don't - ."

"Lick me," the woman ordered.

She jammed her sex into Dannie's face and the blonde girl moaned and tried to turn away.

"Lick me or you will be punished," the woman snapped.

"No! I don't want to! Let me go!" she begged weakly.

She received a hard slap on the bottom and then the woman turned away, dropping her head. She raised it, gasping, to see the woman take a long, thin riding crop from the wall.

"Don't hit me! I don't like that!" she called. "I'm not into that! Please! There's been a mistake! Jacques didn't understand! Let me go now!"

The woman moved behind her, and Dannie saw her pass the crop to the man, who moved back.

"Please," she gasped fearfully.

The crop sliced down across her upraised bottom and she screamed as the pain bit into her.

"Oww! Don't! No!"

Another blow and tears filled her eyes as she jerked against the bonds holding her.

"No! Don't! I don't - ."

Another snap as the crop cut across her bottom, and she cried out in pain, shaking and twisting in her bonds. Another blow, and another, and another, each drawing a frantic cry of pain and a plea to stop.

The woman gripped her hair and yanked her head up so that once again she was staring into her pussy.

"Lick me," she said remorselessly.

Another blow, and Dannie cried out and jammed her face into the

woman's pussy, licking desperately. The blows halted, and she gasped, sobbing, easing back. Another blow cut into her burning bottom and she cried out anew.

"Lick," the woman demanded.

Dannie thrust her tongue forward, licking up and down the woman's sex, her entire mouth wet with the woman's juices as she slurped and licked wildly and frantically.

The crop was still, and the woman's fingers twisted more softly in her hair.

"Up," she said. "More. Harder. Deeper."

She guided Dannie's tongue as the man moved closer behind her and fingered her pussy. Her bottom throbbed with heat, and she whimpered into the woman's groin as she continued to lick and suck on her pussy.

And then she felt the man against her, felt him entering her. She groaned as her pussy lips were stretched wider and wider apart, as his thick organ slowly pushed into her body. He was so thick! And yet she was wet, and as she continued to lick he drove himself deeper, filling her with his hardness until it seemed like there was no room for any of HER inside.

Her mouth was filled with the taste of the Black woman as she instructed Dannie in how to pleasure her, and her mind was twisted back and forth between the two as the man began to use her, began to force his achingly thick cock in and out of her trembling body.

I'll learn this for you, Jacques, she thought with a miserable inner groan.

The woman moved away briefly, and Dannie head hung low. She gasped as the man continued to force the enormous girth of his cock back and forth through her aching pussy opening. Then the chain overhead pulled higher, and she cried out in a weak and dazed voice as the metal bar dug up harder into her hips and abdomen and lifted her feet from the floor.

The woman returned, yanking Dannie's hair to lift her head.

"Lick," she ordered

Dannie licked, gasping and moaning as the man pumped harder inside her. It felt as if he were tearing her apart, as if his giant cock was churning her insides to a bloody pulp. She felt her straining pussy lips throbbing as his mighty cock sawed back and forth between them, forcing them in, then out, then in and then out again.

The man gripped the dildo buried in her anus and began to pump that as well, and she sobbed, the sound wild and desperate.

"Lick," the woman growled.

Dannie's tongue raced up and down the woman's sex, and her lips sucked powerfully against her clitoris. Whenever she let her mind open she felt a sense of revulsion mixed with a dawning horror, so she tried to keep it closed, to concentrate on what needed to be done to keep herself from being hurt.

And in that way she became so familiar with the woman's pussy that it ceased to shock her as she watched her tongue sliding up and down its glistening length. And as her pussy's battered muscles gave way the man's

enormous cock moved more easily inside her, and less painfully.

Her mind flickered to a thought of what Jacques was doing, if he missed her yet, if he would find another girl while she was being held prisoner by these evil Blacks.

And then, to her shock, there was another man there. He was thinner and shorter than the bald man, with close cropped hair, but his face was filled with a sneer that made her insides quiver with humiliation as he undid his pants and pulled them down. The woman moved into a corner and opened a cupboard, then was blocked from her view as the man forced his cock into her open mouth.

His cock was erect, but less painfully thick than the other, and slid almost smoothly down into her throat. While she gagged, the pain was minor, and the discomfort manageable as he and the other exchanged greetings over her body, pumping their cocks in hard and fast from either end.

He used her mouth and throat almost casually, without surprise, without anger, without any special excitement, as if she were merely an object, a thing put there for him to make use of, like the television or microwave.

There was a strange sense of freedom in that, in being, in effect, a non person, a thing, and she felt her pussy beginning to squeeze and thrum around the first man's plunging cock as the second reached down and began to fondle her breasts.

Her body was jarred and shaking to the pounding of the first man's hips against her upraised bottom. He was becoming more aroused, and pumping more violently now, his cock stabbing painfully deep inside her belly as she fought to keep from choking on the other's cock. He was not nearly as careful to pull back and allow her to breath as Jacques had been, and she came close to fainting several times.

He pulled out suddenly, and she coughed and gagged, saliva dripping out of her mouth as he spewed into her face.

Three

All three of them were dressed. Only Danielle remained nude, on her knees before them, trembling, her nerves on edge, trying to steady her breathing.

"Jacques has instructed us in the areas you must improve," the woman said, scowling. "You English sluts never know how to do anything but lay still and let men use your bodies. That is not good enough for a discerning man like Jacques."

She said something to the large man, Garret, and he nodded and sat down. The other man moved away while the woman took Danny by the ear and pulled her forward so she was kneeling between Garret's spread legs. He unzipped himself and pulled out his now flaccid cock, and the woman motioned her forward.

“You will start with his eggs,” she said, take each into your mouth slowly, lovingly, cherishing them. Be gentle, yet work your tongue strongly...”

Garret’s balls were large and black, nestled among his thick black bush, but as the woman pushed her head forward Danny reluctantly kissed one, then took it into her mouth. She received a slap on the side of the head, and gasped in pain, releasing it.

“Not like that, whore!” the woman snapped. “Not like you are a dog licking up its breakfast. Kiss it gently, lovingly. Let your lips spread slowly to engulf it, suck softly and draw it into your mouth, then use your tongue to caress and massage it.”

She pushed on the back of Danny’s head again, pressing her face against the man’s groin, trying to do as she was bid, exquisitely aware of her wrists bound tightly behind her, and her inability to protect herself or ward off further blows.

And further blows were given. Each time she made the smallest of errors her ear would ring from a sharp slap to the side of the head. Somehow it did not even occur to her to demand the woman stop. For she was a small girl again, and they were adults.

Slowly, she worked Garret into full erection, and bobbed her lips slowly up and down on his thick black cock. Although he had roughly used her throat earlier, which was still sore, she now tried to take him into her throat on her own. Always before it had been Jacques, or another man, who forced his cock down her throat. Now she must take it deep of her own accord, ignoring her reflexes and gagging.

Each time she pushed her lips too far down the fat black cock she gagged and instinctively jerked her head back up. And then her ear rang to a sharp slap from the woman.

“You are not good enough to be Jacques’ woman,” she sneered. “He will quickly grow tired of you and find someone of more sophistication, someone more than a stupid little English schoolgirl!”

Danny tried again, determined, and finally succeeded, forcing her lips down his shaft despite choking and gagging on the thick black meat. It was an amazing sensation. Once the head was into her throat she found it comparatively easy to slide her lips down the rest of the shaft, and doing so, pressing her lips right against the base of his cock shaft, gave her a tremendous sense of victory and relief.

“Good. Our little whore begins to learn,” the woman said. “Now work your throat up and down, slowly, seductively. Then pull out and take him in again. A man loves that first moment of penetration, and you must learn to do it more smoothly.”

She knelt beside her then and began to finger her bare sex. Danny grunted anxiously, but made no protest. She did not like the other woman touching her in that way, but again, did not think to demand she stop. She continued to work her throat up and down on Garret’s stiff cock even as the Black woman began to finger her anus, sliding first one, then two fingers inside her.

“This is another area which requires improvement,” she said, wriggling

her fingers around inside Danny's bottom. "Jacques says you are practically a virgin here. You have much to learn about how to use all of your body to please him."

Garret gripped her hair suddenly, yanking her mouth up off of his cock, then squeezed the base as he held her in place. Thick white wads of semen spat out onto her nose and cheeks and into her open mouth as he squeezed and pumped his long shaft, then he used the head to wipe the moist droplets all over her face.

"Now come here girl," Nicole ordered.

She undid the restraints and pulled on Danny's hair so that she fell forward onto her hands. "You will crawl unless otherwise told," she said sternly.

She snapped her fingers at her heels and walked away, and Danny, after a long moment hesitation, followed, crawling on all fours, feeling cheap and slutty and shamed, and yet still with a thrumming sexual energy purring through her lower body.

Nicole led her into a large toilet and stopped her.

"Lay your upper body onto the floor and spread your arms wide to either side," she ordered. "Do not move until I give you leave."

Danny awkwardly obeyed, letting her chest come down against the tiled floor, grunting as she turned her head aside and spread her arms out to either side. She sensed, rather than saw the woman moving behind her, and a moment later she felt her fingers at her anus. She blushed, biting her lip, trying to think of Jacques and how happy he would be once she learned what he wanted her to learn here.

She felt the finger pumping slowly in and out of her wrinkled anal opening, then withdraw. A moment later she felt something else, something harder, and colder. She tried to turn her head, and saw a pink hose attached to a large rubber or plastic bag, and she gasped aloud as she understood what the woman intended. Her face burned red, and she almost refused, her body trembling with indecision.

But the moment passed, and as she felt the warm liquid flooding down into her anus she felt tears of embarrassment and shame fill her eyes. She blinked rapidly, suppressing them, not wanting the woman to know how shamed she was that she would let herself be given an enema from this stranger.

The water flooded into her bowels, which began to fill up, to ache with fullness, and still the woman squeezed the bag, and more liquid flooded into her. She groaned softly, the pain increasing.

"You will do this every single day before meeting Jacques, in case he desires to use your other hole," the woman said. "And you will learn to take his manhood, or any other man's manhood into you without hesitation."

She finally closed a small clamp, and then twisted the top of the hose so that the hose came away while leaving its fattened head inside her, blocking her anal opening.

A moment later she heard a loud buzzing, and the woman bent over her once more, rubbing a vibrator slowly along her bare slit. She gasped, her body

trembling and shaking as the sensations reverberated through her heavy, water filled belly. Then the vibrator pierced her sex, twisting to and fro as the woman drove it ever deeper. The vibrations echoed through her body as the woman buried it in her sex, then stepped back.

“You are a woman, not a little girl,” she said. “You must learn to take your punishment as an adult. Do not whine or blubber or beg. You must obey the commands of your master without hesitation, and if he wishes to punish you for no reason but his own amusement and pleasure then he will do so.”

The cramps in her belly ached terribly. “P-Please can I - can I go?” she moaned.

“You will stay in this position until I tell you otherwise,” the woman snapped. “Did I not tell you this already?”

She picked up a thin riding crop and slashed it across her bottom. Danny cried out with pain, her body jerking violently. But she suppressed the urge to leap up, to twist around, to defend herself.

The crop cut across her bottom a second time, and again she gasped in pain, her body trembling, her skin burning.

“Good,” the woman said. “Good.”

Again she swung the crop down, cutting across Danny’s buttocks. Again the pain made her clench her teeth and shudder, but she maintained her position. And now, she felt a growing sense of sexual heat. The vibrator buzzing within her, her full anus, and the lewd way she was required to kneel and present her nether regions to this stranger were making her feel desperately wicked and slutty - and hot.

Another slice of the crop and she jerked and moaned, her pussy flaring hotly, wanting attention. She wanted to slide her hand down between her legs and finger herself, even if the woman was looking. Yet she did not.

Another blow, and tears filled her eyes even as her body trembled with sexual electricity.

“Very good. You may expel the water now.”

And that was another shameful, embarrassing moment for Danny, for she must sit on the toilet with her legs spread wide while the woman knelt before her and removed the clamp. Then she must let the contents of her bowels gush out of her as the woman stood over her watching.

“Resume your former position,” the woman ordered then.

For she was given a second enema, which she must also hold, to wash away the soap used in the first one. Again she must sit gingerly on the toilet, her buttocks throbbing from the crop, and expel the water.

Then she crawled at the woman’s heels as she left the toilet and went up the hall. She was led to a low corner and given several dildos in various sizes. She must use them on her anus, burying each inside herself and pumping them in and out. She must learn, the woman said, how to work her body, how to control and discipline her muscles. She must only clamp down as the shaft was withdrawing, never on entry.

She used the smallest dildo, at first, working her way up to the largest, learning how to pump and twist them, how to control her anal muscles so the dildos went in more smoothly and the man using her would have a more

enjoyable ride.

After an hour or so Nicole decided she had made some progress, and the second Black man was brought in for her to suck to full erection. She was then placed on all fours while the man mounted her, thrusting his cock deep into her anus and pumping in and out.

The next several hours were given over to the art of disrobing, as the Black woman dressed her and had her undress herself numerous times. At first it was done slowly, provocatively, one button at a time, eyes focussed alluringly on the man presumed to be watching her. Then music was turned on and Nicole taught her to strip to it, to roll her hips and swing her bottom, to sway and twist and turn enticingly for whatever audience watched.

It was embarrassing, at first, to strip and dance before the three of them, but it was, like everything else in life, something which could be gotten used to.

She took her lunch on the floor, on all fours, then crawled into the toilet after the Black man to be shown how to assist him at his bath, to use her own soft body as a washcloth, grinding and rubbing against him as he lay back, using herself to clean him, and trying to resist his touch as he let his soapy fingers slide up and down along her sex slit.

Afterwards, vibrators were thrust up her pussy and anus and she was bound hand and foot - literally - her ankles pulled up tautly behind her and bound to her wrists. She was then left in place for a time, hours, long enough for her body to become an agony of cramps and aches, her spine threatening to snap at the unending tension.

When they came for her Danny's eyes were moist with unshed tears. They unbound her and she groaned and gasped in pain as her body unfolded at long last. Her legs and back and arms were painfully stiff, at first, and yet there was a delicious sense of relief now flooding through her body as she was finally able to move and straighten.

The Black man slid his fingers into her sex and pressed his thumb down against her clitoris as she groaned, rubbing gently. The sensation of delicious relief was soon heightened by sexual heat as her lower belly began to throb with excitement. Simply moving her arms and legs felt like ecstasy, and his stroking against her clitoris turned that ecstasy into sexual need and delight.

He smiled and stood up, one of her ankles held in each of his big hands as he lifted her legs up off the floor. He spread them apart then slid his foot between, pressing the heel against her throbbing sex.

And pulled.

Danny gasped and groaned, her upper body laying flat on the floor, arms spread out above her head. Her bottom was lifted off the floor, her sex jammed against his hard foot as he pulled harder against her ankles. She groaned and moaned and her hands moved feebly down towards his foot, encased in hard leather.

He pulled harder, jerking in rough, rhythmic movements that had his heel crushing her soft, sensitive puss again and again and again. It should have hurt, and it did hurt, yet there was so much relief, her body flooded with endorphins, with delight, with sexual heat, that the pain was enveloped by

pleasure and rendered impotent.

Yet still she felt it, as her lower body jerked up again and again, and her groin was crushed, jammed cruelly into the hard leather heel of his shoe. She grunted and moaned, her torso twisting from side to side, her head lolling back bonelessly, then jerking and thrashing as she tried to cope with the immense sexual pressure building up inside her.

“Whore,” he growled. “Whore. Whore.”

He jerked up on her ankles, powerful muscles bulging, and watched her soft bare sex jammed into his hard foot.

“Fuck toy,” he said.

Danny cried out as she came, her arms reaching up and out as if for salvation, fingers pulled into claws as her body twisted and bucked in violent contortions.

They strapped her spread-eagled to the bed once again. Then a padded blindfold went over her eyes. She felt hands on her body, sliding up and down her thighs, caressing her abdomen and groin, fingering her sex and kneading her breasts. Her legs were well apart and the man had no difficulty thrusting his cock into her body.

He pumped quickly in and out, and she was moist enough that there was no pain. But there was bewilderment at first. She knew the sense of Garret’s big cock, and this was not it. Nor was it the long, slim shaft of the other, so far nameless Black man. And yet she was certain it was real, not an artificial toy such as the ones Nicole had used on her.

Her heart began to pound as she focussed all her attention on her sex, on the cock sliding in and out between her swollen sex lips. Hands moved roughly on her breasts, and then she felt the heavy weight of a male body laying atop her, felt his chest crushing her breasts down against her as his warm breath filled her nostrils. Then his lips were against her, rough, his tongue thrusting deep, caressing her own.

She heard a hubbub of male voices, speaking quietly, so she could not make out their words. The man atop her thrust again and again, his hips rising and falling as he fucked her, and she moaned softly against his mouth, fear, alarm, embarrassment and a wicked, dark hunger swirling inside her. It was another stranger! A man she had not even seen was using her body!

And then she heard a voice, a snatch of conversation. It was coming from above and to the left. It was not the man atop her, but neither was it Garret or the other man. It was yet another stranger. Another shock ripped through her chest and rendered her nearly breathless. How many strangers were there watching her, staring at her naked body as it was roughly and intimately used?!

The man atop her was panting, grunting, yet she began to hear snatches of conversations from around the bed, from left and right and nowhere at all.

“... slut like this.”

“... Seen these white whores.”

“... nice tits on this white bitch than... “

”Wait till it’s my turn and I’ll make the slut sing louder... “

”... that blondes are always such sexy sluts?”

“I don’t know why she’s... “

”... sure a bitch like this won’t...”

The snatches of conversation blended and grew louder and Danny felt her entire body growing tense with shock as she realized the room was filled with men. How many? She couldn’t know with her eyes blinded, but there seemed at least a half dozen, perhaps twice that!

The man atop her thrust faster, harder, then groaned as he sank his shaft to the bottom of her moist, tight sex and ground his pelvis against her. He lay atop her a moment, then rolled off, pulling free. Danny moaned as she felt the bed shake with his movements, then the movements of another man. She felt another pair of hands sliding up over her breasts, squeezing and kneading them, pinching the nipples. Then another cock was rubbed up and down her silky sex before pushing into her.

For long minutes shocked embarrassment blotted out all other sensations, all other thoughts, and Danny simply lay there, almost dazed, her face burning as she realized how exposed, how lewdly exposed she was to all those strange male eyes. Yet as the second man finished and a third climbed into the bed her horrible humiliation began to ease, that dark, depraved side of her sliding slowly up out of whatever hidden fracture of her mind it had nestled within, spreading out through her tense body to ease her taut muscles.

She began to resign herself to what was happening, and then that darkness grew and spread wider still as full realization hit her.

I’m being gang banged!

It was an expression every young woman knew, one they all fantasised about, one almost none ever experienced due to their own inhibitions, dignity, pride, and fears for reputation. And then a shudder wracked her body and she arched her back involuntarily as another phrase, even more wicked, flashed before her eyes.

Gang raped!

She had never consented to this. She lay helpless, bound tightly, a prisoner, abused, used. Raped.

I’m being gang raped!

Her clitoris seemed to throb at the thought, and her skin flushed in masochistic heat. The man atop her was particularly heavy, and had a belly which squeezed down hard against her own slim body. He panted loudly into her ear, his lips chewing on her earlobe as he thrust himself into her body again and again.

He finished. Another climbed atop her and thrust himself into her sex.

How many?!

As he began to fuck her she felt her breasts throb in time with her clitoris, felt her entire pussy grow warm and sensitive to the sliding caress of his cock. Her own breath grew harsh and ragged and her limbs stretched and strained against the restraints pinning them to the corners of the bed.

She was going to come.

She was going to come while being gang raped - and they were probably all Black men, too!

She moaned in denial, her head twisting from side to side. A rough hand

gripped her hair and pinned it in place as teeth chewed at the nape of her neck. The hard cock inside her thrust in and out in endless repetition, and all around her were the voices of men, saying obscene, embarrassing things about her, talking about her breasts and pussy, and what a slut and whore she was.

Her body shuddered as the climax rippled along her spine. Her limbs pulled and strained against the restraints as she rode the wild pleasure through to the end, gurgling and gasping for breath, trying to keep her orgasm secret from the men all around her.

Another man climbed between her legs, and then another, and another, and another.

Eight men. Nine. Twelve.

Were they repeaters? Were some men doing her more than once? She had no way of knowing. A second climax stiffened her body, made it vibrate like a plucked chord, and her hips bucked wantonly against the man atop her.

Fifteen men. Eighteen. Twenty. She began to lose track. Exhausted, dazed, blinded, she lay still as man after man climbed atop her body and thrust himself home.

Sometimes the room was almost quiet, with only the sounds of the man atop her. Then someone would enter, men, speaking to each other, commenting on her body, on her morals, on her breasts and hair and skin. She could hear voices from a distance, as if there was a party being held in a distant room.

The man grunted and left her. Another man climbed atop her body and thrust himself into her aching, dripping sex.

Her body was sore, drained, her legs and back cramped from being held stiff and still for so long. Her breasts felt hot and bruised from all the fingers which had mauled them, all the teeth which had chewed on them, all the lips which had suckled at them.

She thought of Jacques, dazedly, wondering if he knew what was going to happen to her, hoping he appreciated her sacrifice.

The man finished with her and left. This time the bed remained still. She waited tiredly for the next man to climb into bed with her, to use her, to fuck her, to rape her. The minutes ticked softly on a clock on the bedside table. What time was it, she wondered. How long had the gang bang - the gang rape - gone on?

More minutes passed, and more. Her mind sank into a soft, near stupor, her body exhausted. Only the cramps and pain kept her from falling asleep. She tested the restraints from time to time, trying to ease the strain just a little, to bend her arms or legs just a little, but they were taut and her body lay immovable, spread-eagled, tension aching her limbs and back.

“Little slut.”

The words made little impression on her at first. Then hands glided over her body and fingers twisted her nipples painfully. She gasped and her body twisted against its bonds. Fingers gripped her now tangled hair and pulled up sharply so that she opened her mouth to cry out in pain.

A strange gag was then shoved into her mouth. It was a ring-like affair which held her teeth wide open.

“Push your tongue out, little slut. Straight out. Push your tongue out.”

Fingers pinched and twisted her nipples cruelly and she moaned and obeyed, encountering something - a round something lined with leather in the centre of the ring holding her jaws wide.

“Push your tongue through the hole, slut. Push. Harder. Stick that tongue out, little slut. Farther.”

Fingers twisted in her hair, bringing tears to her eyes, and lending urgency to their words. She thrust her tongue through the small opening. A moment later she felt something squeeze down painfully on her tongue. She screamed - or tried to - at the punishing pain, yet it held her tongue tightly in place, and then pulled it forcibly out. She felt her tongue strain and stretch, and then something else squeezed in against it, the ring she had pushed her tongue through - closing tightly, cruelly. Tears filled her eyes and she sobbed in pain, making animal sounds of gurgles and gargles, unable to speak.

The pain in her tongue was a hot, sharp, tight thing, but it slowly began to fade. Hands worked on her breasts, and tongues on her nipples, and fingers caressed her pussy. Then vibrators began to buzz. Pain became mere discomfort, and the sexual heat which began to slide through her body began to distract her from it.

Exhausted, her eyes teary, she stared up at nothing, wondering how long she had been there. Surely it had not even been one day, for she had not yet gone to sleep. Yet it seemed so very, very long...

She gasped, her mind focussing as pain gripped her. Then the blindfold was removed and she stared up at Nicole standing above her. Her weary eyes took in Garret between her legs, working vibrators over her clitoris and against her small anal opening. Then Nicole moved and her quick movement caught Danny’s eyes as the whip fell.

Her chest and breasts stung, and she stared dazedly at Nicole, who was standing to one side of the bed holding a long whip in her hand. The whip consisted of a foot long handle and numerous thin leather laces. As Danny stared in dazed shock the woman brought her arm down and the laces spread apart as the whip cracked down across her breasts again.

The stinging was not terrible, but the thought that the woman was whipping her filled her with shock and alarm, and then, as she realized the pain was not so very terrible, that it merely stung, she felt a swelling sense of arousal at the wickedness and shocking lewdness of the woman. She felt her newfound masochism rising as she watched the whip fall again, as it cracked lightly across her breasts and the laces stung her flesh.

She pulled against the straps, her ankles spread wide apart, her arms spread wide overhead, her limbs virtually immovable as she twisted and writhed. Garret was pumping one vibrator slowly into her anus, working her open. The other was circling and teasing her clitoris.

The whip came down again, stinging a little more. Danny gasped, her back trying to arch, as the laces cut across her breasts, one striking her swollen left nipple directly.

Such a terrible, wicked game!

She twisted and bucked and moaned, sexual heat pouring through her

mind now as the whip fell again and again and again. Her breasts were covered in thin little pink lines now, stinging and throbbing and hot. The whip was coming down harder, and the blows stung more, enough to push her back from the height of ecstasy. She was near orgasm, so very near, but each time the whip fell her breasts stung so fiercely that she was denied.

She tried to speak, and her tongue ached. Her body twisted only slightly as the muscles moved beneath the soft skin of her arms and legs and she strained against her bonds.

The whip cut across her belly and she yelped in shocked pain as the stinging leather laces cut into this new, previously unmarked flesh. Yet it stung less than her hot, pink breasts, and she mewled in delight as the sex heat flared higher.

Again the whip cut into her belly, and again, and again, then it cut across her breasts, and both nipples were struck by sharp little leather strips. She screamed aloud, her body thrashing, tears filling her eyes. Her nipples ached so very badly! Yet the sex heat still filled her, still gripped her mind tightly. Garret rolled the vibrator back and forth across her swollen clitoris as his tongue moved between her legs.

“Slut!” Nicole growled.

“Whore!” Garret added.

The whip hissed across her throbbing breasts and Danny cried out in pain - and pleasure. Her mind swirled and twisted. Pain and pleasure seemed to join together, then twist interchangeably through her aching, sweating, exhausted body so that she could no longer tell them apart.

The whip came down faster, harder, and she screamed with each blow, and then Garret rammed a thick dildo deep into her pussy, pumping it in and out as he rolled the vibrator back and forth over her clitoris.

She came, violently, her body thrashing, her eyes rolling back in her head, her garbled, warbling screams filling the room as she strained against the bonds, her muscles spasming, her nerve endings burning, her mind tumbling end over end.

Four

“How may I serve you, master?”

Garret looked down at her, his eyes tight, his face expressionless, then shook his head slightly. Danny gasped as the crop cut across her back, but held her position. It was not a hard blow. It only stung. She straightened her back again, and made sure her knees were spread wide apart as she sat on her heels. Her hands were on her outer thighs as she looked up at him.

“More eagerness in your voice, slut,” Nicole growled.

Danny tried, but she was so exhausted, physically and mentally. She had no idea how long she had been with them now. She had not slept. Even when alone she could not sleep.

They had moved her from the bed after what had seemed like an

eternity. Her legs and arms had been so stiff she could not have stood unaided. Her tongue had been sore and swollen when they removed the clamp from the ring, and her jaw had ached when they had removed the ring gag they had forced into it.

But there had been no rest for her.

She had crawled up and down the hallways and around the house, Nicole using the thin, stinging crop on her back and bottom whenever she slowed, heaping verbal abuse on her as she crawled wearily along.

Then, when her legs were strong enough to stand, they bound her arms behind her back, this time using not the leather restraints, but heavy leather straps which circled both her wrists and her upper arms. Her arms were forced back painfully tightly by the upper strap, so tightly her elbows were pressed together and her shoulders threatened to tear loose.

Then her wrists had been hoisted high behind her and locked in place, held by a hook at the end of a chain going to the ceiling. Her legs were kicked apart, a long metal bar locked to her ankle restraints. With her body thus bent over at a ninety degree angle, Nicole had attached harsh, cruel clamps to her nipples and dangled weights from them.

Danny had begged and sobbed at the stinging, burning pain to her sensitive nipples, but the only response had been to attach a similar clamp to her clitoris. And that had nearly driven her insane with pain. She had screamed and sobbed wildly, begged, threatened, demanded, and been ignored.

Her gloriously soft hair, now sweaty, dirty and tangled, was pulled into a tail and yanked up and back, bound in cord which went down along her spine and fitted to a fat anal plug which was forced into her backside. This held her head upright, though her hair stung as it was forced to bear that weight, stung her scalp like a thousand little needles driven into her skull.

A fat, heavy vibrator was then driven into her pussy, the bottom locked by a very short chain to the clamp digging into her clitoris.

Garret then raped her mouth and throat, thrusting easily and smoothly through her mouth, which was held open by the pull on her scalp and her own exhaustion. Nicole used a crop on her bottom for no reason at all she could understand, except to hurt her.

And then she was left alone.

It was impossible to determine the time, to know how long she had been there, or even how long in that awkward, painful position. Her back hurt more and more with every passing minute, and the stinging in her scalp from her pulled hair became almost unbearable.

Her straight legs trembled and jerked, spasms and cramps causing her to sob pitifully. Yet no one heard.

“How may I serve you, Master!?”

Again the crop sliced into the soft flesh of her back, lower now, just above her buttocks. She gasped, her back arching with the stinging pain, but she quickly shifted back into position. Nicole had told her that she must be good and obedient or she would be tied up again and left to herself.

Her body felt relief from the terrible cramps now that she was free. She

still wore the collar and restraints, but her hands and legs could move at their will, so long as she obeyed Nicole and Garret. She was exhausted, dull eyed, yet pain and the fear of more pain kept her movements quick.

“Put more submission into your voice. You are a lowly slut, a bitch dog whore,” Nicole said. “He is your master, your lord, your god. He is the sun and the world to you.”

“How may I serve you, master!?”

Garret nodded minutely, and Danny let herself feel a shiver of relief. He backed up slightly, then motioned to his feet. She hesitated, only a second, but it was enough to draw another cut to her upper back, diagonally down across her left shoulder blade and the centre of her back.

Then she threw herself forward, grasping his ankle in her hands, licking at his shoe, ignoring the pain in her swollen tongue as she licked long, loving strokes across the top of his shoe, then the sides, and then, when he tilted his foot back on the heel, she bent her head and licked along the underside, moaning softly. Nicole scowling and watching closely but there was not blow to her back or bottom, and again Danny felt a little bolt of relief.

She was afraid of them, wary, in an animal-like way, of them and their violence, and the pain they could deal her.

Yet they could also give her pleasure, with their skilled fingers and tongues, and those terrible, wonderful vibrators they used on her weak, sweating, filthy, bruised and swollen flesh.

They somehow had managed to keep her body in an almost non-stop state of sexual heat and excitement. Except when the pain grew particularly sharp - distracting her - her skin felt as though it fairly rippled with sexual electricity, and every new degrading, subservient thing they made her do only made it grow more powerful.

And then she crawled into the toilet and knelt on all fours as they bathed her, gently washing her bruised body and filthy hair. She was given an enema and a douche, her mouth washed and teeth brushed, and fitted with a gauzy, see through nightie which was held together in front by a pair of laces. She was carried to a comfortable bed and finally allowed to sleep.

She woke to Jacques in her bed, his soft hands gently caressing her body, his fingers stroking her cheeks, his lips on hers, and she melted against him with a groan of wonderful relief.

“I did everything they asked, Jacques!” she moaned.

“I know you did, my sweet slave girl.”

He was not rough, this time, but gentle, tender, his fingers gliding across her body, then between her legs, stroking her, fingering her to arousal. He entered her slowly and they ground together side by side, his hand on her bottom, their lips together.

“Did you have a nice time at Pauline’s?”

“Yes, Daddy,” she said, flushing slightly.

It seemed strange he had no idea, that he did not even guess the kind of lewd, immoral, debauchery Danny was engaged in. He treated her so - so normally - she felt like a fraud.

“You look tired, dear,” her mother said. “Did you get any sleep or were

the two of you partying the whole time?”

“We ahm, partied quite a bit,” she said. “I am tired.”

She tousled the hair of her younger sister and carried her bag up to her room herself, then fell heavily into the bed, groaning at the aches and pains filling her body. She was happy to be home, and quickly stripped and slid into bed. Yet she did not sleep as long as she had thought she would, and was soon up and about, dressed as normally as any girl.

And quickly bored, feeling oddly out of place, hyperactive. Her room was large, almost a suite, really, with everything she could have wanted in a flat. She watched some television, listened to music on the stereo, and ordered snacks from the kitchen below. Yet she was restless, filled with nervous energy, and thinking of Jacques, and her own wild, thrilling experiences with Nicole and Garret and - and the others whose names she didn't even know.

She looked at herself in the mirror, brushing the blonde bangs from her eyes. Wearing her green satin pyjamas, she didn't look like a girl who had recently been gang raped. She looked quite normal, almost innocent.

The bedroom door opened and Sara, the maid, brought her the tea she had ordered.

“Thanks, Sara,” she said.

“Your voice sounds a bit off, miss. Catching something?”

Her voice was off, her throat rough, because of the hard cocks which had thrust in and out of it over the past two days. It seemed bizarre to know that, and have the middle aged maid smiling primly, wondering if she'd caught a cold.

You could never even guess, she thought with a smug sense of superiority.

“Just a bit of a sore throat. Probably yelled too much at the party.”

Sarah nodded and left, and Danny padded bare footed across the plush rug to pick up her tea.

It felt strange, even luxurious to be wearing clothes. Her pyjamas were soft against her skin. They brushed gently against her nipples, which were often erect now, regardless of her mood. Every time she moved she was aware of her body's position, aware of her breasts movement, aware of how sleek and seductive she was, and would be to any man who could view her.

She had a pride of body unlike any she had before, knowing herself to be a creature of sex, and could not undress or be naked without letting her hands move across the soft surface of her body, caressing her breasts, rolling her nipples, sliding over her buttocks and between her legs.

She was a different person now, and perhaps that had been one of the reasons Jacques had sent her to Nicole and Garret, so she would understand that. Everything else seemed dull and ordinary now, boring, drab. Her friends' chattering about “boys” and their small, meaningless relationships seemed childish and unimportant. She felt herself immensely sophisticated now, compared to them, compared even to her own family.

Her friend Lisa came over that evening, but things were all different between them now, though Lisa seemed not to know it. Her comments about life and boys seemed shallow and infantile. Danny looked at her laying across

the bed looking at a magazine and imagined her nude, her wrists and ankles bound as Garret forced his cock down her throat. What would Lisa do then? Could she even take a cock into her throat? Probably not.

She could not tell her, not even hint at what she had done, was doing with Jacques and other men. She knew Lisa, like anyone else in her dull, ordinary life, would be shocked, horrified. They could not possibly appreciate the heat and excitement for they were still bound by their inhibitions.

“Whatever are you doing?” Lisa asked.

Danny realized she had been unconsciously practising the tongue exercises Nicole had shown her, exercises designed to allow her to strengthen her tongue and permit her to push it out farther from her mouth.

“Oh nothing,” she said, closing her mouth. “Do you know that your tongue actually is far longer than we ever see? I mean, we think of it as this small, pink thing in our mouths, but it actually goes far back into the throat.”

“So?”

“Just heard it somewhere,” she said.

Lisa rolled her eyes. “What do you think?” she asked, holding up a picture of an actor, “Dreamy, huh?”

“Quite.”

“Would you like a magazine, miss?” the flight attendant asked.

“No thank you.”

Danny gazed out at the clouds below. It would be a short trip, but it seemed even shorter. Jacques had told her that her lessons from Nicole and Garret were as nothing compared to the training she would be given by Marie in the south of France.

She felt a constant quiver of anxiety in her chest as she considered what that would mean. Surely she was already fairly well trained. Had Marie herself not complimented her on their first meeting?

It had been at another disco. She and Jacques had danced to the pounding music, and then he had led her into a corner where Marie and another woman sat at a small table. It was dark, but even so Danny could easily make out the glistening silver dress Marie wore and her bright blue eyes as she had looked up at them.

Jacques had his arm around Danny’s waist as he turned her to face the table.

“Marie, this is my whore,” he said.

Marie smiled. She was older, perhaps thirty, and Danny felt awkward and uncertain, blushing at Jacques’ words.

“Good evening, Whore,” Marie said, using the word as a name.

The other woman giggled slightly

“Good evening,” Danny said, fumbling the words only slightly.

“Open your dress. Show Marie your body,” Jacques ordered.

The sudden electrical tension caught at Danny’s throat and chest, and she hesitated, her eyes rolling wildly left and right, caught between her fear of public exposure, her embarrassment, and her desperation not to upset Jacques, whose fingers were already tightening against her hip.

She was wearing a tight green dress which buttoned up the front. Her

fingers went quickly to the top button and unfastened it, then worked their way down, her anxiety and tension rising with every button which fell away. Her fingers began to fumble, yet she was almost done. And then she was done, and she gripped the edges to keep her fingers from trembling, pulling the dress open, blocking the view of anyone not directly before her.

Of course, that exposed her nude body to Marie and the woman beside her, but that was not so very terrible.

“She has nice breasts,” Marie said negligently, as if people exposed themselves to her all the time.

And then her hand slid between Danny’s legs, caressing her inner thigh and rising up to rub against her sex.

“You need to do a better job of shaving, my dear,” she said with an acid smile. “I can feel a little stubble here and there.”

Her finger rubbed pushed at her clitoral hood, exposing the small pink bud beneath.

“You should get her lasered, Jacques, and pierced, as well.”

“Yes,” Jacques said. “I should.”

Danny gasped as Marie slipped a finger into her hole, pushing it up inside her. Her head twisted quickly from left to right, anxiously checking for those who might be observing.

“She’s a shy one.”

“I’m sure we can cure that,” Jacques said.

They did not ask her, did not consult her. They did not speak to her, but to each other as they led her from the club, speaking of her nipples being pierced, of her clitoral hood being pierced. Danny knew there were places, small, grotty places, she had always imagined, where one got piercings and tattoos and such. She imagined herself baring her breasts to a fierce, bearded, balding man, a biker type with tattoos running up and down his arms as he fingered her nipples, and a hot rush of heat swept through her loins.

But, as she learned, they were not speaking of a future event, of something she ought to do, but of something they intended to do - now, that night, and not in any small shop either. They drove to the river, to where old warehouses had turned into expensive lofts, and on a pitch dark street they found a dull grey brick building with an old fashioned cage lift which brought them up to a bare wooden door.

The man inside was not tough and bearded, but small, thin and balding, with small round spectacles and a way of nervously licking his lips. Yet he led the three of them inside and to a rounded room which had her insides quivering.

The floor was cold, gleaming black, like marble. In the centre was a round pedestal of the same material, and sitting on it was a bench padded with black leather.

“Take off your clothes, slut,” Jacques ordered.

And in front of them, she dared not refuse, for he would be angry and punish her badly, and yet in front of them she felt awkward and inferior, very young, and very low, and she badly wanted not to take off her clothes. Yet with their eyes upon her she had no choice and did so, blushing hotly as she

exposed herself to Marie and the other unnamed people.

“Lay back on the bench, slut,” Marie ordered in a cool, amused voice.

Danny felt herself flare with anger and resentment, yet did as she was directed, turning, laying back along the bench, which was steeply slanted so that she almost slid off onto the floor. Yet the small man took her wrists and pulled her arms up above her head, then across the top of the bench and down beneath, and there she felt leather straps going around her wrists to lock them in place. And such was the pressure that her shoulders were forced back, her back bowing, and her legs spreading as if to balance herself.

The man moved quickly forward, and she felt his hands on her left leg, drawing it wider apart. He pulled on a brace which slid straight out from the underside of the bench, and pressed her left leg back along it. Her lower body rolled to the left and she gasped as straps tightened around her ankle, then just above her knees, then just below her thigh.

Then he moved to the other side of the bench, drawing out a similar brace and gripped her right leg, rolling her lower body back towards the right.

“Ow!” she called as he tried to push her leg back. “Jacques!”

Her left leg was pinned flat almost straight out to her left at a ninety degree angle. Now he was trying to force her right out in the same way.

His fingers dug into her thigh, jabbing, massaging, rubbing briskly as he forced her leg down. He forced it down hard, so that the tendons in her thighs ached and burned, then lifted it back again to ease the strain.

“Just shove it down, Jeremy,” Marie said in a tired voice.

“I know the human body, Marie,” he said, his voice light and piping, but very confident. “Do you want your slut damaged?”

They were referring to her as though she were a thing, or a pet. None had spoken to her since the club, and Danny felt resentment and heat twisting within her, confused about what she wanted, about what she would allow, about what she ought to do, or whether there were lines she ought to draw.

Again and again he pushed her leg back so that the tendons and muscles in her groin ached and burned and strained, then lifted her leg back up, massaging her groin.

And it was a wonder, she thought, that she found no resentment or embarrassment as his fingers rubbed at her thigh directly below her pussy, the backs of his fingers sometimes actually stroking lightly across her mons as he worked on her groin.

Each time he pushed her leg down a little further. And then she felt the brace against the side of her leg and groaned, her tendons burning, straining, aching. Yet he pulled the strap across her ankle and bound it tightly to hold her leg in place. Then another strap went around her leg just above the knee, and she gasped at the added pressure. And then the final strap, just below her groin, and she cried out as her leg went flat.

Her legs were straight out to either side of her body, bound immovable to the bench, and the four of them looked down at her as she gulped in air, breathing in shaky little pants, her body throbbing with pain and arousal.

“This is not something done in a few minutes, you know,” Jeremy said.

“That’s all right. We can amuse ourselves,” Marie said.

She reached down and stripped her dress up and off. Beneath, she wore a G-string, which quickly disappeared. Then she stepped onto the pedestal and threw a leg across the bench, moving herself over Danny’s head.

“Show us what you can do, slut,” she said, smiling down at her as she brought her sex down against Danny’s mouth.

Danny burned with resentment and embarrassment, knowing the others were watching. Yet she knew Jacques would be angry if she did other than what Nicole had taught her, and so she pushed her tongue out and licked along the woman’s unshaven sex, pushing her tongue between her pussy lips and sliding it up and down the length of her slit.

There was movement, more sensed and heard than seen, to the sides and further down, and she felt fingers at her sex. Then she felt a burning sensation, and saw a strange pulsing light reflecting off the marbled walls.

“Your slut needs to train her tongue better, Jacques,” she said over her shoulder.

“I will see she does so,” Jacques said.

Danny felt a sense of anger towards the woman, and frustration. She had been doing the exercises Nicole had shown her, and her tongue could certainly push out further than it would once have. And she did not like women anyway!

Yet she understood that men liked to see girls doing it together, so she would endure it - for Jacques.

Her groin was growing warmer, and not in a nice way, though she still tingled with excitement. Whatever was being done to her made the skin of her groin feel hot and raw. Yet she had little time to concentrate as Marie began to grind her sex back and forth across her face, whispering in excited French as her moist pussy cream was smeared into Danny’s skin.

Then she collapsed, gasping, virtually sitting on Danny’s face, her groin and buttocks squashing the slender blonde down against the leather seat. But there was no praise or thanks from her. “She will have to improve,” she said as she drew her leg up and over, dismounting, in effect. “You are far too gentle with her.”

Before Danny could speak, or consider what to say, the other woman straddled her face, and then settled her own sex down against her mouth. Danny wanted to protest, but knew she could not, and began licking as the other girl looked down at her, her eyes full of smug contempt which made Danny feel small and pathetic.

Yet all she could do was lick, pressing her tongue up, straining it to drive it deep into the girl’s moist hole, trying to slide her lips over the girl’s clitoris to suckle and massage it as fingers probed at her own pussy and something warm and metallic moved back and forth over her groin.

And then the fingers became more intrusive, less clinical, caressing her pubic lips, slipping between to run along the inside. She felt her lips spread wide, and a cool, liquid touch running along the bottom of her slit. And then, without notice - pain. It was sharp, intense. She screamed, or started to, and the girl riding her face jammed her sex down against her mouth, effectively

gagging her. Danny could hear the girl giggling, laughing in amusement as she held her pussy down hard.

Another pain, just as sharp and intense, and again she screamed, her body straining, twisting, bucking as best she could against the straps. But while she could twist and arch her back somewhat her lower body was held too tightly, the straps positioned right up along her legs to her groin making it hard to do more than strain against them.

The pain faded quickly, but left her with a terrible afterglow, a memory of a searing ache which made her shudder. And her pussy continued to throb with pain, though not nearly as much as it had.

“Keep licking, slut,” the girl said, pulling on her hair.

Danny began to lick, even as she felt fingers probing at her sex, felt something metallic against her sex lips. The fingers slid higher, pushing aside the hood over her clitoris, and then again she felt a sharp pain, even worse than before. Her hips bucked and shook as she tried to tear herself free of it, but the girl jammed her pussy into her mouth again and Danny could do little as the pain began to fade.

Her heart was pounding, however, and her body was abruptly clammy, sweat beading out as she whimpered and moaned in fear of further pain. She felt fingers at her breasts, pinching and rolling her nipples, and knew then that what she had felt was her body being pierced. That eased her fear somewhat, but then she knew that she would feel the pain again, for Jacques and Marie had spoken of having her nipples pierced as well as her puss.

But then she felt fingers at her belly, and another sharp pain there, and gasped, writhing, bucking, knowing they had pierced her there, too, and wondering where else they would hole.

“Let me do it,” she heard Marie say.

“Hold the nipple like this,” she heard Jeremy say. “Then stab the needle through here.”

Tension caught at her mind, and only a sharp pull at her hair from the girl straddling her got her to begin licking once more. But she was paying little attention to what she was doing, waiting for the pain to come again. She felt fingers digging into her breasts, pressing into the soft skin behind her nipple. Then the piercing pain came once more and she sobbed into the girl’s pussy as her nipple was set afire.

And then again, and finally it was done, and she gasped as the girl above rubbed herself against her face, masturbating with her face rather than waiting for her to resume her focus and tongue her to orgasm. The girl’s moist sex jammed into her mouth and nose as she ground and rubbed herself to her come.

And then, finally, she slid off, letting Danny raise her weary head and gaze down the length of her body. No one was talking to her, yet Jeremy spoke to Jacques as he fingered her pierced nipples and the two gold rings he had slipped through them.

“They’ll be sore for a time and must - ..”

“I don’t care,” Jacques said as he ran a hand over her sex.

“The lower rings - .”

‘How soon can I attach a leash to it?’ Jacques asked, curling a finger through the ring in her groin and tugging.

“Not for some days at least,” Jeremy replied. “And you should take care during intercourse until they have healed so that - .”

Jacques hand brushed the smaller man aside as he stepped forward. Danny looked down along her body, noting her heaving chest as he unzipped. She would have said he was between her legs, but with her legs split so wide that was simply not the case. She moaned softly, her groin aching, her nipples burning, sweat glistening across her skin as he took out his cock and rubbed the head up and down along her slit.

Danny could feel it brushing against two sore spots, one at the top and one at the bottom of her sex, against metal there, rings, and then he pushed himself into her, and she blushed as the others all watched, letting her head fall back, determined to endure it if that was what Jacques wanted.

Yet it was worse than when she was - gang raped - for then she had been blindfolded, and could not see the faces of those watching. Now the two women looked down at her from her left, smirking, sneering, and the little man named Jeremy watched from her right, licking his lips as Jacques began to pump in and out of her very bare sex.

It ached. It hurt as he thrust in and out of her. And yet, even so, and even with her shame and discomfort at being watched she felt a strange dark pride and sense of exhibitionistic excitement rising within her. Jacques was so beautiful, and she knew she was beautiful, and having him perform on her made her feel like the star of a wicked play as the others looked on.

“You may take her mouth, Jeremy,” he said, and Danny felt a sudden sinking sense of shame.

But then almost immediately, as the man moved around to her head she felt a rising sex heat, that masochistic excitement she had come to know more and more often. And she felt a spiteful anger towards Marie and the other girl, and a desire to have both men while they had none. She turned her head to the side as Jeremy moved to the edge of the table, and as he gripped her hair and thrust his cock she opened her mouth wide and took him straight down into her throat, gagging only a little.

Bitches, she thought fiercely. They’ll be jealous. They’ll wish they were me, wish they dared do as I do.

Her body shook to the demands of the two men. Jacques thrust hard and deep and fast into her sex while Jeremy pumped back and forth in her mouth and throat. Their hands moved ungently over her body, kneading her breasts, stroking her thighs and hips, running through her hair as they thrust. She moaned around Jeremy’s cock as fingers tugged on her nipple rings and the rings between her legs.

Her own sexual heat began to rise, to pass over and push away the pain throbbing between her legs and at her nipples. Yet Jeremy came quickly, filling her mouth with his salty liquid, and Jacques halted, drawing back, leaving her laying back naked, spread, sweating, chest rising and falling rapidly as she moaned softly.

He turned away from her, going to one of the dark walls and the dark

racks which sat low on them, and returned with a whip, a flog. Danny moaned, willing him, beseeching him with her eyes not to hurt her. Yet he let the long leather thongs slide through his fingers, twisting and turning them as he moved to stand at her groin.

“I am going to whip you, slut, not because you did anything wrong, but because it will give me pleasure to whip you, to see your body writhe to the pain of the cat, to hear your screams. You will accept this whipping because you wish to please me, to make me happy. And because you are a slut. My slut.”

And because she could do little else. Danny’s body went tight with tension. Yet she had been whipped before, and it had only stung a little. And now, with the others watching, she felt another strange sense of pride. She would show them how hot she was, how she could take a whipping. And it would make Jacques proud, and happy. And there was that dark hunger between her legs now, that masochistic excitement which was only made more powerful by feeling the eyes of these strangers upon her.

The flog - or cat, as he called it, flew overhead as his arm whipped it up and forward, and Danny could see the leather laces spreading out as it came down. She flinched, trying to brace herself as the flog struck, and a dozen stinging bites cut across her belly and lower chest.

Her body jerked violently, and she cried out at the stinging pain. Yet it was small compared to what they had done to her earlier, almost nothing compared to the piercings, and she did not beg or protest as he drew his arm back and moved to her side.

The flog cut down across her belly and abdomen, and she arched her back, crying out softly, her body straining, vibrating against the leather straps. And now she knew why it was called the cat, for she felt as though she had been clawed, her flesh stinging. The flog came down again, and her back was still somewhat arched because of the way her wrists were bound up and behind her, her chest pushed out almost eagerly to receive the blow.

The cat clawed across her breasts, and she cried out more loudly, the pain stinging her more. Yet the heat rose like a curtain around her. To be whipped across her breasts while others watched... She knew how arousing, how exciting, how hot that must look to them, for she had watched videos of it with Jacques, had seen girls being whipped there and known what she must have looked like the last time.

And the whip cut down again, and her nipples burned and ached, but she held her breath. And again the whip fell, the leather laces slicing into the soft, tender skin of her belly and abdomen, and she groaned and writhed in pain and pleasure.

The whip sliced into her breasts again, and again, and again, and then as her stinging body gleamed with sweat and her chest heaved with tension and excitement, he changed his aim, and the leather laces fell upon her groin and pussy and thighs. She screamed now, her hips jerking, her thighs aching as she strained violently against the leather straps.

It stung!

It burned!

Yet it came down again, and she cried out, her back arching even more sharply, her head rolling back. She gnashed her teeth, on the edge of begging him to stop, and then the whip cut down again, harder still, and at least one of the laces snapped down directly across her swollen clitoris.

She screamed, her upper body jerking violently against the straps around her wrists.

“Jacques!” she cried.

“You will take the pain, knowing it gives me pleasure,” Jacques said.

And the whip cut across her pussy again, and tears filled her eyes as she twisted and writhed. And again, and again, and again the leather laces sliced into her soft skin, so that tears trickled down her cheeks and her entire groin was aflame with pain, thought of sexual need driven from her mind.

And then, mercifully, he shifted his aim, and the laces cut across her belly again, and then her breasts, tender and pink and swollen.

When he finished, the entire front of her body was pink with thin, criss-crossing red lines. They had to help her up and then immediately allow her to kneel, and then lay down, for the tendons in her thighs would not allow her to stand.

And Jacques knelt, spreading her legs, gripping them beneath the knees, lifting them up and back and thrusting into her. She groaned as he pushed her knees back farther, as her aching thighs burned, as he slid his body forward and shifted his grip, letting his hands move down her legs to her ankles.

He leaned forward over her, pumping faster now, squeezing his big hands tightly around her slender ankles as he forced them back to either side of her head, bending her body in two as he rode her from above.

She saw the city laid out below her. Paris. It was a beautiful city, a glorious city for a girl her age to explore and tour. Yet it was not destined for her. She was not getting off here. She watched the excited bustle of the tourists as they prepared to disembark, and thought of the Marseilles farther to the south. She was not entirely certain what would await her there, but knew it was far from what these foolish, boring, ordinary people would ever experience.

And Jacques would be there - waiting for her.

Five

Though they healed quickly the piercings had a lasting effect on Danielle. She felt the weight of the rings and barbells whenever she moved, felt a steady light pull and pressure against her already sensitive nipples. Combined with the soft throbbing pain as they healed, her nipples, previously small, almost dainty pink buttons, were almost constantly erect - and much more sensitive to any kind of touch.

There was a large ring piercing her outer labia down near the bottom, piercing both lips, in fact. That one merely ached a little. But the smaller ring

piercing her clitoral hood was another matter. It had much the same effect as the rings in her nipples. It was a constant weight, and kept pressing against her clitoris in a way which never let her forget it was there, and made her much more sensitive to the touch.

And so, she felt even more sexual now, more like a creature of hedonistic sexual desire. And she felt aroused more easily, more often, even when she was doing nothing really sexual. For she always felt sexual. And never more so than when Jacques was near her.

“Foolishness,” Jacques said, his handsome face sulky with disapproval.

“I have to, Jacques,” she said anxiously.

“I do not wish to attend a gathering of politicians.”

“They’re not all politicians,” she said. “Many of them are simply people of means, people of er, importance to my parents. It’s very important to my father.”

“And how will you dress for this - party?”

She bit her lip nervously. “Well, semi formally. I mean, it’s not formal, but no jeans or such. No trousers or short skirts.”

He smiled tightly. “Then I will select your clothing, and attend.”

“Lord Billings. Have you met my daughter, Danielle?” her father asked, his arm through hers.

“How do you do, Miss Armstrong.”

“How do you do, Lord Billings,” Danny said with a short bob of her head.

“Your father speaks well of you. He says you plan to attend Cambridge.”

“Soon,” she said, not missing a beat.

She had little desire to go to university, especially after meeting Jacques. Perhaps if she had gotten bored... but she hadn’t, and wouldn’t now.

“Excellent school. My Willy is there, you know. He loves it.”

She smiled agreeably. His willy was an insufferable prig, like him.

Her father led her by the arm across the room amongst the other moneyed blue bloods, and Danny followed submissively, much more so than she would once have. The rebelliousness she’d once owned had faded considerably under Jacques influence.

Yet while she was obedient to her father’s words, and dressed entirely appropriately, it was all on the surface.

She wore a sleekly expensive, hip length black blazer which curled in tightly around her trim waist. Beneath it was a white silk blouse, and a blue silk scarf wrapped around her throat for colour. And below, a white pleated skirt which brushed the floor. Her hair was brushed out and her makeup ever so lightly, and expertly drawn. She looked the vision of respectability, just as her father wanted.

Of course, he did not know that Jacques semen had been sprayed over her face less than half an hour earlier, and rubbed into her skin and lips. Nor did he know that beneath the sleeves of the black blazer and delicate white gloves her wrists were engulfed in inch wide silver slave shackles. Similar shackles were locked tightly about her ankles, and a silver collar circled her

throat beneath the scarf.

She wore a wispy thin silver chain bra. Three thin chains pulled up and in against the underside of her breasts. Two more wrapped around the sides and top to squeeze her breasts somewhat uncomfortably. Two thin chains descended from the collar to her nipple rings, taut when she was standing still, tugging against her nipples whenever she moved.

Another chain ran from her belly button ring to the one through her clitoral hood, peeling the thin skin up and back to bare her clitoris, which was swollen and hot, puffing out like a tiny, glistening berry. Yet there were two chains through the clitoral ring, and the second descended to the base of the long, buzzing vibrator Jacques had buried in her sex to keep the heavy metal cylinder in place

That chain not only ground against her clitoris as she moved, but conveyed the buzzing of the vibrator directly to her clitoris, with resulting affect on her concentration.

Yet she was forcing herself to concentrate, to ignore the throbbing within her belly, to fight through the heady sense of sexual desire rippling through her body. They must not know, any of them, particularly her father. She wiped her forehead a little too often, and sometimes fought for words as her lower belly spasmed, but she kept herself calm to the eyes of those watching her - all but Jacques, of course, who watched and smirked, from a short distance away.

She managed to ease away from the crowd, to head towards the big manor house, where perhaps she could find somewhere quiet to relieve some of the tension in her body. Jacques intercepted her, nodding curtly towards a short bush to one side, near the wall, then turning away. She licked her lips nervously, but altered course and moved to stand behind the bush. He curved around the crowd and joined her.

“Kneel,” he ordered.

Her chest felt a flash of pressure, and she looked around her quickly to see who might be observing them. She waited until it appeared no one was looking at her, then quickly dropped down behind the bush. Jacques had already unzipped and was drawing out his cock as she looked anxiously into his groin.

“Someone might - .”

“Suck cock,” he ordered.

He reached out and gripped her carefully coiffed hair, jerking her face in against his groin as he held his cock in the other hand, rubbing it over her face, then pressing it into her mouth. Dannie closed her lips around it, hoping no one was nearby, that no one would stumble upon the sight of her kneeling in the grass sucking Jacques’ cock, right in the middle of a large party of powerful people.

His cock swelled in her mouth, and he began to thrust into her, twisting her soft hair into two thick wads to either side of her head, jerking her face forward as he pumped, thrusting his cock teasingly deeper and deeper so that the head gagged her on every thrust.

Then he jerked her forward hard, her hair stinging as he pulled on it,

her instinctive cry of pain halted as he buried his cock in her throat and jammed her face in against his groin.

Her mind was filled with anxious alarm, and every small snip of conversation caused her heart to pound louder whenever a voice sounded louder - or closer. It would be humiliating, mortifying if she were discovered like this. She imagined the shout of outrage drawing so many eyes, even the eyes of her parents, and her pulse raced.

At the same time, however, she felt a throbbing excitement between her legs. Wicked, dangerous, forbidden sex invariably affected her in this way now, and even as she felt Jacques' cock sliding up and down in her throat she also felt the grinding of the chain across her clitoris, the buzzing of the vibrator inside her, and the pressure against her burning nipples.

Danny's heart pounded as she stepped off the aircraft and made her way through customs. Her head turned from side to side as her eyes sought out Jacques, but there was no sign of him until he popped up alongside her and put his arm around her waist.

"You will make a lovely slave," he said in a low voice.

He didn't talk further and she kept her head low as she got into the rear of his car. They drove through the city in silence, turning at last into the driveway of a rambling old manor on the edge of town.

She followed him inside, her insides twisting, her face flushed, and up to a small, spare, windowless room.

"Prepare yourself," he ordered.

He closed the door, and she heard the click as it locked behind her.

She took a deep, shuddering breath, then removed her jacket. She looked to the door, hesitating, torn by indecision, then bent and slipped off her shoes. Her fingers slipped under the bottom of her jersey and she peeled it up and off, tossing it onto the floor.

She undid her belt and opened her trousers, then skinned them off, standing there a moment in panties and tank top. The tank top went next, followed by her bra, then panties.

There was a long mirror on the wall, and she stared at herself, trembling physically now. Her long, dancer's legs were exquisitely sculpted, and her body was lithe and athletic. Her breasts were the only real fat on her, riding high, firm and round, the nipples small and pink, pointed slightly up, and already full erect.

The only furnishings in the room were a table and chair. A small cabinet with a sink sat in one corner, a mirror above it.

She went to it as if in a daze, then picked up the scissors which sat on the counter. She raised them to her head and separated a long strand of hair. For long moments she stared at herself, then the scissors closed, slashing off a foot of hair.

She cut faster now, raising the scissors. Long strands of golden hair dropped down about her bare feet as she stood on the cold wood floor, the scissors slicing again and again and again, until her long locks were shorn close to her head.

She ran her trembling fingers over her head, then bent, turning on the

water. She wetted her hair, then used the shaving foam there to cover her head in white. The razor came next, and she started at the front, carefully shaving off every trace of her beautiful hair.

When she was done she stared at herself in the mirror, tears filling her eyes, regretting the loss of her soft, golden, luxurious hair, even as she rejoiced in the freedom the loss meant.

She turned and went to the table, looked down at the objects there, then picked up a leather bracelet. It was strongly made and covered in metal studs. It was thick, three inches wide, with a small keyhole in one side and a strong ring in the other.

She slipped it around her right wrist, then closed it. It clicked as the lock sprang. She drew in a deep breath, then picked up the second, third, and fourth leather bands, slipping them around her other wrist and both ankles, her heart pounding as she did.

She picked up the collar then, a larger version of the bands, and placed it around her slender throat, watching in the mirror as it closed and the lock clicked. Next came the hood. It was tight as she pulled it over her head, stretching slightly. It slipped down past her forehead, past her eyes and over her nose, the back dropping even farther.

Her hands fumbled at the table, then picked up the thick ball gag. She pulled it to her mouth, opening her jaws as wide as she could and shoving the ball in. Her fingers pushed and prodded as her jaw ached, then she pulled the strap behind her and buckled it into place.

She reached out to the table and picked up the small padlock there, then deftly slipped it into the hasp behind her head and locked it. Finally, she pulled the hood's strap beneath her chin and up the other side, sliding it through its buckle, pulling hard to force her jaw up even tighter against the ball gag. She buckled the strap, then picked up another little padlock and locked it in place.

She dropped to her hands and knees, crawling towards where she remembered the door. Her hand reached out before her and found the door, then she backed up six feet or so and knelt, then sat back on her heels. She brought her wrists together behind her, trying to fit the stiff clasp on one band against the ring on the other. It took a few minutes, though she had practised before, but then it snapped into place.

She waited, trembling, her loins aching, her nipples throbbing, for she knew whatever came would come, and nothing she could do could affect it. She had voluntarily given herself to these people, and from here on in was utterly helpless.

She waited long minutes that seemed like hours, then heard the door open, heard footsteps on the floor. One pair at first, then another, then a third.

A hand gripped her upper arm and pulled her roughly to her feet, then let her go.

She stood as straight as she could, though she trembled helplessly with lust and fear, excitement and embarrassment and worry.

A hand cupped one of her breasts and she felt herself rise to her toes,

back arching slightly as a wave of heat rolled through her.

"Slut," a voice said, male, middle aged. Unknown.

She felt a dagger of excitement dig into her belly.

"Very pale flesh," another male voice said from behind her, another stranger.

Another hand gave her behind a squeeze.

"She's straight from England," a woman's voice explained.

Danny quivered as she recognized Marie's voice. She hadn't expected her to be present, hadn't known the woman was involved.

The hand cupping her breast loosened, stroking the underside, then fingers caught at her nipple and pinched. It began to burn and Danny gasped silently. The fingers pinched harder, pulled up and out, then twisted sharply.

Danny cried out, though the sound was little more than a soft cough, and tried to twist away. Firm hands caught at her arms and held her in place as the fingers continued to twist, first one way, then the other. She cried out again, sobbing, shifting from one foot to the other as she tried to pull away.

The fingers released her nipple, which throbbed hotly, then seized the other and twisted it. Tears filled her eyes but could go nowhere as the cold leather pressed in against them. Her cries were almost unheard by any but herself.

"Well she has the body of a whore, even if it is too white," one of the men said.

"She is a whore," Marie said, almost spitting out the word.

The fingers pulled back, and a moment later the hands released her arms.

"Stand still, slut!" Marie snapped.

Chest heaving, Danny fought to keep herself still.

"Back straight. Push your big teats out," the stranger's voice ordered.

A booted foot pushed between her ankles as the woman ordered her legs spread, and she shifted her bare feet apart, then further at another order.

"Head back, you English slut," one of the men ordered.

A hand gripped her head and forced it back so far she had difficulty holding her balance.

"She'll do, though she needs training," Marie said.

"Much training. The English have no discipline."

"She'll get more of that than she expects," one of the men said with a chuckle.

A hand smacked against her behind hard and she yelped in pain again. Just then another hand, one she quickly realized belonged to Carole, cupped her bare mound and squeezed.

She burned with shame at the touch, at the strangers and near stranger around her, yet the shame made her insides twist and squirm with wicked excitement. Her entire body was flaming with humiliation and the desperate inner heat that made her mind glow white hot.

Fingers stroked up and down her bare slit, then curved in. She felt them piercing her, slipping up into the moistness within her..

"Responsive little whore," Marie said. "You should feel how wet she is

inside."

Danny moaned into the gag, her breasts swollen with need. Her legs trembled and she felt herself bucking against Marie's fingers as they stroked in and out of her.

The fingers pulled back just as she approached the apex and she was seized from behind again. Moments later she felt a blow against the side of her face, then another against the other side. Again and again she gasped and grunted as open hands struck her and sent her head jerking from side to side.

Dazed and groaning, she stumbled and sagged. Hands shifted on her arms and she was led towards the door, then through it. Her head lolled weakly at first and she stumbled dizzily, the blows making her mind numb.

She was led down a corridor, around a corner, then against something. She was made to straddle it, then bent over, grunting as her chest came down against something hard.

It seemed to her she was straddling a rounded pole of some kind, yet it was thick and covered in some soft material. Hands pulled her legs apart, then released them. And when she tried to move them she found them held immovably, the restraints clipped to something.

She felt hands sliding down along her ribcage to cup her hanging breasts from either side. They squeezed her breasts together around the pole, grinding and mashing them against it. She felt her nipple pinched, then the cold metal of a ring inserted in first one, then the other.

The hands moved back, but when she tried to straighten she found her nipples caught, apparently hooked together by a wire or chain around the pole. She whimpered as her nipples stretched, and bent her forward once again.

A hand slipped down between her buttocks and she squirmed, feeling her bared mons grind deliciously against the padded fabric she straddled. She felt long, thin fingers pushed between her spread pubic lips, felt them thrusting upwards through the soft, moist folds of her sex.

She bucked back helplessly, wantonly, sobbing as a surge of heat rippled through her. Her pubic lips were spread around the pole, and her clitoris was in direct contact. Each time she moved her clitoris stroked heavily against the pole.

She shuddered, the excitement screaming through her body, swamping her mind in glorious wanton pleasure. She began to ride the pole, grinding herself desperately against it, her hips rolling lewdly as the fingers pulled free of her.

"Look at the filthy little whore rubbing herself," the woman sneered contemptuously.

"What a slut!" the stranger said with a laugh.

"A dirty little trollop," the other man said, his voice oozing with disgust.

Her mind cringed under their verbal assault, yet she continued to ride the pole, gasping frenziedly.

A sharp crack of pain across her buttocks made her scream, and the pain temporarily pushed her climax back.

"You've never tasted a riding crop, have you, slut?" Marie's voice said.

"It has a sharper bite than those loving little straps Jacques has shown you, doesn't it?"

"Your boyfriend told us how you begged him to fuck you after he flogged you," one of the men said. "Do you often beg men to fuck you?"

"Dirty little whore," Marie sneered. "We will break you and make you a true sex slave."

Danny moaned, rolling her hips, mind on fire at the words, rubbing against the pole once again. She knew what image she presented, knew their view of her wanton actions was more degrading than she would ever have believed possible a few short months back. Yet she revelled in her own degradation, grinding against the pole as she waited for another blow.

It came, harder still, a hot snapping pain that made her buttocks burn and made her scream into the ball gag. Another followed, then another as she rubbed desperately. The orgasm rose up around her like a wall then collapsed upon her.

She screamed, raising her upper body so the chain would tug and yank at her nipples. The riding crop lashed her aching, burning bottom again and again, and she rubbed her sex madly against the pole, mind burning up with the pleasure that boiled through her veins.

"Whore!"

"Slut!"

"Trollop!"

"Tramp!"

The orgasm consumed her from the inside, a maelstrom tearing at her body and mind. She felt herself grow faint, felt the world blacking out as she forgot to breath.

Then it eased, and she gulped in air through her nose, sagging against the pole. Her bottom ached and burned now and she whimpered as fingers worked at her nipples, then eased her back from the pole.

She was raised upright, held shakily on rubbery legs.

"Take this filthy little bitch dog out of here," Marie's voice said. "I don't want a whore like her in my house."

Danny felt herself pulled forward by the collar, by a leash that had been attached to it. She stumbled ahead, gasping, gulping in air, her body shaking weakly as she followed whoever led her down the hall. A chain seemed suspended between her throbbing nipples, and it shook lightly as she moved.

She felt cool air on her bare, overheated flesh and shivered as she moved through the doorway. She was outside, the cold pavement beneath her bare toes as she followed the inexorable pull on her collar.

She walked across the pavement, stopping at an order, then felt hands on her, pushing her against something metal - a car perhaps, then bending her over. She grunted as she was heaved in and down, then felt her ankle restraints locked together.

She was on her belly in the boot of a car, and a moment later her legs were lifted up and back behind her, forced up hard until they were somehow locked there, pulling on her wrists.

The boot slammed and the car jerked as someone got into it, then the

engine started and the car lurched forward.

She rolled onto her side, gasping with the effort, feeling a quivering heat still moving through her body even as anxiety filled her. She had no idea where she was going or what would happen. She hadn't even known she would be moved from the house.

After a while her body became chilly in the unheated boot, and her limbs felt cramped and sore as she lay unmoving. Yet the sexual throbbing never left her loins, and her sex remained warm and wet with anticipation.

Several times her mind seemed to float back from what was happening, and she felt a strange wonder at what she was doing, at what she had permitted, a wonder and a shame.

The car stopped and she felt a sudden thrill of fear and excitement. The boot opened and hands reached in, unlocking her ankle restraints and dragging her up and out.

The hands set her on her feet, holding her until she was steady.

"Move," a harsh male voice ordered.

She stood still, body aching, wondering which direction he meant. A moment later she realized the voice was a new one, and she thrilled to being at the mercy of a complete stranger, to having his eyes ravishing her naked, helpless body.

"Move," the voice said again.

A moment later she screamed into the gag as long, thin straps lashed across the backs of her thighs.

She staggered forward, her thighs burning. Another crack of noise was followed by more pain, and again she screamed, stumbling forward.

She wanted to shout at him, order him to stop, but of course she couldn't. Her mind battered frantically at the hood keeping her silent, as if she could somehow communicate by telepathy. The bondage she wanted, revelled in, and the lewd sex as well, and even, to some degree, spanking and strapping.

But she did not really like real pain. The only reason she had not fought against the riding crop was that her mind had been engulfed in a steamy sexual haze. Now she screamed and sobbed as the straps lashed her thighs again and again, forcing her to stagger and stumble across a pebble strewn dirt path.

She banged into something and stumbled back, almost falling. Rough hands held her arms and led her forward, up a stair, then another, then inside somewhere.

"Well, weeeelll," a male voice said.

"Now that looks like a fine piece of girl meat," another replied.

She moaned helplessly, feeling her body flush with embarrassment again. Who were these men? Where was Jacques?

The chain pulled down and her nipples burned as she bent over. She squirmed as a hand slipped between her thighs and stroked her pussy. She felt them pressing into her, felt herself pierced by one, two, then three fingers which drove up deep.

She moaned softly as they twisted about inside her. They began to

pump, sliding in and out, harder and harder. She wondered how many men were watching and felt her insides flare around the pumping fingers.

Then her legs were shifted roughly apart and the fingers were abruptly withdrawn. Moments later a hard male organ was thrust into her and someone began to use her body, his hips slapping against her behind.

It was bizarre, yet wonderfully freeing. She had no decisions to make, nothing whatever to do. She could not see or speak or do anything of consequence, could only feel, could only stand there bent over, a receptacle for whatever the men wanted to do with her.

The man used her for long minutes, through a quivering climax that almost dropped her to her knees, rutting like a machine until at least his strokes came faster and shorter. Then he grunted as he came, as his juices poured into her. He gave her behind a slap then stepped back.

Another took his place, the cock smaller but thicker, and again she was used like an animal, like a thing. When he was done she was bent over a table or desk and a third took his place.

Again she came, her mind swimming in heat, basking in glorious, hedonistic freedom.

She felt her wrists freed then, not from the restraints, but from each other. She was lifted erect, dragged backwards, then her wrists were joined together once again and lifted up. Moments later she heard the sound of chains rattling, then the pressure on her wrists pulled them up still higher, forcing her onto her toes, then off them.

She groaned weakly as she hung there, feeling the restraints bite into her wrists, feeling the weight pulling at her shoulders.

She hung motionless, toes twitching, gasping for breath as the sensations moved through her. Then something like a dozen small claws slashed across her back. They stung for an instant, then the stinging turned to fire and she screamed into the gag as her body jerked and bucked wildly.

Again she was struck, a dozen small, thin strips cutting across her shoulders, then her buttocks, then the small of her back. Again and again she howled and twisted as men laughed and the blows continued to strike her.

Now they cut across her swollen breasts with stinging heat, now her belly, now her thighs, as her legs kicked and she screamed and the pain dug into her mind and tore at her again and again. Yet the wild heat came with it, an almost disbelieving heat that she was being treated so shockingly cruelly.

She was being whipped! And even through her panic and pain she knew a dreadful recognition that this was what she had been begging for, that this was what lay at the back of her fantasies, the darkest, most intense of them that she never admitted even to herself.

Yes, she had been flogged before, but never like this, never while hanging by her wrists, never in such a classic erotic helplessness.

A large hand slipped between her thighs, cupping her sex, holding her body in place as the lash came down on her back again and again. She felt three fingers pushing up inside her and screamed as the blows came down harder still, screamed as her body convulsed there in mid-air, her hips bucking and grinding and jamming down against the hand cupping her sex.

She felt faint as the pleasure burned through the pain and flayed her with its powerful, animalistic allure. Her small, round buttocks shook and bucked faster and faster, her legs jerking and spasming as she rode the man's fingers.

The lash continued to fall, her back burning from neck to thighs as the orgasm tore into her. Her head snapped back and she howled at the top of her voice, flooding sensual heat churning her insides.

The pleasure slowly seeped away, and she hung there, moaning weakly, dazed, her body still burning from the whipping.

Time passed, but she had no idea how much. She was alone, or seemed to be. She felt weaker and weaker, and her body was coated in sweat, making her whip marked flesh sting.

Then a rough touch, and a hard cock jammed in between her buttocks, being forced up into her puckered anal opening. She could only moan and hang still as it was forced deeper, as hands groped and squeezed her breasts. The cock drove up hard into her belly again and again, pummelling her insides, bruising her as the head punched against something deep inside her lower belly.

She could smell him, a tangy aftershave combined with beer on his breath. She could hear his grunting, panting breath against her hooded ear, could feel his rough hands roaming freely over her soft flesh as his hips slapped against her buttocks.

Then he was softening inside her, and gone, and she continued to hang there, moaning weakly.

Someone finally pulled her down, carrying her somewhere. She was bathed, though without her hood being removed, then her wrists and ankles were locked together behind her and she was left on the floor.

She became thirsty, then hungry. Eventually someone came and she was used again, anally again. She was led somewhere and her gag was finally unlocked and released. Her throat was so dry she couldn't talk well, but water was available. She lapped it out of someone's hand, licking and sucking at wet fingers, then toes, then a hard erection.

She felt a strap going around her ankles and upper thighs, binding her legs closed, preventing her from rising off her knees. The straps pulled in either direction, and her knees shifted wide open, the tendons in her thighs aching at the strain. Her nipples were abruptly pulled down, and she gasped in pain and then cried out into the gag as she felt pressure bite into her clitoral hood, felt it yanked upwards. She quickly realized the chains locked to her nipple rings had now been fixed to the one through her clitoral hood.

Her body was shifted forward, and she felt something hard, cold, and roughly metallic pushing against her bare sex. She grunted as it thrust against her harder, and strong hands held her in place as it pushed up, seemingly from the floor, pushed up painfully hard. It was a cylinder, but rough, as if thickly studded, and spread the lips of her sex painfully apart as it pushed deeper and deeper into her belly.

She moaned in pain at how deep it pushed, but then she felt something similar pressing against her anus, and shuddered, heat and anxiety flooding

her as the pressure grew, as the metal cylinder twisted from side to side. The cylinders were studded. She could feel the sting each time they passed through her pussy lips or anal opening. The two cylinders were at an angle, pushing into her from behind and before, driving up into her trembling belly.

Her head was pulled back so far she would have been looking at the ceiling had she been able to see, and she felt hands at the strap holding her gag. Then the gag was worked free. She gasped and panted, and then cried out in pain as something hard, sharp and metal seized her tongue and yanked it upwards. She felt cruel jaws closing, crushing her sensitive pink flesh, and sobbed into the blindfold, into the hood, as her tongue was pulled mercilessly up, and the clamp attached somehow locked in place, perhaps to a chain.

And then she was alone; sweating, gasping, moaning, whimpering as the throbbing in her pussy and nipples and tongue pounded at her, and the two big metal cylinders jammed high into her abdomen throbbed and buzzed and turned slowly from side to side.

Where was Jacques?!

Six

Hands came for her, and she shuddered, exhausted, as the straps fell away from her thighs and the throbbing metal cylinders slid slowly and painfully down from her aching belly. She was shaking, trembling weakly, dazed, yet a finger stroked across her exposed clitoris her hips bucked violently, almost mindlessly forward, and her tongue burned as she tried to cry out.

The clamp was removed, and tears of pain filled her eyes as the circulation flowed. Her tongue felt swollen and afire as they dragged her across the floor and dropped her heavily. She felt her ankles lifting, rising into the air, carrying her legs and then her pelvis with them, lifting them up into the air as her upper torso slid slowly across the floor, breasts grinding on the cold pavement.

Then she felt her wrists back behind her, her restraints locked together. Then, together, they pulled, lifting her upper body from the floor, bowing it backwards and then holding it in place. She was still hanging nearly upside down by the ankles, except that her shoulders now strained as her wrists bent her upper torso back. And now she felt a pull at the top of her hood, and remembered the small ring there, felt the pressure against her jaw as the hood

lifted her head upright.

Her nipples were fingered, twisted, then she felt weight on her rings, stinging weight which dragged her nipples down.

And they left her again.

She could not see. They did not speak to her. Those who came spoke rarely and only to each other - in French. Danny had no idea how much time had passed. Her head ached. Her limbs trembled with painful cramps. Her shoulders were on fire and her back screamed. Her skull pounded, her neck threatening to snap as the hood kept her head jammed up and forward. It was hard to think, so very hard to think of anything, even Jacques.

Fingers pried at the gag thrust into her mouth, and pulled it free, but only the gag. The gag was a plug stuffed through a leather and steel ring, so her jaw was kept wide as a fat, warm cock slid over her tongue and straight down her throat. Danny was hardly aware of it. She gagged almost unconsciously, her eyes staring at nothing behind the blindfold as the cock pumped fast in and out of her mouth and throat, then, eventually, withdrew.

Hands pulled her down. She was semi conscious, dazed. She was carried and then set down. Her legs were spread and she was entered roughly. Her head was pulled back, and a cock slid into her mouth and down her throat. Hands pawed and slapped at her breasts, rough male laughter rang in her ears. They turned her over, and then over again. Her legs were forced up and back, then down. She was rolled again, her bottom lifted and a hard cock thrust into her anus. She grunted dizzily.

She felt herself dragged across the floor by the ankles, then lifted upside down again. This time her legs were spread farther, wider, and her wrists bound straight down beneath her.

The flog slashed down across her open sex, and her body jerked within its bonds. She cried out, a low, muffled, animal sound as the pain tore into her. Again the pain struck, and again, heavy, aching, snapping down across her open sex, then across her belly, her back, her breasts.

Her body twisted and strained against the leather restraints, but she could do nothing to free herself, to protect herself as the flog came down against her with a steady, terrible rhythm that seemed to never end.

And then she was left hanging, her mind a dark fuzz of confusion.

She had forgotten Jacques. She had forgotten herself.

“Manger-toi!”

She turned and crawled awkwardly towards where she knew her dinner bowl was. She had not walked since they had taken a riding crop to the soles and pads of her feet, which had burned for days. Since then her ankles had been tightly strapped to her thighs, her wrists to her upper arms, and she had

crawled on elbows and knees wherever they had led her, following the pull on her collar, the sound of a voice, or as now, going where she knew she should go.

She slowed as she near the approximate area where her bowls were, not wanting to knock them over, make a mess, and draw a punishment. Her head lowered and she searched out her food slowly, following the raw, ugly scent.

When they'd first tried to feed her she had refused. Days of starvation had robbed her of the ability to turn down food, even dog food, which she had then known it to be. Now she knew only that it was food, and she followed her nose to the low bowl and the hot steamy scent of the cooked dog food.

Her tongue slid into the food and she began to fill her mouth, wolfing down the food which would fill her always grumbling belly. It did not occur to her to think of the fine food she had once eaten, or the fine china she had eaten it on. It did not occur to her to think.

She filled her mouth and swallowed, then her head turned, her tongue pushing out blindly, searching for the water bowl which had to be nearby. She found it and slurped noisily, then turned back to her food and pushed her mouth into it.

“Assez!”

She jerked her head up at once.

“Ici!”

She turned and crawled towards the voice.

“Se se tourne.”

She turned around, shifting her knees further apart. She felt hands on her bottom, a sharp slap, then a cock sliding up and down her permanently bare slit, rubbing at her. Her sex lips were spread and the cock drove into her. Hands clutched her hips, and the cock pushed deeper, sliding through the soft flesh of her inner sex.

She felt pubic hair against her sex lips, and then the cock began to pump in and out, in and out, hips slapping against her bottom, fingers digging into her to jerk her body back to meet each thrust.

After a few minutes it stopped.

“Toilette,” the voice said.

She felt a familiar pull at her collar and followed it as quickly as she could, her elbows and knees used to the pain now as she stumbled forward. Then she was outside, grateful, as far as she was able, to feel the softer grass beneath her bare skin. She followed the pull of the leash until it stopped. A hand slapped her bottom, and she shifted her knees apart and let her bladder empty.

She crawled forward and shifted her knees even farther, lowering her

pussy, rubbing it against the grass. Then the pull of the leash turned her and headed her back towards where she had come from. She was inside again, then turning, following the pull of the leash.

She felt the rubber under her knees now and licked her lips anxiously. She felt the pull on her nipples as the chains were drawn forward. Then the treadmill began to turn under her knees and elbows. She began to crawl rapidly as her nipples stung, keeping her position as the treadmill turned underfoot.

She felt the rounded metal pushing into her sex from behind, spreading her lips wider with each inch, then locked in place. A soft leather pad pressed up against her clitoris, and her jiggling, shaking movements made her body rub continuously against it. Conditioned, now, her body began to respond, her pussy growing moist, her heart racing. Her body's instincts pushed her backside against the metal pole which had been thrust into her, even though the deeper it pushed the wider it became.

It ached, but ached wonderfully, and she gasped as it spread her sex lips wide, winced as her nipples were pulled. Perspiration began to bead on her skin, then spread and glistened on her naked body. Her breathing became harsh and ragged, and she gasped with effort as she continued to crawl on the treadmill while trying to thrust herself back against the metal pole. Her nipples burned.

She was lifted, her arms locked behind her back. She gasped soundlessly in pain as she was hung from the hook placed at the top of the leather hood, all her weight momentarily crushing up against the leather jammed in beneath her jaw and skull. Then her ankles were lifted up and pushed back, forced over her shoulders and behind her head, the restraints locked to a chain overhead.

She could feel her plump breasts squeezed together by her thighs as she hung in place, and then they began to burn as, a moment later, a thin crop slashed down on them. She whimpered and moaned, but did not cry out, for she knew it was useless, and the hood was jamming her chin and jaw up too hard to open her mouth.

The crop snapped across her breasts and nipples, then down against her gaping sex, cut across her bottom, then returned to her breasts. For a time, but hardly the first time, she was wrapped in pain, a part of her trying merely to survive, the rest of her dull and lifeless.

The pain stopped. She was entered, and felt an animal gratitude. Being penetrated meant the pain was over, at least as long as the penetration lasted.

She hoped it would last a long time.

And then her daily routine changed. She was led into a stone room where water ran, and she was washed from neck to toe. Gentle fingers pushed into her, caressing her pussy and anus. Her leather restraints were removed, and then her hood unlocked. For the first time since she had arrived in France - how long ago she could not guess - the hood was unstrapped, the buckles opened, and the leather slowly pulled up.

Bright light hit her eyes, searing them, and they filled with tears. Soap was applied to her head and face, and soft clothes rubbed again and again. More soap, and more clothes, and then she was lifted to her unsteady feet. Her fluttering eyes blinked through the tears, and at last she made out a face she dimly recognized. Yet she did not speak his name. They had taught her not to speak. Speaking brought pain. She stared at him with something like desperation and he smiled and petted her head.

There was no hair growing on her head, not even stubble. She had lost consciousness several times during her first days, and they had used that time to apply a laser hair removal device which killed all the follicles in her scalp. She would never grow hair now, there or anywhere else.

She felt her arms pulled back behind her and metal shackles were fastened firmly around her wrists. Her arms were squeezed more tightly together, and a larger pair of metal shackles went around her arms just above her elbows, squeezing them back in a way which would have once been painful, but no longer was.

Her studded leather collar was removed and a silver metal collar replaced it. The collar had three neat holes in one end, into which three metal bolts were driven. They pushed back strong, spring loaded clips which snapped tightly in behind them, locking the collar in place.

There was no keyhole. There was no key. The collar, like the shackles around her wrists, arms, and now, ankles, would not be removed save with a blow torch.

Two thin chains descended from the centre of the collar to clip to her nipple rings. Another long chain was attached to her belly button ring, dropping to the ring through her clitoral hood, pulling it up and back to expose her clitoris.

“Now you are my slave,” Jacques said.

The ring through her sex lips was a large one. Jacques attached a chain leash and smiled, then leaned in, and to the dazed girl’s astonishment, gave her a small kiss on the cheek.

Then he turned and began to walk, pulling on the chain. Danny hurried to follow, her mind filled with wonder and hope, yet little capable of much more than emotion. It was all so - bizarre - to be able to see, to be standing, to

see him here, after so long. She was overwhelmed with simple vision, so much light and colour assaulting her mind.

She followed the man before her, followed the steady pull on her sex lips out into the open, and grew dizzy with the vastness of the blue sky overhead. She stumbled and almost ran into a gleaming black SUV parked before them. Jacques opened the front passenger door and motioned her forward.

The seat was - different, but she knew its use at once. It was black leather, but faced sideways, and there was a deep depression in the back of the seat - and an upright leather tube thrust up from the centre of the seat. She turned at a touch to her shoulder and backed in against the seat, spreading her legs as she eased her bottom back. She felt the leather tube against her bare sex and shifted slightly, then sank down slowly upon it.

She sighed as it drove deep into her sex, for it was unlike most of such devices she had felt. It was soft and comfortable against her tender flesh, though it filled her regardless.

Her arms fit neatly into the depression in the back of the seat, and Jacques leaned forward, pulling a seat belt across her hips. A moment later the seat swivelled around to face forward, and locked in place, and the door closed, locking her behind darkened glass.

Jacques entered the car and she turned to look at him as he started the engine and the car lurched forward. He turned and gave her a smile, and something inside her leaped, then his hand dropped between her thighs and a soft, warm finger gently massaged her exposed clitoris.

“You will be a good little slave for me, Danni,” he said. “You will obey your master, service me and my acquaintances with your body. And you will only be beaten occasionally.”

They drove back to Jacques’ manor, and he let her out of the car, tugging on the leash, leading her up the narrow walk of interlocking pink stones, in through the narrow door at the side of the building, behind the garage, then down a flight of stairs. The corridor was bare stone, and the heavy wooden door was dark with age and lined with rubber to make the room within soundproof.

There was a large double bed in the centre of the room, without sheets or pillows, the mattress bare. Chains hung from the wall, and there were various wood and leather frames whose functions she could guess only too clearly, and which her mind shied away from. But Jacques led her to the bed, then pushed her back upon it and lay down alongside her. For long minutes he let his hands glide slowly and gently over the soft skin of her body, caressing her breasts and exposed clitoris, tugging softly and teasingly on the chains to her nipples as he bent to lick at the swollen pink buttons.

“Such a pretty little slave girl,” he whispered. “Such a lovely little toy for me to play with.”

He kissed her gently on the lips, something no one had done since she had last seen him. His tongue caressed her lips, then eased gently within as his fingers kneaded her breasts and stroked across her exposed nipples.

Dannie felt herself responding with a glow of relief and delight, feeling the luxurious touch of a friendly hand, the constant sense of anxiety and fear which had gripped her for so long slowly easing. Jacques tongue stroked across hers as he shifted atop her, and even though his weight crushed her arms beneath their two bodies with painful force she moaned in pleasure.

Her legs shifted further apart, and she felt his erection pressing against her through his trousers as he let his lips and fingers warm her body and soul.

“Pretty girl,” he whispered. “Lovely slave girl. You are so exotic, so erotic, so desirable...”

He mouthed each nipple, his teeth grinding teasingly, his tongue licking skilfully, his mouth sucking rhythmically until her breasts ached and her nipples burned with excitement. His fingers stroked across her exposed clitoris, causing it to swell and throb, and then he tongued his way down her heaving chest and across her concave belly so that he could skim his tongue up and down along the sides of her moist slit.

He drove her to orgasm after orgasm, her bound body writhing and bucking in helpless spastic pleasure, her nervous system overloaded with searing surges of ecstasy as he worked her body into ever higher throes of heat. Then, at last, he entered her, thrusting firmly, but gently, lifting her legs up and back and driving himself down into her belly until her entire mind was focussed on the wondrous sensation of being penetrated again and again and again.

Afterwards, he caressed her bald head and stroked her soft back and held her against his body as he kissed her cheeks and head and ears, and whispered more pretty words into her ears.

“Such a lovely slave girl. I know you will make me always happy.”

He guided her mouth down to his cock, and she eagerly began to work on it, her now expert tongue twirling and caressing his balls, stroking along his flaccid member, and then driving beneath to stroke against the skin between his cock and anal opening. He guided her still lower, drawing his legs back, and without hesitation her tongue began to circle his wrinkled anal opening, dipping lightly within again and again.

He gripped her collar, pulling her head up, and guided her mouth to his fully erect cock. She sank her lips down upon it, sucking and licking, then working her throat over the head as she took him in to the hilt.

When he was ready he pulled her off, positioned her on her knees, and took her from behind, thrusting forcefully as his fingers caressed her swollen clitoris and burning nipples, driving her to more orgasms before he came again himself.

“Did you miss me, my little slave girl?”

Dannie gasped at the words, twisting and sitting up in her cage, eyes shining as Jacques returned. The dark, chill stone room was suddenly filled with light and warmth, and she beamed through the bars at him as he knelt before the cage and reached in to caress her head. She moaned, turning her head to one side, pushing forward to rub her cheeks against his palm.

Life was boring and dead when Jacques was not there!

He unlocked the low cage door and Dannie eagerly bent and slid through it, her breasts sliding against the cold stone as she wriggled her hips and pushed herself out of the cage and onto the floor.

“Come play, little slut.”

Jacques walked over to the bed, and Dannie followed, wriggling across the floor on her belly, sliding onto the soft, heavy rug which surrounded the bed, then over to the side where she could lick at Jacques’ feet as he sat undoing his shoes.

She felt his hand grip her collar and pull her up, and helped push herself up onto the bed as he drew her forward. She was not permitted to walk, any more than she was permitted to talk, unless he explicitly told her to. He had told her that during her first night here.

As he had every time he had come he ran his hands over her body, and slowly roused her to heady heights of passion. Orgasm followed orgasm as he plunged himself into the depths of her body and their tongues met in liquid warmth within her mouth.

Afterwards, however, he did not depart, but instead produced the leash.

“Because you have been such a good little slave I am going to give you a treat,” he said, smiling tolerantly at the young girl. “You may walk. Come. Stand up.”

Excitedly, Dannie climbed out of bed and watched as Jacques attached the leash to the ring through her clitoral hood. Then she followed him as he led her out the door and up the hall, then up another set of stairs to the upper floor of the manor house. She revelled in the light and warmth and beauty of the soft, polished wood, brightly lit walls and paintings and furniture, and hesitated only fractionally when they entered a room with two strangers sitting within.

One was a man a decade older than Jacques. The other was a woman about Jacques age. The man was tall but thin, the woman Dannie’s height,

with short brown hair and a narrow face.

“Mon dieu,” she said as she stood up and stared at Dannie.

The man only stared, licking his lips.

“This is my slave,” Jacques said proudly, and despite some small discomfort, Dannie felt a surge of joy at his obvious pleasure.

“What do you think, Sylvie?”

The woman came forward and circled Dannie, eyes alight, shaking her head in wonder. “One part of me feels outrage that a woman could be reduced to the status of a - a thing - an animal - a pet,” Sylvie said. “Another part feels - ..”

“Excited?” the man said with a knowing leer.

“Yes,” she breathed.

“She is a total slave to my word and will,” Jacques said.

He turned and slapped Dannie’s face with stinging force, rocking her back on her heels. At first she felt a sense of shocked disbelief, not at being struck, but at the fear he was angry at her, and her not understanding what she had done to make him angry. But then she realized he was merely demonstrating his power to this woman, and she felt an intense relief.

Another slap jerked her head to one side, but she held her place, even forcing a smile for the woman so she would know that Dannie accepted whatever Jacques chose to do to her.

Jacques turned her around so her back was to the woman, and she felt his hands along her arms, touching the thick shackles binding them together.

“You see?” Jacques said. “These were specially made.

“How do they open?”

Jacques smiled “They don’t.”

Sylvie’s voice was filled with disbelief. “Excuse me? I don’t understand.”

“Once they are locked together they cannot be opened. They would have to be cut open somehow, perhaps by a blow torch or some kind of very powerful metal cutting device. In any event, they were not meant to ever be opened. My slave has no need of arms. It is her mouth and body I will use.”

A flicker of surprise and confusion passed over Dannie’s face. She had not known the bindings would not open. Not ever open? She felt a strange sense of anxiety in her lower belly. Was she to never have the use of her arms again? Not ever?”

“The collar is similar. She is collared now. She will be collared always,” Jacques said. “She is a slave forever.”

Dannie felt another shock to her system. Some part of her had always regarded what she was undertaking as a tremendous, exciting game, a sense of

wild exploration of her sexuality combined with her devotion to Jacques. Yet to a girl still in her teens the concept of “never” was hard to accept, hard to even understand or contemplate. She was to be Jacques’ slave for years and years and years - until she was old and grey? How could she think about such a thing?

And then she was being turned, pushed down onto her knees, and she saw the woman was eagerly disrobing. She licked her lips as the woman stood before her, and her thoughts were brushed away as her training took hold. The woman had little need to reach for her head as she leaned in towards her groin, but did so anyway, running her hands over Dannie’s smooth scalp as the slave girl began to tongue her sex.

Her tongue was far stronger and more flexible now, stroking skilfully along the edges of the woman’s sex, then plunging so deep within that Sylvie’s eyes widened and she gasped in amazement.

“Oh Mon Dieu!” she gasped, her fingers squeezing tightly around the slave girl’s head.

“She can lick her own chin now,” Jacques said in amusement.

And soon Sylvie was sliding to her knees, and then falling back on the floor, dragging Dannie’s face with her, gasping and rolling her hips up as the bald headed slave did things to her pussy she had never imagined anyone doing before.

As the woman cried out in pleasure for the second time she felt the anal plug tugged from her back opening as Jacques assured the man how easily he would be able to bury himself there, yet how tight he would find it. The man’s cock slid deep into her rectum, and she began to squeeze her muscles down as it pumped in and out.

Days followed days, and weeks followed weeks. Dannie’s life was uncomplicated. She slept in the cage. Her food and water bowls were placed just outside in the front by a small, balding man in a black coat who often stared at her but never spoke. She was able to eat and drink by pushing her head through a narrow opening in the bars. Her food, though she did not realize it, was laced with a mild tranquillizer which would help keep her sleepy and, when not in use, allow her to doze lightly.

The same man would come for her in the mornings to exercise and walk her. She would be permitted to walk then - out of sight of Jacques - to attend to her toilet. She would be placed on a treadmill to jog, sometimes a leash clipped to her clitoral hood, sometimes to her nipples. She would then be locked to one of the frames scattered about the stone room.

There was, for example, a polished ebony pole which rose up well above her head and curved forward. Her wrists would be lifted straight up behind

her and affixed by chain to the top of that pole. Her legs would be spread and shackled in place. Weights would be hung from her nipple rings and clitoral ring, then a pumping device, a metal rode with a soft dildo attached to the head, would be run into her sex from behind, and the machine started up.

The loud chuffing of the machine would fill the room as the dildo pumped in and out of her sex, and the man would leave her for an hour or two. The speed of the device would alter, sometimes all but stopping, sometimes pumping rapidly, painfully. It was enough to force her to orgasm, especially with her body jerking and trembling, and the weights swinging and pulling at her clitoris and nipples.

A simpler device was a pair of low posts between which she would kneel, legs wide and twisted so that her ankles were turned towards each other, and bound together. Between her legs was a strong line of what felt and looked like large pearls, pressing up into her sex, leading to the top of the posts before and behind her. The pressure of that line against her exposed sex was always too much for her, and her body would begin to grind against it, each fat round little “pearl” rubbing across her clitoris and through the moist flesh of her sex as she ground herself helplessly back and forth across it.

She was seldom punished except when she was bad. If she failed to show the proper enthusiasm, failed to obey an order instantly, if she tried to stand, or speak without permission, she would be strapped or flogged. Speaking at all was dealt with particularly harshly, even groaning or crying out in pleasure, if it was too loud. Dannie was forced to endure Jacques anger and disapproval, and then a long, painful gagging, where her jaws were forced wide by a massive penis gag which might be kept in place all day and all night. And, of course, by a flogging which left her breasts and belly and groin flaming red and burning with pain.

Months passed.

Jacques used her often, as did his friends of both genders. She was often one of the main events in sexual parties he threw where a dozen or more hedonistic men and woman would excite themselves by making use of a beautiful girl who had been reduced to the status of a sexual toy, a non-person without a name, without a will.

Certainly Jacques had never told them her name, nor did he ever use it with her. She was his slut, or his slave. “Come here, slave,” he would order. “You are a lovely little toy, slut,” he would whisper.

But no one used Dannie’s name.

Seven

“She is lovely,” the man said.

He was a swarthy skinned man of perhaps fifty or so, with a small neat beard. He had broad shoulders, but was short, with a middle aged belly peeking over his belt.

“I have had her just over a year now. She is very obedient,” Jacques said.

He showed the man her arms, arms which Dannie had long since stopped feeling.

“You mean they’ve been locked in place for over a year?” the man asked in surprise.

Had it been that long, Dannie wondered incuriously.

“What need has she for hands?” Jacques said with a smile.

“I can think of a few things,” the man said, frowning. “And besides, I like to hang them from their wrists and whip them.”

“She seldom needs to be punished.”

“I like punishing them,” the man growled.

Jacques shrugged.

“I will want her examined first by a doctor.”

“She is quite healthy,” Jacques said.

“Nevertheless.”

“You are much less easy going than most Italians I know, Marco.”

“That’s why I have money and most of them don’t,” the man said.

The next day she was led into a closed van and taken to an expensive clinic, a clinic which was closed and vacant. There, a doctor examined her, took X-rays and blood tests, and poked and prodded at her arms and shoulders until they ached. He was then returned to her cage.

It was three days later that the portly Italian man came again, and Jacques let her stand as he clipped the leash to the ring of her clitoral hood.

“I have sold you to Marco,” he said. “He is to be your new master. You will obey him in all things or he will punish you terribly.”

Dannie stared at him in confusion, her world falling down around her, not understanding what he meant at all.

“Now go with him. You will not see me again.”

She could do little else. As she stared at Jacques Marco tugged on the leash, and the pain forced her to stumble forward, out the door, and up the corridor. She dared not speak, but her lower lip trembled and tears filled her eyes as she tried to come to terms with Jacques words. Surely this was just a way of teasing her, of torturing her, or perhaps of trying to trick her into

speaking. Jacques would never give her to another man. He would never send her away!

The concept of being sold boggled her mind, even though she was a slave, for she had still not really considered what slavery meant, not fully. The tranquillizer she had been fed for so long had dulled her mind, and in combination with her training had made her entirely biddable to whatever Jacques wanted.

Now Marco led her out to a limousine with darkened windows, pulled her into the back, and the door was closed behind her. She stared at him anxiously, waiting for him to let her know that it was just a game, that Jacques was tricking her. Yet of course, he would not, for Jacques had patience.

They drove for some hours, and Dannie, now convinced Jacques was just toying with her, enjoyed the feel of Marco's hands and fingers and lips as they made free use of her body. She even climaxed as he lay her down along the big leather seat and thrust himself into her.

They stopped at last at a warehouse of some sort, and two rough looking men took her from the car, their eyes alight with excitement as they stared at her. They placed her on a low bench and, with Marco looking on, prodded and pulled at the shackles about her wrists and arms.

After much discussion, most of it in Italian, they used various cutting devices and saws, liquids to soften the metal, and braces and pads to protect her skin, and succeeded in cutting lose the shackles which had bound her arms behind her for over a year. The pain in her shoulders was so intense she screamed, and lost consciousness.

She woke in a cot between sterile white sheets. For weeks a nurse came to massage her shoulders and gently work her arms up and down, to force them to pull away from her body. It was terribly painful. Even without the shackles her arms tended to pull back behind her, and, in fact, she would instinctively sleep atop them, at least at first.

But eventually they succeeded in bringing life back into her arms and hands and fingers - which had of course, done nothing for just as long as her arms were locked behind her back. Yet her body was not the only thing which was manipulated back to life. For the lack of drug she had been fed her entire time with Marco made her sick for the first two weeks, but then allowed her mind to resume some measure of its previous capabilities.

She was still not the Dannie who had first been taken from behind by Jacques in behind the club, but she was not a mindless sexual toy any longer either. And she began to wonder, to think, and to consider her present circumstances.

When they were satisfied, she was delivered up to Marco at his estate, her wrists locked in new shackles now, bound together in front of her, to a small ring set in a chain about her waist. Marco used her roughly, spread-eagling her atop a massive four poster bed, binding her wrists and ankles to the corners as he rode her. She had never seen a man stay hard as long as Marco had, and wondered what he meant about little blue pills.

“Jacques tells me he has trained you not to speak, nor even cry out,” he said as he unfastened her and pulled her off the bed. “I sometimes like to hear a woman’s voice. I particularly like to hear her scream,” he said with gleaming eyes. “Do you understand, slave?”

Dannie hesitated. “Yes, master.”

“Such a soft little voice! We will see if we can make it louder!”

He led her to the side of the room between a pair of posts and raised her wrists, locking them to the posts on either side. Then he spread her legs so wide her toes left the floor, locking them to the posts lower down. The pain to her wrists and arms was not inconsiderable, but Dannie fought to keep from crying out as he ran his hands slowly over her body.

“Lovely,” he said.

He hung weights from her nipples, then another, attached to a clip, to her clitoris, rather than the ring through her clitoral hood. When the clip closed against her exposed clitoris she could not stop herself from screaming, from writhing and twisting as he looked on with evident excitement.

And then he began to whip her.

The whip he used was not one of the flogs Jacques and his friends had treated her to. This was a long, single tailed whip which cut across her back with terrible force and made her howl in agony. The whip left long welts back and forth across her shoulders and lower back, then across her buttocks. Dannie’s body was soon streaming sweat, her throat aching from screams, her back on fire with pain as she waited the next blow.

Her body streamed sweat, and her head hung back bonelessly as through her teary eyes she caught the shape of Marco moving out from behind her, coming around in front of her, the whip trailing along on the floor behind him like a long, sinuous snake. His eyes were bright, alive with excitement as he positioned himself before her and to one side, and then his arm whipped backward, and then forward.

Time seemed to stand still as she saw the long whip flying almost in slow motion, swinging forward and down and around so that for an instant her mind felt a certainty that this thin strip of leather could not possibly hurt her very much at all. Then it landed heavily across her breasts and her body was flung back against the shackles as if by a hammer blow. An instant later her

throat burned with the shriek of agony which was torn from her lungs.

The whip cut her breasts in half, sinking down into the soft tissue until it cracked against the ribs beneath, then fell away. Her breasts jiggled and bounced, resuming their former perfect firm shape, but with an ugly red welt across their middle. Her skin flamed and the muscle and fat beneath howled with torment at the cruel blow. Dannie's body writhed and convulsed in the grip of agony.

And then the whip struck again, slicing into the soft flesh of her belly, the tip half wrapping itself around her waist. Again she howled wildly, her body thrashing and twisting as the pain battered at her mind.

Again and again the long whip slashed across her body, leaving welt after welt swelling the surfaces of her breasts, her chest, belly and abdomen. Only when her screams had fallen away, when her pain wracked body could produce no satisfactory response did he put down his whip, hurry up behind her, and thrust himself deep into his anus to spend himself inside her.

She did not like Marco, Dannie thought dazedly, fighting through waves of pain. There was a certain hot, crackling lust which came from his cruelty, a certain sense of dark arousal and masochistic pleasure. But the pain was too intense, making it impossible for her to rouse sufficiently to make it worthwhile.

She sat straddling a low horizontal beam. The beam was narrow and triangular, with its top digging painfully into the soft meat of her sex and the nearly defenceless tip of her tail bone. Her ankles were drawn up and back behind her and shackled to the same bar, which should have tilted her forward. However, her arms had been drawn up and back behind her head and fastened to her collar, and another line, attached to the ring at the back of her collar, pulled her head and neck back sharply, the line attached to the rear of the beam.

Her back was painfully arched, her breasts thrust out tautly, defencelessly, only the deep, ugly welts only recently having faded. Now Marco stood to one side, holding a thin riding crop, and his arm drew up and back, his shoulder turned sideways to gain strength.

"Please," she whimpered, unable to repress the word.

The crop sliced into the taut flesh of her breast, and she screamed.

It was not kindness which allowed her so much time between beatings. Marco was not a man who knew kindness towards the likes of her. It was that, like any artist, Marco wanted a clean canvas on which to work his art. So after covering her body with welts, whip marks and bruises, he locked her into a small cell for days on end so that her body could heal, and he could once again be presented with the sight of her unblemished white skin.

Marco, however, was an essentially arrogant man, and her behaviour since he had purchased her had given him little fear that she would do anything to hinder his carefully planned sessions of self gratification. He was a man who had an immense ego, seeing himself as far superior to most normal people. Yet, she realized that he thought of her as something essentially less than human. It was not in the words so much as in his manner and attitude. He spoke to her almost as if speaking to a dog, to a dull eyed creature who had no thought behind its skull and would simply wag her tail regardless of what he said or did.

Yet thoughts of resistance came very hard to Danielle. At first even considering disobedience shocked her, frightened her, and made her recoil. But as each session of torture brutalized her she became more desperate to avoid them. At first her thoughts were nearly incoherent, then filled with fantasies of rescue by shining princes or complex escapes past no-doubt watching guards.

Yet nothing came of it all. She had no plan, no idea how to leave him, to defend herself from him, to protect herself from his sadistic attacks. Her mind was too fractured, too confused, and too resigned to her fate, to being forced to accept whatever was decided for her. Yet enough had shifted within her mind to at least cause her to watch for the opportunity should it present itself

After one particularly long period of “rest following a beating, it came.

The beating in question had begun with her being hung from her ankles. He had used the long whip on her breasts and back, then a short flog with viciously braided thongs to whip her groin and buttocks to burning agony. Then he had used a thin light bamboo cane on the heels and soles of her feet until she had screamed herself into unconsciousness.

She had been unable to put any pressure on her feet, unable to walk or even stand for more than a week after that, and the sight of her crawling about to do his bidding had made Marco even more confident of her meek and submissive nature. Yet she had been doing her best to extend her period of recovery, pretending to be much worse than she was in order to put off the next beating. That had worked only so long, however, and now, despite believing she was still unable to walk, he had decided that her virtually unmarked body was sufficient for him to make use of once again.

Whatever he had planned for her involved a long thick metal post which apparently screwed into a hole in a low platform. Since the tip of the post was shaped like the head of a cock she had little doubt of where it was intended to go.

But there was more to the device, and it was as he was on his knees, come down to her level, and bending over the frame in order to attach a long

ankle spreading bar to the bottom that an idea of blinked into her mind with such suddenness it took her breath away. She stared at him bent over in front of her, his back to her, then at the long metal bar, and without even willing it she rose to her feet and reached for the bar.

Her heart pounded with sudden fear and anxiety, terrified he would turn around, but her fingers closed around the bar and she slowly picked it up from the table top. She felt the weight of the thick bar in her hand, and used the other to brace it, to lift it harder, yet there she froze, for violence was not in her nature.

It was only when Marco finished and began to straighten, sitting back on his heels and starting to turn that terror drove her to swing the bar forward with all her might behind it. It struck him on the side of the head, and he let out an incoherent cry as he was hurled sideways to fall sprawling on the floor.

Dannie stared at him in horror, her entire body trembling as she waited for him to rise, to turn on her with a snarl of fury, to punish her so terribly she would never dare do something so awful again.

But he lay limp, unmoving. The bar dropped to the floor, and she turned and ran to the door. It was not even locked, for in his arrogance he had never considered she might attempt to flee. And if she had, well, he would simply catch her. She ran through the door and halted, then turned, slamming it shut and throwing the heavy bolts behind her.

It took long, long minutes before she could garner the courage to climb the stairs to the sun washed rooms above, trembling in fear all the while as she waited to be caught. But there was no one. She first found clothing, the leavings of this or that mistress, guest or lover, and almost in a trance put them on. It had been well over a year since she had worn clothing, and it felt rough and strange against her skin.

She found more than clothing, however. There was also money, and jewels - bracelets and necklaces, chokers and earrings and rings heavy with diamonds, emeralds and sapphires. She poured them into the heavy pockets of the overcoat she had found as she moved half dazedly through the house, trying to think of where to go and what to do.

After a while she simply walked outside, and kept walking. The exercise regime Marco, and before him Jacques had forced upon her was designed to keep her body looking lithe and firm, but it also kept her muscles in good shape for a very long walk, a walk which took her to a highway, where she hitched a ride with several men who spoke no English before finding one which did. Then it was off to Naples, and the British consulate there.

A phone call to her parents was all it took to get her a ticket on the next

British Airways flight home. By the time she got there she had nearly perfected her story. She had, she said, been brainwashed into joining a religious cult. She remembered little about what she had done while away, and only wished to resume her normal life.

For the first months she remained largely secluded at her parents' manor house, except for her travel - wearing a brown wig - to an expensive clinic which normally specialized in restoring hair to men who had lost theirs through natural means. It was not a quick or easy process, but her hair was slowly restored and began to long, slow process of sliding down her head and over her shoulders to where she had had it before.

In the meantime she had considerable time to think about Jacques and what he had done to her, and considerable time, too, to consider an appropriate punishment which would not involve explaining to the authorities just what he had done to a naive young girl.

Some of the men within her previous social circle were, as was invariably the case with the upper class, self-involved, pleasure seeking wastrels who were not adverse to experiencing drugs and "houses of pleasure". From among them she pried loose the names of people who could be bought, from criminal organizations which operated well beyond the law.

There was, she learned, a particular organization which saw to the darker sexual pleasures of wealthy men who preferred to partake of the flesh of their own gender. And so, one day, having turned over the bulk of the jewellery she had taken from Marco's estate, she went, hooded and robed to a large castle north of London, and there from behind a screen watched the lovely physical form of Jacques naked and bound, being used mercilessly by gleeful men, raped, whipped and tormented as they gathered around him.

For the price of the jewellery those who ran the organization promised to keep Jacques as a star attraction for some considerable length of time.

Yet there was more. For no such organization would fail to involve itself in a similar "business" which might draw similar profits from those who enjoyed the softness of female bodies as well. The dark, submissive side of her nature had been wakened to gleaming life at the hands of Jacques, and so she offered her own body up for the use of men and woman of a sadistic nature to use and abuse - to a point - in order to exorcise the demons afflicting her.

It was, she thought, the only safe way of indulging in the dark depravities Jacques had taught her body to revel in. And yet it was not so very safe at all. For just as she had at first considered her wicked sexual tryst with Jacques to be a dark and exciting game, only to lose herself to the reality, so too did she slowly lose herself to the dark heat, hunger and debauchery at the hands of those used and abused her.

At first she only visited occasionally, when the need was too great within her. Then after moving out of her family's home into her own flat, she visited almost every weekend. Soon it was every second night, and then she was spending entire days there as well. The grey line between playing a masochistic sex toy and being one began to fade as her old training reasserted itself.

One day, shackled and nude, she found herself on her knees before a tall, flabby man wearing a grey mask, licking at his feet. Another man joined him, taking her from behind, and from their casual conversation she discovered Christmas was only a week away. It had been fall when she had entered the castle, and she had not even realized the time which had passed, time spent in chains, time spent pleasuring countless men and women with her body, her mouth and her submissive surrender.

And then a naked man had crawled into the brightly lit room, crawled at the end of a chain, and she had recognized Jacques as he had recognized her.

And even as Jacques mounted her he had himself been mounted and used, their cries of dazed pleasure rising up through the hanging silks and satins as their bodies were used and pleasure forced upon them.

As her head was pulled roughly forward, her nose jammed against the groin of a man whose cock filled her throat, Dannie wondered for a few moments why she was there, why she had not gone back to her flat, gone back to - and then it had all been washed away by a surging pleasure, and her body shuddered and trembled, her wrists jerking against the shackles binding them as she came.

END