

Kally's Diary



Trystl

Kally's Diary

**First
Try**

Where do I began?

What do you say when someone you've loved your entire life does something like this? It's crazy and mean and stitful. I can't belief she I'm rambling, but have to start somewhere. ONLY have so much time to get this don. I wish I could go back akd erase. But I can't. Im using a typewriter and I don't hav anyway to erase. She even told me not to cross anything out. I guess that's part of the lplan. I don't know wahy. I wasn't given much instructions. All I know is that I hv to write this story about my life. and about my sister.

The problem is I don't know much about her. Back in school she was always kind of pain and quiet. She didn't say much and the boys didn't ask her out. She played basketball. I think she might have been pretty good, but I newer watched her. I don't like basketball. I don't care for sports in general. We fought a lot. She tayed in her room and read books, when she wasn't ... I hate this. I can't tipe. Anyway, I went out with a lot of boysand had fun, while she didn't. She hogged the bathroom a lot, even thou she didn't have to worry about looking good-0-I mean she wasn't going to go anywhere. We didn't run in the same circles. That makes it hard to talk about her, but it's something I'm supposed to do. Teri said to s just start writing even if I couldn't think of anythign to say. just keep writing.

Id erase all of this if I could. Mysister is almost two years younger than me. She has brown hair and dark eyes adn a round face with an oily compection. When I was younger she might have been "cute" now she's just athletic.

I'm just the opposite, I have blonde hair that was almost white when I was younger, although I have to dye it to ket it that way now. My eyes are a striking shade of ... yellow, sort of. In the right light they almost look green. I have a pale complection that requires a lot of sunbathing to keep dark. When we were younger I was taller than she was, but now she's almost six feet tall, while I'm only 5'7" and she weighs a lot more too.



Fortunately, we don't get into fights any more. but I remember the first time I lost a fight. She was still a little chunky, because she'd just lost baby fat, and we were wrestling around in front of the tv. Deciding what show to watch. We never agreed on anything.



She was on the bottom, like always, ever since we were little. kBut then something happened. Somehow, she kicked her legs forward, into my back, which caused me to rock forward almost losing my balance... but I caught myself with my hands and pushed back, fighting to keep her from toppling me over...

But somehow, she used my own momentum and sat up just as I was rocking back... and suddenly she was on top of me. I was still a little bigger than her, I think. Taller anyway. But it was like she used my own weight against me. She was always good at sports, I guess, and knowing how to use people's weight like that is important. Since then, she's lost her baby fat and it's all turned to tomboyish muscle. Now she weighs a lot more than me. And fortunately we don't get into fights like that anymore, like I said. But I remember the surprise I felt when my head hit the floor.



That really hurt too. I think I even cried. I've always been more delicate than her. I'm slender, but still shapely. People tell me I look like a model--but then boys will tell you anything, I suppose.

Maybe that's why Terri resents me. I was always the popular one. But that's not my fault. She and I were never really close. I tried to be a good sister. But we were so different. We have different fathers, totally different personalities too, different tastes, different interests. Even different friends.



Unlike Teri, I was always one of the more popular girls at school. I think she was a little jealous of me. . All the most plopullar boys were always asking me to go out with them. I played the flied instead of going steady with any of them. I was always invited to all the parties, well, at least the best parties anyway. What can I say, I liked haveing fun. It got me a bit of a reputation as a party girl. While Teri almost never dated . At least I never saw her go out on a date. She was into sporst and all that.

And then, two years before I graduated our mother died, so I spent my senior adn u junior ea year in a foster home. I'm not sure what happend with Teri. I assume she was in another home somewhere, but she wasn't living with me any more.



I went through a rebellious phase. You know, the usual. cut my hair and died it pink. Started wearing pun outfits and hanging out with the wrong crowd. But I think delt with it pretty well.



After hi schokol I got a job as a secretatry in a doctor's office. You wouldn't know it from looking at what I'm writing nokw, but I did okay. Using a typewriter isn't the same thing as working on a computer, where you can backtrack and erase things so easy... IAnd I wasn't so nure nervous about things then. Anyway, I'm good with people, as we've established, so tht part was fun, but mostly it was boring.

Meanwhile, Teri was still in schokol. I think she did pretty good in her classes. She was always the smart one, even if she was a late bloomer and couldn't pronounce her words right until fourth or fifthe grade. Maybe that's whay she was good at ehr classes. Butsometimes when she was younger she could sound a bit slow. Not that that's her fault. She got a basketball scolarship that paid for school, including books and boarding. We talked occasionally, while she was away, but not very much. We sent eah other an occasional postcard or christmas card. We used to call on our birthdays and on the anniversary of mom's death, but we didn't talk long.

When Terri got a job working out on the wets coast the calls becmæe less frewquent. It stayed like that for about three years, I guess. And then one day out of the blude I get this call saying shes in town and would like to see me. And can I meet her at some night club I've never heard of becuase she has some important news she wants to share.

Like that's something we do. I was shocked. Glad to hear from her, of course. I didn't mind giving up my Friday--but it ws definitely a surprise . We've never shared things like ethat.



I guess I shouold have known something was up, but I couldn't say no without a good raeson and I have to admit I was curious. Sko we meet at this country music place--her choice not mine. It's like a cross between the good olllle opry and a strip bar. PLenty of quiet out of the way places for private meetings. I even saw some areas that were roped off for privacy.

I want to know what's up right away, cause I'm thinking ther still might be enough night left to salvage a little of it, but she insists on going inside so we can have a drink and ak talk.

This really isn't like her at all, so I grabbed her arm and asked what was going on. I didn't want to sit around drinking all night and listening to bad music when I'd stood up Brad in order to be here.

So I slide into my seat at this weird little table with a hooka and some drinks that are already waiting. My drink is what I usually order, even though I wouldn't have thot Teri knew what I liked to drink. The chairs are sort of narrow and not all that comfortable. And there are these little end tables for our purses...definitely not my type of place.





I think we'll have another round of the same.

Yes ma'am, right away.

Damn, this bitch keeps looking at Terri. I don't think she's looked at me even once tonight.

So we have our drinks. I get comfortable and we have a few more. It's early enough that the waitress doesn't have a lot of other customers to wait on and she keeps coming bak to us and we keep ordering. I even smoked a little on the hooka and that what really got me fucked up I think, although it's hard to tell. By the time we left, the place was starting to pucker up a bit. I actually needed my sisters help to stand up and walk down to the parking lot under the building. It's a weird set up, but I have to admit the elevators were nice. So I didn't hav to walk.



I think it's time to show you my surprise, while you can still walk. He, he.

Yeah, I think I'm just about plastered.



If I were a little more cynical, it might have occurred to me to wonder why she was getting me so wasted, before showing me her "surprise" but that's not the sort of thing I sit around thinking about.

Let's just say I was feeling a little too good as she led me into the garage and over to the black van that was waiting for her. I leaned against the other door as she opened the side panel and then I moved to get inside, but there was this man... a total stranger just squatting right there in the back of the van.

He looked at me and grinned as he eyed me up and down but he didn't say anything.

For just a moment, I thought "he's cute," and the weirdest ideas began running through my head. Was he like a present for me? Or was he a burglar we caught trying to rob her van?





Who are you? Are you my surprise?

Call me stupid, but I actually thought he was the surprise. He was a little old for my tastes, but what the heck I thot, "I'm not picky." But never in a million years would I have expected what happened next. Of course, you know. I don't even know why you're having me write all this. You were there . But... fine you want tme to write it like a story. Fine, Let's just say I wsa taken by surprised




Actually, little sister, you're the surprise.

When I felt the hand of my own sister clamping over my face with this rag. I was so wasted it took me a moment to figure out what was going on. But then I recognized the harsh smell of clorofomr. I could feel myself starting to loose consciuosness, but even as I was loos-ing my self I could feel her hands on my back, pushing me into the van, and his hands accepting me so I wouldn't fall on my face.



When I woke I was gagged, hogtied and lying on my side in a moving van. Even if I hadn't been gagged, I wouldn't have know what the fuck to say. None of this made any sense. Was this man forcing my sister to do this?

He was leering down at me now; and before eh even said anything, I'd known exactly what he wanted from he, but his exact words still took bme by surprise. .



Hey... you mind if I fuck your sister, Terri? It looks like she's finally up.

I already told you ...that's what she's here for! You don't have to ask.

Cool... I think I'm gonna fuck her for a while then. Let me know if you need me to drive later, okay?

Damn, girl! It's hard to believe the two of you are really sisters. Although you're both hot. Now just relax. I'm going to fuck you six ways to Sunday.

Asshole!
It's like he
thinks he's
doing me a
favor.

I was stunned! He wasn't the one in charge, my sister was. I couldn't believe it.

He dropped his pants and spun me around, pulling my legs up so they fell open for him. That couldn't have been easy with my elbows pinned together behind my back, but he made it seem easy. "He must have a little practice," I thought.

Instead of pulling his pants off, he just slid them down. I was almost grateful that the windows were tinted, although from the inside you couldn't really tell... and seeing everything outside clearly made me feel exposed. And then he pulled me up and I could feel him entering me. It was so humiliating and he hadn't bothered to get me ready at all.

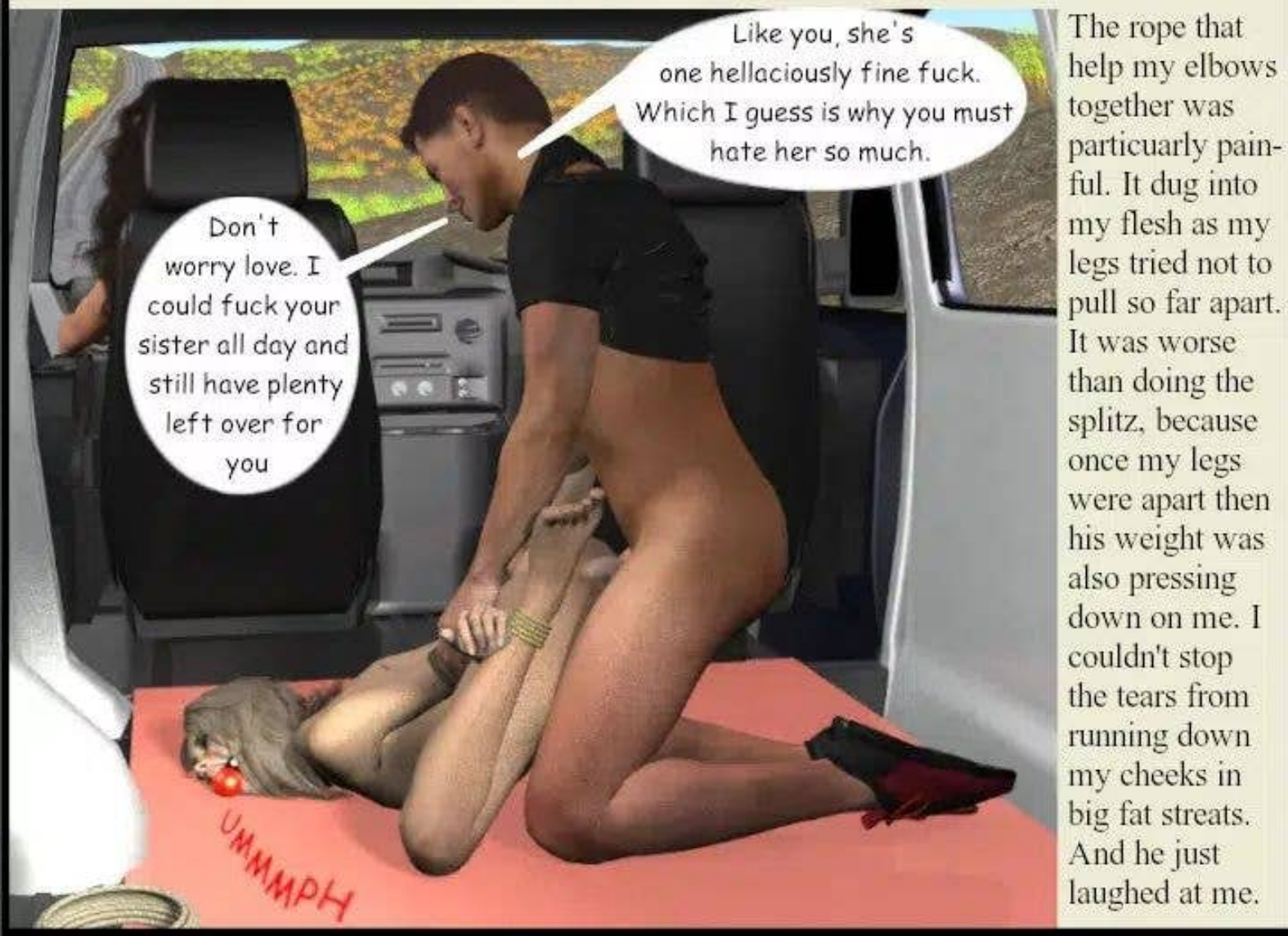
I can't
believe
this is
happening!

AHHHH!



Teri says she wants lots of details but I don't know what more to say.

It was humiliating and painful. It's not like I'm a virgin or anything, but ... it could have been worse I suppose. He wasn't entirely brutish about it. He pushed into me gently and began slowly, working on me until I couldn't help but respond, a little. But I was still hogtied.



The rope that help my elbows together was particularly painful. It dug into my flesh as my legs tried not to pull so far apart. It was worse than doing the splitz, because once my legs were apart then his weight was also pressing down on me. I couldn't stop the tears from running down my cheeks in big fat streaks. And he just laughed at me.

One thing I'll say for the guy, he has a lot of stamina. But eventually, he'd had enough and he fell asleep on the mat that was laying on the floor of the van. Thank god for that. The padding provided by the mat as well as the fact that he finally got tired of abusing me.

When I woke up again it was darker, outside. I could tell by the angle of the van that we were in the mountains. And then we left the main road. I could hear the wheels biting into the gravel and sometimes there were major bumps, like the road had been washed away in ruts.



Only then did it occur to me that wherever we were going it must be somewhere very secluded. That terrified me, and it still does. I don't think Terri ever plans to let me go. And I can't help wonder just how long she's been planning all this.

After a while we turned onto something that I figured must be a driveway. The road actually seemed to improve, although it was still sort of loud and bumpy, like cobble stone or something. At first, being so far up in the mountains I would have thought it would just be a small cabin, but the long drive made me wonder.



Then I got a glimpse of the drive and the size of the house and I was completely astonished. Someone had lots and lots of money. This wasn't just some scheme that was put together quickly. They weren't planning to hide me in a basement somewhere. This was completely out of the way, in a house so huge a police search would never find me, even if they were willing to do a search.



What I'd seen of the place, however was just the beginning. I was even more floored when we pulled into an underground parking lot. Like the huge part that was above ground wasn't enough! They had to bury part of this monstrosity underground with a built in garage. And not just a little think you pull into to get out of the rain. This was like a parking garage, where you drive around looking at all the fancy cars you've collected over the years.

I'd heard about people like Bill Gates, who's house covered five acres. This was the first time I'd ever seen something like that up close. If it weren'ty for the way I was bound and the fear I felt over being kidnapped by someone so power ful... I might have been excited. I was in a house that felt more like a museum. I should have been thrilled to find myself visiting such a place. And perhaps I would have been, if this actually felt like a visit.



That was about all the time I had to think before Terri opened the van's back door and the guy picked me up and nad threw me over his should'ter like I was a fifty pound sack fo flour or something. Tcuffs tugged painfully at my wrists and the ropes at my elbows bite into my arms, althoughthey already feel pretty dead from being bound up for so long.

He shifts my weight, bouncing me up and down on his shoulder and the cuffs and ropes bite even harder, while his shoulder digs painfully into my belly. And the pain just intensifies with every step he takes... every bounce and turn as he moves about like I'm nothing balanced ther.

Ironically, being in the open space of the garage just makes me feel even more exposed, if that's even possible. I keep expecting to hear voices of other people. This house is too large for just these two. I'm very aware of may nakedness, even though I don't see anyone eles.



He carries me into the house. I can't see where we're going and I don't like that, even though I know it's silly. There's noting i can do so what does it mattre where he's taking me. There's no point worrying about what's going to happen to me now. I don't think I'm ever getting out of this house. Not ever agin.

The long halls are warm, which suggest that they had the heat on lthe whole time they were gone, which seems kind of wasteful to me, but hey, if you've got a house this big, I suppose you can pay the heating bill.



Finally, after he's been walking for a pretty long while, going up stairs and down--but mostly level, we enter this long creepy basement hall. It feels like a basement anyway.

Anyway, at the end of the hall there's this door with a little glass window in it. It feels like one of those doors you see on one of those rooms they put a crazy person in. The room on the other side of the door wasn't much better. It looked like a prison cell, only a little wider and longer. Along one wall there was this bed, with a frame made out of metal. Just like what you'd see in a prison cell.

Without a word, he walks me over to the bed and flops me down on my belly. The weight of my own body causes my bindings to dig into my limbs again, so I'm glad when he finally turns me over--like a turtle stuck on its back. He unties me and lets me lay there a few moments rubbing my arms to get the blood circulating again. It's not a pleasant feeling, as all the pins and needles come back to visit. My arms have never been so dead.





Are you feeling comfortable now, Little sister?

I hate it when you call me that. You're just stressing that you're bigger than me, even though I'm older.

After giving me a few moments for my blood flow to return, they remove all my jewelry, like my waist chain and belly charm and put this wide belt around my waist pulling it so tight I can feel my organs squishing around inside to make room. My legs are covered by thigh high ballet boots made of stiff leather, and my arms are placed into these long fingerless gloves that make my hands useless. Then they lay me down on the room's sole piece of furniture, which is the bed.

I feel like a wooden doll, with arms and legs that don't work. I can't do much to help them position me as they pull my arms and legs to each of the corners and cuff me spread eagle. Then they put this horrible thing on my mouth. It hooks onto my lower teeth, and has these little prongs that stuff up my nose, so that if I relax and let my mouth close those prongs get pushed up my nostrils. Teri gives me a little

Bringing you home was a long boring ride; so I think we all need some sleep now. I hope you can manage to get some, because tomorrow's going to be a long and unpleasant day.



Now I'm going to turn on my friendly little buzz ball. It's a little invention of my own design, that I created just for you, little sister.

I'm going to turn it on by bouncing it on your pussy. It's motion activated you see. Every time you move, it powers up to the next level, until it turns off again.

If you stay real still, you'll get a few moments rest, but it turns back on after ten.



water and promises to give me more if I'm good, whatever that means. Then she hangs this little sex toy from the ceiling, where there's a plug in the ceiling --who does that? It hangs down at a slight angle so that it's pressing against my, right between my legs. She calls it her buzz ball and once she bounces it against my crotch, it's easy to see why. The vibrations are soft and pleasant, but I'm not sure how I'm supposed to sleep now.



I try to stay as still as possible, as the door clangs shut... leaving me alone with the buzzing ball. The belt puts a strange pressure on my internal sex part which makes the buzzing more intense, even on the low settings, so I can't imagine what it will be like when it's on gigh.

It doesn't take long to find out. Except for the big bounce needed to turn the think on, it doesn't tamkek much to make change gears. And the harder it buzzes the harder it is not to squirm. I think the thing must have like fifty gears. It just keps getting more and more intense... and there's nothing I can do, about it, except wait for it to end.





I'm not sure how long I lay there. Long enough to feel like I was getting bed sores from not being able to roll around enough. As Impossible as it seems, I managed to get some sleep. Not deep, sound, restful sleep--this was more like an endless floating in and out of waking dreams. It felt like days, but I'm sure it was only hours. Long enough at least for Terri to change.

When she came back, she was wearing a new outfit. Sort of your friendly Dom get up. She seemed a little peppier, so I'm guessing that at least she got a good rest. She was carrying a tray of food when she returned. Breakfast in bed, if you can believe it. I may be her captive, but she's determined to be a pleasant hoeset. I'm not in the mood to complain to much, since I'm hungry, although I'm not sure how much food I can get into my constricted stomach.





After she feeds me by hand, without even bothering to untie me she puts the tray on the floor, gags me with this nasty little plug gag. She binds my breasts, pinches my swollen nipple and pulls it out even further so she can use this syringe to make a hole. I try to scream but all that does is tickle my tonsils against the end of the plug. It wasn't one of those little needles either. This one was thick enough to pierce elephants skin. All I could do was watch as she used the needle to tug at the wound, stretching the hole so she could insert a large metal hoop. After repeating the process with the other nipple she did between my legs.



Before leaving again, she tied some strings to the nipple rings. And then the door was clanging closed behind her.

About an hour later, that same guy came into the room and began whipping mee across the belly and breasts. At first it didn't hurt that much, except for the way it caused the metal rings to tug at my nipples. He wasn't hitting me all that hard. But he kept hitting for a long time. After a while my skin felt like it was on fire and each new stroke made it burst anew with stinging nettles. My skin was turning bright red. I was sobbing and (behind my gag) begging him to stop, but he wouldn't. Then he went to the foot of the bed and changed his focus to between my legs, and that quickly made things even worse.





After whippig me for what seemed like hours, he raped me once again, just for good measure, you might say. He didn't remove the little buzz ball, he simply pushed it back so it rested in the crack of his ass. Then he placed his feet on the bed rail and used it to push himself into me in quick little thrusts. He was holding himself up with his hands, but his shoulders still bumped against the strings that were attached to the rings in my nipples. This caused the tension to increase, which created an odd sexual pressure not unlike that created by the pressure of the belt. And when he thrust inside, that caused a new internal pressure against things that weren't normally in the way. When he was done he whipped me some more before finally leaving.





After that, I slept fitfully again and had the weirdest dreams. I kept waking when I tried to turn over and was pulled up short. I felt like I had a fever. I was hot, but my skin was cold and clammy. I could feel the sweat dripping in irritating trickles down my skin. And it burned in a few places where my skin seemed to be more abraded than others. I don't know how long I slept, but I was so tired by now, that I'm pretty sure I slept better than I had the first time. Probably longer too, because when I woke I felt clearer than I had before. Something hit my belly, and when I reacted, I realized my arms were free.

Apparently Teri had been busy, removing my gag, my nipple rings and the cuffs and chains that held my arms. When she was good and ready, she'd tossed the folder to wake me up.

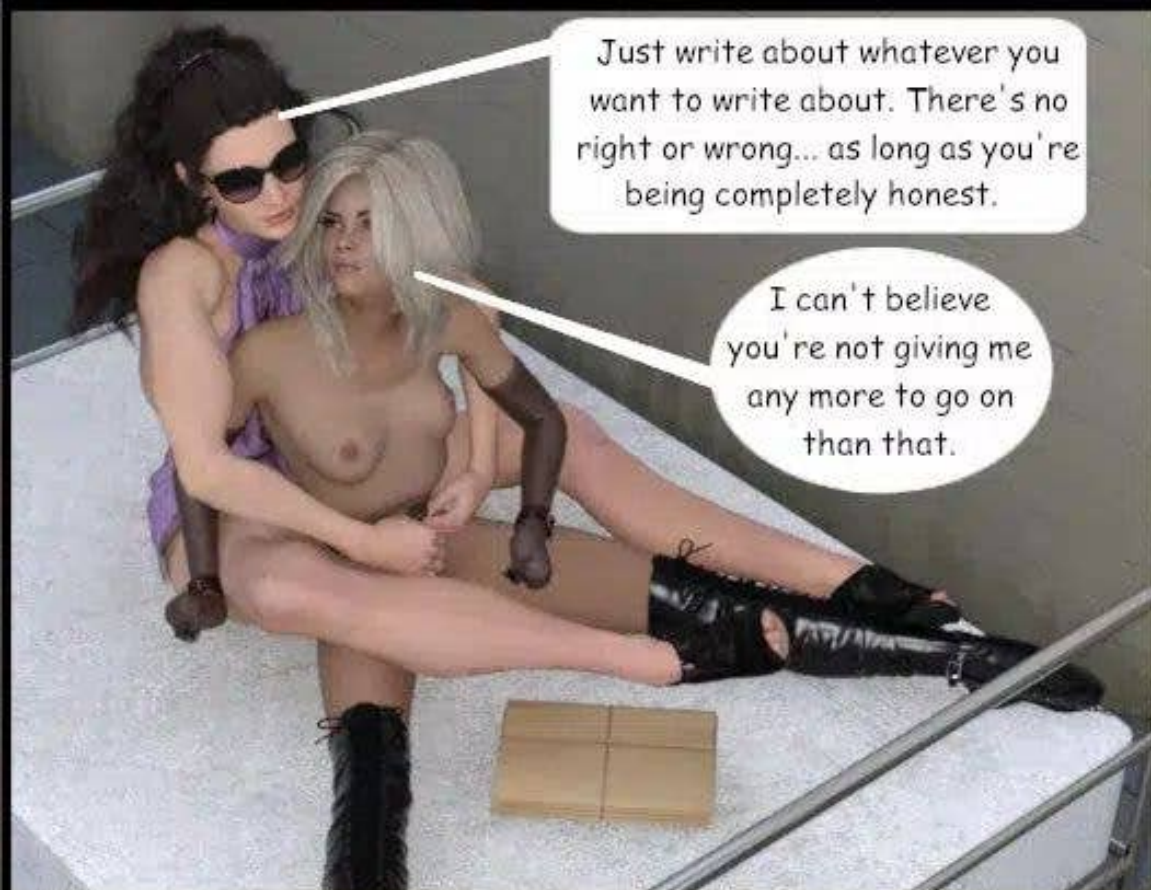


I gave her my meanest glare, but it didn't phase her. Nor did she seem to care how difficult this would be with my hands still cuffed.

I used every trick I could think of. After fumbling at the strings with my balled hands, I even tried to use my tongue. I felt foolish, and Teri wasn't my only audience. I could see his head bobbing at the door's window.



A story? Of all the foolish things. I think the real point is to make me feel foolish and show me just how helpless I truly am without her to take care of me. As if she hadn't already made that obvious by feeding and giving me water. Speaking of which, I had other needs that were making themselves known. The belt was pushing all my needs together, holding the stronger needs back, but I could feel them building inside my intestines.



Just write about whatever you want to write about. There's no right or wrong... as long as you're being completely honest.

I can't believe you're not giving me any more to go on than that.

Terri climbed onto the bed, snuggling against me as if we were lovers, instead of estranged sisters. It felt weird to have her rubbing against me. As she removed my belt and gloves, she told me that she wanted an account of my life--past tense, sort of like a story only telling all the important parts of my life. In particular, she wanted me to focus on how people treated the two of us--any differences.

Our parents, our friends, each other, even strangers.

I knew what she was getting at. I was always the pretty one, so I must have gotten all the attention, right?

Anyway, she said to concentrate on the points where our lives touched as we were growing up; the memories I have of her and how I feel about them--and about her. Kind of hard to separate those things from what she's doing now. She said she wanted me to get outside of myself--whatever that means--and think about the way other people might have seen these things, looking at us from the outside, as strangers. Like I'm supposed to know.



Let the truth be your guide. Just tell the truth, because if you don't I'll know. And I'll have to punish you for lying.

But?



Yes?

What if we don't see the truth the same way?

I've never given much thought to stuff like that before. I'm in the moment sort of person. But she wants me to tell my life as if I wasn't the one actually living it. Third person, no first or second person point of view. And most importantly of all, the story had to be long enough to tell everything that I needed to tell, whatever that's supposed to mean. I don't like reading novels--I can't think of any reason I'd be good at writing one.



Then I guess I'll have to punish you for lying.

When the belt was released and I sat up, the needs I mentioned earlier began to make themselves known a little more forcefully. Fortunately, Teri must have seen me spuming and realized what my problem was. So she lead me over to the toilet. I couldn't walk on my own. The boots I was wearing were stiff and my balance wasn't very good. Maybe my sister could balance in them--she's the athlete.

I f felt strange trying to go with her watching me, and it wasn't as easy as I'd thought. After being bottled up for so long I was a little constipated.



Uh uh... no hands, Sweetie.

My palace, my rules. You're just a slave in my dungeon, girl.

But, my hands are free now.

She seemed amused by my discomfort, but it was clear she didn't intent to leave. Accord-ing to her, it was all part of my learning pro-cess. I needed to learn to be more open. Like wearing a miniskirt isn't being open enough for her.

The worst was when I went to wipe myself, after I was done. She wouldn't let me do it myself, even threatened to punish me if I tried. So I stood up and leaned against the wall while she did the honors. I guess it could be worse, she could force ... she could do this sort of thin all the time.



There you go, baby. That's not so bad, is it?

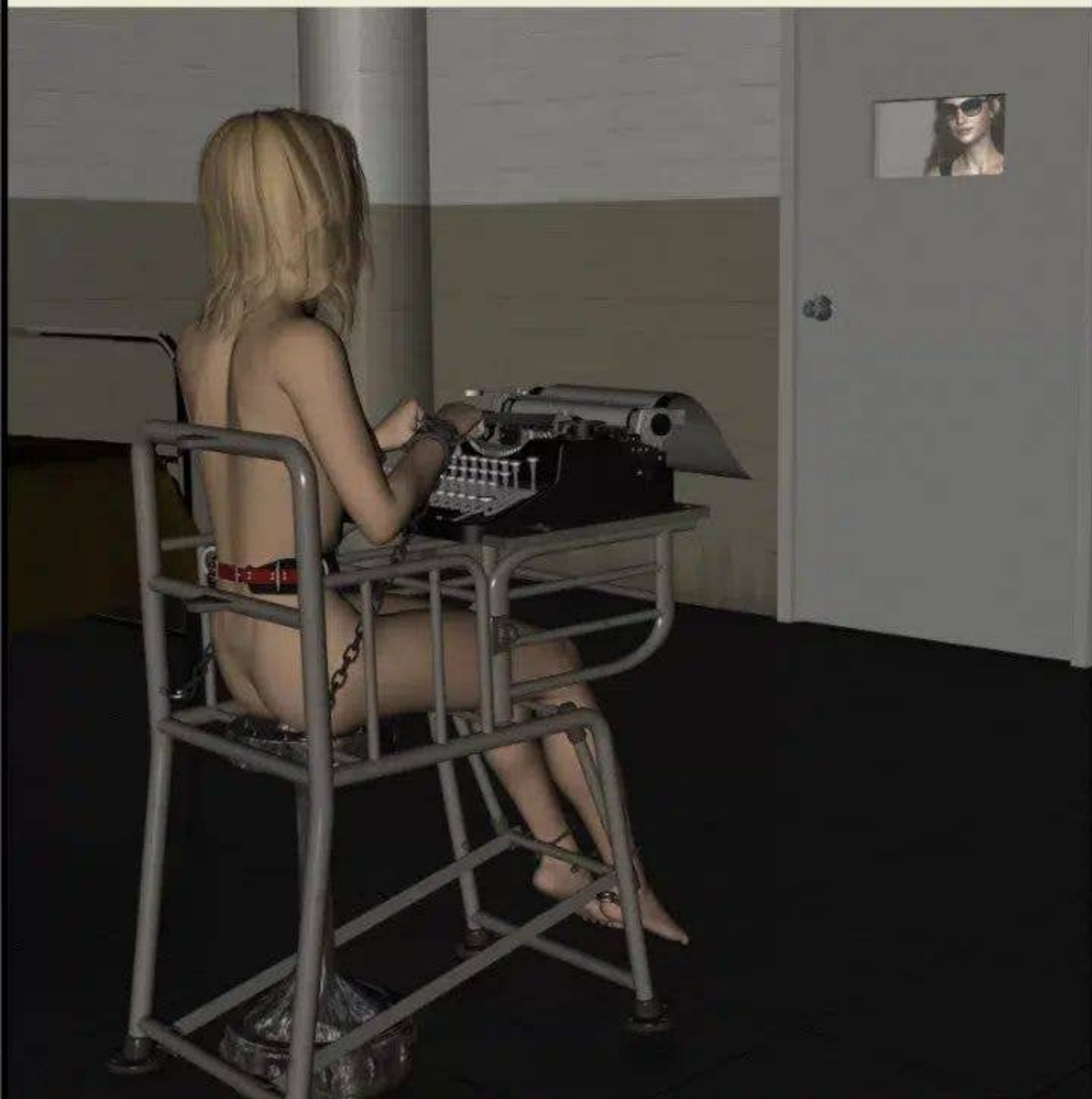
Anyway, she pulled out this weird looking chair and an old type writer. After she bound me to it she had her guy lift me into the air--chair and all--while she placed this stool with little spikes on in under me. Then he sat me down on top of it. No distractions there, right?

"You just want me to justify all the terrible things you think I've done," I said.

But Teri just smiled and said, "If that's the way you see it, then that's what you should write. Just be truth-ful. Five as complete and honest a presentation as you can. Don't pull any punches to make yourself look better."

"And what about making you look better?"

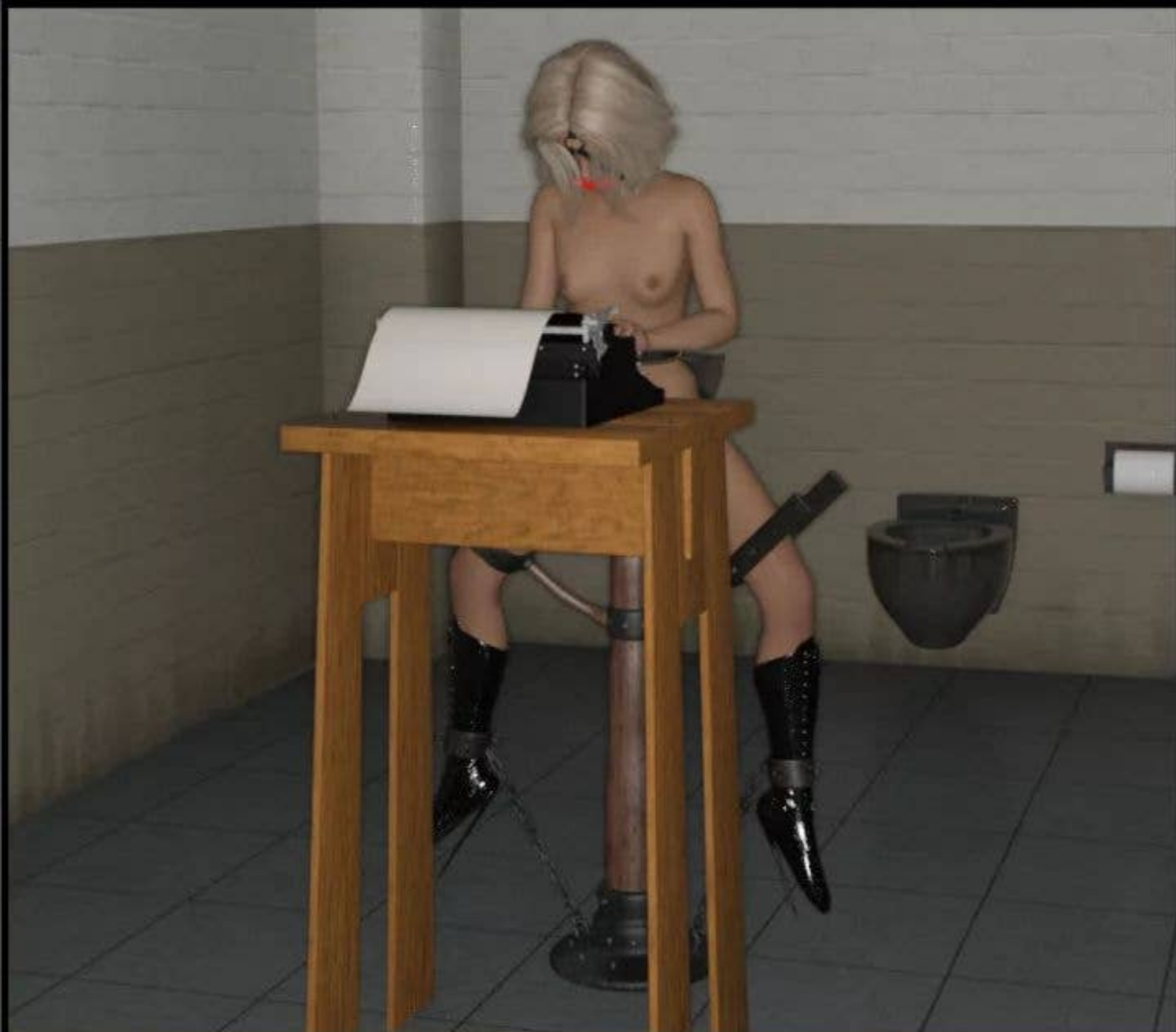
She smiled again, and put a ballgag in my mouth." Don't want you to have any distactions.



Oh no, I hear footsteps. She's coming.
I hope this is good enough, I really have tried.

Kally's Diary

**Second
Try**



Apparently, what I wrote last time wasn't good enough. I don't think I'll do a very good job this time either, but I have to try.

I still have no idea what to say. But apparently, one of the things I did wrong last time was I spend too much time thinking. It's hard to know what she wants. I'm supposed to write this interesting story, but I can't think about what I'm writing. What kind of b... I guess she means too much idle time. Since my last effort, I've received 1 lash or paddling for every second of dead time I spent thinking instead of writing. So, I'm just going to go on and on because I can't stop. I can't misspell anything either, or mess up the punctuation or use bad grammar or do anything except be perfect. Apparently they're watching me. Everything is videotaped. I don't know who's watching them...

You'll receive 1 lash for every second of dead time.

But... how will you know how many that is?

I timed it to the last second... trust me, you won't receive one stroke more or less, because the last stroke will determine when we try again.



Sometimes my sister likes to speak like that, in the royal WE, as if everything that I do, is something that she has to do too. And everything that she does to me is something that I'm forcing her to do to herself. I remember when I was younger, how I used to do that sometimes when I wanted her to do something I knew she didn't want to do. It was childish then too!

Anyway, she wants it to sound more like a story. She spent a lot of time reading back what I wrote the first time and telling me what I did wrong and how it could have been better. "I had to do a lot of editing," she complained.

And I suppose she did. She let me read what I'd written after she finished reformatting it, and it didn't even read like the same thing. Not that I think she changed anything, but she put quotation marks around things, added punctuation that I left out--I receive another ten lashes for every punctuation mark that isn't right.

Sometimes Teri's guy friend does the whipping, but Teri likes to do it herself. When she does it she chains my hands to this low frame while I'm wearing the stiff boots (where I can hardly bend my knees) and since there isn't any tension on the chains, I have to use my arms to support my own weight. This sort of forces me to stick my ass out, almost like I'm asking her for my beating.





You want another one?

NO!

Go ahead then, walk it forward for me.



There you go baby, let me warm up your belly for you.

AAH!

SMACK

Mostly, she doesn't hit me all that hard, relying on the fact that she gets 100 spanks in the morning and 100 in the evening before I go to bed... so after a while they build up. But occasionally, when she's had enough fun on one side, she'll give me a real hard one that causes me to jerk extra hard, and if I don't walk forward on my own she'll even kick my shoes, so the hard toes slide across the hard tile floor. And then I'm leaning backwards with my belly exposed.

I try to hold myself up, but it's a work out for my arms. And by the time she's finished paddling me, I'm not only bruised and sore, I'm totally exhausted.

I get more lashes added during the day, when I mess up for the littlest thing, so my two hundred a day didn't whittle them down very fast.

No, no! What do you think you're doing? You have to put your boxes on the floor, and stack them up, nice and neat, below each shelf in this room, before you start to fill the bottom shelf. There are over 5,000 boxes, and you'll have til tonight at seven to move them all into this room.

From now on, when you're writing your stories for me, I don't want you to use any more sissy words. You're an adult now, you should be able to talk about your body parts without getting all embarrassed. And be more specific when you describe the tortures you experience. Tell me how they make you feel. remember, they're supposed to be an interesting read.

that should have your pussy feeling good.

Sometimes I have to do chores. Teri dresses me up like I'm a Barbie doll, but one of her favorites is this cute little maid's outfit that exposes a lot more than it covers. Some-times, when she has a job that requires me to do a lot of walking and bending, she'll include this thin little strap that rubs against my clit when I walk. Notice I said the word 'clit.'

Teri says, no more uphemisms. I'm only supposed to use what she calls 'real' words from now on. Anyway, the outfit's tiny leather strap is painful, especially when I have to bend over or walk up stairs, which is often, even if that means doing a meaningless nothing job.

Go on, Girl, bend over!

Umm




Moving boxes isn't the only useless job they have me doing, either. Another one of their favorites is having me work in the greenhouse... which is a massive thing. Instead of planting flowers in dirt, or something useful like that, they have me lifting potted flowers. They line them up along the floor, then they have me lift and carry them over to these holes in the watering units. Then, the next day they have me take all the bots out and put them on the floor again. Only to put some other potted plant into the same unit I just took those out from.



The easy days are when Teri has me dusting shelves or cleaning toilets or cooking meals, although I'm not a very good cook, and when I mess the meal up she gives me demerit points, which add up to more swats at the end of the day. Dusting has its own challenges too. Jeff, that's



Teri's guy, he likes to keep an eye on me while I'm dusting and introduce me to new forms of humiliation whenever he can. Then, when I don't finish, what Teri gave me to do, she gives me some new punishment and more bedtime swats.



That's it! Work
it in for me.
Good slave.

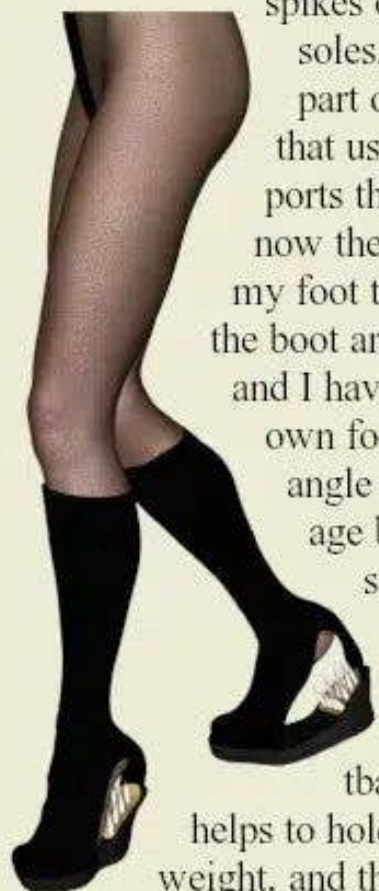
Damn,
he's so
freakin'
big.

SMACK

But if I tell him that I can't do what he wants me to do, he just laughs and does what he wants anyway, then he gives me extra swats too. So, it's best just to let him do what he wants and pretend that I don't mind. And, it's not like I don't enjoy it sometimes. I mean I'm constantly wearing sexy clothes, constantly having my erogenous zones tweaked and stimulated. I mean, I'd have to be inhuman not to respond a little. And Jeff isn't a bad looking guy. He's the kind I'd be all over if he weren't holding me against my will and raping me several times a day. Something about that puts a damper on my enthusiasm, you know.

Anyway, my days are as different as snowflakes. Collectively, they're all the same but each one has its own individual flavor. The two themes that seem constant is the walking and the wearing of bondage gear.

Sometimes I wear leather, sometimes it's rope. My boots are almost always designed to make walking difficult. I especially hate the training boots. They have these sharp little




spikes on the in-soles, that's the part of the shoe that usually supports the foot. But now the only part of my foot that touches the boot are my toes and I have to hold my own foot at the angle of a bondage boot, or I get stabbed by the spikes. There's a little flap that

helps to hold the foot in the right position, but it crumples under the slightest weight, and the spikes are rather long. Anyway, every day it seems like we go through the same routine. They dress me up like sadists playing life-sized Barbie dolls. They force me to walk from one end of the house to the other, or to do jobs that involve a lot of bending and squatting... that's usually when I'm wearing one of the crotch straps that causes such actions to place pressure against my clit.

But it's not like everything is the same every day. Sometimes Jeff whips me instead of my sister. He prefers doing it while I'm spread eagle on the bed, with the buzz ball buzzing and my nipples being tugged at by the strings from the ceiling. He prefers to keep me gagged. Sometimes he'll even put me in a mask. It does not matter, as long as it can be removed quickly, so that he has easy access...

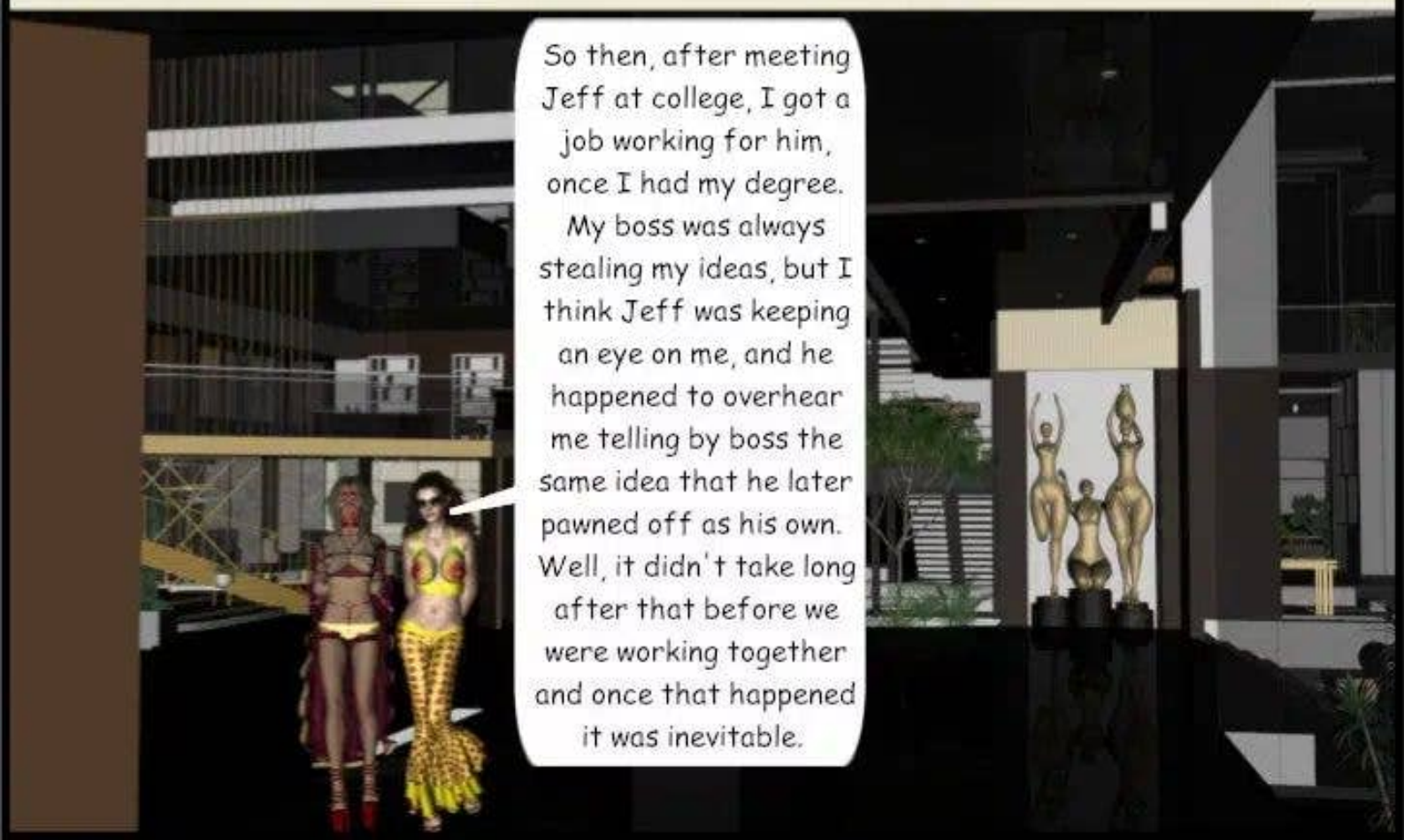




It's such a beautiful day for a walk, don't you think?

Umph!

The one good thing about all this, I suppose, is that you might say it's bringing me and my sister closer together. I'm usually bound when that happens, but where ever I am, whatever I'm doing, Teri always comes to get me at meal times. Sometimes we go for long walks and she does a lot of talking. I suppose it's interesting, hearing about her life and how she went from being a highschool nerd to being the girlfriend of a billionaire. Sometimes she dresses me up in fancy clothes, so that I'm almost wearing as much as she is--not that that is ever much. She's like one step down from a nudist, I think. It makes me feel uncomfortable to wear so little, but "that's the point!" she likes to say. "We're teaching you to me someone else."



So then, after meeting Jeff at college, I got a job working for him, once I had my degree.

My boss was always stealing my ideas, but I think Jeff was keeping an eye on me, and he happened to overhear me telling my boss the same idea that he later pawned off as his own. Well, it didn't take long after that before we were working together and once that happened it was inevitable.



Often, during these long walks, I'm wearing those large hoop rings on my nipples and smaller ones in my nose and labia. Terri thinks I should say *pussy lips* but I told her, "Labia is a perfectly adult name for that part of the body."

She'll probably be putting more weights on my rings for saying taht, but thankfully she only does that when I've been bad--which is often.

I guess I'm just stubborn. The more she tells me what I can't do, the more that seems to be what I want to do. But self-preservation is beginning to win me over to her way of thinking.

It isn't often, but the good days, when she isn't punishing me, are a bit more pleasant. I get to wear clothes adn my jobs aren't as onorous. Even the food she gives me is better.

Usually my meals are small and oriented around mostly fruits and vegetables. But on the



good days she gives me more to eat as a reward, and the meals tend to have more meat and potatos kiknds of foods.

Not that I'm a big eater, but I'm definitely a meat eatekr. Of course, when I'm wearing the tight belts and waist ropes, eating that much isn't possible or desiarable. Even a normal sized meal makes me feel all bloated. If I needed to go on a diet, I suppose that would be a great thing, but I've never had that problem. I've never been a nervous eater, and my metabolism hs always run high. "It's a gift," Terri says. And I suppose it is nice.



Warning! Slave unit is falling behind schedule. If slave unit does not increase the pace, slave unit will have to be punished. Warning! Slave unit is falling behind schedule. If slave unit does not increase the pace, slave unit will have to be punished. War...



Oh no, the damn thing is going to do it again!

Of course, Teri and Jeff aren't the only ones who give me walks. When you have the kind of money they do, you can hire what is essentially a dog-walker. In my case that's a robot that seems quite capable and eager to man-handle me.

In some ways, I prefer the robot. Robots are supposed to be unbiased. Their actions are based on reasoning. It all boils down to ones and zeros. Unlike humans, who are emotional and biased and prone to making mistakes, like miscounting the number of swats you're supposed to give someone. On the other hand, AI has to be programmed by someone, and in this case, that was probably Teri, or Jeff.



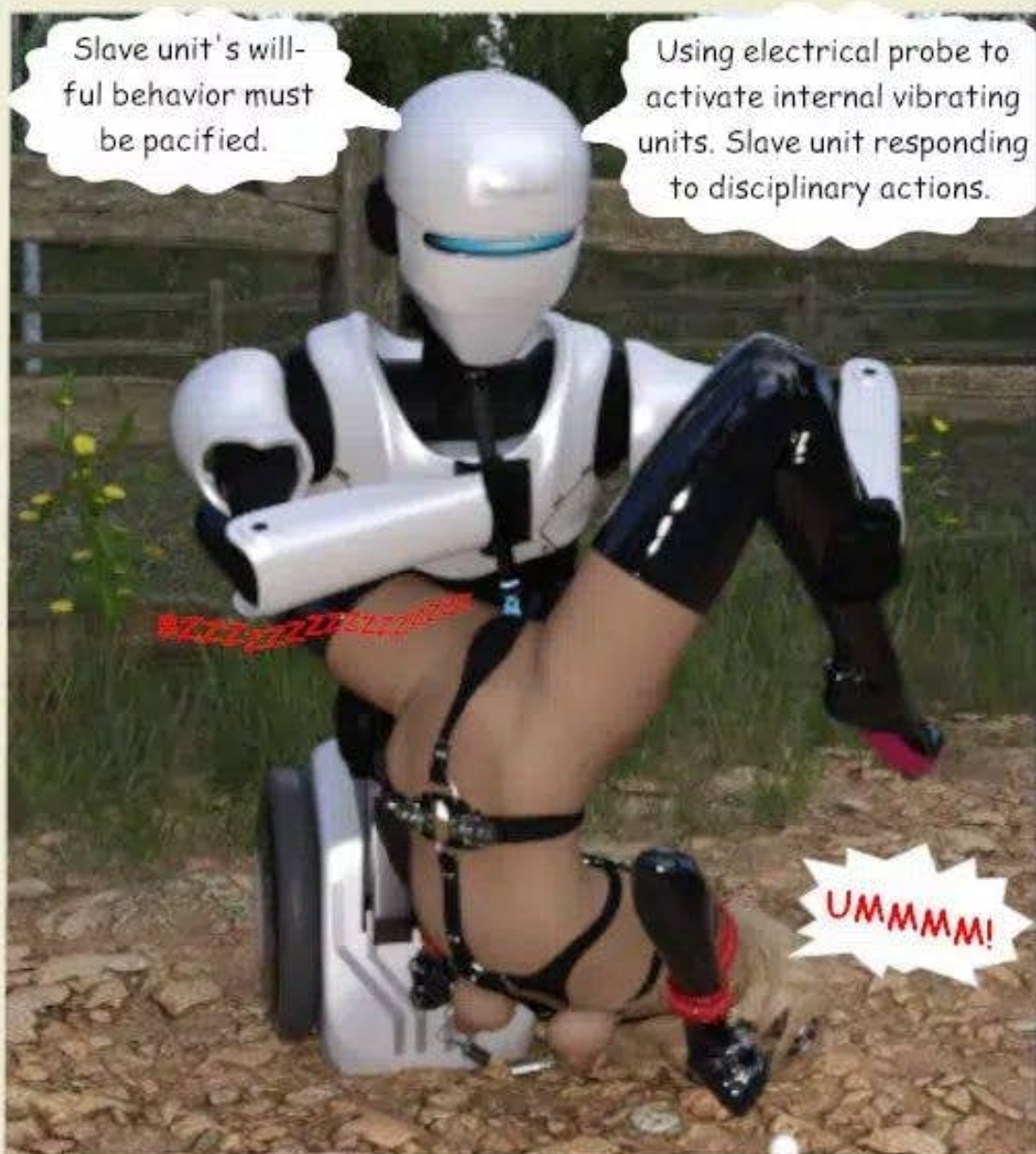
Disciplinary actions begun

It's not all that hard to see the influence, I think. It's barely limited by its physical parameters. The rope to my nose ring or pussy--okay, I said it this time, has a weighted ball on the end, so that it's robot hands with flat fingers and a thumb, can easily hold the string, despite how thin it is. And despite the small arms and base, which must be weighted too, to keep the damn thing from toppling over... although I've seen it fall and it just uses it's arms to push itself back upright, so it's not like a turtle that can get stuck on it's back. Anyway, despite it's limitations, it's more than capable of walking me like a dog. Especially when I'm wearing a nose ring or a pussy ring that it can use to tug on. Amazing how fast you'll walk, even when weary, with just a little glug.

The worst, however, is when it gets physical and flips me over so that my face is pressed against the ground and my legs are flailing in the air.

Mr. Robby has an assortment of tools and sexual toys hidden away in a compartment in his base. And although it might not seem like it, his three fingered hands are more than capable of using them quite effectively.

Like Teri and Jeff, he seems to delight in abusing me whenever the can find an excuse, which never seems too hard to find. Like I said, he was programmed by my new master and mistress and has just as devious a mind, perhaps moreso.



Slave unit's willful behavior must be pacified.

Using electrical probe to activate internal vibrating units. Slave unit responding to disciplinary actions.

UMMMM!

When Robby thinks I've been particularly bad, which is often since he get's his cues from my mistress, he likes to put me into a particularly unpleasnt position, which I loath... not just becasue of the strain it puts on my legs, but also because it signals to my sister that I've been a bad girl, and Robby likes to walk me around the house for however long is necessary for my mistress to take notice.

That never seems to take long. She's always on the look out for me, and she never seems to go anywhere. It's like she's waiting for



Ah, was our pretty little baby a bad girl again today?

Yes, Mistress, this slave unit was very bad today.

She gave out with 17 long suffering sighs, and purposely walked slower than the pace I was setting. When I disciplined her, she resisted me and groaned several times.

Ummm... such a bad girl, I'll have to punish you for each transgression.



these little opportunities to humiliate me too. And the punishment is always the same. A long wet tongue lashing... Teri is actually pretty good at it too. No wonder she liked showering with all those girls after a game. I'll bet she's give lots of tongue lashings, and probably with less provokation. Not that I'm admitting it's my fault when this sort of thing hapens. But since she's doing it by choice she obviously must enjoy it. Which is also obviously why she's programeed kRobby to repeat this pose so often. Fortunately, she's never forced me to lick her.

I'm not really feeling all that horny today, slave. So, I guess you're going to have to work extra hard to get me there.



UMMM!

Jeff, on the other hand has no qualms about that sort of thing at all. When he finds me dusting clean shelves, that I just dusted a few days before, he has no problem taking my gag out and dropping his drawers.

I've gotten quite proficient at deep throating, and I find that it doesn't even tickle my throat anymore. The trick is to




UMMM!

get past the tonsils in a hurry. That's the trouble spot, when the glans is rubbing back and forth across those danglers. You have to come up to breath occasionally, but even that's become less problematic, not that I've gotten used to suppressing the gag reflex. I should thank him I suppose, for teaching me such a valuable skill. Assuming I'm ever allowed to use in on anyone else.

The first time, he had to pinch my nipples to force me to move forward when he was face fucking me... now he just does it for fun.



UMMM!

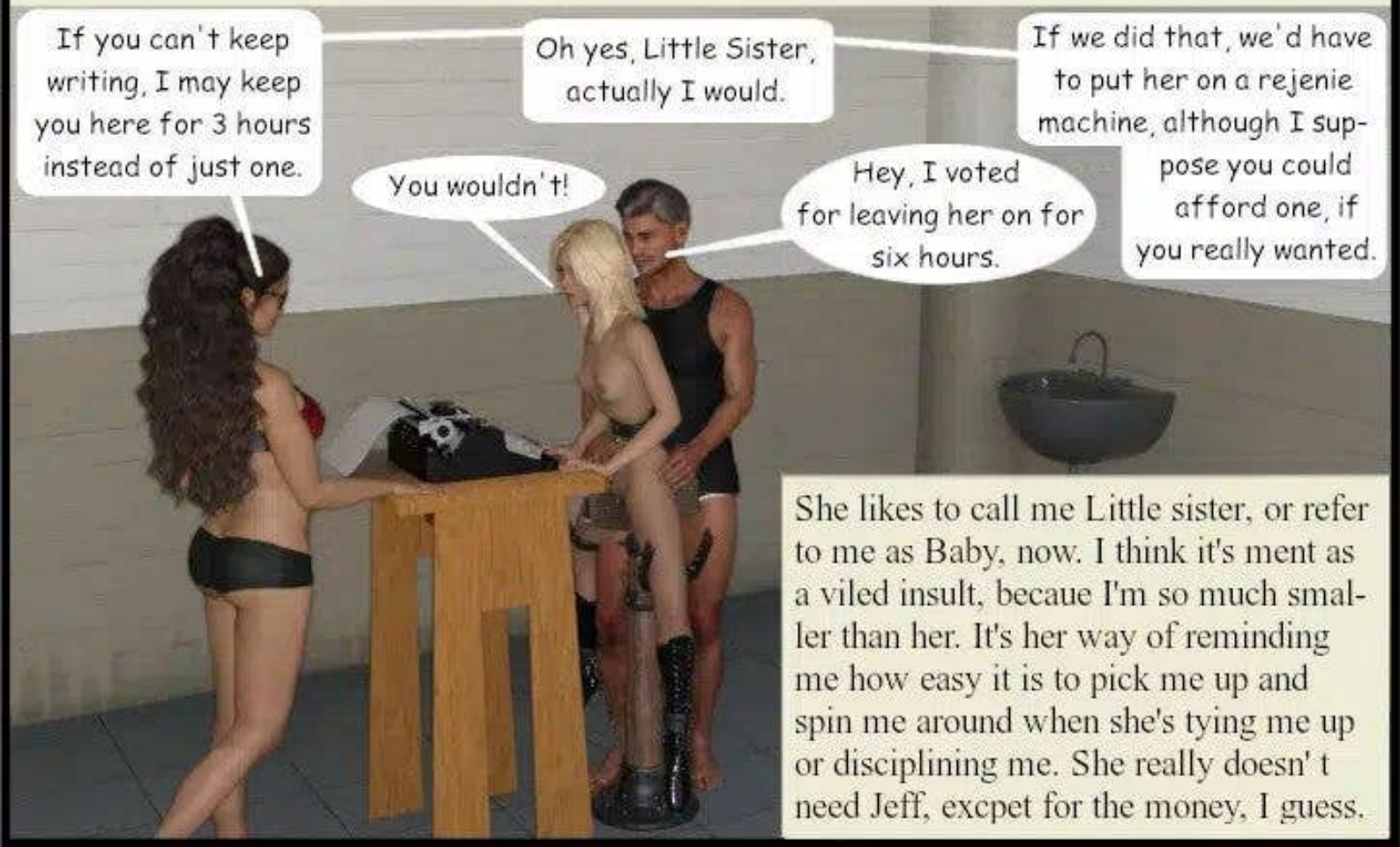


Nice job, slave. I'll look for you again tomorrow.

Geez, the least he could have done was let me wash my mouth out before putting the gag back in.

I can't decide if the things they do to me are more about training, like they keep telling me or if it's really just about humiliating me, and putting me in my place.

Damn, this wedge makes it so hard to concentrate. Teri calls it a bondage chair, but it's more a metal horse, even though it's made out of wood. It has two little stirrups for my legs and with my ankles bound to the base, it's impossible to get my pussy off the main attraction. That's a rubber wedge. Terri says it has a little more give than if it was metal, but it doesn't feel like it. Hopefully she won't put me on one of metal to prove her point... even though I'm sure I'm a terrible sister and deserve it. I have a shorter time limit this time and I have to keep writing. I can't stop to think when I run out of things to say, like now...



If you can't keep writing, I may keep you here for 3 hours instead of just one.

Oh yes, Little Sister, actually I would.

If we did that, we'd have to put her on a rejenie machine, although I suppose you could afford one, if you really wanted.

You wouldn't!

Hey, I voted for leaving her on for six hours.

She likes to call me Little sister, or refer to me as Baby, now. I think it's meant as a vile insult, because I'm so much smaller than her. It's her way of reminding me how easy it is to pick me up and spin me around when she's tying me up or disciplining me. She really doesn't need Jeff, except for the money, I guess.

This time, you'll get double what you got last time, for any dead time, spelling errors,... and especially the lies. Next time you get double again. I expect you to keep improving--or you'll suffer the consequences.

Sorry, Baby, but I can't tell you what you're doing wrong. That's what you're here to find out, isn't it?

But I don't know how I lied last time. I was telling the truth.

Just tell the truth, slave. That's what she wants, all your most embarrassing moments, the things you're ashamed to admit, even to yourself. Until you give her that, you'll find yourself back in this chair. Again and again.



I suppose if I'm being totally honest, I'd have to admit that maybe I wasn't being entirely truthful last time around, but it's fucking hard to concentrate when you're sitting on these damned bondage chairs. Especially when you're supposed to be telling all the most intimate details about your life. All I can think about is what I'm feeling... emotionally and physically. And I can't stop to think about what I want to say, either. And this wedge I'm sitting on doesn't help.

Everything I'm doing is designed to help free you. Using less euphemistic words will loosen your inhibitions. And that's why there's a time limit too. It's all to help free you.

Free me, huh?

Last time, you were good when you were talking about things in the present, or the recent past. As for most of the rest, you were lying. In addition, you rarely went into enough detail, when you were describing things. And your thoughts were all jumbled up.



How can I talk about things when I don't know what you want me to talk about?

How will you know when I'm telling the truth?

Tell the truth; be interesting; tell the whole story that needs to be told.

I guess, if I'm being totally honest, that I wasn't entirely truthful last time. But it's hard not to skew things a little when you're forced to talk about the most intimate details of your life. And it doesn't help when I'm sitting on these bondage chairs. This one's wedge is making it even harder than last time. The spikes are digging into my legs, and the wedge is cutting into my pussy.

Although I do think the computerized typing lessons she's been letting me take are helping with my speed and error rate. And having fingers that know where to go helps a bit with being able to think too.

The absolute certainty in her voice and the unwavering devotion to her goals in her eyes is downright scary.

But easy?

I'm not sure I'd call what she's been doing to me so far easy. I guess she's an athlete and all, so it's not like she hasn't demonstrated an ability to show drive and determination. And she did well at school and her job, so I guess she has a right to put out her opinion about what's easy and what's not. Still...

Oh my God! I just thought of something.

She should really like this. Back when we were in school...

Trust me, I'll know. And don't worry, you will have the chance to leave here, as soon as I see exactly what I need to see. But you need to show me that. I can't give it to you. That would defeat the purpose of all this.

I will get what I want, however, even if I have to increase your motivation. So, if I don't see what I want, you'll have to be punished. And I won't go so easy on you this time.

Easy my fucking ass!





The older girl really started trouncing her. I mean, she punched Teri right in the face and knocked her down. Then she pounced on her, sitting on Teri's belly so she couldn't move while the older girl punched at her face. Teri did her best to cover up but...

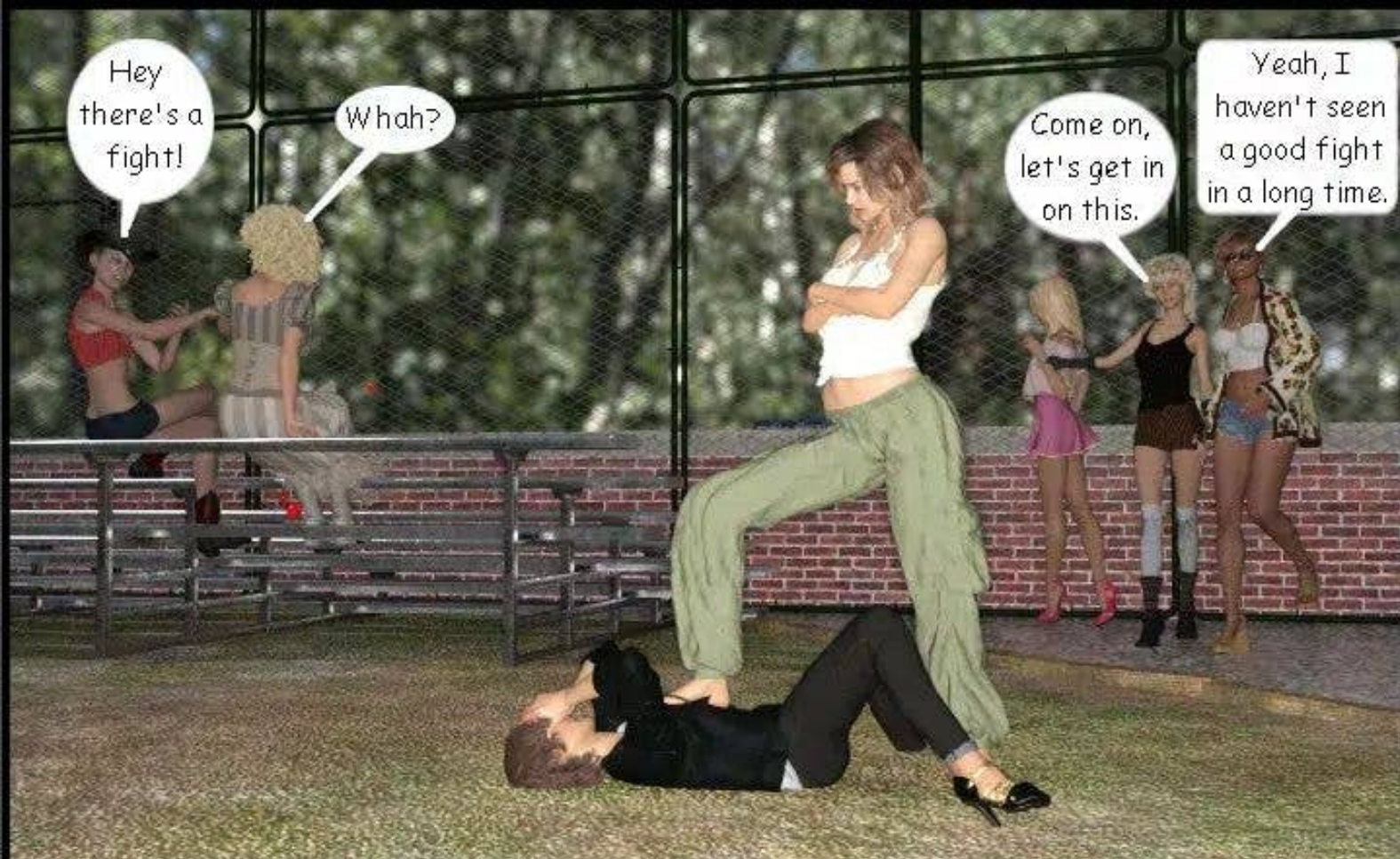
My friends and I happened by when Teri was already well into getting her ass kicked.

I don't remember what grade it was, but it was back when we were still about the same size. Anyway, Teri and this older girl got into an argument, and Ter wouldn't back down. She should have, cause the older girl had a bit of a reputation as a bully and she was a lot bigger.

I don't even know what the fight was about but Teri's always had a stubborn streak and she wouldn't back down. It's one of the things I've always admired about her because, usually the bullies gave her a little respect for being tough and mostly they left her alone, but this time things didn't stop with a little name calling and shoving.



I'm sure that if I was a better sistre I would have gone over to help, or stomething. But... well, at first I didn't recognize her adn then I was a bit ashamed that she was my sister. She was the nerdy little brat that got under everyone's skin. Everyone wanted to throttle her now and then. I'd wanted to throttle her myself a few times and so now she'd pushed someone a little too far and she was getting what she deserved.



Hey there's a fight!

Whah?

Come on, let's get in on this.

Yeah, I haven't seen a good fight in a long time.

That's what I told myself anyway. The truth is I was afraid. Afraid of getting trounced myself. Afraid that people would recognize that we were related. So I just stood there watching my sister being beaten and humiliated. I wish I'd gone over to her. Given her a shoulder to cry on and maybe walked her home and had one of those sister to sister moments that other siblings have. But something held me frozen in place. Even when she turned and looked at me with those big fat tears in her eyes, I just frowned and turned away. She was pleading with me silently and I just turned away.

That's not something I'm proud of.



Come on, forget the game!

Yeah! Wait for me.

Oh God! I can't believe she's my sister.

Oh, baby! Give it to her!

Don't stop now!

Maybe that's why she's doing all this.

I guess there were times, probably lots of times, when I wasn't the best sister in the world. It's just that we were always so different. And I'm not a fighter. I mean, why did she have to go and get herself into a fight anyway. All I could have done was get myself beat up too. Still, I should have done something. I didn't even go to her later and apologize. I just pretended like it never happened. But that's pretty much how we were with each other.

We didn't get involved.



Oh good, I hear footsteps. Teri is finally coming. I can't wait to get off this damn wedge. I just hope she likes what I've written this time. I really have tried to open up.



Kally's Diary

**Third
Try**



In all honesty, I have to admit that I'm not a very good person. I've been lying about so much, as you obviously know already. Teri says I'm not supposed to retell anything from a previous session, unless it's to correct a lie... so I guess I should start by correcting a lie. I said I went through a rebellious period, and that was the truth, as far as it went, but I suppose I gave a false impression about how wild I got during that time.

I was already popular, so it's not like I had to try very hard to let the boys talk me into doing things. But, let's just say I gave up trying to resist their suggestions and it wasn't very long before I had a bit of a reputation for being easy. It's not a period of my life that I'm especially proud of, but just about every pep-rally you could find me in that crawl space underneath the bleachers, working my way through the next sports team.

I wasn't just a horrible person, either. I was a horrible sister. One time, for example, Terri was the first person to get on the bus that took us home and she must have been pleased because no one was sitting in the seat above the wheel hub. I guess she liked to sit with her knees a little higher so she could read a book or something. The problem was, that seat belonged to some of the older boys. They always sat in that seat and none of the other kids had ever been bold enough (or stupid enough) to try to take it. I could have warned Teri about that, but I didn't. I just smiled to myself and walked on by, laughing inside as I took my seat.



I took a seat not that far away and settled in to watch the show. I was grinning like a cheshire cat, because I had a pretty good idea what was coming and I was looking forward to it.

I think Tommy was the main boy's name. Tommy Hensley or Henson, or something like that. He was this big track star (and not bad looking too) who ran the hundred in near olympic times and jumped a little over 16 feet in the long jump... which I guess is pretty good for high-school. Everyone worshiped him, and when he said to jump, well, you could say they always jumped.

Sure enough, it didn't take long for Tommy's friends to show up and they asked Teri why she was sitting in his seat. She's always been stubborn, of course, so she refused to move... and, as if to show their displeasure, they sat in the seats in front and behind her. She, of course, ignored them and just went on like they'd never talked to her.



Hey! Why are you sitting here. Don't you know this is Tommy's seat?

I don't see his name on it... and I was here first. He can sit with me if he wants?

Sit with you? Damn girl! I think you better move on your own before he gets here, if you know what's good for you.





The boy who was sitting behind Teri began bumping the back of her seat; then he moved on to flicking her ear with his finger, while the boy in the seat in front of her kept talking about how you don't mess with Hot-Stuff Tommy. It was obvious she didn't like it, but she was clearly too stubborn to let them win.

Then Tommy himself showed up and asked her to leave his seat.

Excuses me,
but I believe you're sitting
in my seat.

Hum...
I see.

I'm sorry, but it's not
your seat, if I was
here first. But like I
told your friends, I'm
more than happy to
share the seat.



Your sisters's kind of a bitch, isn't she?

Everyone knows that's my seat! I've been sitting there every single day for more than a year.

If you don't want her there, I guess you're just going to have to make her move.

Humm...

I think maybe I will.

Well, she was there first.



When Tommy came over and talked to me, it was the first time he'd ever looked at me. I was years younger, and although I was popular for my grade, I was still years younger. I gave him some advice... I didn't think he'd take it as far as he did, but they dragged Teri over the back of the seat and began to take her pants down. You could've heard a pin drop. I think every single person on the bus was watching. Including the driver. He stomped on the bus and they let her go... but I always wondered what would have happened if he hadn't done that.

Think you can fuck with us, huh? Well, maybe we'll just fuck with you!

Oh my God! This is really happening!





When she got off the bus, Teri had an excited skip in her step and she didn't tell our mom about what happened, even though she talked almost constantly throughout dinner, and that just wasn't like her. So, I'm pretty sure she wasn't all that upset by what happened. In fact, I think it probably affected me more than it did her.

That night, I wrote what happened into my diary, and it's given me masterbatory fantasy material ever since.

I used to write in my diary

all the time, but as I got older I kind of lost interest. Maybe that's why Teri thinks I should be able to write a story now. Writing in a diary, however, just isn't the same thing. The diary is all about emotions and how things make you feel. And the way you wish things would have gone instead of the way they did. Sometimes you wish things that happened to other people would have happened to you and ... anyway, I think I'm doing a much better job this time. Teri only gave me an hour, this time, but I've been working on my typing skills and I think I have a much better idea of where she wants me to go with this now, so despite the distractions I'm making much better progress... not focusing so much on my internal thoughts. Of course, I spent some time thinking about what I wanted to say this time, before actually being her.





I suppose I should spend a little dime describing my chair. It's not as uncomfortable as last time, or even the first time for that matter, but it's probably the most distracting of all three chairs I've had to sit in for these sessions. However, I've been spending a bit of time learning to ignore distractions lately. More on that later... And I also had that pre-planned story all ready to go, so I was able to jump right in and not focus on what's going on beneath me so much.

I'm sitting on a seat with red rubber padding and an open middle... or rather two little branches that support the legs but leave my pussy wide open. It's obviously designed especially for the fucking machine that's impaling me with two fat dildoes, pushing into me from below. Slow and steady, like a drumbeat, so I guess it could be worse, if they were moving fast enough to force my attention.

My ankles are in metal cuffs. Fortunately, the bondage boots I'm wearing keep the metal from chaffing my skin, but they're attached to the floor by short lengths of chain. And the chains are holding my legs so wide that it feels like I'm doing the splits. Which, I guess I am, technically. My arms are free, at least, which makes it easier to type. My neck is attached to this pole that runs up my back and this little rubber cord is tightened around my neck by a crank.

The weirdest part, however, is definitely the way I'm trapped inside the same table that my typewriter is sitting on. It's like on of those extendable tables with the insertable leaves that you put in for the Holidays, only this one only has two halves. There's a small hole in the center of the edges that fit together and that's where my waist goes. It's a very clever design really. And since the waist hole is close to the one end I have the rest of the table to work on.

I'm wearing that belt that Teri likes to snug around my waist, so the wood doesn't actually rub against my bare skin, thank God. But it's still really weird to be sitting inside a table... especially with those dildoes, which I can't see or gain access to, even if I tried. And they're definitely none too small, Thanks sis! They're pushing rhythmically into my pussy and then my ass. Back and forth like that so that my body is forced to rock in time with the beat.

It's not something you could sing along to, but it has a good beat and it hums its own little tune. Vuuup! Veyeepl! Up and down, over and over. Fucking me; fucking me. Over and over.

Damn, thinking about it like this was definitely a mistake. I shouldn't have focused all my attention on the movement. And how it's pushing against the folds of my pussy lips. I can feel them being pulled inside me and then pushed back out. Fat dildoes will do that, I guess. Damn! There I go again. I should have known better... Silly me. But talking about my current predicament is always an easy target to focus on when I can't think of anything else.

You'll be fine... just write from the heart, you know? Like I'm sure you used to do when you'd write in your diary all the time. When you didn't think anyone else would ever read it. That's what I want. Just raw, honest truth.



I have to focus on something else, or I'm going to totally blow this thing... and after it was going so well too.

Teri is still reluctant to tell me what she's really after, but every so often she drops a little clue--and I get a little closer to understanding. This last time, that came while she was putting my gag on. It's a clever little thing too, that gag. It's got this large dildo, that she shoved into my mouth, but it's got these little holes in the end so I can breathe. Then there's this little loop that swivels. After she's pulled it over my head, she tightens it up so it's nice and snug and it's like impossible to spit out. But it's not all tight against the lips, like most gags. The down side, of course, is that when I flex my throat muscles, the thing tends to slide out, then when I relax them again it slides back in, so it's constantly rubbing over my tonsils. Which would have been a problem during my last session. But more on that in a moment.

I think Teri is having a great time, playing with me. I'm like her own personal, life-sized barbie doll.

I guess at least I don't have to worry about buying food or paying my rent any more... although I'm not sure what will happen if she ever does release me. I'll probably end up being a debt-slave, because of all the back rent I'll owe.





There you go, baby.
Just relax; take a
nice deep breath.



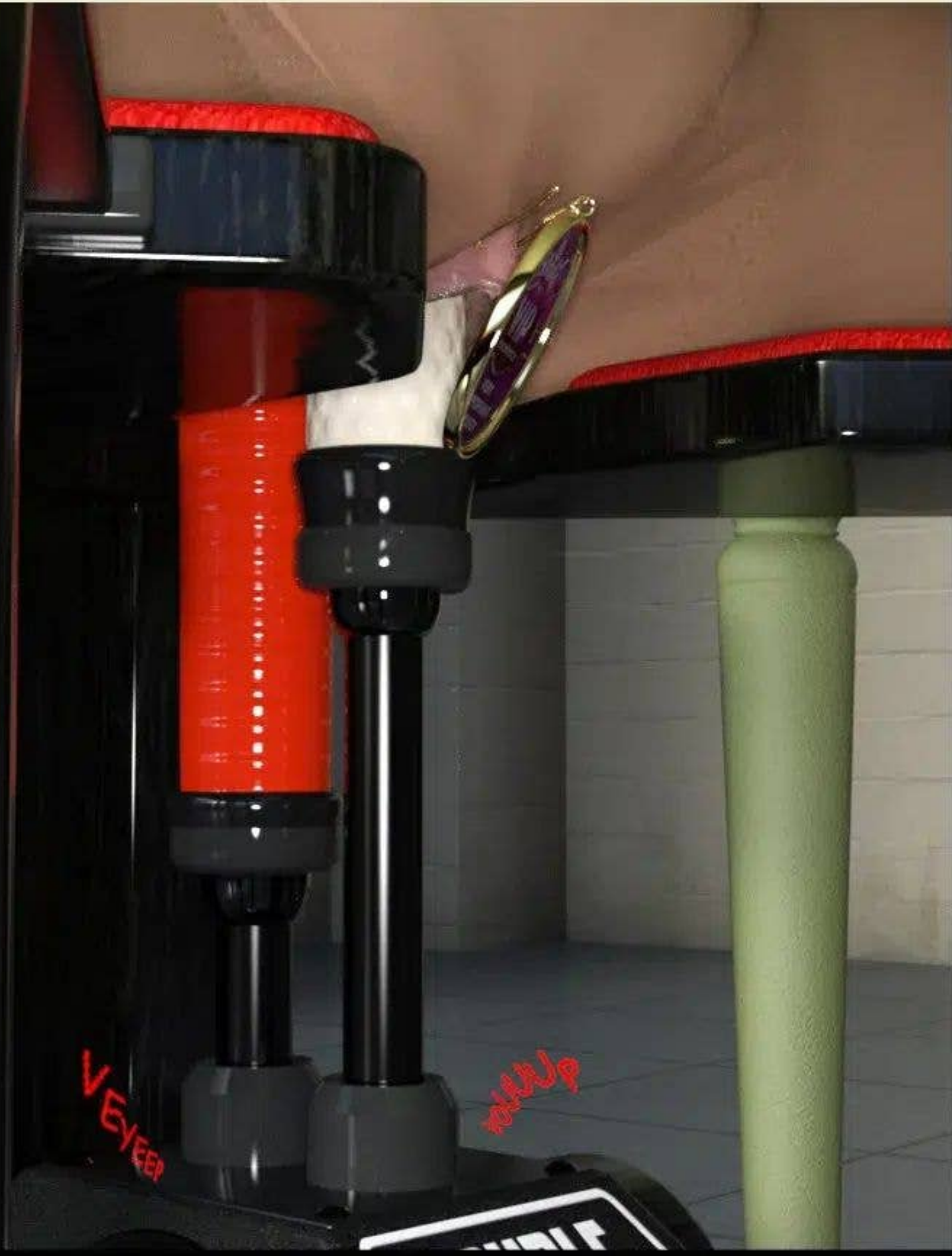
Now, lets
turn you on,
shall we?

The worst part was when she turned the machine on and I could feel the pussy shaft bumping against this dangler that's pushed through my clit, deep into the hood, so that it's pulled out of hiding. and I feel every single bump in the road as if it's a jack hammer digging a new hole.



After I loosened up a bit... and began juicing up a bit... I mean I am only human. After a while it's just human nature that takes over and ... well, it's not so bad. It's even kind of nice in a persistently unpleasant sort of nagging way. Like eating a bag of corn nuts. They taste like crap, but there's something addictive about that salty crunchy treat. It grows on you, even though you know it's not very good. After a while, the pistons a pumping and the dangler bouncing against my clit became like that.

Except, of course, ever once in a while when the dangler would get caught on some part of the dildo shaft and it would push the dangler up so that it tugged at my clit good and hard. That just made my clit all the more sensitive and fine-tuned to all the smaller bumps.



As a whole, this last intermission hasn't been too unpleasant. It seems he's gotten over giving me those chores where I'm wearing crotch strap and constantly bending over. I'm making fewer mistakes, but each mistake is punished more severely. Mostly, it's the same rules, however. 100 lashes in the morning and 100 at night. Often accompanied by genital stimulation or nipple pulling... or whatever.

Teri is clever with her punishments, but then she's always been clever. She's the one who suggested I change the way I spell my name. Mother always called me Kahl-lee. I didn't like it. I seem to recall someone telling me once that cal was the spanish word for shit... and it just seemed like everyone was calling me shitty. It's also the root for calories. So, basically, just a bad word all around. So, Teri suggested that I spell it with a little bar over the a... to make in a long a sound. Kay-lee. It didn't help with mother. I didn't even bother asking her. She thinks you should keep the name your parents give you, no matter what. But the teachers and other students started calling me Kay-lee. So props for that.

Can't say I appreciate her cleverness with bondage quite as much.

Anyway, the biggest difference is probably that Jeff hasn't been around to fuck me as much. It doesn't seem to be a serious problem for Teri. She's been more than happy to take up the slack. She has this wicked little strap-on that never seems to get tired and never goes limp. Of course, when I say little, I'm being euphemistic. The thing is anything but little, as usual.

Truthfully, I don't think she fucks me quite as often as Jeff did, but hers last at least twice as long. She's an athlete, so she's perfectly capable to keeping it going for hours on end. So I guess it's a good thing that I'm mutli-orgasmic.



I'm sure Jeff will be impressed. The gag reflex is almost gone. Like I've mentioned a few times, we've been working on ignoring the distractions--like that niggling little tickle at the back of my throat when it's invaded by something large. I'm glad she's training me. I'm sure it's a skill that I'll find useful, if I ever have the chance to use it on one of my boyfriends.

I'm sure I don't deserve such generosity. I was a horrible sister, as my story so far has undoubtedly confirmed. I used to encourage the boys at our school to grab Teri's breasts from behind... supposedly it was to see if they were real, but it was all just an excuse. For them it was a chance to cop-a-feel; for me it was a chance to humiliate her.



Damn, look at how tall that girl is. She's only a freshman, and look at how big her tits are too. They don't even bounce when she walks. I'll bet they're not even real, you know?

Yeah... you should see her play basketball.

I have!

It's not that I hated my sister, I've just always been a little self-centered. Maybe that's because I've always been the center of attention. Teri was always a little jealous, I think. But she shouldn't have been. Truthfull, I ws always a little jealous of her, despite being a nerdy jock. I mean, she's always had much bigger breatsts than me. I was flat chested at 15, while she had more than a handful at 13. Girls in their twenties were jealous of Teri, at leat for that. So when I heard the rummors I did my best to egg them on. And it worked, soon boys were walking up behind her and slapping hr tits then running away giggling like ... anyway. I don;t know for certain that it wouldn't have happened anyway, but I'm sure I didn't help.



Yeah?
How would you know?

I'm her sister, but if that does not convince you, try them out for yourself, Pal.


Yeah I...

Don't worry... guys do it all the time. She's not going to say anything. In fact, I think she likes it.


In case you're wondering, they're implants.

Um, um, um. JustLook at that ass.

Maybe that's why she's getting revenge on me now. I can't say I don't deserve it... but if so, I don't deserve to get anything out of the bargain, so this cock sucking training is really above and beyond anything I have a right to expect.



Don't disappoint me, slave. Or I'll tie you right back up like this... And I'll leave you for the whole night.



Ummmm!

Go on, lick it like you mean it. Lick it like you love the taste of it. You want more, because you can't get enough.

I felt so helpless, like a slave doing penance should, I suppose. But it was a relief to have the ring removed from my tongue. I was being pushed and pulled in all directions, it seemed. The metal belt crimped my waist, with its chain pulling my belly forward. My legs were spread, dildos inside me again. My arms were pulled back, forcing me to arch my back. Then, with the tongue being pulled towards the ceiling. Well, it was just a little bit too much, that's all.

So it felt nice to be free, even as she put the latex stick on the tip of my gone and demanded that I play with it like it was an actual cock. It didn't taste too bad, at least.

Good girl, now work it for me.




That's it, take it in; take it all the way in. We're going to work on your breath, see how long you can hold it with this thing stuffed all the way down your throat.



That pink thing jiggling in front of me looked so big. But I didn't want to have her put the nose ring back in and leave me with my tongue wagging again. So I ignored the nipple clamps and the and the dildos, and the waist belt and the burn in my knees from kneeling of the floor for so long and I focused all of my attention on that pink hunk of latex.

I imagined that it was real; that it was made of flesh and blood. that it tasted of sweat and permones instead of that slightly bland, slippery and slightly metallic taste of plastic.


For a long time she had me work it with my tongue. Flicking at the head and licking the length. Making enthusiastic noises like I was enjoying it. And there was something about making those noises that... well, I'm not sure I actually enjoyed it, but at the very least, I can say that it wasn't quite as unpleasant as it was before I started making the noises. Teri certainly seemed pleased with my effort.



That's my good girl... Stay with me now. Don't pass out again. You've got it over two minutes now, almost two and a half... but I want to get you up to over three.

You can do it! Just stay focused when you feel the blackness creeping in. Relax when you feel the ache in your lungs, that's it. uh oh.


Oh well, fainted again... but we're getting there. You lasted two minutes and forty-five seconds that time.



That's it, baby. Work it nice and good with your tongue, then take into your mought.

There's something strangely satisfying about learning a new skill. My body was learning too-- not just my brain, if that makes any sense. Having those probes in my hole and being able to move enough to cause them to do their job... it's hard not to find yourself moving. But, eventually, I pleased my mistress enough that she relented a bit and began to use less strenuous positions when she tied me up for my training.

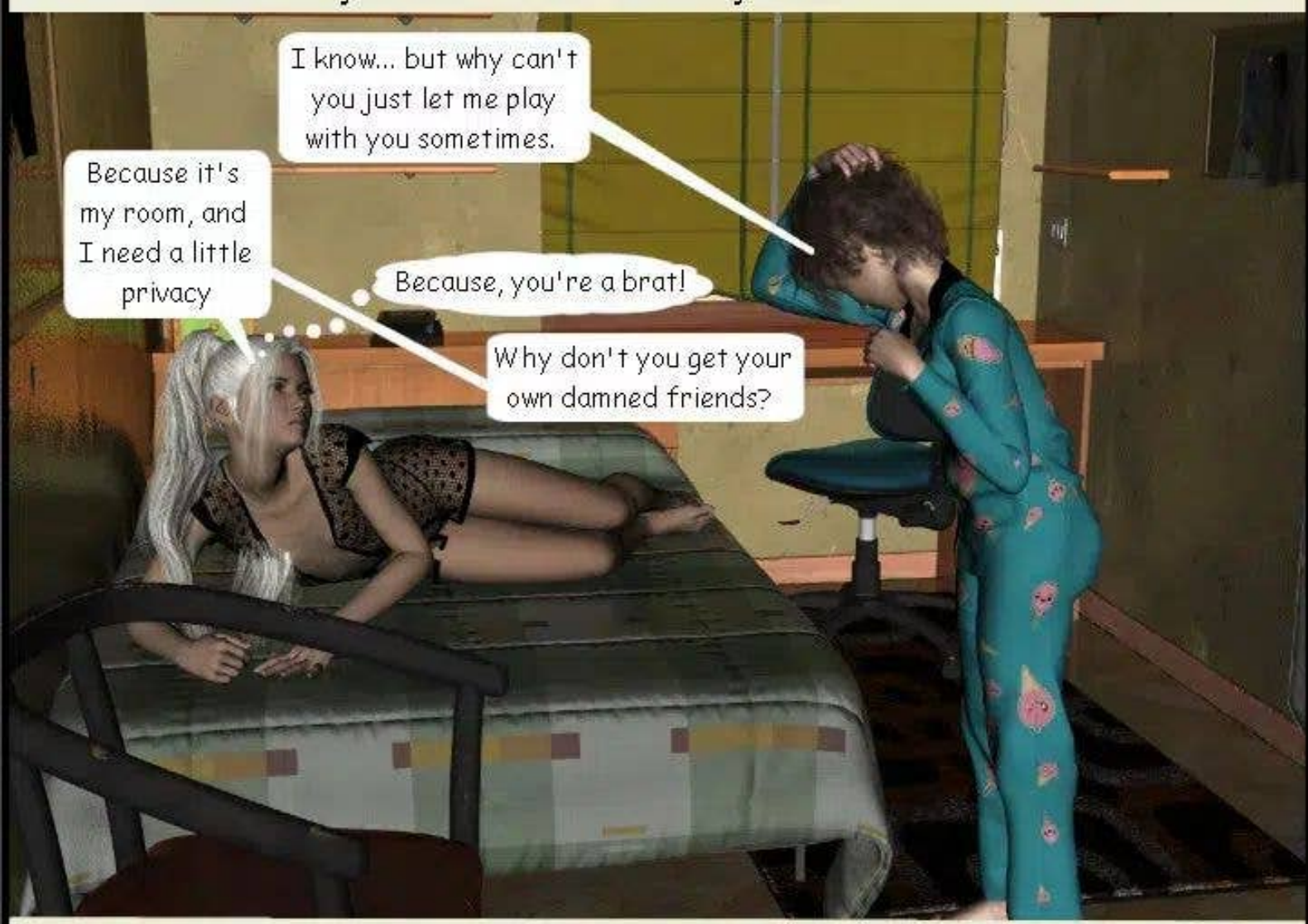
Now, create a vacuum with your mouth. That's it, good. Now draw me forward, using only that pressure. Go on, a little harder. You can do it! Good baby.



She's crazy! this is impossible, I'll never be able to do it.

After a few weeks, or so, things began to get easier. My tongue didn't hurt so much when I stretched it out. And I could see the improvement. What she was forcing me to do was working and it was making me a better cock sucker, for sure. By the time she was finished, I was able to do things I never would have dreamed I'd be able to do when we first began. And, to be honest, I was enjoying it a bit more than I thought I would too.

I don't know why my sister irritated me so much, but sometimes she really did. I mean, I loved her... I just... Sometimes I didn't really like her all that much. I remember one time when she came to my room crying because I'd sent her away earlier when my friends were in my room. I felt kind of bad for making her cry, but instead of just letting me say I was sorry, she wanted to know why I couldn't let her come in my room.

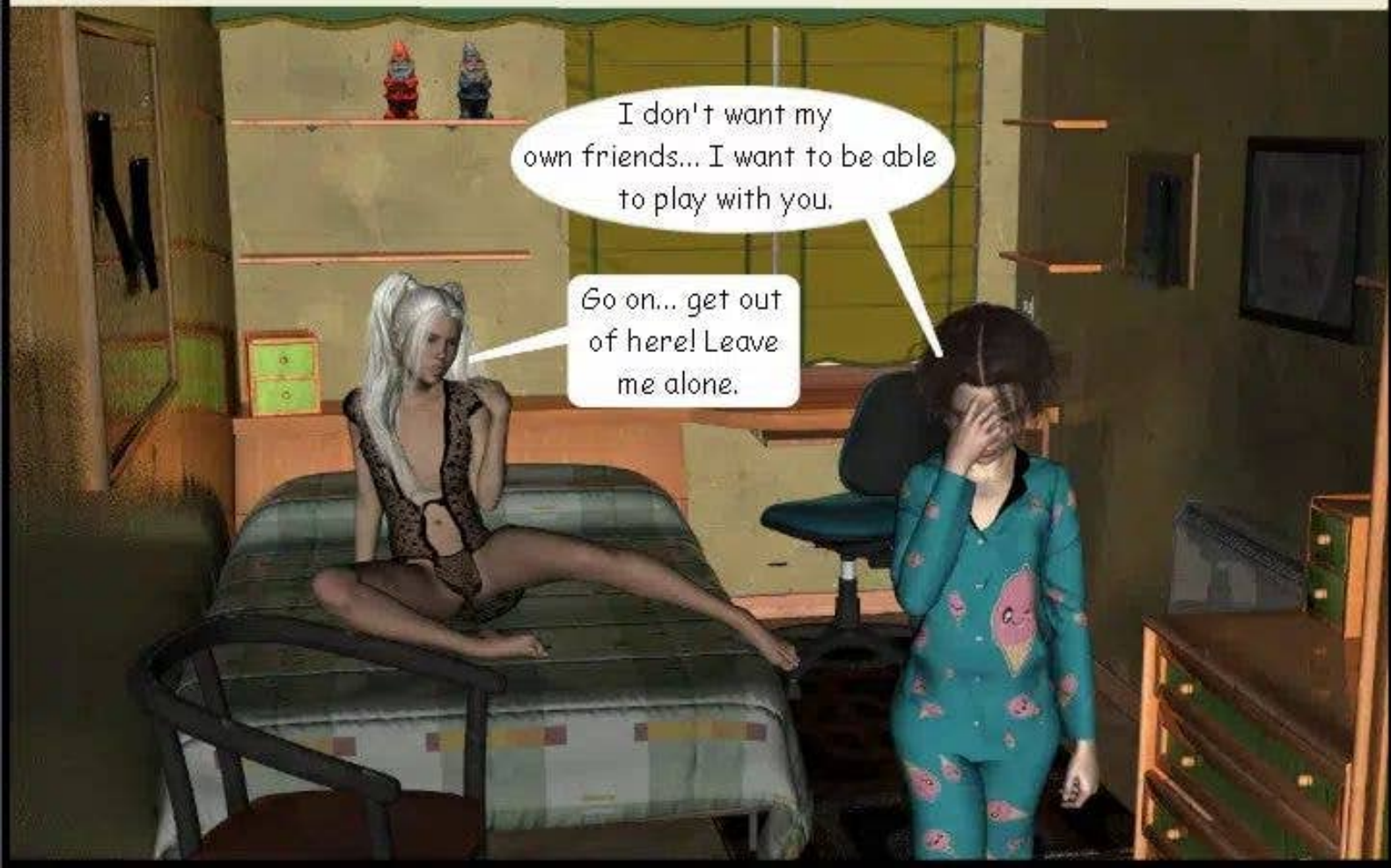


Because it's my room, and I need a little privacy

I know... but why can't you just let me play with you sometimes.

Because, you're a brat!

Why don't you get your own damned friends?



I don't want my own friends... I want to be able to play with you.

Go on... get out of here! Leave me alone.

I guess you could say karma's a bitch. Maybe all of this is because I was mean and wouldn't play with my little sister... and so now she's playing with me, you might say.

What can I say, I was young and who wants their little sister hanging around when your friends are over. It would be one thing if she was the same age as us and we had lots of things in common... but we didn't have anything in common. We weren't anything alike.

But I think there may have been a part of me that just didn't want her to have friends. Like if she became popular, that would have taken the attention away from me, or something.

I remember this one time when Terri had this really big crush on a guy named Freddy. Remember him? He's the one that worked at that convenience store. Teri would talk me into driving her, because I had my driver's license and she didn't; and Mom said I had to drive her places if I wanted to keep using the car. So, I had to tag along as she went in to buy a drink, or a bag of chips... any excuse to be in the same room with him.



She was too stupid to realize that he was giving eyes at me the whole time. After a while I just got tired of her mooning all over him, so I started smiling back when he rolled his eyes and smiled that 'do you have to put up with this crap all the time' grin. Teri couldn't bring herself to ask, so she had me give the guy our number and when he called, he asked for me. And she got all upset, but I told her, "You can't blame the guy, he's more than a year older than you." Of course, that meant he was also a year younger than me. That's younger than most the guys I see. Still, it was worth seeing him for a few weeks, just so I didn't have to driver her to the mall any more.



Another time, Teri invited this booy, Bobby over to the house with the lame excuse that she needed math tutoring--as if she wasn't taking advanced math classes. But after a few hours, she had to go do something. I can't remember what, probably some kind of team meeting or picking up her basketball shorts from the coach.

Anyway, I guess no one told her that you don't leave your date alone in the house with your older (and more attractive) sister. Figure that one. So, anyway, you can probably guess what happened. By the time she got back the boy and I were making out on the couch.

And he was a kind of cute one too.

It's not my fault boys don't stick. At least he lasted a month... and I still remember his name, if that countes for anything.



Then, there was the time...

Oh wait, I think I hear her.

Yes, I can hear her keys clinking together as she walks down the hall.

And there she is.

Maybe I finally said the right things this time.



Kally's Diary


Fourth Try

Apparently, I'm a liar...

Well no, I know I'm a liar. But apparently my sister is a mind- reader.

I don't know how she knows, but she calls me on everything. Well, not everything, after all, the basic stories I told were all true. I just embellished them a little here and there.

I couldn't very well make up all of taht shit out of nothing, but... I don't get it, every time I don't tell the truth, she knows.



I don't know how you do it! It's like your reading my mind.

Well, I'm no mind reader, but it's not like you're all that hard to figure out. Like that ridiculous nonsense about you egging the boys on to grab my breasts... that happened in grade school...

Honestly, if you're going to lie, you better learn to be better at it than that. And, as punishment, were going to step up your breath work. Before you just held your breat. Now, I'm going to sit on your face. And we'll keep doing it until your memory comes back.


I dont really believe she can read my mind, but somehow, I'm giving myself away. Maybe I have a tell... like in poker. Some people are really good at that and she's really smart, so maybe ... Whatever it is, she was really angry with me this time. Not yelling and screaming, mad, but she's been harder on me this last intermission, even with me finally getting used to things.

What if I don't remember?

Don't worry, I'm sure once I'm sitting on your face, you'll remember all sorts of stuff.

And if not?

Well then, I guess you'll just have to do a better job of making stuff up... How's that been working out for you so far, slave?



Just tell the truth, Little Sister, and all of this can end.

Teri has started sitting on my face when I'm tied to the bed, with my nipples being pulled towards the air. It gives her the perfect chance to be to totaly bitch... Damn, I shouldn't have said that. I'm just so used to writing quickly, without thinking and I can't seem to sensor anything anymore. Shit just pops out, and I have to keep writing, because I can't stop. It's like I have logoria, which is sort of diariah of the mouth.

Teri acts like it should be the easiest thing in the world, but it's not easy to expose yourself like that. Our lies protect us from the ridicule of others. They keep us from hurting the feelings of other people, instead of just telling them, "No, you look like a fat cow in that fucking dress!" That's the truth! But the truth is ugly and cruel. The truth is an older boy you have a crush on stealing your report card and laughing at you when he finds you've got three D's and an F. The truth is a sister who thinks she's better than you re. The truth is... the truth is dangerous and ugly and painful. And we feel pain for a reason. It's not so that we do it again.



Woo hool
Giddy up
little
horsey!

I don't know what's so great about the truth. The truest stories are the ones we make up anyway. Still, I can hear what she'll say about that.

All I can think about are all the mean things she's been doing to me. Where's the deep, mind-freeing truth in that? Still, I've earned enough lashes already; so I'll tell you all the things I liked best... I mean the things I didn't like the least ... You know what I mean.

Actually most of the face sitting wasn't all that bad. I mean, I'm not into girls, or anything, but it's about like licking your skin when it's sweaty. There's a distinct taste to it that isn't entirely pleasant. But it's no

worsethan say, licking your own sweaty armpit. Teri says forcing me to lick her in public (or at least in the presence of strangers) is all about breaking down my inhibitions. I suppose that must be why she keeps pinching and pulling my nipples too. Pain must help too. Jeff is sitting at my other end, with his fingers probing my pussy, while Teri gives me breath training... or what she's begun to jokingly call "memory training". But the worst part is, the whole time their just sitting around talking about the whether while I'm getting abused at both ends. I'm not sure who they are, but they're always attractive people.

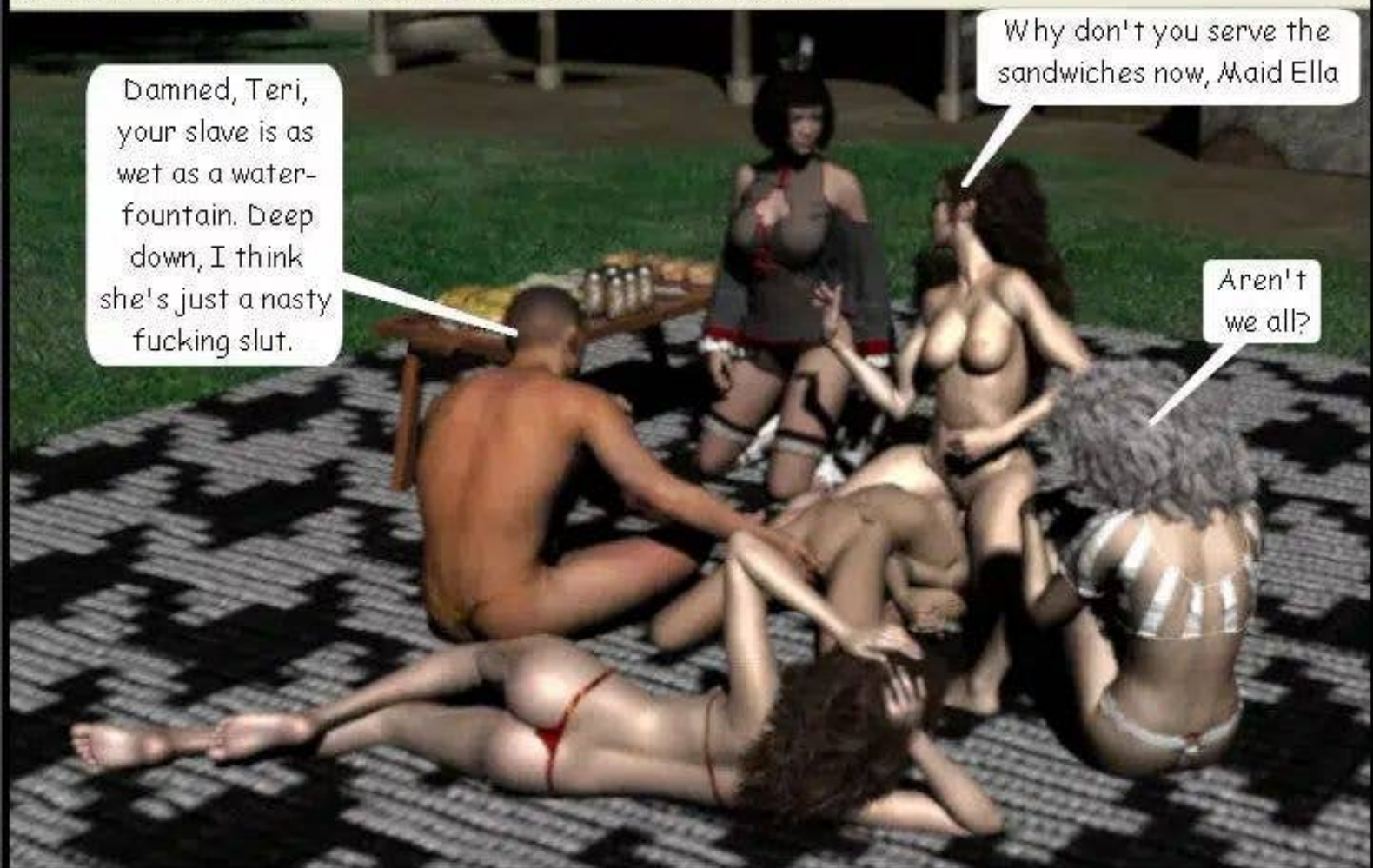


You shouldn't talk like that; I'm going to have to punish you.

Damned, Teri, your slave is as wet as a water-fountain. Deep down, I think she's just a nasty fucking slut.

Why don't you serve the sandwiches now, Maid Ella

Aren't we all?





Most humiliating of all is that, despite Jeff fingering my pussy and ass and Teri rubbing her snatch in my face, and the others all laughing and having a grand old time, like this was the company picnic, I couldn't keep myself from cumming over and over... like I've never cum before in my whole life. And, of course, Jeff had to give a blo-by-blow every time I squirmed or twitched uncontrollably. Honestly, I don't think I've ever been so thoroughly fucked and humiliated in my whole life. Even when the meal was over and Jeff let the girls take a turn... doing whatever they wanted. For one that was licking my pussy. For the other that was whipping it. All while Teri kept riding my face, and I was fighting for air and dribbling goo all down my legs. I'd rather talk about something else. But it's not like you weren't there, so...

Still, I guess I should talk about something else. I didn't get a chair this time and my predicament is better and worse than before. I'm on my knees; my legs chained at a slight angle so that my feet can't give me any support at all. The only other real support for my body is the board around my neck, and the beam that holds it is angled so that I'm forced to lean forward. If it weren't for the hi-necked collar, I'd probably be choking right now. As it is the pressure is only slightly uncomfortable. I can't see the page I'm writing on clearly. To see anything, I have to look past the bottom of my eyelids. Then there are the dildos that are attached to the beam. They offer only the slightest support, but a lot of temptation.





It's nice not to be sitting on spikes or having a machine forcibly fuck me. But the way I'm leaning forward gives me a strange feeling, and not being able to see what I'm writing is... hard. When I write about anything erotic, like that picnic section, I find myself grinding my hip, fucking myself on the dildos, and it makes me feel like Jeff was right. Maybe I really am just a slut. But I like to think that we're more than just the sum of our parts. Just because my body reacts to what is being done to it doesn't make me a slut. I ...

It's like she's trying to make up for lost ground. "I'm not going as easy on you this time," she said, Although I'm not sure I'd call all the things I endured on the previous occasions going easy on me.



Your stories this time around were reasonably well written, and even entertaining... and I have to admit that it was incredibly brave of you to admit what a terrible person you are. Unfortunately, barely a single word of it was true.



You need to stay away from the railing, as well as the walls, slave.

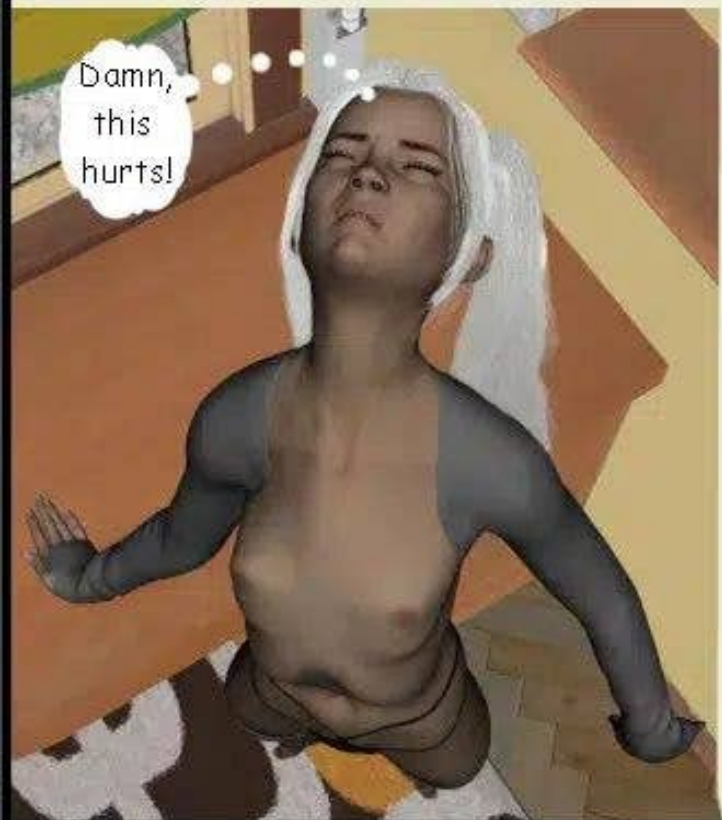
One of her favorite torments this time around has been finding various ways to make it difficult to walk. Not like before where she used a strap between my legs to create problems. This time the focus is on the legs themselves. Sometimes it's nothing more than a pair of bondage boots, which force my toes down like I'm some kind of ballerina. It's hard to keep my balance when I'm walking on just two points, especially when I don't have the use of my arms. Teri follows me around with an electric prod, and she zaps me each time I touch anything for

support. I was actually a little surprised the boots didn't hurt more, Not that they are comfortable or anything, but when I was younger I wanted to be a ballerina, so I practiced standing on the tips of my toes. I didn't have those little shoes, and it hurt like hell, but I was too stubborn to stop doing it for a long time. Perhaps if I'd had the right equipment it wouldn't have hurt so much. Apparently my ballet boots are built to the specifications of my specific feet. Which explains what all that measuring was for when I first got here.



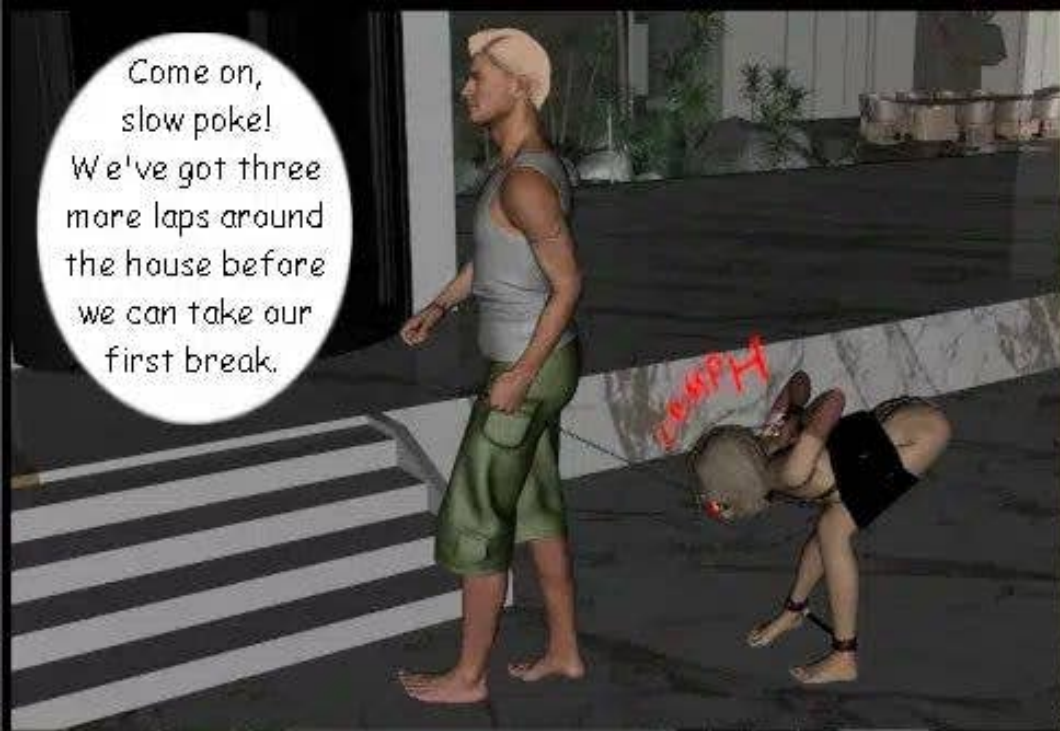
Because there's a danger of falling, you'll get an extra 20 swats for touching the rail.

Damn, stop that. How'mI supposed to stay off the walls if I can't walk?



Damn, this hurts!

Anyway, even though it doesn't look like it, the boots have a heel that is built right in, and it supports a lot more of my weight than I would have thought possible, just looking at them. Of course, it also helps that they're really tight and since they're kind of stiff, a lot of my weight seems to be supported by the upper part of the boot. Like I said, it's still a little uncomfortable, but mostly it's from having my foot stuck in that position for so long ... That, and the electrical prod she uses to help keep me off the walls.



Come on,
slow poke!
We've got three
more laps around
the house before
we can take our
first break.

Jeff's been home a lot this last cycle and one of his favorites is to take me for lengthy frog walks. One method is to put this wide band of leather around my legs and torso, then he parades me around the house, like I'm training for a marathon. I'm definitely building up my leg muscles, but no matter how much we 'train' I still get awful cramps...

God those hurt!



He likes to pull the strap between my legs until it's really, really tight. So it's kind of like those earlier days when they gave me chores, just to make the leather crotch strap rub. But the humiliation of being forced to have my head down while he tugs at the chain to my nose... it makes my eyes water. And the worst are the stairs, because it's hard to swivel my hips enough to get my feet up on the next step. But he barely slows down, and keeps pulling on my nose, so I've had to get better at it as a means of self-preservation... like a lot of things these days.

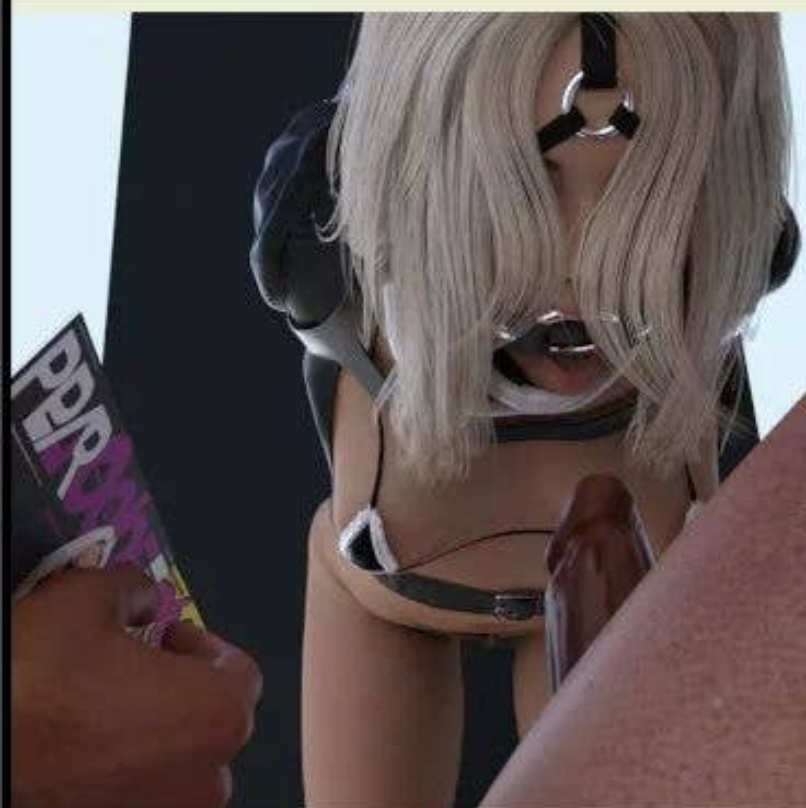


Jeff likes to call me his little Fanni, when he's walking me like this. I thought it was because of the way it forced my fanny into the air. I didn't understand the real reason until Teri showed me this picture by a famous bondage artist known as Bishop. He did this serial comic with a character named Fanni Hall and there's this one scene where she's wearing this belt almost exactly like mine--or, I guess, mine would actually be like hers. Anyway, it's almost the same get up. There are a few differences. I'm a blonde and she had dark hair. I'm wearing fingerless gloves that force my hands into balls, and she wasn't. I have a bar connecting my



ankle cuffs, and she had what looks like a leather strap. And she had a long nose leash that looked like it was made out of silk, or something. While mine is a shorter chain--not overly large, fortunately, but still, it's made of heavy metal and when he gives it a sharp tug it sends these little stars exploding in my head.

The whole thing is designed to make it as difficult to walk as possible, I think. The only good thing is it's bulding up my leg muscles. I'm becoming an athlete, just like my sister... When I'm done walking, sometimes they leave me like this and I have to try to find whatever comfort I can. But it's almost worse, because I'm not moving the muscles to keep the cramps from coming. And when the next person decides they want something, they force me to tag along.



When he's giving me a break from the frog-walking sessions, Jeff likes to play these devious little games. First, he puts me in roller skates and ties my ankle cuffs to these low-pull bungee cords. Then he puts me in a crotch rope tie, with the end going out the back and up to a pulley at the ceiling and then back down to my one-armed glove. At first, I'm able to keep walking my feet forward, as the bungee cords keep pulling them back, but over time the weight of my upper body begins to pull my head down. My neck is braced by a high stiff collar and the ring-gag keeps my mouth open as it gets closer and closer to his intended target. Which, of course, is his rock hard cock.

Sometimes I think Jeff is really just an evil genius. Honestly, if it weren't happening to me, I might actually appreciate my own dilemma. There's absolutely nothing I can do to keep my head from moving closer to his cock. I can work my body a bit so it misses, but when I'm getting close he always guides me in, like a spaceship docking with the mothership. And there's very little I can do to keep myself from going down even further, once he's got his missile trapped inside its port. I'm totally at his mercy, and he never hesitates to remind me every chance he gets.




Once he's inside me, I can give him a good cock sucking by working hard to keep my feet moving forward, which causes me to move up and down on him. I can never seem to actually get off of him, because even if I did, he'd simply raise his hips a bit until I slipped back down again. And if I don't try hard to please him, he punishes me. He can't pull my nipples as easily as he usually does because they're all or mostly covered. But he likes to keep an electrical probe next to his chair.

If we're inside, he'll pretend like he's watching porn on the TV, until I get close enough for action. If we're outside, he'll read a porn magazine, to make sure he stays nice and hard for me as I slip closer and closer.

He's taken up Teri's aim to train me with my breath training. So he can keep me on his cock for a long time, but eventually, when I need a break for a few breaths, he'll give my head a little push so that I can catch my balance. But then the whole process only begins once again. Over and over.






Now, slave,
it's time to
stand up.

Nuhwuh


Another time, Jeff looped a rope around my waist, passed it between my legs, over the front ropes, and down to a highly elastic tie in front of me. My legs were tied to more floor pins, a little more than shoulder width apart. My arms were bound behind my back, so I was helpless to do anything but squat.



Oh yes! Come on. You
can do it. Lift with
your legs. He, he, he.

As long as I remained squatting my crotchrope remained under a snug but comfortable amount of tension--but as soon as I tried to stand, the tension increased and the ropes began to tear at the tender flesh between my legs.

So, why did I try to stand?
Well, lets just say that Jeff



Go on, work that pussy! You
can do it, you're almost there!

threatened me with his electrical probe. At first, when I tried to stand, I couldn't seem to get my legs to straighten. But then he gave me a considerable amount more persuasion with his magic wand, and somewhere I found the strength to get it done.


Once my legs were straight and my knees had a chance to lock, it wasn't nearly so hard to maintain--other than enduring the intense pain, of course. But at least it hurt a little less than the electrical probe did.



Good girl, now just hold that a moment longer.

AAAAHHH

Unfortunately, my ordeal wasn't over quite yet. While I was standing (with Jeff tugging at my left nipple to keep me there) he reached up and grabbed another elastic cord that was one of two hanging from the ceiling. Once he clipped it onto my nipple ring, the pressure on my nipple was actually a lot less, but he quickly grabbed the other nipple and pulled down another cord for that one. Now I had a choice. I could continue to stand, and bear the pain that was ripping through my pussy; or I could kneel back down and let the pressure increase on my nipples. Neither choice was something I could handle for very long, but when I tried to bend my knees so that I could Hoover in the middle where both pains were intense but bearable... Well, I quickly discovered why people tend to stand with their legs straight. Even for the shortest period, doing a half-squat, like that, caused my leg muscles to ache like they were on fire.



Oh God!
You're not really going to leave me here like this, are you?

That ought to do you for a while...
I'm going to go take a little break, maybe get something to eat. I've worked up an appetite after all this work. I should be back in oh, say 15 to 20 minutes, if you're lucky.



So, there I was, stuck, alone in the same room where I slept. Not knowing how long he'd leave me there in my misery, trying to find a new position that was slightly less intolerable than the one I was perpetually in.

After a while, a strange thing happened. The pain began to change into something else. It wasn't exactly pleasure, but it wasn't quite pain either. It was like the pain had burrowed under my skin and formed a throbbing little line that connected my nipples to my clit. I read somewhere that there's a line on the human body, where women sometimes grow extra breasts. And I could imagine that this line that had been created was whatever line that's already there, that erogenous line where those breasts can grow when things go wrong.



Everything seems to get back to working the legs. Another time, Jeff had one of his buddies come over and do the honors. And this time, it was the worst ever, because my face wasn't covered, like it was during the picnic. And I wasn't being shaperoned.

Something about the intimacy of being one-on-one and alone, made this far more humiliating than the picnic, even though that bad because everyone was talking about stuff like the weather--and it just seemed so ordinary. Like no one even cared that I was lying under Teri's crotch.

This was much more business-like. In fact, Teri gave my leash to the guy herself and even referred to him as the "dog walker." Which, of course, makes me the dog.

Maybe that's why it was so embarrassing. Or maybe it was the two little bells that were stretching my pussy lips and tinkling every time I took

a step. Maybe it was my position--once again with my knees almost behind my head, which makes it incredibly hard to walk and difficult to keep one's balance. Maybe it was the fat, white collar with the word slave written on it in bold letters. Or it could have been the way my tongue was stretched out, first by a pair of short chopstick sthat were bound together with string, and then by a small but heavy weight that was attached to the ring in my tongue. Or maybe the nose tag with the number 69 printed into it. With all that, it would be easy to take your pick; but I suspect the truth is that it was the combination of all those things, forced upon me, while under the care of a horny stranger.



I designed and built this walking gear myself, bitch, although I got the idea from one of the artists in my collection, by the name of Thorne. He didn't have the training wheels, though. That's totally mine.

I built both of them in my workshop in the basement, where I custom make most of your leathers. Maybe one of these days I'll take you down there and give you a tour of the place.



Just looking at one of these squat walking positions, you might not think it was as difficult as it really is. The stairs, maybe. those look difficult; but straight ground? Not so much. But believe me, even just walking takes a lot of energy and stamina, if you go very far. Just keeping your balance, in fact, is a monumental chore. Which is why Jeff created this clever little contraption that he called my training wheels. It was basically a bent bar with a shock-ab-sorber, of sorts and a wheel at one end. The other end had a large dildo that was built into a large crotch strap. Once it was stuffed inside me and bound nice and tight,

Would you like that, bitch? You're my pretty little bitch today, aren't you? All hot and horny?

God help me, I am ... this has me so fucking horny



If only my legs didn't hurt so damn much!



Jeff could literally pull on the bar with the wheel and it would barely budge. Despite that, or perhaps because of it, I could really feel every crack or bump in the ground.

I'm not sure it helped, however. Once I got used to walking with that extra weight attached to my rear, and supporting much of my weight, it may have actually been harder to relearn where my center of balance was, once he removed it.

That didn't seem to matter. Jeff loved testing it out and although he never took me for long walks like the dog walker, I was definitely sweaty.

As the name implies, the dog walker... what was his name anyway... ah yes, Jacob. He likes to take me outside for long walks. He doesn't seem to realize or care that he's wearing shoes and I'm not, Jacob always prefers the trail over the nice soft grass.

Some days I think we must walk for miles. There's a long track that I've only seen a small portion of, but it



winds around through some wooded areas and then down to some property that looks more like a farm than the luxurious nature of the house. I jokingly refer to it as the lower-forty, when I'm referring to it in my own mind. Not sure what Teri calls it, or if she even has a name for it. When she wants to take me there for some reason, she just takes me there. Same as everything else she does with me... I'm just...

I can't help wondering what has happened to my apartment; and all my stuff. Not that I had a lot of nice things, but they were mine and I've been gone so long, I can't help thinking that my apartment manager has probably thrown everything out by now. Sometimes I feel like that myself. Like I've been thrown out; kicked to the curb.



When I fall from exhaustion or because he's been trying to walk me too fast for too long, Jacob gives me my punishment by taking his dog walker's reward.

He's not as large as Jeff, but despite being a little smaller, he knows how to use what he's got. Instead of pushing in at the center, he offsets his motion, so it's going in crooked and this forces his cock to rub against the sides of my walls, touching places that no one else seems to know how. That's just one of his little tricks, and sometimes I think he likes to use them all, every time he kneels down with me. Doggy style, of



You've done well today, little slut puppy. Time for your reward.

I'm so tired I can't think straight... is this my reward or yours.



course, which might be humiliating too if it weren't for... anyway, my legs burn with the exertion of walking as I have for hours and miles and somehow, that seems to make all my juices flow now... I've been turned into a human sized version of Pavlov's dog, I think.

Nothing I can do about it, I suppose, so... I guess that's what you've wanted all along. To turn me into this thing that juices up at every abusive hand violating all my private parts whenever I'm not looking.



As always, way more happened since last time than I could possibly write in the short time you give me. Not that I'm asking for more, you understand, but there are limits... and something tells me my time is almost up. When I'm not in pain, or being driven to extremes of unwanted pleasure, my sense of time has actually gotten pretty good. It's one of the survival skills that any good slave needs in her mistress's home. Teri keeps telling me this isn't forever, but I'm not sure I believe her. And the longer I stay, the harder it will be to go back and put the pieces of my life back together again.





Ah, there she is. Right on time.
Which means it's time to review what I've written and take my medicine.
I'm ready to get out of this contraption. My knees hurt.



Kally's Diary

**Fifth
Try**

I can't believe you stole my fucking diary!



And, as if that wasn't enough, you picked two minutes ago to tell me about it--just after Jeff was finished cuffing my legs to my newest typing seat. And now, I guess I'm supposed to talk about how I feel, in third-person.

Well, alright, I'm embarrassed. Is that what you want?

Sorry, I know you'll punish me for using second person--it's just.

I know it's silly after what I've been through these past few weeks. I mean the things I wrote in my diary almost look tame compared to what I've been writing here; what I've actually been through.

And maybe that was the point.

I still don't have the faintest clue--except I know I don't have any secrets anymore. Which explains how you always knew. I wrote every-thing down in that diary. The terrible things I did and said; the terrible things I only wished I had the courage to do. The terrible things that happen to me and the terrible things I only fantasized about happening to me. I told that book

everything!

And so you knew, all along.

Even as you strapped me into these chairs and told me to write... Each time you hung a weight from my nipples and listened to me moan in pained pleasure. You knew!

Each time you threaded the ropes or a leather strap between my pussy lips, you knew!

Each time you licked my pussy or forced me to lick yours, you knew!

Each time you humiliated me by fulfilling one of my fantasies, you knew!



Do you recognize this?



Sorry, sis, I'll be out in a moment

No rush... take your time!

I'll just look around, at your stuff.

You must have found it that one time you stayed over. I must have carelessly left it lying around, never suspecting that you'd have enough interest in it to pick it up and read it. I hadn't written in it for years. I was never even sure what happened to it, until now. I never noticed that it was missing until months later.

And I suspect you've been studying it all this time, getting to know me... so that you could use it when the time came.

Did you steal it that same day when you found it? Or did you take it later?

There was a break in a few weeks or months after your visit. Long enough that I didn't put the three events together. But I'll bet you visited, found my diary, you (or someone you paid) came back and stole it. And, since I rarely looked at it, I didn't notice that it was missing until months later.

If the plan was to embarrass and humiliate me, it's working.



Oh wow! My, my, sister has a dirty mind.

I can't pretend anymore that there isn't a part of me that has loved every minute of my capture. That loves the way you always think of everything. Like now, the way you've spread my legs in this vulnerable position, with the typewriter too low not to be awkward. And this little buz ball wedged deep into the folds of my cunt, just below my clit, so that every vibration is radiated directly to the sexual center of my brain. It's wedged too deep for me to shake it out; it's strong enough to distract me from my anger, but not so overpowering that it keeps me from thinking all together.





Of course, I've had a lot of practice lately, ignoring such distractions, but still, I can't help thinking that this was intentional on your part. Like everything else, designed to help me along the way. Designed to push me past my inhibitions. To get me all wet as I think about what you plan to do to me next.

The truth is that real-life is never the same as our fantasies. I think that's actually why we have fantasies: so we can do all the things we'd never do in real life. But there are some people, like you, who do those things. They take the uptight, hateful sister by the

nipples and they bring her to heel. And, in being forced to live out my fantasies (I have to admit) there is something rather freeing about having one's fantasies brought to life.

I must admit, I feel rather dull for not realizing that what was happening to me was just too close to my own fantasies to be pure coincidence. I should have figured it out ages ago, but there was a part of me that didn't want to. In part, because I was afraid to admit who I was. I could act superior and rail against you, while secretly there was another part that I think didn't want to admit it (even to myself) because I didn't want to risk the possibility that it might end.

How weird is that? But I think Terri knew there were certain things that I could never do for myself.

Sorry about the jump to third person, but I think I've earned enough demerits for one session. Time to start obeying the rules again... even though my whole body is tingling, just from thinking about all the punishments I've earned.

It feels strange that saying this is so easy now, when for so long I would have suffered anything (even death I think) to avoid having to admit the truth about myself.

I was filled with intense shame when Teri first showed me my own diary. And then, that shame turned to anger... but now I feel an overwhelming sense of calm. I don't have to hide the fact that my pussy is tingling (not just from this clever little buzzball between my legs, but also because I'm anticipating my future punishments. I was almost tempted to keep acting up, just to receive more, but...

It's strange how such silly things can petrify us with fear. For so long, I would have done anything to avoid this moment and now that it's here, I feel so free, like a heavy weight has finally been lifted.



Being dominated and forced to do things wasn't nearly as humiliating as admitting that I liked it. And yet, the former was necessary to free me enough that I could admit the later. And now, I feel free. And I can admit things that I never even told my diary.

Like Edward. Remember him? Mom's old boyfriend?

And before you go there, NO, I wasn't sexually abused, if that's what you're thinking. But I did have a big crush on him. He always seemed to pay more attention to you---because you were the youngest, I suppose.



But to me, back then, well, I just wanted his attention. I was always wearing 'sexy' clothes and trying to strike a sexy pose.


It's funny how certain things affect us, isn't it. I've never felt embarrassed of my body, or showing it off... I've never had difficulty being around guys or letting them know I wanted to have sex.... you know, all the kind of things a lot of wallflowers typically struggle with. But the thought of being tied up (and letting anyone else know that it turned me on) ... Well that has always been enough to turn my heart into a frozen iceberg.

It's silly really, but we can't help who we are.

Sometimes I wonder what little things go into forming us. Fate is like the hand of a sculptor, slowly chipping away out the clay that molds us into who we are.

Yeah, I know, I'm mixing my metaphors. You can't really chip clay until it's been fired. But I think you know what I mean.





Ha! I gotchya!


I loved it when Edward found a little time to play with me, but I was old enough that this wasn't exactly easy. And the simplest way was for him to tickle me.

It was my first experience with pleasure and pain, I think. I hated being tickled, you see. But because it was him, I loved it too. I couldn't get enough. Although I screamed and giggled and flailed my arms in humorous agony, I never told him to stop; I never pushed him away or tried to run away myself. I continued to wear the midriff shirts that I knew would make it easier for him to gain access to my sensitive spots.

Sometimes he would just focus on my belly, pinning my arms behind my back as he worked his magic fingers over my belly, especially if I was wearing a long sleeve shirt. But if I didn't have sleeves, he'd pin my arms above my head and buzz my underarms until I was screaming for unwanted mercy.

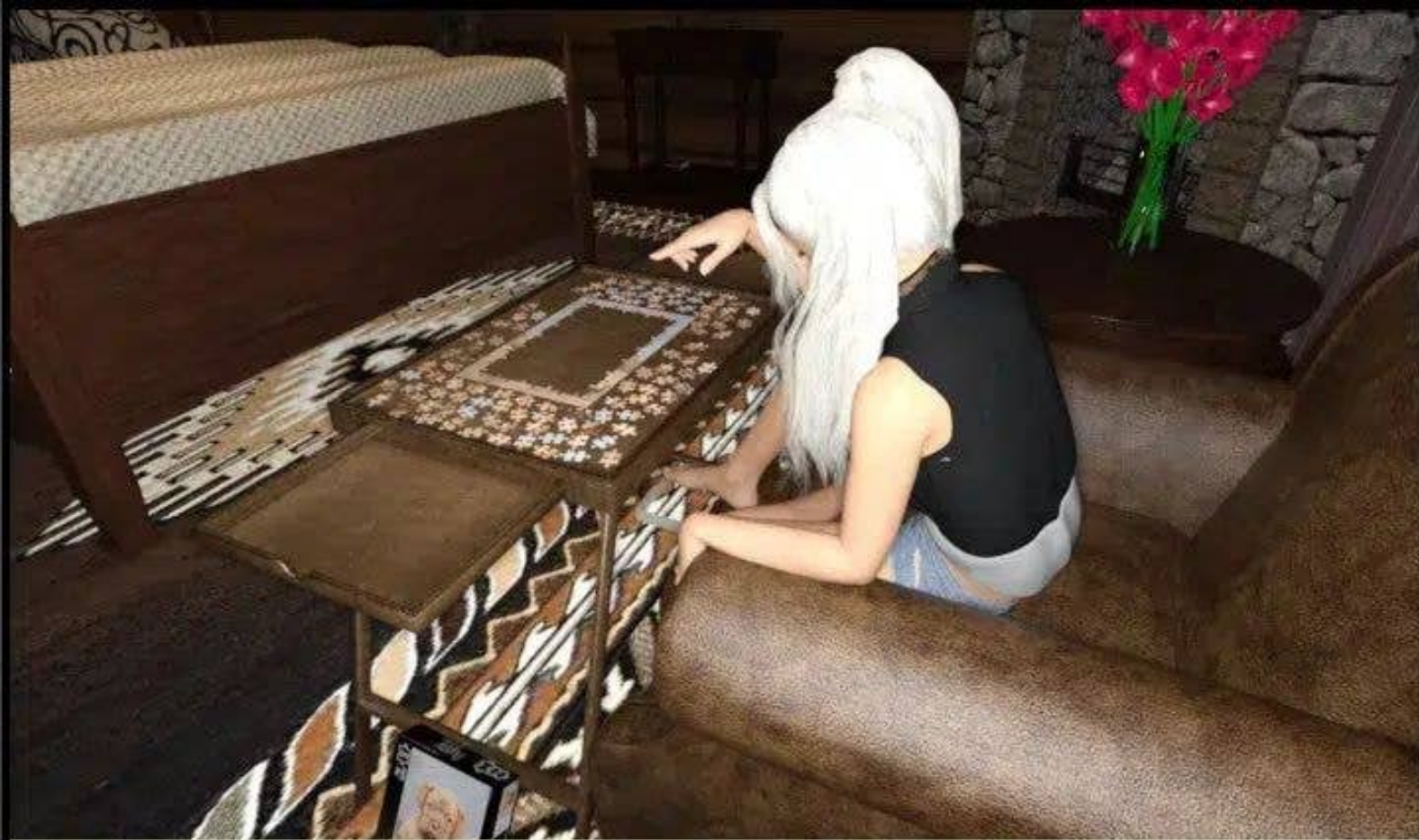
I think he knew how much I loved it, but there didn't seem to be anything... nefarious about it. I don't know. Maybe he was grooming me; working me up to the something more that adults always fear. But it seemed innocent enough at the time. Then one day, everything changed.

Mom was called in for work at the last minute, I think. Teri was staying at some friends, and Edward had already had made plans to go up to his cabin. He agreed to take me with him. It was a long pleasant drive; I sat beside him thinking of all our time together.



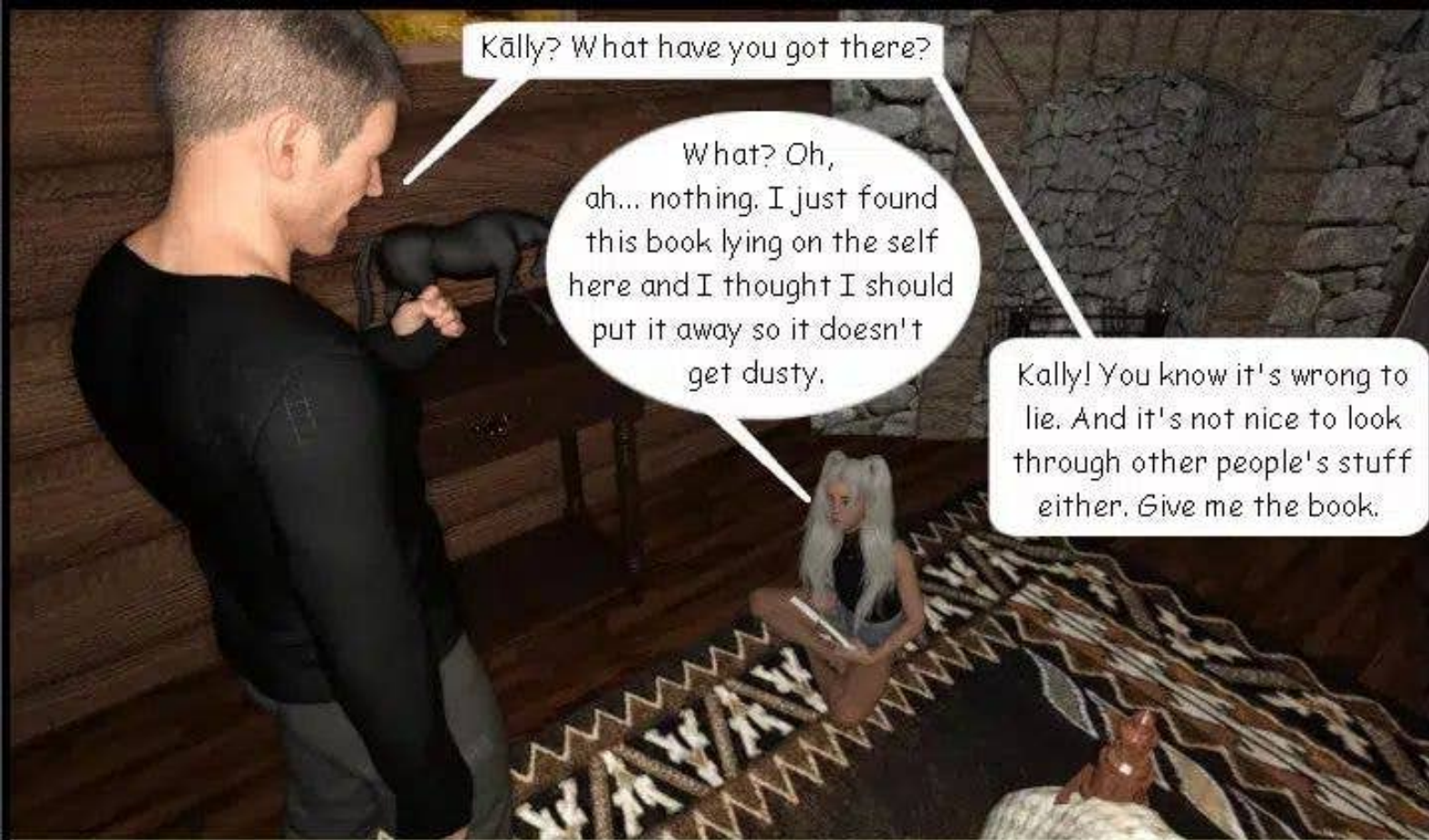
Ah, I've captured the rebel leader. Now I must interrogate her, get all the information.

Ah, ha, ha, ha. Oh!
Ha, ha ha. I don't
HA HA know any HA
HA thing. HA HA



As it turns out, once we got to the cabin, things weren't nearly as exciting as I expected them to be. I spent a lot of time on my own, putting puzzles together. I think he bought them just for this occasion, as I don't think Edward was much of a puzzle worker. But he had other things that he'd come to the cabin to do, that didn't have anything to do with me. When I became bored, I began to look around the room and that's when I found this book called "The Kidnapped Bride. It really wasn't all that well hidden, so I've never been sure (looking back on it) whether he'd simply forgotten to put it back in it's hiding spot, after the last time he'd been reading it... or whether maybe he'd actually wanted me to find the book.





Kally? What have you got there?

What? Oh, ah... nothing. I just found this book lying on the self here and I thought I should put it away so it doesn't get dusty.

Kally! You know it's wrong to lie. And it's not nice to look through other people's stuff either. Give me the book.

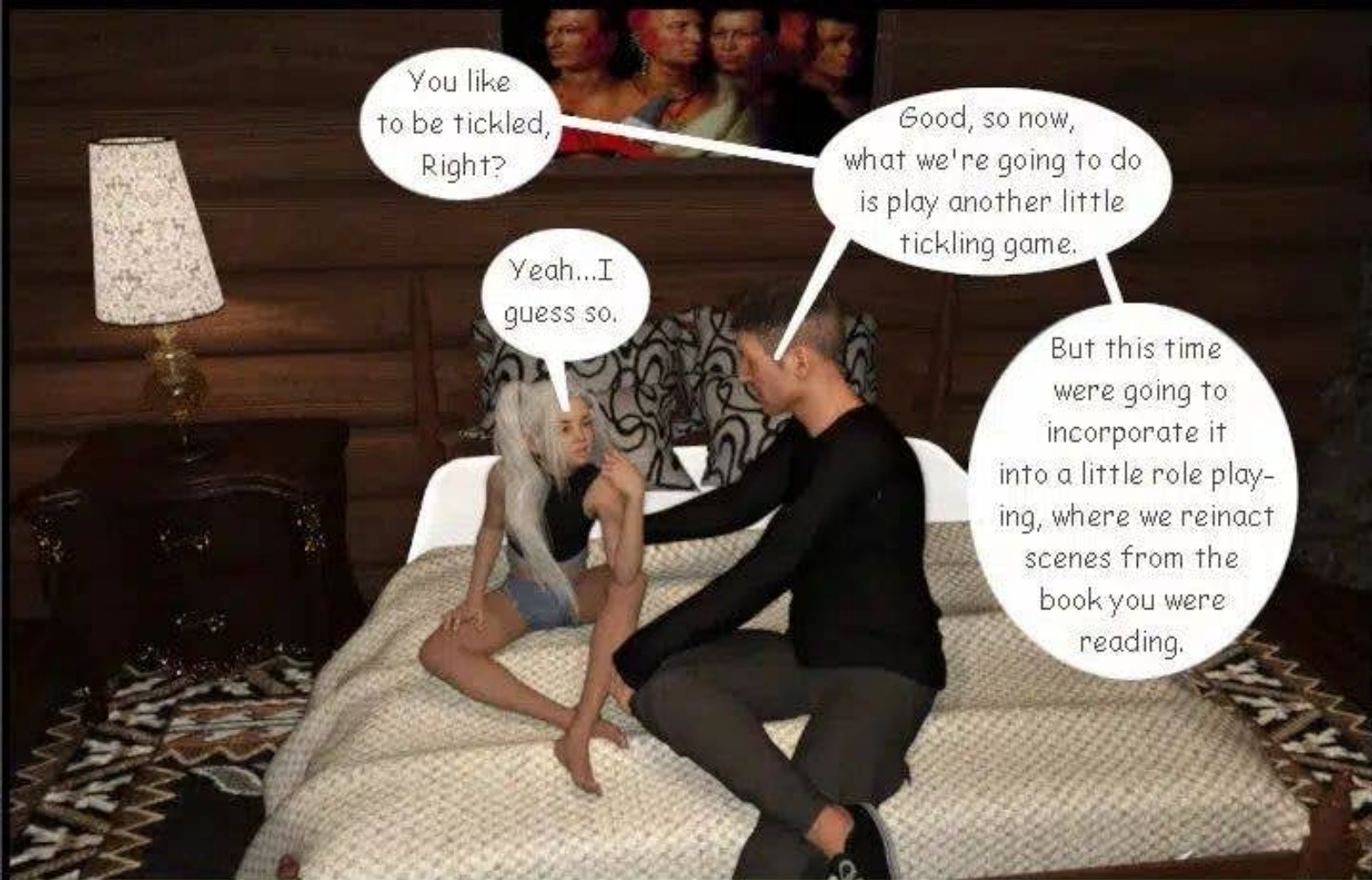
It didn't take me long to get hooked on the story... a bit longer to realize that it wasn't a child's book. It wasn't exactly porn, but it was definitely erotic. It spoke clearly about things that I'd only recently started to think a lot about. And reading about them in this book (which I knew I wasn't supposed to be touching) made all the salacious parts all the more... enticing.

That is until Edward came in and caught me reading it.

Until that moment, I'd never been so humiliated and mortified in my life. He didn't scold me. He took the book and put it away, then he sat me down on his bed and had a little talk about staying out of other people's stuff. But then he asked me about what I actually read. At the time, I thought he was trying to see if I'd gotten to the good parts yet, which I had, but now I can't help wondering if it wasn't all part of some clever grooming process.



I know you're probably starting to feel things that are a little confusing at the moment, but that's natural. There's no need to feel embarrassed. Now, would you like to play a new game?



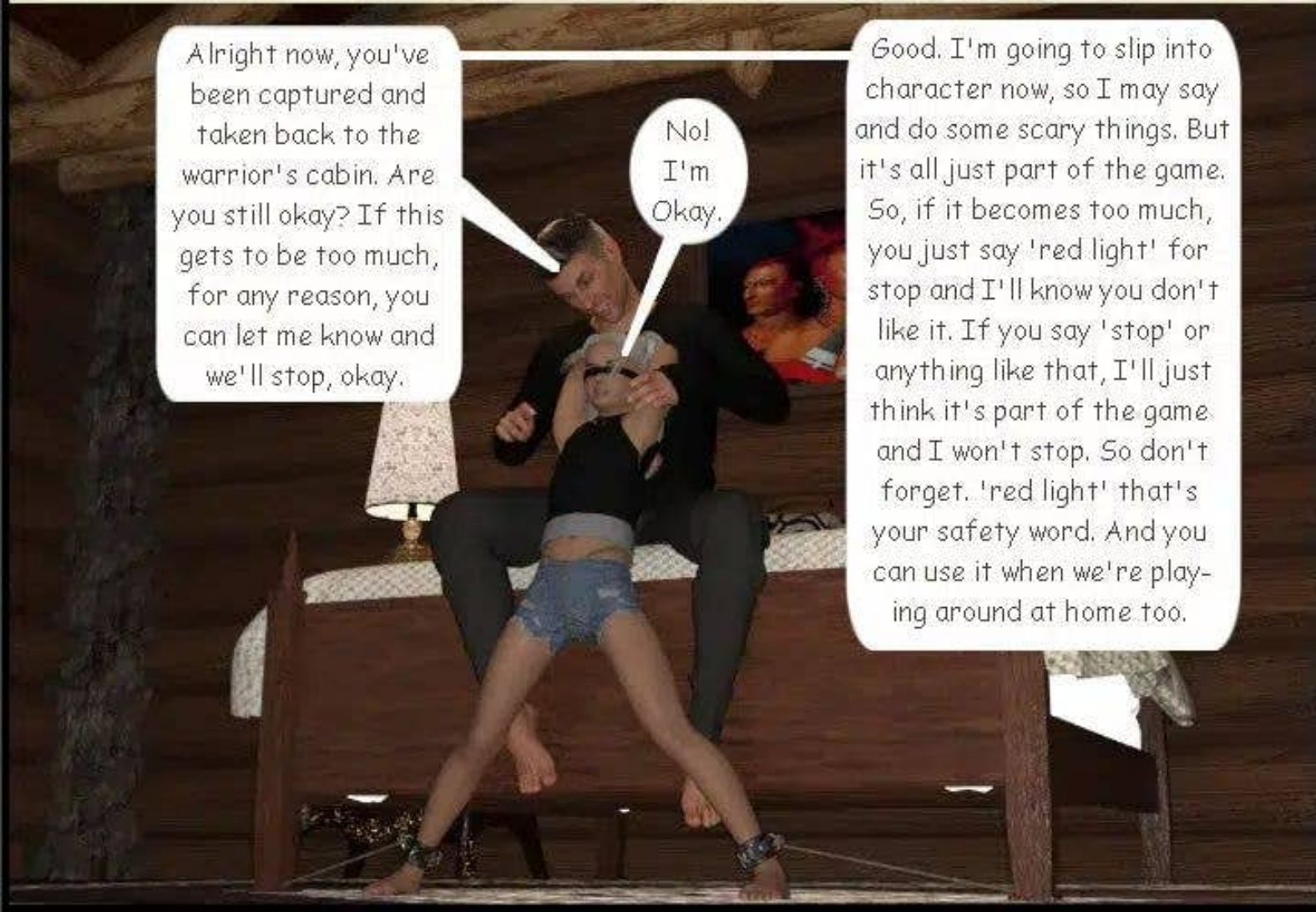
You like to be tickled, Right?

Yeah...I guess so.

Good, so now, what we're going to do is play another little tickling game.

But this time were going to incorporate it into a little role playing, where we reenact scenes from the book you were reading.


I never got the chance to see if he would take it further, but I didn't feel like I was in any danger at the time. However, it wasn't long after this trip to the cabin when mom kicked Edward out. Maybe it wasn't my fault they split up. Maybe Edward found out how sick mom really was and left before things got bad, because this was just shortly before mom died. But it always felt like it was my fault. It always felt like mom getting sick was my fault too.



Alright now, you've been captured and taken back to the warrior's cabin. Are you still okay? If this gets to be too much, for any reason, you can let me know and we'll stop, okay.

No! I'm Okay.

Good. I'm going to slip into character now, so I may say and do some scary things. But it's all just part of the game. So, if it becomes too much, you just say 'red light' for stop and I'll know you don't like it. If you say 'stop' or anything like that, I'll just think it's part of the game and I won't stop. So don't forget. 'red light' that's your safety word. And you can use it when we're playing around at home too.



I'll teach you not to abandon me and marry someone else! Since you rejected me as my wife, I'm going to make you my slave.

HA HA HA
HA, AH HA HA
HA HA HA


Like I said, I don't remember him doing anything more; and I don't remember mom making a fuss about anything either. And it wasn't until I became older that I even began to think that there might have been some-thing wrong with our game.

I've always wondered if mom thought more was going on than actually was. Maybe she saw something change in my behavior. Although I suspect she'd known that I had a childish crush on Edward for a long time. So maybe it was his behavior that changed.

Anyway, I just thought I should get that out into the open. You've read my diary, so you know almost everything. But that wasn't something I was willing to share, even in the privacy of my own diary.

You do know why my pussy is hairless. It's some-thing I started doing back during my rebellious phase. And

it's something I've continued doing until recently when you started doing it for me. But I've never spoken about that either. There were so many things to talk about and so little time.



You'll never be free again, you little harlot. I'll spend my days tickling you.

HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA



I'm not sure why I started shaving my pussy, but I think it was shortly after mom's death, when I was moving into my rebellious phase. I don't know, it just seemed edgy. And it made it easier to wear those skimpy little things I was wearing then.

Mostly though, it was about living out my fantasies. I couldn't do that in real life, because I was too ashamed of my own thoughts. They'd kindled brightly when I was still a child (shortly after Edward left) and although I'd tried to bury them, they were like the hot embers of a camping fire that you may think you've put out, but hours later another fire springs forth.



I think all types of flames are a little like an animal... whether it's fur is soft and curly or as spiky as a porcupine's, the one thing they all share is that they have an instinctual urge to protect themselves. No matter how far down we try to push them. They keep bubbling to the top. Pouring salt on the wounds.

I'm mixing my metaphores again, but then I was never the smart one, was I. No, I was the one who was afraid of my own shadow. Bold on the outside, but secretly shy on the inside. A smoldering flame trying to smother itself, but unable to do so.





I was willing to lie to you (and to myself) because...I was trying to act tough. Trying to protect my soft and vulnerable insides. But I was never as hard as I pretended to be. Like that time I said I stole your boyfriend.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to claim that it wasn't my fault, but it wasn't quite as cold and calculated as I made it seem--not even in my diary, who I lied to occasionally too. I liked to feel like I was more in control, but I was more like a cork floating on the ocean.

Bobby and I were watching TV, after you left, waiting for you to return. He wanted to watch something that else, and I didn't. He tried to take the remote from me and one thing led to another, and before I knew it he was tickling me and I was laughing so hard I almost creamed my pants. I agreed to go out with him after that, because I was hoping he'd tickle me again. It was the closest I'd ever come to recreating my times with Edward. But I couldn't bring myself to ask, and he never did it again.

I know it's not much of an excuse but... I hear you coming. So, I guess I'm done.



Kally's Diary

**Sixth
Try**

Just say whatever you want. It doesn't matter how short or how long. And when you're done, it will be time to go home.



This is the last story I have to write. I'm actually starting to like this writing again, so maybe I'll start up another diary, but (as you said) it's the last story I HAVE to write.

Sorry. I stopped talking about you in third-person, Terry. But you're the one who said I could say whatever I wanted this time. No time limits. No restraints (other than these straps on my ankles, and even those I had to ask for)... and most importantly, no punishments for misspeaking. And so, this time I want to speak directly to you.

It's funny. I can take my time and think about what I want to say now--but strangely, after forcing myself to write quickly for so long, I find this rapid style suits me best. When I was younger I

always thought twice before speaking, afraid I'd make a mistake. I may have been one of the more popular girls at school, but I was always a follower. One of the leaders took me under her wing and rose me up in the social structure, as her protegee. But I never really felt like I deserved it. I always felt like I was right on the edge of losing control; one stupid little move away from becoming the class clown.

I've given what I want to say a lot of thought.

I considered trying to remember a few more of the horrible things that we did to each other in our childhood. I'm not the only one with a few skeletons in my closet in that regard--we haven't even scratched the surface of that book yet. But most of those stories are ones I've already forgotten or already written about in my diary. I could retell them with more honesty and less bit-terness, but right now it just seems pointless.

I could regale my dear reader with tales of whips and chains, this time telling not only how much it hurt, but also about how much I love the pain. But again, that doesn't seem very important to me either, at this moment.

Instead, I thought I would write just a little about what does seem important. And what seems important right now is how I imagine our goodbye scene will go in the not-to-distant future. I don't know what will actually happen, but here's what I hope for.

What I long for.





I'll be in my room packing, stuffing my clothes into a travel bag... Or maybe I won't--all, I came here with was that one dress and it was ruined a long time ago.

So all that's really left, if you even kept it, is my purse. The one I took to the restaurant.



So maybe you and Jeff will come to my room with a parting gift. Maybe you'll have that stupid necklace I was wearing when you took me. You always were the one to remember special occasions, so perhaps you'll have bought me a new dress. Nothing too flashy or sexy. Just a simple dress.

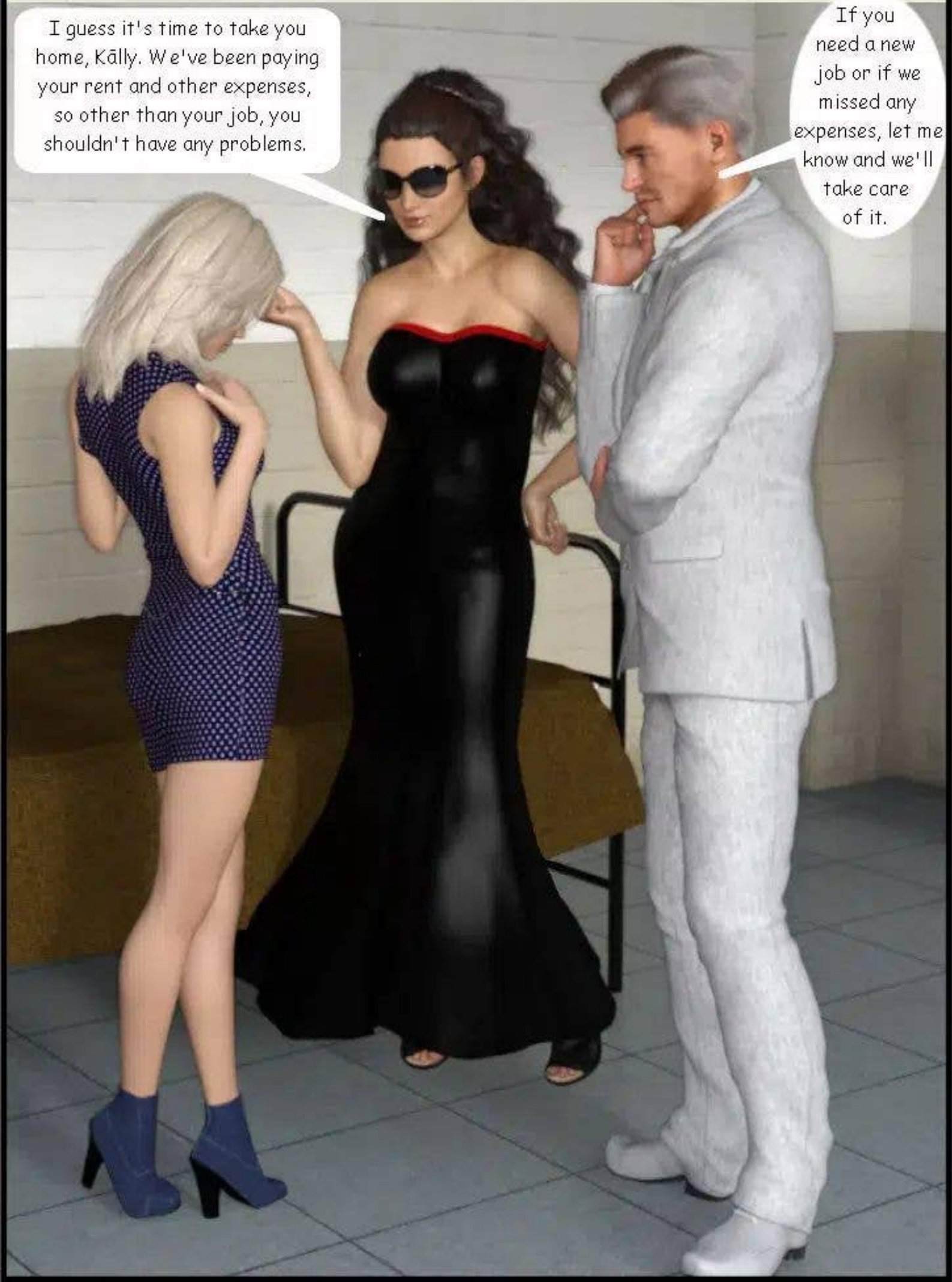


I figured you'd need something to wear when you arrived home again.

You and Jeff will watch me closely, as I remove this skimpy maid's outfit that I'm wearing. My heart will be racing and I'll feel uncomfortable as I slip into the new dress you've bought me for the trip back to my old life. When I'm done, I'll strike a sexy pose for you, but I'll be too fearful and embarrassed to actually look at you.

I guess it's time to take you home, Kally. We've been paying your rent and other expenses, so other than your job, you shouldn't have any problems.

If you need a new job or if we missed any expenses, let me know and we'll take care of it.



I'll force myself to look up at you, with my big, sad and hopeful eyes.

You'll be looking back at me with that knowing little smirk, but you'll stand there waiting; forcing me to say the words that I hope you already know are in my heart.



You'll purse your lips and chuckle as you look over at Jeff to see what he thinks.

After a moment he'll grin and nod as he makes some snide comment with his usual sarcastic humor.

At least, that's how I'm hoping our good-bye scene will go, Teri.

And I don't mind admitting that for the first time, since I've come here, even as I write this final story of how I hope for things to go...

For the first time, as I sit here waiting for you to read my words and pass sentence on my desires... I am really and truly afraid.

