

## Lapse in Judgement

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### **Annotation**

One moment, Steve and Laura Packsworth were happily married suburbanites. The next moment, they belonged to the Chambeaux family. The adjustment is difficult for both of them as they endure one humiliating surprise after another.

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## **Lapse in Judgment**

### **Chapter 1**

#### **The Lapse**

The couple paused as they stood on the front porch of the huge house and glanced at one another. Neither spoke and each took a deep breath before she reached out and pressed the doorbell. Moments later, her actions were rewarded with the opening of the heavy door.

"Hello, hello," smiled their host warmly. "Do come in." He stepped back to allow the couple to enter the spacious hallway inside. "It's so good to see you both again," he continued. "Go ahead and hang your clothes in the closet and make yourselves comfortable."

As he opened the hallway closet, the couple glanced at one another again. This time, they each gulped but then disrobed, hanging their garments in the hallway closet.

\* \* \*

Six days earlier, Steve and Laura were among the revelers at the Chambeaux Industries annual Christmas party. The company was celebrating the season and ten years of phenomenal success.

At thirty four, Steve Packsworth was the newest member of the executive team and was attending his first company party, along with his lovely twenty nine year old wife, Laura. Since they were new to the company, they had decided ahead of time to moderate their celebrating. And they stayed true to their pact.

After a couple of hours, Pierre Chambeaux stood and made a little speech about his thankfulness for everyone's contributions in the past year and about the promise that lay ahead in the new year. Then he proposed a toast and invited each of the members of senior management to make a few comments. Steve managed to get through his comments without feeling like he had embarrassed himself too badly. Then the party continued. Guests started leaving at about nine o'clock but Steve and Laura stayed since they were in the executive family.

Laura quickly made friends with the wives of the other executives and Steve started to wander about. He detected the aroma of cigars and started to follow his nose until he encountered a closed door. He knocked on it politely and then stuck his head in.

"Come in and join us, Steve," said Pierre jovially. Around the table, four men were playing poker and puffing on expensive cigars.

"Thanks, don't mind if I do," replied Steve happily. He pulled up a fifth chair and joined the poker game.

The stakes were high but Steve was an experienced poker player and he knew he could hold his own. Within two hands, he was up \$30,000. One of the players retired and left the room. Steve gained ground and lost some and was even as the next retired and excused himself.

Steve eyed the treasure trove of chips sitting in front of Pierre, knowing that it had to be worth at least a half million dollars. That was his target for the night.

Steve bid aggressively and soon forced a third player from the game, leaving only Pierre and himself. When Steve ordered an additional \$100,000 in chips, Pierre raised his eyebrows. "Are you sure that is wise?"

"You know I'm good for it."

"That was not my question," replied Pierre. "I know that you will pay. But I asked you if you thought that it was wise."

After another hour, Steve had lost the \$100,000 plus an additional \$200,000. He sat back in his chair and looked dejected. "It's not my night."

"We win some and we lose some," offered Pierre as he scraped the remaining chips toward him. "You can drop off a check in my office tomorrow morning."

Steve groaned. "I don't have that kind of money."

Pierre looked puzzled. "But I thought that you said you were good for it."

Steve lowered his eyes in embarrassment. "I thought I would be able to win. I lied."

"I see. So you don't have that kind of cash," nodded Pierre in understanding. "Not to worry. I'll simply have your paycheck directed to my account. After taxes, that should only take about a year and a half to repay."

Steve groaned again. "But that won't work either. I won't be able to meet my other obligations."

Pierre nodded again. "Yes, that is a problem. Another solution will be needed."

\* \* \*

Steve stood naked in the hallway of his boss. His wife stood equally naked beside him. The solution was that the Packsworths would become the slaves of the Chambeaux' for the duration of the time it would take Steve's salary to reach the sum of the debt. Steve would get to keep his salary but he and his wife would serve as slaves until that time. They had signed the slavery contract the day before and now every day other than a workday would be spent at the Chambeaux residence.

"Hands behind your backs, please," instructed Pierre. Both naked forms complied slowly and reluctantly.

Pierre reached out and lifted Steve's balls with his fingertips, letting the cock rest along his palm and wrist. Steve cleared his throat. "Uh... Pierre.

I'm not into men."

Pierre used his thumb to stroke the shaft. "I'm not either. But Monique will want a report. Besides, your little lapse in judgment makes your preferences irrelevant. It looks nice," he continued. "How long does it get?"

"Errr, I don't know," replied Steve embarrassedly as he glanced down to see his member lying in his employer's hand.

"Well, we'll have to find out, won't we?" His fingers lifted the balls and curled around them, squeezing lightly. With his other hand, he took possession of the limp member and wrapped his fingers around it. The cock started to show signs of life immediately.

Laura watched in disbelief. Half of her was mortified that another man was touching her husband so intimately, especially since Steve was so homophobic.

She knew that Steve must be equally mortified. The other half of her, however, was relieved that it was Steve and not her who was being fondled so humiliatingly. Pierre continued to stroke and watch the hardening shaft until it reached full erection.

"Quite respectable," the owner announced as he released the slave's balls and bounced the shaft in his palm. "You must have no problems pleasing the ladies.

I'll report to Monique that she is the proud owner of about nine inches. But I think it's the girth that she will be most pleased with. Yes, quite respectable." He gave Steve's cock another squeeze and then released it, leaving it twitching as it stood proudly pointing away from the enslaved man.

Laura felt her heart jump as Pierre moved toward her and stopped in front of her. He smiled at her and then let his eyes travel slowly down her nudity.

"Exquisite," he remarked.

He raised his hands and placed them on her hips, sliding upward until his fingers and thumbs could grip her at the waist. Then he tightened his grip slightly to test the firmness of her flesh.

"So slender," he observed. "And you are in remarkable condition. You must exercise frequently."

"I try to," Laura replied. "At least three times each week."

"We will have to keep that up in the future," noted Pierre. He let his hands glide slowly up her sides, leaving a trail of gooseflesh behind until he reached her chest. Then he drew his hands to her front and slid them beneath her breasts. He lifted them in his palms and smiled.

"Quite heavy," he said as he bounced them lightly, watching them jiggle slightly each time they fell back into his hands. "And quite firm. What size are they?"

Laura felt her face flush with embarrassment. First she was being groped by her husband's employer. And second, she was being asked to describe her body intimately. "36C, Pierre."

"Yes, I would have guessed at least a C cup. They are perfect for your frame."

He finally released her breasts and stepped back slightly. Again, his eyes roamed over her body until he reached out and lightly grasped her pubic hair.

"It's very lovely the way that you trim it, but this will have to go. On both of you," he explained as his head turned to look at Steve.

"Yes, Pierre," they replied in unison.

"Now, let's take you to your quarters so you can take care of that and freshen up. Monique should be home soon."

## **Chapter 2**

### **The Sentence**

"Oh, honey," wailed Laura softly as she leaned against Steve who instinctively wrapped his arms around his wife and hugged her. Pierre had just closed the door behind him after depositing them in their quarters.

They may have been captives but at least they were in a gilded cage. What, at first appeared to be an opulent room was actually an opulent suite. They were standing in the bedroom and, as they looked around, saw the doorway to a huge bathroom and another entryway into a spacious sitting room.

"I think that we may have made a mistake," she continued. "Maybe we should find another way to repay them."

Steve hugged her tighter. "I wish we could. But we don't have access to that kind of money. I admit that I had a lapse in judgment."

"I know," she sighed. "But I think he's going to fuck me."

"Hell, honey," he replied. "I'm worried he's going to fuck me. You saw the hand job he gave me."

Laura hugged her husband comfortingly. She knew that he might be just as frightened as she was. But she also knew that he was much more adventurous sexually than she was so she wondered if he might be enjoying this in some way.

"Besides, there's the contract," he continued.

She remembered the contract vividly. It had been delivered to their home the day after the party. She remembered thinking that Steve's loss had almost seemed planned and premeditated by Pierre. The contract was tailored to their situation exactly.

"Steven and Laura Packsworth acknowledge that they are indebted to Pierre and Monique Chambeaux to the sum of \$300,000."

"In consideration of the forgiveness of said indebtedness, Steven and Laura Packsworth do agree to become the slaves of Pierre and Monique Chambeaux for the period of time that Steven Packsworth's accumulated compensation at Chambeaux Industries equals the indebtedness."

"As slaves, Steven and Laura Packsworth do agree to the following:"

There was a clause in which they agreed that their bodies belonged to the Chambeaux "to use, decorate or enjoy as they see fit."

Another clause indicated that all time off from work, including weekends, personal days and holidays, would be spent at the Chambeaux residence.

Laura was required to start a course of oral contraception, which would continue through the duration of the enslavement.

One clause still sent chills through Laura's body. "As their bodies belong to Pierre and Monique Chambeaux, those bodies may be loaned, leased or sold to others as long as the tenure of the servitude to others does not exceed the time for Steven Packsworth's accumulated compensation to equal the said indebtedness." Laura shuddered again at the thought of being loaned or sold to others.

They had also agreed to complete obedience and that failure to obey could be corrected by punishment of the choice of Pierre or Monique. And they had agreed that, since Pierre and Monique had paid a significant price for their ownership of the Packsworth's bodies, Steve and Laura would do everything in their power to ensure the health and fitness of those bodies.

"We better take care of business," Steve finally said as he pried his wife loose from his naked body. "Monique is due home soon and I don't want to give them a reason to invoke the discipline clause.

Laura sighed and shrugged. "But it's stupid! I'll look like a little girl and you'll look like a little boy."

"Trust me, love," said Steve as he leaned down and kissed one of Laura's nipples, "you will never look like a little girl. And based on what Pierre said, it sounds like Monique won't view me as a little boy."

They gathered up the shaving needs and set them beside the tub. Then, Steve took a nice hot shower as Laura organized the shaving things. Shower completed, Steve sat on the side of the tub and spread his legs to let Laura work. She quickly lathered him and started scraping across his groin. Every swipe of the razor, however, seemed to cause his cock to stir and enlarge.

"Steven!" she admonished. "You aren't supposed to be enjoying this!"

He sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "I guess it's just an occupational hazard."

By the time she finished, he was fully erect and remained so as she showered and while he knelt between her legs to shave her. By the time he finished denuding her sex, he found himself very needy.

"Oh babe!" he groaned. "I need it bad!"

"Are you crazy?" she asked in astonishment. "I'm frightened to death and you want sex? I'm not in the mood!"

He shrugged. "Oh well." Then he ran his fingers between her slick petals and held his glistening digit up for her to see. "You may be frightened, but you are definitely in the mood." Then he arose and moved back into the bedroom.

### **Chapter 3**

#### **Welcoming Guests**

"Come on down," the naked couple heard from the bottom of the stairs.

Reluctantly, they arose from the bed where they had been sitting and trying to console one another after their brief spat. They moved out into the hallway and tentatively descended the stairs. The light was on in the living room so they walked toward it until they stood together in the doorway.

"There are my lovelies," exclaimed Monique from her chair. "Come in so I can get a good look at you."

Monique rose from her chair and stood in the middle of the room to greet her guests. She gave each nude form a hug and then hugged them together. "This is so wonderful!" she smiled brightly. "You two are the best Christmas gifts ever."

Steve shuddered slightly as he thought back to the recent fateful company Christmas party where this had all started. Now, it was two days before Christmas and he and his wife truly were Christmas presents.

"Are you cold, dear?" asked Monique as she felt the shudder.

"No, Monique," replied Steve. "I'm fine."

"That's good," continued Monique as she patted his bottom. "We can't be having our newest possessions getting sick on us, can we?"

Monique was obviously much younger than Pierre. While Steve guessed that his boss was nearing fifty, Monique seemed to be about Steve's own age in the mid thirties. She was stunningly beautiful with her shoulder length jet black hair and perfect face. Steve found himself staring at her ample chest and felt his cock starting to stir in response.

"My, my," Monique chided as she noticed the slowly rising shaft. "You must like something you see. Let's see if I can help you." With that, she reached down and let her fingers circle the length of his member and she slowly pumped it as she felt it harden in her hand. Within moments, he was fully erect.

"Oooooooooo!" she squealed. "We caught a big one!" She released it and patted his bottom again. "Keep it just like that." Then she moved in front of Laura.

"You are so beautiful, my dear." She reached behind Laura's head and pulled the naked woman to her, kissing her fully on the lips. Laura stiffened immediately.

She had never kissed another girl that way and she was not sure that she wanted to start. But Monique held her tightly, snaking out her tongue to explore Laura's mouth. Eventually, she released Laura but continued to kiss her.

Although Laura was tense, she did not attempt to break away from the kiss.

Finally, Monique ended the kiss and reached up to smooth Laura's long blonde hair, letting her hands settle on her slave's shoulders.

"Mmmmm," cooed Monique. "You are delicious. And definitely a keeper. That was a first for you, wasn't it?"

Laura blushed at Monique's words and question. "Yes," she whispered in response.

"You are so cute," smiled Monique as her fingers softly stroked Laura's cheek.

Laura's blush deepened and she cast her eyes down. "And I simply love teaching virgins." Monique tucked her fingers beneath the slavegirl's chin and tilted her head up to kiss her again as she gazed deeply into her eyes.

"Let's see what we have to work with," announced Monique as she took a half step back. Her eyes traveled up and down the female nude before reaching out

to cup her hand over Laura's sex. She rubbed lightly, looking for any stubble, and found the area to be as smooth as silk.

"I just love this look on the two of you," she said as she continued to caress the denuded sex. "You'll keep it like this always for me, won't you?"

"Yes, Monique," whispered Laura again.

"Ooooooooo," squealed Monique in delight as her fingers grazed across Laura's petals. "You are a wet one!" She curled a finger and pushed easily into Laura's sex, causing Laura to suck in her breath and rise onto her toes.

Monique laughed. "Come back here, little one." She placed her free hand on Laura's shoulder and pushed her back down onto her heels. "You are positively sopping," she announced as her finger continued to move in and out of the slavegirl.

After a few more moments, she withdrew her finger and raised it to her lips. She took a deep breath and then sensuously licked her finger clean.

"Yes, so delicious. I'm going to love playing with you."

Laura was trembling as Monique took possession of her breasts, lifting them and squeezing them. She gripped the nipples and stretched them up and away from Laura's chest causing the breasts to elongate and eliciting a gasp from Laura.

"Hmmm," uttered Monique. "Very sensitive, I see."

After toying with the nipples for awhile and leaving them stiff like pebbles, she slid her palms under the heavy orbs and lifted them again. She lowered her head and sucked the left nipple into her mouth, bathing it with her tongue and nibbling lightly on it.

Laura looked down and watched in disbelief as she saw her nipple disappearing into Monique's mouth. Despite herself, she found her body reacting to the unwanted intimacies and let out a soft moan.

As Monique transferred her attention to the right nipple, Laura saw that her left one had gotten even longer and stiffer than before as it glistened with Monique's saliva. She glanced at her husband and saw his hand wrapped around his cock, obediently keeping himself hard by stroking it slowly. He looked into her eyes for a moment but then returned his attention to the erotic sight of his boss' wife feasting on Laura's luscious breasts.

After Monique had dined on the succulent breasts to her satisfaction, she straightened up and moved behind the two slaves. "Bend over," she commanded.

"Both of you."

Steve retained his grip on his shaft as he leaned forward and jumped slightly as he felt Monique's hands pry apart his bottom cheeks. A shiver went down his spine as he felt her fingers glide through the exposed valley.

"You will have to do a better job back here," she observed. "There is still some stubble. Here, wet this." He found Monique's finger at his lips and dutifully sucked it into his mouth but shuddered as he realized what he was preparing it for.

After a few moments, Monique withdrew her finger and circled the tiny rosebud with it before unceremoniously pushing it in until it was fully embedded in the slave. Steve let out a groan as he felt his bottom invaded. Monique pumped her finger in and out a few times before turning her head toward her husband. "He's a little tight, but you might want to try him."

"We'll see," replied Pierre who had been thoroughly enjoying watching his wife test the new slaves.

When she finished with Steve, she left him bent over and moved behind Laura.

She let her palms glide over the smooth, firm cheeks marveling at their texture and softness before gripping them to spread them. Again, she slid her fingers up and down the vulnerable little valley inspecting Laura just as she had Steve.

"Very smooth," she observed approvingly. "Very nice." Instead of having Laura wet her finger, Monique simply slid a finger into the woman's very wet sex.

Moments later, it lay embedded in Laura's bottom, eliciting a groan from the girl. As she toyed with Laura's bottom, Monique reached around and claimed a dangling breast, squeezing it lightly.

"Have you ever had anal sex, dear"

"No," whispered a very embarrassed Laura.

Again, Monique turned to her husband. "She's very tight. She will need some training before you take her for a spin."

"I'm sure you will train her well," he smiled.

At long last, Monique finished with her inspection and sat back down in her chair. "Come kneel before me, pets," commanded Monique. "Let's discuss your new lives."

Not having any choice, husband and wife moved to Monique's chair and knelt side by side in front of her.

"You two were quite expensive," she started. "But I can already tell that you were well worth the expense."

"Let's go over a few rules. First, you will almost always be naked in our home.

We will keep the heat up so that you don't get a chill but that's not usually a problem here in Florida. There will be times when we have guests over when you will be naked and times when you will be clothed. Assume that you are to be naked unless otherwise told. Our daughter comes home from school tomorrow and you will remain naked."

Steve and Laura glanced at one another. They knew that the Chambeaux had a teenage daughter at a private boarding school but they were surprised that they would be exposed to her.

"Second, from now on, you are to address us as Master and Mistress. Katherine is also to be addressed as Mistress. Steve, you may refer to Pierre as Pierre at work. At all other times, it is to be Master and Mistress unless told otherwise."

"Third, undergarments are a thing of the past for both of you, whether you are with us or not. I detest the marks they leave regardless of how temporary they are. I want my pets to be unblemished the moment I unveil them."

"Fourth, you will have minor chores which we will expect you to accomplish cheerfully. The housekeeper will do most of the work, however. By the way, you are to be naked in front of her also. Your main responsibility will be to please us, though. We will use you for decoration, for serving, for entertainment and for sex and we expect you to perform willingly and enthusiastically. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress" they both chimed in unison.

"Good pets," she smiled as she leaned forward and patted them on their heads.

Then she lifted their chins one at a time and kissed them.

## **Chapter 4**

### **Test Spin**

"We have ways of assisting you, if needed," offered Monique. She had just instructed Steve that he was to be erect at all times, other than immediately following an orgasm. He would be given one hour to recover and regain his hardness. Laura was to remain lubricated at all times.

The couple was standing back to back as Pierre and Monique slowly circled them, pinching or probing occasionally to enjoy the bodies of their slaves. Other than the instruction and the offer of assistance, the two owners talked between themselves about the slaves almost as if the slaves were livestock or inanimate objects.

"I think we should get them matching collars," offered Monique. Then a discussion ensued, culminating in the decision to purchase multiple collars for each of them with at least one set being matched. They would each receive a posture collar. Neither Laura nor Steve knew what that meant, but of them wondered to themselves what was wrong with their posture. Each would receive a leather collar with metal rings so that things could be attached to the rings.

"Leashes?" wondered Laura. Each was to receive a chain collar for training, which created images of dog obedience training in their minds. Pierre even recommended matching jeweled collars. "The boy could make an interesting looking girl and we could display them together in that kind of collar." Steve felt his stomach turn at the idea.

"These would look very erotic with good hoops," offered Pierre as his fingers rolled Laura's nipples back and forth. Monique said that she had also heard of piercing a man's cock but she was not sure how that worked. Tattoos were a possibility too, according to Pierre. "We could have our names tattooed onto them to mark them as our property in case they ever got lost." Monique laughed.

"Perhaps we should just brand them." Both slaves shuddered as they heard that comment. They deferred a decision on body piercings and other markings to another day, much to the relief of the two slaves.

"We should give one to Katherine for her stay," was the next suggestion provided by Monique. They debated whether she would prefer a girl toy or a boy toy and thought about letting her choose. In the end, they decided to alternate the slaves from day to day to let her enjoy both. The owners would have to make due with one slave between them until their daughter left for school again.

"We might want to unveil them at the party. It could be their public debut."

This was Pierre's idea and Monique readily agreed but it sent a chill down Laura's spine. "I think they should serve the guests before and during dinner and then they could be the entertainment later in the evening."

"Definitely ropes," decided Monique. She had decided that Laura would look erotic with her hands bound behind her back and was debating whether to use ropes or handcuffs. She concluded that silken rope would look best and would even

allow them to bind her at the elbows. Laura winced as she thought about how uncomfortable that would be.

"We need clamps," determined Pierre as he lifted Steve's cock to his belly and gripped the slave's balls. They discussed the types of clamps and how they could be used. Again, they decided on an assortment of clamps plus something that could be fastened at the base of Steve's scrotum for hanging weights.

Pierre tightened his fingers around the base of the male's scrotum and squeezed as he also tugged downward, stretching Steve's balls away from his body and causing him to suck in his breath.

The ordeal ended at last and the two owners returned to their chairs. "It's still early," commented Pierre. "Should we sample their wares?"

"I'm not sure that they've earned that yet, love," replied Monique. "But an exhibition might be in order."

"Steve, down on your back," Monique commanded. Steve quickly glanced around and chose the Persian rug instead of the hardwood. He lay down on his back and then started to stroke his cock to harden it since it had lost some concentration as he repositioned himself.

Monique stood again and went to Laura, reaching around her waist and hugging her as she, once again, kissed her passionately. Again, Laura blushed deeply at the uninvited intimacy.

"Come, pet," instructed Monique as she urged Laura forward toward her reclining husband. Monique positioned her slavegirl over Steve's hips and she had her own feet on either side of his chest. She kissed Laura again and used her hands to urge Laura's body lower and lower. When Laura's sex was positioned just above the tip of Steve's shaft, Monique stopped the downward movement. She reached out and claimed the cock in her hand before pressing downward on Laura's shoulder, letting the wife slowly impale herself upon her husband.

With her hands at Laura's waist, Monique controlled the tempo. She also took advantage of the nearness and stole another passionate kiss. Once she was satisfied that Laura had picked up on the tempo, she released the girl and stood up, returning to her chair to watch the married couple put on an erotic demonstration for her and Pierre.

Laura thought she would die of embarrassment. To have her entire body exposed to and examined by others was bad enough. But to be having sex in front of others like cheap pornographic actors was humiliating.

On top of that, she was beginning to become disgusted with her body for the way it was betraying her so completely. She had never kissed another woman before and never had a desire to. But when Monique kissed her, it sent electricity through her. When Monique had so indecently probed her sex, it sent thrills through her. And as she watched Monique suckle on her breasts, the only thing that registered in her mind was how erotic it looked and the only thing that registered elsewhere in her body was the clenching of her sex. "How can my body be such a slut?" she wondered.

Now she was moving up and down on her husband's cock feeling his thick shaft moving in and out of her so deliciously. She was so ashamed at the way she was feeling that she could not look at her husband. Instead, she kept her gaze locked on a point on the far wall as she lifted and lowered her body.

"Do not cum," commanded Pierre. "We want to save that for later. In fact, you are never allowed to cum without permission."

Steve groaned when he heard the instructions. He had been watching his blushing bride slide up and down his cock and enjoying the way her luscious breasts bounced and swayed with every movement. He knew that he was only minutes away from climaxing. Now he would have to concentrate on something else. He ended up focusing on a spot on the ceiling and trying to think of work to distract himself.

"Stop!" came the command from Monique after about fifteen minutes of the exquisite torture. She held a hand out to Laura and helped her stand up on shaky legs. Again, the owner kissed the slavegirl and, again, unwanted thrills shot through Laura's body.

"You are such a good girl," she cooed into Laura's lips as her hand claimed one of the girl's breasts and squeezed lovingly. "Now go to Pierre."

Laura felt her pulse quicken and her face burn again. She knew that this would eventually happen but she had hoped against hope that it wouldn't. When she got to her master, he simply patted his lap and held out his arms. Laura quickly interpreted the nonverbal command and slid into his lap, feeling his arms close around her.

For what seemed like an eternity, she felt his hands caressing her nudity as his lips engulfed hers in a lengthy and passionate kiss. "You are so beautiful," he said. "So erotic. You are our most prized possession."

Finally, he slid her off his lap to kneel before him. "Open it, little one," he instructed her as he gazed into his lap. Again, she was able to interpret the command and, with shaking hands, pull the zipper of his pants down.

"Take it out," was the next command. Her hands were trembling terribly as she reached into his pants and pulled out his already erect member, gasping as it came fully into view. It was hard to tell, but she thought that Pierre's cock might even be bigger than her husbands.

A voice inside of her screamed at the indignities that she was being forced to endure and that she was sure she was about to experience. This was somebody else's nightmare. Surely it couldn't be hers. She was a happily married woman who had been chatting with her husband about starting a family just last week.

Now, everything was turned upside down. It was not fair at all! But, while one part of her brain was protesting, the other side recognized that it was either these indignities or poverty, and she was definitely not ready for poverty.

"Kiss it," he instructed. Obediently, she leaned forward and planted her lips on the tip of his member. She planted little kisses around the huge bulb and then more kisses along the length of the shaft. When her lips returned to the tip, she felt his hand on the back of her head pressing downward. Reluctantly, she parted her lips and felt the enormous cock slide slowly into her mouth.

"Such a sweet mouth," praised Pierre. "Good girl. Keep doing it like that."

Laura continued to move her head up and down on the pole. Occasionally, Pierre would press down on her head urging her to take it deeper into her mouth but there was only so much of it that could fit. Frequently, he praised her and constantly caressed her hair, cheeks and back.

"Look up at me," he commanded. With dread, she raised her eyes to see him smiling down at her, knowing how obscene she must look at the moment with her mouth stretched wide with his massive member disappearing past her lips as she knelt naked between his legs. A wave of shame washed over her and she felt herself blush deeply again.

Eventually, he placed a hand on either side of her face, lifting her off his cock. She obediently kept her eyes on his as she felt the bulb slip past her lips. "Remove my trousers," was his next command.

With her hands still trembling, she fumbled with the belt but eventually managed to unbuckle it. The button was more difficult but it too finally came undone.

Then, she carefully pried his pants down his legs as he lifted himself in the chair to assist her. She removed his shoes and socks and slid the pants completely off, leaving him naked from the waist down.

His erection stood high and proud as his hands helped her stand. He turned her away from him and had her straddle his legs. She closed her eyes in shame knowing what was to happen next. As expected, he placed his hands on her waist and slowly lowered her, guiding her sex to his waiting cock until it was fully embedded in her. A soft moan escaped her lips as she felt the tip graze across her cervix.

With his hands, he started her in the familiar up and down motion until she finally started moving at the desired tempo. It was only at that point that she mustered the courage to open her eyes and subject herself to her husband's disapproving glare.

She did not receive disapproval or even a look from her husband. She should not have been surprised by what she found when she opened her eyes, but she was shocked nevertheless.

Steve was kneeling between the legs of a quite naked Monique and had his back to his wife. Monique smiled over the top of his head at her, causing her to blush again as she realized that Monique was watching her husband impale the slavegirl over and over again. Steve's head moved up and down slightly and it was clear that he was servicing his mistress.

Laura glanced away in embarrassment but found her eyes drawn back to look at Monique. Her mistress was beautiful. Even though Laura was not attracted to other women, she could not help but admire the succulent looking breasts swaying deliciously on Monique's chest and the dreamy smiling face that was right above them.

As if to tempt Laura, Monique raised her right breast and tilted her face down until she was able to kiss her own nipple. Then she lifted her head momentarily and blew a kiss to Laura, sending unwanted thrills through her captive body.

Monique leaned forward again and drew her nipple into her mouth, suckling on it tenderly as her eyes continued to lock on Laura's.

The whole scene seemed too surreal for the young housewife. She had never been interested in other women before and yet, here she was, thinking about how erotic and desirable Monique was. She had never felt a desire to share her husband but she was finding herself thankful that he was providing pleasure to her mistress. And she had never felt a desire to be with another man yet, here she was with Pierre's huge shaft buried deep in her sex with Monique looking on approvingly.

"What will become of us?" she wondered. Her attention had been on Monique this whole time and she had barely even looked at Steve. When she did,

however, she noticed that his hands were cuffed behind his back. She wondered what was going through Steve's mind at being so captive and wondered if her mistress would possess her so completely at some point.

At that point, Monique lifted Steve's head and Laura could see that he was also blindfolded. For some reason she could not understand, a new erotic thrill surged through her body causing her to almost climax.

Monique pushed Steve down until he was lying on the floor on his back. Laura watched Steve adjust his arms to accommodate his bindings and then watched her beautiful mistress rise to stand over Steve.

Laura was a whirlwind of emotions as she got to see Monique in all of her naked glory. Her breasts were full and firm, standing proudly on her chest and were clearly larger than Laura's own. Her waist was narrow and her belly was toned, giving her a beautiful hourglass shape. And her legs seemed to go on forever, making her statuesque. She looked like a goddess to the impaled slavegirl.

Monique stood facing Laura, smiling lovingly at her. Then she crossed the room to stand in front of her slavegirl. Her hands claimed the two bobbing breasts and she held them tenderly as she leaned down to kiss Laura. For some reason that Laura did not understand, she willingly parted her lips at the first touch of the kiss and participated eagerly and passionately. She also arched her back, pressing her breasts more tightly into Monique's grip as if making an offering of them.

"You are such a perfect little slavegirl," breathed Monique into Laura's ear.

"I will enjoy owning you." Laura could only moan softly at the gentle words and didn't even flinch at the reminder that she was now the property of this woman.

Monique returned to Steve and lowered herself onto his waiting cock. Steve felt the velvety warmth engulf his shaft and almost climaxed immediately. It would take every bit of concentration to keep from cumming until allowed.

Laura watched her mistress impale herself on her husband's cock and felt another thrill rush through her own body. Then she watched as Monique leaned forward and let her pendulous breasts hover over Steve's face for a moment before letting the nipples graze softly across his lips. Laura moaned softly at the erotic sight of her husband being possessed and teased by their mistress.

Steve also moaned at the same instant. He parted his lips and captured a nipple, suckling on it greedily. This again brought him close to climax so he focused on multiplication tables to take his mind off of what was happening to him.

Laura watched as Monique straightened up again. She saw her mistress reach out and grip Steve's nipples, twisting them slightly back and forth. Steve groaned and bit his lower lip as Laura heard Monique warn him. "Don't you dare cum until you have permission." Laura moaned again.

Monique twisted her body slightly to allow Laura to see Steve's cock as it slid in and out of her. Laura was in a quandary at that point. She was fascinated by the glistening rod that was captured in Monique's sex but her eyes kept returning to her mistress' beautiful breasts and her stunningly gorgeous face.

Her eyes kept moving from one erotic sight to another until Monique reached out and ripped the blindfold off of Steve.

"Look at our other pet," she instructed Steve. He turned to see his wife impaled on her master and saw her body damp with perspiration and flushed with wantonness.

"Cum for us now, little ones," Monique commanded. Simultaneously, four bodies climaxed together to a chorus of moans. Steve felt like he pumped gallons of sperm into his partner and felt her milking gallons more out of him as her sex clenched again and again around his cock as her orgasm continued.

Laura moaned loudly and felt her head loll to the side as her climax overwhelmed her. She went limp as Pierre's seed erupted inside of her body and was like a rag doll as Pierre continued to lift her and lower her on his cock to prolong his own pleasure with her body.

Four bodies lay motionless for quite some time. Eventually, Monique arose from the slaveboy. She crossed the room to help Laura from Pierre's lap and then wrapped her arms around her slavegirl, kissing her greedily.

"You are beautiful," she whispered into Laura's ear at last. "You were born to be a slave."

## **Chapter 5**

### **Homecoming**

Katherine arrived home the next morning and caught a very surprised and very naked Laura finishing the breakfast dishes in the kitchen. "My, my, what have we here?" asked Katherine with a devilish grin on her face. "It looks like Mom and Dad have a new hobby."

"I... errr... um..." stuttered the mortified slavegirl.

"Don't be embarrassed," offered the daughter. "You have a great body." With that, she strode through the kitchen into the hallway. "Mom, Dad, I'm home!" she called out.

Laura leaned back against the counter and shook her head in disbelief. She was petrified at being discovered naked in someone else's house but Katherine did not seem at all shocked or surprised. "Maybe I've led a sheltered life if this kind of thing is common," she thought.

She heard footsteps coming down the stairs and then lots of happy squeals and giggles as mother and daughter were reunited. Pierre and Steve were in another wing playing pool and probably had not heard Katherine's arrival. Laura wondered how her husband was doing at maintaining his erection in the presence of another man who might also become his rapist or lover at some point.

"I have a surprise for you," Monique said to her daughter as she opened the door to the kitchen.

"Oh, I know," replied Katherine, following her mother. "I already saw her. She's adorable."

"Oh good. So you already met Laura," smiled the mother.

"Well, we didn't actually introduce ourselves." Katherine stepped forward and extended her hand. "It's very nice to meet you. I'm Katherine."

Laura shook her hand and managed to find her own voice. "It's very nice to meet you too," replied the naked woman. "I'm Laura."

Katherine turned back to Monique. "Why is she naked?"

"She's naked because we want her that way," explained Monique matter-of-factly.

"She's our slave and we decided our slaves should always be naked."

"Wow!" exclaimed Katherine. "Slave, huh? That's sweet! But how did she become your slave?"

"Well, in a way, we won them," replied Monique. "Or rather, your father won them."

"Them?" asked Katherine.

"Yes, them," nodded Monique. "Laura and her husband are both our property now."

"Wow!" uttered Katherine again. "You two are too much!"

Monique smiled. "We plan on sharing them with you if you'd like. They are both quite nice and they seem responsive and eager to please."

"Really?" asked an astonished daughter. "What could I do with them, though?"

"Anything you want, dear," replied Monique. "Well anything within reason. We certainly wouldn't want them permanently damaged. But just about anything else is allowed. Your father and I have already sampled them sexually and they were wonderful. And as you can see, they can do chores for you. Or you can play games with them. In fact, I think your father is playing pool with Steve right now."

"Really? Is he naked too?"

"Oh quite naked. They both will be naked when they are in the house."

"Wooooo," Katherine let out her breath audibly. "This will be quite the Christmas break."

Laura had remained leaning against the counter during the discussion. She took the opportunity to look more closely at Katherine. The girl was every bit as beautiful as her mother and showed a combination of the best features of Pierre and Monique combined. Her auburn hair was tied up in a ponytail but still reached halfway down her back.

Katherine had green eyes which seemed to sparkle each time she glanced at Laura, which caused some kind of reaction in Laura that she could not quite describe.

Katherine's body was mostly concealed beneath a bulky sweater despite the warmth of the Florida winter but Laura could tell that her breasts were already quite ample. Laura had assumed that Katherine was fifteen or sixteen, but she looked older.

"Can I see the other slave?" asked Katherine.

"Sure you can," replied the mother. "You can say hi to your father, also."

Laura breathed a sigh of relief as the two left her alone to finish the dishes.

Steve was the next one to be surprised. Katherine came running into the room squealing as she threw her arms around her father's neck and kissed him.

"Daddy!!! I'm home!"

Pierre laughed. "Yes, I can see that. Welcome home, pumpkin." Steve stealthily moved closer to the pool table in an attempt to shield his privates from the daughter's view.

"So this is the other slave?" asked Katherine.

Pierre laughed again. "I see that you already met Laura. Yes, this is the other half of the slave couple that we own. Steve, this is my daughter, Katherine. Katherine, this is my slave, Steve." Steve tried to reach across the table to shake her hand (and also protect his modesty) but Pierre would have nothing to do with that.

"Nonsense. Come around here and do it right."

Steve gulped but obediently moved around the table. He saw Katherine's eyes grow wide as she caught sight of his large and very erect member leading the way for him and she let out a "whhheeeewww!"

"Hello, Katherine, I'm Steve," he said.

"Hi Steve. It's nice to see you," she said with her eyes glued on his organ.

"I mean meet you."

Pierre and Monique both laughed. "He's nice to see too, isn't he?" said Monique as she wrapped her arm around her daughter's waist. Monique reached out and let the cock rest in her palm as her thumb stroked it softly. "But don't get spoiled by this. He's bigger than most."

"I sure hope so," uttered a very impressed daughter. "He's huge!"

"Well, he may be big, but he fits nicely," responded the mother. This caused Katherine to turn her head quickly and look at her mother with surprise.

"Yes, very nicely indeed," repeated Monique.

Katherine was sent off to unpack and get comfortable. Monique said she would come upstairs shortly.

"Which one should we give her first?" asked Pierre.

"She's welcome to either one," replied Monique. "But judging from her reaction, I'm not sure she's ready for big boy yet." With that, she gave Steve's shaft a gentle squeeze. "We'll let Laura be her starter slave."

## **Chapter 6**

### **The Plunge**

Monique laughed as she plopped herself into a chair in the game room as Pierre took another shot at the pool table. "Steve was so funny as he tried to hide from Katie."

"You haven't called her that in a long time," replied Pierre as he aimed again.

"I know," continued Monique. "She thinks she's all grown up now so she's Katherine. But it was still funny."

Steve listened to the conversation as he watched Pierre finally miss a shot.

What was strange to him was how they were discussing him in his presence as if he did not matter or did not qualify to be included in the conversation. "I guess slaves don't need to be included," he thought. His cock twitched as he realized what was going on and he wondered if he truly was submissive by nature.

He had always assumed that he was more dominant.

"Honey, I was thinking that I might have made a mistake," continued Monique after Pierre took his last shot. It turned out to be the winning stroke of the game and he laid his cue stick on the table triumphantly.

"Go kiss your mistress," he told Steve. "Then come back here and you can kiss me to thank me for the game."

Steve obeyed and crossed the room to kiss Monique. She grasped his cock to test its hardness. "Adequate," she assessed. He leaned down and kissed her cheek before turning back toward Pierre with dread. He finally stood before his master and groaned inwardly as Pierre unzipped his pants and pulled out his semi-hard cock. "Kiss it," he commanded.

With grave reservations, Steve sank to his knees. He had never touched another man this way and never had a desire to. Reluctantly, he leaned forward and kissed the massive bulb at the end of the cock.

"Good boy," praised Pierre as he patted Steve on the head. "Now go to your room." Steve was thankful that he was done and nearly ran from the room in case Pierre changed his mind. He wanted to wash his face and brush his teeth to wipe away the memory of his lips touching a cock.

Monique laughed again. "He was sure in a hurry."

"I'm sure that his mind is in quite a turmoil at the moment," replied Pierre.

"Now what's this about a mistake?"

"Oh, I just wasn't thinking," Monique explained. "I wanted to give the slaves to Katie but I'm not sure it's time. Laura has never been with another woman and I'm not sure that Katie has either. So that could be disastrous. And you saw the look on her face when she saw Steve's cock. She looked positively frightened!"

"Then what should we do?" asked Pierre as he joined her in the corner of the game room.

"I was thinking about giving her a demonstration," she said.

"You want us to fuck in front of her?!?!?!" sputtered Pierre.

"No.. yes... maybe," said Monique. "I'm not sure. I was thinking that we might have the slaves perform together like they did last night and then take it from there. And if we end up together, then Katie sees us doing it. If we don't... well, she sees what she sees."

"And I was also thinking," she continued, "that we should take Laura tonight."

That way, she will be introduced to girl sex before Katie has her for the night."

"Hmmm" mused Pierre. "I thought you said she seemed frightened of Steve's cock."

"Oh she is, I think," responded Monique. "She might even be terrified. It is big, after all. But I thought we would send her to bed alone tonight. She can receive her gifts under the tree on Christmas morning."

For the rest of the day, Monique tried to make sure that Katherine was acclimatized to the nude guests. Steve was called into Katherine's room for household chores like emptying the laundry and turning the mattress. Laura was assigned to prepare Katherine for dinner, which included bathing her and drying and combing out her hair.

"You really are beautiful," admired Katherine as she looked at the naked slavegirl in the mirror.

"Thank you, Mistress," Laura replied as she looked back in the mirror at the teenager. "You are very beautiful yourself."

"Do you really think so?" asked Katherine. Katherine was wearing a floral robe as the slave prepared her.

"Oh yes," replied Laura quickly. "You are gorgeous."

"Hmmm," pondered Katherine. "I guess I just never thought of myself that way."

What part of me is gorgeous?"

Laura bit her lower lip. She did not know how to reply for fear that this was some kind of trick to get her to make a mistake. Finally, she just decided to answer truthfully.

"This is gorgeous, Mistress," she replied as she let the backs of her fingers trail down the sides of Katherine's face. "And this is gorgeous, Mistress," she continued as she held up the lustrous auburn locks."

"And these are gorgeous, Mistress," she said as she parted the robe to expose Katherine's breasts. She had seen them and even touched them while she was bathing Katherine and she knew that they were indeed magnificent. They were quite full and quite firm and they were capped with two delectable stiff nipples.

"Do I need to go on, Mistress?" asked Laura as she closed the front of Katherine's robe again.

Katherine smiled shyly at Laura through the mirror. "No. I think you made your point. I guess I just don't think of myself that way. It must come from attending a girls school."

Katherine and Laura continued to chat as Laura combed out her young mistress' hair. It was during this chat that Laura learned that Katherine was actually eighteen and was a senior in high school.

It was also during this chat that Laura explained how she and Steve had become enslaved and how they had spent their first day in captivity.

"You must think my parents horrid for enslaving you," commented Katherine, "and for how they treated you yesterday."

"Actually, I don't," replied Laura. "If there is anyone I should be angry with, it should be Steve. But it was just a dumb mistake on his part. I can't feel angry."

"And I don't think your parents are horrid at all," she continued. She was not sure how much to tell the girl about the day before but decided that, since Katherine was an owner of her body, she might as well tell her all.

"Your mother was very loving and treated me well. Your father was very respectful and handled my concerns and fears and inhibitions well even has he made love to me."

"He made love to you?!?!?!" gasped Katherine.

"Well, maybe he didn't make love to me," admitted Laura. "He actually just fucked me. But he did it nicely."

Katherine gasped again, "I just can't picture that."

"It was quite nice," sighed Laura. "He is quite well endowed."

"Dad?!?!?"

"Oh yes, Mistress. Your father is very, very well endowed."

"He can't possibly be bigger than Steve! Your husband looks so huge to me."

Laura shrugged. "Well, Steve is big, that's for sure. And he sure knows how to use that thing. I've never been left unsatisfied. But your father is at least as big, maybe bigger. And he sure knows how to use his too."

Laura paused. "I probably shouldn't be telling you these things about your parents."

"Oh yes you should," interjected Katherine. "Remember that I own you too. At least for the next two weeks I do."

Laura shrugged and nodded. "Well all that I know is that yesterday was the most humiliating and the most erotic and exciting day of my life."

Katherine was filled with questions, which was predictable. What was the most erotic part? What was the most humiliating part? What was the most exciting?

The most erotic part was Katherine's mother. Laura did not understand it but she felt thrills running through her body every time that Monique touched her or kissed her and every time she looked at Monique's naked body. The most humiliating part was having sex with her husband as Katherine's parents watched and commanded. "It was if we were just figures on the screen. I just felt so exposed and vulnerable."

The most exciting part was when Monique was fucking Steve and she turned to let Laura enjoy the view. "It was as if she was giving me a private show. That was very exciting."

"I want Laura for tonight," announced Katherine at dinner. "Perhaps I'll try Steve tomorrow night."

Laura who had been clearing the table from the first course almost dropped the dishes. Monique and Pierre looked at one another and then back at Katherine.

"Are you sure, dear?" asked Monique.

"Positive," replied Katherine. "At least I'm positive about tonight. We'll see about my choice for tomorrow night."

Steve trembled slightly as he stood in the corner. His job was to refill wine glasses and he had been vigilant to make sure that no glasses got below half full. Overhearing the conversation, he realized that he would likely end up alone with Pierre and Monique. He was pretty sure that, if Laura was present, Pierre would choose to fuck her. But without Laura in the room, Steve dreaded where Pierre's cock might end up.

After dinner, they moved to the den as Steve and Laura cleaned up from dinner.

When they finally entered the den themselves, Steve was instructed to kneel between Monique and Pierre who were sitting together on the couch. Laura knelt at Katherine's feet.

Katherine rested her hand on Laura's shoulder, softly caressing the smooth, satiny skin. Laura was enjoying the sensations and eventually closed her eyes to let herself get lost in the touch. Katherine and her parents chatted about school and friends and neighbors and Katherine's hand roamed further down Laura's back.

"Is he always erect?" asked Katherine after awhile as she tilted her head to indicate she was referring to Steve.

"He better be," laughed Monique. "His whole goal in life is to be pleasing and it pleases me to have him hard and ready."

"Oh," blushed Katherine as she realized what 'ready' meant. "Well, he's certainly ready."

"Would you care for a demonstration?" asked Pierre.

"Demonstration?" asked Katherine.

"Sure," he replied. "We could have them f..., er copulate for you. Or we could have them perform oral sex on one another. We could sort of give you a guided tour."

"Oh," replied Katherine. "No, not tonight. But I do love my gifts." With that, she reached around Laura's chest and cupped her right breast in her hand, holding it gently as she pulled the slavegirl to rest against her legs. "They are both wonderful."

Monique raised her eyebrows as she watched her daughter claim Laura's breast and saw Laura, with her eyes closed, resting contentedly at Katherine's feet.

"Laura is certainly becoming accustomed to her new life quickly," she thought.

"And Katherine seems to have been born to own slaves."

"Well, I think I'll go on up to bed," announced Katherine after some additional conversation. "Come along, pet."

This did cause Laura's blush to return. She might be able to convince herself that all was not bad about being a slave to these people but she was not sure that she would ever get used to being called 'pet' by someone ten years her junior. But she obediently arose to accompany her mistress.

Pierre and Monique also stood. "Come kiss your master and mistress goodnight."

Laura walked first to Pierre and gave him a kiss before standing in front of Monique to kiss her. Monique made it a bit more than a simple goodnight kiss and quickly had Laura near swooning. "You may kiss your husband, also," offered Monique.

Lightheadedly, Laura stood before Steve and kissed him goodnight, feeling his cock jabbing her at the belly. "He might want something else kissed," offered Pierre.

"Yes, Master," replied Laura as she obediently dropped to her knees. She leaned forward and gave the tip of Steve's cock a peck with her lips, leaving a string of precum stretching from the tip to her lips as she leaned back.

"You can do better than that," chided Pierre.

"Oh," responded Laura, feeling her blush deepen as she realized what was expected of her. She leaned forward and parted her lips to take the hard cock into her mouth. She ran her lips as far down the shaft as she could and bathed it with her tongue. She looked up at Pierre for further instructions but he just smiled and nodded. Laura continued her motions up and down the pole.

"Can I try that?" asked Katherine after a few minutes. "I just want a taste."

It was Pierre's turn to raise his eyebrows. "Er, sure. I guess so. But be careful or you'll get more than a taste."

Katherine knelt beside Laura and wrapped her arm around the slavegirl's waist.

When the cock slipped from Laura's mouth, Katherine eagerly leaned forward and stretched her lips around the bulb, letting it slide slowly into her mouth.

Steve groaned with desire and felt a climax ready to erupt.

After several trips up and down the pole, Katherine gave it back to Laura who slid it into her mouth. "Can I see him climax?"

"Do you want to see him while he climaxes or do you want to see the sperm also?" asked Pierre.

"Ooooooooo!!! The sperm too!" giggled Katherine.

There was a quick debate about how to do it without making a mess on the carpet.

It was decided that he would ejaculate on Laura. "I'm taking her upstairs right after, anyway. I can clean her there."

"You may cum now," Pierre told Steve. This was all the encouragement that he needed and he immediately erupted. Laura obediently leaned back to receive the copious strings of sperm that burst forth and soon had sperm dripping down her face and chest.

"Oooooo! That was fantastic!" squealed Katherine as Pierre reached down to squeeze the last drops out of Steve's cock. "That was a lot of fun!"

Laura was ordered to clean the cock which she did with her tongue and then she was led away by her young mistress.

## **Chapter 7**

### **Starter Slave**

"What should we do?" asked Katherine as she stepped into the bedroom.

"Whatever you would like to do, I suppose, Mistress," replied Laura as she followed behind with the rivulets of sperm dripping down her face and chest.

"You own me."

"Oh yeah," nodded Katherine. "I keep forgetting that. I guess we'll clean you up first." Katherine led her to the bathroom and cleaned the slave herself.

"You know, it's so sweet! To think that I own another girl! And a beautiful girl at that! That's just unbelievable!"

Laura nodded in agreement. "It's pretty unbelievable all right."

"Well what does Mom do with you?" asked Katherine looking for ideas after Laura had been cleaned.

"Nothing much, so far," answered Laura truthfully. "This is just my second day.

So far, she has only inspected me and given me assignments like the dishes and bathing you."

"Mmmmm, that was nice," said Katherine dreamily. "The bath, I mean."

"Yes, Mistress," agreed Laura. "That was nice. I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"Maybe I should inspect you. How would I do that?"

"I'm not sure that I'm an expert in inspecting girls. It only happened to me once. And I was so petrified that I'm sure I don't remember a lot. All I remember is a lot of touching."

"Ooooooo!" smiled Katherine. "Sounds exciting! Were you standing or laying down?"

"Standing," replied Laura.

"Okay, stand over here in the middle," she pointed to a spot on the floor and Laura stood where instructed.

"Hmmm, where to begin," pondered Katherine. "I guess I'll start at the top."

Katherine spent the next five minutes carefully inspecting Laura's face and hair. She even had Laura open her mouth and stick out her tongue, which she gripped and tugged and twisted. "Sort of makes you feel like a racehorse at auction, I suppose," commented the young mistress.

"Esss" replied Laura as Katherine held her tongue. Then she released the tongue allowing Laura to speak. "I was thinking the same thing."

"You have a beautiful slender neck," observed Katherine as her fingertips trailed over the soft flesh.

"Thank you, Mistress."

"I've heard that slaves wear collars. I'm surprised that Mom and Dad haven't given you one yet."

"I think that the collars are on order, Mistress. They spoke about them yesterday."

"Good," nodded Katherine. "I'll have to get you one for myself for days when you are my property."

Laura blushed again at being referred to as property. "This still takes some getting used to," she thought. And she wondered whether Katherine would be showing her off to others if she needed her own personal symbol of ownership.

"Let's get a better look at these," continued Katherine as she lifted the slave's breasts in her hands. "Mmmm, these are nice. How do you keep them from sagging?"

"I'm just lucky, I guess," replied Laura. Katherine had touched one of her breasts earlier in the evening but this somehow felt more intimate and it sent familiar but unwanted thrills through her body again. "I don't really do anything for them."

"Well, they're beautiful," commented Katherine. "They are so firm and so heavy."

I'll have to take good care of these. Do you run, by the way?"

Laura was taken aback by the question. First they were discussing her breasts and then they were talking about exercise. "I like to run, Mistress."

"Good. Then you can start running with me and we'll have to figure out some way of supporting these beauties so they don't get damaged. Maybe I'll just have you wear a sports bra. That would look cute with you in a sports bra and nothing else."

Laura wanted to shake her head in disbelief at the thought of her running almost naked down the road but controlled her reaction to not offend Katherine. "Thank you, Mistress. Where do you like to run?"

"Oh, anywhere is good. But there's a trail out the back yard where nobody should see us."

Laura breathed a sigh of relief but then sucked in her breath as Katherine's thumbs brushed across her nipples.

"Are these sensitive?"

"Very, Mistress."

"Ooooooo goody goody! Mine too! They should be lots of fun to play with!"

Laura was starting to wonder if she was dealing with an eighteen year old or an eight year old. Katherine was like a kid with new toys. Unfortunately, those new toys were on Laura's chest.

Laura looked down and saw the concentration in Katherine's face as she squeezed and bounced and poked at the tender flesh of the slave's breasts. Laura bit her lower lip as she watched Katherine pinch her nipples and lift them upward, stretching the breasts toward the ceiling.

"Would you mind if I tasted them?" asked the young captor.

"They belong to you, Mistress," replied Laura. "It is not my place to mind."

"Oh, so they do!" Katherine leaned forward and ran her tongue tentatively around Laura's left nipple and then blew on it, causing the nipple to stiffen and the areola to crinkle. "Yes, they are very sensitive," observed the mistress. She moved to the right breast and repeated the actions, causing that nipple to also stiffen before she sucked the tender bud into her mouth. Laura had never had another woman touch her in this way and now, in the period of two days, two women had suckled on her breasts.

Katherine leaned back and stretched the nipple away from Laura's chest until it popped out of her mouth audibly. "Mmmm, I didn't think I would taste anything but you are delicious."

Next, Katherine had Laura kneel on all fours at the foot of her bed. She continued to toy with the luscious breasts which were now dangling and swaying beneath the slave girl's chest. She would push them one way and then another and seemed to be entranced by their rhythmic motions. Finally, she grasped both at the base with her hands and pulled her fingers slowly down the flesh toward the nipples.

"Too bad you aren't lactating. It would be fun to milk you like my own personal little moo cow."

Eventually, she abandoned the breasts and moved around behind the slave. Laura hoped that Katherine would continue to move to the other side because she was sure that she must be very wet with all of the sexual stimulation she had received and Katherine would be sure to notice. But she was not so lucky.

Katherine detected her wetness immediately.

"Oh my," she said. "You must really love this. You are swampy down here." She punctuated her comment by running a finger up through the slick petals. "I've never touched a girl here like this. Have you?"

"No, Mistress," replied a very embarrassed slavegirl.

"But I guess I had never bounced or sucked on another girl's breasts before either. So there are all kinds of firsts today."

A knock on the door interrupted the activities. "May I come in?" came Monique's voice through the door.

"Sure, Mom," called out Katherine. "Come on in."

"Oh, I see that you are already exploring," observed Monique. "Isn't she lovely like that?"

"She's lovely every way, Mom. She looks so graceful like this. Like a cat."

She emphasized her point by running her hand down the length of Laura's back until it rested on her bottom and then giggled. "Although I just called her my little moo cow."

Monique laughed and reached out, grasping the closest breast and tugging down twice. "Yes, I can see why. Well, I just stopped by to see if everything was all right. Any questions?"

"Not really. I'm just kind of doing a tour at the moment. Oh! Did you really let Steve fuck you?"

Monique laughed again. "Well, it was more like I fucked him. But yes, I did have sex with Steve and your father had sex with Laura. It was wonderful, wasn't it, pet?" She asked as she combed her fingers through Laura's golden locks.

"Yes, Mistress, it was very exciting."

"What was your favorite part, pet?"

"Oh," Laura blushed. She did not want to admit what her favorite part was but she knew she would be caught if she tried to lie. "It was when you were watching me ride Pierre's, I mean Master's, cock and when you turned to let me see Steve's cock disappearing into you. It was so erotic." Then she blushed deeper. "And the orgasm was very nice."

Monique smiled and gave Laura a pat on the top of her head. "I thought you were very erotic too and I'm glad that you enjoyed your orgasm." Then she moved to the door. "Just call me if you need any help."

"I will, Mom," replied Katherine as her mother left. "That was sure weird. I doubt that any of my classmates are being offered advice on how to play with a naked slave tonight."

The rest of the evening was spent with Katherine learning more about Laura's body. She learned that the clitoris was quite sensitive, that Laura's feet were quite ticklish, and that she could leave a temporary handprint on the slave's bottom when she spanked her.

There was no real sex although Katherine had Laura demonstrate how she masturbated. She would not allow her slave to achieve orgasm, however.

At the end, Katherine went to her bathroom to change into a nightshirt and they curled up together in bed to sleep.

That is how Monique found them when she came in to fetch Laura. The two girls were facing each other. Laura had one arm draped across Katherine and Katherine had an arm draped across Laura. The tip of Laura's breast disappeared into Katherine's mouth and Monique could see her daughter's cheeks undulating as she suckled softly.

Monique used her fingers to tug the captive nipple free but Katherine just kept snuggling closer to capture it again. Finally, Monique gave up and simply woke Laura, hushing her and telling her to follow. Laura arose gently to not awaken Katherine and followed Monique into the hall.

"It's Christmas Eve. You can spend it with Steve." With that, Monique gave Laura's bottom a quick slap and sent her scurrying to her bedroom.

"Get that thing up fast!" Laura cried out as she burst into her bedroom. "I'm so horny I could fuck a horse!" She pounced on Steve and rode him to three orgasms before he had a chance to climax himself. They both drifted off to sleep in each other's arms as images of slaveboys and slavegirls danced in their heads.

## **Chapter 8**

### **Christmas Goodies**

Steve and Laura were awakened and given thirty minutes to prepare for the day.

Monique supervised their preparation and hurried them along when they seemed to be wasting time.

"Get in there too!" she commanded as she swatted Steve on the butt. "You two are married. You can share a shower." He quickly hopped into the shower.

"Here, give me that," she scolded Steve again as he fumbled with the razor, trying to clean the stubble from his genitalia. She lifted his cock with two fingers as if it was a dead eel and then scraped away at all visible signs of hair.

"You too, missy." Laura groaned as she heard the words but obediently stood before her mistress to be freshly denuded.

When the two slaves were prepared to Monique's satisfaction, she led them downstairs to the den and prepared them again. Then she went back upstairs, only to return in a few minutes with her husband and daughter.

"Merry Christmas, sweetie!" Monique sang out.

Katherine shrieked in delight as she saw her two presents on either side of the tree. Steve and Laura were bound kneeling and acted as bookends to the tree.

Their wrists were bound to their calves, just below the knee and their elbows were bound to their ankles. This left them uncomfortably arched forward so that they were completely on display.

On top of that, they had been decorated like gifts. Steve had a wide red ribbon around the base of his cock and scrotum that assured his erection and he had a green bow tied onto the head of his cock. Laura had a wide red ribbon tied around the base of each breast, causing them to balloon slightly, and green bows adorned her very stiff nipples.

"I love them, Mom," gushed Katherine as she gave Monique a hug and a kiss.

"Thank you, Dad," she said as she repeated the hug and kiss with him.

The family drank coffee and hot chocolate as the gifts were unwrapped. Once Steve and Laura were 'unwrapped', they were instructed to kneel on either side of Katherine until all of the rest of the gifts were opened. Then, the slave couple was excused to catch up on the rest of their sleep.

"Well, that was different," observed Laura. "I've never been a gift before."

"I always think of you as my gift," said Steve. This earned him a kiss and a brief moment plunging his cock into his perpetually wet wife.

"Better stop now," she finally said as she pushed him off of her. "We aren't allowed to climax."

Steve just groaned. "Stupid rule!"

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"Jeesh Dad! How does Mom handle all of that?" asked Katherine loudly. She had just gotten a look at her father's cock. And it was erect at that.

"The same way Laura does. You'll see."

"We thought we would give you a demonstration this afternoon," explained Monique. "That way, you'll know more about how to use Steve when you get to him."

"Well, when do I get an owners manual on Laura?" asked Katherine impishly.

"We'll get to that too. Now just sit back and observe," instructed Monique.

Katherine watched as Steve and Pierre laid down on the floor with their heads pointing toward her. Monique stood with her feet on either side of Steve's hips and Laura stood the same way above Pierre.

"Come to me, pet," instructed Pierre, and Laura crouched down until she was kneeling. She reached down and parted her petals with her fingers and used her other hand to guide the huge cock to her secret opening.

"See how she opens herself and moves the cock to the right place?" asked Monique.

"Mom!" exclaimed Katherine. "That cock is my Dad's!"

"Exactly," replied Monique. "Now I'll do the same." With that, she lowered herself and repeated the motions until the tip of Steve's cock was nestled inside her sex, eliciting a moan from the slave boy.

"You may begin," Monique told Laura.

Laura let her body down, allowing the spear to slice into her as she looked up into Katherine's eyes with a mixture of pleading and lust. Katherine had never seen such an expression and almost felt like taking Laura's place, either to rescue her or to feel the same wanton lust.

She turned her head and watched Steve's cock disappear into her naked mother and then watched as her mother moved up and down on the large pole. Her eyes remained fixed on Monique and she saw her in a new way. She always knew her mother was attractive but she looked wildly beautiful and erotic as she slid up and down on the glistening shaft. Her jet black hair tousled to and fro and her breasts bounced rhythmically. Katherine could see Monique's tight belly quivering slightly. All the while, Monique smiled dreamily and gazed into her daughter's eyes.

"Go ahead, dear," offered Monique. "You can if you want."

Katherine realized that her hand was between her legs and that she was inadvertently rubbing her sex through her jeans. She blushed crimson, both over the fact that she was doing it at all and the fact that she had been caught doing it.

"As a mistress, you can toy with your boy if you want." She reached down and grasped Steve's nipples between thumbs and forefingers and slowly rolled them back and forth, eliciting a groan from the prone slave boy.

She looked back to Laura and her father. Pierre was holding Laura's hands together behind her back with one hand while she continued to bob up and down on his pole. Her breasts moved with the same rhythm as her mother's and Katherine's hand began its motion again at her crotch. Katherine loved the way that, with her arms pulled back, Laura's breasts thrust out even more invitingly.

"Make yourself more comfortable, dear," offered Monique. This time, Katherine decided that there would be nothing wrong with it. After all, she was the only one with any clothes on in the room. She stood up and shimmied her jeans and panties down her legs, kicking them aside before she pulled her sweatshirt over her head, making her fit perfectly into the apparent dress code of the day.

Katherine sat back down and made no pretenses. The fingers of her right hand slowly strummed up and down through her already wet slit as her right hand cupped and squeezed one breast and then the other.

It was unbelievable to the daughter that her family literally owned this married couple and could do anything they wanted with or to them. She watched as her mother tugged on Steve's nipples causing him to arch his back to reduce the

tension. Her father was playfully slapping Laura's breasts back and forth, increasing the wild motions of her beautiful orbs.

Two very large glistening poles came into view and then disappeared back into the two naked female forms with regularity. She was feeling lightheaded with all that was going on around her.

"Come watch this," said her mother, breaking Katherine away from her thoughts.

Katherine rose and moved behind her mother as Monique reached behind herself.

She saw that Steve's balls, which normally hung low and swayed beneath him, were snug against his crotch as his scrotum had tightened. She watched as her mother's hand claimed the balls and then slowly squeezed, causing Steve to wriggle and groan beneath her.

She moved behind Laura and saw that her father's balls were also snugged up against his body and differed from Steve's only by the hair that remained on them. She was called back to her mother by a silent cock of her head. She moved back to Monique who asked her, "Do you want a turn?"

Katherine's face turned crimson again but a sense of arousal washed through her body at the thought. She nodded slowly. "Yes, I think so," she whispered.

Monique gave the captive balls a hard squeeze and then slowly rose off of the wet and shining pole leaving it twitching as it stood erectly. Then she positioned Katherine straddling Steve's hips and helped her daughter to lower herself. As she got lower, Katherine watched as Monique grasped the cock with one hand and she felt the fingers of her mother's other hand slide smoothly across her slick petals and part them. Monique guided her daughter to the waiting cock and then inserted its tip, letting Katherine adjust to its impressive girth.

"Go as slowly as you want," instructed Monique. "You have as long as you want.

He's not allowed to cum."

Steve had been watching the change of players and could not believe that he would be fucking the beautiful daughter. Once again, he had to look for ways to distract himself. Katherine started a slow but steady up and down motion, only letting a little bit of the cock enter her each time.

Pierre looked over to see his daughter taking her mother's spot. He had not seen her naked since she was a little girl and marveled at the way she had

blossomed and filled out so nicely. She was a grown woman now, and was a beautiful one at that.

Laura and Katherine gazed at one another as they bobbed up and down in unison.

Laura had caught glimpses of her young mistress' body the day before during the bath and, even though she could tell that Katherine had a nice figure and nice breasts, she too marveled at the exquisite body that was finally unveiled completely a few minutes earlier. Laura mostly looked at Katherine's eyes but occasionally stole away to look at her husband's dagger spearing into the teenager. Similarly, Katherine's eyes occasionally looked down at her father's cock spearing into his female pet.

As Laura and Katherine looked deeply into one another's eyes, Monique slipped behind Laura and reached around the woman to cup her breasts. Laura tensed for a moment and then leaned back against Monique's legs, letting the older woman play with her bouncing orbs as she pleased.

"Don't cum until allowed, little pet," warned Monique as she once again grasped the sensitive nipples to arouse Laura and make it difficult to control her orgasm. Laura bit her lower lip and moaned softly as the magical fingers sent new erotic thrills through her body. Katherine watched as her mother claimed the heavy breasts and used them as toys.

After awhile, Monique released the breasts and moved behind her daughter. "Try not to cum, little princess." Laura watched as Monique's hands claimed her daughter's breasts and teased them the same way she had teased Laura's.

Steve almost lost his load when he saw the mother playing so intimately with her own daughter and had to bite his lower lip hard to avoid climax. By this time, Katherine had managed to take Steve's entire shaft into her sex and he felt its warm silken walls gripping his cock tightly.

After ten more minutes of delicious torture, Pierre gave the nod to Monique.

"Cum for me, pets," she commanded. Pierre had already started to blast his seed into Laura and Steve immediately climaxed at the command. Monique squeezed her daughter's nipples and tugged them away from her chest, sending her over the edge and groaning loudly as her body tensed in ecstasy. Laura continued to ride up and down to coax out all of Pierre's sperm as her own body tensed and twitched.

Eventually, both female bodies fell forward onto the males who lay prone beneath them. Several minutes later, Monique announced that she was the only one

who had not climaxed and Steve was assigned the honors. Laura was thankful that her husband had been selected but knew that it was only a matter of time before her face would end up between Monique's thighs. Or Katherine's for that matter.

She did not know which she dreaded more and then decided that sexually servicing someone ten years her junior would probably be more embarrassing.

## **Chapter 9**

### **The Summons**

Steve went back to work the day after Christmas, which released both of them from their required presence at the Chambeaux residence, at least temporarily. "I don't know how I'll handle sitting through a management meeting after having my lips on his cock," worried Steve at breakfast.

"Don't worry about it," advised Laura trying to comfort her husband. "He's probably going to be going through the same things you are."

Even though she tried to act nonchalant so that her husband would be less worried, her mind was in a turmoil. She had managed to accept her slavery while at the Chambeaux home but now it all seemed so very wrong to her. And the fact that she had felt enjoyment at times made her feel so guilty.

She felt shame at the way her body had betrayed her. How could she be enjoying being displayed so lewdly atop Pierre's cock? How could she become aroused at the sight of Monique's body? How could she become so wet from watching her own husband having sex with another woman, let alone a mother and daughter?

It was if she had been transported to another world with different rules and moralities when she was at the Chambeaux house. Now she was back in her normal world and had to reconcile her past behavior and emotions with the normal rules and moralities.

She sat at her kitchen table drinking her coffee and wrapped her robe around herself more tightly. She just looked into her cup and felt lost. The lower swell of her left breast grazed across the top of the table, sending a little thrill through her body.

"Stop it!" she yelled at the empty house. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" Her body could not keep acting like one of a wanton slut in her normal world. She had to return to being Laura Packsworth, homemaker, and loving wife, and decent neighbor.

Laura fretted for hours and occasionally stormed through the house in anger.

She was not a pet! She was not a slave! Her husband might have had a laps in judgment, but she should not have to pay for that in such a humiliating way!

She just needed to find a way to end it.

The phone rang at about ten o'clock and she answered it. "Hello, princess," she heard Monique speak.

"So I'm a princess now?" spat Laura with an acid tone. "Monique, this has to stop! Stop now!"

"I would be happy with that. Be here at noon. If you have the check with you, then it's over and you can go home. If not, then plan on staying awhile. We'll spend some quality time together."

Laura collapsed into one of her living room chairs and felt trapped. She knew that she did not have the money for Steve's gambling debt.

"I'll be there," she spoke with a defeated tone and heard the phone click on the other end. She sat there listening to the dial tone for several minutes before willing herself to rise and prepare for her next ordeal.

It was an unseasonably warm day for the end of December, even for Florida. She selected a yellow sundress which was modest enough but still highlighted her curves and displayed her shapely legs. She was ready to leave when she suddenly cursed herself for her forgetfulness. She went back upstairs and removed her dress, then removed her bra and panties. She had remembered that those were forbidden items. With her sundress back on, she examined herself in the mirror and shook her head. It was clear that she was not wearing a bra as the two erect nipples could be seen through the material, although just barely. "I guess this will have to do."

"Welcome home, princess," smiled Monique as she kissed Laura at the doorway.

"Don't you look just adorable."

"Thank you, Mistress," replied Laura with her eyes cast down.

"There's a hanger in the closet," offered Monique, leaving no doubt that Laura was to disrobe. "Then meet us on the back porch."

Laura hesitated for a moment after Monique left but then decided to get on with the inevitable. Disrobing was easy with only one article of clothing and, within moments, Laura stood naked in the front hallway. She took a deep breath and then headed for the back porch.

"Here's my delicious pet," greeted Katherine as she came up and lifted Laura's breasts in her hands before kissing her. The claiming of the slave's breasts was becoming a ritualistic part of Katherine's greeting, observed Laura.

Both captors were wearing beach wraps and Katherine had just finished setting the table on the porch for lunch. All three women sat and ate their noon meal together as they chatted about the weather and the wonderful holiday season.

Katherine even cleared the table, which surprised Laura. She expected that to be the slave's job.

"I thought we would do a little midwinter tanning," said Monique after Katherine returned from the kitchen. "Unless you have your check with you."

"No, Mistress. I have no check."

"I see," replied Monique with a stern look on her face. "Then what was that little outburst over the phone all about?"

"I'm sorry, Mistress," Laura said with her eyes cast down. "But I am having troubles adjusting to my slavery. Besides, I thought we were only slaves on Steve's days off."

"Go back and reread the contract, little one," instructed Monique. "It says that you are to reside here on those days. But you are slaves always."

Laura nodded in defeat. That is what the contract said. She was fully owned until the debt was forgiven, which seemed a long way away.

"You must be punished," continued Monique. "That kind of behavior will not be tolerated. Katherine, you know what to do."

Katherine moved behind Laura and helped the naked woman to stand. Katherine gathered the slave's hands together and bound them wrist to wrist. She tested the knots and then wrapped the silken rope around Laura's elbows, tightening them and stretching Laura's shoulders back farther and farther until the elbows touched. Laura groaned at the discomfort of having her shoulders strained so much but did not voice a protest. Katherine tied off the rope and then turned Laura around to face her.

"This hurts me as much as it does you," commented the daughter. "But it does wonders for your breasts."

Laura looked down and gasped as she saw that her breasts seemed to protrude much farther with her shoulders arched back this way. It was almost obscene the way they jutted out.

Katherine continued her assignment and pulled two clothespins from the pocket of her wrap. Laura shuddered as she imagined what the clothespins would be used for. Katherine lifted the left breast and plumped it several times. The nipple immediately stiffened in response to the handling and Katherine caused it to stiffen more when she leaned down and sucked the little bud into her mouth.

Laura immediately felt her sex clench and wondered how her body could become aroused like this when it was about to be punished so cruelly.

Katherine pulled her head back and unceremoniously clipped the clothespin onto the defenseless nipple, sending streaks of pain through the captive's body.

Katherine repeated the procedure and then positioned Laura standing at the foot of the two chaise lounges, facing them.

Laura looked down and whimpered as she saw her tender morsels flattened by the cruel clamps. Katherine had positioned them so that the clothespins stuck straight out from the slave's body and she watched as they bounced and jiggled with each breath or movement of her body.

Monique stood and removed her wrap before lying down on one of the chaises.

Laura cursed herself silently for her reaction to her mistress' body and knew that her sex was becoming very damp. Monique dropped her wrap and her lovely body was equally naked, sending more unwanted thrills through Laura's body.

"You will remain like that until I think that you have learned your lesson," said Monique.

"Yes, Mistress," sniffled Laura as her nipples burned with pain.

Both mistresses reclined back and closed their eyes to enjoy the warmth of the sun on their exposed flesh. Katherine was soon asleep but Monique appeared to be just resting. Occasionally, the mother would raise a hand to cup a breast or to lightly trail a finger around one of her nipples. And, occasionally, Monique would graze her fingers over her petals. Laura wondered if Monique had forgotten that she was there. Surely, she wouldn't act so lewdly if she knew that Laura was watching her. But then she realized that Monique did not care.

After all, Laura was merely a piece of property, almost like an object.

After thirty minutes of pain in her breasts and the torture of watching Monique tease her own body, Monique opened her eyes and looked at Laura. "Have you learned your lesson?"

"Oh yes, Mistress," she replied sincerely. "I'm very sorry."

"Remember," said Monique, "that strict obedience is expected. I will not tolerate impertinence like what you displayed earlier. Now come and I'll take those off and you can make it up to me."

"Oh, thank you, Mistress," gushed Laura. She quickly moved to the side of the chaise and watched her owner removing the horrid clamps, feeling a sharp pain as each was plucked from her chest and the blood returned.

"Now you can make it up to me and show me how sorry you are." She turned to the side, placing her feet on the patio and sat up. "On your knees," she commanded as she parted her legs. Laura felt as if her heart had stopped as she realized what was expected of her. She was frozen in fear but Monique reached up and pushed the slave down by her shoulders. This left Laura face to face with the thing that she had been most dreading: having sex with another woman.

Monique tucked two fingers under Laura's chin and tilted her face up, kissing her. Then she guided that same beautiful face between her thighs until Laura found her lips pressed against the slick petals of Monique's sex. No words were spoken but Laura knew what she was supposed to do, even if she didn't know how to do it.

Laura scrunched her nose and clamped her eyes shut tightly and began her assignment. It wasn't as horrible as she had feared but it was still a distasteful task in her mind. Monique would coo occasionally, providing cues to Laura about what was working. Laura's tongue stabbed into the warm, swampy sex, leaving her nose to become buried in the trimmed bush of black hair and then she would scoop up between the petals to flutter her tongue over Monique's clitoris.

Laura continued her ministrations for about ten minutes until she felt Monique's body shift slightly. Laura looked up and saw that her captor was leaning back against her daughter who was standing behind her. Monique had her head turned and was greedily sucking on Katherine's nipple as Katherine's hands squeezed and fondled her mother's breasts.

Laura knew that such an incestuous sight should repel her but she felt strangely aroused by the mother and daughter touching one another so intimately. Her sex clenched as she watched Katherine's fingers roll and stretch her mother's nipples and she felt all tingly when Monique started sucking as much of her daughter's breast into her mouth as she could.

Monique finally climaxed and was quickly replaced by Katherine. The same scene presented itself to Laura as she looked up while her tongue caressed and speared and fluttered. Monique's hands claimed her daughter's breasts while she kissed Katherine before feeding her left breast to her daughter's eager lips.

Katherine climaxed more quickly, much to Laura's relief since her tongue was becoming tired from all of its exercise.

She went to bed that night with the same thoughts she had started the day with.

How could she so quickly become the erotic plaything who accepts everything so readily when she was at the Chambeaux residence and yet feel so guilty and ashamed when she was in her own home?

## **Chapter 10**

### **The Encounter**

As Laura drove to the Chambeaux home, she thought that the upcoming holiday would be easier to endure. While she would still have to put up with her full time slavery during the New Year holiday, at least she would not keep being yanked away from her normal life so abruptly.

The day before, she had been in her home and had been summoned back to her captors in the afternoon. Then she returned home and cooked dinner for her husband. They ate together on the patio and then she tended her garden for a bit. They made love and then slept soundly together.

It was the abrupt change of worlds that was bothering her. She loved the world of her home and her husband and her garden. She would be happy with that. And, while she resented the world of slavery that had been thrust upon her by the lapse in judgment, she thought she could be happy in the world of slavery. At least, she knew, she would be sexually fulfilled. But it was more than the sexual fulfillment. She had discovered an aspect of her personality that she did not previously know existed. She found a strange and not thoroughly wanted excitement and contentment in being owned.

Now, she was on her way back to the home of her captors. Katherine instructed her to report at ten o'clock for a run. Laura had been in a quandary about how to dress. Monique had forbidden her undergarments but Katherine had mentioned that she could wear a sports bra during the runs. She thought about wearing the sports bra without anything over it in hopes that it would qualify as not wearing undergarments. But she thought back to the clothespins and what followed. It was not worth the risk. She tied on her sneakers and left the house wearing shorts and a t-shirt. She tossed the sports bra in the trunk of her car.

Katherine met her at the door. Monique had some appointments and errands to run but would be home eventually. Katherine whisked the slavegirl into the house and led her to the back yard where they could stretch together for the run.

After twenty minutes of stretching, Katherine was ready for the run.

"What about my bra?" asked Laura.

"I told you that you could wear one," replied Katherine. "Why didn't you?"

"Because your mother told me that I couldn't. So I left it in my car. May I go get it?"

"No time for that. I'm ready to run. Maybe next time.

They did not run fast but even the slow pace caused tremendous motion on Laura's chest. Laura experimented with different ways of controlling the activity and minimizing the bouncing. She finally settled on using her left forearm to pin the overly active breasts to her chest.

The scenery was beautiful. The two females ran through the forest and clearings. They hopped over brooks and scooted around ponds. Eventually, they came to a small meadow where Katherine pulled up to rest. "How are you doing, pet?" asked a heavily breathing Katherine.

"I'm fine, Mistress," replied Laura who did not seem so winded.

"You are in pretty good shape," admired Katherine as she walked around in small circles, breathing deeply. "I need to run more." She reached up and freed her hair from its ponytail and shook her head back and forth allowing her auburn tresses to fly through the air until they finally settled and flowed down her back. She unzipped her fanny pack and pulled out a sheet, spreading it on the ground.

"Are we staying here, Mistress?" asked Laura curiously.

"For a little bit, love," replied Katherine as she smoothed the sheet. Hearing the 'love' sent another unexpected thrill through Laura's body. "I need more of that wonderful tongue of yours."

"Oh," blushed Laura. "But what if someone finds us?"

"Then they'll get the show of their life. Now lie down in the middle."

Laura did as she was told and, once again, she was filled with the mixed emotions of dread and anticipation. Katherine removed her clothes and positioned herself with her sex above Laura's lips and then leaned over to kiss Laura's sex. "I want to taste you too this time."

Soon, two tongues were busy as the two sweaty girls provided pleasure to one another. Since Laura's hands were free this time, she found them roaming over Katherine's soft flesh, caressing her back and bottom as she suckled on her clitoris.

"You may cum whenever you like," instructed the mistress. Within minutes, Laura's overly sexed body tensed in a powerful orgasm. "Wow! That was fast!" exclaimed Katherine.

Laura resumed her ministrations to Katherine's sex and she too eventually achieved her orgasm. Katherine got off of Laura and they laid face to face, kissing each other and gently stroking one another's bodies. After enjoying the warm embrace for awhile, Katherine rose and put her clothes back on. "Time to go back now."

"Yes, Mistress," replied Laura as she also rose and prepared for the run back to the house.

"Give me your hands," instructed Katherine as she stood behind Laura. "We'll run back slower."

Laura sighed as she felt the soft rope wrapped around her slender wrists. Even a slow pace was going to create a lot of uncomfortable movement but she was not in a position to protest, especially after the clothespin lesson of the day before.

"Ooo, having sex doesn't help in running," exclaimed Katherine after running only a few yards. "I'm all wet down there."

"Welcome to my world," was what Laura wanted to say in reply. Since becoming a slave, she seemed to be in a constant state of sexual arousal and her wetness was a constant embarrassment and reminder to her. "Yes, Mistress. I agree," was all that she actually said, however.

Katherine jogged alongside Laura so she could watch the magnificent breasts bob and sway and jerk on the slavegirl's chest with each pace. Katherine loved the sight. In fact, she loved the breasts. In fact, she loved everything about Laura. She was convinced that she could stare at the gorgeous nude all day long.

They jogged for a bit and then walked. Then they jogged some more and walked again. It was while they were walking at one point that disaster struck.

"Is that girl naked!?!?!?" came the excited voice.

"Yeah, I think so. Let's go check it out!"

Two teenage boys appeared on the path in front of the two women. Both looked like their eyes would pop right out of their heads. "Wow!!! She really is naked! Why is she naked?" one of them asked Katherine.

"Because that's the way I like to keep her," replied Katherine. Laura thought it strange that they would ask the younger Katherine rather than ask Laura herself.

But then, she supposed, maybe it was assumed that naked girls with their hands tied behind their backs are not to be conversed with. "You can touch her if you like," Katherine offered.

That was all the encouragement they needed and quickly four hands were mauling Laura's breasts. "She's lovely, isn't she?" asked Katherine.

"She's beautiful," one answered. "Great knockers," agreed the other. Their hands moved to explore other places on Laura but always quickly returned to squeeze and probe the soft breasts.

"Now, you can't tell others about this," warned Katherine.

"Oh," replied one of the boys with his brow furrowed. "Why not?"

"Because we couldn't do this again," answered Katherine. "She would have to wear clothes and you wouldn't be able to touch her again."

"Oh," said the boy with a crestfallen look on his face. He would have loved to tell his friends that he had found a naked woman in the woods and that he got to feel her tits. After all, these were his first tits.

"I'll tell you what," Katherine went on. "If you both promise not to tell anyone, I'll give you a special treat. Do you promise?"

"What's the treat?" asked one of the boys.

"You'll love it," Katherine replied. "Now, do you promise?"

"I suppose so," said the other boy.

"Say it," instructed Katherine. "I want to hear you both say 'I promise not to tell anyone'."

"I promise not to tell anyone," they both muttered.

"Good. Now take off your pants."

"What?!?!?!!" they both exclaimed in unison. Laura blushed and a chill went down her spine as she realized where this was headed. The boys were probably only fourteen or fifteen and she was about to be fucked by them.

"That's the treat," announced Katherine as she pointed to Laura. "You'll get to have your penises sucked."

One of the boys looked puzzled. The other one opened his eyes wide in surprise.

"Oh. A blow job?"

"Exactly," nodded Katherine. "Now, off with your pants."

One boy shed his pants quickly. The other one removed his more reluctantly. Soon, two small but very erect cocks stood at attention and pointed at Laura.

Katherine had to help Laura to her knees because of her hands being tied. Then, Katherine knelt beside her. She had considered letting Laura service both boys but she wanted to end this encounter as quickly as she could before more people strolled down the trail. "She'll do one of you and I'll do the other." One boy quickly presented his cock to Laura's face. The other moved in front of Katherine but stopped a foot away.

"But he's got a naked girl," said the boy complainingly.

"Oh," said a surprised Katherine. "I suppose he does." Again, she considered letting Laura take care of both of them but quickly changed her mind in the interest of getting home. She stood again and quickly removed her own clothes.

"Now you both have naked girls."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the boy as he stepped closer to Katherine. "You've got great tits too!"

"Thanks," replied Katherine before she leaned forward to suck the cock into her mouth. Soon, the only thing that could be heard was the chirping of the birds and the moaning of the boys as two sets of lips slurped on two teenage cocks.

"Thanks," said the boys as they zipped up their pants.

"Now, remember," reminded Katherine, "you promised not to tell anyone. We can do this again if you stay quiet."

"Oh, we won't" they assured her as they walked away.

Katherine didn't bother putting her clothes back on and walked the rest of the way home as naked as Laura. Katherine opened the gate to the back yard when they got home and soon they were protected by the privacy of the tall fence.

"There are my lovelies," smiled Monique from the patio. "How was your run?"

"Exciting," responded Katherine. "And pretty funny too."

Katherine described their adventure and how Laura kept her left arm up to confine her wayward breasts. She told her mother about sixty-nining with her slavegirl in the clearing, which caused Laura to blush as Monique looked at her with one eyebrow cocked. Then she described the delicious way that Laura's breasts became animated on the way back. "It was like they were trying to escape."

Finally, she related the story of the encounter with the boys, which caused Laura's face to turn crimson. Katherine went into great detail about how they were obsessed with Laura's breasts and were totally fixated on the twin peaks.

"Well, it just shows that they have good taste," commented Monique. Katherine finished the story, telling her mother about the dueling blowjobs.

"After that, I didn't bother to get dressed. We just came home."

The story had aroused Monique and she needed relief. She untied Laura's wrists and guided the slave's beautiful face to her sex. Katherine kissed her mother passionately and held her breasts as Laura serviced Monique. Pierre came home and he wanted relief too. Laura's lips were wrapped around the massive cock as soon as she finished with the wife.

And when she got home, Steve needed relief after he heard the story about her day and she again found herself on her knees performing oral sex for the fifth time of the day. "Quite a day!" she thought as she drifted off to sleep.

## **Chapter 11**

### **Display**

It was only eight o'clock in the morning and Laura was already fretting and fuming. Steve had just left for work and the beautiful housewife was sitting at the kitchen table staring into her cup of coffee. "Please leave me alone," she spoke to her cup as she thought about the family who had enslaved her and her husband.

For the past two days, she had been summoned to their home. She had been wrenched from the warmth and safety of her own home to perform lewd and depraved acts that were totally outside of her character. Hopefully, they would leave her alone.

At nine o'clock, she made another pot of coffee. Still, she sat at the kitchen table. She pulled her robe more tightly around her toned body and then sat and waited for the call that she was sure would come.

By noon, she wondered what was going on. Why had she not been summoned? Did they find her unattractive? Was she not pleasing enough?

By the time Steve got home, Laura was feeling completely rejected and was in tears. "They don't want me any more," she bawled. "They think I'm ugly."

Steve was completely taken aback. He knew that Laura hated the fact that she was a slave. At least he thought that he knew that. Now, she was acting as if she wanted to be a slave and missed it.

The next day was a repeat. Laura spent much of the morning watching the clock and wondering why she was not being summoned to perform sexually. At eleven o'clock, she went upstairs and stood naked before the full length mirror. She turned to the left to inspect herself in profile and then turned to the right to do the same thing. She lifted her breasts and stood close to the mirror, inspecting every inch of the sensitive mounds. She admitted to herself that she had a very desirable body, perhaps even beautiful. This made the lack of a summons even worse in her mind. Her fingers trailed over her silken flesh as she further explored her body. Her sex was wet, she discovered, but that was not completely surprising to her. She had been aroused since that first moment of enslavement. What she also discovered, however, was the stubble that had started to grow on her recently denuded sex.

Laura decided to remedy the stubble problem. She ran a hot bath in which she luxuriated for almost an hour. She allowed her fingers to toy with her sex and to play with her breasts but she did not allow herself to climax, although she would not have been able to explain why she had avoided orgasm. By the end of the bath, her sex was as satiny smooth as the rest of her body. She decided to forego any clothing and remained nude for the rest of the afternoon. She was sitting like this at the kitchen table, sipping a cup of coffee when she heard a tap on the window.

A moment later, the backdoor opened and in rushed Katherine who quickly strode to Laura and kissed her. Laura was too stunned to even realize that she was naked and wrapped her arms invitingly around the younger woman, returning the kiss.

"You weren't kidding!" Laura heard another voice comment.

"Eeeek!" Laura squealed as her hands moved to try to protect her modesty.

Katherine jumped in surprise at the squeal from her slavegirl but quickly peeled the hands away from the precious sights. "Of course I wasn't kidding," replied Katherine. "Now be a good girl," she instructed Laura.

Laura stood trembling as Katherine backed away from her. As Katherine stepped back, another girl came into view.

"Well, you were right that she is lovely," said the girl.

"Isn't she?" agreed Katherine. "This is Laura."

"Wow!" was all that the other girl could manage to utter.

"Ashley wouldn't believe that I owned a slave," explained Katherine to Laura. "So I brought her here to prove it. Hey! Why are you naked here?"

"I don't knooooowww!" wailed a desperate Laura. "I don't know."

"Well, it's just as well that you are," replied Katherine. "It saves you from having to take your clothes off for me."

"Yes, Mistress," sobbed Laura.

"Wow!" the red-haired girl repeated. "She calls you mistress?"

"Of course she does," nodded Katherine. "That's what I am. I told you that I own her. She was my Christmas present. And she's just so perfect!"

Katherine squeezed Laura's breasts to punctuate the 'perfect' and Laura was tempted to back away from the hands that had claimed her breasts. She knew that this would be unwise, however, and suffered the indignation silently as she cast her eyes downward to avoid further embarrassment.

"Let me show you something," said Katherine to her friend. "Hop up here," she instructed Laura as she patted the table with her hand.

Laura groaned inwardly as she heard the command. With a feeling of dread, she backed up to the table and lifted herself onto it until she was sitting on the edge.

"Scoot back, pet," came the next command. Laura complied and soon her legs were dangling off the side. "A little further." Laura obeyed and then realized that there was no way to protect any of her modesty in this position.

"Look at this," said Katherine to her friend as she pushed Laura's thighs apart. The young mistress reached out and ran a finger up through the already slick petals of Laura's sex and then held up the glistening digit for the redhead to see. "She's always so wet! It's just amazing!" With that, she popped the finger into her mouth and licked off Laura's dew. "Want to try it?"

"I think I'll just watch," replied Ashley.

"Suit yourself," nodded Katherine as she turned back to Laura. "Pet, I want you to masturbate for us. If Ashley wants to watch, we should at least give her a show."

"Mistress?" pleaded Laura.

"Do it, love," commanded the teenage owner.

Laura sighed. "Yes, Mistress." She was not sure if she could blush any redder but she was sure that she was setting new records today. She started to slowly stroke her sex, feeling the ample lubrication that she had already produced. Katherine moved behind her and reached around to cup and lift the breasts. Within moments, Laura was moaning softly and was on the verge of climaxing. Laura could not explain how she could become so aroused so fast. Katherine sensed that

Laura was close and commanded her not to climax, which caused Laura to groan and bite her lower lip. For a full twenty minutes, Laura was kept on the edge.

Katherine tilted Laura's head up, forcing her to look at Ashley. The girl occasionally stole a glance at Laura's sex or breasts but mostly just watched her eyes. The girl was blushing but did not look away. She was truly interested in the scene in front of her. Finally, Katherine allowed Laura to climax and she did so explosively, feeling her whole body wracked by the orgasm.

"Wow," was all that Ashley could say as she witnessed the powerful event.

"Come on, pet," Laura heard Katherine say after she came back down to earth. "'We'll drop off Ashley and then go home."

Laura shrugged. "Yes, Mistress. Let me go up and throw something on. I'll be right back."

"No time for that, love. Let's go."

Laura was mortified as she was led out the back door naked. She glanced around, checking to see if any neighbors were watching. Thankfully, she did not see anyone. She only hoped that none of them saw her.

It was a short drive to deliver Ashley to her home but that did not mean that it was an easy journey. Katherine drove and instructed Ashley and Laura to sit in the back. "Feel free to play with her," offered Katherine to her friend. "I'm sure you'll like it as much as I do."

Ashley was tentative but did manage to squeeze both perfect breasts before the car stopped in front of her house. "Can I play with her again some time?" she asked as she stepped out of the vehicle.

"Sure," smiled Katherine. "Give me a call tomorrow and we'll arrange it. But remember that this is our secret."

Minutes later, Laura was led into the Chambeaux home. She had been paraded naked along the front walk and only hoped that the woman who was weeding her garden across the street did not see her. Because of the size of the property, Laura convinced herself that the woman was probably too far away to notice.

"Please, please, please... no, no, no" she heard her husband's voice as she stepped inside.

"I'm looking forward to this," said Katherine as she grasped Laura by the nipple and led her into the living room. Steve was kneeling upon a coffee table and

Monique was standing behind him with a jar of something. She dipped her fingers into the jar and then used her other hand to spread his bottom cheeks.

"Stop being such a ninny," she scolded. "I'm told that most men love to have a woman play with their bottoms." Then she started rubbing her oily fingers up and down between his cheeks and Laura saw one finger slip into Steve's bottom.

"Please, please, please... no, no, no," he repeated.

Laura's eyes grew wide as she watched Monique slip a second finger into her husband's ass and then gasped as she saw the woman rotate her hand and spread her fingers. Laura knew how homophobic her husband was and how he always viewed the ass of a man to be inviolate.

Steve groaned loudly as the fingers plunged and explored his most protected territory. He was in agony. He noticed his wife enter the room and he had no idea how he would be able to face her after this humiliation. Laura saw Steve blushing furiously and knew that he must be feeling tremendous shame from the way his naked body was being used and put on view. But Laura also saw that his cock was fully erect and wondered how that could happen to someone who viewed his asshole as a fortress.

Pierre stepped into the room, wearing a silk robe, tied at the waist. "Please, please, please... no, no, no," uttered Steve again as he saw Pierre and saw the way that his robe tented out in front of him.

"I need help, pet," said Monique. Katherine gave Laura a pat on the bottom to propel her forward and Laura found herself standing beside her mistress as her master stood to the other side. Monique untied Pierre's robe and slipped it off his shoulders, leaving him naked with his cock pointing up at an angle. Monique took Laura's hand and placed it on the huge cock, guiding the slave's hand up and down its length several times before allowing Laura to pull away.

"Assist your master," Monique commanded.

Pierre was standing directly behind Steve and Laura blinked when she realized what she had just been instructed to do. She could not believe that her husband was about to be raped. And she could not believe that her captors expected her to participate in the rape. But she also knew that she would be punished if she disobeyed. And she knew that Steve would also be punished.

As if in a trance, she reached out and gripped the massive cock that was bobbing before her master. Then she guided it until the tip rested against her husband's sphincter.

"Please, please, please... no, no, Yeeeeooooowwwwwww!" he screamed. Laura watched as the massive pole sliced into her husband's bottom. It stopped halfway and she could hear Steve panting as he tried to regain his wits.

"Come over here and watch with us," said Monique.

Laura was still in a trance but she complied and sat on the couch between her two mistresses. She watched as the cock moved in and out of her husband's bottom, reaching a deeper point with each thrust. "God, I'm glad it's him and not me," she thought as she saw the huge thing drive deep again.

Monique and Katherine each claimed one of Laura's breasts. They took turns kissing her. As one kissed her, the other played with her sex. They made sure that she was always able to watch the spectacle on the coffee table.

Laura's head was spinning. She was being driven toward an orgasm by the lips and fingers and the forbidden act of her husband being taken by another man. Laura noticed that, despite her husband's homophobia, his cock was still erect and jerking around with each thrust into his ass.

"He's our toy," whispered Monique into Laura's ear as her finger stabbed into the slavegirl's sex. Laura moaned but it was stifled by Katherine's lips which covered her own.

Katherine and Monique continued to drive Laura crazy with lust but stopped abruptly before she could climax. "Go stroke your husband's cock. But don't block our view."

Laura arose as she was propelled forward by her two owners. She moved to the far side of the coffee table and once again heard the whimpering of her husband. Pierre pulled completely out of Steve and the slaveboy let out a sigh of relief.

"Help me fuck him," Pierre told Laura. She blushed again as she heard the words and, once again, gripped her master's cock and guided it to rape her husband. Steve let out another screech as his bottom was invaded anew.

Once she had successfully embedded Pierre's cock in Steve's ass, she started stroking her husband's cock. She marveled at how hard it was and wondered if he was actually enjoying this humiliating abuse.

Monique offered commentary during the ordeal. "Pierre doesn't look ready yet, pet. Don't let him cum." "Pierre is close. Make sure the slave cums at the same time." "Pierre is almost there. Get ready."

Steve was babbling incoherently at this point and Laura knew that, if Steve was expected to climax at the same time as Pierre, then it would be up to her to

make sure that it happened. When she thought that Pierre was ready, she did two things. First, she twisted her body and fed one of her breasts to her husband. He sucked greedily on her nipple. She also reached under him with her other hand and gripped his balls. She squeezed as her original hand kept stroking his cock. Pierre tensed and groaned and then she felt relief as Steve also groaned and spurted a copious amount of his seed onto the table.

Pierre slipped out of the male ass and put on his robe before leaving the room. Laura was instructed to wash her hands and to return to the two mistresses. Steve simply collapsed onto the table, lying in his own sperm.

"Wasn't that fun?" asked Monique after Laura had returned.

"It was sure different," replied a confused Laura. She was still not sure what to make of what she had just witnessed and participated in.

"Well, tomorrow, you get to be the entertainment," smiled Monique. "I'm sure you'll look forward to that."

"Yes, Mistress," was Laura's only replied as she felt a chill snake down her spine.

## **Chapter 12**

### **A New Plan**

It was finally New Year's Eve. Steve had to work and would normally have come home early on the day before a holiday. The recent abuse to his rectum, however, would probably keep him working late to postpone any further abuse. He knew that he and Laura would be expected to report to the Chambeaux home quickly after he left work.

Laura had spent the day cleaning and trying to read. She was so distracted, though, by all of the recent changes that she just stared at the words on the page. She ended up spending more time cleaning than she had intended.

Katherine stopped by shortly before lunch and acted disappointed that Laura was clothed. Laura had been wearing a pair of cotton shorts and a tank top, but those were quickly removed when Katherine disapproved of her attire. They ate lunch together and then Laura was instructed to remain naked for the rest of the day. Katherine told the slavegirl to call her when Steve got home and she would send the chauffeur. Laura simply waited around for the rest of the day. The most productive activity that she performed was the shaving of her already hairless sex.

"So did she give you any idea what was going happen tonight?" asked a frantic Steve when he arrived home. Steve was still grappling with the loss of his anal virginity and was a bit on edge.

"None," replied Laura, "other than I am to call her once you get home so she can send the car. I'll call her now."

"Can't you wait just a bit?" pleaded Steve. "It won't hurt to spend a few minutes together."

"This slavery deal was not my idea and not my doing," responded Laura, testily. "But a deal's a deal. And when you have time off, we belong at their house according to the deal." She picked up the phone and called Katherine to inform her that Steve was home. Katherine told her to be ready in one hour. Steve was to wear a tuxedo. Laura was to wear an evening cape and nothing else other than shoes that would match. Laura felt a sense of dread overwhelm her at this news.

The limousine arrived an hour later and the drive escorted the couple to the car. They found the Chambeaux family already inside and they were instructed to kneel in the center of the floor. The two slaves faced Pierre and the two Chambeaux women were behind them.

"We are not big on parties," said Pierre when the slaves had gotten settled. "We thought that a nice dinner followed by a quiet evening at home would be best for this New Years." Neither of the married couple replied but just kept their eyes cast down.

Pierre reached out and cupped both chins, tilting them upward. "Smile," he said, "this should be a fun evening." Each gave him a weak smile but did not try to avert their eyes from his. He leaned forward and kissed Laura deeply and passionately and she silently cursed her body for starting to react so quickly. He left Laura's lips, leaving her panting, and gave Steve an identical kiss, causing him to want to jump right out of his skin.

"Two beautiful slaves," he smiled as he leaned back. "And so many ways to enjoy them. They are yours," he told Monique and Katherine, "until we get home. Then, I might want to sample one or both of them."

It was one of the finest restaurants in the city but Laura hardly tasted her food. She was too nervous, knowing that she was completely naked beneath the cape and that any one of her owners might decide to display her at any moment. Steve hardly ate a bite. He was not worried about what might happen at the restaurant but he was petrified at what the rest of the evening might hold in store. But dinner was uneventful. The only embarrassing moment for Laura was when Katherine held her by the waist as they walked out of the restaurant and reached her hand into the cape to squeeze one of the delicious untethered breasts. Laura hoped that nobody else saw that or they would think that she was some kind of wanton lesbian.

Ashley arrived shortly after the limousine dropped off the revelers at the Chambeaux home. Katherine had arranged for her to spend the night to celebrate New Years.

Pierre smiled and Monique stifled a groan of disappointment as the two girls selected Steve for the night. Pierre could play the role of the owner of a male slave but his heart was not in it. "Cherchez la femme," was his motto. Monique, however, had been looking forward to playing with the male slave and was disappointed that he would not be her toy for the night. She loved the act of teasing the slaveboy and the forbidden thrill of fucking him as his wife and her own husband watched.

But, she reminded herself, she also loved toying with the beautiful and easily embarrassed wife. And she also drew pleasure from watching her husband impale the girl. She decided that she loved being able to enjoy either one of the bound couple.

Steve found himself in Katherine's bedroom and was quickly disrobed by the two teenage nymphs. The first job that he was assigned was to teach the girls how to give a proper blowjob and he concluded that there were certain benefits to being a slave. At Steve's recommendation, the two took off their clothes and then each of the girls took turns under the tutelage of the male slave. He perched himself on the edge of the bed and gloried at the sight of the two beautiful teenagers kneeling side by side between his legs. "Use more lips." "Watch the teeth." "Try fluttering your tongue over the tip." "Lick it like a popsicle occasionally." The instructions went on and on and, eventually, the girls started calling him professor. At the end of the session, the world had two more expert fellatrixes.

Laura's evening was not nearly as entertaining; at least not for her. She had been bent over a sawhorse, which had earlier been placed in the center of the master bedroom. Her legs had been spread and each of her ankles was tied to one of the legs of the sawhorse. Her hands were bound behind her back and the top of the sawhorse dug into the tops of her thighs, leaving her upper body stretched horizontally in front of her bent form.

That would have been uncomfortable enough but, before bending her forward, Monique had attached nipple clamps to her tender breasts. These clamps made the clothespins from earlier in the week look like child's play. Their serrated edges bit into the stiff nubbins like little teeth. A fine chain ran from nipple to nipple and, when Monique hung lead weights from the chain, Laura shrieked as the little teeth dug deeper into her flesh.

"Hush, little one," soothed Monique as she ran the back of her hand along Laura's back. "This will make you appreciate it even more when you don't have the clamps on."

Laura panted as she tried to adjust to the pain but it felt like her nipples were being crushed and eaten by the cruel jaws. Now, Monique was behind her with that same jar of lubricant that she had used on Steve, rubbing it around her little rosebud and into her bottom and she knew that the worst was yet to come. At the first stab of Monique's finger, Laura jumped and immediately regretted her action as the lead weights danced on the chain sending new streaks of pain through her. She quickly realized that passively accepting the imminent abuse to her bottom was the only way to ease the pain that was burning into her breasts.

When Monique was satisfied with her work, she guided Pierre's cock to the forbidden channel and then, like her husband had experienced, Laura felt the huge pole slowly forcing its way into her. Monique stroked her back to soothe her and Laura made sure that her upper body remained as still as possible. She cried and whimpered but the log just continued its assault on her bottom. Monique started rubbing Laura's belly in soft circles telling her to relax and just welcome Pierre into her. As much as she tried, Laura just could not relax. Her chest felt like two red hot irons had been pushed into the centers of her breasts and now a fire raged in her sphincter. Eventually, Pierre was completely embedded in her bowels and Monique removed the punishing clamps.

"Such a good girl," remarked Monique as she gently squeezed the swaying orbs. "Such a perfect slavegirl."

Pierre started a slow pistoning motion which animated Laura's breasts. She was thankful that the horrible clamps were gone because she knew that her nipples would have been torn to shreds by the motion of the weights if she still wore them. Monique found a way to access Laura's open and exposed sex and started strumming the erect little clitoris, sending an unusual mix of pleasure and pain through her bound body.

Soon the pain turned to a dull ache as her ass adjusted to the invasion and, eventually, even the ache was gone. Her body was consumed with pleasure as Monique's talented fingers played with her body. Laura's entire mind focused on the fullness in her ass, her tingling clitoris, and the soft swaying of her breasts beneath her. She realized that, at this moment, she was nothing more than a complete sexual plaything. Her entire world was sexual and she wanted nothing more than to please and be pleased.

She passed out as she climaxed and hung limply over the sawhorse. She was not conscious when Pierre shot his seed deep into her bowels and was unaware

when he finally withdrew from her bottom. When she awoke, it was the middle of the night and she was sandwiched between her two owners in bed. She had completely missed the moment of New Years.

It was at the moment of the earth-shattering climax that Monique had her epiphany. She had already concluded that she liked the role of mistress and she loved having total control power over others. She also concluded that Steve and Laura were perfect slaves for her family. They were young and fit and beautiful. The fact that they were also a happily married couple only added to the thrills that Monique felt as she used and abused their bodies.

She knew that the couple belonged to her for the next year and a half, but what would happen after that? Would she and Pierre have to go slaveless? Would they purchase or capture another slave or two? And even if they did somehow obtain new slaves, she could not imagine that they would be as fun or desirable as the Packsworth couple.

She knew that she had to find a way to prolong Steve's and Laura's slavery beyond their current term. She had not been able to think of how to do that until this moment, however. Monique realized that if she could condition them to need what Pierre and Monique provided, then they might voluntarily extend their slavery, perhaps indefinitely.

Seeing the powerful orgasm that Laura had just experienced provided the key to her plan. The girl had suffered horribly, both from the clamps and weights and the sodomizing that she had received. And yet the orgasm was monumental. If Monique could help Laura to associate pain with extreme pleasure, then the girl might not be able to leave without suffering a terrible emptiness.

She would have to condition Steve to have a similar dependence on Pierre and her, although she was not sure that she would want two pain sluts. It would take a good deal of thought and careful planning but now she had hope that the slavery might become permanent.

### **Chapter 13**

#### **The Dinner Party**

Steve and Laura had endured a full year of slavery and were looking toward another six months before they achieved their freedom. Both had adapted to their new roles reasonably well. Laura blossomed in her newfound sexuality and, despite the fact that she was gorgeous before, she positively radiated with her wanton beauty now. Monique had placed her on a specially designed diet and exercise program which had resulted in a toned body that even a teenager would envy. Her hair had been cropped just above the shoulders and was now platinum.

While technically still a C-cup, her breasts seemed to almost spill out of her bra on the few occasions that she was allowed to wear one and she knew that it would not be long before she would require a D-cup bra. Her nipples had been pierced and her owners had purchased a variety of rings and posts to adorn her chest. Currently, she was sporting four-inch hoops made of thin white gold that even Laura had to admit made her look erotic. And the white gold accentuated her new hair color.

Steve had also undergone some changes. His diet and exercise regime had firmed him up nicely and he was in the best shape of his life. His body was completely tanned, which was how Monique liked him. In fact, his flesh stood in stark contrast to Laura's alabaster flesh. Laura sometimes felt like a veal because of the way that Monique made her shun the sun. Steve's nipples had also been pierced and, although he also had a variety of hoops and studs, Monique invariably had him wear the studs with gold balls on his chest, making it look like he was wearing miniature barbells. He had also become much more skilled at maintaining an erection at all times, which frequently caused him embarrassment while at work. Monique had talked about piercing his cock although, much to Steve's relief, she had not had that done yet.

Over time, both Pierre and Monique had exposed the slave couple to selected friends. This evening, Laura and Steve were serving a dinner party of their owners and three other couples. Each of the couples had previously become aware of the Chambeaux slaves so none of them seemed shocked as a naked Steve greeted them at the door with his cock pointing accusingly at them.

Neither were they shocked to find an equally naked Laura attending to their beverage needs as they gathered in the living room. She delivered their drinks to an occasional pinch or groping.

The wide gold hoops were the fascination of the women. Each of them insisted that Laura lean forward to let them admire the jewelry. Much to Steve's chagrin, the barbells through his nipples were the topic of discussion among the men. "That must have been painful," observed one, to which Steve nodded. "At least it's masculine looking jewelry," commented another.

After all of the guests arrived, both Steve and Laura attended to the guests in the living room by refilling their glasses and removing empties. "I don't believe we've met," exclaimed one woman as Steve bent over an end table to retrieve an empty glass. She reached out and grasped the end of his cock, pumping it up and down as if she were shaking a hand. "I'm Charlene, although most people I know well call me Charlie. I hope that I get to know you well before the night is over."

Steve blushed furiously at the actions of the woman but he felt his cock twitch. His wife had talked about unwanted thrills and now he knew what she was

talking about. The situation was completely humiliating but he still felt as if the act was one of the most erotic imaginable.

"Can we have a little entertainment before dinner?" asked one of the men. "Or do we have to wait until later?"

Pierre thought for a moment before responding. He considered having Steve kiss each of the cocks and having Laura kiss each of the pussies as the guests filed into the dining room. But the logistics of the thought overwhelmed him. This would be too many zippers and too many panties to negotiate and all of the struggling with garments would ruin the moment. "We'll enjoy it more later, I think," he replied.

Steve knew that he would be the sole server during dinner, although he did not know what Laura would be doing. He endured slaps to the ass by one of the men. One of the women commented that she needed a little salt on her food and coaxed a bit of precum out of his shaft to season her dish. All in all, it was pretty humiliating for Steve.

It was no less humiliating for Laura and it was a bit more uncomfortable. She was bound on top of a serving cart with her forearms lashed to her calves. It reminded her of being a Christmas present for Katherine a year earlier. This time, however, her knees were strapped to the corners of the cart and she was spread wide open.

A chef had been hired for the evening and she walked around the cart, making sure that the serving vessel was prepared appropriately. She clucked her tongue in disapproval at the way one of the knots was tied and then exclaimed, "Magnifique!" when all was done to her satisfaction.

The chef produced a bowl of sliced fruit and berries and placed it on a table in front of Laura's spread thighs. Then, handful by handful, she scooped up the fruit and pushed it into Laura's sex. "They will love the marinade," she spoke with her French accent. "I love it already," she continued as she lifted one of her dew covered fingers to her lips.

The chef continued to fill Laura's cavity, slipping berry after slice into her until she felt that she could take no more. "Ma cherie, you are perfect." The chef was finished with her creation.

Laura was not in pain but she was feeling discomfort. The pieces of fruit that had been pushed into her sex were filling her like she had never been filled before. She glanced across her body and realized that the fullness had distended her belly, making her look several months pregnant. Steve wheeled his wife into the dining

room on the serving cart to the applause of the guests. "Best meal ever," exclaimed one of the guests. "Oh I just love dessert!" said another.

Eight bowls were lined up on the shelf beneath Laura and, one by one, the guests took a bowl and filled it with the harvest inside of the girl. The first man to serve himself seemed puzzled at first about how to retrieve his fruit. He solved the problem by lightly pressing down on Laura's tight belly with his hand, causing some of the fruit to spill out onto the cart. He picked up one of the pieces and popped it into his mouth, slowly chewing the sweetly marinated fruit. "Magnificent," he declared as he filled his bowl.

Laura wished she could vanish. The entire process of filling the bowls was the most humiliating episode of her life. Each diner found some way to make the experience embarrassing in a very unique way. One of the women toyed with the clitoris until she was near climax. Then, without letting Laura achieve orgasm, the woman stopped and filled her bowl, leaving Laura to moan lustfully on the cart. Another man took one of the strawberries that he retrieved and ran the juicy fruit around the base of each breast. Then he lifted each breast by its gold hoop, stretching it into a cone shape as he ran his tongue around the bottom of the breast to lick up the sweet nectar.

The most humiliating was the last guest. The woman decided that the fruit supply was getting low and she would have to search for all of the pieces hiding inside of Laura. She slipped three fingers into Laura and then a fourth. Finally, the thumb was tucked alongside the fingers and the woman slowly pushed her hand in and out of Laura until the hand was completely entombed in the slave's sex. Laura's face was beet red with embarrassment and pain as she was stretched wide and then she was even thankful when the hand popped inside and she was only stretched by the woman's wrist. Laura watched all of this in disbelief and she saw the wrist rotating to one side and then the other as the fingers spread and probed deep inside the bound girl. Occasionally, the hand would reappear, stretching Laura's sex wide again, to deposit a piece of fruit or two into the bowl. Then the woman would thrust her hand back into Laura's sex to search for more. Each time the hand traveled in or out, Laura would emit a loud groan.

"You won't believe how wet she is getting," remarked the woman as she held her glistening hand up for all to see.

"Remarkable, isn't she?" commented Pierre. "She's quite responsive." Laura thought she would die of embarrassment at that point but could not dwell on the thought as the hand again invaded her body. Her breath was coming in ragged gasps and her body was becoming coated in perspiration. Worst of all, however,

was the arousal that she was feeling from this pain and indignity. It was the most humiliating event of her life and she found herself on the brink of an orgasm.

The woman finally declared that Laura's cavity was fruit free but she kept her hand and much of her forearm imbedded in the slave. She used her fingers to trace the soft recesses of the vagina and, once she located the cervix, she pressed a finger against it. What started as a sharp pain grew in intensity as the woman continued to press her finger on the entrance to her womb.

Monique realized what was happening to Laura and saw this as an opportunity to continue Steve's education and conditioning. She motioned the slaveboy to her and quickly opened the front of her dress to reveal her own magnificent breasts. Steve adored those firm pendulous orbs and Monique knew it. She positioned the slave to allow him to watch his wife being abused as he suckled contentedly on the closest nipple. "Isn't it such an erotic sight?" cooed Monique into Steve's ear. She started stroking his cock.

Laura started panting as she felt her cervix starting to be dilated and fresh waves of pain shot through her body. Just as she was about to scream, the woman flicked her tongue over the slave's clit, sending waves of a powerful orgasm to wash over her bound body. Monique timed Steve's orgasm to erupt at the same moment. The woman withdrew her finger but kept her tongue moving over the clitoris, prolonging the orgasm until Laura slumped back in exhaustion. It was only after the slavegirl collapsed and was moaning incoherently that the woman pulled her hand out of the abused sex to lick her fingers clean. "That was some dessert," she remarked as she took her bowl to the table to join the others.

Neither slave was finished for the night. The group gathered in the living room again after dinner and Laura and Steve were the source of the evening's entertainment. Pierre and Monique offered the use of the slaves for any purpose desired. The only rule was that whatever was to be done with the slaves had to be performed in the living room.

The guests were initially slow to take up the hosts' offer. But eventually, one of the men unzipped his pants. "Hell, I'm gonna fuck the little filly," he declared. Two of the women positioned Laura on her back atop the coffee table while the man finished removing his trousers. The woman held the slave's legs apart as they each suckled on one of the ringed nipples and the man slipped forward, easily slicing into Laura's sex.

"Here, let me get those out of the way," offered Monique as she stepped over to the table. She removed the gold hoops and the two women suckled with renewed vigor.

"I'll try out his tongue," the third woman stated as she lifted her skirt and slipped out of her panties. Soon, Steve had his face buried between her legs and was licking her toward an orgasm.

By the end of the evening, Laura had been fucked twice and Steve was fucked once. Steve was thankful that the man who fucked him had a slender cock. It was easier to accommodate than Pierre's massive pole. Each of the women had been licked by Steve. Laura licked one and the other two chose to ride Steve's cock rather than to have Laura lick them. And the men each enjoyed having their cocks sucked. Laura did two of them and, much to Steve's disgust, he was commanded to suck the third one. By the end of the evening, everyone was well satisfied. The party broke up with each of the guests departing with a smirk on their faces.

## **Chapter 14**

### **Debt is Paid**

"Are we ever going to be able to go back to our old lives?" asked Laura one night as the couple was getting ready for bed in their own home.

"I think so," replied Steve. "I sure hope so. Why? Are you concerned?"

"Maybe a little," nodded Laura as she stood naked in front of the full length mirror. "I'm sure we won't miss the humiliation but you have to admit that it has been awfully exciting and the sex has never been better." She kept turning this way and that as she inspected her perfect form.

"Yeah, the humiliation has been a bit much," agreed Steve. In actuality, they had both become humiliation sluts. Being placed in embarrassing situations had actually intensified the sex and each of them wondered how they were going to find something else between them that would replace it. Additionally, Laura had become an incurable pain slut. Gradually, Monique had worked on the beautiful wife to make sure that she associated her pleasure with her pain. It had started slowly with only nipple clamps but she had been sure to give the slavegirl an intense orgasm each time she wore them. Then she escalated to weights dangling from the clamps and, again, gave the girl earth-shattering orgasms. Monique made the nipple piercing as slow as possible to accentuate the pain and had Katherine play with the slave's clit throughout that ordeal. Again, she was treated to a mind-blowing climax. Each time there was pain, Monique made sure that there was an even more intense orgasm.

Just last weekend, Monique had wrapped silken rope around the base of each luscious breast and tied it off tightly to compress and constrict the precious orbs. Laura's arms had been bound behind her back until her elbows touched and then her wrists were hoisted into the air, straining her shoulders painfully and causing

her to bend forward at the waist to ease the pain. Pierre used a paddle to redden her bottom as Steve provided him with his weekly blowjob and Monique toyed with Laura's sex, keeping her on the edge of an orgasm for close to thirty minutes. As soon as Pierre erupted into Steve's mouth, Monique pushed Laura over the edge and she had another intense orgasm. Her breasts throbbed, her ass felt like it was on fire, and her shoulders were close to dislocating. But it was one of her most intense climaxes yet. She now associated pleasure with pain.

Steve was also becoming a sort of pain slut, although his form of it was different from his wife's. Monique truly loved both of her slaves and decided, early on in their servitude, that she might have difficulty parting from them. The only solution that she could come up with was to make them both dependent on her. Laura was conditioned to equate pain with pleasure. Steve was conditioned to equate Laura's pain with his pleasure.

Monique tried to have Steve present for each of Laura's pain training sessions. And she also tried to arrange to have Steve receive pleasure as his wife received pain. Frequently, Katherine was enlisted to provide the pleasure since Monique was typically dishing out the punishment to Laura. Katherine would glide her lithe youthful body up and down on the slaveboy's pole as she made sure that he was always watching whatever ordeal his wife was enduring. Sometimes, he would stand facing his punished wife as Katherine sucked on his cock endlessly, never letting him climax until Laura was about to scream or pass out. Now, Steve had a perfect Pavlovian response. As his wife was being tortured in some way, he felt the erotic thrills surging through his body.

The couple still had sex. In fact, the evening before, they had made love and each of them climaxed. Neither of them said it but each thought that the orgasm was adequate but not great. Their sex was missing something.

"I'm looking forward to our freedom," Laura lied.

"Me too," lied Steve in response.

They spent the weekend as slaves of their captors for the last time. Monique continued their conditioning and Steve watched, with Katherine sucking his cock as Monique drove long narrow pins into Laura's breasts. One was pushed horizontally into the base of each breast with both ends visible when she was done. Another was driven vertically down through the base of each breast and, again, he watched the flesh of the second side tent out for a moment before the needle poked through the flesh. Pierre was slowly stroking Laura's clit with his fingers, moving her toward her orgasm. Katherine was again riding Steve's large cock, making sure that he watched every movement of each of the pins. Finally, Monique took shorter needles and placed them in the centers of the erect nipples. Laura screamed as

these last needles skewered into her tender flesh. Pierre and Katherine made sure that both slaves climaxed at that moment.

The couple was released on Sunday night to return to their home even though the debt would not be paid off until Wednesday. But the Chambeaux family honored the terms of the agreement. Steve and Laura made love, although again, it was lackluster. They repeated it on Monday and Tuesday nights but they were left unfulfilled despite the fact that they both had climaxed.

On Wednesday night, the couple knocked on the door of the Chambeaux residence. "We are yours, Master," Steve said as Pierre opened the door."

"There's a hanger in the closet for each of you," Pierre replied. "We have new contracts prepared for you to sign. And the brands are already heating on the brazier."