

Only ten more meters...

He slowed down just before he turned the corner. He wanted to savor the moment. He spun around the lamp post and raised his eyes. It was there in all its glory. The new Girl-Mart.

He walked a couple more steps with his eyes fixed at the giant sign above the gates and stopped in awe. Next to it stood a 10 meter tall statue of a young woman, fully naked except for a BFA neckband that lit up periodically like a lighthouse in the middle of the sea. She had perfect proportions and an alluring color, most probably the result of a meticulous market research.

His eyes wandered around the statue's enthralling figure as he approached the gates slowly. The gates slid open with a slick sound and he remembered to close his mouth as the sights and smells from the store hit his face.

"Welcome to Girl-Mart, young master!"

A melodic voice woke him from his daze once more. He turned to see the source. It was a greeter-slave on her knees, with her beautiful nude body wrapped in a wide red ribbon. Her perfect posture and unforced smile indicated high-level training and flawless obedience.

The blonde respectfully lowered her eyes when he looked at her. As if she remembered something just then, she pushed her well adorned chest forward and opened her legs wider to give him a better view of her body. This obviously well-rehearsed move made her look innocent and shy, while her perfect posture betrayed her training.





-Welcome to the Girl-Mart, young master!

“Can this cunt help you find anything, young master?”

He felt a surge of energy as she uttered the words “this cunt”. He had seen slaves around town before, of course. He had seen people walking their slavewomen, using them in public places. But it was the first time he had one speaking to him directly. His parents were old-fashioned people who disliked the slavery law. He wasn’t allowed to approach public slaves until now. But his parents’ opinions didn’t matter anymore. It was his eighteenth birthday, and he was his own man now.

“I want to buy a girl... a sex slave!”

He surprised himself with the words that came out of his mouth. He wanted to buy a girl. Actually, it was all he wanted to do for a long while. He had saved every single buck he could. He worked at the burger joint, did the paper route, mowed hundreds of lawns, with this single objective in mind. It was just a teenager’s wet dream until now, but he finally managed to save enough money to buy a young B-grade, maybe even a lower-end A-grade if he’s lucky.

“Of course, young master”, exclaimed the girl with a smile. He looked for a sign of insincerity in her pretty face. He couldn’t see one. She was either genuinely happy to serve, or her training was flawless. She raised her gaze to respectfully look at him in the eye, and then turned her face to point at another girl in the distance with her button nose. Only then he realized that the girl’s wrists were tied at her back.

“We have guide slaves available to serve you, young master. There is a bunch of them over there. They would be delighted to guide you around the store. They would do anything to please and satisfy you. We all would. Anything you desire”.

He stared at her for a moment with amazement. She lowered her eyes again like a shy bride but kept a small smile. He wanted to see her eyes again and instinctively reached out and raised her chin with his right hand. She looked in his eyes and her smile returned.

“Anything?”, he asked. He felt more confident now.

“Yes sir”, said the girl and parted her lips a little. He immediately got hard and filled with an urge to fuck her beautiful face. He raised her other hand and grabbed her right tit. It was big and soft to the touch. She didn’t even flinch as he started to squeeze. It was the first time he ever felt a woman’s breast. The young slavegirl was still looking into his eyes with a shy but eager gaze, as if she was waiting for a command. *“She is perfect”*, thought the boy. *“Maybe I should just...”*

“Will you move along, young man?”

He jumped aside, startled. Only then he noticed a short line of people waiting behind him. The one who startled him was staring him down with an annoyed expression in his face. *“Give the boy a break”*, said another one with a knowing smile. *“This must be his first time touching a woman, the little baby”*.

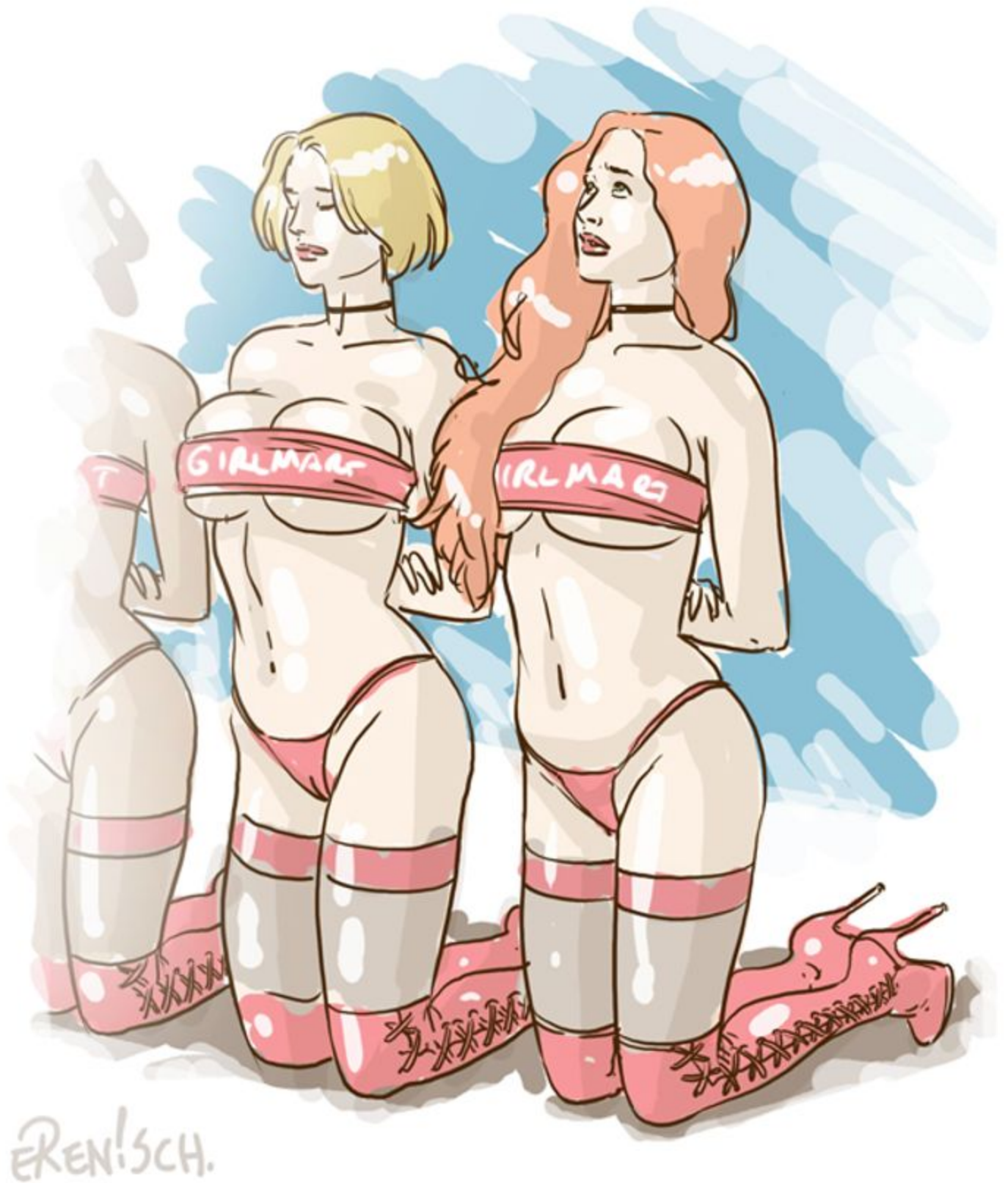
Embarrassed, he hastily pulled his hands back and walked into the store. He could still hear the men chuckling. He was nervous again. He felt silly for getting lost in the eyes of the first slavegirl he met. *“She was just the greeting slave”*, he said to himself. There were thousands more waiting for him in the store. And one of them will be his property soon, whether she liked it or not.

From the distance, he heard the beautiful voice of the greeting slave once more. “*Welcome to Girl-Mart master. Can this cunt help you find something special?*”. He picked up the pace and walked toward the group of guide slaves. Four young and pretty girls noticed him approaching and struggled to get in line. Two blondes, a redhead and a brunette stood side by side and quickly kneeled before he reached them. They lowered their eyes respectfully and straightened up their postures. They waited for a command in dutiful silence.

He stood there for a moment. He didn’t know what to do. He expected one of them to offer her services, but none dared to speak. He realized that they were waiting for him to choose one and address her directly.

He stared at each of them for a while. They were all A-grade teens. Heads up, eyes lowered, fully endowed chests slowly moving with every breath. Their beautiful full tits were covered with wide elastic bands that said Girl-Mart on them. In addition to tiny thongs, long thigh-high sheer stockings and sexy tightly laced boots, they had standard BFA neckbands and wrist cuffs. Their wrists weren’t tied, but they kept them behind their back in a position that was obviously designed to accentuate their already eye-catching tits.

After a long silence, he decided to pick the redheaded beauty. Without saying a word, he grabbed her left tit and squeezed hard. The girl let out a little gasp but kept her perfect posture as she raised her beautiful green eyes to meet his.



-How can this worthless cunt serve you?

"What's your name, slave?"

"This cunt was recently rechristened Tendercheeks, young master. How can this worthless cunt serve you?", she replied with a smile.

This time, he noticed a slight hesitation in the slavegirl's voice. Her smile flickered for the briefest moment and he even saw a tiny tear forming at the corner of her beautiful eye. He felt an unexpected joy. His cock got even harder than

before.

“*Take me to the untrained virgin teen section, Tendercheeks*”, ordered the boy. His voice was now steady and confident.

“*Yes Sir!*”, replied the girl as she moved forward and fell on all-fours. The boy didn’t expect his guide to be crawling, but he quickly realized that the sight of her shapely ass swaying sexily in front of him gave another unexpected boost to his already huge erection.

Mastery - Part 2

Tendercheeks crawled through the Milf section as quickly as possible. She was very insecure about her bitchwalk. She never felt like she perfected her puppy posture during training. Was her butt raised high enough? Was her back arch up to standards? If this was a training session, her tutors would immediately correct her slightest mistakes with a ruthless lash of the whip. Here, it was almost impossible to know if the master was enjoying her movements. For a moment, she wanted to stop in the middle of the aisle and tell him about the Milf section. She knew everything about this section by heart. Maybe if she stopped and told him about it, she could catch a glimpse of a pleased or disappointed expression.

But she decided to fight the urge to do that. The young master made it clear that he wanted to see virgin teens, not enslaved mothers with milk-filled udders. She kept crawling with almost perfect puppy pace.



He enjoyed the redhead's mesmerizing movements.

Behind the young slave guide, the boy kept walking with an amazed expression on his face. He enjoyed the redhead's mesmerizing movements, but what surprised him most was the rows and rows of cages filled with gorgeous middle-aged women with gargantuan busts. Almost all of them were tied and gagged. Some were heavily restrained in leather slaveware. None of them looked happy to be there. He suddenly stopped in front of a particularly vicious looking cage to admire the extraordinary beauty in it.

Tendercheeks immediately stopped and spun around to face the boy. She sat on her heels and put her hands on her knees, like an attentive puppy. She was visibly excited. The boy leaned forward and took a long look at the cage.

"Do you have any questions about this item, young master?" asked Tendercheeks with genuine enthusiasm in her voice.

“I think... I know this woman,” mumbled the boy. “She is the spitting image of my elementary school teacher, Ms. Watson. But... she couldn’t... I mean...”

Tendercheeks leaned forward to read the label attached to her cage.

“Oh yes! You are correct, young master. This says item number 23985 Milkynips was an elementary school teacher at the time of her enslavement.”

The beautiful milf with short dark hair suddenly stopped sobbing at the corner of her small cage and looked up. The deep sorrow in her tear-soaked eyes gave way to shame and terror.

“It is a very good item, sir. A very attractive woman in her early forties, recently gave birth to her third child. Healthy and in perfect fuckable condition. She can be used as a milk-maid and a sex slave.” Tendercheeks was visibly excited to be helpful now.

“Oh, I just realized. You must have a history with this item. Would you like to buy her in order to make her pay for some past wrongdoing? You know, we have a ‘revenge discount’ for items like this.”

The boy stood motionless for a moment. He was thinking. After the initial shock passed, Milkynips hastily stood up on her knees and tried to straighten her posture. She managed to stop her uncontrollable sobbing and looked down like a proper slave. She waited.

Tendercheeks finally broke the long uncomfortable silence. “If you don’t want to spend your money on an older woman like this...” She paused for a moment, realizing that he never actually asked for her opinion. She braced for a slap.

The slap never came. Instead, the boy turned to the redhead with inquiring eyes. Emboldened, Tendercheeks continued. “You can... fuck her mouth.” She turned to the teacher in the cage. “She would be happy to suck your cock to her best ability.”

The boy looked at Milkynips’s shame filled face with a slight grin. “Can I do that?”

“Yes master,” quipped Tendercheeks with a smile. “Just try not to break her jaw or something. You know, you break it, you buy it.” She motioned Milkynips to approach to the edge of the cage.

Milkynips let out an inaudible sigh and leaned forward. She placed her head in the circular hole in the middle of the cage door.

The boy didn’t move at first. “Do you remember me, Ms. Watson?” he asked with no apparent malice in his voice.

Milkynips looked up and slightly squinted her dark blue eyes as if she was trying to see something in the distance. He looked familiar all right. The boy stepped back to let her have a better look at his face.

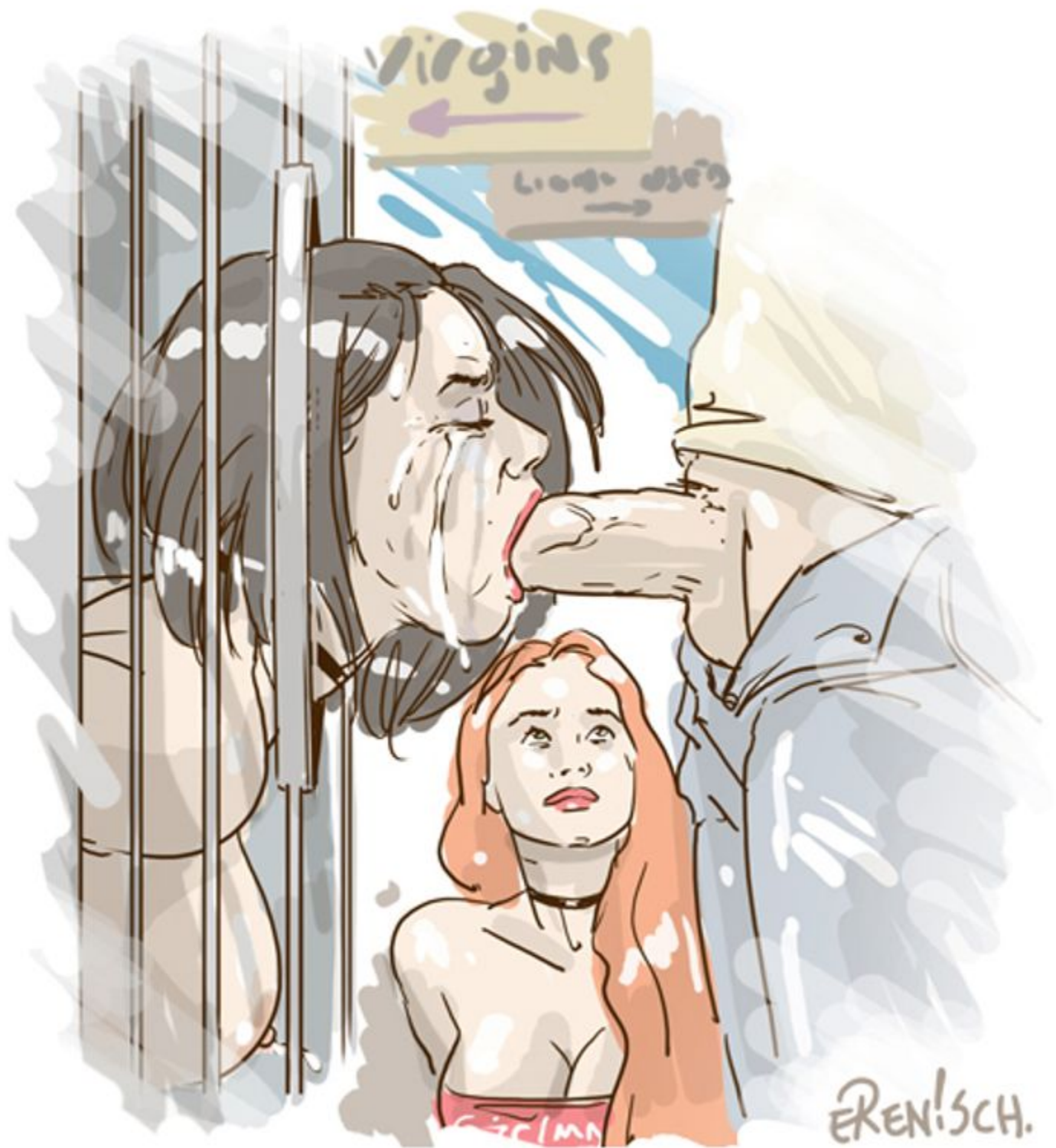
“Apologies, young master, they confiscated my glasses.” She squinted more. “I think... Eddie... Eddie Mestring?”

“The very same”, grinned the boy. “Well done.”

Milkynips smiled for a brief moment and closed her eyes as if she tried to picture a fond memory. “Eddie Mestring. Of course, I remember you. You were a very good student. Very smart and hardworking. It is good to see you grown up and...”

She couldn’t finish her sentence. Eddie’s rock-hard cock shoved the rest of her words down her throat with one swift and ruthless motion. She gasped for breath as Eddie clutched her raven hair with his one fist and grasped her chin with the other in order to violently push his erect member in and out of her surprised mouth.

As Eddie started to fuck the poor woman’s mouth, Tendercheeks leaned back, sat on her heels and respectfully lowered her eyes again. She fixed her gaze at the boy’s feet and calmly listened to the slurps and moans he scraped out of the woman’s face-pussy. Tendercheeks was an eager and skilled cocksucker, but she could never handle being violently skullfucked well enough to satisfy her trainers. She shuffled her hands nervously. Witnessing the boy’s fervent pumping of the milf’s mouth brought back a few unpleasant memories of her numerous failures and subsequent harsh whippings.



Eddie was out of control. A moment ago, he was but a virgin who never took his cock out in public. Now, he was fucking his former school teacher's mouth as it she was a two-buck whore. After a few minutes of ardent reaming, he slowed down a bit and steadied his rhythm. Still a tad dazed, he looked down to study the woman's face squeezed between his clenched fists. "Poor Ms. Watson," he thought, as if it wasn't him who's violating the unfortunate teacher. It was kind of an out of body experience. This was his first time violating a slave, and he was watching himself doing it.

He was enjoying the sensations immensely. Milkynips was a very attractive woman and obviously a talented cocksucker too. After the initial shock, she managed to catch her breath and started to serve her abuser as well as she could, like any good woman must. She gradually took control of the rhythm and began using the tricks she knew. Eddie looked down and forced her head back, stretching her neck and forcing her throat open. He forcefully shoved his cock down and watched her as she struggled for air. Her eyes popped out with terror and tears gushed out, further ruining her mascara. Eddie stopped and stood motionless with his cock blocking the fallen teacher's throat. She gasped and shook, her pleading eyes searching for mercy in Eddie's face... in vain.

Eddie was discovering a lot about himself at that moment. He loved the act of fucking a woman's face of course. Nothing unusual about that. What pushed his enjoyment to a higher level was the tears in his victim's face. He slowly pulled out of Milkynips's throat. Grateful for the break, the milf inhaled fresh air and continued to suck the cock without further hesitation. She knew her duty. She understood her purpose.

"Look at me!" ordered the boy. The woman complied. Her glistening teary eyes met Eddie's. "This is the best thing ever," he thought as he approached his first climax. She was experienced enough to know whatever she was doing was working. Eddie's cock started to throb uncontrollably. He was about to unload everything he'd got in a few moments. Milkynips looked into his eyes with urgency. She never got instructions about the ending. She didn't know if she was supposed to keep the reward in her mouth or swallow it.

Tendercheeks knew the moment was approaching. She instinctively leaned forward with parted lips in case he wanted to choose her face or mouth to unload. Eddie noticed her move but chose to ignore it. He had made his mind already. Suddenly he pulled out of the teacher's mouth and started glazing her stunned face with warm cum. She froze with her mouth open, fighting to urge to flinch whenever a strand of cum hit her face. Load after load landed on the poor milf's face, the sperm mixed with her ruined make-up and tears. In a few moments Milkynips was fully covered with her former student's warm jizz.

"He produced so much cum," thought Tendercheeks as she sat back on her heels. The former teacher's face was glistening under bright lights, sticky white cum accumulated on her eyes and lips. She couldn't open her eyes and mouth. She was waiting for a command.

Eddie turned to the redhead and pointed to the teacher's jizz-glazed face.

"Lick it clean!"

"Yes sir."

Tendercheeks leaned forward with a quick but graceful move. She started to lick the strands of cum that started to flow down the woman's chin and licked all the way up. She meticulously licked every drop on her neck and chin, and then sucked everything that accumulated around her lips. She kissed the teacher with a wide-open mouth and used her tongue to scoop the cum that seeped into her mouth. As she moved towards the sloppier parts around the milf's eyes, she felt the boy's hand grabbing a fistful of her hair. He used her wavy long red hair to clean his cock and zipped his pants before Tendercheeks could finish cleaning Milkynips's face.

In a moment, the redhead was done cleaning up. She gulped everything down and put on a fresh new smile before returning to her default kneeling position sitting on her heels. She could still taste his jizz and her tears in her mouth.

"Thank you, Master Eddie."

The boy turned to the teacher, who was doing her best to put on a collected, grateful expression. Her efforts were in vain, of course. Her face was still a big mess with runny mascara, reddened eyes, and a shiny wet look. She lowered her eyes and silently began crying again.

"I hope you enjoyed raping her face", smiled Tendercheeks. "I'm sure she regrets the way she treated you."

"I wasn't taking revenge for anything", replied the boy with a calm and satisfied demeanor. "In fact, she was a very good teacher, and she always treated me well"

Milkynips raised her eyes to look at Eddie. She was surprised.

"Oh?" exclaimed Tendercheeks.

Eddie looked at the teacher again. "I hope you find a good master, Ms Watson. And I'll let the guys from the class know you're here. I'm sure they'd be happy to visit and give your mouth a try. Perhaps one of them would buy you. You look like you have several years of good rape in you."

"T-Thank you," stammered the confused woman. "You are very kind to this worthless cunt."

Mastery - 3

Eddie turned to Tendercheeks indicating that he was ready to continue the tour. The redhead quickly fell on all-fours and started crawling towards the teen section. Eddie turned his gaze to her ass invitingly swaying from side to side with her every move. It was a perfect ass, round and perky. “So fuckable,” he thought. She looked like she was solely created for sex

“Are you farm-raised, slave?”

Tendercheeks slowed down and let him catch up with her. He didn’t stop, so she kept crawling by his side.

“No sir. I’m freeborn. I used to live a couple blocks north of here.”

She suddenly realized that she wasn’t referring to herself as “this cunt” for a while. She was ashamed of her conceited attitude.

“This cunt,” she corrected herself. “This cunt was enslaved about four months ago.”

She stopped for a moment as memories of her training rushed back. It always overwhelmed her whenever she remembered her first month. An entire month of gangrape and torture... She lowered her head in an attempt to hide her tears.

“This cunt was lucky to be selected as a Girl-Mart pussyguide.”

Her voice trembled despite her best efforts. Eddie felt that she was at the edge of breaking down. He enjoyed it. He wanted to push her further.

“I heard that girls are required to keep a tally of their rapists. How many men raped you since your enslavement day?”

Tendercheeks choked. She tried really hard to gather her strength to answer the question.

“S-since my first time...” she stammered, “76 different men raped me 968 times, master.”

She paused for another moment.

“I mean... at least. Sometimes I lost count. And I don’t know the number of times when I was unconscious.”

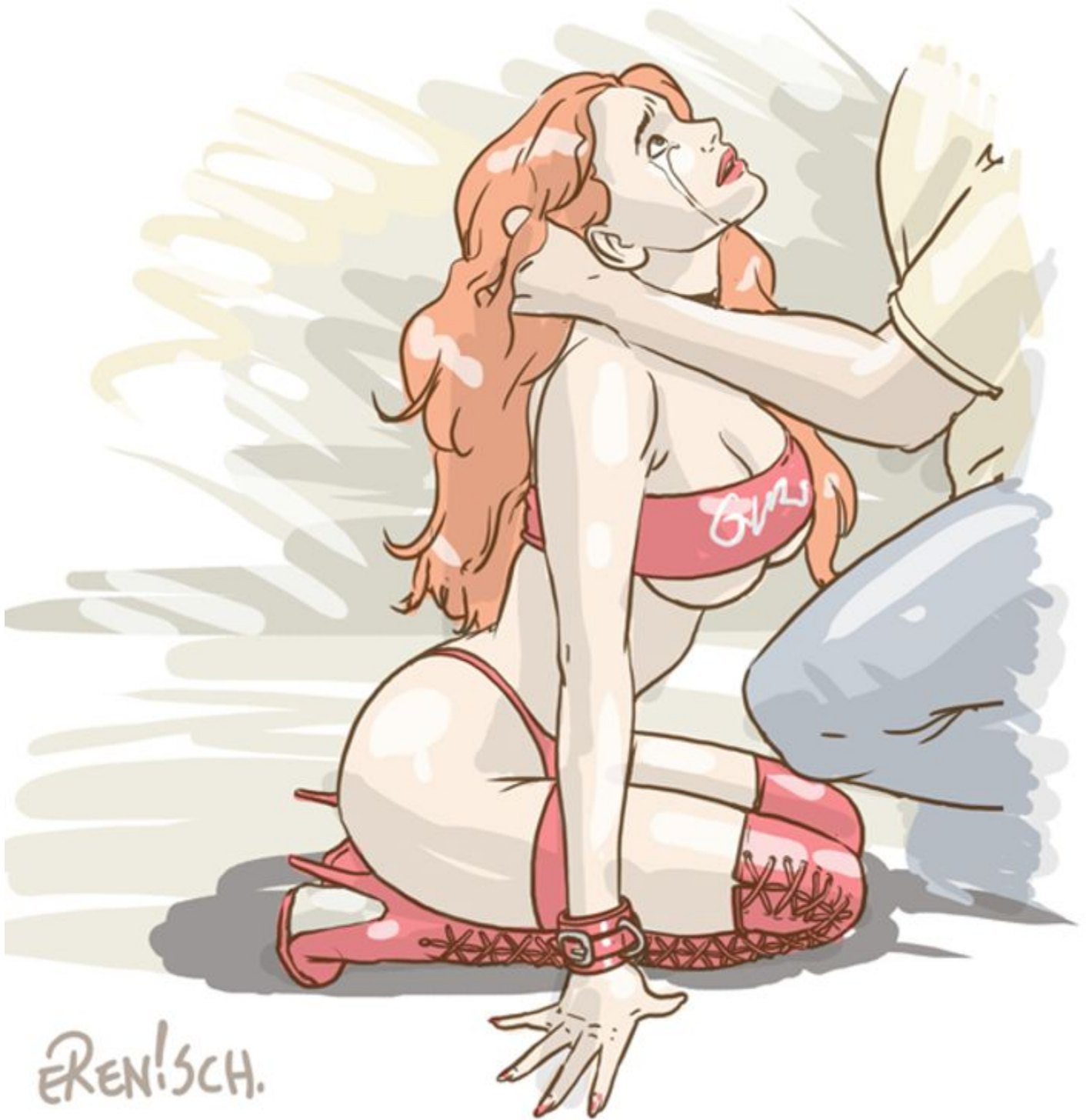
Eddie stopped and grabbed the girl by her hair. He pulled and turned her head back to look at her pretty face. Tears were gushing out of her green eyes now, even though she was struggling hard to keep her composure. She even managed to produce a half-smile as the boy carefully studied the tears running down her cheeks.

“You look so pretty when you are crying”, commented the boy.

“Thank you, sir,” replied Tendercheeks, now with a more convincing smile.

“I mean women in general,” continued the boy, wiping a few teardrops from her blushing soft cheeks.

She felt stupid, but she smiled again. The boy wasn’t trying to be hurtful. He was honest. She appreciated this tiny moment of tenderness.



Eddie stopped and grabbed the girl by her hair.

He started to walk again. Tendercheeks heeled.

“I want to buy a girl just like you, slave,” said the boy. “You are an A-grade aren’t you?”

“Yes sir,” replied the redhead, blushing a little. It was definitely a compliment.

They arrived at an opening. It was a big circular area surrounded by glass doored cabinets. Each cabinet contained a girl in it. They barely had room to wiggle inside. Huge locks kept the girls inside. None would dare get out anyway.

“I know you want a teen, sir,” said Tendercheeks. “We have some teens here, but this section is organized by professions, not age.”

Intrigued, the boy stopped and looked around. She was right. The cabinets were color coded and the females inside were in uniforms and suits.

“Here we have some secretaries and businesswomen. They are all involuntary acquisitions. They got no formal training. They were lightly used. Some even might be virgins.”

She waited for him to take a good look at the red section. The women here were all in business attire, tight blouses, pencil skirts, pantyhose, thigh-high stockings and classy looking pumps. They all looked fresh and neat, none looked pre-raped.

“Next we have nurses and doctors. Well, I know females are not allowed to be doctors any more, but...”

Tendercheeks spontaneously made a funny face when she realized that she made no sense. She felt silly. She quickly remembered her training and sat back on her heels.

“Maybe some of them are paramedics, I’m not sure.”

Eddie walked towards one of the blue cabinets to inspect a tasty nurse up close. She tried to back down as much as could, but she had nowhere to hide in her narrow glass cell. Eddie took a moment to savor the dread in her pretty face, then he started to walk sideways, inspecting all the scared little nurses one by one. The store had girls for every taste. Blondes, brunettes, tall ones, short ones, big tits, bigger tits, oversized tits...

“These are all nice, but they are all over 20,” complained the boy.

“Yes sir, sorry,” replied Tendercheeks, bowing her head. “I think we have some teen nuns and stewardesses, but...”

Eddie waved his hand to shut her up. Tendercheeks quickly assumed attention position and waited for his commands.

“An A-grade teen,” said the boy. “The best one I can get with 2000 bucks. Take me to those little cunts.”

“Yes sir!”

She rushed to match his speed and guided him to the back of the store. They crossed several more aisles that contained women from different age groups, races, levels of training and characteristics. Eddie was amazed by the diversity and quality of the merchandize. Girl-Mart was the biggest slavemarket in the country, and they lived up to their reputation. They had a pussy for every taste.

After a few minutes of walking around the shelves and cages full of rapetoyes and fuckslaves, the redhead stopped and waited for the boy. Eddie looked at the girl with inquiring eyes. Realizing that they arrived, he looked up. There lied an endless labyrinth in front of him, with rows and rows of young girls hanging from the walls. Some were fully or partially clothed, some were completely naked. All stood on their tiptoes with their hands tied above their heads. Most of them were gagged and blindfolded.

Hundreds of customers were walking around the aisles, groping and feeling the girls.

Eddie felt like a little kid in a candy store. It was heaven.

“All Girl-Mart stores have exactly 101 unique-looking teens on display at any time, master,” explained the girl proudly. If one is sold, another one matching her looks is brought out from the main storage.”

“What happens if the storage is empty?” asked the boy as he started to walk around, playing with each tit he found full enough to fondle. He was enjoying little shocked moans of the blindfolded and gagged girls as he squeezed their asscheeks and fingered their pussies.

“It is highly unlikely, master,” replied Tendercheeks. If that happens, they’d be replaced by one of us, the store girls, until scouts bring a fresh one.”

“Ah, so you’d be available for purchase then?”

Tendercheeks looked a little surprised at his last question. “I’m available for purchase now, sir,” she said with an insecure voice.

The boy stopped playing with the blonde girl in front of him and turned to Tendercheeks with a puzzled smile. “What do you mean?”

“Oh, I... this cunt assumed that you already knew, sir,” she responded. “Everything with a pussy here is available for purchase. The girls you see here, greeting slaves, pussyguides, cashiers, cleaners.”

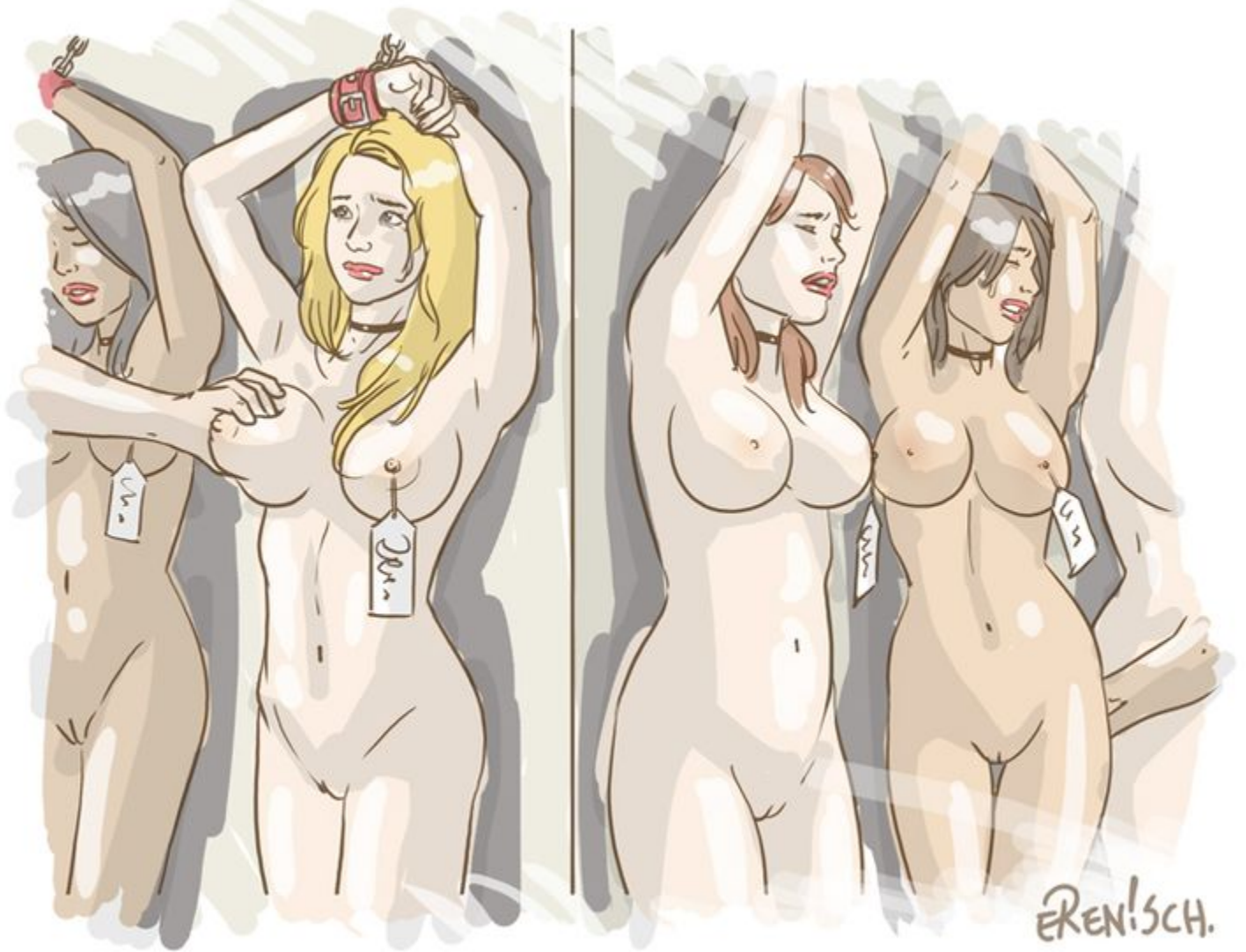
“And you?” interrupted the boy.

“And this cunt, yes sir,” replied the redhead, now her eyes lowered. She was getting nervous.

The boy looked at the blonde in front of her and picked up her price label.

“2550 bucks?”

“Yes sir, this is a good, affordable item,” said Tendercheeks. “The girls in this section aren’t trained at all. Most of them are virgins. Their prices range from 2500 to 3500. These are the least expensive A-grade teens we have.”



Eddie moved to the next girl. It was a big-titted brunette with dark creamy skin. Her tag read 2700 bucks.

“Another great item, sir. You have good taste”, smiled Tendercheeks.

Eddie checked out a few more price tags before he stopped and turned to the pussyguide.

“What about you?”

“Excuse me, sir?”

“How much for your cute little ass?”

“I...” stuttered Tendercheeks. “You wouldn’t want to buy a worn-out slave like me, master. Compared to all these untouched beauties... This cunt is worthless as a private fucktoy.”

“Why not?”

Tendercheeks didn’t know what to say. “This cunt was utilized by 76 men, sir... 968 times.”

“Perhaps even more, when you were unconscious”, added the boy with an indifferent attitude.

“Yes sir”.

The boy continued to browse slowly, checking price labels one by one. Tendercheeks followed on her hands and knees.

“It is clear to me now that I failed to save enough to buy a mint condition A-grade teen. Maybe I should have waited for 5-6 more months”.

He knew that it was impossible. He had to buy a girl today. It was his 18th birthday. He stopped and turned to the nervous redhead.

“Well, you never told me your price.”

Tendercheeks sighed and sat back on her heels.

“It’s... 1900 bucks, master,” she replied. She knew she was in his price range. She couldn’t dare look up, but she was sure that he had a grin.

Tendercheeks held her breath. She could almost hear him thinking, weighing options and calculating costs. The wait lasted forever. Tens of customers passed by them, groped the girls on sale, picked a couple of them and carried them away. Finally, Eddie broke the silence.

“Is there a place I can try your holes?”

“Y-yes sir. Would you please follow this cunt?

Mastery - 4

She dropped on all fours and started to bitchwalk toward cunt testing cabins. After a couple meters, she realized that Eddie wasn't moving. She turned and waited with confusion in her eyes.

"Sir? Is there anything you need before you rape me?"

"Get up!" ordered the boy. "I want to see you on your feet. You may walk."

"Yes sir, thank you."

Tendercheeks smiled and gracefully stood up. She waited for a moment to let him scan her body from head to toe.

"Nice," he said. "Go on."

Tendercheeks smiled again. Suddenly he was too generous with the praise. She turned and started to walk. She could feel his lustful gaze wandering around her round bottom and long legs.

They walked through the aisles they passed before. She led him to the closest cabin and opened the door. She lowered her eyes and put on an innocent smile, but he walked in without looking at her. She followed in.

The cunt testing cabin was actually a smallish room. A soft warm light illuminated its red painted walls. A leather rape-swing was hanging from the ceiling in the middle of the room. Behind it stood a huge mirror. He walked towards the single chair at the opposite corner of the room and sat down.

Tendercheeks closed the door behind her and stood in the middle of the room. "This is a basic rape-room," she explained nervously. "We have rooms with whipping posts too, if that's what you want to do to me, sir."

"This one is fine. Take off your clothes."

Tendercheeks felt a little shiver flowing through her body. She wasn't a shy virgin of course, but it never got easier for her. Not even after 76 men and 968 rapes.

"Yes sir," she replied softly. She wasn't wearing much anyway. She slowly slid her titband down to reveal her beautiful bosom to her prospective owner. Next, she dropped her panties. In a few moments, her stockings and boots were on the floor too.

Eddie looked at the naked slavegirl trembling in the middle of the room. It was cold, but he was sure that her visible shivers were the result of her shame. "Come here!" he ordered, pointing at his feet. Tendercheeks quickly obeyed.

Eddie felt the warmth of her body. The soft light was playing magical tricks around the young girl's shapely body. She was very beautiful. Eddie couldn't help but gasp as he started to run his hand on her waist. She shook with his touch. He moved his fingers around her bellybutton and went around to stop at the small of her back. Tendercheeks was afraid to move, but she was getting excited too. His touch was gentle and thrilling.



Soon he was gently caressing her inner thighs

He moved his hands to her legs. Soon he was gently caressing her inner thighs. Up and down he explored coming closer and closer to her womanhood. She felt the heat building up between her loins. Her pussy was wet as the ocean, ready to gush out all over his fingers.

“Ooh!”

A single little moan escaped her mouth as he finally touched the lips of her hole. He grinned. She blushed.

“You are a very beautiful thing,” said the boy softly.

“Oh my god... I mean... Thank you so much, sir,” replied Tendercheeks. She was overwhelmed by the fingers probing around her fuckhole, and the unexpected generous compliment.

“Get down on your knees!” ordered the boy as he pulled back his hand.

“Oh? Yes sir,” sighed the girl with visible frustration and dropped on her knees without losing a second.

He leaned forward and held her chin. She felt like melting as he studied her beautiful face. "He is a kind boy," she thought to herself. "I knew it. I knew there were kind men out there. They can't be all bad."

"Open your lips", commanded the boy. She obeyed. He put his fingers on her chin and moved them along her lips. Then he slid two fingers in. She instinctively closed her full lips around his fingers and made a sucking motion.

SMACK!

A hard slap landed on her left cheek. She shuddered and fell to her side.

After a few seconds of confusion, she lifted herself up on her hands and turned to the boy, perplexed.

"I... This cunt is sorry if she made a mistake, sir." Her eyes watered. Her voice was trembling. "This cunt is so sorry."

The boy didn't seem angry or upset in any way. Tendercheeks repositioned herself in front of him. She was extra careful this time. She corrected her posture, lowered her eyes and joined her hands at her back.

The boy reached out and began caressing her cheek again. He wiped a few tears flowing down her pretty face. Her mind was racing now. She tried to remember what she did wrong. What did she do to deserve the slap? He moved to her slender neck, his fingers wandered towards her bare shoulders.

"You are even more beautiful when you are crying."

"Thank you?"

He slapped her hard once more, this time on her right cheek. The poor girl almost fell down again, but this time she managed to stay on her knees. She let out a cry.

Tears were gushing out of her eyes now. She struggled to control her sobbing and keep her posture.

"Thank you."

He wiped her tears again. Then he held her pretty face in both hands and kissed her on the lips. It was a very soft and tender kiss. She parted her lips and kissed him back. Her sobbing eased, her eyes closed.

Another ruthless slap landed on her left cheek. She had to use her right hand to keep her balance this time. More tears.

"Thank you."

There was no mystery any more. She wasn't doing anything wrong. This wasn't a punishment. This was just for his pleasure. Strangely, she was relieved a little at this realization.

Another slap. This time she was ready for it. She swayed to her side and quickly returned to her position.

"Thank you."

He raised his hand again. She braced for impact.

Slap!

"Thank you."

She decided to give up fighting her tears. He liked to see her crying. A glance at his crotch confirmed her theory. He had a huge erection.

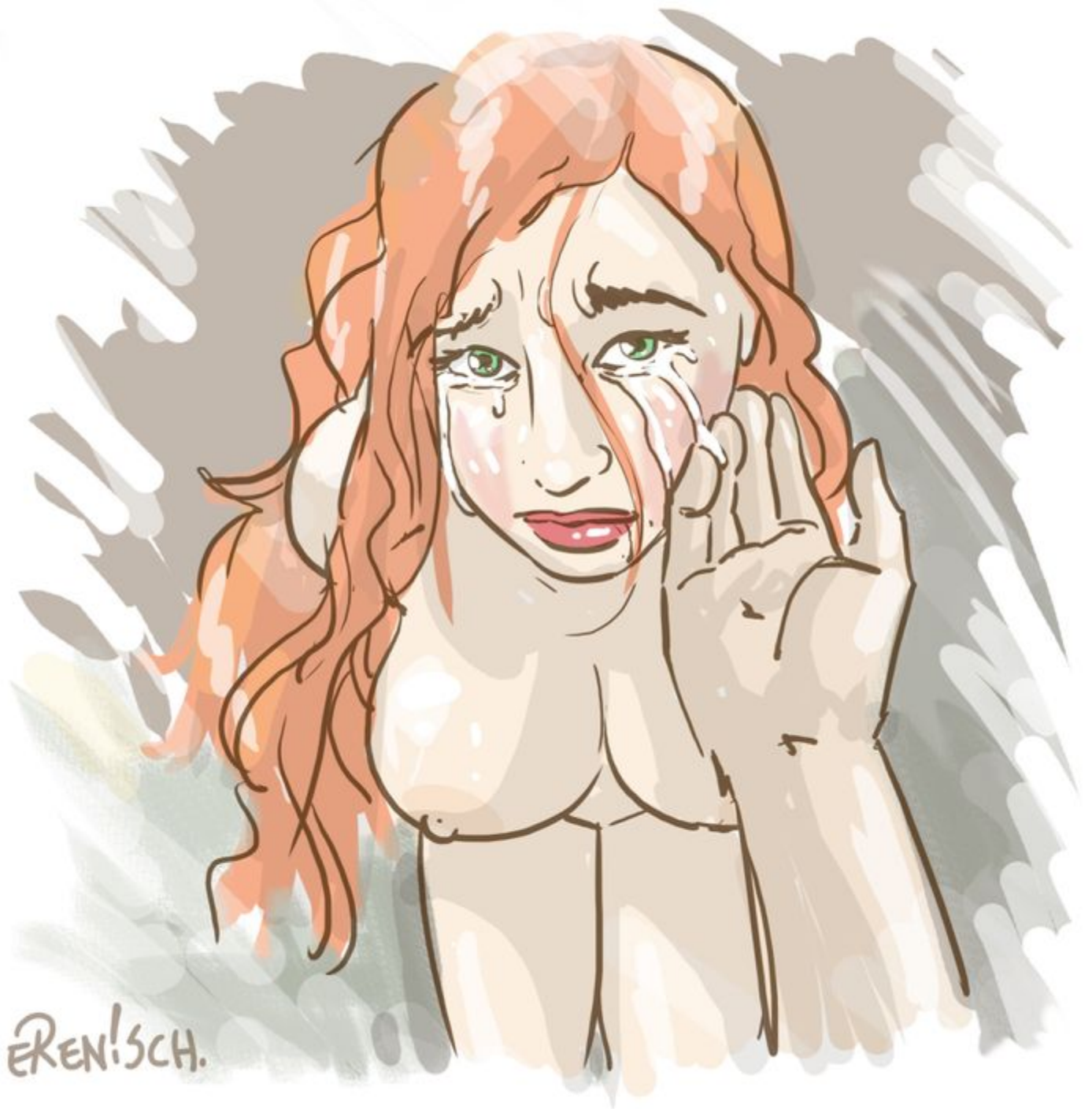
Slap!

"Thank you."

Eddie started to stroke her reddened cheeks. Her pretty face was glistening. Loose strands of her long red hair were struck to her tear-soaked skin. Her beautiful lips were trembling with pain and fear. The little whimpers and moans she was letting out after every slap was making his cock rock hard.

Slap!

"Thank you."



He brushed a few loose strands of hair behind her ear and revealed her left cheek.

He brushed a few loose strands of hair behind her ear and revealed her left cheek. Slap after slap turned her fair skin bright red. He moved his hand to explore her slender arms now. He played with her clavicle, wiped the sweat collected in the little nook above it. His hand moved further down to her chest. He followed her cleavage and parted her full bosoms as he descended. Tendercheeks held her breath and waited. She was trying to guess his destination. Her nipples were getting harder with anticipation. He stayed away from her sensitive areas, frustrating the poor girl. She almost let out a yearning moan when he pulled his hand away.

But she couldn't.

Slap!

"Ooouh! Thank you."

The boy grinned with her reaction. She let her guard down and felt the full power of that last slap. She started to shake.

"Please!" she begged. "Please fuck me, sir."

Slap!

"Ouuuh!" she cried aloud. "Thank you... Would you pleeeeee fuck this worthless cunt, sir?"

The boy leaned back. She wondered if she offended him.

“I’m sorry, I…”

Slap!

“T-t-thank you sir. How can this cunt serve you better, sir?”

Tendercheeks kept trying. Nothing she said seemed to work. The boy kept slapping her pretty face again and again. The pain was building, but the shame was worse. She was completely powerless. It wasn’t her first time, of course. A slave girl felt powerless frequently, if not all the time. But she always knew what to do to please her rapists and torturers. This time she had no clue.

Slap!

“Uuh!... Thank you.”

Finally, she gave up. There wasn’t a way to stop him. Nothing she could say would end the slapping. It was up to him. He would stop when he wanted to.

Slap!

“Thank you!”

“You are the most alluring thing I have ever laid my hands on,” said the boy. He grabbed her full tits. He held one in each hand, as if he was weighing them. “I can play with these for hours.”

Tendercheeks forced a smile with her last remaining strength.

“Thank you, sir.”

Another slap!

“Thank you.”

“You are a trooper,” he whispered. “Have you been counting? How many you got?”

“Thirty-two sir. Thank you very much, sir.”

He let her boobs go and stood up.

She raised her head to see what’s going on.

Slap!

“Ah! Thank you, sir.” She understood that she wasn’t supposed to talk or move.

Eddie walked toward the rape swing. He held and pulled the chains to make sure it was safe. “You know, I’m a virgin,” confessed the boy. “You will be the first woman I’ll rape.”

“Thank you, sir. It is such a huge honor for this cunt,” replied Tendercheeks. She wasn’t sure what to do. When he approached her, she braced for another slap.

There was no slap this time. Instead, he grabbed her long red hair in his left fist and pulled the girl up. She let out a little scream and followed his lead to the rape-swing.

Mastery - 5

Eddie threw the girl onto the swing and pushed her neck against the back of the seat. She attempted to smile as he secured her head with the leather straps, but the buckle left her breathless for a long moment. He then grabbed and raised each arm to cuff her wrists above her head. Finally, he spread her long legs and secured her thighs apart. When it's all done, he stepped back and admired his work for a moment.

"Lean back!" he ordered. Tendercheeks tried her best to arch her back and raise her crotch to satisfy her next rapist. Her legs were further apart in this position, giving him a much better view of her invitingly swollen fuckholes.

"Beg!"

"Yes sir." She looked at him with pleading eyes. This eighteen-year-old boy would be her 77th rapist.

"Would you please take this cunt's fuckholes as you please, young master?" she begged. "This cunt burns with the desire of your marvelous cock penetrating her pussy and asshole."

The boy leaned forward, grabbed her hair with his left hand and slapped her head with the other. "Not this shit they made you memorize, little whore!" He looked genuinely angry this time. "Beg me to take you."

Tendercheeks was confused again.

"I... I..." she stammered and struggled to come up with something to say.

Another slap landed on her face.

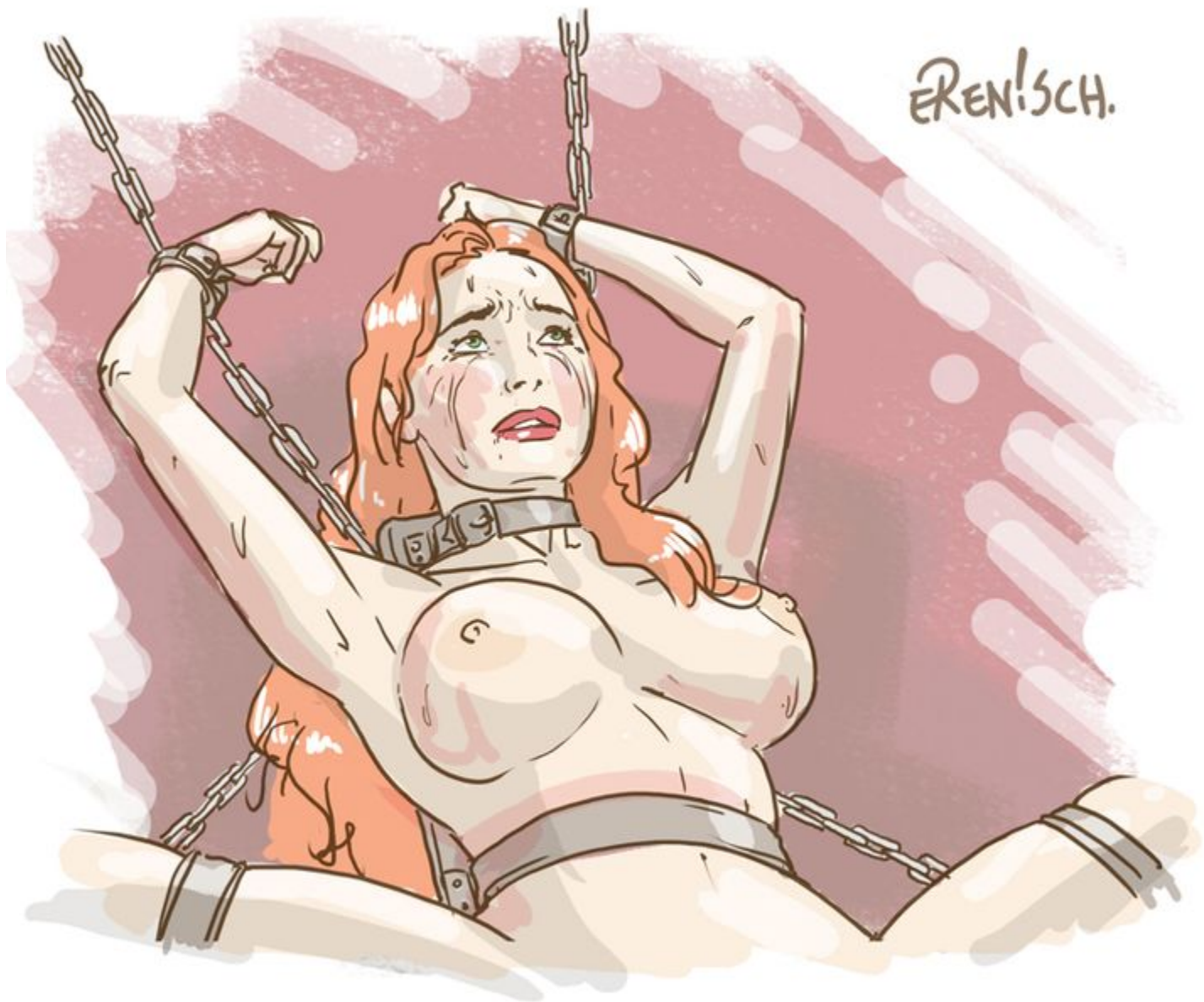
"This cunt is..."

She was drawing a blank. It was very difficult to improvise with so many catchphrases and responses she was taught during her training. She got nothing.

Another slap.

"Thank you., she managed to say, crying. "Please sir," she begged, "please fuck this cunt. Please rape her cockslots without mercy. Please! Pretty please!"

She turned her head to the side and closed her eyes expecting another hard slap. This time all she heard was the sound of his zipper.



"Please sir, please fuck this cunt. Please rape her cockslots without mercy."

Eddie held her hair in his fist and took out his cock with the other. Tendercheeks was relieved that he was going to start raping her. She opened her eyes and looked at it. "It's a nice one," she thought. It wasn't too big. It wasn't too thick. She would be able to deepthroat it if she worked hard enough. Her mouth watered with the thought. This effect was an unmistakable sign of the success of her trainers. But the boy wasn't going to shove it in her mouth.

"Look at me!" ordered the boy. She obeyed. Her pleading teary green eyes met Eddie's as he started rubbing the tip of his manhood along the tight slit between her legs. He pushed the tip a little to part her labia and touched the clit.

"Ooh!" She sighed with excitement and anticipation. She was conditioned well by hundreds of rapes preceded by long sessions of electric stimulation. She was rewarded by short breaks and tiny bits of food after every gangrape. She was allowed a few moments of rest and even sleep after being "a good obedient girl." After all that ruthless training and brainwashing, she actually felt more comfortable and at home when she was getting raped. She knew what to do and what to say when she had a cock in her. Awkwardness and confusion ended when men started to use her beautiful body. It felt natural.

Eddie savored the moment before entering her. It was going to be his first conquest. Less than half an hour ago he raped a woman's face for the first time. Now he was about to be a real man. He kept rubbing his cock up and down until the tip found a weak spot to slid through her tight pussylips. She let out a whimper. He pushed a little deeper until the helmet disappeared into her. She moaned softly. Finally, he thrust his whole dick in her swollen vagina. His body slammed into hers. She screamed with the sudden shock. He stopped and waited as if he was trying to feel every tiny contraction of her muscles, pick up every single signal her nerves send to her brain, hear every little moan she failed to keep in.

Tendercheeks both dreaded and loved the sensation of the first thrust of a rape. She was ashamed of this, but it was one of the things she couldn't help but feel... When Eddie suddenly penetrated her in full and their bodies joined with such a violent impact, she screamed with a mixture of pain and pleasure. She felt her vagina filled with his meat, stretching out her

main pleasure hole to maximum capacity. Her muscles tried to fight back and grab his dick, enveloping every ridge and vein tightly, undoubtedly giving him a wonderful sensation for the very first time. She blinked her eyes and kept looking at him with a grateful expression on her face, reinforced with a faint smile.

“Thank you!” she sighed softly.

He let go of her red hair and grabbed her by the waist with both hands. His fingers clenched and buried in her tight young flesh. He slowly pulled his cock out half way and shoved it back in again with another violent thrust.

Tendercheeks screamed again, this time with more of a hint of ecstasy.

“T-hh-ank youh!”

“Be silent!” ordered the boy. He was visibly enjoying the feeling. He didn’t move for another few seconds.

Tendercheeks tried to squeeze his cock with her vagina like a good slave should. This was one of the major skills a slave girl had to pick up if she wanted to survive training. She did it well enough. Eddie seemed to enjoy it. He pulled out and shoved in again. She moaned aloud this time, when she remembered his command to be silent. “Thank you!” she thought to herself.

Eddie started to pick up the pace after a few more ruthless thrusts. His fingers sank deeper in her flesh, his cock split apart her cunt... Tendercheeks did her best to enhance her rapist’s pleasure with her muscles, but eventually she lost control of her body. Rapes always progressed that way. At a point, the guy would get so fast and violent, the girl would be overwhelmed with pain or pleasure.

Eddie kept fucking the girl with increasing speed for a while. He was hardly moving his hips any more, he was using the girl tied on the swing like a toy, sliding her slender body on his dick back and forth. It looked more like a masturbation, rather than a rape.

He enjoyed it more than he ever imagined. This was the best thing he had ever felt. He realized how fast he was going and wondered if he was damaging her fuckhole. She wasn’t complaining. She wasn’t allowed to, anyway. Tendercheeks was doing her best to keep looking at him as she was ordered to, but her clouded misty eyes were betraying her inability to think straight. She was ecstatic, overwhelmed with sensations that range from pain and shame to pleasure and gratefulness.

Emboldened by the visible effect he had on her, he started to increase the power of his thrusts. He was now beating her tenderized crotch with harder and harder blows. He kept hammering her reddened thighs and ass-cheeks for a long while. He could see the confused, delighted look in her eyes. Her pleasure was building up whether or not she liked it. She obviously enjoyed this treatment, he thought.

“Aren’t you a little slut!” he said with a crooked smile.

Tendercheeks was overpowered by the sensations emanating from her pussy. She could hardly think. All her remaining willpower, she spent on maintaining eye-contact with her rapist. She gathered all her strength and replied with a faint “Yes sir, thank you.” The boy’s cock kept ruining her cunt without mercy. She wasn’t allowed a moment to breathe and relax. The pleasure built and built. She was aware that the point of no return was approaching.

“This cunt...” she started, “this cunt is about to...”

Her rhythm was interrupted by another wave of devastating pleasure. She had to start over.

“May this obedient little cunt have permission to cum, o merciful master?” she pleaded.

“No!”

He didn’t hesitate to reject her plead. He kept fucking the poor slave girl without changing his pace. He could feel that she was inching toward the edge, and he enjoyed her desperation. Her eyes started to roll up as she finally reached the limit. She bit her lips hard and clenched her cuffed hands. Her thighs shook violently. Her entire body was fighting a hopeless battle.

“Please please please sir, please have mercy!” she begged.

“No!”

This time he emphasized his response with a hard slap on her blushing right cheek. She let out a strange moan. It sounded like she liked it this time.

“Thank you!”

Tendercheeks was frustrated beyond words now. She knew how to stay on the edge of course. She failed enough times and endured equal number of lashings to learn her lesson. “They never teach you how,” she thought, “but you figure out how to edge anyway.” Her basic technique was to count to ten, and then repeat. Simple as it sounds, it always worked for her.

She counted his thrusts. He kept a steady pace to prolong his own pleasure, so it helped her calm herself down a little. She was still on the edge of a climax, but the urge was manageable now.

Eddie realized that she was regaining her control, so he decided to speed up again. Stroke by stroke he built up the velocity and power of his plunges. He watched her face carefully to see the effects of his actions. In no time, she was frenzied once more.

“Please sir,” she implored once more, even though she was sure all she’ll get was a hard slap in return.

Slap!

“Thank you!”

Eddie was about to explode too. Even at the heights of pleasure he kept his calm, but now he knew the end was fast approaching. He decided to let himself go. This was a new frontier for him. He never felt this hard before. His balls were never this full. An epic, uninhibited climax is about to take over his body in a few seconds. He kept his gaze on his victim’s face. Her eyes were silently begging him for permission to cum, but she eventually realized that it isn’t coming. He saw the faint hope die in her beautiful green eyes, and he enjoyed her tears of frustration immensely. He slapped her pretty face again, in order to preempt her from begging one last time.

“Thank you,” she sobbed, still riding the edge.

Eddie felt it coming. He let himself go and plunged his cock as deep as possible. She let out a muffled scream when his dick hit her cervix. Her tired muscles grabbed his member as tight as they could to milk it. He throbbed violently and spurted a huge load deep inside her. She felt the power of his ejaculations inside, warm jizz flooding her exasperated fuckhole. The sensation was enough to keep her on the edge, which was still frustrating like hell.

After he emptied a few loads in her well-used pussy, the boy pulled out with a sudden move. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head towards him violently. She gasped with pain but he stuck his cock in her mouth before she could let out a scream. She instinctively opened her well-trained throat to accommodate her rapist’s final thrusts. He grunted aloud as he shoved his dick deep in her mouth and unloaded the remaining jizz into her warm gullet. She could do nothing but swallow as fast as she could.

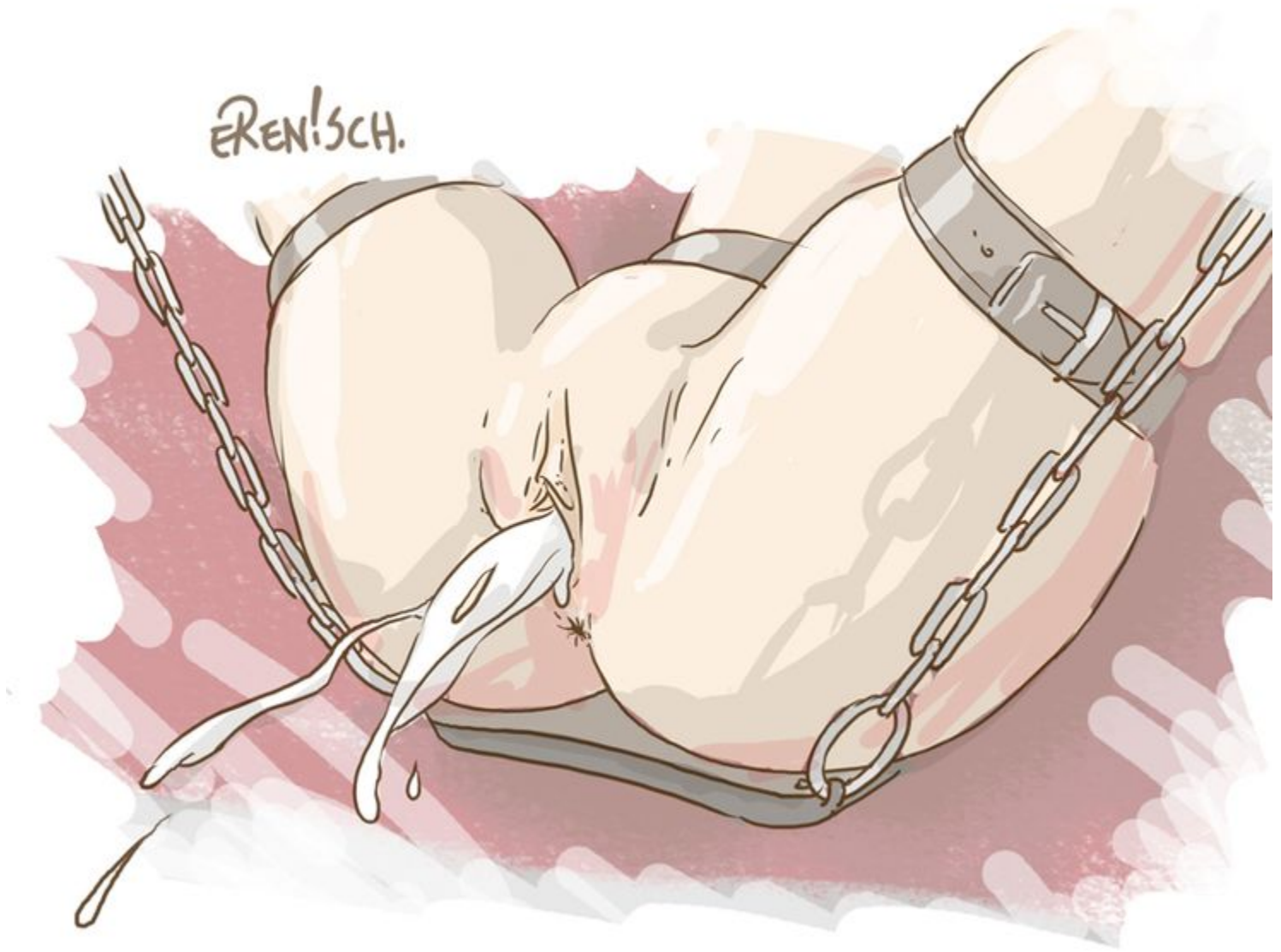
Eddie stumbled back and let her hair go. Her head fell back, exhausted. His semi-erect cock popped out of her mouth. Strings of jizz and saliva followed its tip and seeped down the floor. Tendercheeks swallowed the remaining drops of cum left in her mouth and turned her head to catch her breath.

Eddie slowly and clumsily backed towards the chair. Exhausted, he fell on the seat. It was the best climax he ever experienced, just like he imagined.

“Thank you, sir.”

Tendercheeks tried to collect herself. Her entire body was aching. Her cheeks were bright red after tens of slaps. Her crotch was in even worse condition because of the merciless pounding she got. Her rapist’s cum was now freely pouring out of her ruined vagina like a leaky faucet, pooling on the floor below her well-fucked body. Her hair was wet from sweat and tears, her wrists, ankles and thighs were sore because of the cuffs and straps that restrained her. She could hardly feel her clit and labia, which appeared to be crushed under Eddie’s dick and balls. It felt totally numb.

On top of it, she didn’t get to cum.



Cum was now freely pouring out of her ruined vagina like a leaky faucet.

Mastery - 6

Eddie rested a while without saying a word. Then he got up and zipped up his pants. He walked towards the girl, who didn't have a clue about what's coming next. Without saying anything, he started to undo her cuffs and bindings. He uncuffed her legs first, then her arms and neck were released. He gestured her to get off the swing. She obeyed.

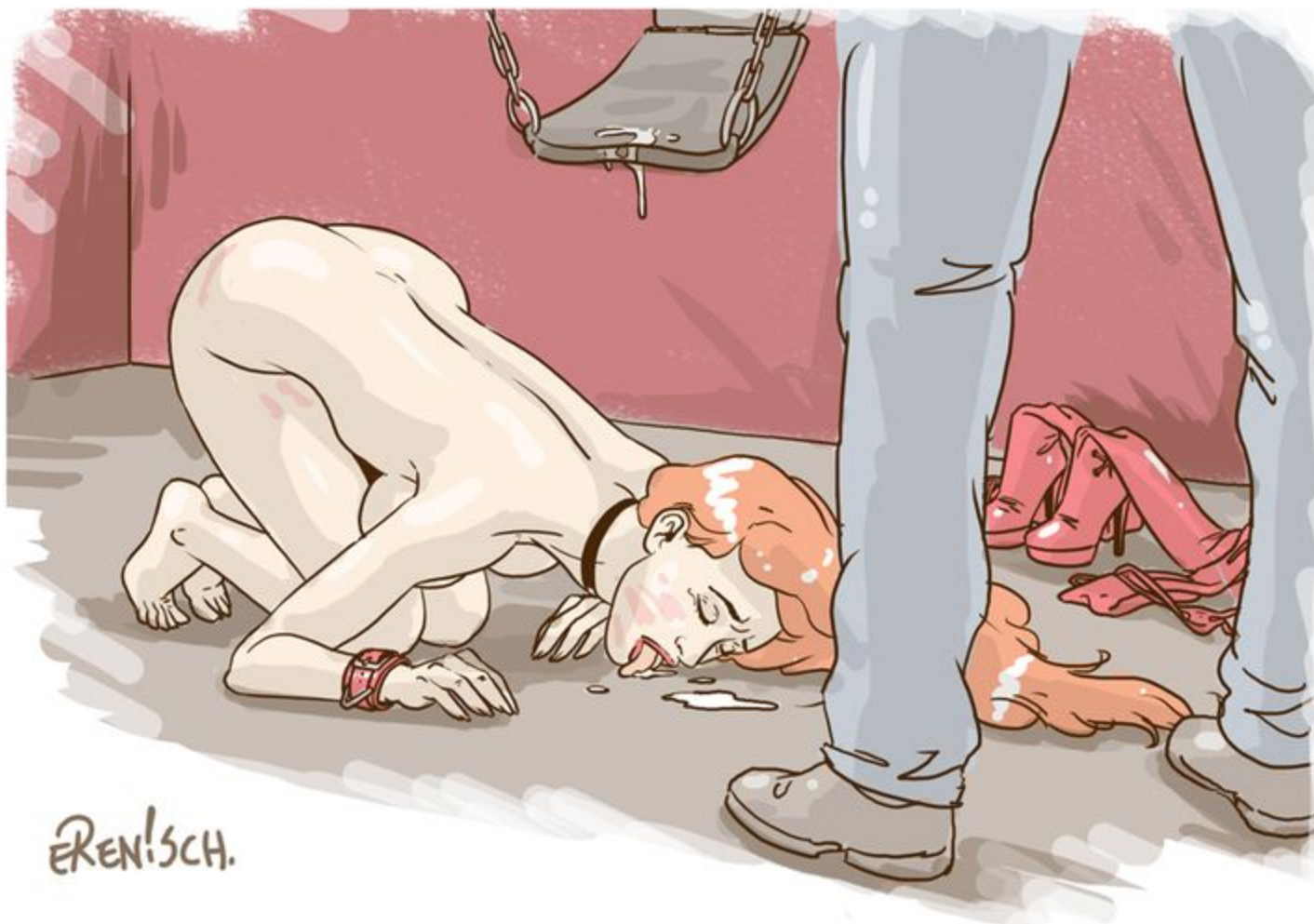
Eddie walked back a few steps in order to admire the well-used slave girl from head to toe. She looked as beautiful as before the rape. Perhaps even more beautiful with the tears, bruises, and slap marks. She stood deferentially, her hands hanging uncomfortably on her sides, her head bowed down in silence. She felt the urge to go down on her knees like a well-mannered slave, but she wasn't ordered to do that yet. She looked up for a moment to see what he was thinking.

Eddie raised her right hand and pointed to the pool of cum below the rape-swing.

"Clean your mess up!" he ordered.

"Yes sir, thank you."

Tendercheeks quickly dropped to her knees and bowed her head down to lick the cum off the floor. Her swift response pleased the boy. She was a very well-trained slave. The girl lapped and slurped the sticky warm juice up and thoroughly licked the floor clean in a few minutes. He enjoyed every second of the spectacle. She knew well that watching a girl demean herself like this was almost as fun as fucking her, so she did her best to make it entertaining for her gawking rapist.



She bowed her head down to lick the cum off the floor.

When she finished her degrading task, the redhead sat back on her heels and assumed her basic kneeling position. She was ready for the next command, no matter how humiliating or painful it may be.

"Thank you for letting this cunt drink your cum, master," she said. "How can this cunt serve you further?"

The boy smiled. "I'll make you officially mine now. Lead the way, little cunt."

Tendercheeks tried to smile back. She was still confused. She was having a hard time figuring out if becoming a private fuckslave was better or worse than serving as a pussyguide at Girl-Mart.

“Yes sir!”

It didn’t actually matter what she thought. She wasn’t human. She was a thing. She had no will. She got on all fours and started bitchwalking towards the cash registers.

They walked a few meters before he stopped.

“Hold on!” he exclaimed. “I just realized that I’ll be left with some spare change if I buy you. Perhaps I can purchase a few accessories too.

She nodded nervously. “Yes sir.”

“What do you suggest I buy, Tendercheeks?” he asked. “What would you recommend if I was buying some other girl instead of you?”

“If you were buying an untrained virgin…” she looked down in shame. “A fresh and untouched girl, not a worn-out whore like me…” She started to cry.

He appeared unmoved by her sudden burst of tears. “Yes?”

“This cunt would recommend a basic training kit. That one includes a training manual, some cuffs, gags, dildos and floggers. But in this cunt’s case, you should better buy a torture-tainment set.”

“Ah, what’s that?”

Tendercheeks looked very conflicted as she specified the items in the set. “It’s a set of items that were designed to hurt and humiliate girls, regardless of the level of their training: Nipple clamps, posture restraints, spiky buttplugs, clit clasps, throat-invader gags, dildo-fitted chastity belts, electroshock collars…”

“That’s enough”, the boy interrupted, “I don’t need the full list. Your scared expression tells me that it’s worth purchasing.”

“Yes sir,” she sobbed, “this cunt will be honored to suffer for your entertainment.”

“How much is it?”

“the best one is 59 bucks.”

“Perfect”

They passed through slave utilization accessories section and she helped him pick the most popular torture-tainment kit. He took a look at the items listed on the box. “Looks like we’ll have hours of good fun with these.”

“Yes sir, thank you.”

The blonde cashier slave smiled when they reached the check-out area. “Good morning, young master,” she greeted him with a vivacious attitude. “This cunt is Bornwhore. I’ll be your cashier slave today.”

“Hello Bornwhore”, replied Eddie, and he put the torture kit on the counter.

“Ooh! A very good choice, sir. The best tools to put a woman in her place.” She put the box through the price reader. “Anything else, sir?”

Eddie bent down to pick up the redhead waiting on her hands and feet. She let out a little yelp as he lifted her up and dropped her on the counter roughly.

Bornwhore recognized the pussyguide, even though she was completely naked and covered in rape-bruises all over. They were enslaved and registered together. They fluffed in each other’s gangbangs, they were whipped for each other’s failures.

“Oh?” she exclaimed. Her smile was no longer convincing. “Another great choice, sir,” said the cashier with a less enthusiastic voice. “Tendercheeks is a very good girl… A well-trained slave and a wonderful fuck.”



The two girls exchanged a look for a brief moment. Their eyes met for only an instant, but it was long enough to bid farewell to a dear friend with subtle glances. Bornwhore passed Tendercheeks through the price reader and looked up again.

“Will that be all, sir?”

“Yes.” He handed her his credit card. “Do you handle registrations?”

“Yes sir, right there.” She pointed at the big red gate. “You are lucky, there is no queue. This isn’t a busy hour.”

Eddie took the torture kit on his left hand and grabbed Tendercheeks by her hair with his right. He pulled the girl off the counter. She somehow managed to fell on her feet. “Walk,” he ordered when she was about to drop on her hands and knees. They entered the room that contained several booths. Only one of them seemed operational.

“Ah, you got a redhead, huh?”

A middle-aged man appeared from a room behind the booths. “I applaud your taste, young man. Redheads are the best.” He logged on to his computer and motioned Eddie to approach. “Bring the cunt over here, lad. I need to scan her neckband.” He pointed to the sensor standing next to the computer.

Eddie pulled Tendercheeks and pressed her neck against the sensor.

She gasped. “Good, hold her there for a second. These machines are a bit old, you know.” He waited for a moment and typed in a few commands. “Ah! This is one of our hardworking bees. Tendercheeks, Pussyguide. Good choice, young man. This is an 18.4 year-old A-Grade cunt with proper training. She got high marks from her trainers as a cocksucker and a gangrape subject. Look what they said. Smart, obedient, fit for breeding.”

Tendercheeks perked up a little. She never heard any of these before. Her masters never praised her during her training. She felt a little proud when the man looked at her and made an approving face. “Good girl!” he smiled.

“Thank you, sir!” she smiled back.

The man turned to the girl’s new owner. “So, what do want to do about her servonym?”

“What do you mean?”

“Do you like the name Tendercheeks, or do you want to rename the cunt?” asked the man. “This is your property now. You can do anything with her. You can cut her hair, tattoo her, amputate her limbs, kill her, turn her stuffed body into a hat rack. Whatever you want. I suggest you start with giving her a new servonym.”

Eddie smiled when his new slave trembled at the casual remarks about her possible execution and transformation into furniture. He actually had a few names in mind, but none seemed to fit this red headed beauty.

“Eagerdoll,” he said after a few moments and turned her gaze to the slavegirl. “I’m going to call her Eagerdoll”.

Mastery - 7

The girl gracefully turned to her new owner and dropped to her knees. She raised her head to look into his eyes and thanked him. "This cunt is grateful for her master's kindness. Would you like to baptize this cunt now, master?"

Eddie nodded yes. The man smiled and turned back to his screen to fill out the rest of the Female Ownership Certificate.

The girl raised her hands and joined them under her chin like she was praying. "May this cunt touch your mighty cock, master?" she asked like a good girl who knows her place.

Eddie nodded again. She opened his zipper and took out his erect cock. "It's beautiful," said the redhead. "May this cunt serve you with her mouth, master?" He said yes.

She opened her full lips and kissed the tip of the cock. She used her tongue to lick the whole shaft on one side, and then on the other. When the cock was wet and slippery enough, she opened her lips wide and put them on the tip. She took the tip in her mouth and sucked a few times, going a little further on the shaft with every move. A minute into her service, she held half the length of his cock in her mouth and started to use her tongue to massage the tip. She kept doing this for a few more seconds, and then took the dick out of her mouth in order to concentrate on the balls. She bent her head to reach behind his left testicle and started to lick it all over. The right one was next. She kept eye contact as she licked the balls and the lower shaft from side to side, in case he wanted her to do something else. Her master seemed content with the way things were progressing.

She took the dick in her mouth again. She sucked back and forth, this time more aggressively. She got deeper and deeper until her button nose reached his belly. His cock was in her throat, plugging it shot. She was well-trained enough to hold her breath and fight her urge to gag. She licked his cock all over while the whole shaft was buried in her face. He looked at her master. He was enjoying it immensely.

"I knew she was a good cocksucker," commented the man as he printed a copy of the ownership certificate. "I can sense these things when I see a girl." He picked the document from the printer and handed it over the Eddie. "Here you go, young man. You are now the proud owner of this little cum-hungry slut. Enjoy her holes."

Eddie thanked him and looked at the certificate. He was about to reach another climax. When the slave felt his urgency, she increased her tempo, sucking and licking her master's engorged fuckstick with vigor. In a few moments, he was ready to explode. She looked up in order to see what he was going to do.

As the contents of his balls rushed toward the tip of his dick, Eddie hastily grabbed the girl by her long red hair and pulled her head back to free his dick. He grabbed the shaft just in time and started to empty his balls all over her pretty face. Waves of cum splashed on the girl's face, finally covering all her pretty features and hair. Warm jizz flowed from her forehead and cheeks down to her chin. It truly was a baptism with cum.

"I name you Eagerdoll," said the boy with an authoritative voice. Eagerdoll bowed down to kiss his feet.

"Thank you, master."

Eddie paid the registration fee. The man grinned and took out a cheap looking leash from his desk drawer. "Here's a standard leash, compliments of the Bureau of Female Affairs. You be a good citizen and remember to leash your property when in public, huh?"

Eddie grinned back and picked up the leash.

"Get on your knees and present your neck," he ordered. Eagerdoll complied. She bunched her hair in her left hand and held it up obediently until her master put the collar on and attached the leash.

"Thank you, master."

"Heel!"

"Yes master."

Eddie led his new puppy through the main gate. He turned to see the greeting slave. She was gone. A tall, dark skinned brunette was serving in her place now.

"We will take the train," he informed the girl.

She nodded. A cool breeze hit her on the face. It was the first time she was allowed outside since her enslavement day. She and the other girls in her group were brought here four months ago. It was the last time she saw sunlight. They were led to the basement level where their intense training took place. Only after two months she was allowed to wander around the store. Of course, she wasn't allowed beyond cash registers.

He led her to a slave trough by the side of the store. "Clean your face up! You look like a dirty whore."

"Yes sir, thank you!"

She splashed some water on her face and tits in order to get rid of the dried cum covering her soft pink skin. She quickly washed her hair and squeezed it with both hands to remove excess water. She rolled it around her finger and then let it flow from the right side of her neck.

Eddie watched her as she cleaned up. He enjoyed her graceful movements. Her creamy, tight naked body glistened under the sun. She was a beauty. He was proud of his purchase.

The short journey to her new home was strangely peaceful for Eagerdoll. She kept her silence throughout. Her master never spoke to her or gave any non-vocal commands. She was led by the leash only. It made perfect sense to her, she was nothing better than a dog after all. She certainly was cheaper than a proper thoroughbred. Her inferiority to a pedigree canine companion was better demonstrated on the train when the guy across them let his Spaniel climb on the empty seat next to him, while Eagerdoll had to kneel by the side of her master.



She sat on her heels with her eyes on the floor.

She sat on her heels with her eyes on the floor. Every now and then she tried to see what her master is doing with quick glances. He looked exhausted and indifferent. “He is too young”, she thought. “He doesn’t have enough experience with female utilization. He could have ordered me to suck his cock during the journey.”

She looked at the other side of the subway car. A few men were enjoying the oral skills of the women they owned. It was called a trip-job. Instead of performing a normal blowjob, a female would keep licking and sucking the man slowly and

gently during the entire trip, without actually trying to make him cum. Unless of course he wanted her to. It was certainly the case with one of the men, who was skullfucking his little blonde's stretched-out mouth like crazy.

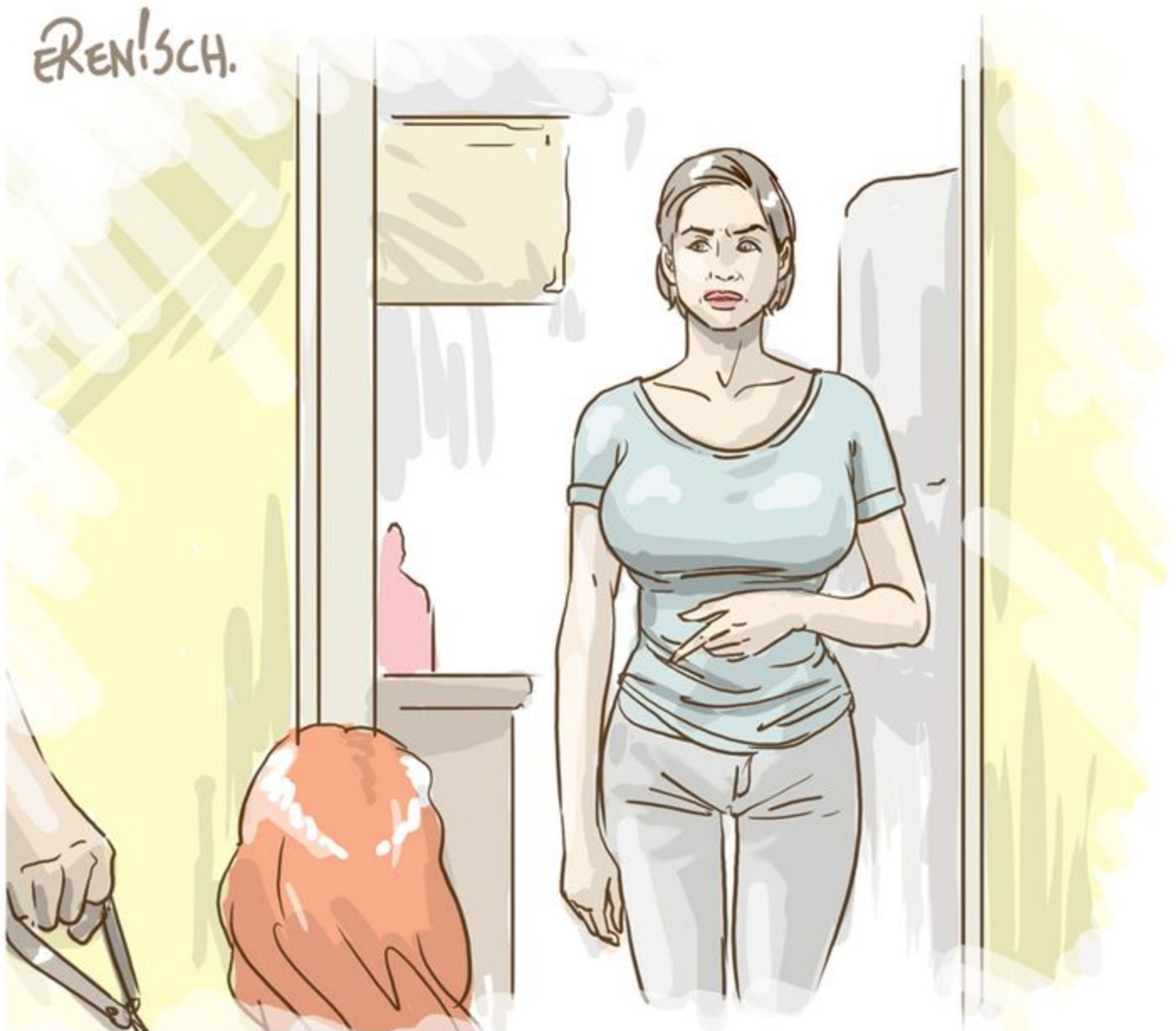
When the guy loudly climaxed and emptied his balls into the blonde's stomach, Eddie moved in his seat a little. Eagerdoll perked up and looked at him with the corner of her eye, in case he decided to use her mouth. He didn't. He appeared to be a little annoyed with the ruckus the skullfucker was making. She took note of her master's preference for public slave use. She was relieved a little. He wasn't weary of her, he just wasn't big on violating girls in public.

Eddie stood up and get off at Marteau Street Station. Eagerdoll followed. "This is a good neighborhood," she thought to herself. A district where middle class families lived. She was pleased that he wasn't poor. The streets were clean, the people looked friendly, slavegirls were properly leashed.

They stopped at the local grocery store. He tied her leash to the hook outside the gate and went inside. She sat on her heels and waited until he came out with a huge bag of extra-nasty girlfeed and a six-pack of pig-cum bottles. She tried to put on a grateful smile when he looked at her. She wasn't sure if any of the deep disgust she felt appeared on her face. She hated slave food so much even after getting used to eating it every damn day for four months.

Eddie untied his slave's leash and put the girlfeed bag on her back. Slaves served as pack-animals all the time. Eagerdoll and her fellow trainees used to have a lot of practice carrying their unconscious friends back to their cages after exhausting gangrapes. A large bag of girlfeed was nothing compared to a limp rapetoy.

They walked two more blocks. Eddie's apartment was on the second floor of a four-story building. The redhead dutifully climbed the stairs after her master without making any noise. In a few moments, she was in her new home.



"What the hell is this?"

“What the hell is this?”

Both turned to the source of the surprised female voice. A middle-aged woman was standing at the kitchen door, looking at the young redhead with a quizzical expression. She was quite attractive for her age. A well-built, tall, big-titted woman with short brown hair, hazel eyes and a shapely nose. She had a graceful stance and an intelligent look in her eyes. Eagerdoll immediately felt close to her for some reason.

Mastery - 8

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“I told you about this, mom,” responded Eddie. “I finally saved enough to buy a slave girl. She is mine.”

“Oh yeah?” Eddie’s mother was clearly not a fan of female slavery concept. She stopped and looked at her son, searching for words to express her feelings appropriately. She didn’t speak for a long time.

“It’s okay, mom. I bought her at the mart. It’s not like I kidnapped the neighbor’s daughter or something.”

She threw him a glare and turned her back. “I’m not cleaning after your pet too,” she complained. “You take care of that thing.”

Eagerdoll was surprised to find herself hurt by the woman’s last comment. She called her a thing. She was used to being called worse by men of course, but when the woman called her “a thing,” it put everything in perspective. She was the lowest, least important thing in that place now.

Eddie removed the leash and threw it in the basket next to the door. He grabbed the slave by her hair and dragged her through a long corridor. “Get in!” he ordered when they reached the second door on the left. Eagerdoll obeyed.

It was a nice room. Quite spacious with a queen size bed, a couple of bookshelves and a desk. It was all very neat and clean. “This is very tidy for a teenager,” she thought to herself. She crawled to the center of the room and kneeled attentively. She was ready for his next command.

Eddie fell on the bed and started to take his jacket off. Eagerdoll leaned forward and looked into his face with an anxious expression. “What?” he asked reflexively.

“Would you like this cunt to undress you, master?” she asked with a soft, pleasing voice. “This cunt exists to serve you in every way imaginable.” The boy let his jacket go and leaned back. “Okay then.”

Eagerdoll moved closer to the bed and took off his jacket with a quick but graceful motion. He folded the jacket and placed it on the foot of the bed. Then she crawled between his legs to unzip his pants. He raised his butt a little to let her pull his pants off. She was doing her job with a calm, dutiful manner, occasionally smiling to her master whenever their eyes met. Eddie almost smiled back, but luckily, he managed to keep it inside. He heard it was bad form to spoil a female with smiles and praises.

The redhead folded the pants and the shirt and neatly put them on the jacket. “You know, this cunt can help your mother in her duties too.” She realized that she took a small risk speaking without permission, but she was getting better in anticipating his reactions now. He didn’t look mad. “Maybe,” he said as he laid down on the bed, “between rapes.”

“Of course, master!”

She knelt there without knowing what to do. He seemed content lying on his bed, resting. She took his clothes and carried them to the nearest dresser. He let her rummage through a little to learn where everything goes. In a moment, she was back in position, kneeling attentively by the bed. She looked at his face. His eyes were closed. She lowered her eyes to rest a little while.

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“Wake up, you stupid little cunt!”

Eagerdoll jumped with her master’s angry voice. Did she fall asleep like a stupid virgin?

“Master? This cunt is so sorry.”

Eddie was still lying down. “Slap yourself!” he ordered without moving in any way.

Eagerdoll faced her master and slapped herself hard on the right cheek.

“Thank you, master!” she added.

“Again!”

She slapped herself again. “Thank you!”

“Again!”

Eddie wasn’t satisfied before she slapped her right cheek 15 times. Once again, her face was blood red and her eyes were teary.

“That’s enough!” He waved his hand to stop her. She let out a sigh of relief. “Come and serve!” ordered her master without letting her rest for another moment.

“Yes master.”

She raised herself on her knees and climbed on the bed carefully. He never let her know his preferences of slave positioning on bed sucking, so she assumed the neutral central position between his legs. She pressed her knees together, arched her back and joined her wrists behind her as if they were tied. With a graceful motion she grabbed his underpants by her teeth and pulled them down to let his already erect cock spring out.



Eddie laid there still but relaxed. He didn't seem to be impressed by her perfect form and technique. She was hoping for a sign of approval in her master's face, but she was unable to see any. Frustrated a little, she started to lick his crotch around the penis. Her tongue moved from his belly to his balls, and finally to the shaft. She felt comfortable again. This was a task she excelled at. After a few minutes licking it, she felt it was time to take it in her mouth. She moved her tongue to the tip of the cock to start sucking on it.

"No, not the cock, slave."

He raised his legs up to reveal his asshole. "Make it shine!"

He probably expected her to pause with revulsion for a moment, but she didn't. Without losing a beat, she moved down the shaft and stuck her skilled tongue in her asshole. She licked the whole area with impeccable enthusiasm and skill. Her tongue circled around the hole, slid back and forth along the crack and played a few tricks on her perineum. This time he was visibly delighted.

Eagerdoll couldn't help but smile when she caught a glimpse of his face, now contorted with ecstasy. She stuck her tongue further in his asshole and let out a sexy and proud moan.

"You may use your hands on the cock," said the boy, as she slowly led him to a strange new level of pleasure.

Eagerdoll released her right arm from her imagined handcuffs and grabbed the engorged penis. She rotated her body from the waist to better reach his ass with her tongue, while she started stroking the shaft. She picked up the pace as he approached climax.

"On your face!" shouted the boy at the very edge of his orgasm. Eagerdoll sprang up with an inhuman speed to catch his first spurt with her face. A thick and rich burst splashed on her right cheek. Another landed on her left eye, and she caught the next one with her mouth. Several more emissions covered her beautiful face entirely. She was not sure if her master was pleased with the result as her eyes were closed shot by loads of cum. Not allowed to wipe her face without permission, she sat back on her heels and waited for his commands.

Eddie was ecstatic. He had a lot of firsts today, but he particularly liked this one the most. It was something he had never fantasized before. He sat up on the bed and supported himself with his arms. The girl was kneeling obediently

between his legs, her wrists locked behind her back, her pretty face covered with his cum, her shapely body glistening with sweat.

“Well done, slave!” He gave her a pat on the head as he stood up. He was still a little shaky because of the exhausting orgasm he just had.

“Oh, thank you so much, master,” quipped the girl with a perky voice. She was relieved and a little proud too.

“Wash up and get ready for further service”, he ordered. She thanked him and rushed out of the room on her hands and knees.

Eagerdoll looked around after she left her master’s room. She crawled until she found the bathroom. She raised her hand to grab the door handle. The door suddenly opened and her master’s mother emerged. Startled, she jumped back.

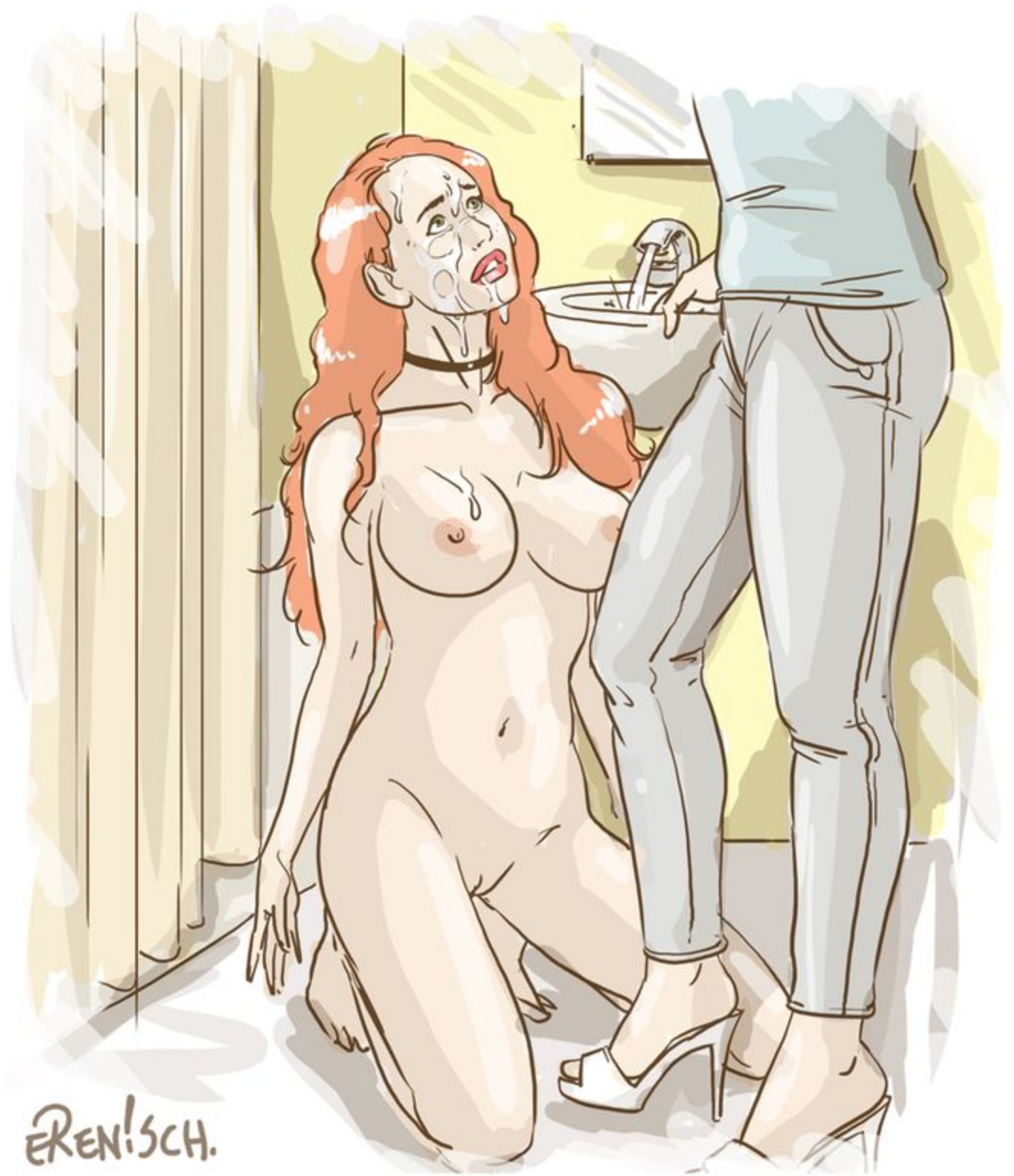
“Holy fuck!” the woman exclaimed. “You scared the stuffing out of me, girl!”

“This cunt is sorry, madam. This cunt didn’t realize the room was occupied.” Eagerdoll wasn’t so sure about how to address a woman of her stature, but she decided to play safe and treat her as if she was a male.

The woman stood still for a moment and looked at the slavegirl’s face, still covered with drying jizz.

“You are a mess. Come here.” She motioned her to enter the bathroom.

“Yes, madam.”



EREN!SCH.

“I don’t understand why they like doing this,” said the mom as she started splashing water on the redhead’s face in order to get rid of the cum. “This is horrible and demeaning.”

“Everything men do to us has purpose, ma’m,” Eagerdoll responded with a stunned face. She was surprised at the mother’s naïve question. “Everything they do is meant to teach us something important.”

Now the mother looked stunned. “Yeah? What’s that? What did my son, the immature teenager I carried meant to teach you by jizzing all over your face?”

Young redhead took a few moments to think while the mother washed off the last remnants of her son’s cum in the sink.

“I believe...” She stopped. “This cunt believes...”

“Oh, shut up with that ‘cunt’ thing. We are two women talking, alone. You don’t have to demean yourself like that, little girl”

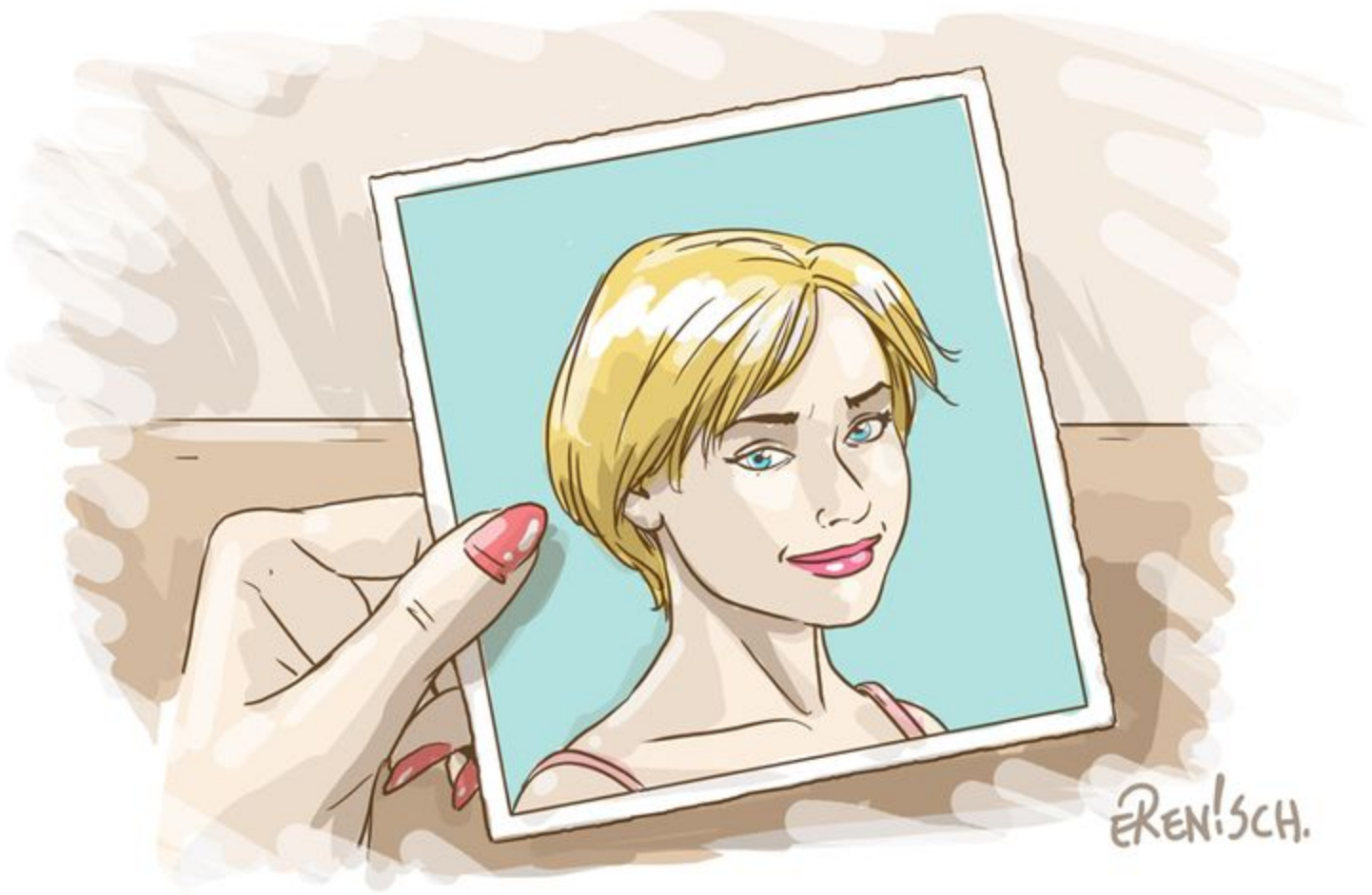
“But...” Eagerdoll was perplexed again. This was one of the uncomfortable situations she was unable to determine the appropriate action. If only there was a cock to suck on... “This... I mean... I believe... My master...” She stopped again. “I don’t know... I’m a little confused. I don’t know what he meant to teach me this time, but I always learn something when I’m raped. I was enslaved four months ago and I’m a completely different person now. This means I learned a lot since then, right?”

The mother stood back up and looked at the redhead’s baffled face with sadness in her eyes. “It’s okay, sweetheart. Forget about what I said.” She patted her on the head and pointed to the door. Eagerdoll crawled out.

“Tell your ‘master’ dinner will be ready in an hour,” said the mother when Eagerdoll was about to enter her Eddie’s room.

Mastery - 9

Eagerdoll did some cleaning and tidying up around the room, while her master worked on his desk. She didn't know what he was writing. She was content to be left alone for a while. Such mindless tasks were relaxing for her. She even felt some slight excitement as she slowly discovered her master's habits, hobbies, personal objects, memorabilia from his past, souvenirs from the places he visited. She learned that he was an accomplished swimmer. He had two medals in backstroke to prove it. He had a keychain bought during a trip to Priam. He had a worn-out copy of Captain Hardcock comic stuck in his Physics textbook. He had a state issue abduction and rape handbook. He had a picture of a blonde girl and a few obscene drawings apparently inspired by her at the back of a drawer...



She held one of the sexy drawings and tried to understand the position the couple were in. Unfortunately, it looked impossible to recreate in real life by normal humans with unmodified skeletal structures.

"What are you doing?"

Eagerdoll jumped like a rabbit with her master's voice exploding in her ear. "Sorry master... This cunt was tidying up, and..."

Eddie didn't seem mad. He grabbed the picture and looked at it as if he just remembered its existence. He dropped it and picked up the picture of the blonde girl. Eagerdoll lowered her eyes down, expecting a slap or punch. He didn't hit her.

"This is Stephanie," said the boy, with a hint of longing in his voice. "We grew up together. I had a crush on her since..." Eagerdoll was surprised that her master suddenly started talking to her about his feelings. She felt a tiny tingling of courage.

"Was she sold to someone else, master?" she asked rather naively, when she saw a look of frustration in his face.

Eddie turned to her without saying anything and slapped her pretty face as hard as possible. "You seem to keep forgetting your place, slave," he added as he stood up and started to put on his clothes.

"This cunt is sorry, master. Thank you for the slap."

He zipped up his pants and watched her get back up on her knees. She returned to her attentive kneeling position with her eyes lowered. He could see the tears building up at the corners of her eyes.

“She is free. I don’t think her father has any plans to sell her to some guy. He has money and influence. He loves his baby girl.” He looked out of the window. “No, no... she is safe for now.”

Eagerdoll felt the discernable change in the tone of his voice when he spoke about this Stephanie girl. He really had feelings for her. The realization suddenly made her master more human in her eyes, but she also felt a tiny bit jealous. Not because he liked the blonde, but because as far as she knew nobody felt anything similar for her.

“You’ll meet her soon,” said Eddie to the redhead. “She lives across the street. We see each other almost every day.”

Eagerdoll remained silent, not knowing how to respond to her master’s seemingly endless remarks about the mysterious blonde crush he never had a chance to bang.

They heard the main door closing, then a man’s voice followed by the mother’s. “It’s my dad,” said the boy. She almost saw a moment of anxiety in Eddie’s face. “Follow me, slave!”

Eagerdoll crawled behind her master to the living room. A middle-aged man was sitting on a comfortable looking armchair. His wife was kneeling in front of her, apparently giving him a foot massage. He turned to his son and his gaze was lowered to meet the redhead’s respectfully lowered eyes. “Your mother told me about your... purchase,” said the man with a disapproving tone. “I think we made our position clear on this.”

“I know, dad,” replied the boy, trying hard to sound confident. “Don’t worry, you won’t see or hear her around the house. I’ll keep her in my room. She won’t disturb you guys.”

The dad didn’t seem impressed by his son’s defense. He grunted and shook his hand dismissively. “That’s not what I’m concerned about. You just don’t get it, do you, Ed?” Eagerdoll raised her eyes and looked at the dad. He seemed like a decent man, handsome for his age... He had gentle and intelligent eyes. She liked him immediately. “Whose daughter is this girl?” asked the man.

“I don’t know. I bought her at the Girl-Mart.”

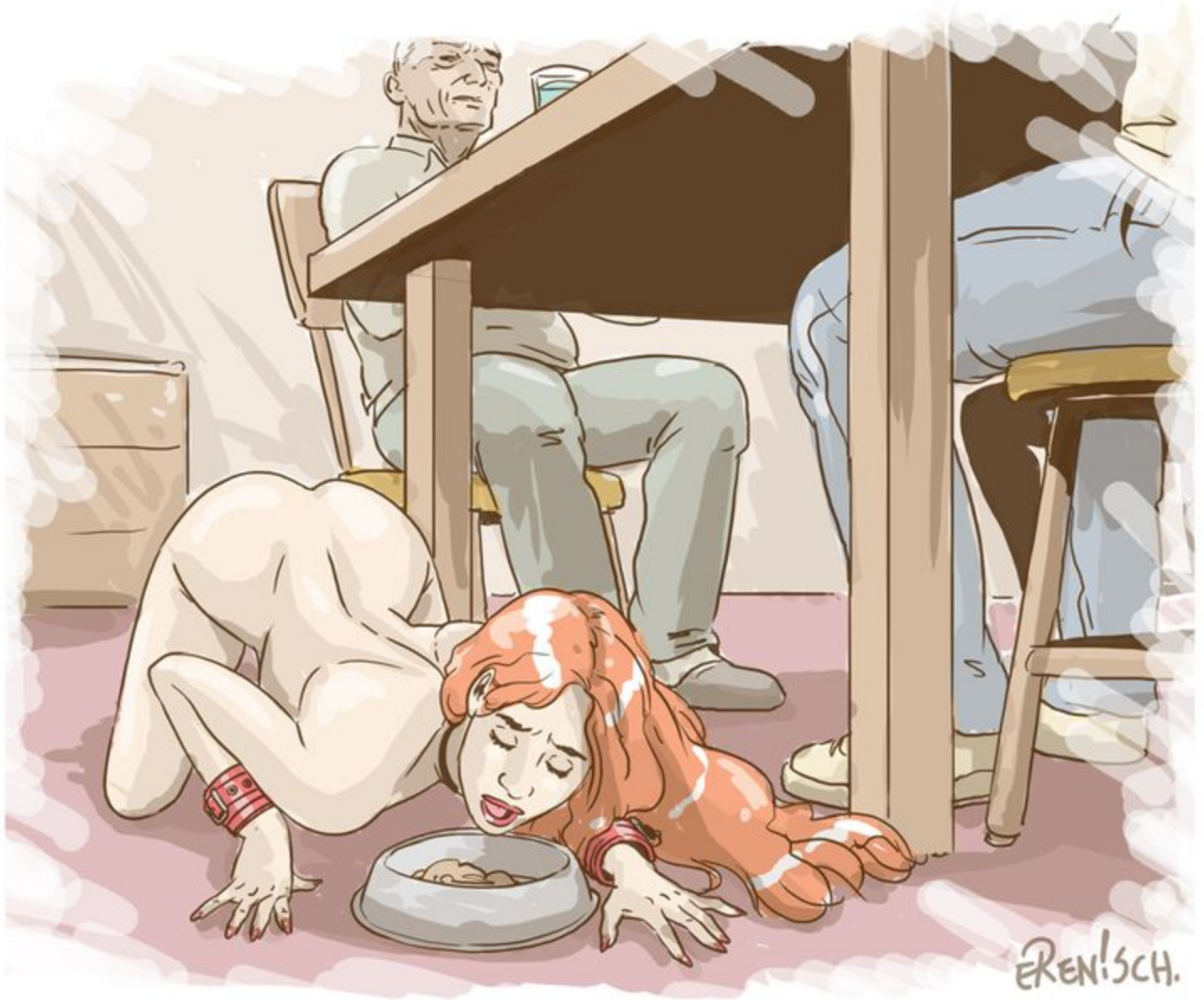
The man threw another disappointed look at his son and turned away. The conversation was over. After a long awkward moment, the mother finished rubbing her husband’s feet and stood up. “We can talk about this later. The dinner is ready.” She went quiet and looked at the girl as is she remembered something. “How is she going to eat? Should I put another plate on the table?”

“No, mom,” replied the boy. “I’ll take care of that”.

Eagerdoll felt uneasy again. The awkwardness continued throughout dinner. Everybody was silent. Nobody seemed to be able to ignore the slavegirl kneeling by the table, eating disgusting mulch out of a dog bowl like a dirty little piglet. As she was taught to do, Eagerdoll ate her glop silently, her weight on her bent knees, her hands positioned palm-down on either side of the bowl, her back arched to the limit, and her round ass raised as high as possible.

The slave was secretly proud of her perfect form. She was completely naked except for the high-heels her master let her put on. She was facing her master, with her bare ass in full view of his father at the other end of the table. This was one of the most humiliating positions she had to learn during her training. The girls had to perfect this position in order to earn their food, or at least something that resembles food. The masters would stand behind them watching. When they liked whatever a trainee was doing, they would let her know by sticking a cock or two in her, from behind. Then she had to entertain while eating, if she could.

Eagerdoll put on a perfect show as usual, but this time nobody assraped her while she ate. Still, she was sure that the poor man was having a hard time avoiding her shapely bum. Was this her master’s aim? Was he trying to rub her in his father’s face.



“I think it is better if you feed your slave in your room from now on,” said the mother, fully aware of the effect this voluptuous sextoy was having on her husband. “As you wish,” answered Eddie. The mother stood up and picked up the empty dishes. Realizing the dinner is over, Eagerdoll quickly swallowed the remaining slavefeed and licked the bowl clean like a good slave girl must. She perked up on her knees and joined her wrists behind, waiting for next command.

“Hold on a second, mom”.

Eddie turned to the redhead. “Go on, Eagerdoll. Help my mother with the dishes.”

“Yes master”. Eagerdoll grabbed the dogbowl with her teeth and crawled behind the mother.

The woman thought about declining the offer of help, but she chose to go with it. She was exhausted doing chores all day, and she could use some extra pair of hands doing the dishes. Eagerdoll dropped her bowl in front of the dishwasher and raised her body on her knees enthusiastically.

“How can this cunt help you, madam?”

“I told you to drop this slave talk, girl” replied the woman with an annoyed face. She pointed to the dishwasher. “You can start with loading the machine. I will take care of the rest.” She picked up one of the trays and put it in the sink.

“I’m sorry that we interrupted you earlier, madam.” The redhead started to put the plates in the lower tray of the dishwasher. “I guess you can suck your husband’s cock later tonight. I hope he won’t beat you up for the delay.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” asked the woman, now with a stupefied expression. “You think I was about to give him head? I was giving him an ordinary foot massage.”

She continued to scrub the oven tray frantically. “You poor, messed-up little kid.”

Eagerdoll finished her task and waited for another command on her knees. The mother was still working. She watched the mother for a few minutes as she scrubbed. She had a very attractive body. Her ass was still perky and round, her legs were long and shapely. Eagerdoll couldn’t help but imagine the woman tied to a rape table, spread-eagled and gagged. She imagined a long line of men ready to assault her orifices one after another, repeatedly.

“A foot massage is nothing compared to a good blowjob,” said the redhead with a slightly proud tone in her voice.

“Beg your pardon?” The mother was now definitely angry. Eagerdoll realized her mistake and tried to calm her down.

“I’m sorry. It’s just what I was taught. It is a slave’s go to move. We suck cocks all the time. I didn’t mean...”

The mother mumbled a few inaudible curse words and turned away. “You can go back to your master now.”

Eagerdoll thanked the woman and started crawling towards the kitchen door. As she exited the room she turned back for a last look at the woman.

“You know, I can teach you if you like.”

This time a slipper hit her face with great speed.

Mastery - 10

The mother tossed and turned in the bed. She couldn't sleep. For the first hour, it was almost impossible to ignore the noises that came from her son's room. Even after the young girl's moans died down, she wasn't able to close her eyes without picturing her teen son plowing the beautiful redhead's various orifices. It was a nightmare.

She turned and looked at her husband. He was lying on her back, sound asleep. She sat up on the bed and looked at him. He was always good to her. A decent man with no vices, still handsome as ever. They were passionately in love when they got married, and their affections have evolved into mutual respect throughout the years. He never treated her badly, or forced her to do something she didn't want to. Even after the revolution and the enactment of laws that gradually turned women into men's playthings, he continued to treat her with respect.

She tried to remember when was the last time she gave him a blowjob. It was a very long time ago. She probably did it only a few times during their entire marriage. She wasn't even sure if he liked them or not. Was she good at it? Suddenly she shuddered with shame. What kind of a wife was she?

She slowly turned her body to get close to her husband's chest. She put her hand on his stomach and slowly ran it down to reach his crotch. He reacted to the touch but didn't wake up. She carefully slid his briefs down to reveal a semi-flaccid cock. Her hand instinctively grabbed the shaft and she started stroking it softly. She turned her body further to move her head closer to the cock. She put her ear on her stomach, positioning her full lips right against the tip of the penis. As she stroked, his member got harder and bigger, finally reaching her parted lips and tongue.

He moved his body without saying anything, but she knew that he was awake now. Without breaking pace, she started to lick and kiss his dick, silent moans and slurps escaping her mouth. In a few moments, he decided to speed things up and pulled himself up in the bed, further burying his cock in his wife's mouth. She understood his urge and took the whole organ in her mouth. She started sucking with all the passion she could muster, but apparently it wasn't enough for the man. His hands grabbed her hair tightly and forced her mouth down the cock with rapid, ruthless moves. She choked a little and tried to keep up. She wanted to please him. Even more importantly, she wanted to learn how to please him.

Soon this wasn't a blowjob any more. It was a violent facerape. He decided to take control of her head and use it like a sextoy to masturbate with. His powerful hands forced her dazed head up and down his shaft, choking and gagging the poor woman as he dug deeper and deeper in her throat. She lost control of her tongue and lips, she couldn't breathe for longer and longer moments. He only slowed down when his cock started throbbing uncontrollably at the verge of discharging the contents of his testicles. Her eyes almost dropped out of their sockets when his dick exploded with full force, filling her mouth and throat with his stick warm cum. She choked and coughed as loads of jizz spurted out of her mouth and nostrils...



She choked and coughed as loads of jizz spurted out of her mouth and nostrils.

“Thank you,” said her husband, with a soft and satisfied voice. “This was a pleasant surprise.”

“Times have changed, dear,” she replied with cum still oozing down her lips. “Apparently it is me who should thank you for letting me suck your penis.”

They realized that he was still tightly holding her hair in her fist. He liked the feeling.

Her head still under his control, she felt that her job was still incomplete. “Would you please let me clean you up, Daniel?”

He smiled. “I think this little redhead had some interesting effect on you, Sonya.” He pushed her head down on her crotch. “And I’m not complaining.”

* * *

Eagerdoll opened her eyes again and looked around in a slight panic. She relaxed only after she saw her master sleeping like a log. She couldn’t remember the last time she had a long, uninterrupted night’s sleep. It must have been before her enslavement, surely. A slave had to anticipate her master’s needs and be ready to serve in a moment’s notice, even when he’s asleep. Every little sound he makes was potentially a command she should be ready to obey.

She waited for another moment to make sure he wasn’t in need of a midnight quickie. “No, he is probably dreaming about that blonde girl,” Eagerdoll thought. She then heard the muffled noises coming from the room at the end of the hall. The commotion was barely audible, but she immediately recognized the sound a woman’s hapless mouth being pounded by a huge cock. It was a familiar sound for a trained slavegirl. She listened to her fellow trainees getting facefucked every

night. The guards at the facility often visited the cells of their favorite inmates who are trying to get some sleep after a long day of rape and torture. It was hard to rest when you're forced to listen to your friends getting gangbanged.

This time the noise was a little different. There were no recognizable demeaning curse words or repeated hard slaps, just the rhythmic sound of a hard cock plowing a willing cunt. The mother was trying hard not to scream or moan loudly, but Eagerdoll was able to hear the pleasure she felt. She felt a tingling in her young pussy. Her hole swelled and juiced up.



Her hole swelled and juiced up.

Her master was still sound asleep. "This is the perfect time to rape me," she thought to herself. "Why don't they ever rape you when you are ready for it?" She squeezed her legs together and tried to imagine a cock penetrating her blushing fuckhole. She could still hear the father fucking his wife, now with increasing speed and power. The mother was no longer able to muffle her moans. Maybe she didn't care anymore. With the majority of her brain shutting down with pleasure, she passed the point of shame now.

Eagerdoll clenched her vagina as she fantasized about a hard cock impaling her. She wanted to see the couple fucking with so much passion at the other side of the house. She wondered how her master's mother looked like at that moment. "She is a very attractive woman," Eagerdoll thought. "I bet she looks so much more beautiful while she is being brutally violated." She imagined her on top, serving her husband's cock as he laid on his back, her full tits bouncing up and down, her eyes closed with ecstasy, moaning like a nasty whore in heat.

Eagerdoll wondered if the woman would be granted permission to climax. She waited to hear her beg for permission. The noises increased and reached a crescendo as the couple had orgasms one after another. The young redhead was confused. Did the woman beg for permission prior to the rape?

She listened to the sounds of the couple settling down. Soon the house was silent again. Eagerdoll tried to ignore her urges and calm down. She needed sleep more than she needed a cock in one of her holes, surely. She closed her eyes and tried to clear her mind, but it was even harder to relax now. Her day kept flashing before her eyes like a bad, repetitive

horror movie. Ever since she was raped for the first time in the dungeon four months ago, she was plagued by recurring nightmares. Unfortunately, her nightmares quickly paled compared to the new reality as her training progressed. She witnessed and endured pain and degradation she never knew existed.

Mastery - 11

Eagerdoll raised her head to see the clock. It was almost 6:30 in the morning. She knew about the slave wake-up duty of course, but she never had to perform it since the beginning of her training. For trainees, there was no night, no morning. They were constantly in service, sucking and fucking around the clock.

She silently sat up and crawled towards the bed. Her master was lying naked with his legs apart. His member was lying there, semi-erect, still covered in her pussy juices. Eagerdoll unconsciously squeezed her fuckhole at the sight of her master's cock. Her mouth watered, and nipples got erect. Her body is not hers any more. She was a well-conditioned sex puppet for men's pleasure.

For a brief moment, she tried to calculate the best way to reach his member. His cock was not accessible from the side of the bed, so she had to get on the mattress. She wasn't sure if she was allowed to climb on the furniture, but not performing the wake-up blow-job was definitely a punishable offense. She had to do it no matter what. She decided to risk it and slowly crawled on the bed without touching Eddie. She positioned herself between his parted legs and bowed down to kiss his cock.

At the soft touch of her full lips, the cock immediately started to fill up with blood. Eagerdoll kept giving it little kisses and licks as it hardened and finally reached full size. She felt a subtle shiver moving along Eddie's body. She quickly checked if her master was waking up. He wasn't. Relieved, she moved her tongue to his balls, carefully and gently licking them all over. The first rule of wake-up blowjobs was to avoid wake up the master too quickly. He should think it was a lucid dream.

In a few minutes, Eagerdoll decided that she spent enough time on her master's balls. She moved up the shaft and finally took the tip of the cock in her watering mouth. She was surprised at how much she enjoyed this. She was forced to suck so many cocks so far, but it was the first time she was in full control of the action. Nobody was grabbing her neck, or pulling her hair, or ruthlessly shoving his dick down her throat. She liked the involuntary reactions of Eddie's cock. His body was moving a lot now. His arms and legs were stretching, his toes were curling. Pleased with her effect on the boy, the beautiful redhead started to pick up the pace.

Finally, Eddie woke up and raised his head to see what's going on. "Good morning, master!" said the pretty girl without even stopping sucking his cock. "Good morning", replied Eddie, with a slightly puzzled expression. Eagerdoll felt the final throbs of his cock and increased her speed. Eddie closed his eyes as he approached a powerful climax.

In a moment his hard cock exploded in the beautiful girl's warm mouth. Even though she knew it was coming, Eagerdoll was caught off guard by the huge eruption. A few drops spurted out of her mouth. Load after load filled up her throat, forcing her to swallow some to be able to breathe. Her beautiful eyes watered, giving her master another sight to enjoy.

"Good girl. You can swallow it."

Eagerdoll smiled with genuine happiness. "Thank you master," she said, before gulping down the warm jizz in her mouth.

Before she could move, Eddie sat up on the bed and grabbed her hair. He harshly pulled her close to himself as if he was going to bite her button nose. Eagerdoll let out a surprised gasp. His musk hit her. She held her breath and parted her lips. The boy's eyes wandered around her beautiful face. She didn't know what to do or say... Was he about to kiss her?

He wasn't. After a brief moment, Eddie stood up and pulled her hair ruthlessly. The girl let out a little shriek and fell on all fours. "Go get your leash, we'll go for a walk," ordered Eddie.

"Yes master!"

Eagerdoll quickly crawled out of the room and found her collar and leash in the basket next to the apartment door. She took them in her mouth and turned back. The house was silent. "Master's parents must be sleeping in this morning," she thought. Eddie was sitting on the bed. He was opening the girl-abuse kit he bought at Slavemart. He took out all the tools one by one and laid them out on the bed until he found the buttplugs. "I guess we should start with the smaller one," said the boy as he examined the shiny red object in his hand. "I'm sure you are trained to crawl with one inserted."

The slavegirl nodded. She obediently crawled in front of her master, put her face on the carpet, and raised her butt as gracefully as she could. She couldn't see her new master's face, but surely he must have a grin in his face.

Eddie admired the girl's beautiful round butt for a moment. He grabbed her left ass-cheek and pulled it aside with his thumb, revealing the anal opening. Like all Slavemart girls, she was fully exfoliated, bleached and perfumed. He took the plug and slowly pressed it against the orifice. After a few moments of mild resistance, Eagerdoll's hole grabbed and sucked the plug in. All her fuckholes were trained well.

As the plug sealed her anal cavity and started to press on her genital area, she felt her pussy getting wet again. To her surprise, Eddie's hands wandering around her heart-shaped butt started to excite the young girl. Her heart-rate increased, her pubic mound swelled, and juices began to ooze out of her love slot. She was conditioned to juice up whenever she needed to

serve masters of course, but the usual response to hands probing around her butt was anxiety and panic. This time she was confused by her own body's reaction to the master's touch.

As if he sensed the girl's excitable state, Eddie suddenly cupped her vulva and began to rub her pussy lips with his middle finger. The redhead gasped at his touch and started to moan and whimper uncontrollably. Her body immediately surrendered to her master's hands, as Eddie strongly grabbed her slender waist and kept rubbing her pussy. She was getting extremely wet and slippery, as his fingers pressed deeper and deeper.



Her body immediately surrendered to her master's hands.

Without any warning, he shoved two fingers in her vagina and started to fingerfuck his live sexdoll ruthlessly. After a while he inserted a third finger as if he wanted to destroy the thin stretch of meat between his fingers and the buttplug resting in the poor girl's anus.

Eagerdoll was delirious. She bit her lips in order not to scream. The slave had to control her reactions because she still didn't know her master's rules exactly. She didn't know if she was allowed to scream, cry, beg, or moan aloud. Every master was different, and it was her job to discern what pleases her master the most. For now, it seemed like her suppressed moans satisfied her master, judging by the unusual slack of slaps.

Eddie didn't care about what his slavegirl thought at that moment. He was enjoying fingerfucking this defenseless poor girl more than he imagined. The way she gradually lost her body's control as he started to shove her fingers in and out of her tight fuckholes gave him an indescribable satisfaction. She was like a mindless puppet, a beautiful toy without her own will. She let out sexy moans and sighs with each thrust, and with every whimper she made more and more blood filled Eddie's hardened cock.

He felt that she was approaching the edge. For a brief moment he wanted to shove his rock-hard dick in her warm, wet hole and bring her to a screaming climax. He managed to resist the urge, however, and with a sudden move pulled his fingers out of the crazed fuckpuppet.

The poor redhead let out a loud sigh of frustration as master's fingers left her convulsing vagina. The haze quickly dissipated. She joined her shaky legs together and tried to slow her breathing.

With a sudden slap on her butt, the exhausted girl jumped up and properly sat on her heels. "Present your neck," ordered Eddie as he prepared to put her collar on. Eagerdoll bunched her long red hair with her left hand and pulled it up

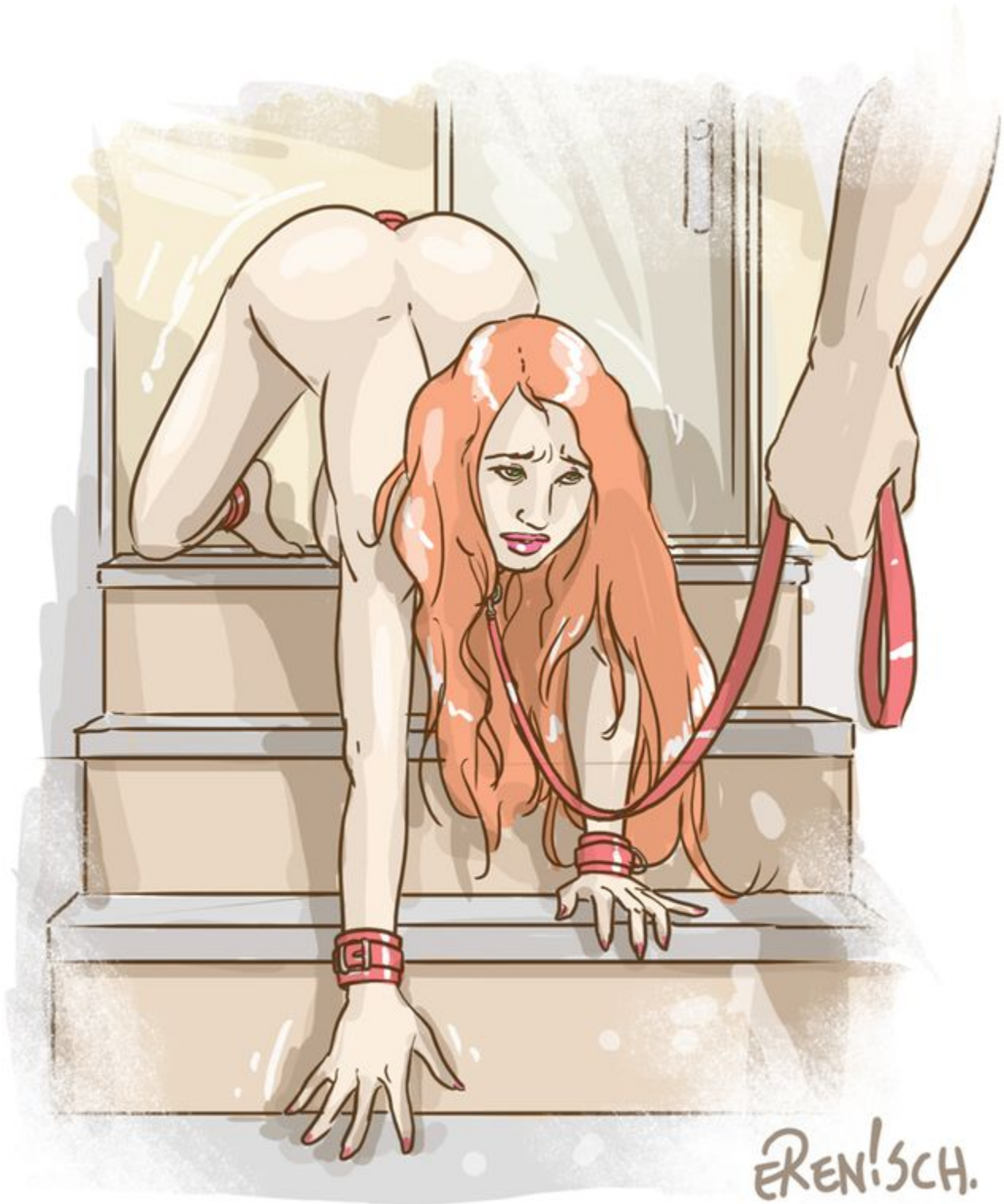
high enough to let her master place the collar. She gasped when the leather tightened around her beautiful long neck. His movements weren't as harsh as her trainers'. One could even call him gentle. She raised her eyes and stole a brief glance of her master's face as he attached the leash. He had a calm, benign expression.

"Let's go!"

The redhead quickly dropped on all-fours as soon as Eddie gave the order.

"Heel!"

She complied.



They left the apartment. Going down the stairs is the hardest part of bitchwalking. Eagerdoll has always performed well on all-fours, but she still felt insecure and awkward as she descended the steps. She somehow managed not to tumble down this time. She felt a relief In a few minutes when they finally left the building. As soon as she set paws on the sidewalk, a cool morning breeze hit her naked body, sending shivers down her spine.

Eddie pulled her leash to indicate the direction he wanted her to walk. “I never had a slavegirl before you, but we used to have a golden retriever. She died a few months ago.”

Eagerdoll hesitated for a moment not knowing how to respond. A slavegirl isn’t supposed to talk unless ordered, or asked a direct question. Still, she felt like she had to say something.

“Oh? Sorry to hear that, master.”

“It was my job to walk her in the mornings. We used to go the park at the end of the road.”

Eagerdoll followed silently.

It was still very early and the most of the shops were still closed. A couple early risers on the street exchanged greetings with Eddie and praised his new redheaded pet. The girl managed to keep her composure as some of them commented about her “attractiveness” and “fuckability” as if she wasn’t even there. Eddie seemed pleased and proud with the attention his little cunt was getting.

Finally, after a 5 minute walk, they were at the gates of the public park.

Mastery - 12

Eagerdoll felt an unexpected jolt of excitement when she touched the grass. For months her knees touched nothing but the rough concrete of the training dungeons and the plastic covered floor of the slavestore. The girl smiled to herself for a short moment as her master pulled her across the lawn. The sensation felt almost unreal.

Eddie walked over to a park bench and sat down. The redhead quickly but gracefully crawled next to his feet and sat on her heels with perfect slave posture.

“During your indoctrination at the Mart, you had any petgirl training?” asked Eddie.

“Yes master,” replied Eagerdoll. The pride in her voice surprised even herself. “It is one of the most important parts of a slavegirl’s training.”

Eddie kept his eyes on the girl’s pretty face. Eagerdoll felt like her answer was too short and vague.

“We were treated and trained like pets in every way, master,” continued the girl. “It is standard training procedure. We ate on all-fours like dogs, we slept in little cages like dogs.”

“I know all that,” exclaimed Eddie dismissingly. “I mean like real petgirls. Puppygirls like these.”

He raised his hands and waved around. Eagerdoll turned around to see. More and more people were arriving at the park. Men were bringing in their leashed women. Some were allowed to walk for some reason, but most of them were on their hands and feet like puppies.

“No master,” replied Eagerdoll without turning away her gaze. “We weren’t trained as proper puppygirls. I mean... the store sold puppygirls, but they weren’t trained at Girl-Mart. They came from Cummypaws and other specialized training facilities fully trained and ready to bark.”

“That’s fine,” replied the boy with a slight disappointment in his voice. “Maybe I will have you trained as a proper puppy when I have the money later.”

Eagerdoll shuddered with the thought of going through one of the most humiliating and difficult training programs in the land, but she managed to force a smile. “Yes master. This cunt exists to please you in every way possible.”

“Yeah, I know.”

The redhead returned her gaze towards the park, which was now almost full with people. Drove of beautiful women were prancing around the park on all-fours. some were playing fetch with their masters, catching freebees, and of course serving their masters with their bodies.



“Ah!”

Eagerdoll immediately turned to see what her master wanted. Eddie was looking at a man and his puppy a few meters away. “You’re lucky, Eagerdoll,” smiled the boy. “This is a real celebrity sighting. Look at that pretty puppy. Do you recognize her from somewhere?”

The redhead watched a slightly overweight man pull his puppygirl to a bench closest to theirs. The slave was a very attractive young woman, probably early-to-mid twenties. She had reddish brown hair reaching her shoulders, but what caught the eye were her big boobs invitingly bouncing with her every move. Her bitchwalk was perfect. Her head and ass were raised high and her slender back was fully arched like a bow. She moved quickly but gracefully matching her owner’s speed and immediately sat on her heels as soon as the master sat down on the bench.

Eagerdoll was mesmerized by the slave’s perfect form, but she didn’t recognize her.

“This cunt is sorry, master. She doesn’t know who that slave is.”

“Of course. You probably weren’t allowed to watch real TV even when you were free, were you?”

“No master. Only Girl-TV... You know, like Bunnyhops and...”

“Yeah-yeah,” interrupted Eddie. “That woman was a celebrity reporter just a while ago. A very good one too. But now, she is just another slavecunt. So weird to see her like that.”

“Oh?” Eagerdoll looked at the woman again. She looked slightly familiar this time.

“Ah, yes...” Exclaimed the redhead. “I think I saw her before... on a billboard or something?”

“That’s right. The Bust you Trust! Kimberly Muttson, investigative reporter. Ah-hah!”

“It is Miss Yummycunt now”, yelled the woman’s owner with a big smile on his face. “Don’t use her former name, son. It only upsets the poor creature. Ah-hah-hah!”. He patted on his slave’s head a couple times. She didn’t even flinch.

Eddie was embarrassed as he realized the man heard them. “I’m sorry sir. I didn’t mean to disturb you. I was just surprised to see Miss Muttson... I mean... Miss Yummycunt like this. I just recently saw a special show documenting her puppification process. Fascinating stuff.”

“That’s alright, young man,” replied the man with a dismissing hand wave. “I get that all the time. I actually enjoy the attention.”

He stopped and pointed to the redhead kneeling at Eddie’s feet. “And what do you got over there, young man? Is that your high school sweetheart?”

Realizing the man was pointing at her direction, Eagerdoll immediately perked up and corrected her posture.

“Oh, no sir. Nothing special like that. I bought this little cunt from Girl-Mart just yesterday.”

Her master’s words made Eagerdoll feel even smaller. Of course she knew she was “nothing special”. He bought her because her price was right, nothing else. She was just the affordable girl at the store.

“How does she suck cock? Any good?” asked the man with a devilish smirk on his leathery face.

“I guess so,” replied Eddie. “I don’t really have a good frame of reference. This is my first slave. But I like her skills so far.”

“Ah! That’s sad,” grumbled the man. “A young man like you should have more experience by now. We live in great times, son. We have all the pussy we can fuck right under our hands.” He hesitated for a moment.

“I have an idea. How about swapping these two cunts for a quick blowjob? That would give you some frame of reference, eh?

“Excuse me, sir? You want to swap...”

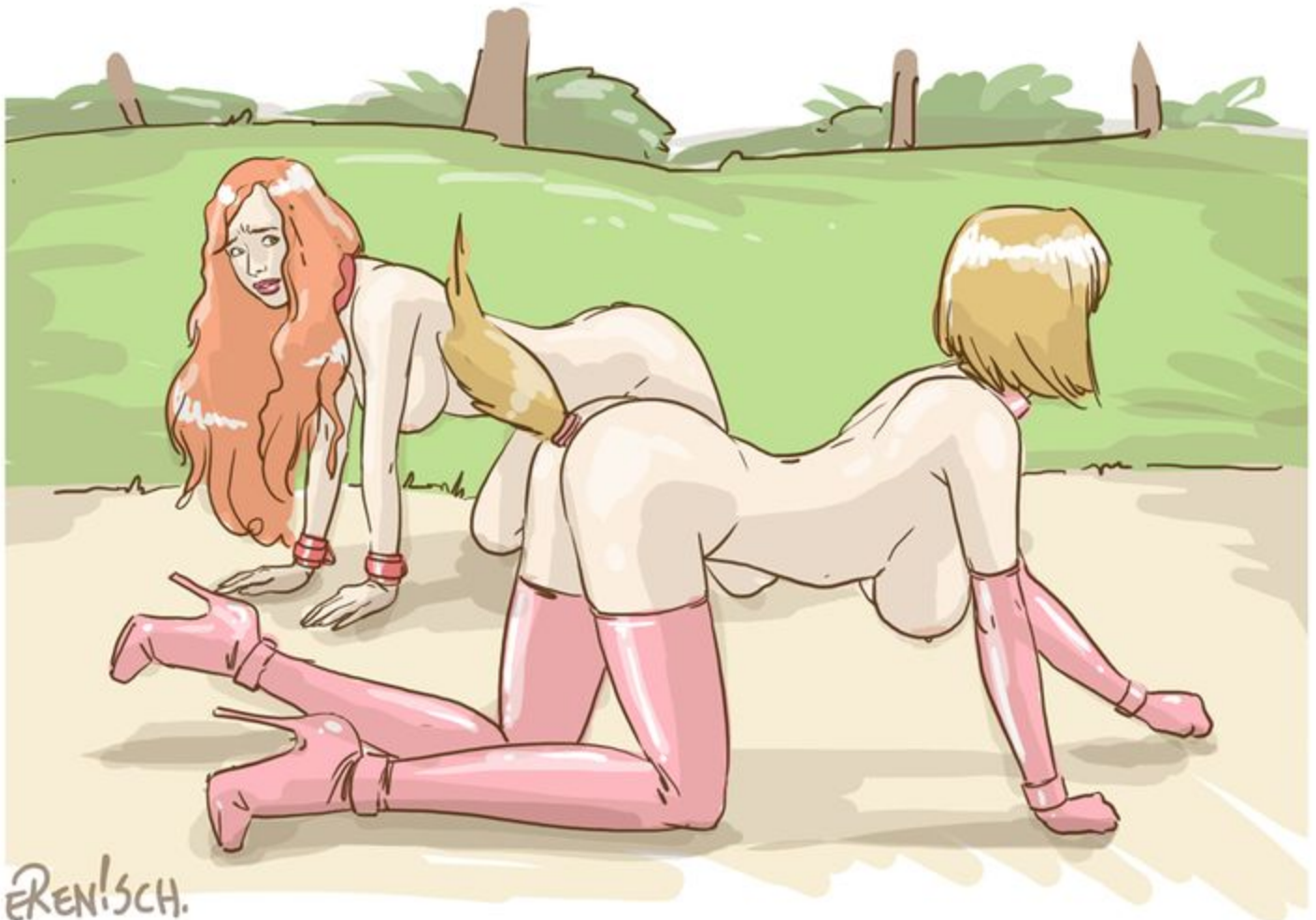
“Sure! I do it all the time. If you lend me your girl for a facefuck, you can stick yours down the throat of the famous Kimberly Muttson. What do you say?”

Surprised by the stranger’s sudden request for using her mouth, Eagerdoll turned to her master with wide open eyes. Eddie was turning bright red. The girl could almost hear the tiny little explosions in her master’s brain.

“Hell yeah!” yelled Eddie, and turned to the redhead. “Go and make me proud, slave!

“Yes master,” replied Eagerdoll as Eddie removed the leash from her collar. He put the leash in his pocket and slapped the slavegirl on her ass. With this signal, the redhead started to crawl toward the man.

As the two slaves passed each other on the way, Eagerdoll couldn’t help but take a good close look at the former reporter’s well-shaped body. She was definitely a high-end A-grade female with perfect proportions and pure skin. Her arms and legs were encased in high quality latex. A scary looking tailplug was inserted in her butt, but it hardly affected her graceful bitchwalk. She smelled like heaven.



Eagerdoll suddenly felt so inferior in comparison to this exquisite fuckpet. She never had a very high opinion of herself prior to this, but she knew she was a fine cunt. She was an A-grade female after all. All her holes were inspected again and again by professional rapists and given high grades. She was beautiful and well-trained. She was always ready and eager to please men in every way she could.

Still, this unexpected meeting with Miss Yummycunt made her feel like a two-buck alley whore.

After two more meters the redhead was at the feet of the stranger. She settled on her knees facing him, and waited for commands.

The man looked at her and parted his legs. "Come here."

Eagerdoll crawled in between his legs and sat on her heels. He put his hand on her right cheek and caressed it with his thumb.

"What is your name, sweetcheeks?"

"This cunt is called Eagerdoll, sir."

"Ah! Such a fine name for a little cocksucking slut. Tell me, Eagerdoll, you like your name?"

"Yes sir," replied the girl. She didn't.

"Do you like serving your new master?" His voice was a little unsettling. Ominous.

"Yes sir," replied Eagerdoll as quickly as possible. This was one of the trick questions all girls learned to answer without hesitation or doubt in their voices.

The man continued to caress her cheek softly.

"Good girl. Now, I want you to look at Miss Yummycunt and see how she sucks your beloved master's dick. And then you will try and do a much better job than she does, okay?"

"But I... of course... this cunt will do her best to please you sir."

"Good. Because you aren't just serving a man right now. You are representing your master, do you understand?"

"Yes sir, this cunt understands."

"Very well, make him proud then. Go on, suck!"

Mastery - 13

“78,” thought Eagerdoll as she parted her full lips and wrapped them around the head of the stranger’s erect dick. Her head started to slowly move up and down with soft moans and slurping sounds. In a minute or two she found the tempo he liked. He was definitely not one of those micromanaging men who kept giving directions to girls. He seemed like a relaxed guy who enjoyed blowjobs at the park. Judging by his reactions, she was doing a good enough job. Eagerdoll was a well-trained and experienced cocksucker after all.

However, she wasn’t able to concentrate fully. All she could think of was what her master was doing at that moment. She wasn’t able to see, and certainly she couldn’t dare to turn her head and look. She could hear the sexy sounds the petgirl was making. Her loud, hungry moans sounded so arousing. She imagined her going down on her master with a shy smile wrapped around his cock, looking up with her lustful eyes. She felt a faint tingle of resentment.

Eddie couldn’t believe his luck. This really was the former star reporter Kimberly Muttson kneeling before him, her pretty head bobbing over his crotch, her warm throat cradling his hardened cock. It felt surreal. Recently rechristened Miss Yummycunt, the celebrity petgirl cocksucker was without a doubt a master of her craft. Eddie knew about her training of course. Entire country knew.

About a couple months ago, her show was cancelled without any notice and nobody knew what happened to her until she suddenly reappeared as a puppified slavegirl. Then a reality series that document her training at Cummypaws girl training school was shown on Channel 12. It was a hit. Eddie had the DVD set too.

The boy kept looking at Yummycunt’s beautiful visage as she expertly sucked and licked on his member, mesmerized. It was almost like an out of body experience. He was in the grip of continuous mind-bending pleasure, but his imagination was running wild with images of what else he would do with this glorious piece of sextoy, if he could.

Kimberly Muttson was a tall, beautiful woman with an exceptionally huge and shapely rack while she was a free woman. Due to her demanding Cummypaws training and strict puppy diet, she looked much more athletic and leaner now. Her tits looked much bigger and rounder compared to her slender figure. They kept swaying and bouncing back and forth as she sucked on Eddie’s shaft, mesmerizing the young boy.

Eddie, like most male members of her audience, fantasized about putting his dick in between those sizable fun-pillows many times. He reached out and cupped the left one and felt the softness of it for a few moments. It felt just like he imagined. He gave it a good squeeze, forcing a louder moan out of the petgirl’s stuffed throat. As a well-trained whore should, she perked up and gave his hand better access to her chest. Eddie immediately cupped the other one and started to play with them freely. Yummycunt’s rhythm sped up and matched Eddie’s squeezes.

“Aren’t they wonderful?”

Eddie snapped out of his boob-induced trance for a moment. “I do that too, you know,” continued the man with a smirk on his face. “Her big tits are that cunt’s best quality.”

Eddie felt the woman licking his balls shudder with her master’s last words. Tiny tears appeared at the corners of her lowered eyes. She continued to lick along the shaft without hesitation.

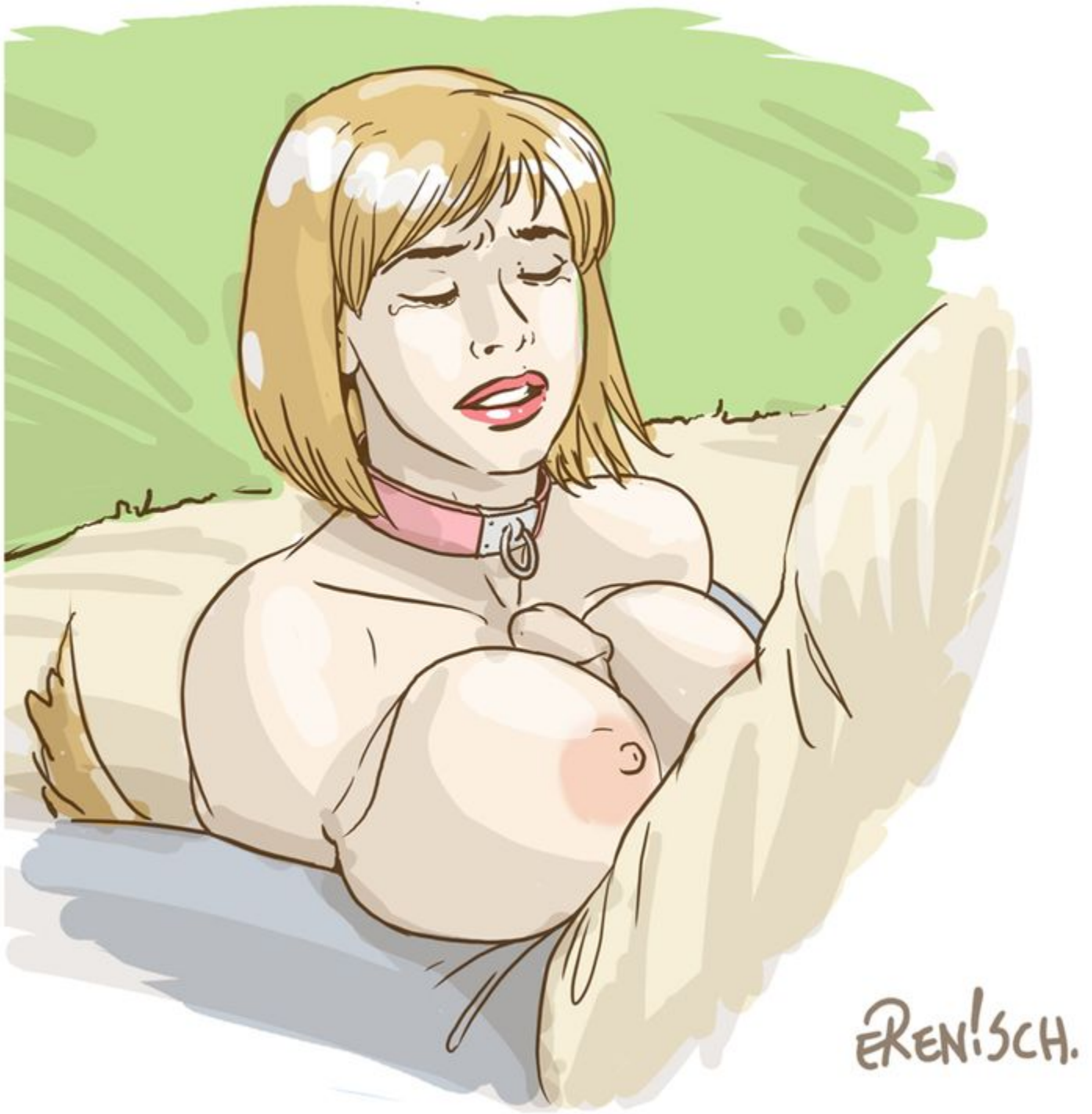
“I think you hurt her feelings, sir,” replied the boy. “She started to cry.”

“Is that so?” laughed the man. His big belly shook and hit Eagerdoll’s face as she was deepthroating his dick. “It is great. After all that inhuman training and torment, one can still humiliate that little whore further.” Eddie heard a slight groan from between his thighs. “I guess she still thinks that her high intelligence, college degree, career success and lost celebrity status ranked higher than the size of her boobies, that little fuck-puppy,” continued the man with a sadistic cadence in his voice. Eddie felt the impact of every word on the slavegirl’s face. Her facial muscles spasmed ever so slightly, tears started to roll down her cheeks uncontrollably. However, her well-sculpted canine posture remained unchanged and she managed to continue servicing Eddie’s dick with perfect technique.

“You want to fuck those tits, son? Go ahead!” yelled the man.

“Thank you”.

Eddie tried to hide his excitement as he grabbed Yummycunt by her hair and pulled her up. She let out a silent yelp, but immediately complied like a good girl. Eddie repositioned the woman and squeezed his legs to secure her torso in place. Her huge boobs dropped on each side of his erect cock. Eddie pressed his knees further together, forcing her to exhale loudly. Now her meaty chest bunnies were holding his member in a tight, loving embrace. Eddie stopped and admired her beauty for a long moment.



Her meaty chest bunnies were holding his member in a tight, loving embrace.

“Move!” ordered the boy after a long pause.

Yummycunt began to move up and down. She was still in the tight grip of his legs, and her movement was restricted. Still, her boobs were so tightly wrapped around the cock, even her minimal wiggling was enough to take Eddie’s cock into titfuck heaven.

After a few minutes, he started to relax his legs around the beautiful puppy’s waist, giving her more leeway to serve. Yummycunt took full advantage of her newfound freedom and started to move faster, with longer strokes. Her big boobs kept slapping Eddie’s belly, bringing him closer and closer to a magnificent climax.

“Look at your master go,” chuckled the man as he grabbed Eagerdoll’s long red hair in his left fist and pulled her up. His cock dropped out of her lips. He grabbed her chin with his other hand and forcefully turned the girl’s head towards Eddie and Miss Yummycunt.

“Have you seen your master playing with another fuckmeat before, little girl?”

“No sir,” replied Eagerdoll. “Thank you for showing this cunt, sir.”

“Ah, of course not. He said he bought you yesterday, didn’t he?” He pulled the redhead further up bringing her ear next to his mouth. He reeked of cigars and cologne.

“What you feel is jealousy,” said the man with a knowing smirk on his fat face. “You are surprised to feel it, don’t you? It is perfectly normal, little slavegirl.”

Eagerdoll made a face. She certainly didn’t feel jealousy. Or did she? She was confused. It was an outrageous thought. Why would she be jealous of a boy who raped her a few times?

“Don’t be confused, little one.” The man was visibly amused by her baffled expression. “Yes, you are his property. He owns you. But just because of that fact, you subconsciously think that he belongs you too. That’s why seeing him in the embrace of another whore makes you feel this way. It is human nature.”

“No... no, sir,” she stuttered. “this cunt is happy to see her master taking pleasure from other fucktoys”

“Ah-hah-hah! So be it,” replied the man and pushed her head back down. “Enough playing, now you’ll make me cum.”

He tightly grabbed her hair with both hands and shoved his dick between her parted lips without mercy. Eagerdoll choked for a moment but quickly adapted to his thrusts. He was now ruthlessly skullfucking her, or more accurately, using her head like a toy to jerk off. At that moment, her pretty little head was nothing better than a masturbation aid made out of cheap plastic. She closed her eyes and let herself go as he kept slapping the poor girl’s face to his big belly.

From several meters away, she could hear the moans of the celebrity puppy and her master. It sounded like he was about to cum in that slut’s mouth. Eagerdoll felt that she should make the man she’s serving climax first. She started responding to his erratic thrusts by sucking and licking the shaft that invades her throat to her best ability. Soon enough, his cock was throbbing uncontrollably, and he suddenly exploded in the back of her well-fucked throat. Wave after wave of warm sticky jizz filled her gullet. She tried not to swallow any of it before he gave permission to do so.

“Good girl,” said the man as he fell back and relaxed his limbs. Eagerdoll sat back on her heels and took proper slave position. Her mouth was still full of the stranger’s cum. She kept her eyes respectfully fixed on the ground in front of her and waited patiently for his next command. Eddie’s groans got more and frequent and then suddenly stopped.

Eddie held his breath for a moment and tightly grabbed Yummycunt’s head. With a quick motion he shoved his dick in the puppy’s mouth and started to unload his semen in her warm, welcoming throat.

“Yes! That was the best thing ever,” declared the boy as he relaxed his body and let the woman’s head go.

A few meters away, Eagerdoll silently started to cry.



Mastery - 14

Eagerdoll thought about the man's words all the way home. Of course, like all men, he was playing a cruel game with her, ruthlessly playing with her emotions to get a few tears out of her beautiful green eyes. They all enjoyed making little girls cry. She knew that well now.

But she also knew that the man was right. It was jealousy she felt when her master praised the other woman's technique. It was just a tingle and it lasted for only a second, but it was definitely jealousy. For the briefest moment, she wanted to jump and slap that bitch, bite her, pull her hair. She felt so ashamed. She didn't even know that poor young woman. Obviously, she was a victim suffering at the hands of her master day and night. Just like Eagerdoll herself.

Was she really suffering? Eagerdoll raised her head to take a quick glance at the young man pulling her leash indifferently. It has been only a day since he bought her at the Mart, but he used her several times in every humiliating way possible, and slapped her repeatedly god knows how many times... But is that anything compared to a full puppygirl training at a facility like Cummypaws Obedience Training Center?

Hell no!

Eagerdoll shivered at the thought of going through that particular hell. She would do anything to avoid that fate.

The ground felt even rougher on the way back home. Her hands and knees were hurting like hell. She could feel her knees getting bruised. Maybe if she begged for kneepads, her master would have mercy on her. But she wasn't allowed to talk without permission. She had to wait for an opportunity to speak. Maybe she could mention it to master's mother?

"I guess we should get you something to wear outside, Eagerdoll."

The redhead turned and looked at her master. Did he somehow read her mind?

The surprise in the slave's pretty eyes seemed to amuse Eddie. "You are crawling weird and moaning a lot. I assume your knees are hurting?"

"Yes master," replied Eagerdoll without hesitation. A sudden burst of excitement was apparent in her high-pitched voice. She immediately realized it and composed herself. "This cunt is sorry, master."

A slight smirk appeared on Eddie's face for a short moment. "That puppy looked so good in her gear. I just love that look. Those latex leg and arm thingies are so sexy. Oh, and a tail-plug. We must get one of those."

"Oh, thank you master," replied the redhead, this time with a sadder tone. There he was reminiscing about that hot fuckpuppy again.



Eddie pulled the girl into the first girl-wrapping shop he saw. A friendly salesgirl rushed towards them and offered her help immediately.

“Welcome to Dirnekleidung, sir. I’m Veronica. How may I help you this fine morning?”

She turned to look at Eagerdoll and continued without waiting a response from Eddie. “I see we have a very cute slavegirl here. Would you like to see our latest line of cuntcovers?”

“Maybe later,” replied Eddie with a dismissing wave. “Do you have standard puppy gear?”

“Why of course, sir.” The blonde salesgirl perked up and turned around on her heels. “Please follow me.”

Eddie and Eagerdoll followed the girl to the puppy section. The shelves were full of colorful items, clothing, restraints, leashes, toys, dog-bowls... Surrounded by all these attractive looking objects, the young slave felt a tingle of shopping-high, totally forgetting about the oppression they symbolized.

“We have everything you need to put that little whore in her place and keep her there, sir”. The girl looked at Eagerdoll with a disarming smile. Caught off-guard with the blonde’s remarks, the redhead bowed her head and lowered her eyes.

“What a lovely fucktoy she is! Is she a recent purchase, sir?”

“Yes,” replied Eddie. He looked amused by the salesgirl’s attitude. “Just bought her yesterday. She needs something to wear to the park.”

“Oh-oh! I know!” The blonde quickly ran around the shelves and assembled several items to show Eddie.

“These are my favorites, sir,” declared the girl excitedly as she laid down the items on the counter. “Look at these long gloves! Look at these thigh-high puppy boots. They are just so awesome to look at, right? These have padding in the

knee area so she won't get any unsightly bruises on her knees."

Eddie liked them alright. "Do they come in blue or green?"

"Yessss!" exclaimed the girl and ran around the shelves again. "You have good taste, sir. these would look really good on this delicious redhead."

She turned to Eddie. "Would you like her to try them on, sir?"

"Okay, I guess."

"Oh great!" replied the girl. "May I touch your slave, sir?"

"Go ahead."

Without any pause, the girl grabbed Eagerdoll by her hair and pulled her up. "Oh, isn't this a beauty," commented the salesgirl as she forced the redhead to climb on the counter. Only at that moment Eagerdoll realized that she was nothing but an object in the eyes of this blonde. She was moving her like she was playing with a lifeless toy, coldly, without any compassion.

The blonde pushed Eagerdoll on her back and lifted her legs one by one to put on the thigh-high boots. They fit like a glove. Despite the salesgirl's rough treatment Eagerdoll couldn't help but feel pampered a little. In a few minutes all four of her limbs were tightly wrapped in latex puppy covers.

"Wonderful!" said the girl as she stepped back to admire her work. "That's the best look for a lowly cunt, isn't it? Oh, I hope I'd look this good if someone turns me in his fucktoy someday." She turned and smiled to Eagerdoll.

"Oh-oh-oh! You know what else this needs? A tail-plug!" exclaimed the girl. She seemed more and more excitable every passing moment.

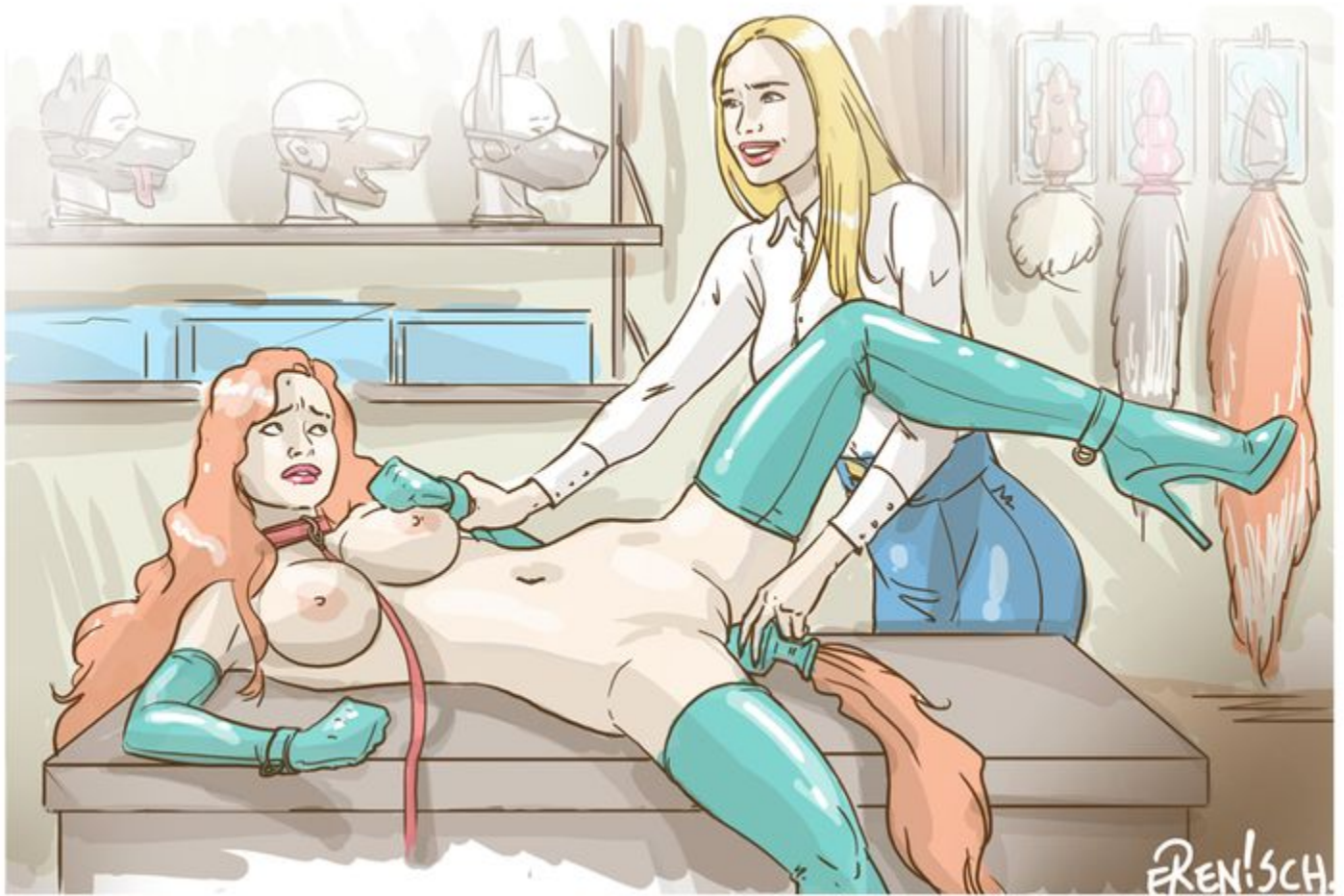
"Yes," replied Eddie. "Something that matches her hair. And make the plug extra-large."

"Of course, sir," said the girl and disappeared in a nook in the wall. From the counter she lied on, Eagerdoll could hear the blonde whistle a jolly tune as she rummaged through a trunk or a closet. In a minute, she was back with a tail. It was made from wavy long red hair, almost identical to hers. Eagerdoll immediately knew that it was made from the hair of another slavegirl somewhere out there. She wondered if the unwilling donor was still alive and serving cock.

That moment of melancholy lasted but a second. She forgot all about that when she noticed the alarmingly big buttplug attached to the tail. "This will really hurt," exclaimed Veronica as she shook the plug in her hand. "May I... sir?"

Eddie gave a nod of approval. He seemed entertained by all this. Veronica smiled and parted Eagerdoll's latex-clad long legs with her free hand. "I like buttplugs," declared the blond as she reached down and pulled out the plastic that sealed Eagerdoll's secondary fuckhole. The redhead whimpered with relief.

"This is so small. You'll like this one better," said Veronica as she took the tailplug and pushed its tip against the slave's tightening anal orifice. "Don't you resist it, little girl. You'll only get hurt if you do. You must have learned that during your training, right?"



Eagerdoll moaned and tried her best to take the remainder of the huge plug in. Veronica seemed to enjoy her struggle. The girl definitely loved her job here.

“Voila! Plugged and tailed!” exclaimed the blonde, victorious. “It’s a very good choice, sir. These are the best. I have one just like this in my butt right now.” She turned and gave Eagerdoll a knowing look. “How lucky you are, little girl.”

She quickly helped the slave down and handed her leash back to Eddie.

“Would you like anything else, sir? We have dog-bowls, cages, squeaky toys...”

“No, that’s enough for today,” replied Eddie. He pulled Eagerdoll towards the check-out counter to pay for the outfit.

“Please come visit us again for your slave-wrapping needs, sir,” waved the blonde salesgirl as they exited the shop. “and remember to ask for Veronica. Have fun with your pretty fuckpuppy!”

Mastery - 15

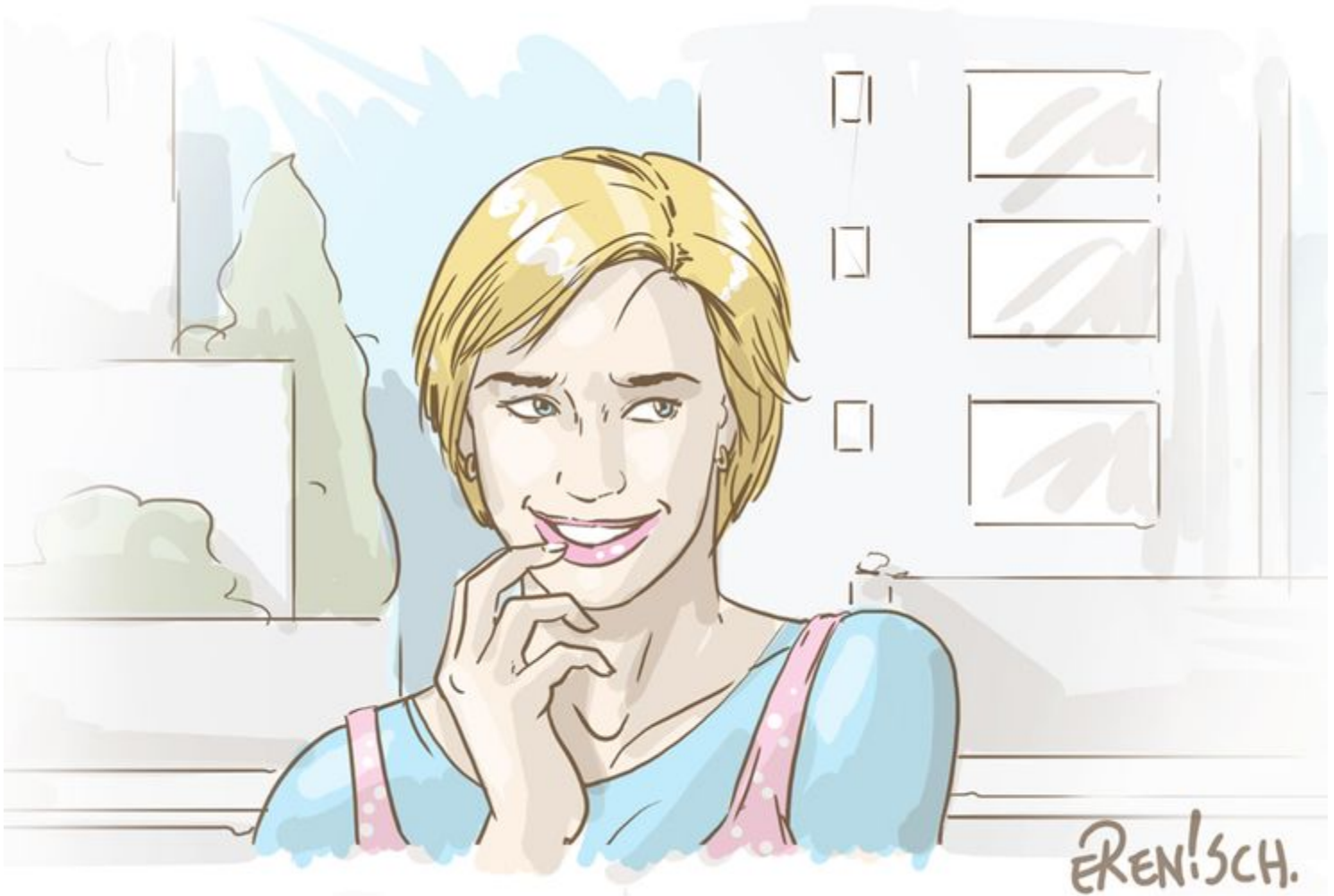
Eagerdoll was relieved now that her knees and hands had some protection. Long bitchwalks were always bad for a girl's joints of course. Thankfully this one was almost over. She could see master's home in the distance. 100 more steps and she would be serving her master in a warmer, well-carpeted place. Perhaps he would even rape her on the bed.

"Eddie!"

Master suddenly stopped and turned towards the voice coming from across the street. A young girl with short blonde hair was waving her hands jovially. Eagerdoll immediately recognized the girl from the secret picture she found in her master's room.

"Wait over there, naughty boy!"

Stephanie swiftly crossed the road and approached the stunned boy and his latex-clad redheaded puppy-slave.



"You brute!" she smiled and playfully punched Eddie's shoulder with her left fist. "I saw you turn the corner from my window and I couldn't believe my eyes! You bought a slavegirl?"

"Uh, yeah," stuttered Eddie, still a little shocked. It was obvious he didn't know what to say or do. His sudden transformation into an awkward teenager amused Eagerdoll. His vulnerability humanized him a bit in her eyes.

"I bought her yesterday... from Girl-Mart."

"What, you did? I thought she was a family slave?"

"Well, yeah. I've been saving for a girl, and..."

Stephanie threw her hands in the air as if she remembered something important. "Wait! The 100 bucks you borrowed from me last week. Did you..."

"Yes," replied Eddie with a timid smile. "I'll pay you back, don't worry."

The blonde turned to Eagerdoll and checked her out from head to toe. "Oh my! You got a very good one too. She is very pretty. An A-grade, isn't she?"

Eddie smiled and nodded. Eagerdoll perked up with a sudden surge of pride and recovered her proper puppy posture. She was proud to make her master proud.

Stephanie crouched in front of the slavegirl and put her left hand on her head. "So pretty. Look at this long beautiful red hair." She started to gently caress the puppy's hair. Eagerdoll didn't know how to respond. Should she thank her? She wasn't asked a question or given permission to talk. And the blonde wasn't actually speaking to her but was speaking about her. She decided to play safe and put on a faint smile to show her gratitude.

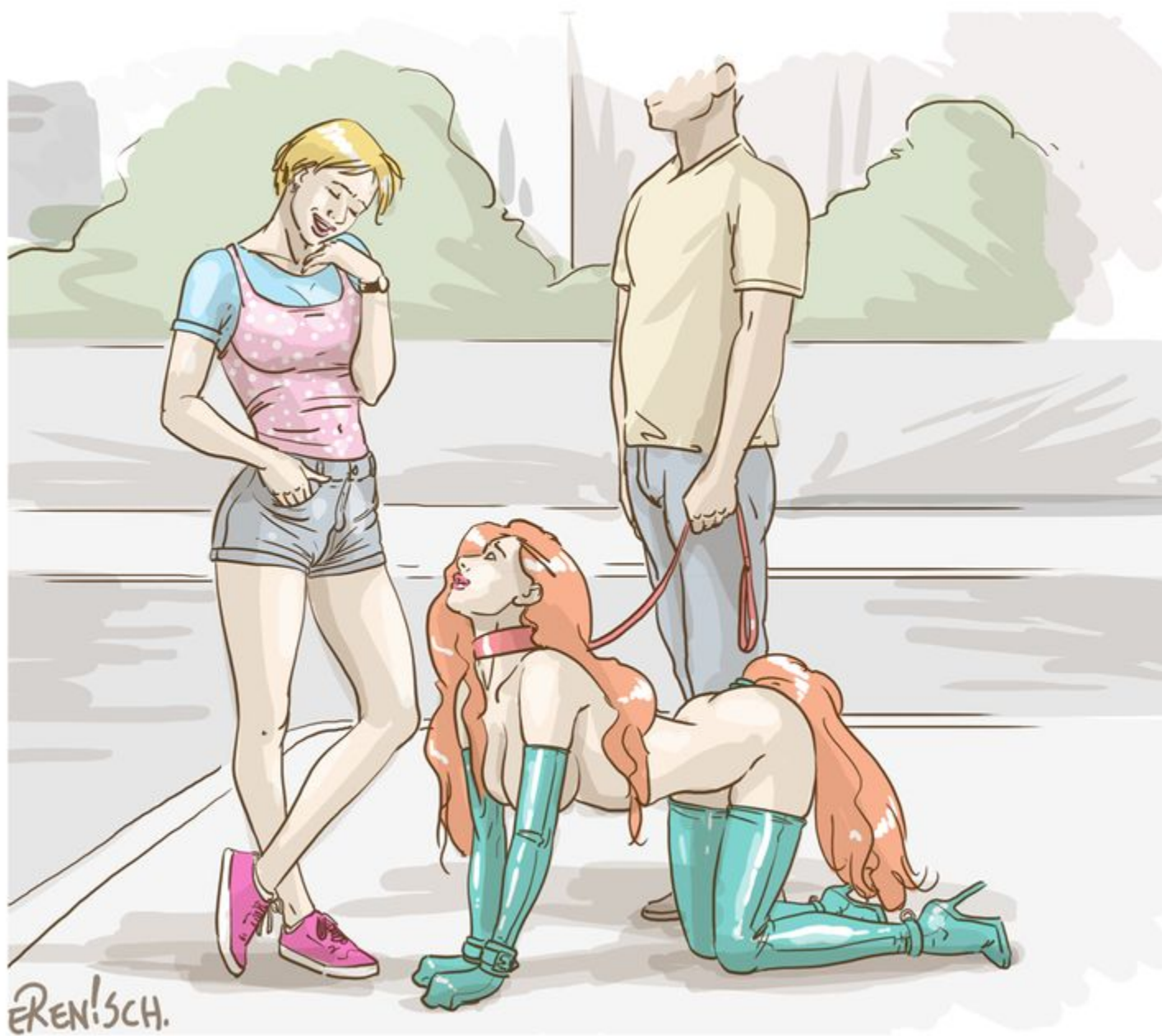
"Do you let her talk, or is she just a woof?" asked Stephanie, as if she somehow read the slave's mind. Eagerdoll wondered if her eyes gave away too much of her thoughts.

"Oh, she talks," replied Eddie. He seemed more relaxed now. "But I can make her woof for you, if you like that kind of thing?"

"Ha-ha! You'd make her play tricks for me?" Stephanie was entertained by the idea. She held Eagerdoll's face between her two hands. "Would you do tricks for me, little puppy?"

This time Eagerdoll was sure that she was spoken to. "Yes mam," she responded with a genuine smile.

"Ha! She speaks! How cute." The blonde pinched Eagerdoll's cheek playfully and tapped her head before she stood back up.



Eddie was relieved. He had been nervous about Stephanie's reaction to his owning a slavegirl. He didn't know what she'd do or say, and it had been a source of stress in his mind for weeks. He definitely didn't expect she'd be this cheerful about it.

"Sooo," smiled the girl with naught smirk. "Tell me, what have you been doing with her?"

Eddie blushed. He opened his mouth but didn't know what to say.

Stephanie was visibly amused. She turned to the slave again.

“What did he do with you, slavegirl?”

Eagerdoll looked up to see her Master's reaction. She was asked a direct question again.

“This cunt serves her master every way he wants, mam. Thank you for asking.” She looked at her master once more to see if he was angry with her answer. He didn't seem to be.

“Oooh! She calls herself ‘this cunt’, just like the ones on TV!”

With that remark, Eagerdoll realized that the blonde had no first-hand contact with a slave before. Every single female in the country was used to the sight of leashed slaves crawling around the city and bound slaves getting used and abused in public places, but most people preferred to limit their daughters' exposure to this violent reality in various ways. Many free girls weren't allowed to talk to, or even look at sex slaves. Many young girls believed that this was a limited, rare fate that befall on a very small minority of girls. If they behaved well and studied hard, they wouldn't end up as slaves themselves. Before she was sold to Girl-Mart, Eagerdoll too was among these deluded innocents.

It was obvious the blonde thought herself to be untouchable too. In her beautiful blue eyes, Eagerdoll was a rare oddity, an unlucky girl who didn't respect her parents or pay enough attention at school. She deserved to be enslaved, trained, abused, and played with. If only she was a good daughter and a hard-working student like Stephanie.

“May I play with her too?” asked the girl putting on an extra cute face. “you know, from time to time? I can take her for walks in the park.”

Eddie hesitated for a moment but eventually nodded. “Sure, you can play with her, but...” He didn't know how to continue.

“Thank you!” exclaimed the gleeful blonde and grabbed his hand. “Come on, let's go to my place and play.”

Eddie was baffled. He offered no resistance as Stephanie pulled him across the street. Eagerdoll swiftly followed them on all fours.

“My parents would kill me if they see me in the same room with a slavegirl.” She laughed. “But don't worry. They won't be back until late afternoon.”

Eddie's head was spinning. He and Stephanie grew up together as close friends. Along the way, things changed for the young boy. He didn't remember exactly when, but she somehow turned into this stunning blonde goddess. Since that moment he dreamed about her every single night, in very obscene scenarios.

In a few moments, the girl of his dreams was pushing him into her house, with a naked sex slave in the tow.

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Stephanie playfully pulled Eddie all the way to the living room.

“Sit! I’ll bring us some lemonade, ok?”

“OK,” replied Eddie, still a little surprised by his crush’s unusually jovial response to his new slaveowner status. He watched as Stephanie left the room, his eyes involuntarily fixed at her cute bottom.

Eagerdoll, fully aware of her master’s confused state, slowly crawled next to him and sat on her heels. The blonde girl’s positive attitude was refreshing and apparently contagious. She felt more relaxed and somewhat excited about what might happen next. Her mood was certainly changed since she was face-raped by a stranger at the park.

She raised her eyes for a moment and stole a glance of her master’s face. He looked calm, but he kept moving in his seat nervously. Eagerdoll could almost see the wild images and scenarios bouncing around in his head. At that moment, he looked like a jittery teenager instead of a man who raped her a number of times.

In a couple minutes, Stephanie returned with a couple glasses in her hands. She gave one to Eddie and hopped on the couch next to him.

“Come on, try it. I made it myself.”

Eddie took a sip from his drink and nodded. “It’s great.”

Stephanie smiled.

“Sooo,” she continued, “what now?”

Eddie took another long sip to calm himself down a bit. “What... what do you want to do?” he asked back.

Stephanie leaned over the boy to take a closer look at the redhead kneeling on his other side. Her touch sent a wave of excitement through Eddie’s body. “I wonder if she is trained to serve females too?” whispered Stephanie. Eddie felt her warm breath caressing his neck.

Eagerdoll perked up and looked at the blonde. She wanted to say yes but she couldn’t respond. She wasn’t asked a direct question.

“I guess,” replied Eddie and turned to his slavegirl. “She might have had some training.” The redhead interpreted the persistent eye contact as a direct question and nodded.

“Yes, master... miss... This cunt was trained to serve females too.”

“Ooh! She calls me miss,” chuckled the blonde. “Is that how you call freewomen?”

“Yes miss.”

Stephanie leaned further and patted the slavegirl’s head with her left hand.

“Good doggie!”



Eddie tried to keep his calm. The girl he had a crush on was now stretching over his lap, almost like asking for a spanking. Was she doing this to seduce him? Could she be unaware of her effect on his member? He raised his right hand and brought it over the blonde's cute little bottom. For the longest moment, he considered giving her a little spank. Maybe if he slapped her bum in a playful manner, she would...

She suddenly jumped back to her initial position and turned to the boy. "Eddie," she exclaimed in a melodic voice and fluttered her long eyelashes. "Would you let me... say, sit on her face and..." She didn't finish her sentence. Instead she gave him a playful look. "You know?"

Eddie nodded. "Y-yes, yes of course," he stammered.

"But you can't look! Promise me you won't look, okay? I'd be too embarrassed."

"I... okay," replied the boy.

"Woo-hoo!" shouted the blonde girl and jumped off of the couch.

"Okay, slavegirl. Come here and lie on your back."

Eagerdoll looked at her master for a moment. She wasn't still sure if she should obey the blonde's direct commands. Eddie nodded.

The redhead slowly bitchwalked across the huge Ottohun carpet that dominated the room. She continued to the spot Stephanie pointed at and she laid down on her back. The soft carpet felt good on her back which was used to cold concrete and rough wood.

"What a beautiful thing you are!"

The slave opened her eyes and smiled to the blonde who was admiring her beautiful naked body. Stephanie slowly circled around the slave and looked at her in every angle. Then she jumped as she remembered something important.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed and turned to Eddie, blushing a little. "I can't possibly do it like this. You'd see my private parts." She chuckled and gave Eddie another playful look. "Wait here a moment!"

As she skipped out of the room, Eddie took another good look at her butt. Oh, how much he wanted to grab and violently penetrate it! She was the most beautiful thing in the world.

Eagerdoll noticed the lust and yearning in her Master's face, but surprisingly it didn't bother her as much as the celebrity petwoman at the park. There was something very pure and innocent in his expression. It wasn't just a rapelust. His love for the happy little blonde turned this young brute into a human in the slavegirl's eyes.

She closed her tired eyes again and continued to enjoy the softness of the carpet. It was the first time she had the chance to lay down and relax like this since she was enslaved long months ago. A slavegirl should take full advantage of such rare moments of relaxation.

It didn't last long. Stephanie was back in a minute, now sporting a flowery cotton sundress that reached her knees.

"How do I look?" asked the blonde as she pulled her skirt to the sides with a cutesy curtsy.

"You are... you look very beautiful, Steph."

Eddie gulped and tried to keep a straight face.

"This old thing is the only dress with a long skirt," she responded, looking a little embarrassed. "But at least you won't see my private parts in this." She giggled.

She walked up to the redhead still lying in the middle of the room and stood next to her head.

"Okay, I'm gonna do this now."

Now, it was the blonde who sounded nervous. She raised her left leg and put it on the other side of Eagerdoll's head.

"Here goes!"

She slowly got down on her knees and positioned herself right over Eagerdoll's face. She pulled her skirt from the sides to drape it over the slave's head and shoulders like a little tent.

Eddie straightened up in his seat to have a better look at the girls. Stephanie noticed him moving and put her finger up like a warning.

"Hey, young man! You can't see anything, can you?"

Eddie shook his head.

"Okay, but if you see something, just turn your head! Will you promise me to turn away?"

Eddie nodded. His primary concern was to hide his huge boner at that moment. Thankfully, Stephanie was too nervous to notice her guest's embarrassing situation.

She awkwardly opened her legs further apart. Her excitement amused Eagerdoll. The blonde was young and inexperienced. It was obvious that she never did anything like this before.

Stephanie could feel the slavegirl's warm breath on her untouched womanhood and inner thighs. It was the strangest feeling she ever experienced in her short existence. Her head was turning with excitement. Not only was she going to have a slave lick her pussy for the first time in her life, but her closest friend was a few meters away, watching. His constant gaze made it even more exciting.

The blonde was of course fully aware of her effect on men. She was very beautiful and she knew it. She was a gift to mankind. Certainly, all men would want to enslave and fuck her. But Stephanie was lucky. Her father was wealthy enough to keep her free and safe as long as she wanted. She could pick her own husband when the time comes.

Eddie was different. He was her best friend growing up. Their families were close. They were practically raised together, played together, went to school together. Eddie has been always protective of her, especially after she turned into a beautiful young girl and boys began to harass her at school. She felt so safe with him.

Having calmed down a bit, Stephanie slowly sat down on Eagerdoll's mouth. The redhead opened her lips and gave a little kiss to the girl's swollen vulva. Stephanie's entire body shook. Eddie perked up in his seat once more.

Stephanie clenched her fists as Eagerdoll dutifully started to lick her slit up and down. Her eyes closed and she bit her lower lip, trying to stifle a big moan. Millions of sparks flared up in her head, as pleasures she never felt before began to overtake her body. In that state, it was almost impossible for her to notice Eddie taking out his phone and pushing the record button.

Eagerdoll was enjoying herself too. She was trained to serve females, of course. All trainees had to clean up each other's fuckholes after gangrapes. But that was part cleaning duty and part dinner. Their main concern was never to give pleasure to the other slaves. It was good training anyway, as it helped girls develop muscle memory.

The slave took her time licking Stephanie's pussy up and down. Her tongue went deeper and deeper in the slit with every stroke and finally entered in her fuckhole. She grabbed the blonde's clit between her tongue and upper lip and squeezed, bringing out an insuppressible moan from the young girl.

As Eagerdoll began to tongue-fuck her, and give her increasingly aggressive kisses on her labia and clit, Stephanie slowly lost control of her reactions. Her moans got louder and louder. Her hands began to move around her body. She was uncontrollably shaking and arching her body in the sexiest way possible.



Eddie couldn't believe his eyes. This was the most exciting thing he ever witnessed in his life. He imagined Stephanie in millions of different steamy situations, but seeing her like this in real life was infinitely better than all his wild fantasies. He kept squeezing his legs to relieve some of the tension building up in his crotch. But it was pointless. It was torture.

Seemingly endless minutes passed. Eagerdoll noticed that the blonde was slowly approaching a point of no return. She knew what to do. Her lips and tongue switched to upper gear in order to bring the girl over the threshold. Stephanie was now letting out little screams. She was no longer able to control herself. As her body approached the inevitable, she leaned forward and put her hands over the slavegirl's big tits to support herself. She pushed her crotch over the redhead's busy mouth. Eagerdoll masterfully managed to survive the unexpected pressure and continued to serve her pussy with a frantic pace.

In a moment, Stephanie started to shake uncontrollably. Eagerdoll's tongue finally brought her over the line. The blonde was delirious now. Waves of pleasure emanating from the spot between her legs began to flow through her entire body. Her mind was almost blank, as if it was wiped by the intense joy the redhead's well-trained tongue was giving her. Her climax was still far from over. Eagerdoll's lips were still working on Stephanie's clit, stretching her climax further and further. New waves of pleasure kept hitting her body again and again. Was this one of those multi-orgasms she heard about?

The intensity of the feeling finally subsided down slowly, but the warm, blissful feeling lingered on. She finally gave up and collapsed over the slavegirl's naked body. She rested her head on her stomach and closed her eyes. She was exhausted, but happy.

After a job well done, Eagerdoll slowed down and gave Stephanie's swollen red clit a final soft kiss. Her face was covered in sweet pussy juices and sweat. Her face was bright red and her head was pulsating. She was proud of herself.

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Eddie sat motionless as Stephanie laid on top of Eagerdoll panting, her short blonde hair spread over the redhead's stomach. Their breathing slowly turned to normal. He was fighting a very strong urge to unzip his pants and deal with his boner.

Stephanie gave a quick little kiss to Eagerdoll's pubic mound and raised her head.

"Oh my... how embarrassing."

She quickly adjusted her dress and brushed her hair to the side. "I can't believe I did this in front of you. Oh god, you don't think less of me, do you?" She looked at Eddie with her signature shy little cute girl look.

Eddie shook his head. "Less of you? Of course not."

"I never do stuff like this."

She crawled backwards and sat on her heels. "Thank you for letting me play with your slavegirl, Eddie. She raised her right hand and caressed Eagerdoll's long red hair with sincere gratitude. "And thank you, slavegirl."

Eagerdoll smiled. "Thank you for using this cunt, miss."

"You can get up now."

The redhead promptly jumped back on her knees and assumed her service position with perfect posture. She joined her wrists behind her back and presented her upper body for inspection. She was genuinely trying to impress the blonde girl now. This girl was a like a bowl of sunshine, and her cute smile was infectious.

"Oh, I love how your boobs look when you do that with your arms. They are so pretty."

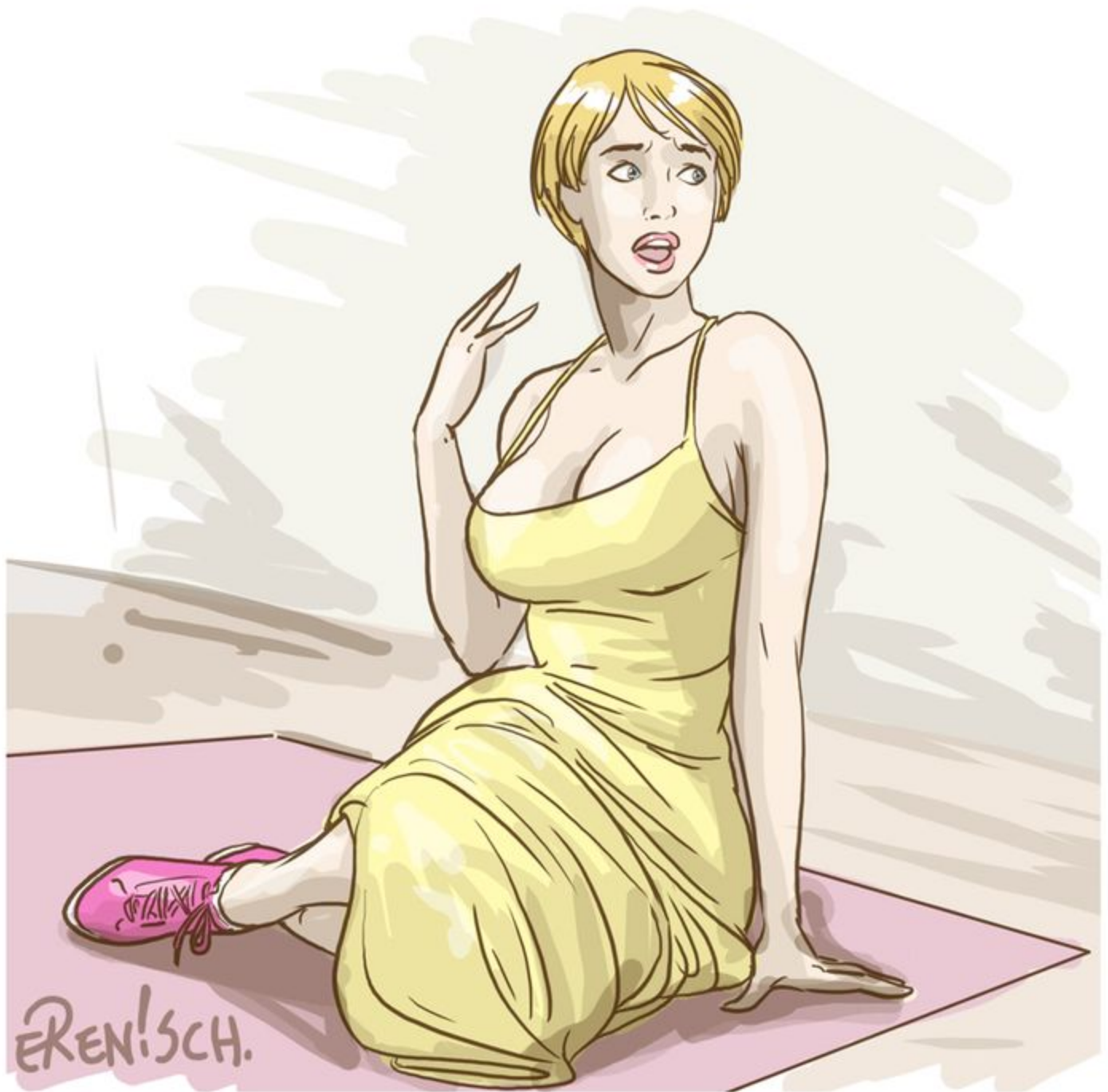
Eagerdoll proudly pushed her chest even further. "Thank you, miss."

Eddie silently watched the two girls chatting like two old friends, seemingly oblivious to the situation they were in. He didn't quite know what to do or say. He was on uncharted territory now. He never imagined himself in such a situation. The girl he had a crush on was casually chatting with the naked slavegirl he bought the day before.

"Oh my!"

Eddie looked up and his eyes met with Stephanie's wide-open eyes. The blond was looking directly at his crotch.

"Eddie! Is that an erection?"



“Eddie! Is that an erection?”

Startled boy quickly closed his legs and straightened in his seat. He was blushing.

“I’m so sorry,” continued the girl. She looked ashamed. “I shouldn’t have done this. This is all because of me, isn’t it? Oh, I’m such a slut.”

“No, no, it’s...” mumbled Eddie, averting his eyes from hers.

A short silence ensued.

Eagerdoll suddenly remembered she was a sex slave. The way Stephanie talked to her a few minutes ago made the redhead feel like a free girl again. Now that the blonde’s soothing, bright smile was gone for a moment, Eagerdoll snapped out of the short-lived illusion.

She was surprised to see her master embarrassed by this. This was the boy who violated and humiliated her multiple times ruthlessly, skullfucked his old teacher in the middle of a supermarket, and got his cock sucked by a woman who just met at a public park... But now he was blushing because his friend noticed his erection? It seemed very weird.

She felt like she should do something to diffuse the situation.

“This cunt is sorry, miss. It’s this cunt’s fault. It has been a while since this cunt relieved her master.”

Normally, Eddie would respond to her speaking without permission with a few hard slaps across the face, but this time he was relieved that Eagerdoll broke the awkward silence. He relaxed a bit and leaned back.

“May this cunt suck your cock, master?” asked Eagerdoll without raising her eyes from the floor. She didn’t expect him to say yes, but he could find use this opportunity to thank their hostess and leave, thus ending this awkward moment.

Eddie read the cue right and turned to Stephanie to ask her permission to leave. She looked intrigued now.

“oh... may I watch?”

“What?” asked Eddie with a shocked expression on his face.

“May I watch your slave do her thing... you know?”

Eddie hesitated to respond for a moment. “You want to... watch?”

“Well, you watched me just a moment ago, didn’t you? It’s only fair,” replied the blonde.

“No-no-no! You made sure I didn’t see anything good,” said Eddie playfully. He was feeling like himself again. The awkwardness was now gone, replaced entirely by excitement.

“Oh, come on Eddie,” continued Stephanie. She crawled up to him and put one hand on his right knee. “I’m sure you enjoyed it anyway, didn’t you?”

Eddie nodded. “You are full of surprises today, Steph.”

“Is that a yes?” Stephanie smiled and clapped in a cute way. “Yay!”

She turned and motioned to the slavegirl. “Come here and show us the proper way to do it, Eagerdoll.”

Eagerdoll immediately fell on her hands and knees and crawled in between her master’s legs.

“May this cunt...”

“Go ahead,” replied Eddie.

Eagerdoll reached out and started to unzip his pants. Stephanie repositioned herself on her knees next to Eddie’s right leg. Her breathing was visibly quickened.

“This is all very exciting,” exclaimed the blonde as the slave reached in and grabbed her master’s underpants. Eddie responded to her grin with an awkward, anxious smile. He couldn’t believe the situation he was in. His crush was about to see his member in a second, and he had no idea how she’d react.

Eagerdoll carefully grabbed his erect penis and pulled it out with a graceful motion. She grabbed the base and pushed her hand down as much as possible to make it look longer and bigger. She wanted it to impress the blonde, and she didn’t know exactly why.

“ooh!”

Stephanie made a little noise but didn’t say anything else. She looked amazed and surprised. Eagerdoll suddenly realized that this was the first real penis the blonde has ever seen in her life. She smiled to herself. Their host acted confident and jovial since the moment they met on the street a couple hours ago, but now she was but a wide-eyed, naïve teenager.

Eddie nervously moved in his seat. He expected a bigger response from Stephanie, or perhaps just a less ambiguous one. Was she repulsed by it? Or disappointed?

Eagerdoll knew what to do next well, but she felt like this unique situation called for a non-traditional approach. She decided to improvise.

“You have a beautiful cock, master,” she commented as she started to slowly stroke the shaft up and down. “The most beautiful one this cunt has ever seen.” She looked up to see Eddie’s reaction. He looked content, and perhaps a little grateful too?



"Ooh!"

"This cunt is lucky to serve your cock, master," she continued, now with greater confidence. She was going to put on a little play for the blonde.

The slave's well-trained hands were slowly picking up pace. "Do you enjoy it, master?" she asked with a coy voice. Eddie nodded.

Stephanie moved a little closer and rested her face on Eddie's thigh. Eagerdoll realized that the blonde was now hugging her master's leg a little more tightly.

"You'd enjoy it more if it was a little more slippery, master," continued the slave and turned to Stephanie. "Would you like to spit on it so this cunt can please master better, miss?"

Stephanie perked up. "Me? Spit on it?" She got the cute smile back and looked at Eddie. "May I?"

Eddie, astonished, nodded yes.

Stephanie, with a mischievous look on her pretty face, leaned forward a little and approached Eddie's cock. Eddie felt the blonde's warm breath on the tip of his cock. A jolt of excitement ran through his body. His crush's pouty lips were only inches away from his raging manhood. He couldn't believe it.

"Here goes," chuckled Stephanie and spat on his cock. Eagerdoll quickly spread it all over Eddie's cock and started to stroke faster. Reduced friction immediately amplified the sensation Eddie was feeling, but the image of Stephanie almost kissing his penis was what made this experience incredibly exciting.

"This cunt loves to feel the strength and virility of master's cock," continued Eagerdoll without losing any time. She felt more and more in control now. She was running the show as the more experienced one of the three, even though she was merely a sex pet. She like the feeling of control and wanted more. Trying to hide a grin, she turned to Stephanie again.

"Would you like to feel it too, miss?"

Both teenagers were at a loss of words now. Eddie froze and held his breath. Stephanie also seemed to be unable to move or say anything for a moment. Eagerdoll could almost see her brain cells flaring behind her big, wide-open eyes. After a seemingly endless unnerving silence she stuttered with a barely heard soft voice.

"O-okay."

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Eagerdoll slowed down and ever so subtly pushed the tip of her master's cock towards Stephanie. The blonde sat still for a long moment. Her eyes were fixed on the penis, as if she was mesmerized by the rhythmic motions of the slavegirl's hand. She was frozen by a mixture of excitement and fear.



Stephanie was a free soul who loved to learn and discover new things whenever she could. She was well aware of the oppression towards her gender beyond the relative safety of her own home, but she always tried to experience as much of the outside world as possible.

She now had a new frontier to push right in front of her. It was the first real-life male genital organ she has seen, and now she was about to touch it. The fact that the penis belonged to her closest friend added to the thrill of the moment. She realized that she never looked at him as a sexual being before. But now he became “exhibit A” in her introduction to sex.

“Okay,” she repeated, a little louder this time, as she tried to drum up the courage to raise her hand and touch the cock. “Would you... I mean... should I...”

Eagerdoll suppressed the smile stretching behind her well-trained visage of obedience. She felt the blonde needed some assistance to make the first move.

“Here,” she whispered as she grabbed Stephanie's right hand and gently put it on the throbbing penis.

As soon as she wrapped her slender fingers around his cock, Stephanie felt a subtle but powerful wave shook Eddie's body. His reaction momentarily worried her.

“Oh, sorry, was it too tight?” asked the girl as she shyly raised her eyes to see Eddie's reaction.

“No, it's just fine,” replied the boy, trying hard not to sound jittery. He was now fully convinced that this was the peak of his existence on this Earth.

“You should move your hand like so.”

Eagerdoll softly held Stephanie's hand and started to move it up and down. Stephanie gasped and held her breath as she started to stroke her best friend's penis. The redheaded slavegirl, further emboldened by her master's tacit approval of her actions, kept breaking the rules of slave behavior. She was now virtually instructing a freewoman to give her master a good handjob.

Eddie was aware of his slave's repeated violation of rules, but he didn't care. He immediately decided to punish her for her audacity, but surely the girl deserved a big reward too. She was the one who put his cock in his dream girl's caring soft hands.

Stephanie continued to stroke his cock with what seemed like an unwavering focus. Her eyes were fixed on the organ, not because she wanted to see its every twitch and throb, but because she was too scared to look into Eddie's or the slavegirl's eyes. She realized that the slave was no longer holding her hands. It was she who was pleasuring Eddie now.

"Am I doing it right? I don't really know if..."

"You are doing just fine," whispered the redhead in her ear. "But you need to mix it up a little. Slow down... pick up the pace again... Squeeze it a little."

She leaned over the cock and spat on it to lubricate it a bit more.

"Now, faster!"

Stephanie complied without hesitation. Her head was still clouded by the thrill of the moment. She could barely form intelligible thoughts. She couldn't even remember how she was convinced to do this in the first place.

"Faster!"

As the redhead kept cheering Stephanie on, Eddie was gradually approaching a point of no return. Involuntary sighs and whimpers that escape the blonde's mouth was amplifying his excitement beyond belief. He didn't know what he'd do when it was time to ejaculate. Perhaps he should try and hold it back until he figured it out.

"Faster!"

Stephanie was now stroking frantically, her soft hands moving like a shuttle of pleasure along Eddie's well lubricated shaft. She was almost out of breath. Her sighs and whimpers were forming an enchanting melody. Eddie was now sure that it was almost impossible to stop the impending climax.

Eagerdoll was experienced enough to realize her master was approaching the end. She had to quickly decide what to do. Speaking without permission was one thing, but wasting the master's cum? She couldn't take that big a risk.

"Would you please let this cunt drink your cum, master?" she asked, going back to her proper manners.

Eddie nodded. The slave's question pulled Stephanie out of her handjob induced trance. She realized that Eddie's engorged cock was throbbing and shaking more and more. His face was bright red. All his muscles were constricting with urgency.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed as she felt the pre-cum oozing out of Eddie's cock on her hand. "What do I do now?"

"Before Eddie could say anything, Eagerdoll leaned over his cock and quickly took the tip in her mouth. Load after load spurted in her mouth. Stephanie, still holding the cock, watched as the redhead received the reward of her labors. She could clearly feel each final throb and spurt. She felt a sense of accomplishment... But she was little frustrated too, because the redhead swooped in at the last moment.



In a few seconds, Eddie's cock calmed down and his body went limp. Eagerdoll carefully pulled her head back with her lips sealed. She managed not to let a single drop out. Then she opened her beautiful green eyes and looked at Eddie, waiting for his next command.

Eddie raised his hand and waved it dismissively to signal his approval. Stephanie watched with fascination as the redhead swallowed the cum she collected in her mouth in a single gulp and exhaled with relief.

"Thank you for letting this cunt drink your wonderful cum, master." She paused for a moment. "Do you want this cunt serve you again, master?"

Eddie straightened up in his seat and motioned the slave to zip his pants. "No, that's enough for today. I think we should go."

He turned to Stephanie, who was still kneeling in front of him with his cock in her hand. His eyes brought the blonde back from her stupor. She immediately pulled her hand back and jumped up with visible embarrassment.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

She stood up with her wet right hand awkwardly hanging on her side. "Please... hold on a second, will you. I'll wash up and..."

She rushed out of the room and disappeared in the hallway.

When the blonde left, Eagerdoll straightened her back further and assumed a perfect position. She was still not sure what her master's reaction to her multiple rule violations would be, even though she felt she deserved some kind of reward for what she accomplished. She felt proud of herself.

Eddie waited until Stephanie was safely out of earshot, then leaned forward and raised his hand. The slavegirl closed her eyes and embraced for a hard slap across the face. Surely, she'd be a fool to think she wouldn't be slapped silly for repeatedly speaking without permission.

But the slap didn't come. Instead, she felt a soft pat on head.

"You did good, little cunt. You played a risky game, but you did good. I'll reward you later"

Eagerdoll opened her eyes and smiled.

"Thank you, master."

Then a hard slap landed on her left cheek, throwing her to the floor.

Mastery - 19

Eddie was in a gloomy mood. It's been three days since his exciting visit to Stephanie's house and he hadn't heard from her. That was definitely the best couple hours of his life, but now he was getting more and more concerned. What if Stephanie regretted it all? What would he do if she suddenly stopped talking to him because of it?

"It's all that stupid little whore's fault," he mumbled to himself. If that worthless slave hadn't suddenly decided to take matters in her hands and force Steph to give him an handjob, things wouldn't be awkward now.

He had mixed feelings about that surreal experience. That moment his crush touched his cock completely transformed him and his wet dreams forever. It was all he's been thinking about ever since. It was the high point of his life, but at what cost! He certainly didn't want to lose Stephanie because of something like this.

He quickly ran up the stairs and entered his home. He threw his backpack against the wall and continued towards his room without breaking pace.

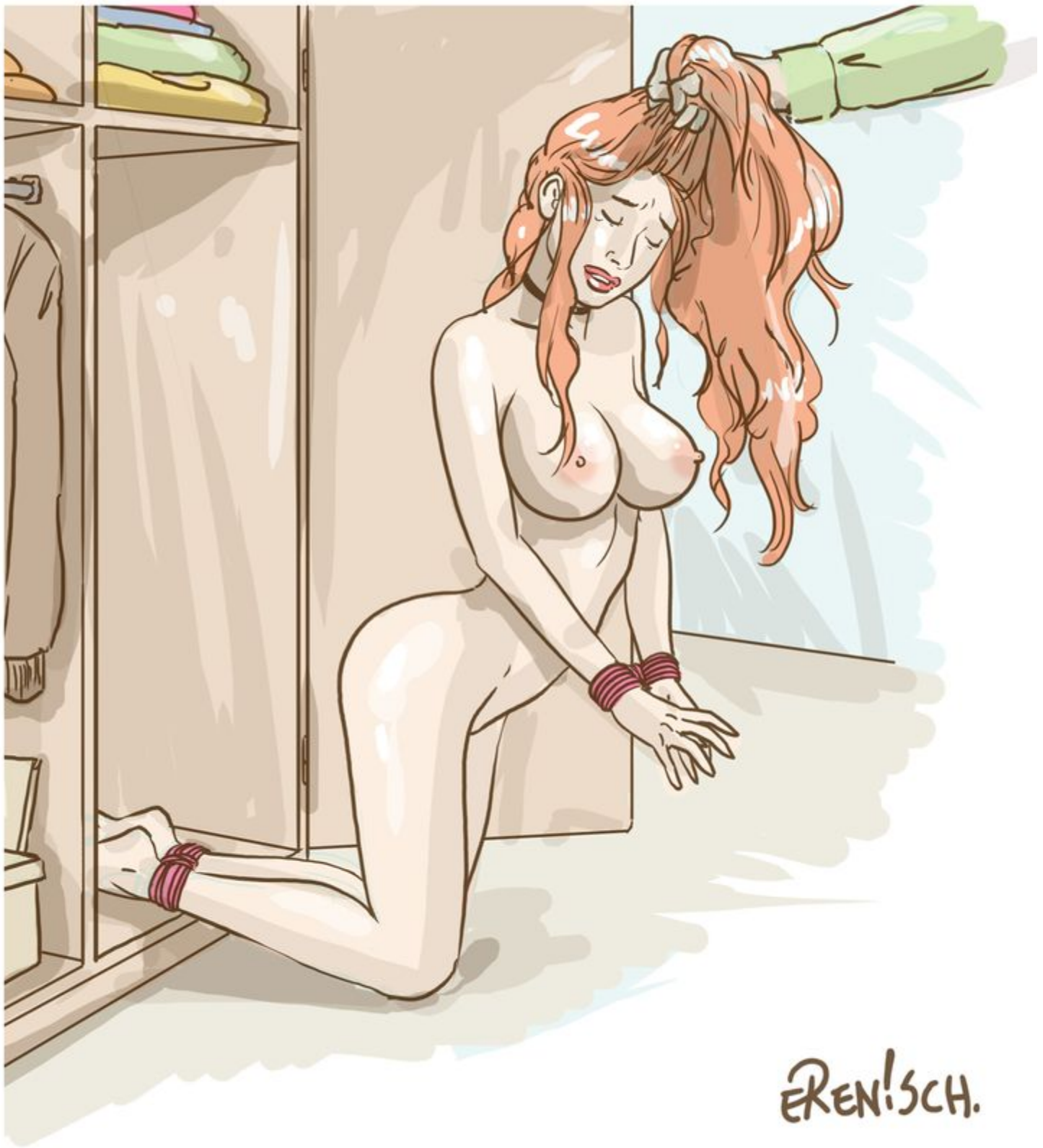
The loud slam of the apartment door woke up Eagerdoll in the closet she was locked in. She must have dosed off for a few minutes. She tried to straighten up and adjust her posture as well as she could. Her entire body was aching like hell. The compartment Eddie stuffed her in was barely big enough to hold her taller-than-average frame. She had to kneel on her heels, bow her head all the way down, and squeeze her shoulders inward to fit inside, and she couldn't even turn her body a tiny bit in there. Her wrists and ankles were tied with rough nylon ropes. Eddie was still not as skilled in tie-jobs, so the ropes were dangerously limiting circulation in her limbs, ruthlessly biting into her tender flesh. The poor slavegirl could barely feel her hands and legs. After all, her master was just an inexperienced teenager, and he was learning all the technical stuff about tying and torturing girls from online video tutorials.

Eagerdoll recognized her master's steps traversing the hallway. His steps somehow sounded hastier and angrier. Eagerdoll felt a slight dread. Perhaps he had a bad day. The Master having a bad day was never good news for a slavegirl. She immediately knew that this was going to be a long night.

Eddie's steps came closer and closer and stopped right in front of the closet. Eagerdoll held her breath and waited for his next move. Her anxious mind went into full emergency mode in order to prepare for a multitude of painful and humiliating scenarios.

Nerve-wrecking moments passed without anything happening. Eddie was certainly right outside the closet, but wasn't moving. Eagerdoll wondered what he was thinking about. Was he really angry? Was he angry with her? What was the best and least painful way to relax and please him?

"A blowjob should do the trick," thought Eagerdoll. Men loved blowjobs. Her master definitely loved them, and the redhead was getting the hang of his rhythm too. She was well-trained in the art, of course, but she knew well that technique was only the half of it. Every man was different, and a good cocksucker must adapt to her master's cock and preferences as quickly as possible. As the thought of sucking cock passed through her mind, she automatically gulped and wet her lips with her tongue. Her body was well-conditioned to prepare for service. It was her element. She immediately felt relaxed and ready to please.



At that same moment Eddie opened the door and swiftly grabbed the slavegirl by her long red hair draped over her right shoulder. He pulled her out with ruthless indifference and started to drag the bound slavegirl towards the bed. Eagerdoll let out a short shriek as the bright light assaulted her dilated pupils and her master yanked her hair without warning. She clumsily tried to break her fall with her tied wrists, but hit her butt on the floor anyway. After a short moment of confusion, she stopped moving and let her master pull her across the room. It was definitely less painful that way.

With his slavegirl's long red hair in his clenched fist, Eddie sat down on the foot of the bed and pulled the disoriented-looking girl between his legs. As soon as they reached their destination, Eagerdoll hastily straightened up and sat on her heels as usual. Her hands were still bound in front of her, so it was impossible for her to assume basic position. She had to rest her hands over her pussy, trying her best not to cover it up.

“Welcome home, Master,” she started with a soft, cutesy voice. She was going to try her best to charm and disarm him, if she could. “This cunt missed you so much, Master. How would you like this cunt to serve you?” She parted her full lips invitingly and shyly raised her pleading eyes to meet her master’s.

Eddie wasn’t smiling at all. He was definitely pissed off. Her smile faded a little as it was proved ineffective. She started to feel uneasy again. “Or... is... is t-there anything else this cunt can do to please...” she stammered with less and less confidence in her ability to placate the boy.

“It’s all your fault, stupid whore!”

Eddie’s hard slap exploded on her left cheek. With her hair still firmly held in his other hand, Eagerdoll felt the full force of the slap. Before she could react to the sudden assault, several more slaps landed on her cheeks one after another, bouncing the poor girl’s pretty head from side to side. She started to cry, as silently as possible.

“This c-cunt is s-so sorry if she d-displeased her master in any way,” she sobbed, now shaking with fear. Her cheeks were bright red and soaked in tears.

While the slavegirl tried to stop her uncontrollable sobbing and prepare herself more slaps, Eddie sat there motionless for a while. He was still holding her hair tightly, pulling it up and stretching her slender body like a tense bow. Her body was now shaking because of the sudden rush of adrenaline.

“She didn’t call me since,” said the boy with a sharp frown over his fiery eyes. “You ruined my relationship with her, you idiot.”

“This cunt is so sorry, master,” replied the slavegirl as soon as she realized what the problem was. “This cunt only acted to please her master, and... AAAH!”

She couldn’t finish her sentence. Eddie mercilessly lifted the girl up by her hair and pulled her over his knees. Eagerdoll immediately knew what was coming. Her training kicked in once more and she promptly adjusted her position for a hard spanking. She put her hands on the floor to stabilize herself, straightened her legs in order to raise her bare bottom and held her breath.

The boy was still confused about what to feel about his last meeting with his crush. On the one hand, it was the best thing ever happened to him. On the other hand, it was possible that their relationship was ruined beyond repair. Someone should pay for that.

He held the slave’s hair even tighter and pulled her head further down. With his thighs pressing on her stomach, Eagerdoll let out a loud sigh and struggled to breathe in again. Eddie put his other hand on the back of her lower thigh and slowly moved up to her buttocks.

“I want you to think like a girl now,” said the boy as he started to rub her round asscheeks one by one as if he was trying to warm them up. “I want you to think really good and tell me what she might be thinking right now.”

Eagerdoll tried to forget about the impending slap on her sensitive bum and concentrate on her master’s order. It’d been a long while since the last time she was referred to as a “girl”. For the last several months, she was but a nasty whore, a lowly cunt, a worthless slave. It would be a challenge to “think like a girl” after all that systematic, intensive debasement and conditioning.

“I think...” she started, but her thought was cut short by the first slap landed on her right buttock.

“Aaah! One! Thank you, master,” she screamed, reciting the proper slave response to spanking.



“Go on, you are saying?” inquired Eddie, and immediately smacked her left cheek even harder.

“Ooov! Two! Thank you, master!” she responded, this time with a calmer voice. “I’m sure it was her first time touching a penis, master. And what a beautiful and mighty cock it is. It is an important experience for a girl and she is probably processing...”

Another smack landed on the right buttock, at the exact same spot as the first one.

“Uuuh! Three! Thank you, master.” She took another deep breath. “I’m sure she is thinking about it all day, every day, master. You are his first now. You are very special for her. I always remember the first time I was... raped... so clearly.” She choked a little. Another slap hit her left cheek again.

Ooh! Four! Thank you, master.”

Her words probably had some effect on the boy. His tight grip of her hair relaxed a bit, alleviating the pain in her scalp. He parted his legs to give her stomach a wider base to rest on. Emboldened by his visible reactions, she decided to do something daring.

“Would you please let this cunt to speak to her and arrange... perhaps a date, master?”

A long silence ensued. Eagerdoll waited for another slap on her reddening butt cheeks, but it didn’t come. She was too scared to turn her head and look into her master’s eyes, but she could almost hear her words ricocheting within his skull.

A few more minutes passed. Finally, Eddie let her hair go and pushed her off his knees. Unable to respond in time, she fell on her side and hit her ass on the floor hard, but she immediately bounced back on her proper kneeling position without complaint.

“Be very very careful now,” warned the boy, with a threatening tone in his voice. He grabbed his phone from the table and started to dial Stephanie’s number. “And don’t you make me regret this. Because if you screw this up for me, I’ll definitely go and buy some specialized cutlery this time.”

Eagerdoll gasped and adjusted her posture. “Yes master.” She managed to keep a straight face, but a sense of dread went through her body like a bolt of electricity. What if she really ruined their relationship? What would happen to her then?

When Eddie finished dialing and pressed the phone against her chest, she raised her tied hands and swiftly took the phone to her ear.

“It’s ringing, master”

She waited for a long while. Eagerdoll was getting more anxious with every ring. Perhaps Stephanie was indeed regretting all that happened a couple days ago and purposefully avoiding her master. Eagerdoll didn’t expect this to go wrong in any way. She was so sure what she did was a very good thing. Had she read the situation completely wrong?

After the 9th ring, the redhead decided to accept defeat and return the phone to her master. She expected to be beaten up mercilessly tonight. Given her master’s obvious infatuation with this blonde, he would be pissed off for a long while. For the poor slavegirl, life will be even harder now, god knows for how long.

“Hello? Eddie?”

A millisecond before she gave up, Stephanie answered the phone. Eagerdoll swiftly recomposed herself and put on her most graceful voice. “Hello Miss Stephanie,” she replied. “This is Master’s Eddie’s cunt Eagerdoll. This cunt would like to thank you for letting her serve you... and also helping her please her master the other day.”

“Oh?” Stephanie was obviously surprised to hear the slavegirl’s voice. “Don’t mention it... um... Eagerdoll.”

As Eagerdoll guessed, Stephanie had no idea about how to speak to a slavegirl. “Uh, is Eddie there?” asked the blonde.

“My master will be speaking with you in a minute, Miss Stephanie,” continued Eagerdoll with growing confidence. “While we are waiting for him... This cunt would like to say... You are so beautiful, graceful and warm, Miss Stephanie... This cunt would be honored to serve you again, anytime you’d like.”

“Oh? I... Okay... Thank you,” responded the shaky voice on the other end of the line.

“I hope you enjoyed this cunt’s service, Miss?”

“Yes... I... yes... very much.”

“Then it’s a date, Miss,” replied the slave without hesitation. “When would you like this cunt to serve you again, Miss? My master ordered me to do anything you wanted. Anything to please you.”

“Uh, I don’t know... I mean...”

“Okay, then please meet us at the park in an hour, Miss. Thank you very much for letting this cunt to serve you again. Goodbye!”

Before Stephanie could say anything, the slave ended the conversation and returned the phone to her master. She lowered her eyes to the floor and spoke with a soft voice.

“I’m... This cunt is pretty sure she’ll come, master.” She raised her eyes to see his reaction. “Would you please leash this cunt and take her to the park?”

Mastery - 20

They waited in silence at their usual spot. Eagerdoll didn't know what her master was thinking at the moment. He looked calm, considering the situation. She, on the other hand, was struggling hard to avoid a panic attack. She tried not to think about what would have happened if her desperate attempt to save her master's friendship failed.

A couple of puppygirls ran past them to fetch a double-ended dildo their master threw. In an attempt to distract herself from the dark scenarios she was imagining, Eagerdoll started to watch them fight for the huge plastic sex toy. After a short struggle, the short haired brunette managed to grab the dildo in her mouth and quickly ran back to her master. As a reward she got a pat on the head, while the defeated puppy received a couple hard spansks on her butt. The man immediately threw the toy again and the girls launched after it like horny little whores.

Eagerdoll gave the park another quick scan. Stephanie was still nowhere to be seen. She began to think that suggesting the park as the rendezvous location was a mistake. There was no freewoman in sight. Perhaps barenecks avoided this park. It certainly didn't look like a safe place for unenslaved women.

After a while the two puppygirls playing around them were rewarded by their master, who roughly put them end to end and shoved the double ended dildo in their pussies. The girls proceeded to fuck each other for a while until both collapsed with orgasms that came one after another. Then their master put their leashes back on and led them away, reminding the mesmerized redheaded slavegirl the situation she was in one again.



She turned her head and looked at her master once again to see if he was angry.

"Would you like this cunt to suck your cock while we wait, master?" she asked, trying hard to hide her anxiety. Eddie waved his hand dismissively.

"Why don't you want her to do it? Isn't this why she's here?"

Both turned their heads to see the source of the voice. Stephanie was standing there, as her jovial self, with a coy, warm smile. Eagerdoll smiled back. In addition to the huge relief she felt, she was genuinely happy to see the blonde. She liked her a lot.

I'm glad you called me," said Stephanie. "The weather is wonderful, so I thought we could have a little picnic, perhaps?" Only then they noticed that Stephanie was holding a picnic basket in her hands.

Eddie finally managed to speak. "Of course, please come and sit, Steph." He moved further to the side and tapped on the empty space formed beside him. Steph complied with a smile.

"Hello Red, how are you doing today?" asked the girl as she passed by Eagerdoll. She reached out and caressed the slave's long red hair, kept in two pigtails. "Ooo, I like what you did with her hair. She looks like a cute puppy."

Eagerdoll bowed her head coyly and smiled.

"It's been a while since the last time I visited this park," continued Steph. "My parents don't want me to come here, actually. They say it's full of mean men and shameless floozies." She turned to Eddie and smiled playfully. "Are you one of those mean men, Eddie?"

Eddie hesitated for a second, but decided to play along and nod.

"I guess, yes. I'm kinda-sorta mean. Yes I am."

Eagerdoll remembered the tens of slaps she received every day. He wasn't lying at all.

Stephanie took his reply as a joke and laughed. "Sorry I was a bit late. I had to prepare some snacks. Does this cutie eat sandwiches?"

Eddie opened his mouth but didn't say anything for a few seconds. Her master was a forceful young man when he was with her, but he always seemed to second guess his actions and carefully chose his words when he was with this gorgeous blonde. These short bouts of awkwardness humanized him a little in Eagerdoll's eyes, despite the suffering he inflicted on her for the last few days.

Eagerdoll decided to take the opportunity to take control of the situation once more.

"This cunt isn't allowed to eat human food unless she does something good, Miss"

"Oh? What is something good, then?"

"This cunt was given treats when she pleased you a few days earlier, Miss."

Stephanie blushed and giggled. "Oh my. Yes, you've been a good girl that day."

Eagerdoll put on a warm smile and pushed further. "May this cunt start, miss?"

"Start? Start what?"

Eagerdoll didn't even acknowledge Stephanie's question. She simply fell onto her hands and knees and crawled towards her. She'd act without asking permission, so she wouldn't be rejected. If the blonde really wanted to stop her, she could, easily by saying so. She wasn't a slavegirl or anything, after all.

When she reached Stephanie's feet, she looked into her pretty eyes and disarmingly smiled again, in order to get rid of any signs of doubt and hesitation. The slave was about to attempt to rape this freegirl.

She gently grabbed her right ankle and lifted it up. This forced the surprised girl to move backwards and more to the left, falling onto Eddie's chest. She let out a little whimper when her back leaned onto Eddie. Instinctively, the boy turned his upper body to make her more comfortable. His right hand dropped on her shoulder.

Seeing that her move worked even better than she hoped for, Eagerdoll placed Stephanie's leg on the side of the bench. Then she proceeded to grab her left ankle and raised it on the other direction.

The slave put on a very respectful voice and turned to her master, as she raised Stephanie's left leg. "Could you please hold this, Master?" She gently laid the blonde's leg over her master's knees. Eddie, who was as surprised as Stephanie, hastily put his free hand on her leg to secure it in place. Both shuddered with excitement as his hand touched the back of her knee.

In mere seconds, Eagerdoll was able to put the blond on his lap, spread-eagled.

"Please continue your conversation, Master, Miss." She smiled again. "I'll do my best to show you a good time". Without losing any time or waiting a verbal response, the redhead leaned forward and grabbed the blonde's pink skirt. As soon as her hands started to roll her skirt up, Stephanie's entire body tensed up. Sensing the blonde's alarm, Eagerdoll stopped and backed up a little. She didn't want to go too fast and scare the girl.

"Please relax and let me serve you, Miss," she smiled again. Stephanie must have been feeling very vulnerable right now.

"But... This is a public place," mumbled Stephanie. Her pretty eyes hurriedly scanned her surroundings left to right and right to left. She was blushing and sweating.

At that moment, Eagerdoll saw another opportunity to further push the girl towards her master.

"Oh, don't worry about all these people, Miss. You are safe with my master. Right?"

Eddie swiftly nodded.

"Yes, yes of course. You don't have to worry about anything Stephanie. Nobody would look or..."

He moved his hand from her shoulder to her waist, effectively holding her in a tight embrace. He was getting more and more impressed with his slavegirl's abilities to manipulate Stephanie into compromising situations. He wondered what Stephanie thought and felt at that very moment. She was relaxed, and certainly wasn't trying to struggle against his ever-tightening hold on her slender, sexy body. He slowly stretched his fingers and reached further to hold her slim waist tighter,

while he moved his other hand further up her thigh. Stephanie seemed to respond positively. At least she didn't resist his advances. To the contrary, she raised her leg so it wrapped up better around his knees.

He watched with fascination as Eagerdoll put her head under Stephanie's pink cotton skirt and prepared to orally please her once more. Eddie could only guess what was happening under that thin layer of cloth. He could feel the sudden twitches and shudders her slavegirl's touches induce on Stephanie's beautiful body. The redhead didn't seem to spend any time to remove underpants or anything. Eddie concluded that Steph didn't wear any.

After a few seconds, Stephanie shook and let out a loud moan as Eagerdoll's tongue finally touched her labia and started to work up and down her slit. Stephanie's head dropped back on Eddie's shoulder and hands grabbed his clothes. In a few moments, she started to moan with pleasure. Eagerdoll knew what she was doing for sure.

"Please," begged Stephanie, "please don't think lesser of me Eddie. It feels just so..."

Eddie tightened his embrace even further.

He was unable to respond for a moment, but he managed to speak before his silence turned awkward. "Of course not, just enjoy yourself."

In a few minutes, Stephanie was no longer in control of her body. Her chest was undulating in the sexiest way possible, accentuating her full, round boobs. her body was continuously stretching, arching and pushing against the boy's body. The entire situation was driving Eddie crazy. He was hard like a diamond.

"Please, hide me, Eddie!" asked the girl this time. "I can't be seen like this ... like a..."

The girl couldn't finish her words as what felt like a series of little orgasms began to hit her body, each one stronger than the other. She finally let out a loud moan as the last one shook her like a ragdoll.

Eddie could no longer resist the quivering beauty in his arms. He relaxed the tight grip around her waist and let her torso fall back onto her arm. With his free hand he grabbed her wrists and pushed them into her chest. Before Stephanie could react to his advances in any way, he leaned in and kissed his exhausted captive on her luscious full lips.



He was terrified for a brief moment, but to his surprise, Stephanie didn't resist at all. On the contrary, her trembling lips immediately returned the kiss. Her warm breath filled his mouth. Her intoxicating scent enveloped every curve of his brain.

He couldn't believe his good fortune.

As their tongues met and initiated a shy little dance, the blonde began to climax once again.

This time, her climaxes were even more numerous and more intense.

Just to be on the safe side, Eagerdoll continued to lick the blonde's pussy a couple more minutes until the exhausted girl's body finally went limp.

She was certain she deserved a nice sandwich this time.

Mastery - 21

Eddie opened his eyes and admired the beauty he was holding in his arms. Stephanie's head was still resting on his right shoulder, her eyes closed, her luscious lips parted and wet... He realized that he was still holding her wrists tightly in his left hand. He instinctively squeezed further and pressed them against her chest, tightening his embrace. Stephanie responded with a moan, that can only be interpreted as lustful. Eddie wasn't sure if that was a direct response to his actions, but he decided to press further. He let his right hand slide from Stephanie's arm further inside, eventually grabbing her full breast.

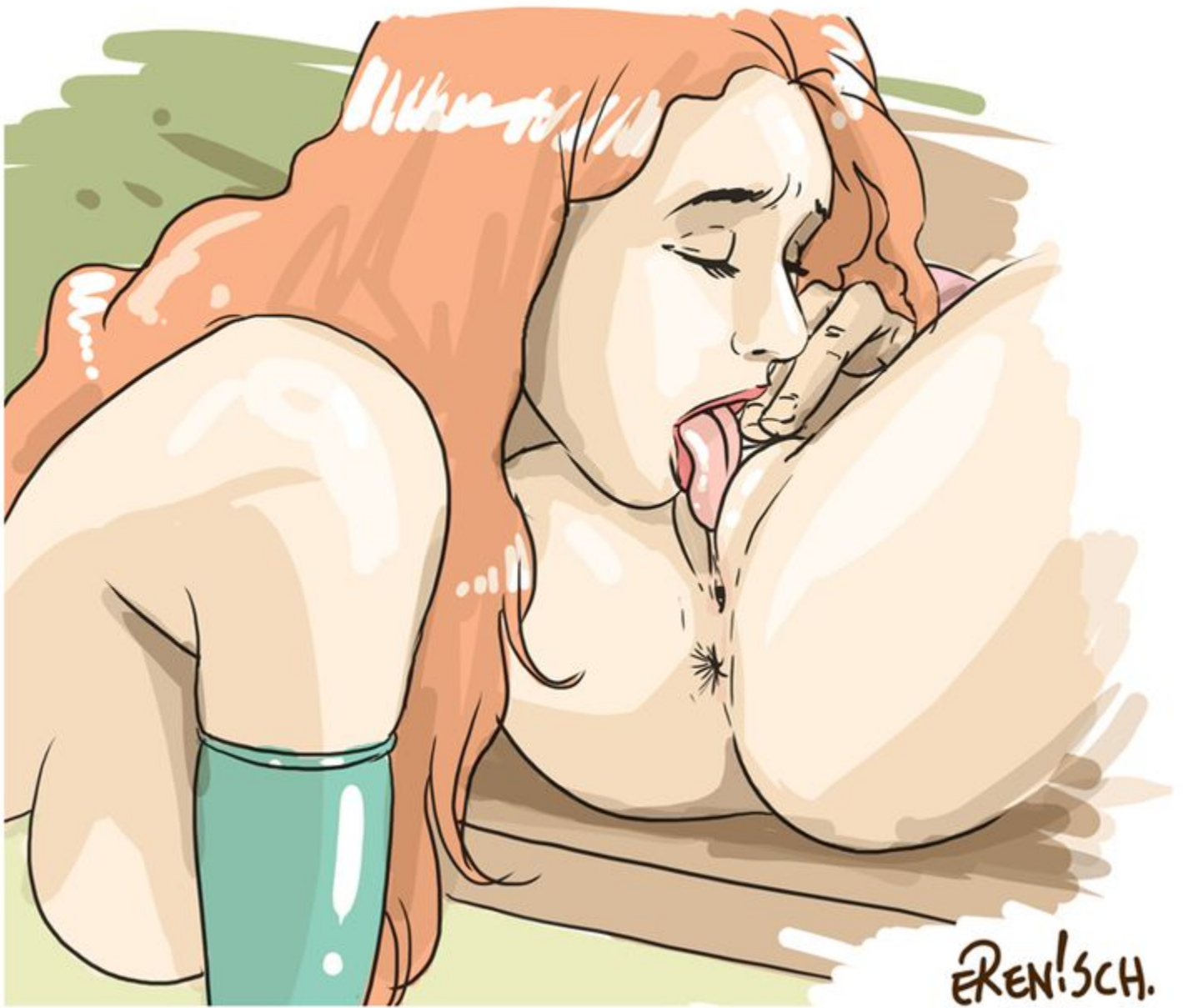
Another silent moan escaped the blonde's inviting full lips. Eddie, now more confident than ever, started to play with her meaty chest bunnies freely.

Between the blonde's legs, under her pink skirt, Eagerdoll was carefully watching her master's awkwardly paced moves through the sparsely woven fabric. She instinctively knew what to do. She continued to use the cunnilingus techniques she learned, timing her moves and synchronizing with her master's every advance. Stephanie was exhausted and surely wasn't going to climax again soon, but her body was still at the slavegirl's mercy, responding to every flick of her skillful tongue.

Emboldened by the blonde's apparent surrender to Eagerdoll's tongue and his uninvited hands, Eddie decided to up the ante. His hand gave Stephanie's right boob one last squeeze and began to move down her body. It traversed her slender waist and reached the edge of her skirt, already ridden up and folded over her thighs. He slowly pulled it up further to reveal the blonde's fully shaven crotch, and the slavegirl ardently licking it. Her pink labia glistened in the sunlight. Bedazzled by another exciting discovery, Eddie stopped and waited to see if Stephanie would protest. She didn't. She was still under the thrall of his slave and her seemingly untiring tongue and lips.

Now he was more confident. Softly but surely, he slid his hand all the way down to her exposed vulva. He stretched his index and middle fingers and directed them to Eagerdoll's nose. The slave immediately took his fingers in her warm mouth and quickly slathered it with her saliva. For a moment the master and slave were in perfect synchronization.

He paused and took a deep breath. It was time to roll the dice. He let go of Stephanie's wrists and wrapped his left arm around her heaving chest, embracing her even tighter. Then he gently put his fingers on her clit, and started to rub it with little circular motions. Eagerdoll moved her tongue further down on her slit to leave some space for her master to maneuver.



It took Stephanie a few moments to realize Eddie was now playing freely with her pussy. Her brain flared up with slight panic, but her body didn't follow. This redhead was giving her the best time of her life. The pleasures she was experiencing was too powerful and overwhelming, and she didn't have the willpower to stop it. She never thought she'd feel this way, especially out in the open, in a public place.

She was ashamed. This was how a slut would behave.

What if someone saw her... What would they think?

Fighting hard against her enchanted body, she managed to utter a few words

"No, please stop!"

Eddie stopped. Apparently, he was finally out of line. "I shouldn't have hurried," he thought to himself as he pulled his hand away hastily. Feeling Stephanie struggling against his tight hold of her chest, he loosened his arm. He didn't know what to do next.

"No, that's okay."

It was Eagerdoll, who finally broke the brief but extremely awkward silence. Both looked at the slave's determined face with blank expressions. Both were baffled already, and the redhead's sudden interjection confounded them even more.

"You can't just back away now, Miss."

"What?"

Eagerdoll raised on her knees and grabbed Stephanie's hand. "Follow me, Miss."

Without waiting for a response, she pulled the blonde girl off the bench, forcing her to stand. Then, still on her knees, she led her behind the well-trimmed tall hedge. She stopped when they finally reached the shadow of the big maple tree.

"Nobody will see us here."

Stephanie nervously looked around. The slave was telling the truth. The girthy trunk of the tree and the tall hedges around them hid this spot from the rest of the park.

“It’s... It’s okay, but I think we had enough for today, and...”

“No, Miss. This wasn’t enough.”

Stephanie was stunned. She didn’t know what to do in this kind of situation. Eagerdoll was the first slavegirl she has ever interacted with. Was she even allowed to contradict her like that?

Of course, she wasn’t. Eagerdoll was playing another dangerous game. The risk was huge, but the possible reward was equally great. If she could manage to deliver this inexperienced, sexually naive chickee in a silver platter, her master would definitely be grateful. Success could mean a relatively easy life for the poor slavegirl. One certainly better than frequent rapes and beatings she’s used to.

She didn’t really know it until a few days ago, but Eagerdoll realized that she was a very good judge of character when it comes to young women. She spent months with hundreds of girls locked in a dark basement, enduring the most painful and humiliating ordeals together. She’d seen, again and again, how different personalities respond to different training techniques. She saw what broke them.

More importantly she knew how they’ve broken her in.

The girls were forced to feel a lot of emotions during their training. They had to bear pain, debasement, hunger, thirst...

But ultimately, they all felt something unusual and unexpected.

Pleasure.

And the shame of it.

Eagerdoll remembered the very moment her body began to betray her. It was the end of the first week in Girl-Mart dungeons, when her trainer started to fuck her pussy from behind after a long whipping session. All she had to eat or drink for the last three days was her trainers’ sperm, which they generously let her swallow whenever her pleas pleased them enough. She was delirious from pain, after hours of flogging. Her tender tits and ass cheeks were covered in welts and sweat. She felt like dying.

Then Master Roy decided to put his flogger down for a minute and roughly grabbed her by her waist. Exhausted beyond limit, she could hardly react to the ensuing violent assrape. At that point of her training, she’d already accepted her new role as a sex toy which men could use whenever they wanted. After a long and painful pounding, her trainer decided to switch holes and penetrated her vagina, as he often did.

But then something unusual has happened. To her surprise, an extraordinary sensation began to build up in her nether regions. It was pleasure. It slowly grew and grew, and by the end of the rape, it was an incredible, mind-shattering feeling of bliss she never experienced before.

And for the young slavegirl, that was the most humiliating moment of her entire training.

The shame she felt for enjoying the rape haunted her for weeks. Her trainers seemed to be fully aware of what she was emotionally going through. They were professionals, after all. When they eventually began edging training, this dilemma became the main engine of her conditioning. They would fuck her to the brink of an orgasm, and often use clit massagers to ride her on the edge for hours. When she was a good girl and begged well enough, they would occasionally let her cum too.

Every single time, her brain was fully aware that she was being reduced to a mindless sex object, but her body was readily accepting of this debasing bliss. She always lost the battle against this animalistic impulse, no matter what she did.

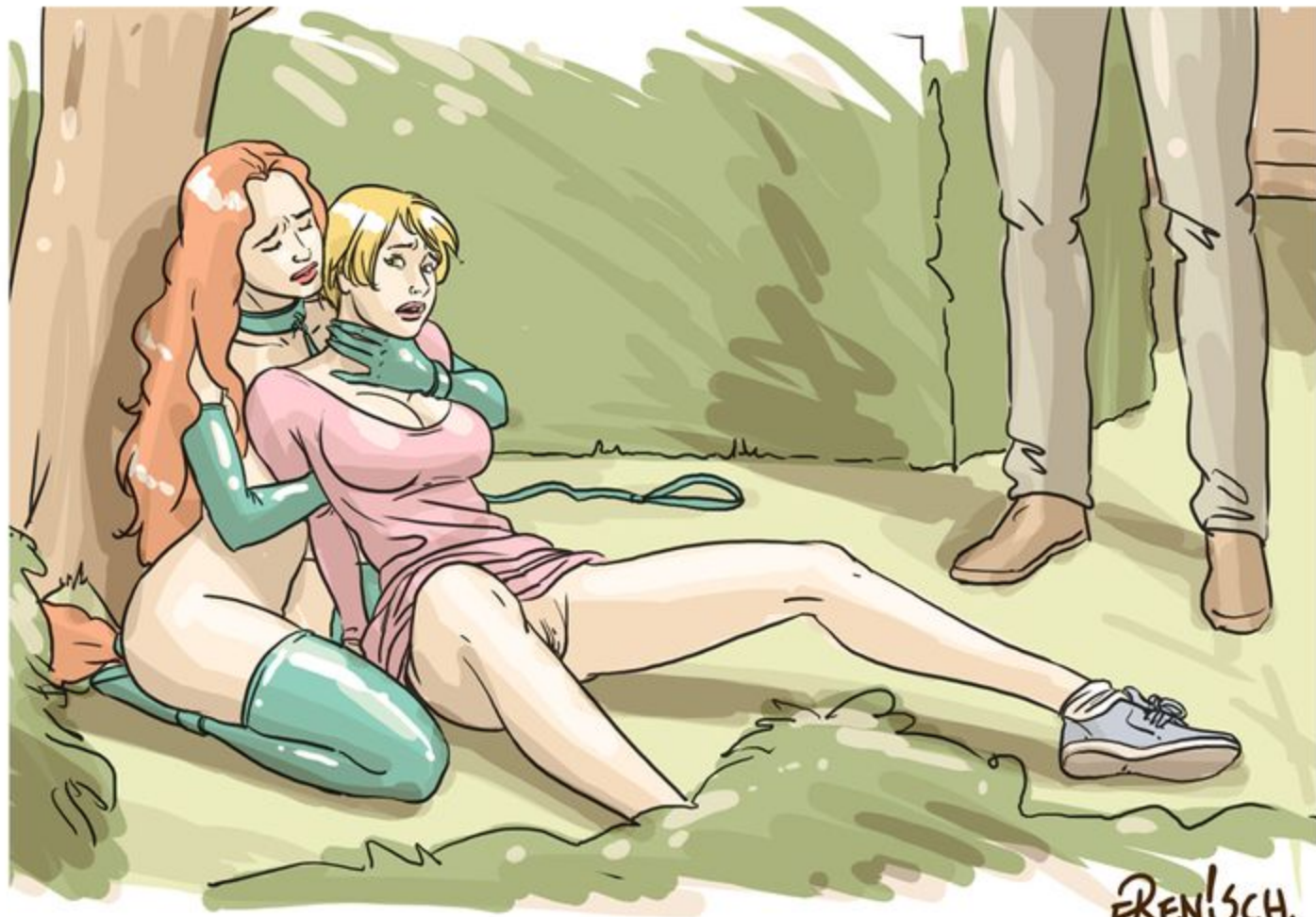
So, when Stephanie reacted to her master’s fingers the way she did, Eagerdoll immediately recognized the emotions that ran through the blonde’s body. She was ashamed, embarrassed, because she enjoyed it too much. It was the moment she discovered what her body wanted was very different than what her brain prescribed. And the redhead couldn’t let the blonde girl’s brain to win the fight against her body, at least not before her master had his way with her.

The problem was, Stephanie was a free girl. Her freedom was too restricting. If Eagerdoll could limit her freedom, she could set her instincts free.

Still wearing her determined face, she slowly crawled around the stunned blonde, grabbed her arms and pulled her wrists behind her back.

“Don’t you dare move, Miss,” she whispered in her ear with a soft but authoritative voice. She raised her head and looked at Eddie, who has been watching all this with a befuddled expression on his face, and then put her left hand on the blonde’s slender neck.

“It is your lucky day. This cunt will now teach you how to properly suck my master’s beautiful cock.”



Mastery - 22

Stephanie, still dazed and confused from the head-spinning speed she was dragged into this unusual situation, tried to evaluate her options. What should she do? Resist? Get angry? She felt like she should protest and leave, but she didn't want to. At least her body didn't. She was in a strange state where her mind became merely a passenger in this lustful vessel. She didn't feel in control any more.

"Don't resist," the slavegirl whispered in her ear, as if she read her mind. "You shouldn't. Trust me. You want this to happen. You need this to happen."

The shivering defenseless blonde wasn't even sure if those last words were whispered into her ear, or she imagined them. Instinctively she moved to turn her head and see what the slavegirl was doing, but Eagerdoll's right hand grabbed a fistful of her hair and locked her head in place.

"You shouldn't move unless you are told to, Miss."

Stephanie obeyed. She didn't understand why.

"You are so beautiful," the slave whispered again. Her warm breath sent shivers down the blonde's neck. "You shouldn't hide it. I'll present you to my master. Your beauty will please him."

Stephanie remembered. She opened her eyes and nervously looked up. Sure enough, Eddie was standing there, watching the two girls locked in an uneasy hug. She quickly averted her eyes with shame, before she could notice that he looked as bewildered as she was.

"You are a very attractive woman," the whisper continued. "You are made to please men. These beautiful legs..."

Eagerdoll placed her captive's wrists between her thighs and secured them in place. With her freed hand, she started to pull her dress to reveal Stephanie's shapely long legs all the way up, only to pause when she reached her crotch. She momentarily tightened her grip on the blonde's hair to preempt any hint of resistance, and suddenly but gracefully revealed her bare pussy to her master.

Eagerdoll raised her head and looked at Eddie. He was still astounded for sure, but he smiled at her with a look of approval. Eagerdoll smiled back.

"You are gorgeous. Isn't she gorgeous, master?"

"Yes," replied Eddie without hesitation. "The most beautiful thing I've ever seen"

Stephanie blushed. Was she blushing because she was being forcefully exposed to her best friend, or was it the compliment? She didn't know. She didn't care. She didn't want to wake up too early and forget all about this strange feeling. She wanted the dream to last a little longer.

"See? You are the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen," repeated the slave in her ear, as she started to pull her dress again. Stephanie couldn't find the power or will to resist. In a moment, her dress was off, and she was lying completely naked in a slavegirl's arms, fully exposed to her best friend in the middle of a public park.



After waiting for a moment to make sure her prisoner wasn't protesting, Eagerdoll released the blonde's hair and moved both of her hands over her heaving, well-adorned chest. She cupped her full boobs and lifted them a little as if she presented them in a plate.

"These are exceptional, Miss. Display them proudly. Look! Your voluptuous body pleases my master".

Stephanie quickly stole another shy glance and saw Eddie admiring her from head to toe. He looked pleased, most certainly.

"Now you have nothing to hold you back, Miss," Eagerdoll's calm voice assured her. You know you have what it takes. You know he likes you. You know you have to please him to fulfil your purpose." She paused for a moment and listened to Stephanie's excited breathing. "I'll move you in position so you can serve him properly now.

Without letting her react, Eagerdoll raised her body on her knees, forcing the blonde do the same. She tightly grabbed her wrists and pressed them together against the small of her back with her right hand, forcing her back arch in a very sexy curve. She wrapped the other one around her graceful neck and pulled it back to restrict her movement. When Stephanie was tightly secured in place, she looked at her master to signal that it was time.

That was when it all became a dazzling blur to Stephanie. She instinctively tried to break free for a few moments as Eddie came closer and stood right in front of her, but her resistance was so weak and half-hearted, Eagerdoll didn't even need to tighten her muscles to keep her in place.

"Let go, Miss. This is what you need."

Stephanie couldn't understand why she was unable to resist the slavegirl's commands. It felt like a recurring dream, a dream she immensely enjoyed long ago that she desperately wanted to relive. At all costs.

She held her breath as Eddie started to unbuckle his belt and reached for his zipper. It was only a few days ago that she first saw his penis. And now she realized that she kind of... missed it? She wanted to see it again. For the last few nights she had dreams involving the redhead and her talented lips and tongue, but she didn't realize until now that she actually missed Eddie's penis too. Was it in her dreams or not? She couldn't remember.

Eddie unzipped and reached inside to take his dick out. He seemed more confident and in control now. He took his time. Of course, he was fully erect since the moment his body touched Stephanie's maddeningly beautiful figure when they were sitting on the bench. He held his voracious member proudly for a second and directed it at the blonde's direction.

"Here is my master's cock. Look at it. It is your duty to serve it now," whispered the slave in the shivering blonde's ear. Stephanie opened her eyes and looked as ordered. She was strangely glad to see it again. She wanted to touch it, but she couldn't use her hands.

“Open your lips,” the slave ordered.

Stephanie coyly but promptly parted her lips.

“Take out your tongue.”

She obeyed.

Eagerdoll felt on fire! She was so close to victory. She gambled big and she was about to win big in a moment. If her master could muster the courage to put his cock in the blonde’s awaiting mouth, she will have achieved the unthinkable. She couldn’t imagine what her reward for such an achievement would be, but it should better be a good one.

She looked up and her eyes met Eddie’s. He gave her a stare that she interpreted as grateful. What else it could be. He was certainly as surprised as she were. He was holding his cock right in front of the blonde’s willing mouth as if he wanted to boost her appetite even more. Then he raised his other hand and patted the slavegirl on the head. Eagerdoll smiled.

Then Eddie’s hand moved onto Stephanie’s head. He moved his fingers around in her golden mane and grabbed a fistful of her hair at the back of her head. Stephanie shuddered as he took control of her body.

“Try your best and serve my master well, Miss,” whispered Eagerdoll and slowly let her captive’s neck go. Her hand moved all the way down her torso, only stopping to play with her big breasts a for a few moments. Finally, she reached between her legs and firmly cupped her pubic mound.

Stephanie could hardly react to this new invasion, because at the very same moment, Eddie suddenly but gently shoved the tip of his dick in her mouth. As he held her head firmly in place, he placed his member on her outstretched tongue and slowly slid it inside, parting her full lips further apart. An unexpected moan escaped her throat, and her lips involuntarily wrapped around the musky invader.

Just like that, it was over. She wasn’t a chaste, untouched virgin any more. Was she supposed to feel bad... or ashamed?

She did, a little. But a strong mixture of relief and yearning overpowered all other sensations and feelings she experienced at that moment.

“Good girl. Serve him! Please him!”

Stephanie trembled as the slavegirl’s warm breath hit her neck again. She obeyed. She opened her lips to reach further on his dick, and moved her tongue to pull him in. she had never done anything like this before, but somehow, she exactly knew what to do.



“Good girl,” continued the redhead, as the blonde began sucking on her master’s cock faster and deeper. “Accept your purpose willingly, before they teach you yourselves. It is much easier this way.” She paused. If only the blonde knew what many of her sisters had to go through to reach this level of eagerness to serve.

“We are here to serve men. We exist to please them. You knew it too, Miss. But you didn’t realize that you knew... until now.”

She gave her a little kiss on her neck and started to rub her swollen pussy gently. Stephanie let out a loud moan but it was immediately muffled by Eddie’s cock.

Eddie was trying hard not to let go his inhibitions and start violently skullfucking the beauty he held in his hands. With one hand he was still holding her short blonde hair tightly, and the other was holding her below her chin, massaging her throat as his cock slowly but surely reached deeper and deeper with every thrust.

When he finally hit the back of her throat, Stephanie choked and coughed, but managed to continue serving him without complaint. Her mind was now partly occupied by Eagerdoll’s talented fingers rubbing her clit. Tears gushed out of her eyes as Eddie’s cock explored deeper in her throat.

Eagerdoll noticed the change in her master’s face. He was getting close to eruption.

“You have been a very good girl. You will soon be rewarded, Miss.”

She let Stephanie’s glistening wet pussy go and grabbed her neck again.

“It is time for you to choose, Miss. Would you like to taste it, or wear it?”

Mastery - 23

Eagerdoll could almost hear the blonde's brain humming like an overheated machine in her pretty head. She could feel the mild terror and panic, her absolute confusion... She was getting better and better in sensing what she felt, what she wanted, and what she needed. Her lips and hands were wandering around her shivering body, feeling every involuntary twitch and jerk. Stephanie was an open book to her now.

This unprecedented control over another female was almost intoxicating. She has never felt like this, not even before her enslavement. She was forced to aid her trainers to rape and discipline her fellow trainees many times, of course, but that was different. It was a daily routine that left only misery, pain, and shame in its wake. This thing with Stephanie wasn't an assault. It was more like an exploration. It was exciting.

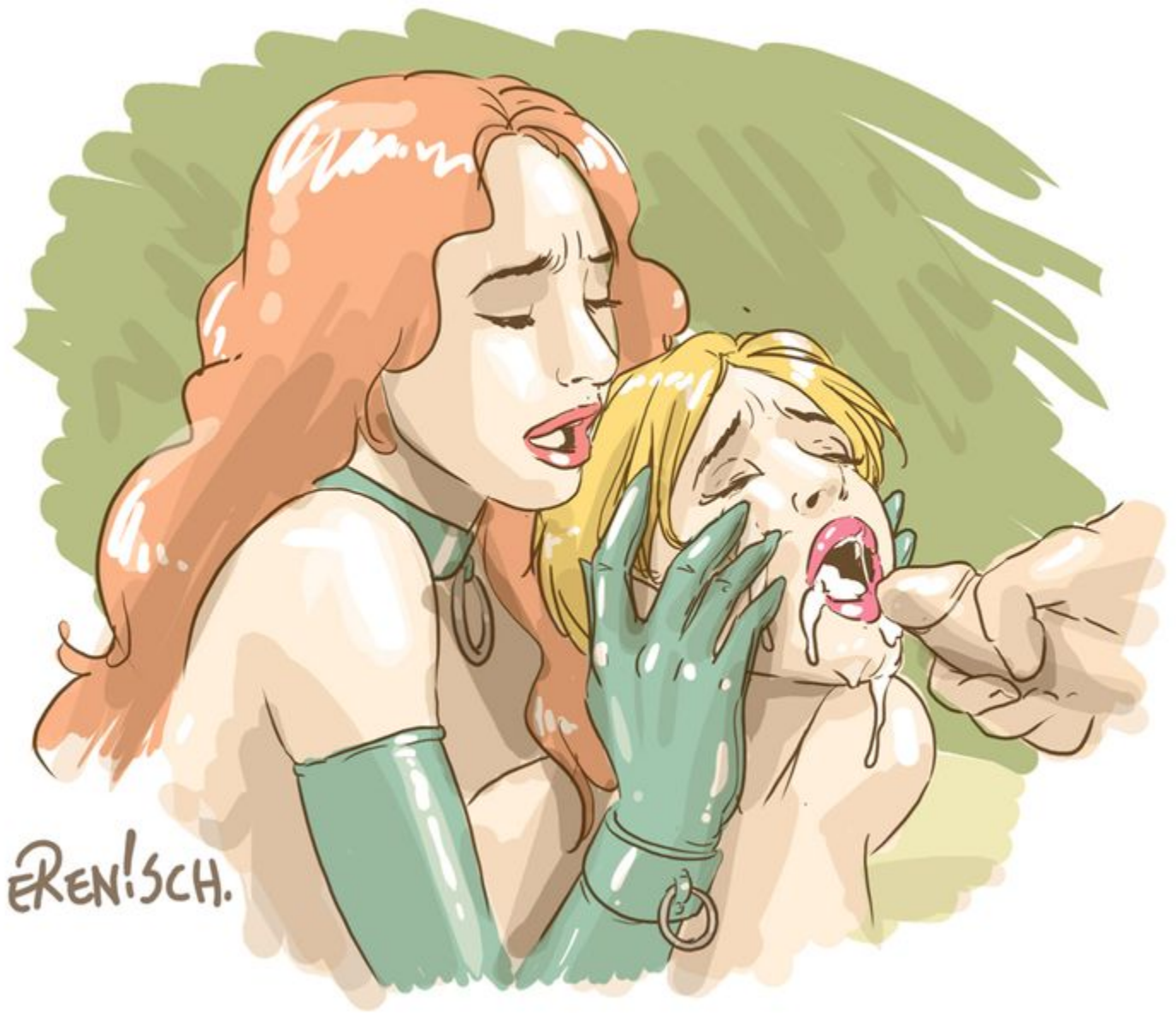
The urgency in her master's face and throbbing cock was getting stronger by the second. He was about to explode, and Stephanie still wasn't able to grasp the imminence of it. Eagerdoll felt it was necessary to repeat the question.

"Throat or face, miss?"

Stephanie couldn't say a word. Eddie, unable to hold himself any longer, began to unload uncontrollably at that very moment. A loud moan escaped his mouth, followed by a big, sticky load of jizz spurting inside Stephanie's warm mouth, catching the blonde with surprise. The moment she realized what was happening, she choked and a few droplets flew through her loosened lips.

"Careful! Don't you waste any," said Eagerdoll as she caught a few droplets at the corner of the blonde's mouth with her fingers. Her voice was stern, almost like a teacher berating a naughty child.

As the slavegirl tried to keep the struggling blonde's head in place, two more loads hit the back of her mouth. It was painfully clear that Stephanie had no prior cocksucking experience, and she was unable to adapt. Her mouth was now full of her friend's gooey seed, and she was either unable or reluctant to swallow any of it. When she couldn't take any more of it, the girl pulled her head back to breathe and let Eddie's dick drop out of her mouth. The last two spurts that escaped his penis hit her face on the right cheek and on the left eye. She let out a shriek and a thick stream of cum flowed out of the corner of her mouth.



EREN!SCH.

Weakened by the most exciting climax of his life, Eddie had to step back to find his balance. The connection between his body and brain seemed to be severed for a short moment. When he finally got back his full vision, the first image he saw was a fully nude Stephanie on her knees in front of him, with her beautiful face covered with his cum. It was a surreal thing to behold. His mind almost short-circuited with the impact of the scene before his eyes.

As his lust waned and a surge of oxytocin took over her mood, he moved forward and put his hand on the blonde's head. She instinctively leaned in for a moment, but then recoiled in a slight panic.

"I-I'm sorry," she apologized. "I didn't know what to do, and..."

"Don't worry about it, Steph," replied the boy as he caressed her cheek with his thumb. "You were wonderful."

Stephanie blushed and bowed her head down coyly. Her mouth was still filled with Eddie's jizz. She coughed and spitted some out.

"Oh, I... I didn't want to... waste it. Sorry." She shyly looked at Eagerdoll as if she wanted to apologize to her personally. "What should I..."

"No problem," said Eddie, cutting her apology with a dismissive hand wave. "Eagerdoll knows what to do."

He turned to the redhead. "Clean her up!"

The slave, without a moment of hesitation, turned the blonde towards herself and held her confused little head between her hands. She slowly leaned in and gave her a sloppy kiss, sucking as much of her master's cum from her lips. Her tongue probed in the blonde's surrendering mouth and swept all the goo with masterful, arousing strokes. Making sure that nothing left inside, she moved to her chin and started to lick the cum off.

Stephanie found herself moaning once more as the slavegirl began licking her right cheek until she sucked last drop of jizz. Finally her tongue was cleaning the strings that landed on her left eye. She closed her eyes and gave in to the wonderful sensation that she never knew existed. When the redhead finished cleaning and let her go, Stephanie let out a little moan of frustration, which gave Eagerdoll an unnoticeably small smile. Besides the sense of control she felt guiding her to

serve her master, she had a powerful, genuine satisfaction from pleasing this unexperienced but incredibly attractive teenager. Her sexy little moans were music to the slavegirl's ears, especially after hearing nothing but screams of pain and whimpers of humiliation for long months in the training dungeons.

She wanted to hear her moan again... with pleasure.

"Sorry, Miss. This cunt wasn't able to satisfy you fully before my master finished." She looked up to see what her master was thinking.

"Would you let this cunt give Miss Stephanie another orgasm, Master?"

Eddie immediately nodded.

"Yes. We can't leave her frustrated like this. Make her cum."

Once again, Stephanie found herself totally excluded from the decision-making process as Eddie and Eagerdoll talked about what to do to her. To her surprise, she wasn't at all disturbed by the way they ignored her. Her body and mind were taken over by a soothing, warm feeling of calm and serenity.

Only then she realized that she was still fully naked, and only thing between her fully exposed beauty and the rest of the world was a couple shrubs and trees. Another flicker of mild panic traveled down her spine, but it was quickly snuffed by Eagerdoll's retightened embrace.

"Come on, lay down on your back, Miss," she whispered in her ear with her warm, breathy voice. "The grass is cool and relaxing. This cunt promised to give you pleasures you've never imagined."

As she said that, the redhead gracefully moved out of the way and slowly let Stephanie's body drop on the grass.

"Open your legs."

She obeyed, perhaps too quickly.

"You are so very beautiful, Miss."

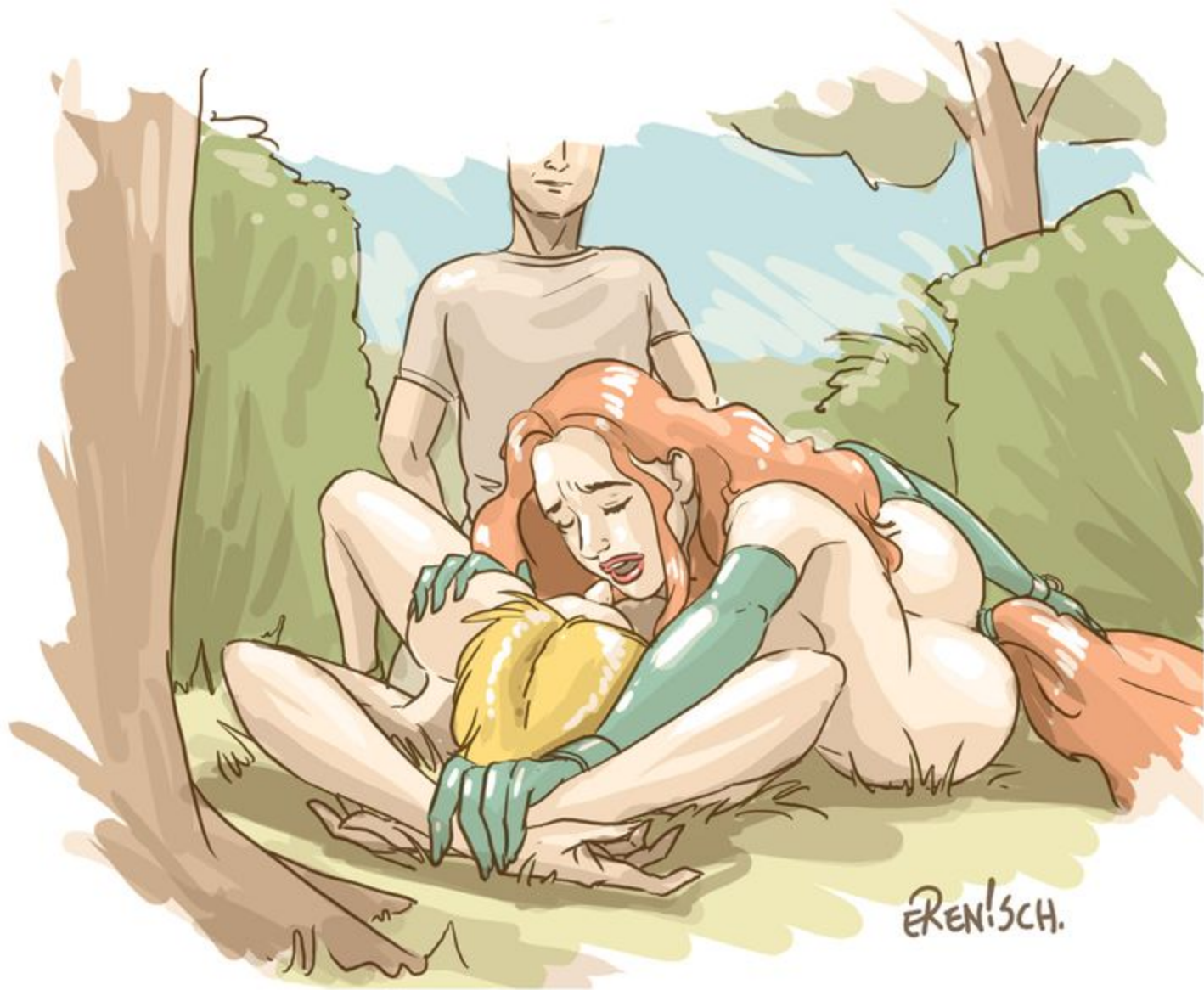
Eagerdoll laid on her side next to the blonde's trembling figure, and put her right hand on her stomach. "You think you know what you want, but this cunt knows what you need."

As her hand began to move towards the blonde's crotch, she leaned in and kissed her parted lips once more, this time even more passionately. Stephanie immediately gave in and responded as eagerly as she could. She was now completely under the thrall of the gorgeous redhead.

While the longest and most exciting kiss of her life continued to overwhelm her fragile mind, Stephanie's pussy was swelling and opening in anticipation of the arrival of the slavegirl's skilled fingers. But her hands suddenly changed direction and grabbed her wrists instead. Without breaking the kiss, Eagerdoll firmly pulled the blonde's hands above her head and joined her wrists with a forceful, authoritative motion. The free-girl was now the slave's captive of passion.

Suddenly and most unexpectedly, Stephanie was reminded of Eddie's presence once more as he gently put his hands under her butt and lifted her lower body from the ground. She could only respond with a moan of surprise, since her mouth was under unrelenting assault of the slavegirl's wet lips and talented tongue. She tried to see what was going on, but Eagerdoll moved further to the side and blocked her vision.

"Just let it go and surrender, Miss," whispered Eagerdoll between kisses. "It's time to discover your true purpose."



Mastery - 24

“You are born and raised for this, Miss,” Eagerdoll continued. Her warm breath sent tingles down Stephanie’s spine. “We all are. We exist to serve men and give them pleasure. My body, your body... toys for men. Do you understand?”

Stephanie felt like she needed to be outraged by this. Appropriate response to such a statement was indignation and protest... Yet her body seemed to be paralyzed by the redhead’s well-timed kisses and comforting tight embrace. She seemed to know exactly when to grab her tightly, when to fondle her heaving breasts and when to muffle her weak objections with her full lips. She was like a sexy sorcerer.

“You’ll surrender yourself fully to my master now. He already conquered your mouth. Now he will take your pussy too. You’ll not resist. You’ll only obey his will.”

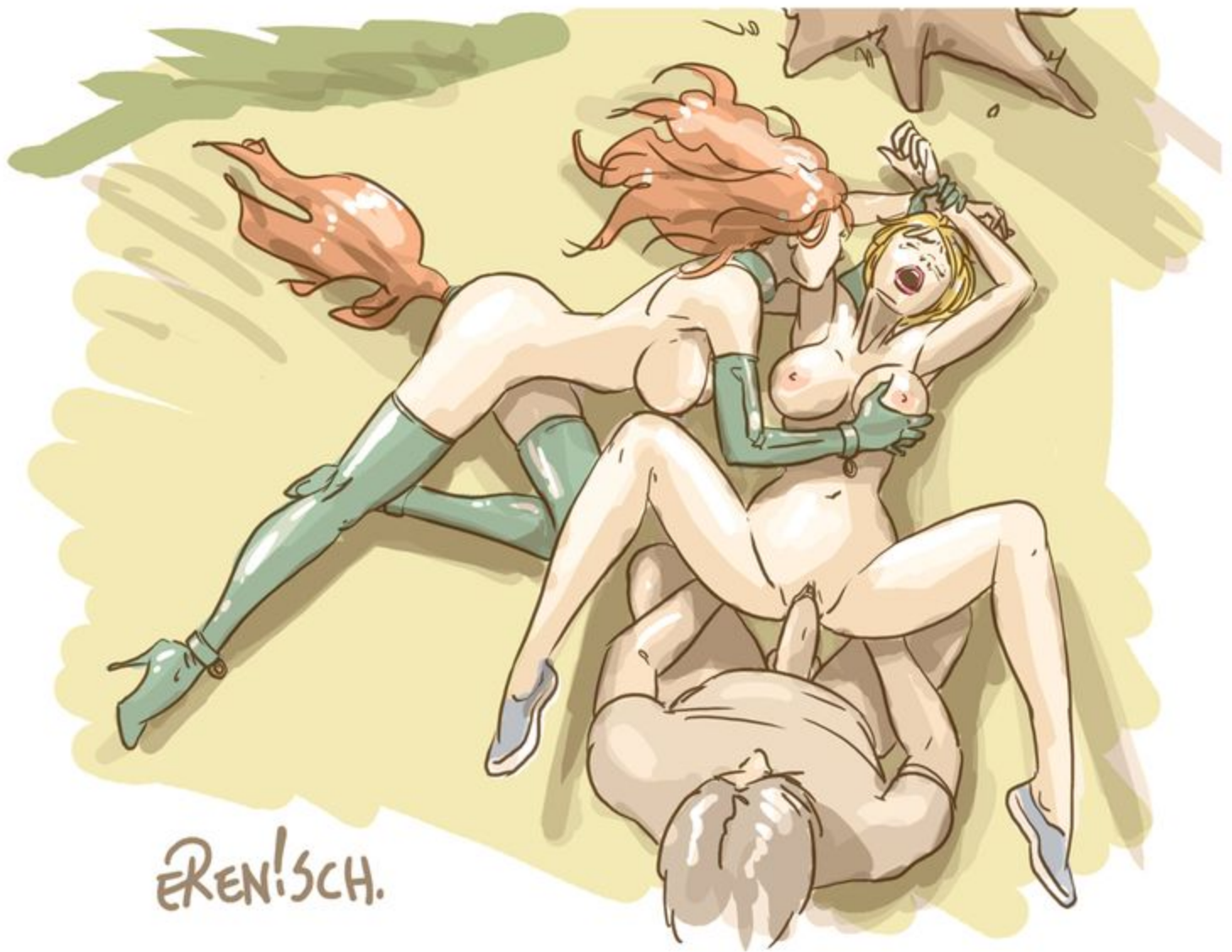
Stephanie’s eyes opened wide and tried to see what Eddie was doing. The slave was still obscuring her view, but she could visualize it. Her bubble butt was resting in the boy’s hands restlessly, raised a feet from the ground. A cool breeze was blowing between her creamy long legs, caressing her wet, opened, impatient pussy.

“You’ll obey my will,” said the redhead under her breath. This last command was hardly audible but conclusive. Stephanie knew at that moment that her precious virginity was forfeit. She was to be deflowered, broken in, defiled, violated, taken, used... She wanted to say something, but Eagerdoll passionately sealed her mouth with her lips once more, even before she could decide what to say.

This was the kiss that effectively broke whatever resistance she had and kept her down when Eddie finally decided to go for it. The blonde first felt the boy’s fingers on her pussylips. He gently moved his fingers between the labia and spread her juices around the entrance of her vagina. He skillfully played with his clit for a few seconds and then laid his hardened member on the shivering blonde’s slit. Her body uncontrollably shook from head to toe as he started to move to and fro to slather his penis with her pussy juices.

Soon the rubbing stopped and his penis went away for a moment. But before Stephanie could take a deep breath, its head was at the entrance of her pussy again. This time, Eddie slowly pushed forward, parting her lips and stretching the mouth of her untouched hole patiently. He took his time entering the tight orifice. Slowly but surely, his member advanced bit by bit, making the blonde clearly feel every tiny movement and throb. She somehow managed to hold the scream forming in her throat. Her eyes opened wide, only to meet Eagerdoll’s compassionate, calming gaze. Immediately falling back under the redhead’s thrall, she closed her eyes. The slavegirl tenderly wiped the tears seeping down her cheeks.

“Let go, Miss. I’ll be with you all the way.”



EREN!SCH.

Eddie's dick kept exploring the uncharted depths of his crush's vagina without hesitation or haste. He was almost halfway in, and the blonde's response to this unauthorized intrusion wasn't negative at all. Her body was fully under his control. She showed no resistance, until his penis reached a tighter spot and her body shuddered unexpectedly. He guessed that he needed to be more assertive after this point. He moved his hands up her body and firmly grabbed her slender waist. She responded by pulling her legs to her stomach further.

For a moment, Eddie watched his slave intensify her efforts to keep the blonde down with stronger, longer kisses. Then he backed up for an inch, and thrust inside the blonde with full force. His entire cock disappeared within the girl's tight pussy and underside of her thighs slammed into his crotch with a loud noise. At the moment of impact, he could almost see Stephanie's every single muscle clench under her flawless pale skin. She didn't have the chance to say anything. He could only hear a muffled scream.

Stephanie's beautiful slender body arched back powerfully, almost launching Eagerdoll in the air. The redhead was ready for a reaction but she was still surprised by its force. She could barely keep the blonde under control. "Shhh! There... Now you are a fucktoy too. My master's fucktoy. Just like me," she whispered. "Surrender! Let him conquer you entirely."

Eddie was no longer holding back. He started to fuck Stephanie with a slow pace, getting faster and deeper with every thrust. Her moans got louder and deeper as he forced his way further. He was over the initial shock and feeling very confident now. He felt invincible. He was fucking Stephanie. It was happening. This was something unimaginable just a week ago. She was the girl of his wildest wet dreams, an unattainable angel. Now that beautiful angel's tight, warm pussy was grabbing onto his throbbing hard cock.

When the blonde's initial screams of surprise gradually turned into regular moans of pleasure, Eagerdoll decided that it was time to relax her firm control over her. She rolled off the girl and sat on her heels. Before she assumed the basic slave position and turned her gaze toward the ground respectfully, she caught a glimpse of her master's grateful look. She smiled to herself.

When the redhead moved away, the teenagers' eyes met for the first time since the beginning of their first intercourse. "You are wonderful," said the boy as he looked into the girl's hazy eyes. She looked barely conscious with her

pretty eyes half closed and glazed over. His every thrust was forcing a sexy little moan out of her parted lips.

“T-thank you,” she stuttered between whimpers.

Her voice sounded like music to Eddie’s ears. He was in no rush. It simply felt like the peak of his life, and he was poised to prolong it as much as he could. His eyes feasted on the beauty in front of him. He was using her fresh, young, tight body freely, pulling it back and forth, sliding the girl over his rock-hard cock like a sex toy. It was the greatest feeling in the world. Her inexperienced but eager fuckhole was hungrily squeezing his shaft, as if it was trying to milk it.

After a few minutes, Eagerdoll felt like she should intervene once more. She bowed down and whispered in the blonde’s ear.

“You are doing so well, Miss. Do you want to feel it? Do you want to cum?”

Stephanie managed to open her eyes and nod between Eddie’s increasingly frequent thrusts.

“Y-yes... yes please.”

“I can’t help you there, Miss,” said Eagerdoll. “I believe you earned it, but you still have to beg for it. You can get an orgasm if he grants it to you.”

“Oh?”

Stephanie was visibly perplexed. “But... beg for it? I don’t...”

Seeing the shame returning to the blonde’s face, the slave decided to give her another push in the right direction. She moved in closer and grabbed her golden hair with her right fist, forcing her to raise her head. Then, with her free hand, she grabbed both her wrists and raised it to her chin level. Now Stephanie looked like she was praying.

“Don’t worry. This cunt will guide you through it,” she whispered. Her breath’s familiar warmth seemed to calm Stephanie a little.

“Repeat after me, Miss. Please, please let me cum.”

“P-please Eddie, please let me cum,” stuttered the blonde with a barely audible, trembling voice.

“Louder!”

“Please let me cum, Eddie,” she repeated.

“Still not good enough.”

Eagerdoll moved even closer to Stephanie and grabbed her from the back. With her left hand, she pulled her hair back roughly to arch her back, and she grabbed her exposed neck with her right.

“Let’s try again, shall we? Please! Pretty please! Would you please let me cum!”

“Yes, pretty please! Would you please...” Stephanie was breathless and almost delirious from Eddie’s quickening thrusts.

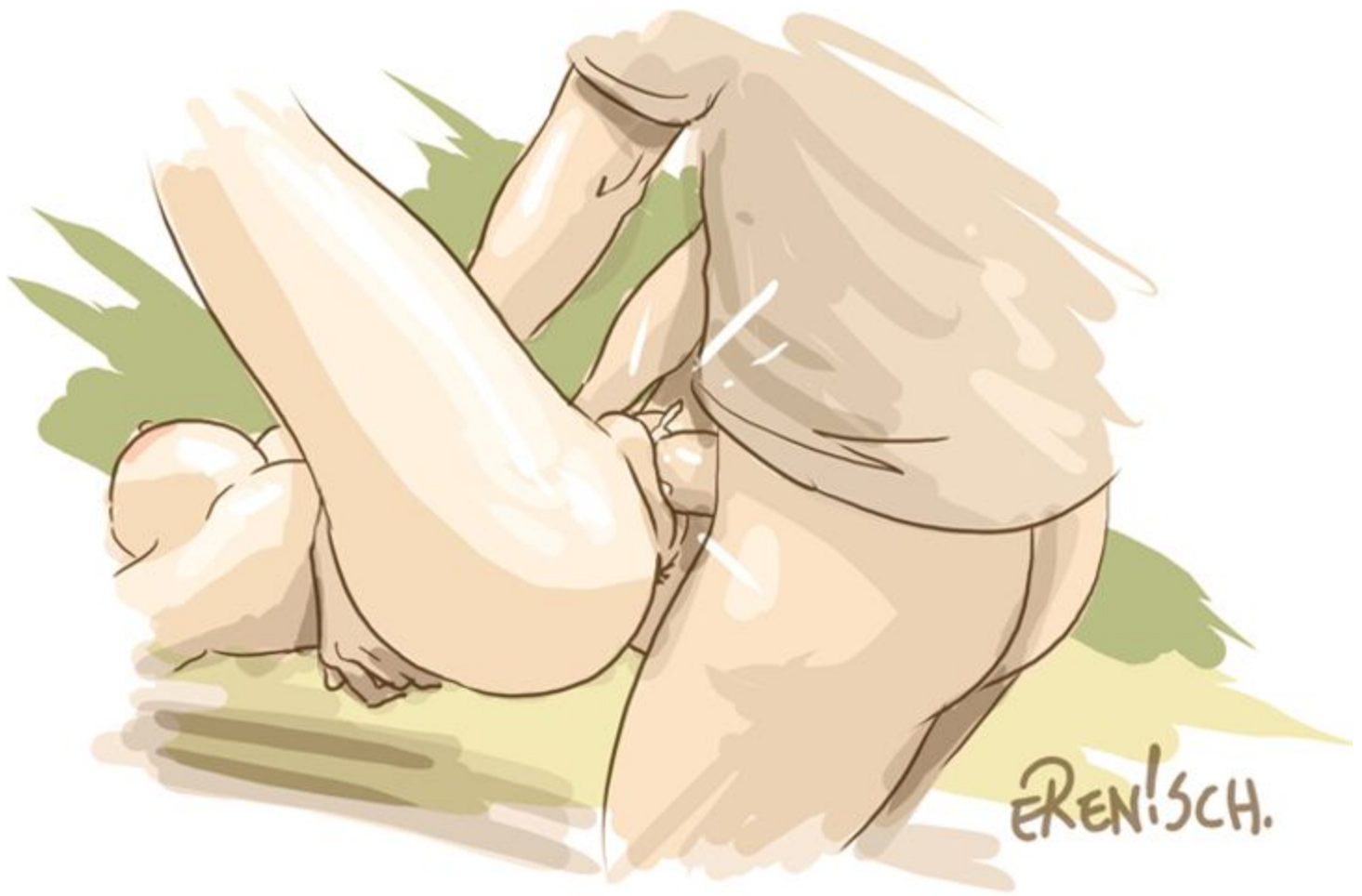
“Would you please let me cum, Eddie, please!”

This was more than enough to put the boy into a higher gear. The moment Stephanie finished her pleading, he started to ruthlessly pump her pussy. Within moments both were about to climax.

“Beg him to cum inside you!” shouted Eagerdoll. Stephanie’s screams were too loud now.

“Please cum inside me!” she pleaded without thinking.

Eddie started to pound the girl even faster. Soon both were beyond the point of no return. When he finally started to unload deep in his dream girl’s pussy, she was already in the midst of a powerful orgasm.



Eagerdoll tightened her embrace once more to keep the shuddering girl under control. Stephanie's wriggling body struggled against the slave's clenched arms in vain as wave after wave of pleasure hit her.

"Lucky you," whispered the redhead in the ecstatic blonde's ear. "You're having a multiple orgasm. And on your first time too."

It took a while until Stephanie's convulsions died down entirely. She fell limp in the slavegirl's arms, well-fucked and exhausted.

Mastery - 25

Eagerdoll woke up as the dildo stuck inside her vagina started to vibrate and wiggle once more. Was that 2 hours already? She tried to straighten up to ease the tension in her knees, but her sleeping closet was too narrow to move. She was used to her wrists being tied behind her back, and it didn't really bother her too much anymore, but the elbow tie always hurt. Her master had been learning how to tie women up from online videos, and unfortunately, he wasn't a quick learner.

She finally managed to sit up a little and relax her bound legs before the vibrator went up to second level. She squeezed her legs in order to push the dildo further inside. It started to hit all the right spots inside. A warm, radiating feeling started to build up between her thighs. She squeezed tighter. After a few minutes, her electronic abuser sped up once more. This time, the intensity of the assault was too much for Eagerdoll. She started to shake and spasm in her tight binds, and finally climaxed for the 4th time. The vibrator, unaware of its success, continued to work for another minute or two, then slowed down and stopped.



When Eddie inserted this in her fuckhole three days ago, he programmed it to work for longer periods to make sure she climaxed. This was unusual. He generally used dildos and vibrators to edge her, but never to let her cum. This time he made it clear that this was a reward for helping him fuck Stephanie.

“Help?”

Eagerdoll rolled her eyes as she remembered his words. Surely, she did all the work while he sat there, bedazzled. She singlehandedly seduced, undressed and laid her down in front of her master, spread eagled and wet. All he had to do was penetrate her. The slave was strangely proud of her achievement, even though this achievement was possibly ruining another girl’s life. She certainly deserved a better reward than climaxing several times in one night, at the expense of a good sleep.

Still, it was a good break from her usual routine of getting repeatedly slapped and sodomized.

As she tried to go back to sleep her thoughts wandered back to the blonde girl. She remembered the way the poor thing struggled against her grip as her master unloaded his testicles deep in her belly. She looked so beautiful and sexy as

she was having a multiple orgasm. Her pretty eyes were half-closed, glazed and rolled back, her full wet lips parted as if she was silently begging for a kiss... Her upper body was arching backwards like a bow, signaling her surrender to the height of pleasure.

Eagerdoll filled with warmth as she relived the moments Stephanie's beautiful body struggled against her tight embrace. The way her face tightened and relaxed again and again as a number of orgasms hit her one after another. How her exhausted head finally dropped on her left shoulder and rested there for a long while. It was certainly a very satisfying feeling. It was a happy memory Eagerdoll liked to revisit every now and then throughout the last few days.

She had a climax only a few minutes ago, but now she was turned on again. Her juices oozed out of her pussy that is tightly grabbing the dildo, and her nipples were rock hard. But the need for sleep was too strong to resist. Her eyes closed and her tightly bound body went limp.

But only for a moment. Or that's what it felt like. The door suddenly opened and sunlight ruthlessly assaulted her dilated pupils. A hand reached inside, grabbed her by the hair, and roughly pulled her head forward. Without letting her react to the sudden intrusion, a cock was forced into her well-conditioned mouth and shoved deep down her throat. She choked initially, but managed to respond like a good slavegirl. She relaxed her jaw and throat in order to accommodate the cock, which immediately started to move in and out of her mouth with a steadily increasing speed.

It wasn't the first time her master caught her in sleep. Normally, a slavegirl should always be aware of her master's wants and needs, and be ready for service at all times. Getting caught like this was unacceptable and deserves punishment. Eagerdoll knew she screwed up, but it was too late now. All she could do was to suck her master's cock as good as she could and pray for a light punishment. Sometimes Eddie would let her go with a few slaps and a short spanking when he's in a good mood. But this could end in a full body whipping too. She trembled with terror when she remembered the last time Eddie decided to flog her from tits to thighs.

Eddie had the biggest morning erection he ever had. He was dreaming about Stephanie all morning. The things he did to her a few days at the park... The things he wanted to do to her right now... He woke up in sweat, with the biggest boner and fullest balls. He had to get rid of this immediately, but unfortunately his slavegirl was tied up and locked in her closet.

He quickly got up, ran to the closet and shoved his cock in the drowsy girl's mouth. Her well-trained reflexes kicked in and she quickly started to suck his member, but Eddie had no patience this time. He grabbed the girl's head with both hands and started to ruthlessly skullfuck the poor thing. She seemed to adapt to the assault well, even though Eddie never let her catch her breath. She was definitely skilled.

After a few pumps, he decided to get to a more comfortable position. Without stopping, he started to drag the fully-bound girl towards his desk and sat down. The redhead continued to serve her master without any visible complaint. Eddie was now tightly holding and brutally moving her pretty head along his shaft like a masturbatory toy. His hard cock was going in and out without mercy. Unable to cope, Eagerdoll decided to stop trying to suck it and surrender to her master's tempo. She relaxed her jaw and throat let him fuck her face as he liked. He was obviously worked up and ready to explode, so there was nothing she could do except for providing some saliva to ease penetration.

Eddie collected all her hair and held it tightly in his right fist. He violently pulled her head up and looked into her eyes for a second. Then with his left hand, he slapped her with full strength across her pretty, already reddened face.

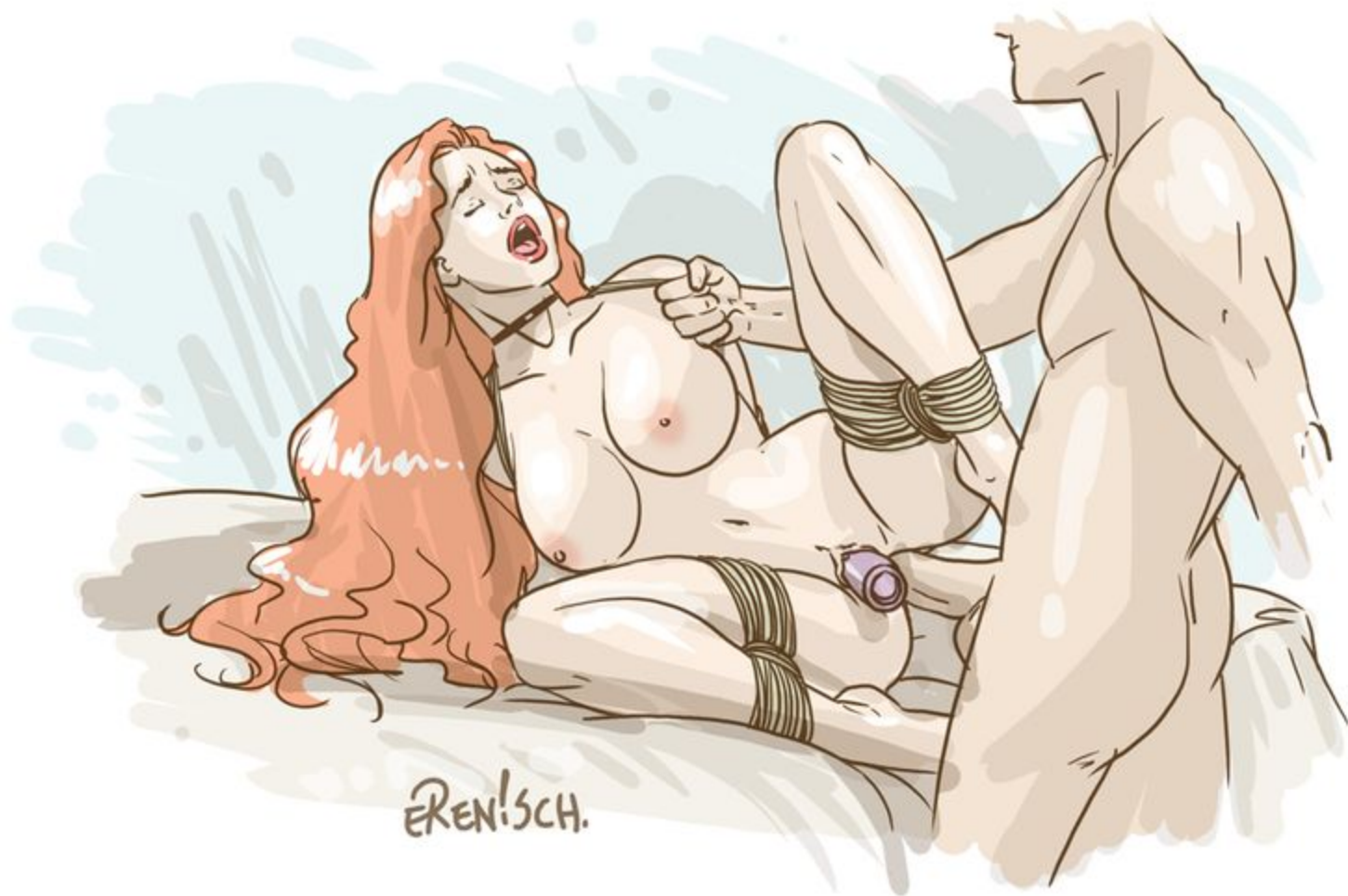
"Use your tongue, stupid whore!" he ordered.

Tears gushed out of the slavegirl's pretty eyes. The slap was mercilessly brutal as it was unexpected. When he pushed her head down and shoved his dick in her once more, she immediately did as she was told, putting her tongue in action. She tried her best to lick his cock as he continued to savagely fuck her throat. He was unusually forceful and rough with her this morning, and she wasn't sure if this was because of something she did or didn't do.

Eddie continued to fuck her face pussy for little while more before he got up again. With his dick deep in her mouth, he dragged her onto the bed. She did her best to reposition her bound body in order to serve him better. Eddie wasn't appreciative of her efforts. While she was wiggling like a desperate worm on the bed, he callously raised the girl by the rope around her ankles and throw her on her back. He continued to fuck her face fiercely as her head dangled down from the side of the bed.

Eagerdoll was getting more and more exhausted from the constant assault on her throat. She was sore and hurting, but her master was still far from done. Her desperate attempts to increase his pleasure were apparently not working. He didn't seem to be approaching a climax. He kept thrusting and shoving as if she was a mere fucktoy.

After a long, callous pounding, Eddie decided to change holes. To the poor redhead's relief, he pulled his cock out of her brutalized mouth, roughly turned her body around and shoved it in her asshole. Only then the slavegirl remembered that the dildo was still in her vagina. Now painfully stuffed in both holes, she let out a little scream. Eddie smiled as he started to push further inside and stretch the girl's fuckholes to the limit.



This was what he really wanted to do to Stephanie at the park. When he fucked his long-time crush's pussy and ejaculated deep inside her for the first time, he was immediately ready to go again. At that moment he was so sure that it was time to go to a higher gear and fuck her roughly, and perhaps stick it in her untouched butt hole this time. But just as he prepared to penetrate her again, Eagerdoll moved between them without invitation, and started to lick the blonde's cum-filled pussy. Eddie was frustrated. He almost struck the slavegirl and push her out of the way, but he decided not to. He didn't want to scare Stephanie with such a violent display just as he unexpectedly got into her pants. And he knew that he owed that success mostly to his new slavegirl, who took the initiative again and again to dismantle the Stephanie's defenses and inhibitions piece by piece, until the blonde finally surrendered herself to Eddie's cock. Now he couldn't punish her for taking the initiative once more. Later he realized that her last move was also calculated, intended to prevent him from ruining all the progress they made. He was grateful for it, but he still wanted to punish her for that momentary frustration.

A knock on the door snapped Eddie out of his daydreaming. He immediately recognized his mother's knocking. It was simply knuckles hitting on wood, but the sound was somehow articulate enough to convey disappointment.

"Eddie, Stephanie is here."

"What?"

Eddie jumped up. He hadn't heard from Stephanie since the day he deflowered her. He wasn't sure what to do. And now she was here, asking for him?

"Er... I need a minute. I'm not ready to..."

"It's okay. You take your time, son," her mother continued. "She isn't here for you. She wants to know if she could borrow your slavegirl for a walk in the park."

Mastery - 26

Eddie stood motionless for a long moment.

“No,” he said after a long deliberation. “She can’t come right now. I’m playing with her.”

“Okay,” replied the mother behind the door. “I’ll send her away then.”

“No, wait.”

He quickly put on his pants and t-shirt, and turned around on his heels. He looked giddy.

“Tell her she can come and watch, if she wants.”

His mother sighed loudly and walked away.

Eddie turned to his bound fuckslave lying on the bed and grinned. “I guess this is a good time to practice what I learned from that online course, eh?”

He roughly grabbed the girl and untied her knees and elbows as quickly as possible. As soon as her limbs were freed, Eagerdoll immediately fell down on her knees and assumed basic slave position. Blood rushed to her oxygen-deprived extremities. Tingles and shivers wandered around her naked body. She tried to correct her posture as well as she could, but every inch of her body was aching like hell. She hoped that Eddie was too excited to notice the imperfections in her posture.

“Stand up!”

“Yes, Master!”

She quickly obeyed her master’s order. He was in a rush, and thus wouldn’t tolerate any hesitation.

“Raise your arms!”

“Yes, Master!”

With her legs apart, she reached up and joined her wrists together. It was one of the basic slave positions, but obviously Eddie didn’t know its name.

Just as Eddie reached down and picked the rope up from the floor, they heard another knock on the floor.

“Eddie? May I come in?”

“Yes, of course.”

Stephanie opened the door and shyly took a peek inside.

“I’m sorry I came unannounced like this. I was going to go to the...”

“No problem.” Eddie interrupted her with a dismissive hand gesture. “Come in. Sit down.” He pointed to the bed.

Eagerdoll sensed the difference in her master’s voice. He sounded more confident and forceful this time.

His attitude worked on Stephanie like a charm. The young blonde did as she told without any apparent reluctance.

“Sorry I didn’t call since our thing at the park,” continued Eddie. “How you’ve been?”

“Good... Yes... I was...”

Eddie turned to the stammering girl and smiled.

“I was about to tie her. Would you like to give me a hand?”

“I... Okay.”

Eddie walked around the naked girl and stood right behind her. Eagerdoll took a deep breath. She can feel both sets of eyes wandering around her beautiful figure. It was exciting.

She expected him to reach around and cup her breasts, but instead his fingers touched her elbows. She shuddered as his unusually soft touch moved slowly down to her shoulders. He drew little circles following the contours of her deltoids, and then wandered around the flesh around her shoulder blades. He was taking his time, almost like the first time he had her back in the Girl-Mart raperoom.





Of course, the slave knew that the slow-paced foreplay was all for Stephanie's benefit. It was just a show to excite the blonde sitting on the bed. It was a nice, thrilling feeling nevertheless. She could only guess how this affected Stephanie, but it was definitely working on her. Her eyelids were half closed, her nipples were hard like pebbles, and her pussy was overflowing with juices.

A soft breeze licked her naked body and gave her goosebumps all over.

“Oooh!”

She let out a loud moan when Eddie suddenly put his left hand over her stomach. Her muscles constricted. Her lips parted. She raised on her toes.

Eddie smiled when he felt the girl’s reaction. He was enjoying this tease immensely. Since the day he bought the girl, he was using her roughly like any other toy he owned. This was a nice change of pace. He continued to admire the nooks and crannies of the beautiful creature at his mercy. There was no need to hurry.

As he continued to caress her thighs, he leaned in and smelled her neck. Her intoxicating natural scent hit his nose. He was so captivated by the slave, he almost forgot about Stephanie, his crush who is sitting a couple meters away, watching this strange ritual with a stunned expression on her face.

Stephanie didn’t mind not being the center of attention at that moment. After a few minutes of genuine shock, she was relaxed and started to enjoy the show. It was strange to see her friend with a girl like this. He looked so confident and in control. The slavegirl was responding to his every move like a captured angel in heat. She looked so beautiful squirming in his hands.

She watched the slave unintentionally part her legs farther as her Master’s hand moved closer and closer to her womanhood. Stephanie’s body was getting hotter and squirmier too. She tried to contain herself by squeezing her legs together.

“Can you pass me the rope?”

Stephanie woke up from her trance. Eddie was looking at her pointing to the bundle of rope sitting on the bed next to her.

“Oh? Yes, of course”.

She stood up, picked the rope clumsily and handed it to the boy.

“Come here”

He grabbed Stephanie’s wrist and pulled her in front of the slavegirl. He moved to the side and held them tightly chest-to-chest.

“Don’t be shy. You two have been very intimate, twice.”

Stephanie wanted to protest, but she didn’t know what to say.

Eddie nonchalantly pushed the girls further together. “Would you like to be dressed or naked?”

“What?” Stephanie was confused. Did she somehow agree to join this game between Eddie and his slavegirl?

“I agree. Naked is better.”

Without letting the blonde react, Eddie grabbed the skirt of her sundress and pulled it all the way up to her arms.

Stephanie let out a shriek, but couldn’t react in time to stop him.

“Keep you arms up, just like Eagerdoll,” continued Eddie as he removed the dress completely and threw it on the bed.

“Eddie, p-please... what are you...” Stephanie stuttered.

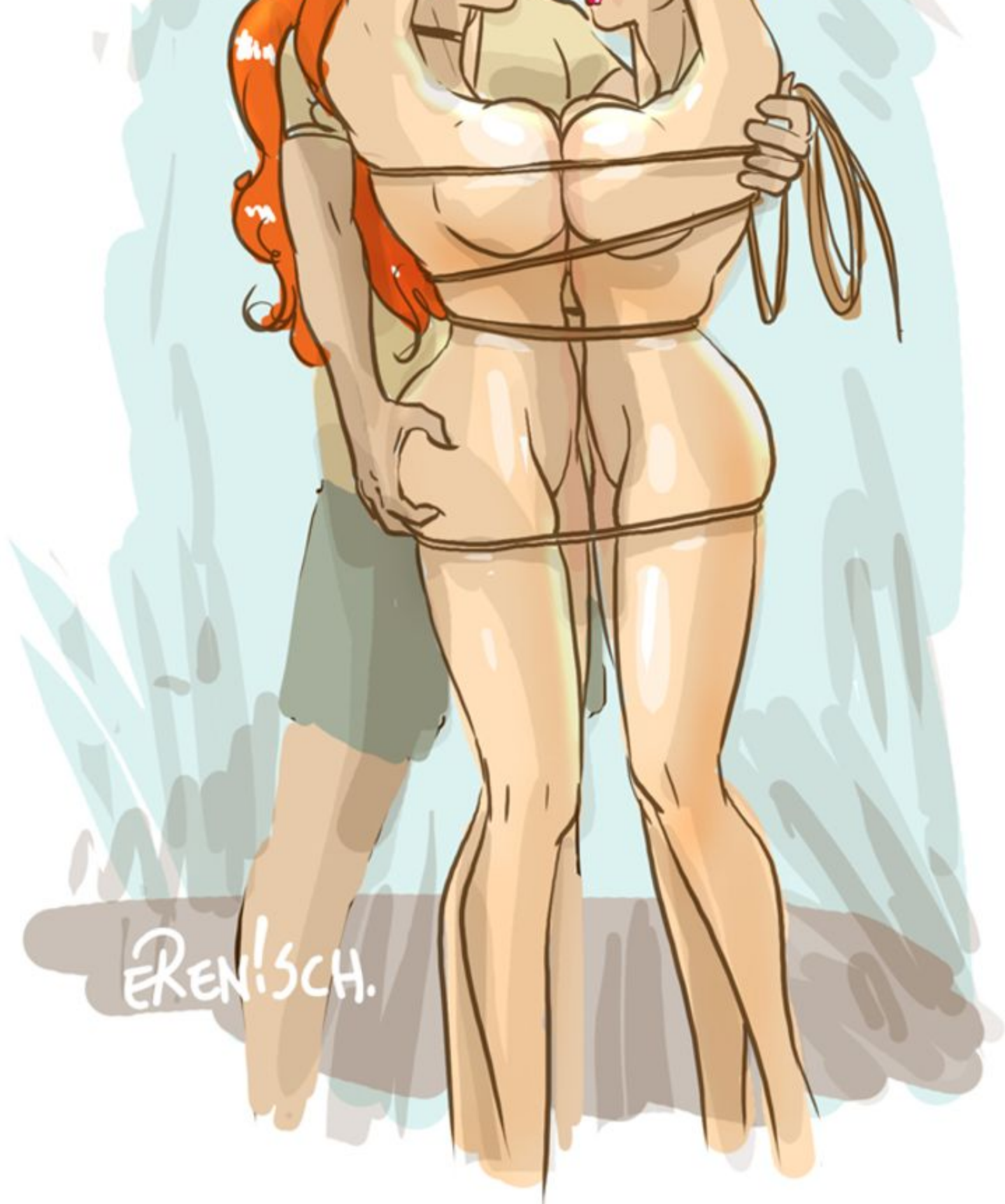
The boy, without even acknowledging her weak protests, walked around the trembling blonde. “Don’t worry, my sweet. I know what you need.”

Both girls felt the slight menace in Eddie’s last words. Eddie calmly throw the rope around the girls a couple times and tightened it. After he tied it around their waists, the two were squished together boob to boob, pubis to pubis.

Eddie took a couple steps back to admire his handiwork. His rope technique was still horribly amateurish, but the end result was a sight to be seen.

“Ok girls. Let’s have some fun.”





Mastery - 27

“You know, this slavegirl wasn’t that different from you a few months ago”.

Eddie approached Stephanie from behind and gently combed her short blond hair with his left hand. His touch startled the blonde who was still trying to adapt to the rough, itchy rope that tied her to the redhead’s sexy naked body.

“She was sold to slavery and was trained by ruthless brutes in the arts of serving men.” Eddie started to walk around the girls with his hand following their beautiful curves. His soft touch was giving them goosebumps. He stopped when he was right behind his slavegirl, and leaned in closer to her ear.

“Tell me again, Eagerdoll. How many men used your cockworthy holes?”

“78, Master,” she replied without even thinking... “997 times.”

Stephanie’s expression was pure shock. She couldn’t believe it.

Amused by the blonde’s reaction, Eddie repeated the slave’s answer. “997? And she doesn’t even know how many times they used her when she was unconscious, right?”

“Yes, master.”

“It’s almost an even thousand. We should celebrate or something. Don’t you think so, Steph?”

“I... I... I g-guess...” stammered Stephanie.

Eddie continued to walk around until he arrived behind his crush. “and how many you had, Stephie my dear?”

The old Stephanie would have shouted “How dare you!” and slapped Eddie just for asking such a dirty question to her. But she wasn’t the girl she was a week ago, and her wrists were tied to another girl’s.

Furthermore, the question didn’t really make her mad. It, to her surprise, excited her even more. Being interrogated about her sexual exploits like that was strangely thrilling.

“One... just one... just you, Eddie.”

“How many times?”

“Oh... how do I... how do I count...”

“Two,” Eagerdoll whispered. “You served him two times.”

“Yes... T-two,” stammered the blonde as Eddie started to move his hands around her naked body once more.

“That makes you mine, you know.”

“Oh? What? I...”

“Yes. Maybe not exactly like Eagerdoll, but I own you now. I own your virginity. I own your skilled little mouth. I own your wet little pussy.”

“I... I d-don’t know, Eddie... I”

Eddie’s hands slowly moved up and reached her shoulders. His left hand grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, and he caught her neck with his other hand.

“New rule, Stephanie... Whenever I call, you’ll come and serve me. And when you serve me, you’ll call me Sir.”

“But... why... I can’t...”

Eddie slightly tightened her grip around the girl’s slender long neck.

“Stop stuttering, slut. You’ll say, yes sir!”

A current of electricity run through Stephanie’s bound nude body the moment she heard the word “slut.” Nobody called her that before. How could Eddie, that gentle boy she grew up with, use such a nasty word? What a demeaning thing to say!

“Yes sir!” she replied, breathless. She was wet and she knew it.

“Repeat after me. Whenever I call, you’ll come and serve me”

“Yes sir... I’ll serve you.”

“Whenever I call. No excuses.”

“Yes sir, whenever... Anytime.”

“Good girl.” Eddie gave her a little kiss on the cheek and released her neck.

He walked around and held Eagerdoll this time. He brushed her hair to the side and put his two fingers in her mouth.

“You’ll count and remember, just like this cunt does,” continued the boy, with increasing menace in his voice. “How many times your master fucked your mouth, slave?”

“12 times, Master.”

“What about you, Stephanie?”

“o-one... one, sir.”

“Good girl,” said Eddie and moved his hand down. He stuck his fingers in the redhead’s pussy this time.

“How many times you served with your pussy?”

“11, master,” she replied without hesitation.”

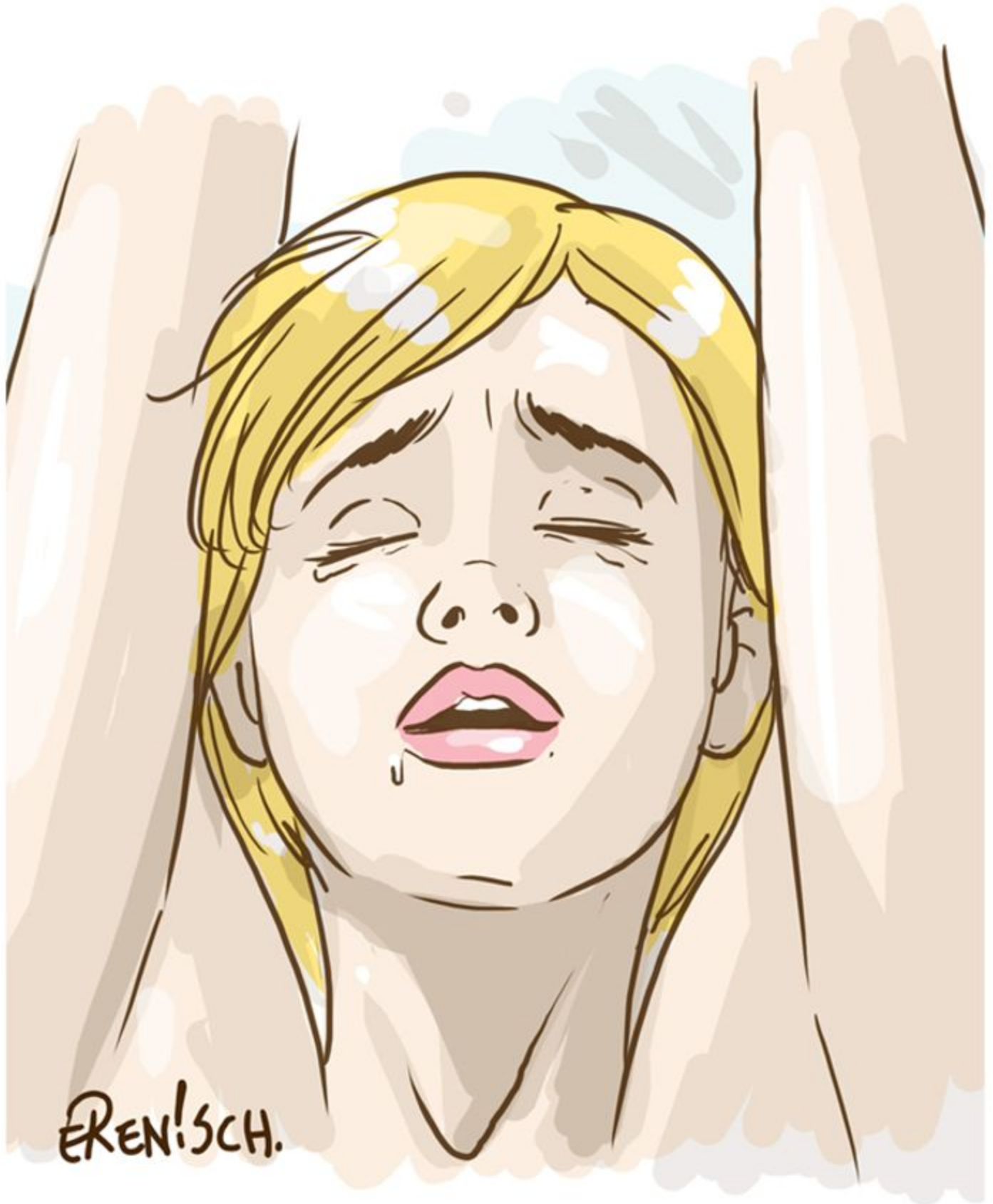
Eddie turned to Stephanie. "One sir," she replied without waiting for the question.

"You are doing so fine." Eddie pulled out his fingers and shoved them in the slave's asshole this time, with an exaggerated gesture so Stephanie could clearly understand what happened.

"Aaah! 6... you fucked my ass 6 times, master. Thank you!" screamed Eagerdoll.

This time Stephanie couldn't say anything when Eddie looked at her with inquiring eyes.

"Uh-oh!"



Eddie let the slave go and moved towards Stephanie once more. He grabbed her asscheeks with both hands and squeezed them a couple times.

“There is nothing to worry about.” He whispered into the scared girl’s ear. “You must learn every possible way to serve me.”

Without waiting for a response from the girl, he moved his hands to her thighs, grabbed them tightly, and lifted her up. He wrapped her legs around Eagerdoll’s waist and told the blonde to keep this position.

He reached up and shoved his fingers in Eagerdoll’s mouth, who immediately understood what she must do and started licking her master’s fingers. Once his digits were completely slathered with the slavegirl’s saliva, he put his hand on Stephanie’s untouched anal opening and started to lubricate her tightly shut hole.

“Relax your muscles and don’t resist,” commanded Eddie. “I will fuck you in the ass whether you want it or not. If you resist, it will hurt more.”

“Oh god!” sighed Stephanie with fear in her pretty eyes. “Will it hurt a lot?”

“It doesn’t matter,” intervened Eagerdoll, with a soft voice. “What matters is master’s pleasure. We exist to serve. Be a good girl and master might reward you.”

“Exactly,” nodded Eddie.

Stephanie tried her best to relax under the circumstances. Eventually Eddie’s fingers managed to pass through her terrified sphincter and began to lubricate the immediate entrance of her orifice. She felt his middle finger moving inside, pushing further and deeper inside. She didn’t feel any pain, but the shame was unbearable.

She was powerless to stop him. And it was even worse than that...

She didn’t want to.

Minutes passed. Stephanie started to wonder why it was taking too long. Was he trying to prolong her shame? Was she not lubricated enough yet?

Eagerdoll could easily see the confusion on the blonde’s face. “You are not begging,” she informed her. “You should beg him to fuck your ass. Beg him to grant you the privilege of serving him.”

“What? I...” Stephanie didn’t know what to do. She felt like a stupid little girl, on the first day of school.

“Don’t panic,” Eagerdoll whispered. “Just repeat after me”

“O-okay.”

“Please Sir, please fuck my ass with your mighty big cock!”

“Please sir, please fuck my ass with your cock... with your big cock!” Stephanie quickly repeated. Tears of shame was forming below her eyes. She was turned on beyond belief.

“Please shove your big dick in my ass, sir,” whispered Eagerdoll.

“Please please please shove your dick in my ass sir, please!” Stephanie begged with genuine desire and anticipation in her trembling voice.

Apparently, that was more than enough for Eddie. Without letting her finish her last sentence, he pushed the tip of his fully erect cock against the blonde’s anal opening, and slowly penetrated her tight, untouched asshole.

Stephanie responded with an explosive gasp when Eddie started to push the tip further and back with a steady pace. He was restrained and taking his time. He wasn’t the overzealous, impatient teenager he was a short while ago. His time with the well-trained redhead prepared him well enough for this.

With every thrust, he shoved his cock deeper in her anal cavity. Stephanie’s moans got louder and louder as her young body surrendered inch by inch. In a few minutes, Eddie’s stomach was slapping her asscheeks. His full length was in her. Her last defenses were fully breached. His conquest over her inexperienced young body was complete.

“Are you fully penetrated, miss?” Eagerdoll asked. Stephanie nodded between her moans.

“I think so,” she managed to say.

Eddie was now building up his pace, fucking the poor blonde with faster, deeper and rougher thrusts. She desperately clasped her legs around the slavegirl tighter, and squeezed a whimper out of her. Stephanie wasn’t exactly sure if what she felt was pain or pleasure. Perhaps it was a bit of both. The feeling of “fullness” was overwhelming. It was as if Eddie was wearing her on his cock. She was having a hard time thinking. Even though she knew he sodomized her with a normal human cock, her inexperienced brain interpreted it as being impaled on a thick log. It was the single strangest, most thrilling experience she ever had in her short life.

“Remember to thank your master,” Eagerdoll whispered. “A fucktoy should always say please and thank you while being used.”

“Yesss! T-thank you sirrr!” Stephanie moaned with all the breath left in her lungs! She was no longer in control of her body or brain. Whatever slight control she had was pulverized by Eddie’s heavy pounding. “Thank you, sir! Please use me, sir!”

“Beg him to cum inside you!”

“Yes, please cum inside me, sir!”



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Stephanie kept begging and begging for a few more minutes. With her every plead, she felt like Eddie's cock got bigger and faster inside her, as if it was possible. She didn't know exactly why, but all she wanted was to satisfy him now, to make him cum deep in her bowels... to be filled to the brim with his warm sperm.

At that moment she realized... It felt so much sense. She was made to do this. To serve his cock.

A moment of serenity followed her realization. Then she felt the inevitable explosion deep inside her. Eddie's throbbing cock was exploding again and again, unloading all the contents of his balls in Stephanie's compliant, hungry fuckhole. Wave after wave filled her until Eddie finally pulled out and let her well-fucked body drop. She was exhausted and her entire body felt like cooked noodles, but luckily, she was tightly bound to the redhead. Thanks to the slavegirl's efforts, the poor blonde managed not to drop to the floor.

After she caught her breath and regained her senses, another wave of shame shuddered her entire body. She could feel Eddie's cum oozing out of her butt, and seeping down her inner thighs.

Mastery - 28

Eddie moved back a couple steps back and dropped onto the chair like a bag of potatoes. He was out of breath, and it felt like he emptied his entire body into the shivering blonde. His conquest of the girl of his dreams was now complete. He couldn't believe how easy it was to do it. Apparently, all he needed was some confidence and courage to act.

He knew that he had his slavegirl to thank for unleashing this dormant self-confidence. He relaxed and sank in the chair further, as he continued to admire the beautiful view before his eyes. Sweaty naked bodies of the two beautiful girls pressed together with rough rope was glistening in the morning sun. They were slowly swaying from side to side, occasionally switching their weight from one foot to the other.

Intoxicated by this subtle slow dance, Eddie reached for his phone and quickly snapped a few pictures of the girls.

"Eddie, could you please untie me now... I have to go and..."

Stephanie was finally able to overcome her exhaustion and embarrassment, but her voice was weak, almost like a whisper.

"No!" replied Eddie without hesitation.

"No? but..."

Eddie stood up and quickly untied the girls. Eagerdoll immediately fell on her knees and sat on her heels. Stephanie watched the redhead assume the basic slave position and adjust her posture with glossy eyes, but didn't know what to do herself. Her tired knees buckled and she almost fell down next to the well-trained slavegirl, but Eddie caught her in time.

"Oh, Eddie," she moaned. "Please let me..."

"Hush!"

Eddie grabbed and lifted the blonde and motioned Eagerdoll to follow. When he sat down on the bed with Stephanie in his arms, Eagerdoll quickly caught up with him and took her usual place between his legs. She didn't need a command to know what to do. She opened her talented mouth and started to suck her master's half-erect cock like a good girl.

Eddie carefully and gently raised Stephanie and sat her down on Eagerdoll's back. The redhead let out a whimper of surprise, but managed to continue to serve her master without pause. Now he was face to face with Stephanie, who was still too ashamed to look into his eyes.

"Keep your hands behind your back," ordered Eddie, when the blonde instinctively tried to cover her chest with her shaky hands.

"Yes, okay... I..."

"Yes sir!" corrected Eddie.

"Sorry, yes sir!" repeated the blonde, embarrassed.

She joined her wrists behind her back as well as she could. This move forced her to push her chest forward, and accentuated her beautiful full breasts. If her eyes weren't lowered with shame, she could see the sparks of delight in Eddie's eyes as her hardened nipples launched forth.



Eddie, amazed by the beauty of Stephanie's bosom, raised his hands and put them at the sides of her perfectly shaped tits. Ignoring her soft little moans, he started to move them around and watch them shake like cream filled balloons. They were his favorite toys.

"Eddie... Sir... I really need to go... My parents will..."

"No!" replied Eddie. "And you'll not speak without permission from now on."

Stephanie wanted to protest, but she bit her lip to stop herself. Eddie's voice never sounded this confident and authoritative. She didn't understand why, but she felt like he knew what is needed to be done. Her body wanted to obey him. She needed to obey him.

Eddie reached for the pile of clothes and found Stephanie's cellphone in one of her pockets.

"What is the code to your phone?"

"3412," replied Stephanie after a moment of hesitation. Eddie roughly pinched her right nipple."

"3412 sir," she corrected with haste.

Eddie entered the code and unlocked her phone.

"I'm calling your mother. You'll tell her that you'll spend the day and night with one of your friends."

"But... Aaah! Yes sir," replied Stephanie when Eddie pinched her nipple once more.

Eddie called the number and a middle-aged woman replied. After a short boring exchange, Stephanie managed to assure her mother about the night out.

“Well done.”

Eddie patted the blonde in the head and leaned in for a kiss on the lips.

Stephanie immediately surrendered to the unexpected assault on her full lips. When Eddie’s tongue started to explore her warm mouth, all she could do was to meet it with hers.

As the teens were making out, Eagerdoll was still sucking her master’s cock with perfect devotion and a steady rhythm. She was a little surprised by the speed that Stephanie surrendered to Eddie’s newfound assertiveness. He certainly had a natural talent, this boy. The slave was able to recognize the submissive side of the blonde immediately on the day they first met, but she definitely underestimated her eagerness to obey male authority... and her untapped horniness.

The redhead continued to suck his master’s exhausted cock in order to bring it back to life. In a few minutes, Eddie was fully erect again, partly because of Eagerdoll’s skilled tongue. But the slave knew well that the main reason was the beautiful blonde he held in her hands.

“I’m not done with you yet,” said Eddie when he finally broke the kiss. “I’ll play with you for the rest of the day. You are my toy now.”

“Oh?”

Stephanie whimpered and looked into Eddie’s eyes like a little wounded animal.

“A toy?”

“A fucktoy,” corrected Eddie. “You’ll please me... won’t you, little fucktoy?”

“Y-yes sir,” whispered Stephanie. The shame she felt when Eddie called her a fucktoy was immense, but so was the sudden self-lubrication of her pussy.

Eddie embraced the blonde and kicked the redhead dutifully sucking his cock away. The slavegirl fell on her back but immediately bounced back on her knees.

“Go get the cuffs and the gags, cunt!”

Eagerdoll fell on all fours and scampered towards the cabinet where all the bondage equipment was stored. She grabbed the bag and rushed back.

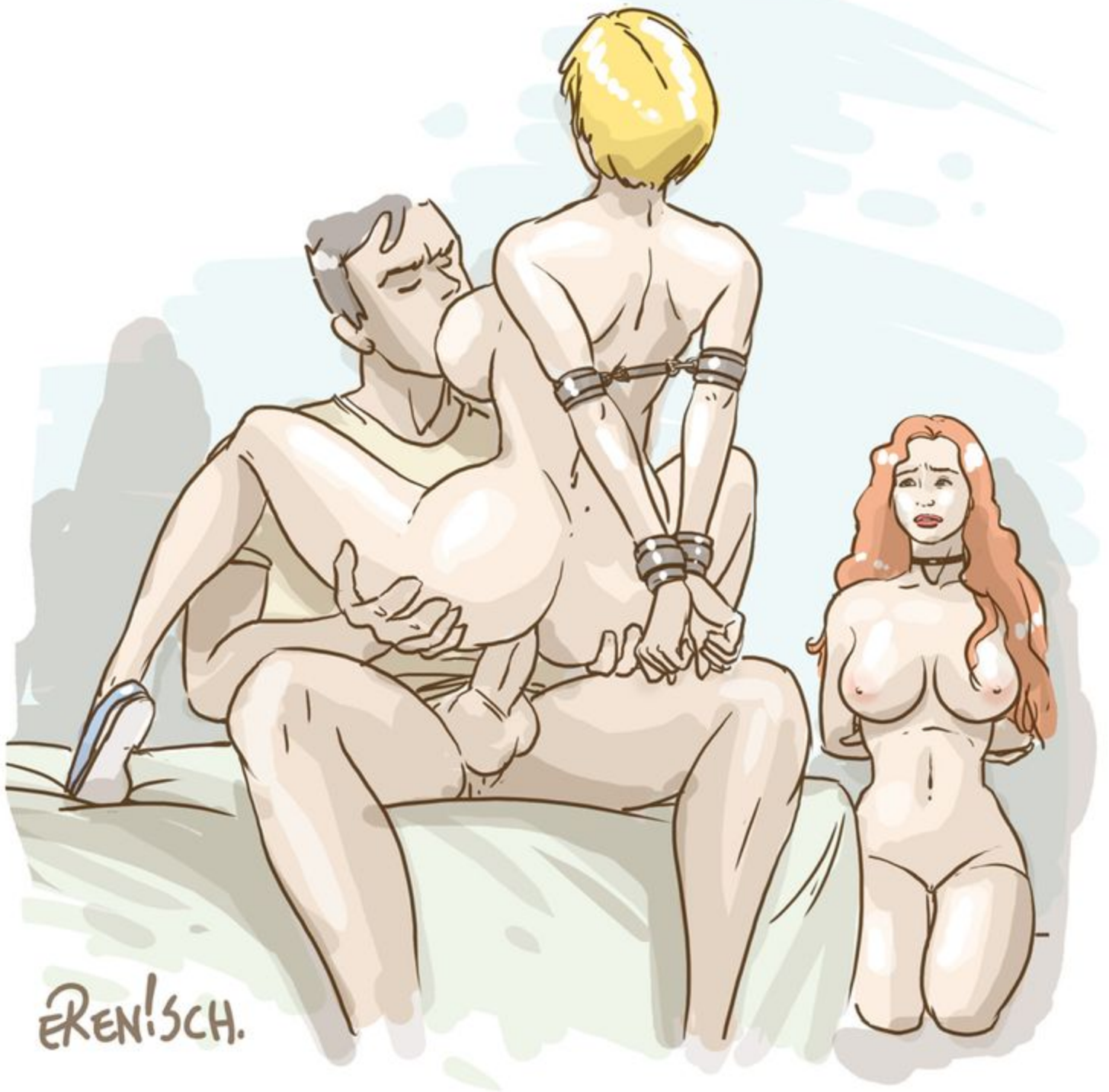
Eddie took the bag and gave her a pat of approval. “Good girl.”

Eagerdoll smiled and lowered her eyes respectfully, as the boy started to put the leather cuffs on Stephanie. The teen let out a slight moan of protest when the rough leather tightened around her slender wrists.

“Oh, Eddie!... please...”

She couldn’t finish her sentence, because Eddie quickly shoved a ball-gag in her mouth and fastened its buckle at the back of her neck. She groaned uncomfortably, but Eddie was no longer acknowledging her reactions. She was indeed, just a toy to him now.

Before Stephanie could adapt to her tight, unforgiving restraints, Eddie grabbed the girl and pulled her onto his fully erect cock once more. Without losing any time, he guided his member into her already wet and swollen fuckhole with his right hand. When the tip found the entrance, He roughly lowered his trembling captive and penetrated her pussy fully. Her ass-cheeks slapped his thighs. Both groaned with pleasure, and the blonde’s repressed moans filled the room once more as Eddie started to move the poor girl on his shaft like a live masturbation tool.



EREN!SCH.

“Go on. Moan for me,” ordered the boy. The command was completely unnecessary at that point. Her groans were already out of control.

After a few minutes, Eddie remembered his slavegirl kneeling at the corner of the room, still waiting for her orders.

“Get the fuck out of here, cunt. I won’t need you for a while,” ordered the boy and waved his hand towards the door.

Eagerdoll looked at her master for a split second with questioning eyes.

“Go help my mom in the kitchen or something.”

“Yes, master,” replied the girl and left the room.

Mastery - 29

For the next 40-50 minutes Eagerdoll obediently followed her master's last order and helped his mother with her chores. Sonja seemed more relaxed and at ease. She definitely tolerated the redhead's presence better than the first day they met. She still didn't speak to her much except for occasionally telling her what to do, but she didn't angrily glare at the slavegirl either. She was getting used to her.

They silently cooked dinner, cleaned the house and folded sheets together, while Eddie was incessantly fucking a bound and subdued Stephanie in his room. After listening to the poor blonde's moans and screams for a while, Sonja decided to play some music and told Eagerdoll to put a CD in the player. Eagerdoll thought an old classical music album would be a safe choice, and Sonja seemed okay with her pick. In fact, she didn't really care, as long as it blocked out the sounds of her son raping the neighbor's daughter.

Eagerdoll felt a strong urge to talk to the middle-aged woman... About anything. One of the things she missed from her free life was freely engaging in conversation with people. A slave couldn't just chat with others, unless they initiated. Unfortunately, her master's mother wasn't in the mood to speak to a lowly slave. After she finished her chores and sat down with a book, Eagerdoll had to wait on her knees at the corner for 20 more minutes in complete silence.

When the music stopped after a while, Eagerdoll realized that the house was completely silent.

"He must have done raping her," she said with a soft voice.

Sonja turned to the slavegirl and frowned.

"Then you can go, yeah?"

Eagerdoll nodded and fell on all-fours.

"Thanks for the help," said the woman and turned back to her book.

"You are welcome, miss," replied the slave. It was probably the first time the mother spoke to her without any contempt or pity in her voice. The slavegirl smiled and crawled out of the living room.

She stopped at the door to her master's room and listened for a few seconds. She could hear her master's snoring. She carefully opened the door and entered as silently as possible.

As she guessed, Eddie was asleep. He loved sleep. He was quick to fall asleep and hard to wake up. Deep sleepers were the best type of masters. No slavegirl would want a master who woke up three times during the night.

Stephanie was lying next to him on her back, completely naked. Her wrists were still bound behind her back. Her restraints were pulling her arms back and pushing her well-adorned chest forward in an unnatural but alluring arch. Her blushing body was covered with sweat and cum. She looked quite peaceful despite her uncomfortable position.

She was asleep as well. Eagerdoll approached the bed and admired Stephanie's beautiful features for a while. The girl's parted full lips were glistening wet with her master's jizz. A stream of white goo was going down from the corner of her mouth. Eagerdoll instinctively leaned forward to smell her. The blonde smelled like a meadow even after that heavy use. She noticed that the jizz around the girl's mouth wasn't that excessive. She was probably ordered to swallow it all.

She looked incredibly beautiful and alluring. Without even thinking, the enchanted redhead bowed her head down and gently licked the jizz escaping Stephanie's mouth. Startled by the sudden touch of the slave's skillful tongue, Stephanie woke up and tried to raise her head to see what was going on. Eagerdoll quickly responded with an aggressive sloppy kiss and stopped her from making a loud noise. As soon as she realized what was happening, Stephanie willingly surrendered to the unexpected assailant's soft but commanding kiss.

Once she made sure that the blonde didn't protest or resist, Eagerdoll let her victim's full lips go and moved her kisses towards her slender neck. Stephanie let out a moan of pleasure but quickly bit her lip in order not to wake Eddie up.

Eagerdoll knew her master's habits too well to be worried. She took her time kissing and licking Steph's neck, and slowly but surely, advanced towards her chest. She raised her head, took a long glance at her full, round tits covered in her master's musky love juices.

"He came so much," she whispered. "You must have driven him crazy with lust."

She licked a sizable portion that was collected in the small nook above the blonde's clavicle. "I must lap it all up before it dries and loses all its nutritional value," she continued, jokingly.



“I’m glad you came,” whispered back Stephanie, as she tried to suppress her moans. “I was hoping you come and...”

She stopped and held her breath when Eagerdoll started to lick her left boob. The slave moved all the goo towards her hardened nipple with her talented tongue, closed her full lips around it, and slurped it all up.

“Here, let’s share.”

Without waiting for the blonde’s reaction, Eagerdoll moved in and kissed the bound blonde again, this time releasing all the jizz she collected in her mouth. After a sloppy tongue battle, each swallowed their share of the thickening goo.

“Thank you,” whispered Stephanie.

Eagerdoll smiled and moved her tongue back to the girl’s right tit. She repeated the process a few more times, until Stephanie’s chest was all clean.

She then started to move lower on her stomach. She stopped to lick every nook and curve along the way.

“Did he cum inside you?”

“Yes,” replied Stephanie. “Twice.”

“Once in the mouth, once on the chest, twice in the pussy? You really make him hard, don’t you?”

The slave smiled again and put her right hand on the blonde’s pubic mound.

“You drive me crazy too,” she continued, and shoved two of her fingers in her pussy.

The blonde responded with an inaudible moan. Eagerdoll put her left hand on the girl’s stomach and pinned her down. She reached deeper in Stephanie’s cum-filled fuckhole and started to fingerfuck her gently. She bent her fingers upwards to press on the upper walls of her vagina, started to rub the insides of her poor victim’s pussy masterfully. The young blonde was now desperately squirming in her skilled hands. As she kept rubbing, waves of cum that filled Stephanie’s pussy continued to leak out, forming a sizable puddle below her invaded crotch.

“Please... please...”

Stephanie was nearing another climax, and Eagerdoll was fully aware of it. She wanted to prolong her pleasure by keeping her at the edge for a while, but she couldn’t risk her master waking up. After all, Stephanie was shaking and moving a lot even though Eagerdoll was doing her best to keep her in place.

“Please, let me cum, please!” begged Stephanie once again.

“As you wish.”

The slavegirl pushed her cum-covered fingers out of the blonde's quivering tight fuckhole, shoved them in her mouth, and sucked all the jizz without thinking. As a slavegirl, she was fully conditioned to crave cum, of course. It was the most precious thing in the world, and she had to consume it whenever possible.

Without letting the blonde lose her rhythm, she quickly went down and stuck her tongue between her pussy lips. She started to lick the jizz smeared on her labia and clit, as well as the small cum puddle formed below the hole. She could feel Stephanie shuddering and trashing like a wild animal. She was at the brink of a multiple climax.



And then it happened. Stephanie's body violently arched and her legs clenched as Eagerdoll's tongue and lips completed their assault on her most sensitive spots with utmost precision. Her tight pussy started to pulsate as if it had a mind of its own and tried to grab the redhead's face like a hungry monster. Wave after wave of pleasure spread around her body, until she fell down back on the bed, exhausted.

Eagerdoll kept her head down between her legs and her tongue on her clit until she had her final orgasm and stopped moving. Then she nervously raised her head and checked if her master was still sleeping.

He was.

"Thank you," whispered the blonde. She was now fully drained.

Eagerdoll smiled and gave her a little kiss on the lips. Then she crawled to her corner and assumed the proper waiting position on her knees. She watched as the exhausted blonde fall asleep once more and continued to admire her angelic face for the next couple hours.

Mastery - 30

Eddie opened up his eyes and raised his head. He wondered why his slavegirl wasn't sucking his cock already, but then immediately remembered she was locked in her cabinet again.

He turned her head and looked at Stephanie sleeping like an angel next to him. She was still tied up and gagged as he left her last night. He couldn't believe his good fortune. Since she arrived yesterday morning, he was keeping her bound next to him, using her beautiful young body like a blow-up doll. He tried to remember how many times he fucked her. Was it 4 or 5? To his surprise, she put up no real resistance to his increasing demands. She was always obedient and eager to please.

He turned on his side and reached for one of Stephanie's huge tits. He gently fondled the right one and gave a soft pinch to its nipple. The blonde moaned behind her ball-gag and opened her eyes. She turned to the boy and looked at him pleadingly with her big blue eyes.

"Morning sleepyhead," said Eddie. "We spent the night together. Can you believe it?"

Stephanie smiled and nodded.

"It was an intense workout yesterday, right? I hope you got a good sleep, because there will be more of it today."

Stephanie's eyes got bigger. Obviously she was expecting to be released. Eddie smiled when he saw the surprise in her eyes.

"Don't be like that, sweetheart. I'll take your phone and text your parents. I'm sure they wouldn't mind if you stay another day."

Stephanie shook her head and groaned "no", but Eddie chose to ignore it.

"You'll stay here and I'll violate you all day... In every hole, nook and cranny. How does that sound?"

Stephanie let out a louder moan of protest. Eddie didn't care.

"Hush. You are mine to play with now. You lost all your rights and privileges when you let me tie you up yesterday."

She closed her eyes with defeat. She could hardly move in her tight restraints, and the gag was rendering her completely defenseless.

"I know," said Eddie with a gentle look in his face. "You want me to remove the gag, don't you?"

Stephanie nodded yes.

"Well, too bad, sweetie. The gag stays. Until I decide to fuck your pretty little mouth, of course."

Stephanie moaned again behind the horrible plastic ball that fills her mouth. It wasn't clear if it was signaling frustration or anticipation this time.

Eddie smiled again and sat up in the bed. He grabbed the girl and pulled her onto his lap. Stephanie didn't put up any resistance as he placed her round bottom over his already erect cock and immediately penetrated her. She let out a little scream as his hard-rock member filled her tight little hole. He slowly shoved his entire length in her and let her butt rest on his lap for a while. To both of their surprise, she was already wet and ready for service.

"You see, you are a horny slut after all"

Stephanie moaned once more, this time with a definite note of ecstasy.

Eddie smiled again and started to move the girl up and down on his cock. He felt more and more confident about his control over her body after yesterday's intensive violation. He could read her reactions much better now. He was slowing down when she got too excited, picking up the pace when she least expected, and frequently using his fingers to drive her crazy. Stephanie was surprisingly easy to read and even easier to bring to climax.

"Do you want to cum, my little slut?" asked Eddie with a playful voice. Stephanie was definitely at the verge of a powerful orgasm.

Overwhelmed by pleasure, Stephanie frantically nodded yes.

"Too bad," responded Eddie and slowed down. The frustrated girl let out a loud sigh.

"Good sluts beg for orgasms," warned Eddie.

Stephanie turned her head to the boy and looked into his eyes pleadingly. She made a cute sound that can only be interpreted as "please."

"Good girl," exclaimed Eddie and shoved his dick in the blonde's pussy with replenished vigor. He started to thrust deep and fast until she was at the verge again.

"Cum for me... now!"

Stephanie started to shake and flex the moment Eddie gave her permission. It was a powerful one. A long, intense, shuddering climax hit the young girl again and again, until she finally collapsed on his chest, depleted.

Eddie continued to stroke his cock with his right hand, while he unbuckled Stephanie's ball gag. He quickly removed the gag and grabbed the girl by her short blonde hair.

"You had your fun. Now it's time to serve your master," he said, and immediately forced the girl's mouth on his hard cock. "Come on, make me cum, slut!"

Stephanie started to suck as ordered, vigorously, without hesitation. Slut! That's what she was. Every time Eddie called her a nasty name, she was getting a boost of endorphins. She didn't know why or how, but it felt exciting.

She didn't have to work too hard. Eddie was already very close to completion as he fucked her a minute ago. After a few strokes, his cock started to throb and move in her mouth. Then it exploded like a volcano, filling her mouth with thick, sticky jizz. As the blonde drained the remaining fluids in his balls Eddie leaned back on his pillow and relaxed. He firmly kept Steph's head in place, with his cock still in her mouth.

"Wrap your lips tight, slut. Don't let any of it leak out of your mouth."

She moaned softly when she was called a "slut" again, and obeyed like a good slut should.

A brief silence followed, until a sudden knock on the door startled the two.

"Eddie. It's almost noon. Are you up?"

"Yes mom," replied Eddie. "We are up."

Stephanie, with her mouth full of cock and cum, froze with fear and shame.

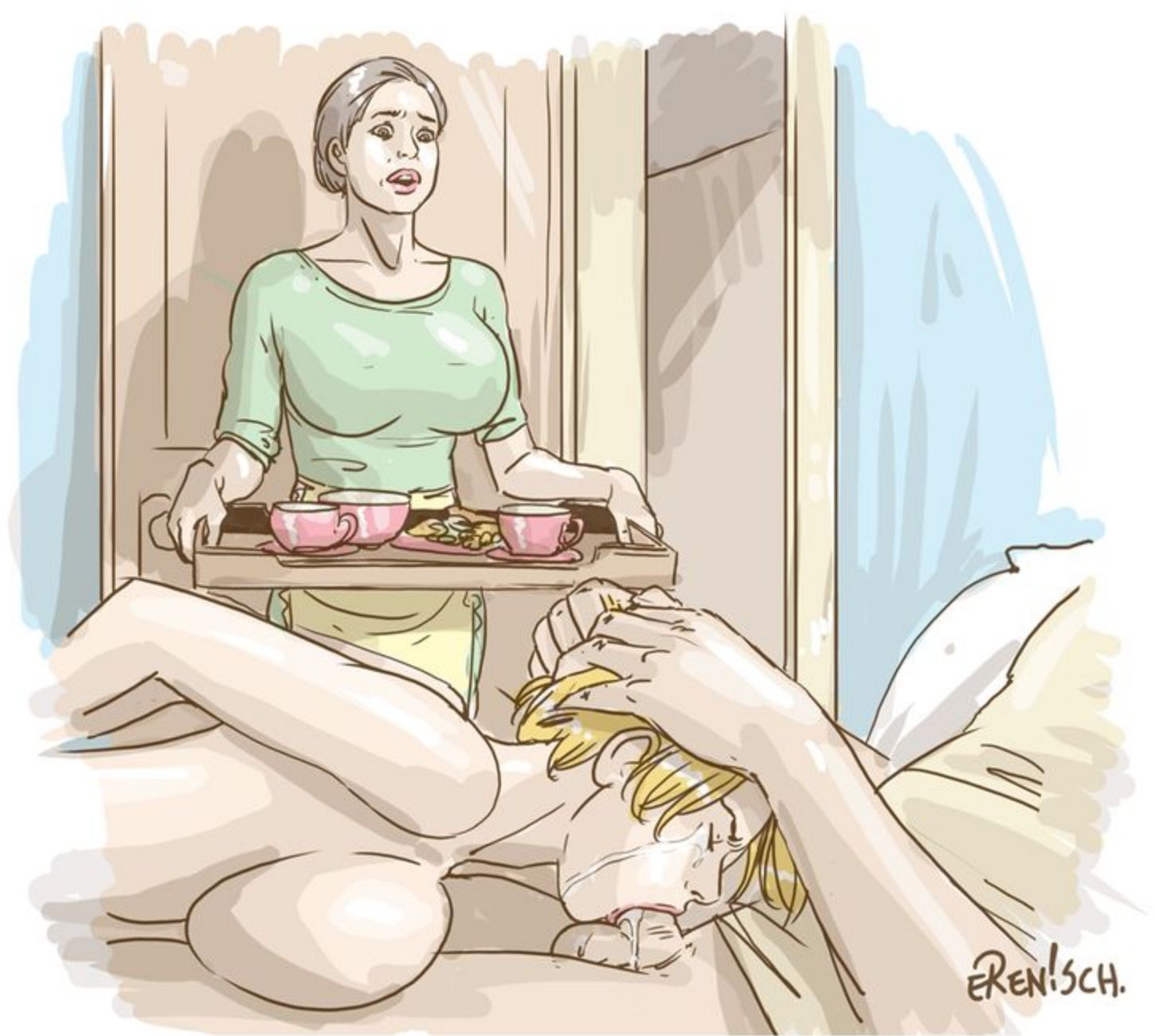
"Well... good..." replied the mother. She sounded nervous. Of course, she knew Stephanie spent the night in her son's room, and unfortunately the walls weren't soundproof. But of course, she was going to feign ignorance.

"Are you guys hungry? I prepared some..."

"Yes," replied Eddie. "could you bring it here? We are a little occupied."

As soon as she heard this, Stephanie panicked and tried to get away from Eddie, but the boy's firm grip kept her in place. He was too strong for her. While she struggled, streams of cum oozed out of her loosened lips and smeared around her chin. She choked as his cock hardened again and renewed its pressure on her throat. Her eyes watered, and tears rolled down her blushing cheeks. She tried to yell "no, please", but all that was heard was a couple unintelligible grunts.

She barely heard the mother say "are you sure," and Eddie reply "yes." The knob on the door turned and a click was heard. Sonya entered the room with a tray in her hands and froze when she saw the two locked in this embarrassing position. The mother couldn't say anything for a long moment. Trembling and ashamed out of her mind, Stephanie closed her eyes, held her breath, and tried to will herself out of existence.



EREN!SCH.

But it didn't work. She was still there, naked and tied, with an erect cock in her mouth. Soon the mother managed to find the words. "Well... okay then. I'll leave these here."

Stephanie listened to her walking to the table and putting the tray down, and hastily walking out again.

She found the courage to open her eyes again only when Eddie sat up on the bed. She let out a little scream as he suddenly pulled her hair back and pushed the girl to the side to get up. A few more strings of cum flew out as Eddie's cock popped out of her mouth. Eddie swiftly turned her bound body and laid her on her back. This time she opened her mouth to protest, but Eddie was quicker. Before she could make an intelligible sound, he managed to shove the ball-gag back in her jizz-filled gob with one decisive motion.

"No talking, slut."

There it was again. Reminded of her new lowered status once more, Stephanie whimpered and surrendered to Eddie's firm hands when he got up and pulled the girl by her hair. She fell on her knees and struggled to catch up with the boy as he dragged her to the table. He sat down and held the kneeling girl between his thighs. Without diverting his eyes from the pretty girl's tear-soaked face, he reached to the platter and threw a few cheese cubes in his mouth.

"Oh no... This is for me only. You already have your breakfast in your mouth, hungry little slut. Come on, you may swallow now."

Stephanie did as ordered. The gag was preventing her to swallow properly, but her clumsy efforts to gulp his jizz seemed to amuse Eddie. He giggled as he took a big bite from her mother's special club sandwich.

Unable to swallow the thickening goo in her mouth after a long struggle, she started to cry.

“Aaaw! You look so beautiful with tears in your eyes,” said Eddie and wiped her left cheek with his fingers.

Stephanie tried to smile in response to the compliment. “Okay, I’ll let you do it properly, but only if you promise to be a good girl.”

Stephanie nodded.

“Good,” responded Eddie, and removed the gag once more. Stephanie swallowed the remaining cum in her mouth and took a deep breath.

“Good girl. Now, you earned a reward. Would you like some of these cheese cubes?”

Stephanie nodded. Eddie petted her on the head like he would a dog. He picked up a few cheese cubes from the platter and showed them to the girl. Then he pulled them back and dropped them on the floor right next his left foot.

“Go on. Eat!”

Stephanie couldn’t understand at first and looked at the boy with a confused look in her pretty blue eyes.

“What are you waiting for, little slut?” asked Eddie with a menacing tone in his voice. “Start eating, or I will have to slap you until you do.”

Stephanie’s eyes opened even wider when she heard the word “slap”. Could he really hit her?

His eyes said yes. Still confused about the entire thing, Stephanie reluctantly repositioned herself and bowed down. Her wrists were still tied behind her back, which made her task much harder. After a few clumsy attempts she managed to grab a cheese cube and eat it. Then the second, and the third.

“Very good,” said Eddie. “You always been great at everything you’ve done, Stephie, my sweet. You’ll make a wonderful fucktoy too.”

Stephanie trembled with another wave of excitement and shame when Eddie called her a fucktoy. A toy? An object made for sex? Was that all she was in Eddie’s eyes now?

“Do you want more, slut?”

Stephanie nodded. “Yes please, sir.”

Eddie dropped a piece of salami on the floor, which Stephanie quickly picked up with her tongue and ate.

“More?”

This time Eddie grabbed the bowl of corn flakes and carefully put it in front of his fucktoy.

“Careful now, I don’t want you to make a mess, okay?”

Stephanie nodded and started to lap up the milk as soon as he gave the order. She wasn’t thinking any more, just dutifully doing what she was told. She was in a weird mental state where obeying Eddie made her feel safe and fulfilled. She felt it before when Eagerdoll and Eddie gradually dismantled her inhibitions piece by piece, but this time, it was complete and intense. It was a mind-altering experience. She was truly nothing but a fucktoy at that moment.



Probably not fully satisfied with her speed or enthusiasm, Eddie casually lifted his left foot and placed it on her head,

gently pressing down to encourage her to take bigger gulps. Stephanie started to struggle a little when her button nose began to submerge in the milk, but she managed to swallow enough liquid to breathe again. When she finally licked the bowl clean, Eddie let her up once again and looked into her pretty eyes.

She gulped and smiled with genuine gratitude.

“Thank you, sir. Please... Would you please rape me again?”

Mastery- 31

She didn't need to beg twice. As soon as she finished, Eddie grabbed her by her hair, threw her on the desk, and ruthlessly penetrated her from behind. He didn't aim for a specific hole, but his cock found its way into her wet pussy. Stephanie screamed when his cock hit her cervix. She had forgotten all about Eddie's parents in the next room, who had to listen to her moans and pleas for the last two days. She didn't care anymore. Eddie's untiring cock was keeping her in a heightened state of blissful oblivion, waves of pleasure overwhelming her hormone-soaked brain.

Pleasure kept building up as the boy kept calling her dirty names, pulled her hair and repeatedly slapped her butt. It was like a cheesy scene from those public safety videos on state TV. She remembered the looks on those gangraped slavegirls' faces. She never thought that she'd have the same expression one day.

She reached the edge even quicker this time. She properly begged to be allowed to cum, as she was taught. Eddie rewarded her with an orgasm and a pet on the head. She was a good girl.

In a few minutes, she had to beg for another one. Eddie was generous enough to let her cum again.

As she approached another peak, Eddie finally emptied his balls in her pussy and pulled out. Stephanie let out a moan of frustration, which was immediately followed by a shriek of surprise as the boy shoved his cock in her butt hole this time. Still covered with her juices and his sperm, the organ easily entered her tight hole and started to move in and out. Both teens were driven crazy with lust and pleasure.

Stephanie managed to score two more orgasms. Her pleas were getting nastier every time, and Eddie seemed to enjoy the gradual destruction of the girl's inhibitions. The more she humiliated herself, the more pleasure Stephanie was allowed to have. She was slowly turning into a nasty whore when she was wrapped around Eddie's cock.

Soon, Eddie erupted deep inside the blonde once again. Exhausted, but still not willing to relinquish his hard-earned control over the young girl, Eddie grabbed her by the hair and threw her roughly-used body on the floor.

"On your knees, slut" he ordered as he collapsed on the chair.

Stephanie quickly gathered herself and kneeled before the boy. She pleadingly looked into his eyes, eagerly waiting for her next command. He sat there, his legs apart, his cock still erect and glistening with jizz.

"Clean it!"

Eddie didn't even look at her eyes when he gave the order. He casually continued to eat the grapes left on the breakfast tray.

Stephanie took a few steps on her knees and positioned herself between Eddie's legs. Without even thinking, she took the cock in her mouth and started sucking it with sloppy sounds and lusty moans. She was no longer the prude girl she was a week ago. It was almost like she sent her rational mind, better judgement, and self-respect to a long-needed vacation. Her basic instincts, an unbridled lust was in charge in their absence. And she was having a much much better time since that unexpected takeover.

She dutifully licked and sucked all the goo and kept it in her mouth. Then she continued to give him a slow and sloppy blowjob obediently until he came again. At that moment, all three of her fuckholes were full of his sperm. Now all she needed was his approval.

Sensing that she was waiting for his reaction, Eddie reached out and petted the girl on the head.

"Good girl"

Stephanie smiled. "Thank you, sir."

Eddie responded with a smile of his own. Stephanie felt genuinely happy and satisfied that she performed well. She was useful.

While she was trying to catch her breath, Stephanie didn't notice the boy's smile of satisfaction subtly turning into a wicked grin. Eddie straightened in his chair and looked into the girl's eyes for a long moment, as if he was thinking. He finally held her cheeks in his hands and spoke:

"Yes. You are a very very good girl. I should reward you for this."

"Oh? Thank you, sir. But..."

Eddie leaned forward and uncuffed the girl without responding to her. She thanked him and rubbed her wrists. She had been tied up throughout the weekend.

"Do you need some air? I think I need some air."

"Air? Sure, but..."

Eddie stood up and dragged the girl behind him. Stephanie was getting used to this treatment. She didn't even make a sound when he pulled her hair and forced her to crawl after him. She was just an object, after all. A fucktoy.

He stopped in the middle of the room and left her there on her knees. He took two steps back and admired her beauty. She lowered her eyes coyly.

"How can I serve you now, sir?" she asked. The obedience in her voice was definitely genuine.

"Be a good doggie and raise your paws for me," ordered Eddie.

The word “paws” gave Stephanie a little pause, but she quickly lifted her hands to her chest.



“What a nice puppy you’d make,” said Eddie with a smile and petted her again.

“Now, where did I put that leash?”

“Leash? Oh god, no!”

A bolt of lightning hit numbed rational parts of Stephanie’s brain and a powerful panic took hold of her body. Did he want to leash her and take her outside? Sexually submitting to Eddie in the privacy of his room was already crazy... but being pulled around on the street like a leashed slave? That was definitely unthinkable. No way she’d agree to that public humiliation.

“Eddie, you aren’t thinking...”

“Shut up, slut!” interrupted the boy with an authoritative voice. Stephanie obeyed.

Eddie went to the closet and shuffled around for a minute, and then returned with a dog leash and collar in his hands. Stephanie’s eyes widened as he opened the buckle and wrapped the leather around her slender neck. Still panicking but unable to move, she started to cry.

“Please... please... you can’t take me out there like this. I can’t... There’s people out there...”

“Hush! Don’t worry, little puppy. Nobody will recognize you.”

Eddie buckled the collar tightly, then grabbed an old t-shirt from the bottom of the closet and showed it the shivering blonde. I’ll show you a trick I learned from this bondage website.

He picked a pair of scissors from the desk drawer and cut two holes on the shirt’s chest. Then he pulled the arms and twisted them into knots. Then he pulled it over his head and wore it like a hood. Stephanie realized that he was turning the old shirt into a makeshift dog mask with big floppy ears.

Eddie took off the hood and sat on the bed facing Stephanie. Too scared to move, she was still posing like a puppy with paws in the air. Eddie picked up the leash from the floor and pulled her closer.

“Since you are my pet now, I should find you a good pet name. Don’t you think?”

Stephanie's eyes widened again. She was confused.

"I... I..."

"Tell me, sweetie. What do your parents call you? I mean, that's the term of endearment they use? Sweetheart? Honey?"

The blonde didn't know what to say. After a long pause, she mumbled something under her breath.

"Louder!" ordered the boy.

"I... My father calls me pumpkin... sometimes, and my mother..."

"Pumpkin, eh?" interrupted the boy. "I like the sound of that. You know what? I think I'll call you *Humpkin*. Get it? Because from now on, you are for humping."

"*Humpkin*? But..."

"It is settled then." Eddie petted the girl on the head again and pulled the hooded mask on her head. He tucked the shirt in her collar, and pulled the cloth through. Only her teary eyes were visible now.

"Let's have a walk, shall we?"

Another wave of panic hit Stephanie.

"You mean... You'll take me out and walk me like a dog... completely naked... like this?"

She pointed to her reddened, well-fucked genitals. Eddie's jizz was oozing out of both her holes and her full lips were still glistening with the boys cum.

"Oh, come on, *Humpkin*," laughed the boy. Everybody in the neighborhood knows that I bought a slavegirl recently. They'd assume it's her under this hood.

"But, it's still so humiliating... Please Eddie..."

Eddie didn't even wait for her finish the sentence and stood up. With her leash in his hands, Stephanie had no chance but quickly follow him on her hands and knees.

"Try not to speak or look people in the eyes. Someone might recognize you, Humpkin," said the boy as they left his room. He had a wicked smile in his face.

The blonde was scared out of her mind. It felt like her heart would explode if they came across one of Eddie's parents on their way out. She held her breath as they passed through the corridor and left the apartment.

"You worry for no reason," said the boy as if he read her thoughts. My parents left a while ago while I was fucking you over the desk."

Stephanie nodded. As she struggled to go down the stairs on all all-fours, she was trying hard to calm herself. In a few moments, they'd leave the building and she'd be crawling on the street completely naked except for a makeshift hood covering her head. As if it wasn't horrifyingly humiliating enough, the warm sticky cum Eddie pumped in her orifices minutes ago was still flowing down her legs.

When Eddie opened the main door to the building and sunlight hit her face, Stephanie was suddenly overwhelmed by a mixture of powerful feelings. Yes, humiliation was the biggest part of it, but she also felt a strange sense of excitement. The idea of being exposed to strangers as a well-used whore definitely turned her on, there was no denying of that. The fact that humiliation excited her made her even more ashamed. She was now convinced that she was a natural born slut. She deserved this treatment, and perhaps worse.

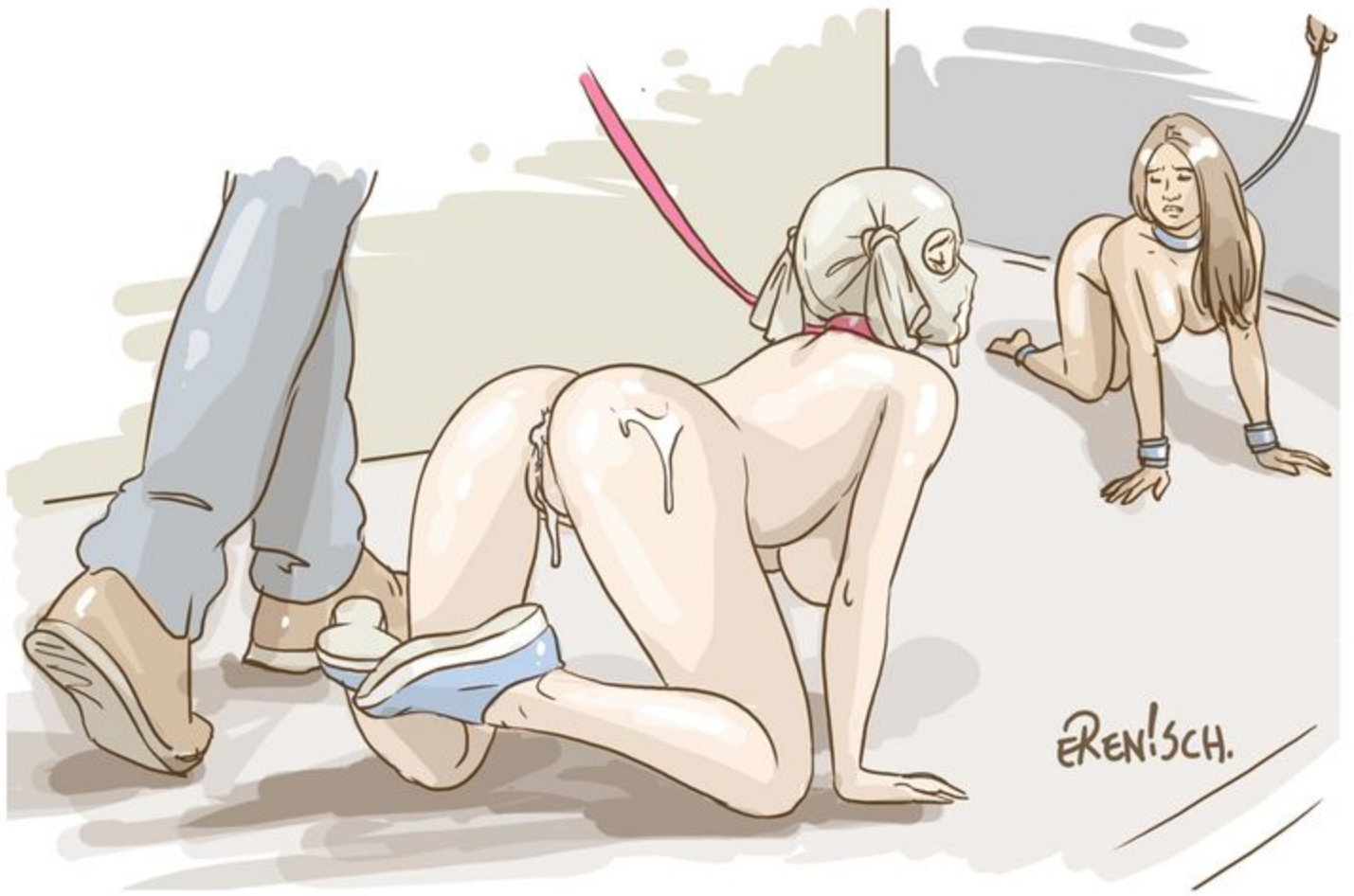
Eddie stood outside the door and kept it open for his reluctant puppy. Stephanie hesitated at the door and looked in the boy's eyes pleadingly. Maybe he would have mercy on her and turn back? Maybe all he wanted was to see the fear and shame in her eyes?

Eddie wasn't fazed at all by her begging eyes or gushing tears. He had a subtle smile and a new level of confidence in his eyes.

"Come on, *Humpkin*. Come out here."

With her last hopes crushed, the girl bowed down her head and slowly crawled out of the building. Her hands and knees hit the ground. They hurt. She wasn't a trained slavegirl, and she had no prior bitchwalk experience.

"Don't worry, Humpkin," said Eddie with a understanding voice. "I know a good store right around this corner. We'll get you some puppygirl kneepads. After all, we'll be doing this a lot from now on and I don't want you to hurt your knees."



Mastery - 32

Eddie dragged his new puppy to his favorite girl-wrapping shop. Humpkin did her best not to complain about the pain in her knees, but tears kept rolling out of her pretty green eyes all the way.

“Ah! Welcome back sir!”

Eddie turned to the ever-so-jovial blonde salesgirl he met a couple weeks ago.

“Remember me? I’m Veronica. How may I help you today?”

“Yes of course,” replied Eddie. “Good to see you again Veronica. I’d like to see your puppygirl gear.”

“Yes, kneepads, right?” Veronica looked at the puppygirl squirming uneasily on her bruised, reddened knees.

Humpkin immediately lowered her eyes with shame. “And maybe a proper hood for this shy little bitch? Not that I don’t like what you did with that old t-shirt. This is so cool!”

Another jolt of shame hit the reluctant puppy when the salesgirl nonchalantly called her a “bitch”.

Veronica smiled. “I see you got a new one already, sir. This one isn’t as well-behaved as the other one. Obviously, a recent capture. Are you training her yourself?”

Eddie raised his eyebrows with a mild surprise on his face and nodded.

“Aren’t you a smart girl? Yes, this is a new puppy, and I’m training her myself.” He pulled her leash to force the girl to correct her posture a little. “This is her first time bitchwalking outside, so I thought knee-pads would help her get used to it.”

“Say no more, sir. I know the thing you need.”

Veronica quickly walked around a stand full of puppy gear and came out of the other side with a couple packages.

“Am I correct to assume that you want this chick as naked as possible?” asked Veronica. Eddie nodded. “Then, this is what you need. Two simple knee-pads.”

She opened the package and crouched beside the girl.

“Does she have a name yet, this new bitch?”

“Yes, Humpkin,” replied Eddie with a smirk.

“Humpkin? What a nice name for such a nice puppy,” smiled Veronica. “Raise your right leg, Humpkin.”

Stephanie looked at Eddie with pleading, reddened eyes. Her makeshift puppy hood was wet from her tears of shame. Eddie gave her a subtle frown, and she reluctantly raised her knee.

“Good girl!” Veronica casually grabbed the pup’s ankle and slid the knee-pad on. Her hands fondled and squeezed her soft flesh as she moved the pad up Stephanie’s leg, which gave the blonde a series of strange tingles she didn’t expect.

“What a good girl you are. Now the other one.”

Stephanie was getting little jolts of satisfaction with every approving pat on the head and every “good girl” she heard. It was a nice feeling. Her good behavior was rewarded with compliments, and she was getting more and more determined to keep them coming.

“There. Now you can crawl up and down the street and shake your cute little butt like the horny bitch you are.” Veronica gave Stephanie’s right ass-cheek a little spank and turned to Eddie. “I took the liberty to pick up a hood for the pup too, sir. Would you mind if we try it on? It’s just a simple thing. It’s a bargain too.”

Eddie hesitated for a moment and looked into Stephanie’s widened, terrified eyes. He could almost see her mouthing “no” under the cloth covering her face.

“Oh, I see now,” exclaimed Veronica as she witnessed the brief, awkward pause. “This one is a bareneck, isn’t she? A friend, a classmate? Don’t worry sir, I’ll be discreet.”

“Looks like it is impossible to hide something from you, Veronica. Okay, remove the hood and quickly put yours on, before anybody sees.”

Stephanie let out an audible sigh. The shop wasn’t crowded and they were behind rows of display stands, so her secret would be safe. Except for this strange buoyant girl, nobody would see her face. But what if she recognized her out on the street a couple days later? What if she frequented her favorite café? What if she lived nearby?

None of these mattered, because her fate was solely in Eddie’s hands now. Whatever he decided was going to happen to her. This sudden realization of her utter powerlessness shook Stephanie from head to toe. At that very moment, she had no control over her own actions. It was a terrifying thought, but dread wasn’t the only thing she felt. She also felt a little relieved.

As she struggled to make sense of the strange mixture of feelings that suddenly flooded her head, she didn’t notice Eddie giving the approving nod to Veronica. The salesgirl pulled the torn shirt from her head without any warning and revealed her tear-soaked pretty face. She quickly lowered her eyes and turned her head, but she was too late. Now this total stranger knew her face.

“Ah, you are very pretty,” said Veronica and put the rubber mask on the shivering puppygirl. Unlike the loose cloth headgear Eddie came up with, this one was tight-fitting and restrictive. It wrapped around her head like a thicker, rougher

second skin. She immediately felt warmer and began to sweat. It squeezed her neck tightly which made her feel like someone grabbed her by the throat and choked her slightly. The rubber pressed her ears down but she was still able to hear everything clearly. The eye holes were big enough to show her widened tearful eyes and scared expression, and the big hole over her mouth provided easy access to her face vagina.



“What do you think, sir?” asked Veronica as she petted Steph on the head. “We have better looking versions too. Shinier ones?”

“This will do for now” replied Eddie with a satisfied smirk on his face. “She looks great.”

“Great,” exclaimed Veronica with joy. This girl’s chirpy attitude was certainly infectious.

“Oh, how devilishly exciting,” continued the salesgirl as she pulled Humpkin’s leash and gave her another pat on the head. Then she caressed the puppygirl from head to butt like one would do a dog.

“Trained as a bareneck! Exposed to everybody! Dragged around like a cheap whore! You must be having the greatest tim...”

She abruptly stopped when she noticed the cum oozing out of her pussy. “Oh my! and recently used too?”

Without wasting any time, she reached in between the pup’s thighs, swept up a streak of jizz with her two fingers and turned back to the boy. Both Eddie and Stephanie looked surprised.

“Oh, sorry sir. I just can’t stop myself when I see jizz. Would you mind if I...”

Eddie, still a little stunned, managed to nod yes.

Victoria brought her cum covered fingers and smeared the thickening goo on her lower lip. After staying like that for a moment, she shoved her fingers in her mouth and sucked the jizz with a slurping sound.

“Mmm! Tastes so good. Both of you.”

Then she casually licked her lips and stood up.

“Am I wrong to assume that you are going to take this little bitch to a public place and rape her in front of everybody, sir?”

Stephanie turned to Eddie with horror.

Eddie smiled and nodded yes. “We have a nice spot at the park. I was going to take her there and go through her fuckholes once more with everybody watching.

Both turned and looked at the naked puppy girl. Humpkin bowed down her head. She wasn’t sure if she was trying to hide her shame or excitement.

“Oooh!” exclaimed the salesgirl and clapped cheerfully. “Will you let others join and rape her too? Oh my, a real public gangrape?” A look of terror paralyzed Stephanie’s partially masked face.

“oh no-no-no!” replied Eddie without hesitation and put his hand on the terrified girl’s cheek. “No other man will touch this bitch. She serves my cock only.”

Humpkin let out an inaudible sigh of relief. Her tightly clenched muscles relaxed. She smiled back to her master.

“No other man, eh?”

Veronica approached Eddie and whispered in his ear. “What about a girl with a strap-on dildo?”

Eddie turned to Veronica with an intrigued smile. She matched the smile and immediately turned around. “Don’t underestimate the importance of gangrapes in a girl’s training, sir,” she continued. “You can break a girl much faster when you share her holes with friends, lend her to neighbors, rent her to strangers.” She bowed down to look the terrified puppygirl in the eye. “She should learn that she is just a worthless fucktoy as soon as possible.”

She stood back up and smiled again. “I mean that’s what my boss keeps saying. I’m sure that guy is secretly planning to trick me and make me his slave.” She opened her arms and struck a comical pose like a fashion model at the end of a catwalk. “I mean, you can’t blame him, right?”

“You are certainly good fucktoy material,” snickered Eddie. He liked this girl more and more. She was certainly unique.

“Thank you, sir. So very kind.”

Veronica smiled and suddenly raised her finger as if she just remembered something. “You don’t want to share her with other men, right? I think I know the next best thing.” She took his hand and playfully pulled him towards the back of the store. Eddie followed. This first physical contact between Eddie and the strange salesgirl didn’t go unnoticed by Stephanie, who was getting more and more annoyed by her attitude. She wasn’t sure if this was a sales tactic or not, but this girl was definitely flirting with her Eddie. Unfortunately, Stephanie was nothing but a passive observer. She was just a puppy: A naked, cum-covered, leashed fucktoy on all-fours being dragged around.

Veronica lead them to a plain-looking fuck horse. It was a simple padded wooden raping table for bending girls over and fucking them from behind.

“May I?”

The salesgirl raised her eyebrows and pointed at Stephanie and then the wooden horse. Not entirely understanding what she meant, Eddie nodded. It was all Veronica needed. She pulled the puppygirl up and bent her over the fuck horse. Stephanie, feeling even more powerless, turned her head back and looked at Eddie pleadingly. He seemed to be fascinated by what was going on.

Veronica casually placed her victim’s legs and arms on each side of the horse and petted her on the head once again.

“Good girl! Stay!”

Veronica turned around went out of her sight. Stephanie could hear her picking up something from the shelves and removing something from its plastic packaging. When she returned she was holding a mid-sized buttplug on her right hand, and a big dildo on her left.

“Compliments of Dirnekleidung slave cover store, sir. If you don’t mind...”

After waiting for a moment for Eddie’s approval, she put the tip of the buttplug against Stephanie’s anal opening and shoved it in without wasting any time. Poor puppygirl let out a scream as she felt the solid plastic stretching her rectum and

sliding in place.

“Umm...”

Veronica slowly approached Eddie and raised on her tiptoes to reach his ear. “Please excuse me, sir,” she whispered and reached for his zipper. Without breaking eye-contact, she opened the zipper, grabbed his already rock-hard cock and pulled it out. “Oh my,” she giggled softly. “This girl must be driving you crazy to make you this hard.”

She gently stroke the cock and directed it towards Stephanie’s pussy. “You have to be extra forceful to stick it in with the buttplug in place, sir.” She guided his cock to the opening, got out of the way and walked around him. She put her hands on his butt-cheeks and gently pushed him forward until Eddie’s entire length slowly but surely penetrated Stephanie’s primary fuckhole. Now stuffed in both orifices, Stephanie let out another scream.

“Oh yes!,” moaned Veronica, with her entire body pressing against Eddie’s back. She raised on her tiptoes and whispered in his ear again. “Would you mind if I stuff her last remaining hole for you?”

“Be my guest,” replied Eddie without stopping fucking the blonde’s pussy. His cock was in heaven. Stephanie felt tighter, wetter and warmer than ever.

Veronica walked around and faced the puppygirl. She placed the dildo against her crotch as is it was a real cock and shook it front of her eyes.

Stephanie was having another new, mind-altering experience at that moment. Eddie was fucking her like a dog in a public place, in front of a total stranger. It was the most humiliating thing she ever experienced in her life... And she was completely overwhelmed by pleasure. She couldn’t think, she couldn’t speak. She could only feel...

“Beg miss Veronica to fuck your face, Humpkin,” ordered Eddie.

Beg this stranger to fuck her face? This girl who shamelessly flirted with her Eddie? How could he ask that? How could she obey such an order?

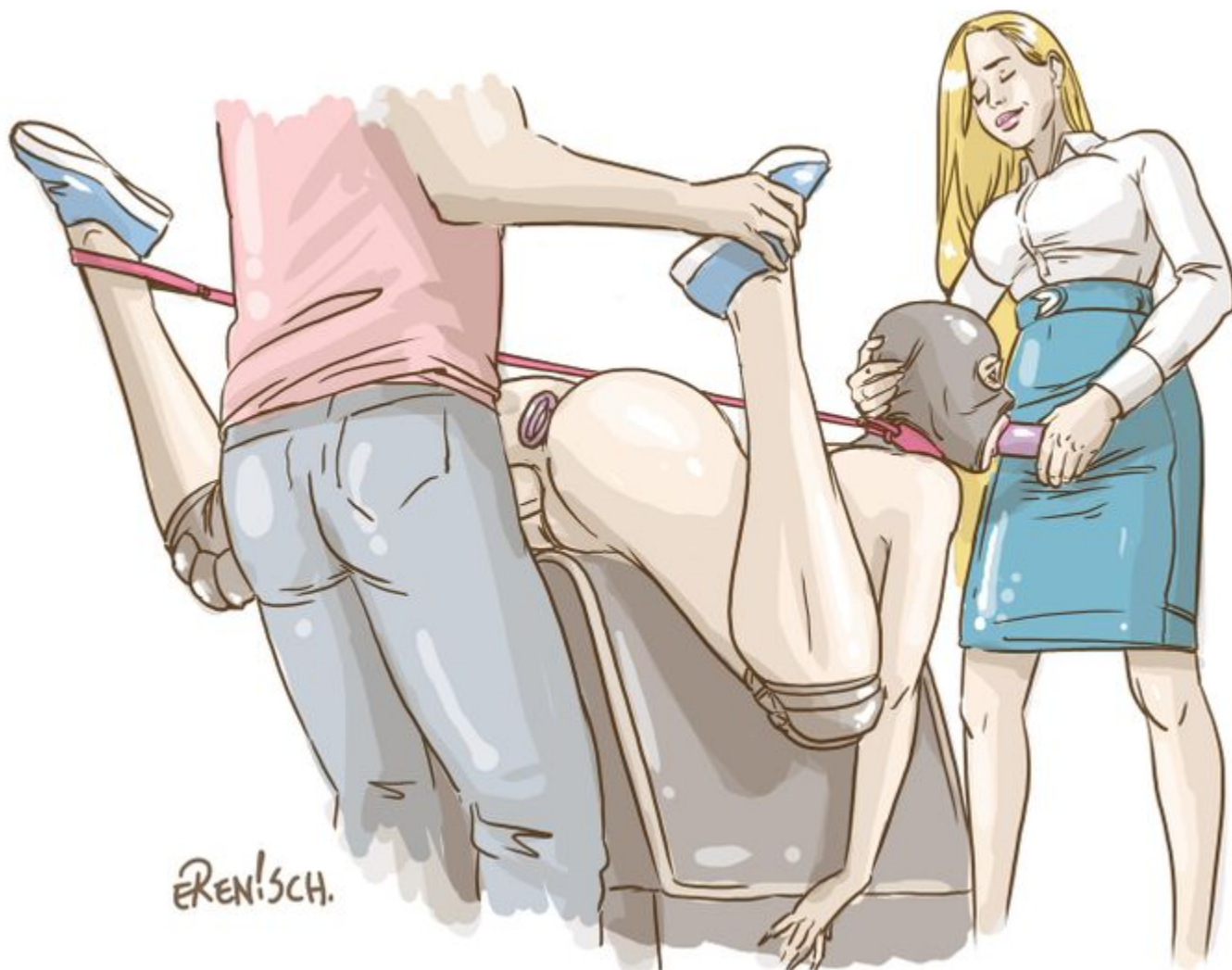
Easily. She is there to serve Eddie and Eddie alone. She was there to do whatever he wanted.

“Would you please.. OOH!... please fuck my face... Miss Veronica...”

Veronica smiled. “Pretty please?”

“AAH! Pretty please,” she replied as she opened her mouth wide.

“Good girl,” said Veronica and petted her head once more. Then she shoved the dildo deep in the petgirl’s eager mouth and started to skullfuck her without mercy.



Mastery - 33

“Is that true?” Ashley whispered, “about the boy from your street? You know, Eddie. You guys are close right?”

“I... I... what do you mean? I...” stammered Stephanie, surprised by her best friend’s question out of the blue.

“They say this summer he went and bought a girl from that slave store downtown. That horrible place... I heard that they sell girls like you and me. Can you imagine?”

“Oh yeah... I mean no, yes... yes, horrible,” replied Stephanie, trying to calm herself. Her heart rate was still very high.

“So, is that true?” Ashley repeated.

“Yes. I saw him with a girl. She is a nice girl actually, doesn’t talk much.” Stephanie didn’t exactly know what to say, but she knew it was impossible to feign ignorance at this point. Most of her friends knew that Eddie was a close friend of hers.

“Oh ma gohd!” exclaimed Ashley and started to wrap her braid around her fingers as she always did when she got excited. “So... this boy actually got in that store, bought a girl and brought her home... to have sex?”

“I guess,” responded Stephanie. She was trying her best to look indifferent. “A lot of men do that nowadays. If you visit the big cities...”

“Yes, but here? We are still in high school, for godssakes!”

“Oh, I’m sure she is legal. 18 or maybe 19. She is the same age with us.”

“That’s not what I’m talking about. I mean how could he find the money to actually buy a girl?”

“No big deal. They aren’t that expensive, really. Eddie told me she costed a couple thousand and that’s what he saved for a car, so...”

“A couple thousand?”

Ashley uncharacteristically fell silent and sat there biting the tip of her braid for a few minutes. Stephanie was grateful for the long pause, which gave her the opportunity to think about what to say and what to leave out.

“How much do you think I’d go for?”

“What?”

“I mean... You said you saw the girl, and her price was a couple thousand, yeah?” Stephanie nodded. Ashley continued with a little smirk at the corner of her mouth. “So, how much do you think would men pay for me? You know, if I was one of those poor chicks sold at that place.”

“Are you crazy?” replied Stephanie and jumped out of the bench. “I’m not answering that.” She turned and started to walk toward the school.

“Oh, come on Stephie, I’m just kidding,” giggled Ashley. “It isn’t like we’re gonna end up like those poor girls. Everyone knows that they are orphans or from poor families and whatnot.”

She laughed and caught up with her friend heading to her first class. “Do you think he’ll bring her here?” she whispered, with a playful smile on her face.

“I don’t think...”

“Good morning ladies!”

The two turned and saw Eddie waving at them from across the road.

“Good morning,” they replied. Stephanie quickly turned back and continued to walk, but Ashley was frozen, her eyes fixed on the naked redhead on a leash crawling next to Eddie.

“Oh my god!” exclaimed another girl in the distance. A wave of surprise spread around the schoolyard and all eyes turned to the boy and his leashed petgirl as he casually walked towards the school.

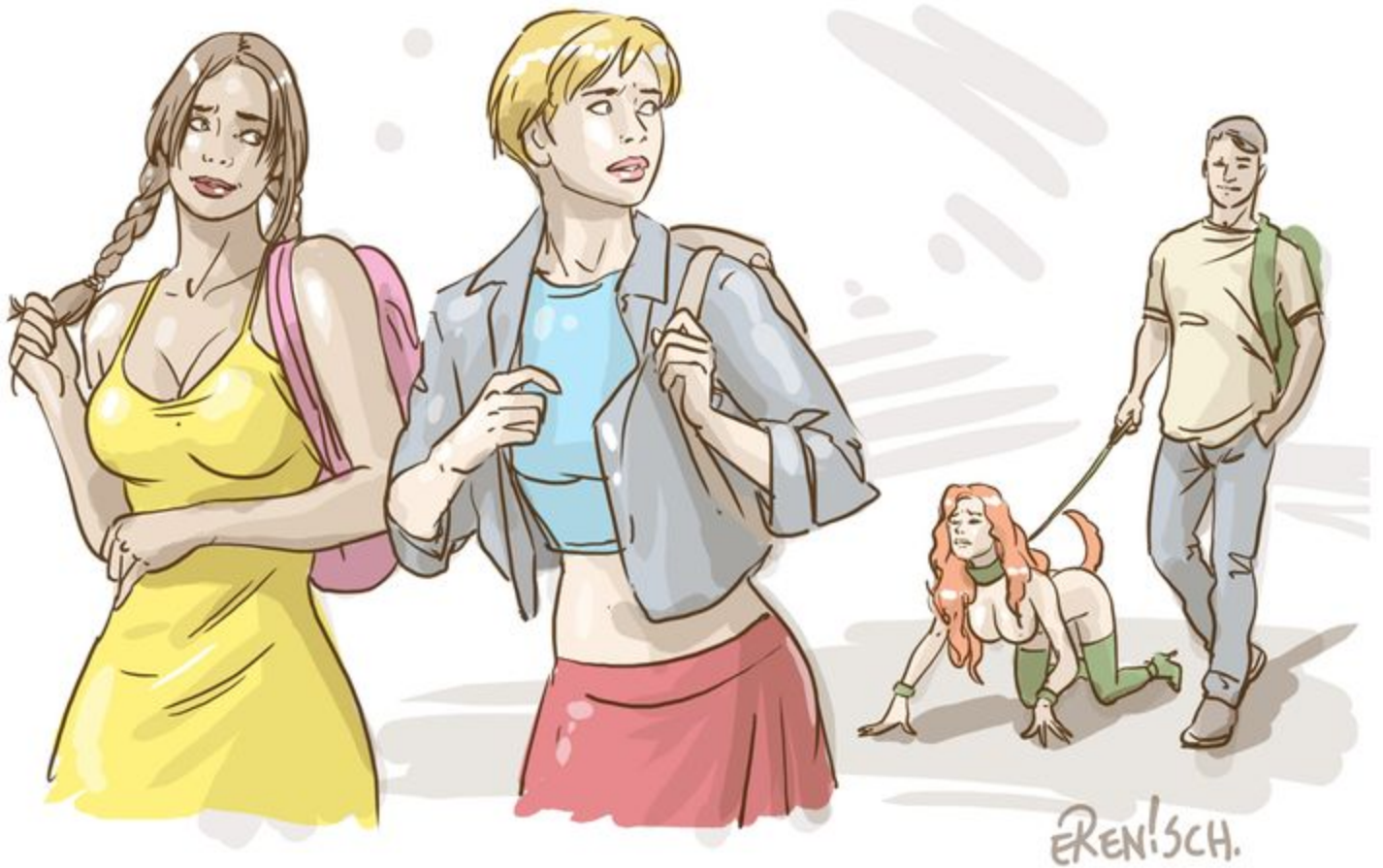
Stephanie, realizing that she was the only student in the yard who wasn’t struck with a shocked expression, grabbed Ashley’s arm and pulled her.

“She is so beautiful,” mumbled Ashley as she started to walk. “If that gorgeous chick costs 2000, any bums could afford my butt.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” replied Stephanie as she dragged her friend. She was trying to avoid facing Eddie, but he was gaining on them because of Ashley’s reluctant feet.

“Morning Stephanie!”

Escape was no longer possible now. The girls stopped and waited for Eddie.



“Hey Eddie,” Stephanie greeted trying her best to act normal. Her eyes on the other hand were begging the boy not to say anything about the events of the last month. “You know Ashley, right?”

“Ah yes. We briefly met before. How are you?”

“Hi”

Ashley has never been one to hide her feelings well. Especially when she was excited her entire face would lit up. She would do a little dance on her tiptoes and and play with her hair.

“So... this is... your slavegirl?”

Eddie smiled. “Yes. This is Eagerdoll. You wanna pet her?”

“Oh? May I?”

“Sure.”

Ignoring Stephanie’s silent protests, Ashley crouched and put her hand on the slavegirl’s long red hair. She raised her beautiful green eyes and looked at Ashley’s fascinated face.

“Oh, wow!” she exclaimed. She is gorgeous.”

“Yes, I like her a lot too,” replied Eddie. Eagerdoll smiled with pride and gratitude. “Go on, give her a good squeeze. She likes it.”

Ashley looked at Eddie and giggled. She reached and cupped the redhead’s full tits with both hands and shook them as if they were bowls of jello. Then she gave them a gentle squeeze and caressed her butt. “This is sooo strange,” she snickered. I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“Feel free to play with her whenever,” smiled Eddie. “Any friend of Stephanie’s...”

He looked at the nervous blonde, who was dying to leave and get away as far as possible. She lowered her eyes with shame and braced for impact. If Eddie said anything about how he turned her into his secret fucktoy throughout the past month...

But he didn’t. He smiled and pulled his slave’s leash up. “Unfortunately, I have to leave her in a cage for now. This school’s regulations don’t allow slavegirls in the building. I’ll have to use her in the yard, during breaks”

“You’ll use her? You mean, you’ll have sex with her?” Ashley stood up and looked into Eddie’s eyes. This boy looked much more confident and attractive than she remembered him, now that he held a beautiful girl’s leash in his hand.

“Sure. Mostly blowjobs. She is very good at blowjobs.”

“Oh?” Ashley had nothing more to say this time. Stephanie felt that this pause was a good opportunity to flee this awkward conversation. “See you Eddie,” she waved and forcefully pulled Ashley away.

After the classes started, everything seemed normal for a couple hours, and Stephanie finally managed to relax completely. It was just like nothing ever happened.

The day before, when Eddie took her for another rape in the park, all she could think about was the new school year. After he went through all her holes once and sat down to rest a bit, she begged him not to reveal their “special relationship” at school, especially to her close friends. Even a little rumor would ruin her life. Eddie didn’t say yes or no, he just slapped her and shoved his dick in her mouth to silence her as he often did when she spoke without permission.

So, when he came and talk to her and Ashley this morning, the poor blonde almost had a heart attack. She had no idea what Eddie would do. Her fate was between his lips. When she surrendered her virginity to him a month ago, she had no idea how much control she was giving up. Now, after serving him 63 times, almost all aspects of her life were controlled by the boy. He was sexually using her whenever and wherever he wanted... He was deciding what she could eat, what she could wear, and whom she could talk to. He was making her count exactly how many times she served him. She had to remember all the details. The exact number of blowjobs, anal rapes, orgasms... The locations, the durations... He made her memorize special lines to humiliate herself in the most despicable manner, to beg him to fuck her, to beg him to feed her cum...

She just couldn’t bear the thought of any of her friends finding out what a whore she turned into. Paradoxically, even this dreadful thought was enough to make her wet and hot for her master’s mighty cock. “I wanna watch.” “Huh?”

Stephanie was woken up from her trance by Ashley’s widened, excited eyes looking at her. The jumpy brunette was sitting in front of her, just like last year, frequently turning around and distracting Stephanie during long lulls in Mr Harrison’s fatally boring history lecture.

“Don’t you tell me that you aren’t thinking about what Eddie said this morning. It’s all I can think about. He said he’ll use the girl during break, right?”

“Um... yeah, I guess, he said something like that.” “Yeah, I want to watch.”

“Shut up, Ash... You are being weird again.” “Weird? You are being weird! How can you be so calm about this?” Ashley made a face and turned around. Mr Harrison was now rambling about the revolutionary times.

Stephanie let out a sigh of relief. A couple seconds later, the screen of her cellphone lit up with a text message. “2nd floor men’s room. 2 minutes.”

As soon as she read the message, a shiver went down her spine. Her eyes widened. She quickly clicked the message away and looked around if anybody saw it. Everyone seemed to be pretending to listen to Mr Harrison’s ramblings.

It wasn’t the first time she was summoned for a quickie by text. This happened many times this past month, while she was at the cinema, while she was having dinner with her parents, while she was sleeping... She always had very little time to make up an excuse and ran to the location Eddie chose to rape her at. But never as little as two minutes. She had to act really quickly this time.

She raised her hand. Mr Harrison stopped and turned to her with questioning eyes. “Excuse me Sir, may I be excused? I have to go to the...”

The teacher interrupted her with a slight nod and dismissive hand wave. Stephanie quickly stood up and left the classroom. She ran up the stairs and reached the men’s room with time to spare. She slowed down and stopped at the door to listen if there were anybody in there.

“Don’t worry, everybody is in class right now. We have about 20 minutes.” She turned around. Eddie was standing right behind her, smiling with his usual ambiguously charming grin. “What did you forget, Humpkin?”

Stephanie nervously looked around. “Here? Right here?” “Where else?” replied Eddie, with a sterner face. “The quicker you are, the better. You are losing valuable time.”

Stephanie was sweating profusely. “Okay. Yes, of course, sir.” She looked around one more time, and gracefully fell down on her knees. “Would you please let this little slut serve you in any way you like, sir? Pretty please?” “Very well,” Eddie smiled. “Follow me, on all fours.” “Yes sir,” she replied without hesitation.

Eddie opened the door to the men’s room and walked to the stall at the very end. He then opened the stall door and waited for his nervous pet crawl across the room.

“You are lucky. The first day of school. Bathrooms are still clean.”

Stephanie certainly didn't feel that lucky. She wasn't a crazy germaphobe, but she hated public bathrooms, even when she wasn't required to crawl around them on her hands and knees.

Eddie closed the lid off the toilet and sat down. He unbuckled and removed his belt, wrapped it around his petgirl's neck and pulled it like a short leash. It was one of his favorite things to do. With a light pull, he could easily control the poor girl's movements, and leave her breathless if he felt like it.

Stephanie straightened up on her knees and obediently took her place between Eddie's legs. When he pulled the belt, she choked and immediately reached for his zipper. She opened it, pulled the hardened cock out and waited for her master's slap.

The slap landed on her right cheek this time. "Suck!" ordered Eddie, "and make it last. We have about 15 minutes till the next break.



Mastery - 34

Stephanie joined her wrists behind her back like a good girl, took a deep breath, leaned forward, and wrapped her lips around Eddie's cock. She started to suck, getting more of the cock in her mouth with every bob of her head. When she managed to swallow the full length, she started to use her tongue inside. This routine was exactly how Eddie liked it. She managed to learn that through a long process of trial and error. He slapped her less when she sucked this way.

And it wasn't like she didn't like to be slapped. She just didn't like to stop sucking his cock.

She loved getting her pretty face slapped hard. It was a revelation of a lifetime. It all started a couple of weeks ago, during another long weekend stay in her master's room. Eddie was mercilessly skullfucking his two fucktoys again. Both were serving him to their best ability, even though they could hardly move. Their arms and legs were tightly bound as usual. Stephanie was lying on the bed, her head dangling from the edge of the bed upside down, her eager mouth wide open. Eagerdoll was kneeling on the floor next to Stephanie. Eddie was keeping the girls' heads together with both hands and shoving his cock down their throats one after another. They were nothing but warm, sloppy holes to him at that very moment.

Eddie finally emptied his balls deep in the girls's throats, feeding them their equal shares. Then he stopped and slapped Eagerdoll hard, as he often did. The redhead shrieked and fell on her side.

"One! Thank you, master."

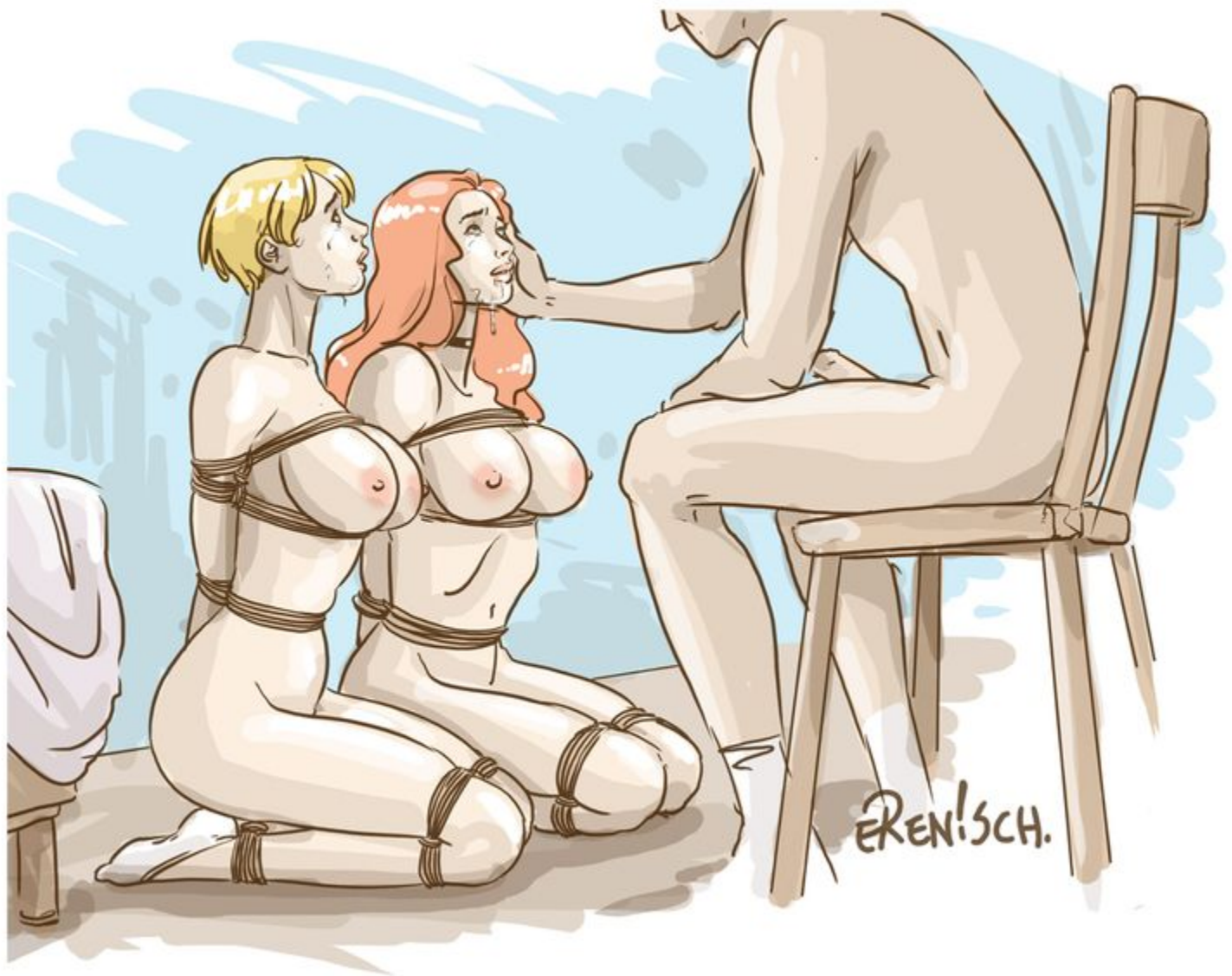
While she struggled to get back on her knees again to receive the rest of the slaps, he grabbed Stephanie by her hair and pulled her down. She quickly understood what to do and took her place next to the redhead.

With the two beautiful girls kneeling side by side before him, Eddie pulled a chair and sat down. He leaned forward and gave them both a pat on the head. He then put his right hand on Eagerdoll's reddened cheek and caressed it lovingly, then he slapped her even harder on the other cheek. This time the slave managed to keep her balance. Tears gushed out of her eyes, but she didn't scream.

"Two. Thank you master," she said with a soft voice. "Would master please tell this cunt what she did wrong?"

Rookie mistake. Two more hard slaps landed on Eagerdoll's face from left and right.

"Four. Thank you, master," she responded, and lowered her eyes obediently. She asked no stupid questions this time.



After staring at Eagerdoll's blushing cheeks for a few seconds, Eddie turned to Stephanie this time. The blonde raised her beautiful blue eyes and looked at Eddie. He seemed calm, coolly thinking about something. Stephanie wondered if he'd ever hit her like he did Eagerdoll all the time. During the couple weeks he kept her as a sex pet, he manhandled her, fucked her roughly, abused her, and humiliated her in various ways, but he didn't ever actually hit her.

Suddenly, Eddie raised his hand with a swift motion and put it in on her right cheek. Stephanie flinched and leaned back a little, mistaking his move as a slap. He chuckled and caressed her cheek with his thumb.

"Are you scared of me?" he asked.

"No," replied Stephanie. "I just thought... It's a reflex."

"I see. Remember, Humpkin, if I want to, I can slap the stuffing out of you. You are mine to use and abuse, aren't you?"

Stephanie lowered her eyes. "Yes sir, of course."

"Yes of course," repeated Eddie and smiled. "And I will. I will slap these beautiful, creamy white, silky cheeks until they are blood red, soaked with your tears. There is no escape from it."

"Oh?" Stephanie gasped and looked into the boy's eyes pleadingly. "I... I... would you... I..."

Eddie let out a loud laugh as the terrified girl struggled to form a sentence.

"Don't you want to please your master, sweetheart?"

"Yes sir."

"I like seeing tears rolling down pretty girls' blushing cheeks. The sight of pain and shame in your beautiful blue eyes will make me so much harder. Then I'll take that rock hard cock and shove it in your tight little pussy. Can you imagine how good will that feel, Humpkin?"

"Oh... Yes... Yes sir."

"Go on then. Beg me for it"

"What? I..."

Eddie moved his hand under Stephanie's chin and raised her head a bit. "Beg me!"

“I... Would you please... would you please slap me, sir?”

“How hard?”

“Whatever pleases you... Hard... V-very hard? Please sir.”

Eddie tilted his head and made a face. “I don’t know. You sound insincere.”

No... sorry. Please, would you please slap me very hard, sir? Plee-“

Stephanie couldn’t finish her sentence. Eddie suddenly removed his hand from her chin and landed a hard slap on her right cheek without warning. Still tightly bound and unable to hold onto something, she staggered and fell on Eagerdoll’s lap. Her cheek felt hot and hurt like hell. Her eyes watered.

“Not bad, eh?” snickered Eddie. “Get up and get ready for another.”

With a little help from Eagerdoll, Stephanie got back on her knees and tried to catch her breath. She was sobbing uncontrollably, and tears were rolling down her cheeks just as Eddie wanted.

Eddie turned to Eagerdoll and asked with a stern voice. “What did she do wrong, cunt?”

“She didn’t count and thank the master for his generosity, master,” replied the redhead without raising her eyes from the floor.

“That’s right.” Without letting Stephanie to apologize, Eddie slapped the sobbing blonde once more, this time on her left cheek. Stephanie staggered again, but this time the bed broke her fall. She quickly found her balance and took a deep breath to control her sobbing.

“Two! Thank you, sir!” she cried, and braced for another slap.

Eddie leaned forward with a sudden move that made Stephanie flinch with terror again, but this time he reached down and put her middle finger between the blonde’s pussy lips. Stephanie whimpered as he rubbed her clit for a couple seconds and raised his hand back to her eye level.

“Open your mouth and stick out your tongue,” ordered the boy. Stephanie immediately did as she was told. Her brain was now in survival mode, and all it did was to obey master’s orders without a nanosecond of hesitation. These two slaps were enough to destroy the last bits of her free will.

Eddie put his middle finger on the girl’s tongue and let her taste her own juices. “You see? It makes me hard, and makes you wet. It’s like magic.”

“Yes sir, thank you,” replied Stephanie. Indeed, she was feeling the heat rising around her fuckhole. She wanted his cock, more than anything.

But Eddie didn’t shove his hardened cock in her well-lubed fuckhole. Not immediately. First, he slapped the two girls 30 more times, each. Only after they seemed to run out of tears, he threw them on the bed and fucked them to oblivion. It was a night to remember.

Stephanie’s thoughts continued to wander as she dutifully sucked Eddie’s cock in a stall in the school men’s room. The situation she was in at that moment felt so surreal. Her life took a drastic turn about a month ago. It all started when she met the beautiful redheaded puppygirl Eddie was walking on the street. It was just an interesting novelty for Stephanie at the beginning, but the redhead grew on her with every encounter. The slave symbolized a dark mystery Stephanie never acknowledged before. Once she met the girl who existed only to please Eddie, she felt the undeniable impulse to understand her. Such a fascinating puzzle she was. Why would she act the way she did? How could a normal human being turn into such a mindless sex toy who lived solely to serve men?

She wanted to spend more time with her. Talk to her, ask her hundreds of questions. And not just only that, but she wanted to hug and comfort her. The slave had a perpetual sadness on her face, like a wounded puppy, even when she smiled. Whenever she saw Eagerdoll, Stephanie felt a strong urge to cure the sadness behind the slavegirl’s beautiful green eyes.

She wasn’t able to alleviate that pain, but she ended up sharing it. Intentionally or not, the experienced slavegirl managed to seduce her and gradually pull her into the jaws of Eddie’s insatiable libido. Slowly but surely, she let more and more of herself to them, abandoned her inhibitions, shared her secrets. Like the frog in the slowly heated pot, she never saw it coming. One day, she suddenly found herself completely under Eagerdoll’s thrall, and in Eddie’s strong arms, in total surrender.

Her surrender wasn’t a defeat. Or at least it didn’t feel like one. She was shown a new way to live, a new way to find satisfaction. She could feel complete and calm like she never felt before, and all she had to do was relinquish control, drop her emotional and moral barriers, and surrender to a greater power than herself. Unexpectedly, that power was Eddie, her childhood friend who long loved and trusted.

Eddie was the perfect answer to her problems that she didn’t know existed. He would pull her out of her comfort zone with total disregard of her barriers, and this forced exploration was always a thrill ride for the pampered teen who lived a protected, safe life so far. She loved the fact that her surrender was total and unquestioning. She had no say in what Eddie did with her body. That way the pleasures and thrills she experienced were unburdened by moral scruples and totally guilt free. It was absolutely pure, even when it was accompanied by pain and humiliation. Every emotion she felt, she felt at the peak.

And now, only a few minutes away from the break, she was at the peak of terror. Eddie was refusing to cum despite the enthusiastic and skilled fellatio she was performing on his hard dick. Every time she came close to bringing him to a climax, he stopped her and slapped her hard. If she couldn't make him cum in a couple minutes, the men's room will be filled with boys, and she'd be stuck in this stall with a cock in her mouth. The mere thought sent shivers up and down her spine.

With this horrifying prospect in mind, she increased her pace and began to use every trick she knew. Her lips and tongue were getting numb, but she had to make her master cum, no matter what.

Then she felt some movement in Eddie's dick, which started to throb as it always did before ejaculating. Unfortunately, Stephanie couldn't feel her master's warm, gooey jizz spurting in her eager mouth this time. Without any warning, Eddie pulled the makeshift belt collar back and his dick dropped out of her desperate face pussy. She let out a moan of absolute frustration.

"No! Pleeese... I must taste it!

A hard slap shut her up. Trying hard to muffle a scream, Stephanie bit her lower lip. Then she remembered her training.

"Seven! Thank you, sir"

"Seven, eh? What's that in total?"

"86, sir. Thank you for each of them, sir."

"That's my clever girl," said Eddie and lovingly put his hand on Stephanie's aching right cheek. With tears in her eyes, she smiled and trustingly dropped her head into his hand.

"I'm so sorry," apologized Stephanie. "I couldn't make you cum... Maybe after the break we can come back here and... Ack!"

Eddie pulled the leather belt wrapped tightly around the girl's slender neck and choked her into silence. "After the break? No. You aren't going anywhere, little slut. I'm not done with you."

"B-but!" stammered Stephanie, trying to breathe. "This place will be filled with boys in a minute... Eddie, please... You can't..."

Another hard slap caught the girl in mid-sentence.

"Ooh! Eight! Thank you, sir" she sobbed.

"I can. I definitely can, and you know it well. Now pull your skirt up and sit on it." He leaned back and motioned toward his cock, which was still looking strong and ravenous after all she did to sate it. "We'll lock the door. If you don't want to be exposed as the slut you are, try your best not to make any noise." He pulled the terrified girl up on her feet and turned her around. Grabbed her wrists and pulled her skirt up. Stephanie gasped with pain as the leather belt tightened around her neck and left her breathless once again.

"If you be a good girl, I'll let you stay on it until you have an orgasm. Maybe, if you're really really lucky, nobody will discover you riding a big cock in a filthy toilet stall, eh?"



Mastery - 35

Eddie pulled the belt and forced Stephanie down onto his lap. He grabbed her right butt cheek to adjust her position and held her hovering a centimeter above his cock.

“Which hole would you like to be fucked in, sweetheart?” he asked with a playful voice.

“I... I can't... Please, never give me a choice, sir. I'm yours to use,” she replied.

Eddie liked her response. He slowly lowered her onto his cock and pushed the tip in her wet pussy. Feeling the member slowly penetrating her vagina, Stephanie let out a sigh of relief.

“Oh, thank you, sir. You are the most generous...”

She had to swallow the end of the sentence as the door to the men's room swung open and a couple students burst in. Stephanie gasped and held her breast as the rest of Eddie's dick made its way deep in her fuckhole. When she finally sat on the boy's lap, he pulled the belt once again to bring her ear next to his lips.

“Be very very very silent, or you'll be revealed as the biggest whore in the school,” he whispered. “You'll be doing all the work this time. Now, start moving that ass and milk my cock.

“Yes sir,” Stephanie whispered back. Eddie pulled the belt to keep her head on his shoulder, forcing the girl's back arch in a very uncomfortable position. He then pulled her shirt up with his right hand, revealing her big tits. She obediently started to move up and down on his shaft as much as his unrelenting grip allowed her to, and he went on to play with her round chest bunnies and hardened nipples.

As she kept silently serving her master to the best of her ability, more and more boys entered the room.

She was struggling hard not to make any noise, but it was almost impossible. Her breathing was getting heavier and heavier as the pleasure kept building in her body, so she was periodically holding her breath whenever she thought someone was approaching their position. The materials of their clothes were making a rustling noise and the old toilet lid kept squeaking. Every little sound she made flooded her brain with a mixture of panic and excitement. The pleasure Eddie's cock was giving her was doubled by the thrill of danger. If one of the boys outside opened the stall door, she'd certainly die of shame, but probably she'd have a multiple orgasm first.

As she fought a desperate battle against her sex-crazed body, someone entered the neighboring stall. Stephanie slowed down and held her breath. She could hear the boy unbuckle his belt, unzip his pants and take his dick out. At that moment, Stephanie realized that she was literally surrounded by cocks. She found the thought amusing as well as terrifying.

Suddenly another scary thought entered her mind. What if Eddie, someday in the future, decided to share her with others? She remembered Victoria's ominous words that gave her a little heart attack a couple of weeks ago. What if he decided to lend her to his friends? Or even rent her to strangers?

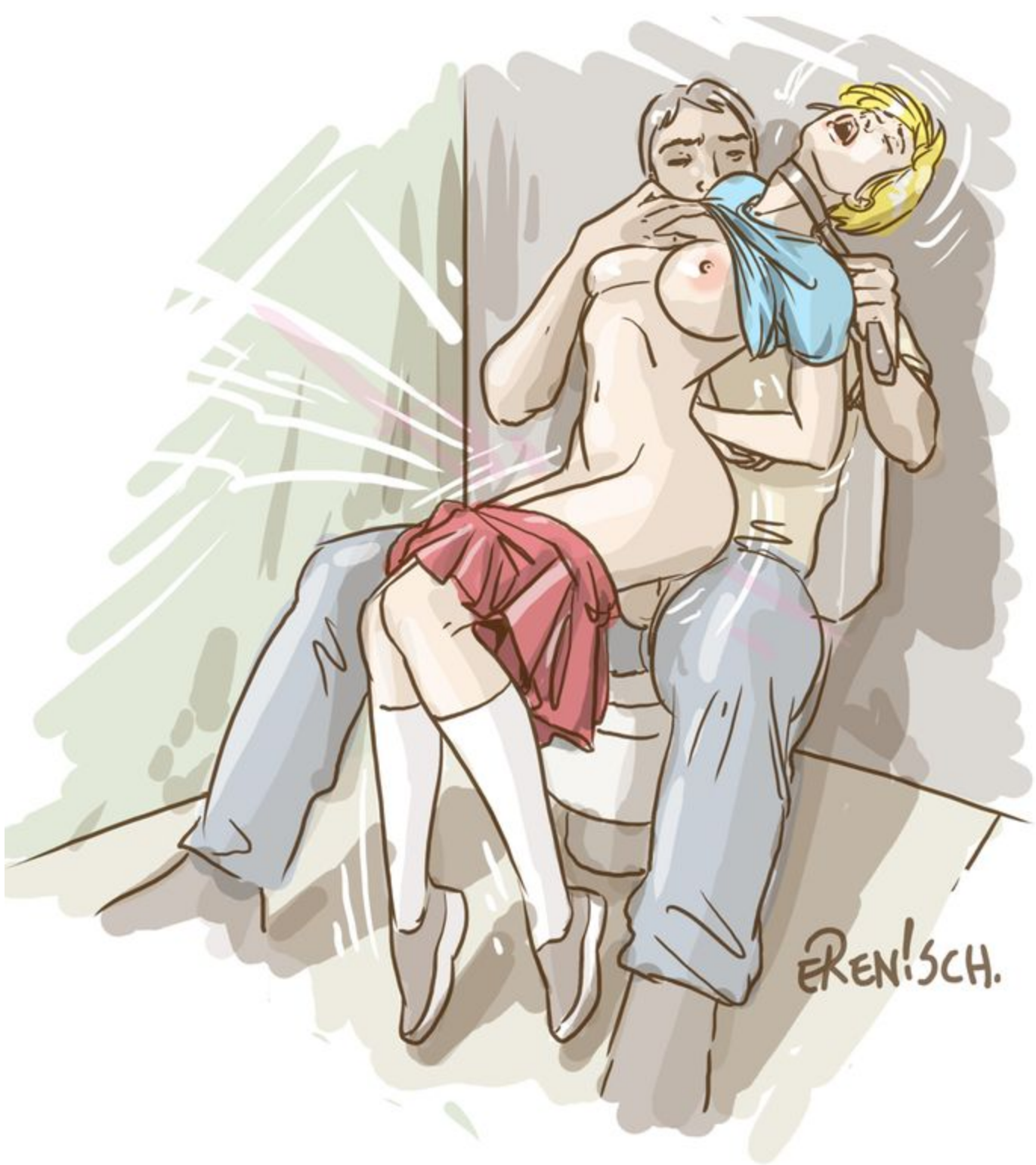
She couldn't bear the thought of that happening. If Eddie did such a thing, couldn't she just refuse to go along with it? She wasn't a real slave after all. She was a free woman. Her father just bought her a 2-year freedom permit at the beginning of the summer. Nobody could force her to serve strange men if she didn't want to.

But what if that made Eddie happy? Shouldn't she do whatever it takes to please him? Wouldn't pleasing him satisfy her basic urges and give her the thrills she became addicted to?

She tried to banish the thought. Lost deep in that idea, her tenuous control over her breathing slipped momentarily. A couple moans of ecstasy escaped her tightened lips despite her best efforts. Luckily, they were suppressed by the loud noise made by the boys horsing around in the bathroom.

As a series of nightmarish scenarios about their relationship roamed around in her head, Stephanie obediently and dutifully continued to serve Eddie as well as she could. As he said at the beginning, he was leaving everything to her, not even moving a muscle except for the occasional tug on the belt tightly wrapped around the girl's neck. Pleasure continued to build between her legs, and soon it was too much to keep under control. Stephanie felt a little panic as she passed the point of no return. She was about to have one of the biggest orgasms of her life, and she didn't know if she could stop herself from screaming.

When it finally happened, it was unlike anything she felt before. The enormous heat in her vagina exploded like several nuclear bombs going off one after another. Her legs buckled and started to shake uncontrollably as she struggled to keep her scream in. Her body arched back and forth, while Eddie's cock in her pussy and his tight belt around her neck kept her in place. As the orgasms went on and on, she lost control of her bladder and sprayed the stall door with a splash of pee. It felt like a small-scale earthquake.



“Hey buddy? Is everything okay in there,” chuckled a boy outside of their stall. “Don’t break the facilities from the first day, eh?”

Before Stephanie came to her senses, Eddie quickly covered her mouth and tightened his grip around her body. She managed to stop the shaking and held her breath.

“Everything’s fine here, bro,” replied Eddie. “Move along, will you?”

“Alright, alright,”

They listened to his steps moving away. In a moment the bathroom was empty and silent again. The break was over.

“I have good news and bad news for you Humpkin,” whispered Eddie. “You managed to survive the break without being discovered.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you.” She exhaled with relief.

“Bad news is, you had an orgasm without permission. And you’ll certainly pay for that.”

Stephanie’s eyes widened. “Oh god! I’m so sorry... I forgot to... I’m so sorry, sir”

“Sorry won’t cut it, sweetheart,” said Eddie. He let go of the belt around his fucktoy’s neck. Stephanie immediately brought her hand to her bruised neck and rubbed it to stimulate blood flow.

“What will be my punishment, sir?” she asked with a soft voice. She knew that it would involve pain or humiliation, perhaps both.

“Take off your clothes!”

“Now? Here? B-but...”

A stern look from Eddie made it clear that he wasn’t kidding. Stephanie sighed and began stripping. As she took off her shirt, Eddie pulled down her skirt. He collected both clothing items and slapped the girl’s bare ass.

“Get out!”

“What? But...”

A slap landed on her right cheek to remind the blonde who was in charge. She turned and opened the stall door. She popped her head out and listened for a moment to make sure nobody was around.

“Hands on the wall. Right in front of that mirror. I want you to look into your own eyes.”

Stephanie obeyed. She put her hands on either side of the bathroom mirror, arched her back, and pushed her butt towards her master. Obediently and eagerly, she waited for his cock to penetrate her ass.

“Would you please punish this stupid slut’s insolence by fucking her ass hard, sir?” she begged. The pain she was about to feel wasn’t her biggest concern at that moment. The danger of being discovered by accident was still very high. She wanted it to be over as quickly as possible.

But Eddie was still standing there, motionless. She was confused. “Please sir, would you please hurry and punish this worthless slut?”

Eddie didn’t move.

Stephanie was getting more and more anxious now. The danger of being exposed was getting bigger and bigger with every passing minute. She was completely naked in the middle of the men’s room, begging to be fucked in the ass. What if a student or teacher walked in at this very moment?

“Please,” she begged again, “please let me make it up to you, sir. Please tell me what to do to pay for my mistake”

Suddenly, Eddie’s leather belt cut through the air with a high-pitched swooshing sound and slashed on Stephanie’s round butt. The poor girl let out a shriek but immediately silenced herself with her right hand.

Her eyes watered with the intense pain in her buttocks. She gasped and dutifully assumed her initial position. Surely more will come.

“O-one! Thank you, sir!” she whispered. “Please, may I have another?”

Another one landed right below where her thighs meet her round ass.

“MMHH! Two! Thank you, sir. May I please have another?”

Three consecutive hits followed without giving her enough time to respond. All landed roughly on the same spot, which was turning into bright red already.

“Ooouh! F-five. Please, may I have more, sir?”



Eddie was getting more and more ruthless with every hit. After a while he stopped to rest his arm a bit, which gave his poor victim a few seconds to catch her breath. She was crying uncontrollably now. Her butt as covered in red-purple welts, and it was hurting like never before.

“Twenty! Thank you...” she sobbed. “Please sir... Please, no more. I can’t take any more.”

Eddie stopped and lowered his hand. He approached the girl and put his left hand on her bruised round butt. He started to caress her compassionately.

“Well, well. Look at the mess I’ve done. I think I was carried away a little.” He grabbed the girl from behind and hugged her. He reached up, swept her tears with his hand and kissed her on the neck. Stephanie smiled and closed her teary eyes. She felt safe and complete again.

“Thank you, Eddie,” she whispered as he tightened his embrace around her naked body. “Would you please give me back my clothes now? I’m cold... and someone can...”

“On one condition,” replied the boy after a moment of deliberation. “You have to do something else for me.”

“Anything,” replied Stephanie without any hesitation.

Eddie grabbed her by her hair and turned her to kiss her on the lips.

“I’d do anything for you,” repeated Stephanie. She meant it.

“Your friend, what was her name?”

“Who? You mean... Ashley?”

“That’s the one. Ashley.”

“What about her?” Stephanie turned and looked into Eddie’s eyes directly.

“I want to fuck her. You’ll bring her to me, willingly or not. One way or another, I’ll fuck that chick.”

Mastery - 36

“Where have you been? You disappeared like for an hour.”

Stephanie raised her head and looked at Ashley. “Uh? I was in the bathroom. I...”

“What? Are you sick or something? Come on, get up. We should go.” Ashley grabbed Stephanie’s arm and pulled her up. “I saw him walk by just now. We have to follow him.”

“What? Who?”

“Eddie of course, remember? I want to see what he’ll do with that gorgeous redhead. Come on.”

Stephanie slowly stood up. She had a conflicted expression on her face. Ashley read it as reluctance.

“Oh, don’t make that face, you prude. Come on, I’m sure you’ve seen enough penis drawings in the textbooks. Don’t be shy.”

“Okay.”

“Oh, come on Steph... Wait. Did you say okay?”

“Yeah. Let’s go.”

Ashley was surprised that she was able to convince her uptight friend so easily. Stephanie picked up her bag and started to walk towards the sports hall.

“This way. I think the cages are behind this building, away from the prying eyes of horny little sluts like you.”

Ashley blushed a little and giggled. “Oh, I’m not horny. I just want’ to see a real one in action, you know. I’m curious.”

She quickly caught up with Stephanie. They traversed the school yard and arrived at the corner of the sports hall.

Ashley was visibly giddy with anticipation. “Be silent,” she warned with her hair wrapped around her finger. “I don’t know where they put these cages.”

“They are right over there.”

Ashley and Stephanie froze on their tracks. Eddie was right there, around the corner, looking at the two girls.

“If you are trying to be stealthy, you aren’t doing a good job,” continued Eddie with a smirk. “Did you want to see this?”

He pointed at the redhead on her knees, dutifully sucking his cock. Eagerdoll continued to serve her master without paying any attention to the two new arrivals.

The two looked on without saying a word. Stephanie didn’t exactly know what to do or say, as Eddie never told her about his plan to conquer her friend. Ashley was in total shock, her widened eyes fixed on the redhead’s lips rhythmically moving along the boy’s long shaft.

“Don’t worry,” said Eddie with a warm, reassuring smile. “She won’t bite. Actually, she is well-trained in order not to.” He laughed at his own joke. “Come on, take a closer look if you like.”

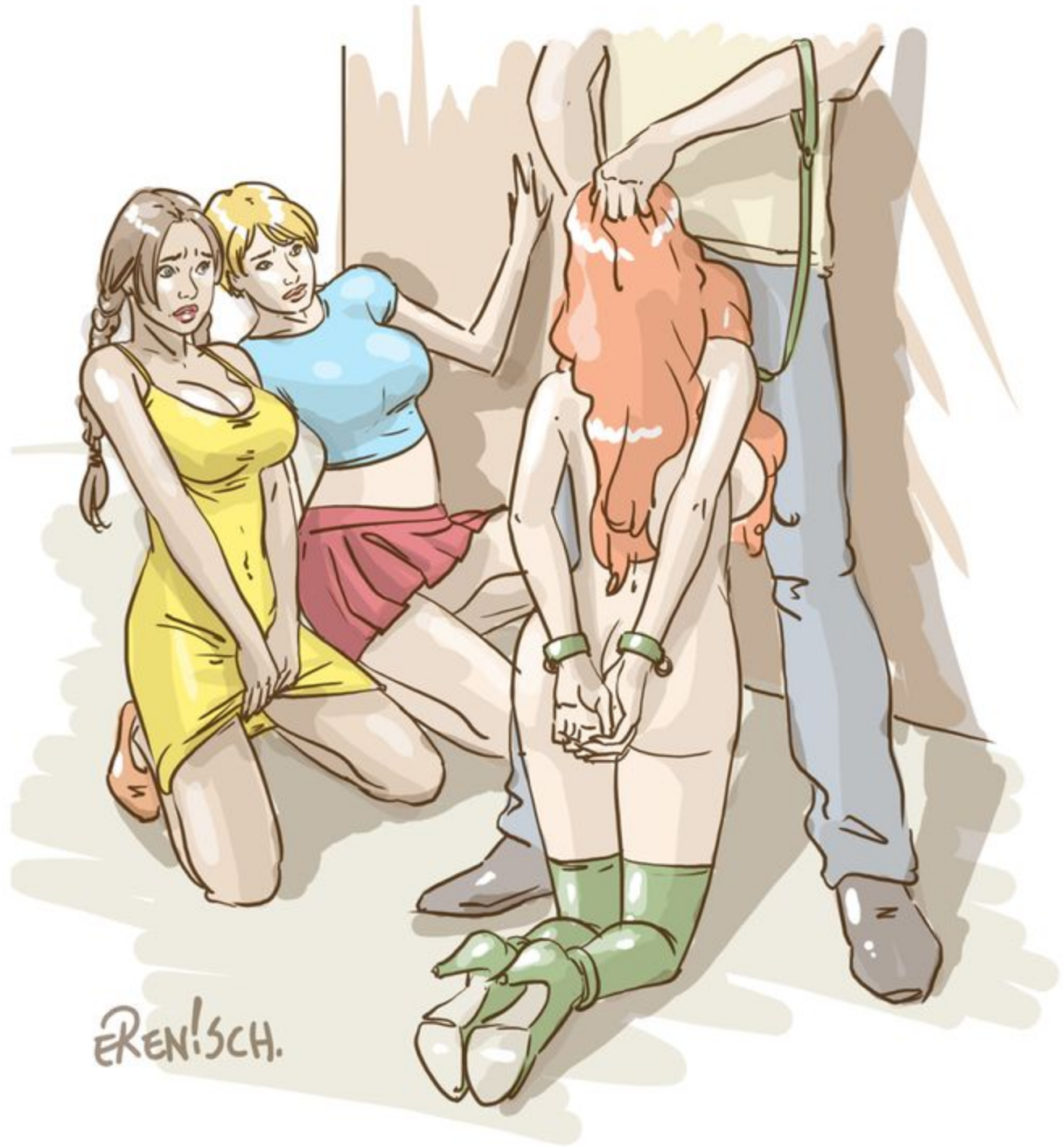
Stephanie took a quick glance at her stunned friend. Ashley was frozen, unable to find something to say or do. This could be a good opportunity to break the ice, perhaps. She held her friend’s arm and stepped forward.

“Okay. We’ll watch. But don’t do something inappropriate, okay?”

She firmly held Ashley and dragged the bedazzled girl towards Eddie. Ashley hesitated and resisted for a brief moment, but her best friend’s hands gave her the courage she needed to move.

“What should we do?” asked Stephanie coyly. “Would you mind if to kneel too?” Eddie made a gesture to signal that it didn’t matter. Stephanie dragged Ashley even closer and made her get down on her knees right next to Eagerdoll, who was still enthusiastically performing.

“Remember, we’re here just to watch!” repeated Stephanie, in order to preempt a reaction from Ashley. The brunette’s stunned expression seemed a bit relaxed now, but she was still unable to speak. Stephanie realized that it was the first time she has seen her friend completely speechless.



EREN!SCH.

“Eagerdoll is a well-trained slave, not an inexperienced schoolgirl. Watch closely, and you might learn something.” He reached down and grabbed a fistful of red hair. “She isn’t just a pretty face to fuck. She knows every cock-sucking technique in the book. Check it out.” He pulled Eagerdoll’s head back and his dick fell out of her mouth. Ashley gasped as Eddie’s member swayed a bit and sprang up again.

“Looks very beautiful and strong, right?” whispered Stephanie. Ashley nodded. “I don’t know... It is the first one I...”

“Show the girls what you can do, Eagerdoll. Start with the standard style.”

“Yes master, thank you,” replied the slave girl and leaned forward to kiss his cock on the tip.

“Now watch! The basic style the BFA recommends for all novices.”

Eagerdoll wrapped her lips around the tip and slowly moved forward. When she reached the middle, she pulled back and stopped at the tip again. She paused for a moment to let the two girls take a good look, and then repeated the move. With every move, she increased her speed and swallowed more and more of his length. Her moves were pronounced and precise to let the girls catch every little detail.

“Isn’t she great?” asked Eddie with a smile. “You know, she can lick pussy too.”

He turned to the girls. Stephanie averted her eyes. She was blushing. She understood what Eddie was planning to do now. This was almost exactly how she was lured into Eddie’s bed.

She waited for Eddie to continue and offer Eagerdoll's services to the two onlookers, but Eddie didn't seem to be interested in them anymore. Eagerdoll was now sucking him in full speed, and Stephanie knew well what that meant. He was close. Very close.

Sure enough, Eddie's muscles started to spasm in a few moments. Eagerdoll masterfully brought him to climax and continued to suck as he emptied his balls in several powerful bursts. She moaned aloud with pleasure and satisfaction as the warm liquid flowed down her gullet. For Stephanie, who knew how Eagerdoll usually sounded like, it was obvious that her performance was exaggerated for Ashley's benefit. Still, she couldn't help but get jealous of the redhead. If only they were alone, she could swallow some of master's cum.

Finally, Eddie grabbed the slavegirl's hair and shoved his cock deep in her throat. He kept her head firmly in place as he drained his balls to the last drop. Then he let her head go and leaned back on the wall. "Good girl," he exhaled.

"Thank you, master," replied the girl and sat back on her heels like a good slavegirl.

"So exciting," whispered Stephanie in Ashley's ear. She nodded.

Eddie grabbed his slavegirl's hair once more and turned her towards the two bemused spectators.

"Tell me, Eagerdoll," he asked, "if you could, which one of these lovely ladies would you choose to serve?"

Eagerdoll repositioned herself on her knees and took a long look at both girls, who were still on their knees a meter away. Her eyes wandered around Stephanie for a short while and then passed on to Ashley's body. Ashley trembled with excitement as the naked sex slave examined her body up and down like it was a piece of meat.

"Well?" asked Eddie, with an impatient tone. "Which one would you like to bring to a powerful orgasm?"

"I think..."

Ashley's heart began to beat faster the moment Eagerdoll started to talk.

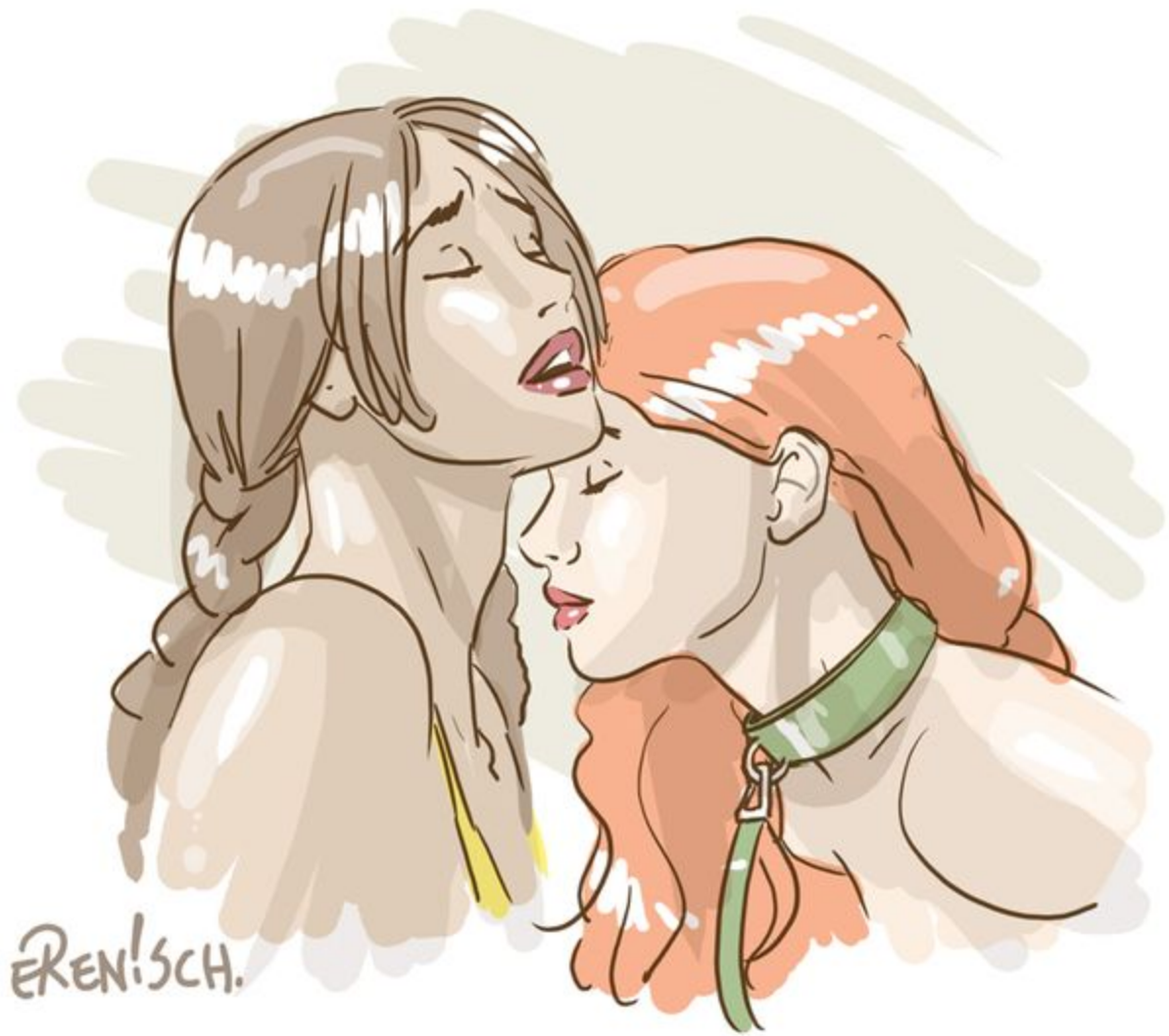
"They are both very beautiful, master but..."

Eagerdoll stopped like she remembered something. "May this cunt touch you, miss?"

"W-wha... t-touch?" Ashley stammered. "I don't k-know... I..."

The slave didn't even acknowledge her reaction and leaned towards the stunned girl. "She is so beautiful," she continued as she caressed the girl's left cheek with her slender fingers. "I wish..."

She stopped again and sighed. Then she leaned forward and smelled her neck. Ashley held her breath as the redhead approached her ear. Her hair smelled like a meadow. "I wish I could taste you." whispered the slave. Her warm breath sent tingles down Ashley's spine.



“I wish I could suck on your nipples and lick your pussy for hours, make you cum again and again, and leave you unconscious, just like a...”

“You insolent little whore!”

Eddie violently pulled the slave’s hair back and forced her back on her knees. “How dare you touch this free girl without permission?”

Eagerdoll immediately assumed the proper slave position and bowed her head down. “This cunt is sorry, master,” she apologized. “This cunt was way out of the line. Please, punish this cunt, master.”

“No! No, please.”

Ashley jumped up in order to stop Eddie as he raised his hand to slap the slavegirl.

“It isn’t a problem, really. I don’t mind. Please don’t punish her.”

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“She’ll be punished, whether you forgive her or not. She must be disciplined. If not right now, tonight.” Eddie pulled Eagerdoll’s hair roughly to bend her neck backwards.

“What will you do to her?” asked Ashley nervously. “It wasn’t a big deal. I wasn’t offended or anything, really.”

“Not a big deal? Disobedience isn’t a big deal?” Eddie turned to Eagerdoll and pulled her hair to turn her head towards him. “What do you think, slave? Is it a big deal?”

“Yes master, whatever my master says,” replied Eagerdoll pleadingly. “Would you please punish this cunt severely, master?”

Stephanie was starting to get Eddie’s scheme to guilt Ashley into... asking for something. She felt like she could help diffuse the situation and help her Master’s plan in the process. If Eddie wanted to fuck her friend, she would try her best to make it happen.

“Perhaps... perhaps Ashley could punish her instead?”

All eyes turned to Stephanie. “After all, your slave offended her, right?”

“Oh no, I don’t want to...”

Stephanie put her finger on Ashley’s reluctant lips and shushed her. “I mean, what if your slave served her in some way. This would be much better than a beating or...” She turned to Ashley and whispered into her ear. “You could save this poor thing from a flogging or something, and you could enjoy it too. Think about it.”

“I guess... but...”

“It’s fine by me,” interrupted Eddie. “Listen, I have to go and grab some lunch anyway. I can leave you two here so she can give you a quickie, eh?”

“Yes, she accepts,” quipped Stephanie before Ashley could say anything.

“But...”

“Don’t be embarrassed, Ash. I can stand watch around the corner. I won’t look, promise.”

“Very well, it’s decided then,” smiled the boy and swiftly took off. “Leave her in the cage after you are done with her, alright?” he shouted as he turned the corner.

Stephanie quickly followed him. “I’ll be over there, don’t worry. I’ll holler if somebody approaches.”

“Wait!”

Ashley suddenly found herself all alone with a slavegirl behind the sports hall. She was confused. She slowly turned and looked at the redhead who was waiting in basic kneeling position with a grateful smile on her face.

“Thank you for taking pity on this cunt, miss,” she started with her eyes still fixed on the ground. “This cunt is so sorry for offending you.”

“Oh, I wasn’t really...”

“How would you like this cunt to serve you, miss?”

“Why are you calling yourself that nasty word?” Asked Ashley with a puzzled expression.

“Because that’s what this cunt is, miss. Would you prefer fuckmeat? Or cockwhore?”

Please stop it,” said Ashley with a disgusted face. “I don’t like this at all. I really didn’t understand what the problem was, and I don’t really understand the rules that apply here... I just don’t want you to get hurt because of me. So, just tell me what should I do, and we’ll get over with this silliness quickly.”

“This cunt is grateful. You don’t have to do anything, miss. You just relax.”

Ashley dropped her hands and exhaled. “Okay, will you look into my eyes, or will you keep talking to my feet?”

“This cunt will do anything you’ll command, miss,” replied Eagerdoll.

“Yeah? Okay... so... then look me in the eyes.”

The redhead raised her beautiful green eyes and looked up coyly. Ashley took half a step back. “Wow! You are so pretty.”

“Thank you, miss,” replied Eagerdoll and smiled.

“So... what should I...”

“Please, just lean back and relax. This cunt will do the rest.”

Eagerdoll put her right hand on Ashley’s stomach and softly pushed her against the wall. She didn’t resist.

The slave crawled forward and took her place right in front of the brunette. She reached down and pushed her slender ankles outwards, forcing her to part her legs further.

“You have beautiful legs, miss. This beautiful color... so soft and silky.” As she spoke, she started to graze the insides of Ashley’s long legs. As she crossed her knee, she turned her hands and put her palms on her thighs. A shiver went down Ashley’s spine and her legs trembled. She closed her eyes and bit her lip. It was the strangest, most exciting sensation she ever felt.

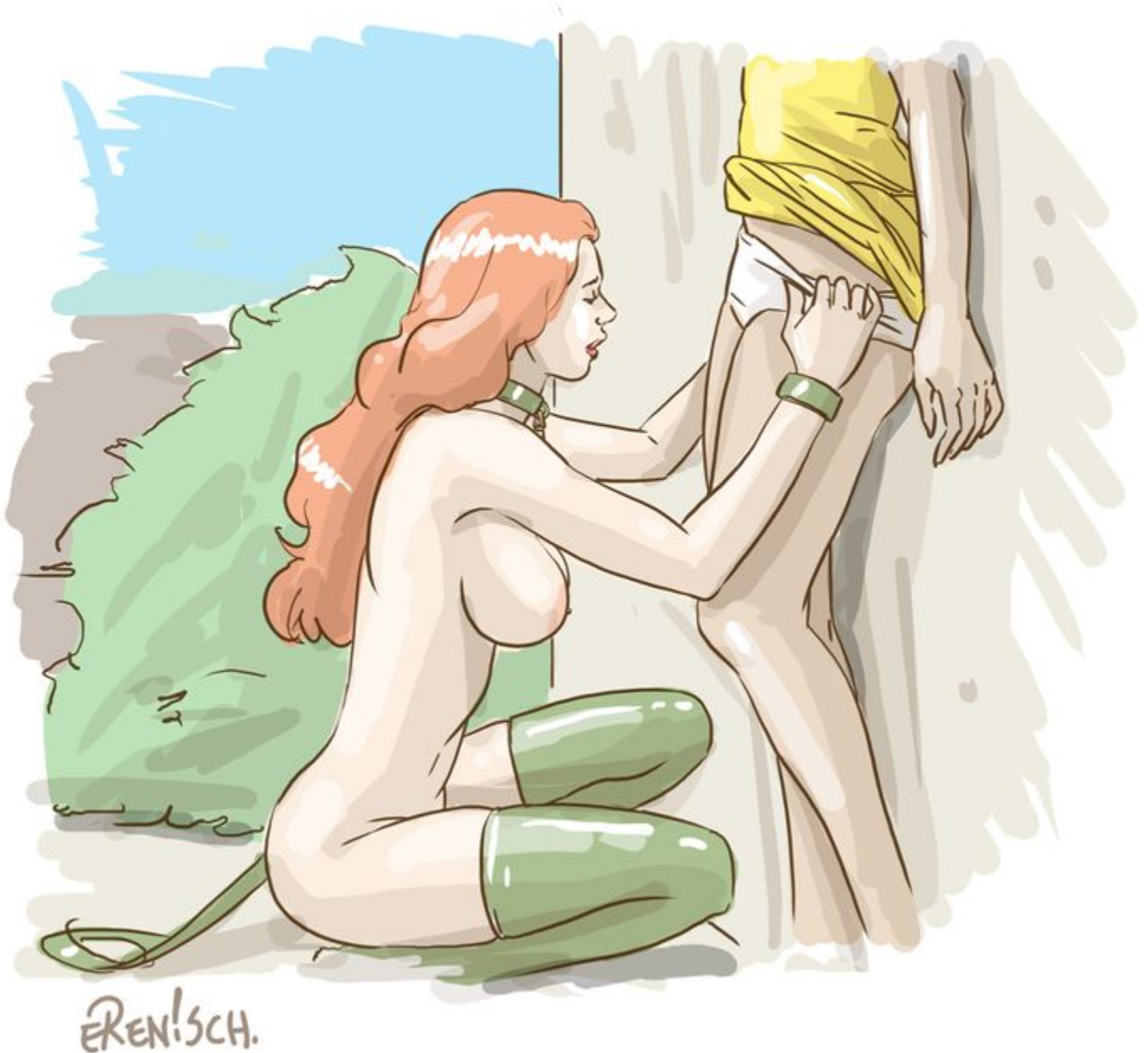
“With your permission...”

Eagerdoll waited for a moment for Ashley's reaction, but the brunette didn't say anything.

Emboldened by her victim's tacit approval, Eagerdoll started to slide her hand up the brunette's silky pure thigh, while rolling up her skirt with the other. Ashley's body jerked violently when her fingers reached the edge of her white cotton panties, right where her thigh met her pubic mound. A whimper escaped her mouth, and she immediately bit one of her braids to keep silent.

"Just relax, this cunt will make feel really good."

Eagerdoll reached under Ashley's skirt with both hands and grabbed her panties from the sides. Unhurriedly, he started to pull them down, revealing her shaven delta. Her thin, pink pussy lips were already wet and glistening with desire. The girl gasped and held her breath as the cool breeze gently caressed her exposed wet hole. Fully aware of the effect of her movements on the brunette's untouched, inexperienced body, Eagerdoll continued to slide down the panties a few more centimeters, and let them drop. They stopped just below her knees.



Eagerdoll smiled to the brunette one last time before she dove into her crotch. Ashley, still unable to find something to say, looked down with a perplexed face as the slave's head disappeared under her skirt. This was the strangest thing she ever experienced. Her body was now following the slave's lead and reacting to her movements like it had its own mind.

Suddenly, the slave's hands cupped her ass cheeks and the tip of her tongue touched her clit. This slightest little touch violently shook Ashley's body from head to toe. Her only reaction was to bite her braid harder. Eagerdoll continued to hit her with wetter and bigger licks, all the while fondling and grazing her buttocks.

After a few probing touches, Eagerdoll slowly picked up the pace. She was licking the quivering brunette's sweet slit without any restraint, her tongue reaching deeper and deeper and twirling inside the pink, slippery entrance. Ashley was no longer able to stifle her moans with her braid, and she was biting hard on her left fist to stop herself from screaming like a whore in heat.

Eagerdoll grabbed the girl's ass cheeks and squeezed them so her victim could not move away her from her diabolical tongue stuck deep inside her hole. Slowly but surely, she brought the poor brunette to the edge of an inescapable climax and pushed her over with one last skillful flick of the tongue. The girl immediately lost control of her violently shaking body, and clumsily attempted to regain control by pressing herself against the wall. Despite her best efforts to stifle it, she let out a scream of pleasure as the slavegirl continued to hit her with well-placed tongue-flicks and twirls, prolonging her orgasm.



After Ashley's shaking and jerking body calmed down a bit, Eagerdoll decided to stop her lingual assault and pulled her head back, but not before giving the girl's pink pussy lips a gentle parting kiss. Then she dutifully sat back on her heels and looked up in order to see her victim's reaction. She was proud of her performance and knew well that the brunette had one hell of an orgasm. It was very enjoyable for the slave too. This young chick was tight, perky and so delicious.

"Thank you for letting this cunt serve you, miss," she whispered as she licked her lips covered with the brunette's pussy juices. "You have a wonderful pussy. It was such a pleasure and honor for this cunt."

"Oh? I..."

Still unable to think clearly, Ashley slowly opened her eyes and looked at the slavegirl's pretty green eyes for a moment, only to look away immediately with shame.

"Thank you," she managed to say after a few moments. Realizing that her panties were still around her knees, she immediately reached down and pulled them up. "You... I mean this will stay between us, right?"

"Of course," replied the slavegirl with a serious expression.

A few meters away, around the corner, Eddie clicked on his cellphone to stop the recording and looked down to Stephanie who has been sucking his cock obediently. "Good girl," he whispered, "I think this will be much easier than I imagined."

Mastery - 38

“Hey Eddie!”

Eddie turned and looked at the young girl waving at him from across the street. Ashley was sporting her usual warm smile. She quickly crossed the road and greeted him.

“I didn’t see you at school today! Actually, the entire week. Are you avoiding me or something?” She smiled coyly. “I see you brought your slavegirl again. To be honest, I have been checking the cages every day. She wasn’t in there. I was wondering why you didn’t bring her to school since Monday?”

Eddie smiled as he tried to figure out if the brunette was flirting with him, or just intrigued by the leashed naked girl kneeling next to his feet. After all, Ashley had her first sexual experience with Eagerdoll just a week ago. She was right. Eddie deliberately avoided talking to her and left his slave at home for the rest of the week. That particular event was surely the only thing Ashley thought about since then.

“Why is she wearing a mask? Was she a bad girl?”

Eddie smiled again. “It’s a hood. To the contrary, she has been a very good girl. That’s why I brought her to school today.”

He patted the girl on the head. Her head was completely covered with a cherry red latex hood that was secured to her neck with a thick posture collar. Round darkened glass pieces covered her eyes. The only opening on the hood was over her mouth, giving her master easy access to her face fussy.

“Ooh! You locked her head in this diabolical thing?” asked Ashley, noticing the padlock that held the posture collar securely in place.

“Yes,” replied Eddie with a devilish smile. “She’ll be in that hood until I let her out. Don’t worry, she is used to it. I have been training this one for a while now.” He patted the slave on her head once more.

Ashley bit her lower lip and started to play with her braids again. “I was thinking about what happened on Monday and...” She suddenly stopped. She was blushing.

“Go on,” replied Eddie. “Don’t be embarrassed. I know you liked being serviced by another girl. That’s is nothing to be ashamed of. Slavegirls exist to give pleasure.”

“Oh... I just... I just can’t forget about that feeling, you know. It is embarrassing.”

Eddie smiled and put his hand on Ashley’s shoulder. The girl flinched with his touch, but only a little. “You’d like to feel like that again, don’t you?”

Ashley didn’t answer. She coyly bowed her head and smiled.

Eddie pulled his hand back. “You are going this way, right? Let me walk you to the bus stop.”

“Okay,” replied Ashley. “I like the company. I normally walk with Stephanie, but she didn’t come today, so...”

“Ah, yes. I think she is sick or something.” He pulled the kneeling puppy girl by her leash, forcing her to fall on all-fours. “Here. Why don’t you want walk her?”

“Oh, may I?”

Ashley put on a Cheshire smile and took the leash Eddie handed her. They started to walk towards the bus stop at the corner of the street.

“This is so weird. I can’t believe I’m walking a petgirl.”



During their 3-minute walk, they talked about mundane things, but Ashley's mind was merely focused on the slavegirl crawling ahead of her. She was answering Eddie's questions with short, simple answers and laughing at his jokes without even fully understanding them. The slave's naked butt was distracting her with every sway and wiggle.

When they finally arrived at the bus stop, Ashley reluctantly handed the leash back to Eddie. "Thanks, that was fun" she said with a warm smile.

Eddie stood there motionless for a moment, and his face lit up as if he just came up with a good idea. "Hey, why don't you keep her for tonight?" he suggested with a serious face. "I have stuff to do anyway, so I won't need her services. You play with her tonight, and bring her to me tomorrow morning. What do you say?"

"What? You... y-you want me to take her home? A slavegirl?" Ashley was stunned by the sudden suggestion. It was the last thing she expected he'd say. "But... I couldn't... I mean how would I..."

Eddie loudly laughed at Ashley's confused stammering. "Don't worry. She doesn't eat much, and she is fully potty-trained." He looked at the petgirl with pride. "And she is well-trained in the arts of seduction. She'll serve you well. All night long, if you want. Isn't that right, sweetheart?"

The petgirl bowed her head and nodded. Only then Ashley realized that she wasn't allowed to talk.

Ashley was still too stunned to form long meaningful sentences. "But my... I.. okay but, my parents... I couldn't."

"If you worry about your parents, just sneak her in. That'll add to the excitement, believe me."

Before Ashley could gather her thoughts and answer Eddie, the bus arrived and opened its doors.

"Decide quickly, Ashley. I may not be this generous again."

Ashley considered the offer for another second. "Okay... I'll do it. I'll take her."

"Perfect," replied Eddie and handed the leash back to the brunette. "Enjoy."

“Thank you,” said Ashley as she stepped in the bus. The fuckpet followed her on her hands and knees.
“Bring her to the park tomorrow morning at 10 o’clock. She knows the way to our favorite spot.”
“I... Okay. Bye”

What followed was a strange but thrilling ride. Ashley passed several surprised passengers by and walked to the back of the bus with a naked slavegirl on the tow. A young schoolgirl leading a petgirl by her leash is certainly an unusual sight to see. She sat down as far from others as possible and the slavegirl knelt in front of her.

“Are you excited?” asked Ashley to the pet. She nodded slightly. “I’m so excited. You aren’t allowed to talk, eh? This is so strange. Sooo... will you do anything I want you to do?”

The pet nodded again.

Ashley bit her lips. “You are so beautiful. I know I can’t really see your face, but the rest of you. My god!”

The pet bowed her head as if she was embarrassed by the compliment.

“I wish you could answer me,” continued Ashley. “I have so many questions. Millions of them. How did you end up like this, I wonder...”

The pet let out a little moan, but didn’t answer.

“Of course... I understand. I don’t want you to get in trouble because of me again.”

Ashley kept tapping her toes and playing with her hair throughout the ride. Her blood was boiling. Endless number of weird sexual scenarios were bouncing around in her brain.

Soon the bus stopped near her house. “Here we are. Come on then.”

Ashley lead her plaything across the street. Theirs was a two-story house in the middle of a small garden. Ashley signaled the petgirl to wait behind the hedge in front of the house. She quickly run to the door and checked if her parents were home. The car wasn’t in the garage, and the lights were out. “Come on, quick” she called to the pet as she unlocked the front door. They quickly run up the stairs and locked themselves in Ashley’s room on the second floor.

Her body pumped full of adrenaline, Ashley fell on her bed. “Oh my god! I can’t believe we made it.”

She sat up and looked at the sexpet waiting on her knees. “A slavegirl in the middle of my bedroom! I must be crazy to do this.”

The petgirl sat on her heels and corrected her posture. Ashley could see a little smile through the only opening on her latex hood.

“So... umm... What should we do first?”

Ashley stopped for a moment and thought about what to do. She had absolute authority over another human being, who’d perform any sexual act she wanted. This simple thought was overwhelming to the young brunette. Despite the fact that she had full control, she was still confused and hesitant. She didn’t know how to start.

“Alright then,” she began, “come here and let me take a look at you.”

The pet fell on all fours and crawled towards Ashley. The brunette put her right hand on the girl’s cheek. The girl instinctively leaned into her hand. Ashley smiled and caressed her cheek over the hood.

“Poor thing. You want a hug?” She opened her arms and gestured to the pet to come closer. The pet hesitated only for a moment and then reciprocated the embrace.

“Perhaps a kiss too?”

The slavegirl was ordered by her master to do anything Ashley wanted, but she didn’t really need a command to kiss the beautiful brunette. Their lips met awkwardly at first, but the little kiss immediately turned into a passionate struggle between their lips and tongues.

After an eternity of tongue jousting, Ashley broke the kiss and licked her lips. “Oh my!” she exclaimed. “This is so surreal.”

She moved to the side and pointed to the bed. “Come on, lie on the bed for me.”

The pet quickly climbed on the bed and lied down on her back. Ashley took her time examining her beautiful naked body from head to toe.

“You are so beautiful,” she whispered under her breath and put her hand on the slave’s right thigh. “This pure, pink skin...” She began grazing the girl’s leg with the tips of her fingers. Her touch slowly moved up and down along her hips. Her slight touch was sending tingles through the pet’s body. When her hand finally crossed her thighs and reached her pubis, slavegirl’s entire body shook as if it was electrified.



Ashley was getting more and more confident with every reaction her touch got out of the girl's body. She joined her index and middle fingers and put them in between the girl's pussy lips.

"You know, I always wondered how it tasted..."

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Ashley moved her fingers along the slave's wet slit up and down a couple times and brought her hand back up. She slowly parted her fingers to reveal a couple strings of gooey liquid stretching between them.

"This is so cool. Do I excite you?"

The slave nodded.

Ashley smiled and brought her fingers to her mouth to lick the slippery stuff off.

"So sweet. I heard everybody tastes a bit different. You certainly taste sweeter than me." She chuckled at her own words. The pet could see her blushing all over.

"I have been thinking about you... I mean about what you did for me last Monday." She put her hand on the slave's cheek and held her compassionately. "Actually, I have been thinking about that all the time. Every night I lie here awake, looking at the ceiling. Then I close my eyes and try to feel your tongue moving around my pussy."

Her fingers started to move along the slave's full lips.

"I thought I'd be embarrassed to talk about this. But not with you. With you it feels normal and natural." She gently parted the slave's lips and inserted two fingers inside. The girl immediately responded by wrapping her lips around the fingers.

"I wonder why that is," continued Ashley as she started to probe the inside of the slave's warm, welcoming mouth. "Maybe because you are just a slavegirl. You know, not a real human anymore?"

Ashley felt the slave's body tremble slightly at her last words. Perhaps she was offended? Why would a well-trained, frequently raped and humiliated girl feel shame?

"What, my words hurt you?" asked Ashley with a genuine surprise. "But you aren't a human any more, are you? Just a toy. A sex toy. Admittedly a very beautiful one, but still... just an object of desire."

The slave nodded and continued to suck on Ashley's fingers that continued to rhythmically violate her eager mouth.

"I never told this to anyone, but I kinda have a thing for pain," continued Ashley. "I like to feel it. It makes me feel alive. It invigorates me and thrills me in weird ways." She stopped and pulled her hand out of the slave's mouth. "And I imagine I'd enjoy inflicting it too."

As she said that, she gave a surprisingly hard slap on the slave's left tit. The girl loudly exhaled with pain but managed to keep her overall composure. Ashley also let out a moan of pleasure, accompanied by a glint of excitement in her eyes.

She looked into the glass covered eyes of the slave's mask intensely, trying to see if she had a surprised expression under the thick red latex. "I wish I could see your pretty face, contorting with pain."

She grabbed her slightly reddened fleshy tit and playfully jiggled it around. "Did you like that? Want more?" She had a cute but devilish grin on her pretty face. "Yes, you do!"

Another slap landed on the slavegirl's right tit, then another on the left one. Ashley kept slapping her victim's big tits until they both started to look bright red.

"This... I love this," stammered Ashley as she cupped the slave's aching breasts. I'm not ashamed to say. This feels so good." She reached down between her legs and stuck her fingers down her pants. "I'm so fucking wet. You wanna see?"

The slave nodded.

"Here you go." Ashley brought her fingers out of her pants and shoved them in the slave's mouth. She dutifully sucked the juice.

"Now we are even!" chuckled Ashley. "We just tasted each other. Can you believe this?"

She jumped up and stood by the bed. "You want to see my body?"

The slave nodded.

Ashley quickly unbuttoned her jeans and dropped it around her ankles. She was wearing white cotton panties under it. "I know. You gals aren't allowed to wear these, aren't you?" She grabbed the sides of the panties and slowly slid them down her shapely long legs. She took it off carefully and pressed it into a little ball of cloth.

"Open your mouth for me."

The slave knew what was coming. She obeyed without hesitation.

Ashley jumped back on the bed and sat on the slave's crotch. She leaned forward to shove the balled-up panties in the pet's mouth, as gracefully as she could.

"You aren't allowed to speak anyway, are you? So why don't we keep this in your slutty mouth while we are playing, eh? This will remind you who's the boss here."

The slave nodded to indicate that she understood, and Ashley sat back up. "You are such a good girl," she said with a warm smile, which immediately transformed into a naughty grin. "But I'm such a bad one."

She sat firmly on the slave's crotch, and parted her legs wider to ensure their pussies touched each other. By a magical coincidence, their wet clits made the first contact, sending powerful jolts throughout their bodies. Both girls were

burning with desire and anticipation.

Ashley moved to and fro in order to have a better feel of the slave's vagina, and that forced a few moans out of the gagged girl. Her lust-filled eyes wandered around the slave's naked chest. "You gorgeous little slut... This is making me crazy... I just can't believe I have such a beauty between my legs." She crossed her arms, reached down and grabbed the sides of her shirt. "I'll show you mine, then." She pulled her shirt up slowly, revealing the big milky chocolate colored jugs hidden underneath. Her big tits dropped out and jiggled once they were liberated from the tight cotton shirt.

The slave moaned quietly behind her panty gag, letting out a pleasant sound Ashley interpreted as admiration.

"You liked them, eh?"

The slave nodded.

"I'm not gonna lie to you, sextoy. I'm kinda proud of them." She coyly smiled and cupped both of them from below and jiggled them up and down like they were full of jelly. "You wanna feel them, don't you?"

The slave nodded again.

Ashley slowly leaned forward and laid on top of the slavegirl, tits on tits, pussy on pussy. She kissed the girl on the corner of her panty-filled mouth and relaxed all her muscles.

"This is great, don't you think?"



The slave nodded. Feeling Ashley's weight on her naked body was strangely relaxing and pleasurable. The brunette's big tits were on top of her own, nipple to nipple, squishing the soft balls of girl flesh. Ashley was, intentionally or not, rubbing her pussy on hers ever so slightly. Every ephemeral move sent exhilarating tingles around their bodies. It felt like the combined warmth of their pussies was heating the room up.

"I wish I could listen to your story someday," whispered Ashley in her ear. "Would you tell me how they got you, turned you into a slave? Did they buy you from your parents? Did they raise you at a slave farm? Or maybe they kidnapped and raped you into submission? That happens if a girl is too stupid or too poor to buy her freedom permits. Which one were you. Poor or stupid? Unless... perhaps you volunteered and surrendered your body for sexual service? Was that it?"

The slave didn't answer or react in any way to signal what happened to her. She wasn't allowed. Despite her mild frustration, Ashley smiled and gave the pet another kiss on her immobilized lips.

“You won’t tell, eh? I’ll assume... No, I’m sure it was involuntary. That’s the most exciting method, anyway. Oh boy, if only I could see the faces you made... if I could hear you begging for mercy... taste the tears you shed...”

As she spoke, Ashley’s crotch began to move around and rub the slave’s pussy with hers. Her hips pressed harder and deeper with every passing second. Her breathing got faster and more guttural. Their lips were still only a few millimeters apart. The two shared a lustful, overwhelming sensation. Ashley was now violating her servile victim with full force, practically beating and mauling the poor thing with her ravenous crotch.

“I just can’t... not like this,” she mumbled with frustration in her raspy breath. “I just want to...”

She sat back up and lifted her knee in order to pull the slave’s left leg from under her. She grabbed her ankle and pulled it towards her stomach, keeping it upright. She repositioned herself to get in a “scissors” position and pressed her wet pussy against the slave’s once again.

“I always wanted to try this. Let’s see if it really works,” said the brunette and started to rub her organ against her victim’s. She gradually picked up the pace, rubbing harder and harder with every stroke. “It works well enough,” she answered her own question. The pleasure kept building up. In moments, both were moaning uncontrollably.



After what felt like an eternity, they climaxed one after another, and Ashley fell over the reddened, sweaty body of the slavegirl like a lifeless lump. It took a long while for her to catch her breath.

“Fuck! We’re definitely doing this again. Just let me catch my...”

Ashley couldn’t finish her sentence. She froze as soon as they heard the key turning in the house door.

“Dammit! My parents!” whispered the brunette. “I totally forgot about them.”

She rolled out of the bed as silently as she could and started to put her clothes back on. “Don’t make a sound,” she whispered to the slave. “Quickly, get under the bed.”

The slave did what she was told.

Ashley bowed down to make sure the girl fit under the bed. “You’ll stay here until I come back, understood? I’ll go downstairs and spend some time with them so they won’t suspect anything. I’ll return after dinner.” She compassionately patted the girl’s right tit and made it jiggle for one last time. “We’ll play more before I’ll have to return you to your master. To be honest I don’t want to. If only I could keep you a little longer.”

Mastery - 40

After a long, rambling chat riddled with long awkward pauses on the park bench, the two ran out of things to talk about. It was a sunny day, and it was almost noon.

"Is there any way I can borrow her again," asked Ashley after a long silence, donning her cutest expression.

"You can borrow her anytime," replied Eddie. "On one condition."

Ashley turned her entire torso to face Eddie and looked into his eyes questioningly.

"What condition?"

"You'll do some favors for me in return. How does that sound like?"

Ashley looked on without saying anything. Eddie felt forced to elaborate.

"I just got a great idea. We can work out a payment system. You will perform some things... or let's say, you'll let me do things to you, for play time with my girl."

"W-what do you mean by 'things'?" asked Ashley with a concerned look on her face. "You don't mean--"

"Things... Sexual acts. Wasn't that clear? Ah, I'm sorry for the ambiguity." Eddie grinned. "Let me be more specific and spell it out for you."

Eddie grabbed the newspaper that was left on the bench and tore up a piece with some ample blank space. He pulled out a pen from his pocket and started to jot down a list.

"Let's say... For a spanking... you'll get an hour with her. No, Let's make that 5 minutes per spank, eh? That's much more precise. If you want an hour with her, you'll get 20 spanks on that cute round bottom."

Ashley didn't react in the way Eddie expected. No blaring, widened eyes, or an outraged shriek. She just bit her lower lip and started to wrap her braid around her finger. "Bare bottom, or clothed?" she asked.

"Uh? Bare bottom... Yes, bare bottom of course."

"No," replied Ashley with a stern face. "If clothed, 5 minutes per spank is fine. If we do it bare bottom, that's worth twice as much."

Eddie stared at her for a few seconds, obviously stunned by her response.

"Go on," Ashley urged.

"Yes... um... If you let me play with those big boobs, I'll give you..."

Ashley didn't let Eddie to finish his sentence this time. "What about a blowjob? How much time would I get for that?"

Eddie looked at Ashley for a long time, unable to find the words to respond. He certainly didn't expect that question.

"Ah... er... for a blowjob?"

"10 hours," continued Ashley without waiting for Eddie to finish his thought. "Write that down."

Eddie smiled and noted it down.

"Wow. I wasn't expecting this to be this easy. I mean, you are more receptive to the idea than I imag--"

"Yeah, okay. How do you feel about anal?"

Eddie raised his head back up and looked at Ashley's face with widened incredulous eyes. She wasn't joking at all.

"I... like it," he replied, unable to construct a more complex sentence. He was still trying to understand if Ashley was serious or just trolling him.

"Good," replied Ashley. "That should get me an entire day, right? Just don't you ever try to put it in my pussy, okay? I want to stay a virgin."

"S-sure," stammered Eddie. "I'll keep that in mind then."

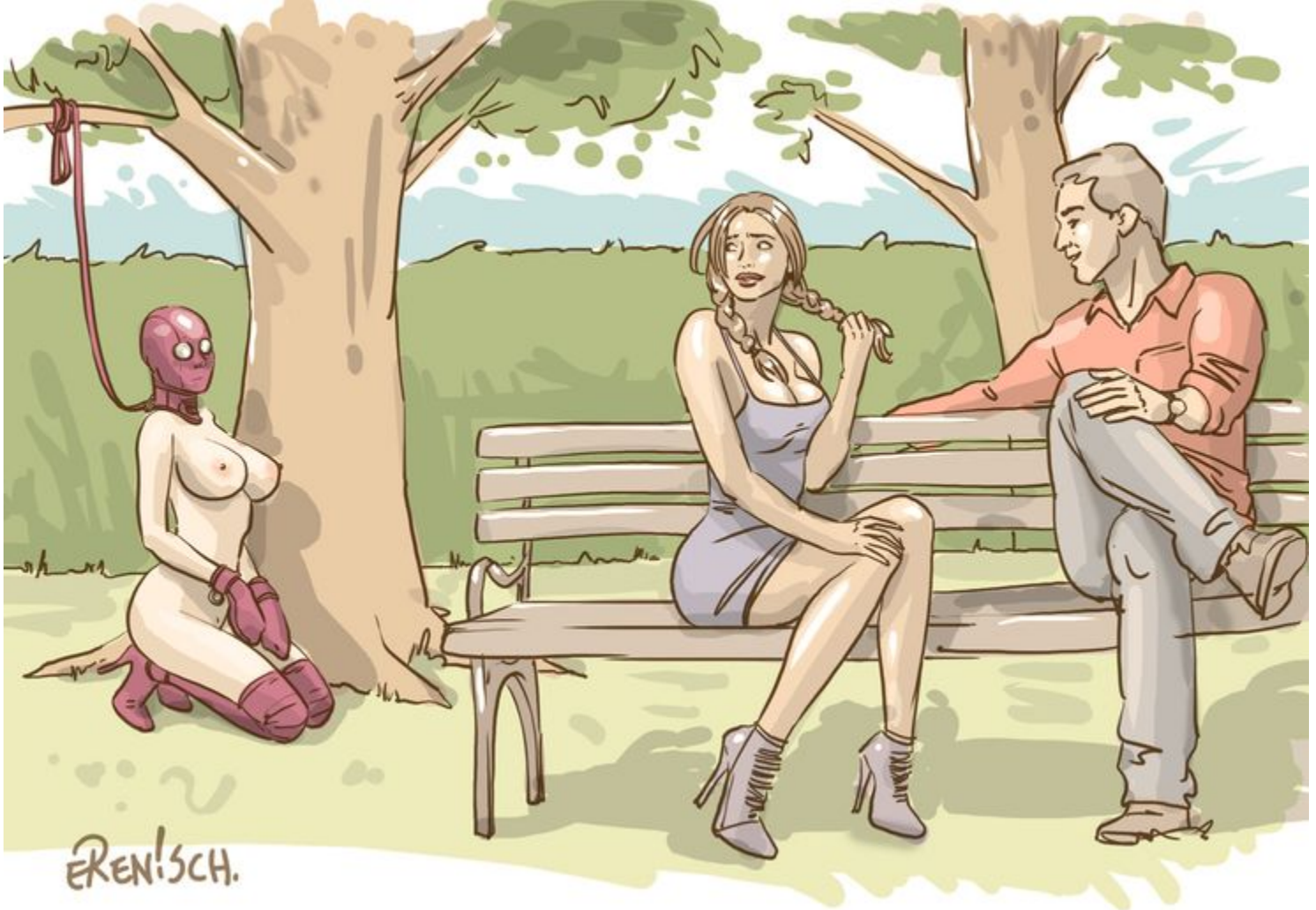
Eddie looked on stunned for a few seconds until Ashley made a hand gesture to remind him to continue writing.

"Go on. Anal, one day," she repeated.

Eddie hurriedly wrote it down. Anal, one day.

He raised his head again, but he didn't know what to say next. He was planning to add little things to the list like feeling a boob, or perhaps a little kiss. But he had blowjobs and anal sex on the list already. What he managed to get was beyond his wildest expectations. Still, somehow, it didn't feel like victory. It was Ashley who dictated the terms of the agreement, not Eddie.

He could see that Ashley was still thinking about the things she could give in return for time with the slavegirl. She was biting her lower lip and playing with her hair as usual, with her gaze wandering in the horizon. There was a slight upwards curl on the corner of her lip. It looked like it was at the brink of turning into a full-blown smile of excitement. Eddie guessed that she was picturing herself with the slave in various scenarios.



"I have a condition too. You can't tell Stephanie, okay?" Ashley gave Eddie a serious look. "I know you guys are good friends. You probably tell each other stuff. But you can't tell her anything about this. I'd be so embarrassed if she found out that I'm..."

"A dirty slut?" Eddie smiled and waved his hand dismissively. "Don't worry. I won't tell her anything about our secret deal. Not a single word."

Ashley smiled back. "Great! I like you Stephanie's neighbor, you seem like a nice guy"

She turned and looked at the petgirl who was kneeling by the tree several meters away. Her leash was hanging from the lowest branch. She didn't move a bit since Ashley left her there.

"Good news, slave," Ashley shouted to attract her attention. The pet raised her head and looked at the brunette. "Eddie and I came to an arrangement. We'll spend some more time together."

The pet smiled. Ashley turned back to Eddie.

"Okay then. Can I pay now?"

"Pay?... Now?"

"Yes," continued Ashley, and grabbed the list from Eddie's hand. "Let's see here. If I suck your cock and you fuck me in the ass now, I'll be set for the rest of the weekend, right? I'll bring her to school on Monday."

Eddie did a quick calculation. "You'd be a few hours short, right?"

Ashley put on her cutesy smile again. "Then... you'll spank me during lunch break and we'll be even."

Eddie grinned and nodded. "You got yourself a deal, missy."

They shook hands in a playful manner. Eddie scanned the park looking for a private spot. "So, where do you want to do this?"

"Here is fine," replied Ashley without hesitation. "This park is far from where I live. I don't think anyone would recognize me here."

She turned away from Eddie and joined her wrists behind her back. "Come on, take your belt out and tie my wrists. I know this is how you boys like it."

After a moment of hesitation, Eddie unbuckled his belt and quickly wrapped it around Ashley's slender wrists. "How can you trust me that easily?" he asked as he tightened the knot, rendering the brunette completely defenseless.

“Ah, Stephanie trusts you, so that’s good enough for me. Also, I trust that you wouldn’t jeopardize our deal. Don’t tell me that you’d ruin your chances of fucking my eager mouth and cute little butt again and again?”

“Sure wouldn’t,” snickered Eddie. Ashley turned around and went down on her knees. She repositioned herself between his legs and looked up. Eddie was still smiling with a silly expression on his face. “Would you please take it out? I’m a little tied up.”

Eddie hurriedly unzipped his pants and his already erect dick sprang out of the opening.

“Wow! I’m flattered,” said Ashley with a cute smile. She looked around to make sure that nobody was watching them. She wouldn’t mind an audience, as long as nobody recognized her. It was almost noon, but the park wasn’t very crowded. Only a few benches on the other side of the clearing were occupied. A couple slavegirls were being gangraped near the big fountain, and several puppygirls were running around, playing games with their masters. Nobody was paying attention to Ashley, who was getting ready to suck her first cock... tied up, in public, in broad daylight.

Her wandering gaze stopped at Eddie’s slavegirl leashed to the tree. The hooded slavegirl was still waiting motionlessly. Ashley couldn’t tell if she was looking at her or not.

“This is very exciting” she thought to herself. Her wet pussy was aching with desire. She looked up with the disarming cute smile she donned whenever she was about to ask for something. “Would you please grab my hair and shove it in my mouth? I’m too embarrassed to do it myself.”

Eddie didn’t need any more encouragement. She reached with both hands and grabbed Ashley’s two braids. He pulled them upwards to force the girl into a straighter position.

Ashley’s face didn’t contort with an expression of pain. Instead she let out a little moan of pleasure. Eddie was pleasantly surprised once more. He pulled her braids even more, this time applying enough pressure to lift her knees off the ground. Ashley’s lips opened wide and a loud moan escaped her throat.

“Oh god, please!” she begged. “Shove it in already!”

Eddie stopped pulling her up and violently jerked the girl’s head towards his crotch. Ashley kept her mouth as wide as possible as her head descended on the boy’s hard cock. Thankfully, it grazed the corner of her mouth and found its way in. Once the tip of the cock hit the back of her virginal throat, the girl instinctively closed her mouth and wrapped her full lips around his rod. Eddie continued to pull down her braids ruthlessly, forcing the organ penetrate deeper in her throat. Her chin and button nose digging deeper in the boy’s crotch, Ashley struggled to breathe and fought the urge to gag for a few seconds. Soon she was adapted to the pain in her scalp and the huge invader in her mouth. She could feel the organ wiggling and throbbing, stretching her throat mercilessly. Eddie moved his hips a couple times to make sure that his entire length was in her mouth. This time it was too much for the enthusiastic but inexperienced girl. She gagged and choked when Eddie made his last move. Tears gushed out of her pretty eyes.



“It isn’t as easy as it seems, isn it?” chuckled Eddie. “Don’t be embarrassed. You handled it like a champion.”

He gradually released the pressure on her braids to let her catch her breath. “Now, it’s time to demonstrate your skills.”

“Skills? I’m afraid I have no skills,” replied Ashley. “This is my first time handling one of these. I know I act like I know what I’m doing, but...”

“You convinced me,” said Eddie.

“Well, I watch a lot of... um... educational videos.” Ashley lowered her eyes coyly. Eddie wasn’t sure if it was genuine embarrassment or just a playful act. Ashley was still a bit of a mystery for him. She was hard to get, despite all her obvious tells.

“Never too late to learn,” said Eddie and pulled her head down on his dick again. Ashley immediately understood what’s expected from her and began to suck on the organ as well as she could. “You are doing fine, slut.”

Ashley let out a playful moan, when she heard the word “slut”. In turn, Eddie pulled her braids and shoved his cock in deeper, as if he wanted to choke her.

“You want 10 hours with my slave, eh? Then you better earn it, you little whore”

He paused, wrapped Ashley’s braids around his fists for a tighter grip, and began to mercilessly fuck the stunned girl’s warm, welcoming mouth.

Mastery - 41

Stephanie took a deep breath. These last couple days had been crazy...

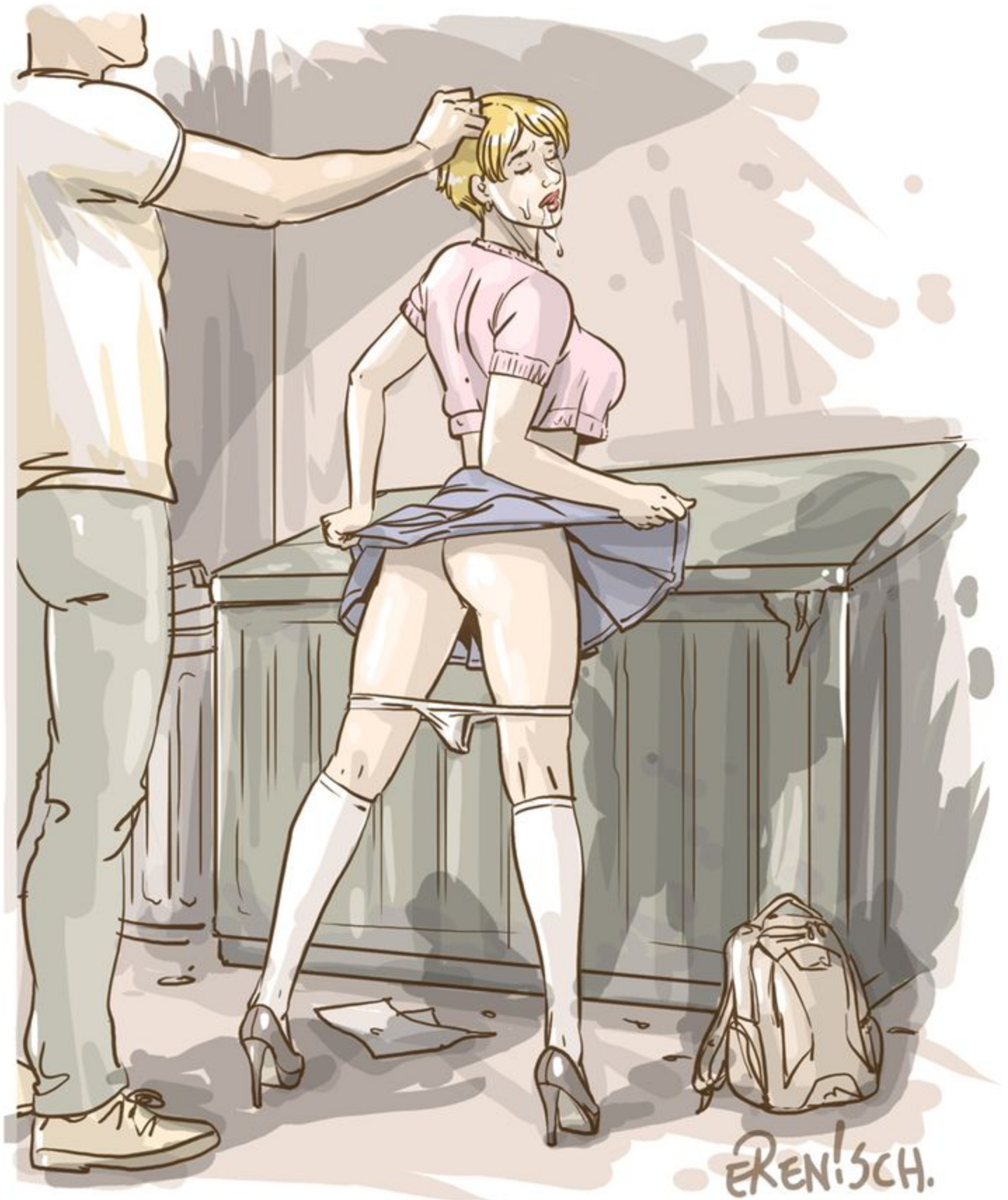
The day before, as she was leaving her apartment for school, Eddie greeted her at the door as he often did. As per usual, they walked a couple blocks. She enjoyed it very much. They never talked about stuff, just held hands and strolled down the street.

Of course, she knew what would happen next. He would often pick a private place along their path and pull her inside. The alley behind the supermarket was his favorite place to rape her. Nobody could see him using her like a cheap little whore when they got behind the large garbage bins.

That day was no different. Eddie clenched his hand around hers and violently pulled the young girl into the alley, and dragged her to their secret spot. Stephanie playfully resisted as always, but she eventually got down on her knees like a good girl, joined her wrists behind her back and waited for Eddie to give her the order to suck his cock.

Eddie didn't give the order this time. He just grabbed the girl's hair in one fist and shoved his erect cock between her eagerly parted lips. He pushed the girl back to the wall and started to fuck her mouth with no concern for her poor jaw. It took a few seconds for Stephanie to adjust her throat and tongue to her usual rapist's unusual tempo. She was getting better and better at serving her master. After more than a month of training, Eddie was able to turn her into a pliant shameless slut, who would suck cocks in dirty alleyways.

Somehow, she knew something was off that morning. Eddie was too excited. He often used her like this before school, but he was extra forceful and a tad impatient this time. When he finally released her breakfast in her mouth and gave her permission to swallow, Stephanie dutifully gulped the jizz down and stood up. She turned around, lifted her skirt up, and bent over the trash bin. She wondered which hole he'd pick this morning.



But he wasn't going to fuck her this time. Instead, he opened his back pack and took out a few latex garments for her to wear. Stephanie was confused.

"I don't understand. Do you want me to wear latex boots and stuff under my dress? That's too conspicuous, isn't it? Please, I don't want to..."

"Under your dress? No, sweetheart. These are the only things you'll be wearing today."

Stephanie was stunned. "Y-you want me to wear only these boots and gloves to school? Like a pet slave? No, there is no way I..."

Eddie smiled and took another latex object from the bag. It was a hood.

“You will wear them. Because I’m telling you to. Don’t worry, nobody will recognize you under this thing. We’ve done this before.”

He pulled the speechless girl towards himself and quickly put the hood on her. It covered her entire head, leaving only a small opening over her mouth. He then produced a rigid posture collar and locked it around her neck with a small padlock. Stephanie sighed with frustration. Now there was no way out of this terrifying thing until Eddie decided to release her.

“There. Now you are anonymous. A faceless, nameless pet.”

He took a couple steps back and looked at the young girl, who was still too shocked to say anything.

“Come on, take those clothes off and put the pet gear on quickly if you want to catch the bus. I’m sure you don’t want to crawl all the way to the school?”

Unfortunately, they missed the bus, and Stephanie had to crawl alongside her master for twenty-something minutes. She was leashed like a dog and naked in all the places that mattered. She hated bitchwalking as much as he liked to please Eddie. Even with the padded thigh-high pet boots, her knees hurt like hell. She wasn’t a trained puppy slave, and she wasn’t used to it as much as Eagerdoll seemed to be. That redhead looked like she was sliding on butter when she moved on all-fours. So graceful and with perfect pace.

That gorgeous slavegirl was completely different from Stephanie, almost like she was from another planet. But this odd couple somehow ended up sharing and serving a master together, most days and nights. Stephanie was never jealous of her co-whore, except when she moved on her hands and knees. Eagerdoll seemed to have a natural talent and a high-pain threshold Stephanie thought she’d never develop.

She still tried her best of course. Holding her head erect, keeping her round butt raised and arching her back as far as she could, possibly risking some lasting damage to her spine. Extreme lumbar lordosis was very common amongst puppy slaves. Of course, it was just a small price to pay to look good and sexy for their masters. Fuckdolls didn’t need to be too healthy, they just need to be attractive and compliant.

She was a fit girl, of course. She always had been. She was on the school handball team, and she regularly played tennis. Her strong physique and stamina proved to be handy during long rapes and beatings so far. She was proud to stay conscious and enthusiastic throughout long periods of service to her master. It was handy during these extended bitchwalks too. If only she could feel graceful when she did it.

When they finally turned the corner of 5th and 12th streets, the school appeared in the distance. At that very moment, a horrifying feeling overwhelmed Stephanie. What if somebody recognized her? Yes, she was wearing a hood, but her body was in full display. What if a friend recognized the little birthmark on her forearm? What if somebody recognized her lips? What if...

“Don’t worry, Humpkin,” said Eddie looking down on the terrified girl. “Relax. You are shivering. A trained slave wouldn’t look scared like this.”

He pulled her leash and forced her to move with a faster pace.

“I’m telling you, nobody will recognize you. All they’ll see is a slavegirl. The slavegirl I brought to school 5 days ago.”

Eddie led her through the main gates and turned towards the sports hall. It was at that moment Stephanie realized he was going to leave her locked up in the slave cages all day, like he did Eagerdoll. Of course, he would. Their school still had a no-slaves-in-the-classrooms rule. She heard that many other schools in the district relaxed that rule, allowing male students bring their cocksuckers inside with them. Thankfully, theirs was a very traditional institution that was particularly resistant to change, whether it’s for the better or worse.

Ironically, the idea of getting locked in a cage relaxed her a bit. It would be extremely humiliating and terribly boring of course, but at least she’d be isolated, away from the prying eyes of her schoolmates. The risk of getting recognized would be minimal.

Eddie did exactly what Stephanie expected. He pulled her into the long cabin that was hastily converted from a shipping container. She hasn’t seen the interior of the cabin before. Female students weren’t allowed inside of course, and even if they were, why would they come and see this horrible dim place? There were two rows of steel cages bolted to the sides, each large enough to hold one girl on her knees. To Stephanie’s surprise, two of the cages were occupied. The first cage on the right contained a pale skinned petite girl who looked scared and cold. She jumped up when they entered the cabin.

Eddie paused for a moment in front of the cage and looked at the girl, who immediately averted her teary eyes and looked down on the floor.

“Ah, I think I heard about this one. You are that ginger guy’s... Whatshisname... Frank? You are Frank’s slave, aren’t you?”

The pale girl nodded without raising her eyes up. She was obviously terrified.

Eddie turned to Humpinkin. "They say the boy bought her from an orphanage. I'm sure she was an untrained virgin at the time of enslavement."

The girl started to sob as she heard Eddie's words. Judging by her red, swollen eyes, Stephanie could tell that this wasn't the first time she cried today.

They walked a few more meters and stopped by the other occupied cage. This one had a much more beautiful captive in it. It was a brunette with full round tits and long shapely legs. She looked calmer than the other, but she still lacked the near perfect posture and composure Stephanie expected from a trained slave like Eagerdoll.

"Now, who are you supposed to be?" asked Eddie. He had no idea about the identity of this one.

"I'm... oh, sorry... I always forget. This cunt... Yeah, this cunt is Nipplefun." She looked down on her huge boobs for a moment as she said her servonym. "My master likes them, I guess."

"And for a good reason," replied Eddie with a slight admiration in his voice. "Who is your master?"

"Harry Bullman, sir... master? Master sir."

"I don't know him," said Eddie. "You don't seem to be a well-trained cunt. Where did he get you?"

The girl stretched her lips and looked up as if Eddie's words offended her. "I'm trained. I mean I know how to suck cock, if that's what you are asking." When she looked up and realized Eddie was frowning, she lowered her voice a bit more in order not to anger the boy. "but I guess... I wasn't trained by what you call proper trainers. Harry bought me from my uncles. They trained me." She paused for a moment. "You know... the three of them had been raping me since my 18th birthday. So, yeah, I know how to handle cocks, thank you very much."

Eddie chuckled. "I like this one. Maybe I should leave you in a cage next to hers. You can chat and share experiences, eh?"

Stephanie nodded obediently. Eddie wasn't expecting a reply anyway. He was already opening the cage next to Nipplefun's.

"Go on, get in there."

Stephanie crawled inside, turned around and sat on her heels. Eddie shot the cage door and locked it with his own padlock.

"There you go. Now be a good girl and wait here for me. I will visit you during breaks... maybe." Then he turned to her neighbor. "And you, tell you master I said hi. Maybe we can exchange cunts someday?"

Nipplefun nodded. "Of course, sir. Thank you. I'm flattered that you find me worthy of raping."

Eddie laughed and left. Stephanie was now alone with two slavegirls she never met before.

Stephanie decided to sit there calmly and wait for her master to arrive. She didn't like the idea of being left next to another girl. What if she really wanted to chat with her? What could she say? She certainly wasn't going to tell her how she ended up in this situation. Naked in a steel cage, in a dirty container, at the back of the sports hall of her school.

She wasn't even registered as a slavegirl. She somehow "volunteered" to be humiliated and abused like one.

She hoped Eddie would return in the first break for a quick facefuck, but he didn't show up.

Stephanie sat on her heels trying to do her best Eagerdoll impression, looking straight ahead, legs together, palms on her hips. She was avoiding her neighbor in order not to encourage her to initiate a conversation. For a long while the only thing that broke the uncomfortable silence was the blue haired girl's intermittent sobs, and the occasional creaking of the rusting container-cabin.

An hour into their uneasy solitude, Stephanie's neighbor started to shuffle in her cage.

"Will you shut up already!" she called at the pale orphan at the end of the row. "Get over it! There is nothing you can do. You are a sex slave now!"

The girl took a deep breath and tried to calm herself. "Sorry," she replied with an almost inaudible voice.

Stephanie wanted to shut Nipplefun up and say something comforting to the sobbing girl, but she managed to suppress the urge. She certainly didn't want to engage her nosy neighbor.

Nevertheless, her neighbor wasn't as reluctant.

"Can you believe that girl? We are destined to serve men. To be their pleasure toys. How can this come as a surprise to you? Weren't you getting ready for this all those years? As soon as you turn 18, you're fuckmeat. That's a fact."

"A fact? Not at all," responded Stephanie, unable to suppress her urge to speak any more.

She didn't turn towards Nipplefun, but she could almost imagine the look on her face.

"Not at all?" repeated her neighbor, with a touch of mocking arrogance in her voice. "You're a slave aren't you?"

Stephanie didn't answer.

"This is real life, missy. You aren't deluding yourself like those girls currently sitting in their classrooms out there. They are free, for now. But not for long. They are all on some guy's wish-list already. When they turn 18, boys... men... will compete with each other to buy their cute little butts. Many will end up in here with us, one by one. Soon you'll see."

Stephanie decided not to respond. Nipplefun continued anyway.

"Think about it. What can they do? Go to college? Get low-level girly jobs? Perhaps they can postpone the inevitable for a few years. But it will only make it harder for them to cope with their eventual fall. They would be older and cheaper

then. Better learn all about this shit early, if you ask me.” She paused for a moment. “I’m glad my uncles gangraped me every single day since the moment I became a viable fucktoy. They prepared me well for…”

She got choked up and stopped talking. Stephanie wanted to console her, but she didn’t move. It took Nipplefun a few minutes to calm herself and speak again.

“You aren’t very talkative, aren’t you?”

This time Stephanie turned and looked the girl in the eyes.

“I’m sorry. I don’t want to be rude. I just want to silently sit here until my master comes back and…”

Suddenly, the door opened with a loud squeak and three boys entered the cabin.

“Uh-oh!” whispered Nipplefun. “That’s the crybaby’s master. Before he left this morning, he told her he’d share her with her friends during lunch break. I guess they’ll gangrape her now.”

The two sat in their cages silently as the boys unlocked the cage and dragged the blue haired girl outside. They slammed the door shut as they left, but the girls could still hear her muffled screams and pleas.

A few minutes into the orphan’s gangrape, the door opened once more. IT was Eddie this time. Stephanie realized that it was her turn to serve her master and straightened up in her cage. Eddie walked toward her and opened her door.

“Okay, let’s go. Congratulations, you survived your first stay in here.”

Stephanie was perplexed.

“Confused, eh? You see, my classes are over. Normally, I’d wait for my good friend Stephanie for another hour because she has an art class after the break. But apparently, she didn’t show up for some reason. So we can go home early today, eh?”

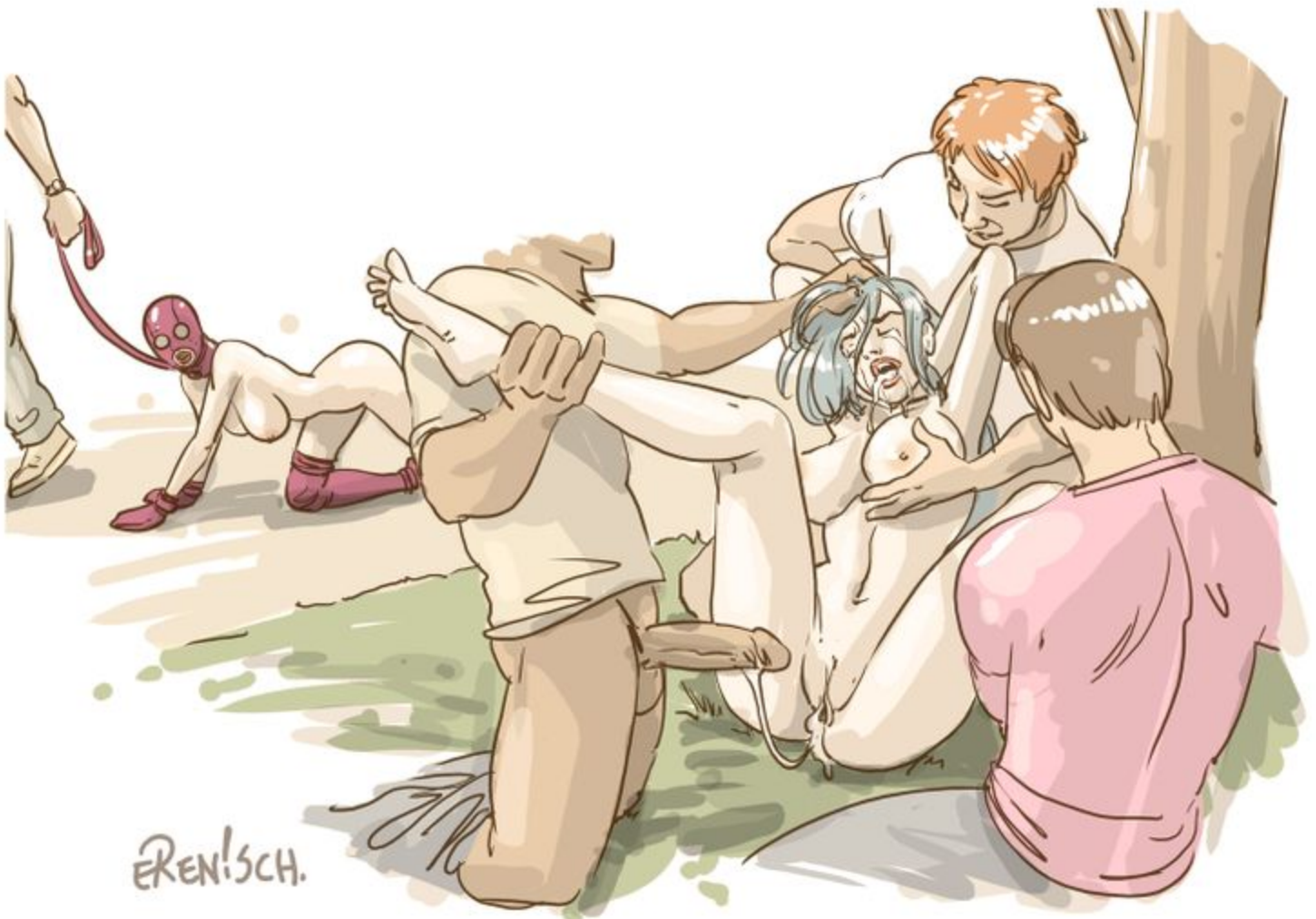
She nodded and straightened up on her knees to let her master attach the leash on her collar.

“Good girl,” said Eddie and patted her on the head. Then he turned and winked to Nipplefun.

“Rape you later, Nips.”

“Thank you sir, have a nice afternoon,” replied the slave as Eddie led Humpkin out of the cabin.

They passed by the three boys triple-teaming the pale girl under the big oak tree, and exited the school compound. They crossed the street and started to walk to the bus stop. “Don’t worry, I won’t make you walk all the way back home this time. We’ll take the bus,” said Eddie to his pet. Stephanie’s butt-cheeks were still half-asleep and her legs were aching because of hours of kneeling in a small cage.



“Hey Eddie!”

Eddie turned and looked at the young girl waving at him from across the street. Ashley was sporting her usual warm smile. She quickly crossed the road and greeted him.

Stephanie immediately turned away and lowered her face in order not to let Ashley see her. Her head was covered of course, but Ashley was her best friend. She could pick up on other subtle clues and get suspicious.

“I didn’t see you at school today! Actually, the entire week. Are you avoiding me or something?” Ashley smiled coyly. “I see you brought your slavegirl again. To be honest, I have been checking the cages every day. She wasn’t in there. I was wondering why you didn’t bring her to school since Monday?”

She turned to Stephanie and sidestepped to have a better look at her face.

“Why is she wearing a mask? Was she a bad girl?”

Eddie smiled again. “It’s a hood. To the contrary, she has been a very good girl. That’s why I brought her to school today.”

Stephanie was trying to keep a cool façade despite an unprecedented panic taking over her entire body. She was so sure that Ashley would recognize her in a few seconds, and her life would be over.

But she didn’t. Eddie and Ashley continued to talk for a long while. Ashley was smiling a lot and playing with her hair more frequently than usual. Suddenly, Stephanie was overwhelmed by the feeling that Ashley was flirting with her... boyfriend? Or master? She didn’t know what to call Eddie. He was both, of course.

In a few minutes, she no longer had any doubts. Ashley was indeed flirting with Eddie. She wanted to get mad at her for getting too friendly with him, but in fact the brunette had no idea what Eddie really meant for Stephanie. To Ashley, Eddie was just her friend’s friend, her neighbor.

Stephanie was pulled out of her boiling ire by the sudden jerk on her leash. She fell on all-fours right in front of Ashley’s feet

“Here. Why don’t you want walk her?” asked Eddie. Stephanie raised her head and looked at her master’s face. Of course, there was no way he saw the fire in her eyes under the glasses embedded in the latex hood.

“Oh, may I?”

Ashley put on a Cheshire smile and took the leash Eddie handed her. They started to walk towards the bus stop at the corner of the street.

“This is so weird. I can’t believe I’m walking a petgirl.”

Stephanie was now even more scared than before. Alarms were ringing in her mind. She tried to stay ahead of Ashley so she wouldn’t have a good look at her exposed lips. Could she recognize her like this?



EREN!SCH.

Minutes passed like a blur until they arrived at the bus stop. Then things suddenly got even worse when Eddie uttered the words Stephanie dreaded the most.

“Hey, why don’t you keep her for tonight?”

As soon as her brain processed those words, Stephanie felt a strong urge to scream and run away. Of course, that was out of the question now. Any deviation from what Eagerdoll would do in such a situation would expose her immediately as an imposter, and her life would be destroyed beyond repair.

Once the first shock passed, Stephanie tried to think rationally. She had to calm herself first. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

The deal was done. She was now put under her best friend’s complete control. There was nothing she could do about it short of revealing herself to Ashley. Once again, the only way out of her predicament was through it.

Stephanie wondered if Eddie intended this to happen when he trapped her in this hood this morning. She liked Eddie a lot, but he was hardly an evil genius. His original idea was probably to put her through the humiliation of spending a day in the school cages, a few meters away from her classmates. But somehow, he had to improvise when Ashley approached him and flirted with him.

“That must be it,” Stephanie thought to herself as she followed Ashley into the bus. Eddie was already candid about his intentions to fuck Ashley somehow. He didn’t have a real plan to make it happen yet, but he certainly saw this situation as an opportunity to get closer to the brunette.

Stephanie felt a jolt of jealousy when she remembered the moment Eddie revealed that he wanted to fuck Ashley. She never felt this for Eagerdoll, of course. The redheaded slave was nothing but a toy. Ashley on the other hand, was a free girl. She was a real rival.

Things escalated quickly once Ashley took her to her house and sneaked the pet in her room. She immediately threw Steph on her bed and started to play with her, like she would with one of her dolls. Stephanie never thought Ashley as a sexual partner before. She was a very beautiful girl of course, perhaps the most beautiful in school. But she was her friend and nothing more. Until this moment.

And now, that gorgeous thing was about to rape her. She shuddered with anticipation.

It felt like a dream. Felt certainly surreal when Ashley started to undress in front of her, revealing her gorgeous body. Her friend seemed to act uninhibited and unapologetic in her sexuality because the hooded girl was nothing but a fuckslave in her eyes.

Stephanie felt the excitement grow and grow as Ashley continued to play with her. Her thirst for sex was unbearable. Her vagina has never been this hot and wet. She wanted it filled, licked, beaten, or slapped... even flogged. She wanted to beg Ashley for it, but she had to remain silent. Thankfully, Ashley had her own plans for her pussy. Soon their genitals were locked together, pushing both girls towards a mind-altering orgasm neither had ever felt before.

They climaxed one after another and Ashley's blushing voluptuous body collapsed on Stephanie's like a warm blanket. A powerful jolt of bliss spread around the blonde's well-used body as she felt the full weight of her best friend over her. The feeling was overwhelming.

Unfortunately, they had to break this blissful contact prematurely, when Ashley's parents arrived home. Stephanie had to hide under the bed for a couple hours and Ashley went downstairs to spend some time with her family. Only after dinner, she could come back and join her. The two had several more intimate moments throughout the night until they finally fell asleep in each other's arms.

The dream was over as quickly as it started. The next day Stephanie was kneeling by a tree near her master's favorite spot at the park, while Eddie and Ashley talked and giggled on the bench a few meters away. She could hear their voices, but he couldn't make out exactly what they were saying. Judging by the vocabulary, they were definitely talking about sex, but that wasn't difficult to guess anyway.

They talked and talked, for a very long time. At least it was longer than Stephanie expected. They just met a week ago and had two conversations in total. They had no common interests at all... Well, maybe except the petgirl leashed to this tree.

Stephanie realized that she was slouching again, while she was trying to hear the conversation. She immediately corrected her posture. Her back and legs were aching like hell. Most people would say the worst part of being a slavegirl was the "rape and torture", but Stephanie thought it must be the constant kneeling and waiting around. She spent most of her time on her knees, her hands tied behind her back, her head high, eyes lowered, waiting for her master to use her in some way. She was just a frequent visitor in this life. She couldn't imagine what it must be like for real slavegirls who have to keep this composure 24/7. It was painful and boring, but it was worth it when she got to please her master. Nothing beats the feeling of getting a "good girl" and a mouthful of warm cum.

She tried to relax. Eventually Ashley would leave and she'd be left with her beloved master. He would let her crawl between his legs and suck his cock for a while, then finally drag her back here for a rough sodomy. The thought itself made her immediately wet. She instinctively squeezed her legs and licked her lips. Her blushing naked body swayed with yearning under the warm sun. The anticipation was getting too much for her to handle.

Suddenly, something happened to pull her out of this jolly mood. Ashley stopped talking and turned her back to Eddie. Stephanie was confused for a moment when Eddie removed his belt and tied the brunette's hands behind her back. Was he demonstrating something or...

No, he wasn't. As soon as her wrists were tied, Ashley went down on her knees and took her position in Stephanie's favorite place. Between her master's legs, right over his hard cock. In a few moments, Eddie was fucking her virginal mouth with vigor.

A couple of tears running down Stephanie's blushing cheeks went unnoticed under her tight latex hood.

Mastery - 42

Stephanie watched her master pound her best friend's mouth mercilessly for a while. It was taking too long. At least that was what Stephanie thought. Every time they slowed down, she expected it to be over. Every few minutes Eddie stopped for a short while to let Ashley catch her breath. But then he started to fuck her mouth again with replenished energy.

Ashley's braided pigtails proved to be the perfect facefuck handles. He was using them to roughly and mercilessly move the inexperienced virgin's lips up and down on his engorged dick. He was having the time of his life judging by his facial expressions. Driven crazy by a sudden surge of jealousy, Stephanie tried to remember how Eddie's face looked like while he was fucking her or Eagerdoll.

The fourth time he stopped and restarted fucking the teary-eyed teen's mouth, Eddie increased his speed even more. This time, he seemed determined to unload the contents of his balls into Ashley's sore gullet. Stephanie could see her best friend's contorted face change from pink to red, and then into purple. She wasn't even trying to suck the cock that was invading her mouth any more. She was fighting for a breath... Merely trying to survive the ruthless onslaught on her throat.

Luckily for the exhausted brunette, Eddie wasn't that far from the finishing line. After several more deep, powerful strokes, he began to subtly shake. The signs of her master approaching climax were all too familiar for Stephanie. He opened his legs a little wider, leaned forward, and put both hands at the back of the poor girl's head to keep her button nose buried deep in his crotch. Then he started to jerk violent as loads of his semen erupted out of the tip of his cock, and into Ashley's warm oral cavity.

As the salty, sticky fluid filled her mouth for the first time in her life, Ashley struggled to handle this unusual situation. Even though this ultimate outcome was to be expected, she found herself unprepared and confused, unable to think clearly. What should she do? Ignore the goo still gushing into her mouth and keep sucking his cock? Try and swallow some of it? For a moment she desperately wanted to be told what to do.

If only Eddie could tell what is required of her at this situation. She opened her eyes and looked up to see if Eddie was inclined to give her a signal or something. Their eyes met. He looked satisfied. Ashley felt a relief. She didn't screw it up at all.

Then, as if he read her mind, Eddie reached down and grabbed her braids again. He pulled them up to straighten her back. Ashley understood what he wanted, and sat on her heels.

"Open your mouth," ordered Eddie, with a soft but authoritative voice.

Ashley complied.

"Wider! Show me what you have in there."

Ashley arched her neck further back and opened her mouth as wide as she could.

Eddie leaned forward a bit to have a better view of the inside of the girl's mouth. As he expected, it was full of his gooey semen.

"Salty, eh?"

Ashley nodded.

"Smells like chlorine. But that shouldn't fool you. It's mostly sugar. Come on. Gulp some of it down."

Ashley hesitated for a moment, but did as she was told. She closed her lips and carefully swallowed about half of the slowly thickening load.

"See. You didn't die." Eddie laughed out loud as Ashley struggled to keep a straight face, despite the mild disgust she felt as the goop travelled down her esophagus. "I know, you think it is disgusting to swallow a man's semen. It's humiliating too?"

Ashley didn't know the right response to the question. She tried her best to put on a cute expression instead of giving a clear answer.

"Don't worry. I know what you think. What you feel. You hate it. You are disgusted by it. Most of you chicks are, and that's okay."

He leaned back and relaxed on the bench. Since he was still holding Ashley's braids tightly in his hands, Ashley was forced to lean forward.

"I trust you didn't swallow all of it," said Eddie with an ominous tone in his voice. Ashley shook her head.

"Good. Now I want you to close your eyes and concentrate on the taste and the smell of it." He waited for a moment for Ashley to comply. "Twirl your tongue around, play with it."

Ashley did as she was told without breaking eye contact with the boy. The taste and texture of the substance in her mouth aside, the entire situation she was in was getting harder and harder to cope with, psychologically.

Probably because he caught a momentary glimpse of desperation on her face, Eddie smiled victoriously. "I wonder if you have even been this silent for this long," he asked jokingly. "You have been chattering like a monkey every time we talked." He moved his left hand behind her head and collected both of her pigtails in one fist. With his right hand, he

caressed her bulging cheek and put her index finger on her lips. “Did I accidentally find an effective cure for your chattiness?”

Ashley looked up semi-angrily. He had a point. This mouthful of thickening semen was effectively working like a gag for her.

Eddie moved his finger along the teen’s full lips from side to side. “Now. You may swallow the rest of it. Take your time, savor the moment.”

Relieved, Ashley slowly gulped the remaining liquid. She kept eye contact with the boy throughout, and even managed to produce a little smile when she was done.

Despite her eagerness and obedience, Eddie didn’t look satisfied for some reason. Ashley looked into his eyes with renewed doubt. Did she forget something?

“What do you say when you are allowed to swallow a man’s cum, sweetheart?” asked Eddie,

“Um... T-thank you?”

“Good. Not too bad for a novice. You’ll get better in time, I’m sure.”

Ashley forced a smile.

You know what this mean, right?” asked Eddie. “Now that you drank my semen, you kinda belong to me.”

As soon as he finished talking, Eddie stood up. Ashley, her hair still in his tight grip, forced to awkwardly get up and follow him as he moved around the bench.

“What are you doing?” Ashley asked, her face contorted by the sudden pain in her scalp.

“Did you forget? Time for the second part of your payment. You promised me a facefuck and an assrape.”

Eddie walked the stunned girl closer to the tree and turned her to face the kneeling slavegirl ardently watching them. He quickly grabbed the skirt of Ashley’s blue dress and pulled it up all the way to her waist. Without losing a second, he tugged the string of her panties and roughly pulled them down to her thighs.

“Tsk ts! Rookie mistake. Next time, come without panties. Do you understand?”

Ashley was stunned by the head-spinning speed Eddie moved with. Of course, she promised to let him fuck her in the ass half an hour ago, but she imagined it to go much slower, gentler.

Eddie had something else in mind. To him, she was not a human being with feelings, who needed to be eased into this milestone event of her life. She was nothing but a hole to shove his cock in.

Once her ass was bare and accessible, Eddie unceremoniously put the tip of his cock against the entrance of her butt hole and stopped. For the briefest moment Ashley thought he’d stop and say something to relax her, assure her that it won’t hurt, or perhaps ask for her permission to put it in.

But none of that happened. Eddie’s brief hesitation was actually nothing but a dramatic pause before his conquest of the teen’s virginal ass. The boy tightened his grip of her pigtailed, pulled her head down in order to force her to arch her back to the limit. Then he viciously penetrated her as if he was trying to tear her butt in half. Ashley let out an inhuman shriek of intense pain. Even the several men loudly raping v Stephanie was as shocked as Ashley was, perhaps even more. With the tight latex hood impeding her sight and hearing, she couldn’t fully understand what was happening since the moment they arrived at the park. She was surprised to see Ashley volunteering to be tied, getting on her knees and sucking Eddie’s cock. She was even more surprised when Eddie suddenly pulled her closer to the tree and took off her panties. And now Eddie was gleefully raping her in the ass, right in front of Stephanie. The entire sequence can’t be explained by anything other than pure magic.



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Stephanie looked on in utter despair and seething jealousy as Eddie pounded her best friend's ass for the first time in her life. What a way to be anally deflowered this was! Roughly, in a public park, in front of your best friend. Of course, Ashley didn't know that her closest friend was also the closest witness of her ultimate humiliation. "Ignorance is bliss," Stephanie thought. Of course, she knew well that Eddie would use this information to strike a fatal blow against Ashley one day. Would their friendship survive such a shock, Stephanie wondered to herself?

Minutes passed. Ashley was getting closer and closer to Stephanie with every powerful strike of Eddie's hips. Soon her crotch was right in front of her. She was able to smell her inviting sexy fragrance mixed with her master's strong, earthy musk. It was a magical concoction that drove Stephanie crazy with desire. Her head started to spin. She unwittingly licked her lips. Her breathing accelerated.

Seeing Stephanie subtly leaning forward, Eddie decided to give her a little treat.

He tapped the slave on the head to take her out of her crotch-induced trance. "Don't just look on like an idiot," he ordered. "Get your tongue in there. Start licking that clit. Make it shine"

Stephanie nodded and enthusiastically leaned in to kiss the brunette's soaking pussylips. Poor Ashley was about to have the most confusing but also the most powerful climax of her short life.



Mastery - 43

Eddie couldn't believe his good fortune. Until the day he turned eighteen a little more than a month ago, he was an unexperienced virgin. His boring sex life changed drastically when he decided to buy his first sex slave with his meager savings. Luckily, it turned out to be the best investment of his life.

His purchase triggered a series of events that made it possible for him to stick his dick in four different, beautiful women. And now, he was happily sodomizing one of the prettiest girls in the school in a public park, with his teen crush watching a meter away.

He decided to take his time. Just like he did a few minutes ago while he was fucking her throat, he was going to pause and restart reaming Ashley's extremely tight asshole. It was a wonderful feeling. The unexperienced young girl's body was reacting to his relentless assault in the best way possible. Her confused muscles were chaotically contracting around his member as if they were trying to milk it.

Eddie particularly enjoyed her screams and moans. She sounded ecstatic, but also a little surprised every time he roughly shoved his rock-hard rod in her. He was already balls-deep in the girl, but it somehow felt like he reached deeper and deeper with each thrust.

After a couple stops and restarts, his eyes wandered to the kneeling slavegirl obediently watching him assrape her best friend. Stephanie was now right in front of Ashley, almost touching her crotch. It was impossible to read the hooded blonde's feelings from her face, but her body was certainly under the thrall of Ashley's swinging butt.

Eddie felt like she deserved a treat for all he put her through since last morning.

"Don't just look on like an idiot," he ordered. "Get your tongue in there. Start licking that clit. Make it shine"

Stephanie was ready to comply. She quickly got under Ashley and started to lick her glistening pussylips and clit.

Eddie decided to give Ashley a climax that she wouldn't be able to forget. This was the first time he was fucking the gorgeous brunette, and he wanted her to come back for more. It seemed like her desire to spend some quality time with his slavegirl was a good enough motivation, but he genuinely wanted to be a part of the appeal of their special arrangement.

Once Stephanie's enthusiastic tongue and lips started working on Ashley's vulva, bringing the brunette to the edge of a mind-breaking climax wasn't a difficult thing to do. Eddie gradually increased the speed and depth of his thrusts until Ashley lost control of her entire body and started to violently shake in his tight embrace. A few ecstasy-filled screams and shudders later, the girl fell limp.

Once his primary objective was completed, Eddie pulled Ashley's head back and forced the exhausted girl on the ground. Ashley fell on her back, flustered by Eddie's sudden move. She could hardly catch her breath before Eddie dropped on his knees, sat on her bare tits and shoved his throbbing dick in her agape mouth. Her eyes widened with shock as Eddie's cock invaded her sore throat once again. She could do nothing but gasp when he started to skullfuck her again.

This time Eddie had a better position to force his hardened rod deep in his victim's face pussy. He kept pumping without paying attention to the struggling brunette's muffled, half-hearted, weak protests. This time he didn't care if the girl liked the rape or not. He was enjoying himself fully. Without breaking his pace, he gestured to Stephanie to join in. The blonde was already waiting for a sign to start rimming her master.



Stephanie's tongue performed its magic once more. A few moments after she started to lick Eddie's balls and crack, his cock started to throb and pulsate again. Then he began to unload his spunk in Ashley's mouth. The brunette was more prepared this time. She managed to swallow everything he spurted out.

As soon as he finished emptying the contents of his balls into Ashley's warm gullet, Eddie grabbed the girl by her hair and arm and turned her over her side. He brutally parted her long shapely legs as wide as possible and knelt down between them. Then he leaned forward and whispered in her ear with an authoritative voice.

"Again?"

It was emphasized like a question, but the brunette took it as an order. Unable to resist her urges, she let out a breathy moan of surrender.

"Yes, please."

Eddie acted like he couldn't hear.

"What was that?"

"Yes, please... please fuck me in my ass again... please... I need it."

"Fuck you? What do you think this is? You think we are making love or something?"

"Sorry. Abuse me... Use me... Use my ass... Violate me! Ravage me! Rape me! Pretty please!"

Eddie was satisfied with Ashley's answer this time. As soon as she finished, he took his slop-covered cock and shoved it back in her gaping asshole. When he started to fuck the brunette again, Stephanie immediately took her place between her master's butt-cheeks and started to lick. She didn't stop until Eddie filled Ashley with spunk once more and left the well-reamed girl panting on the cool grass.



A few minutes later, Eddie grunted like a young wild hog as he released his last load in Ashley's butt. It was rather uncharacteristic of him, Stephanie thought. Her master never lost control to this extent when he used her. Was it because he was fucking Ashley? Was she tighter than her? A better fuck?

She tried to get rid of thoughts of jealousy that kept popping up in her head. She knew she shouldn't have these feelings. She was Eddie's sex slave, even though she wasn't officially registered as one. She surrendered to him with her free will, somehow. Of course, she was aware of the tricks and games he played to bring about this outcome. She knew how effective Eagerdoll was in guiding her through this journey of self-discovery. She didn't mind the trickery. Of course, he would do whatever he could to conquer her, breach her limits, destroy her inhibitions. At the end, she was glad that he did everything he did to turn him into the cock-craving little fucktoy she is. This was what she was meant to be. She was meant to serve men. She was meant to serve Eddie. His pleasure was paramount.

And now, because of the thoughts of jealousy, she felt guilty. If Ashley gave her master the pleasure she couldn't... Well, she knew she should be happy for him, but it was impossible. She was only human.

Stephanie always considered herself a rational person. Of course, she appeared emotional and impulsive at times, but when push came to shove, she always picked the rational option. At that moment, she realized that she had only two alternatives. Either eliminate or surpass the competition.

Eliminating Ashley as a viable sexual partner for Eddie seemed out of question at that point. He was enjoying this new game of cat and mouse. He was right in the middle of another exciting conquest. He breached two of the brunette's orifices already. And if her own experience thought Stephanie anything, he wasn't too far from completing this metaphorical invasion of Ashley's body. In one way or another, he would fuck her pussy too, If not today, probably tomorrow. Even though she wasn't privy to Ashley and Eddie's entire conversation on the bench, Steph was smart enough to realize that her companionship was the main component of their deal.

It was now clear to her that Ashley gave up her oral and anal virginity in exchange for some private time with Stephanie. Actually, she gave them up for some time with Eagerdoll, but the poor brunette didn't know who she was playing with.

So, the only viable option that remains was outperforming this unexpected challenger by becoming a better slavegirl. In order to win back her master's full attention, she needed to be a more eager slut, an even more enthusiastic cocksucker, a

much nastier whore... Her only focus should be Eddie's pleasure, no matter what sacrifices she had to make. She could give up a lot to please him.

Stephanie continued to kiss and lick her master's asshole and butt crack with these thoughts bouncing around in her head, even after he finished fucking the brunette lying fully spent on the grass. Eddie turned around and sat down next to Ashley, then he grabbed Stephanie by the throat. He held her head between his palms for a moment and then shoved her face onto Ashley's cum-filled butthole. The girl immediately understood her new task, and began performing it without hesitation.

Despite having virtually no energy to react to another assault on her well-fucked hole, Ashley managed to move her ass enough to give the slavegirl a better angle to lick the jizz off. She softly moaned as Stephanie cleaned up her master's mess. Eddie was rather tired himself, so he leaned back and watched his girl perform this extremely humiliating act. The girl who was currently eating Ashley's ass was an entirely different person from his childhood crush whom he somehow managed to bed. The contrast between that virginal angel and this nasty cumwhore was too great, like night and day. He smiled to himself with pride.

His eyes moved to Ashley's pretty face. The brunette was still moaning and whimpering with ecstasy. Eddie rolled over to her and leaned closer to her ear.

"You did your part, and I'll do mine. She is yours until Monday."

Ashley opened her eyes and looked at Eddie as if she wanted to thank him, but all that escaped her mouth was another moan triggered by Stephanie's talented tongue.

"You're welcome," said Eddie with a smile. "Use her as you like. Fuck her, beat her, I don't care. But I want her back before school."

As soon as he is finished talking, he jumped up on his feet.

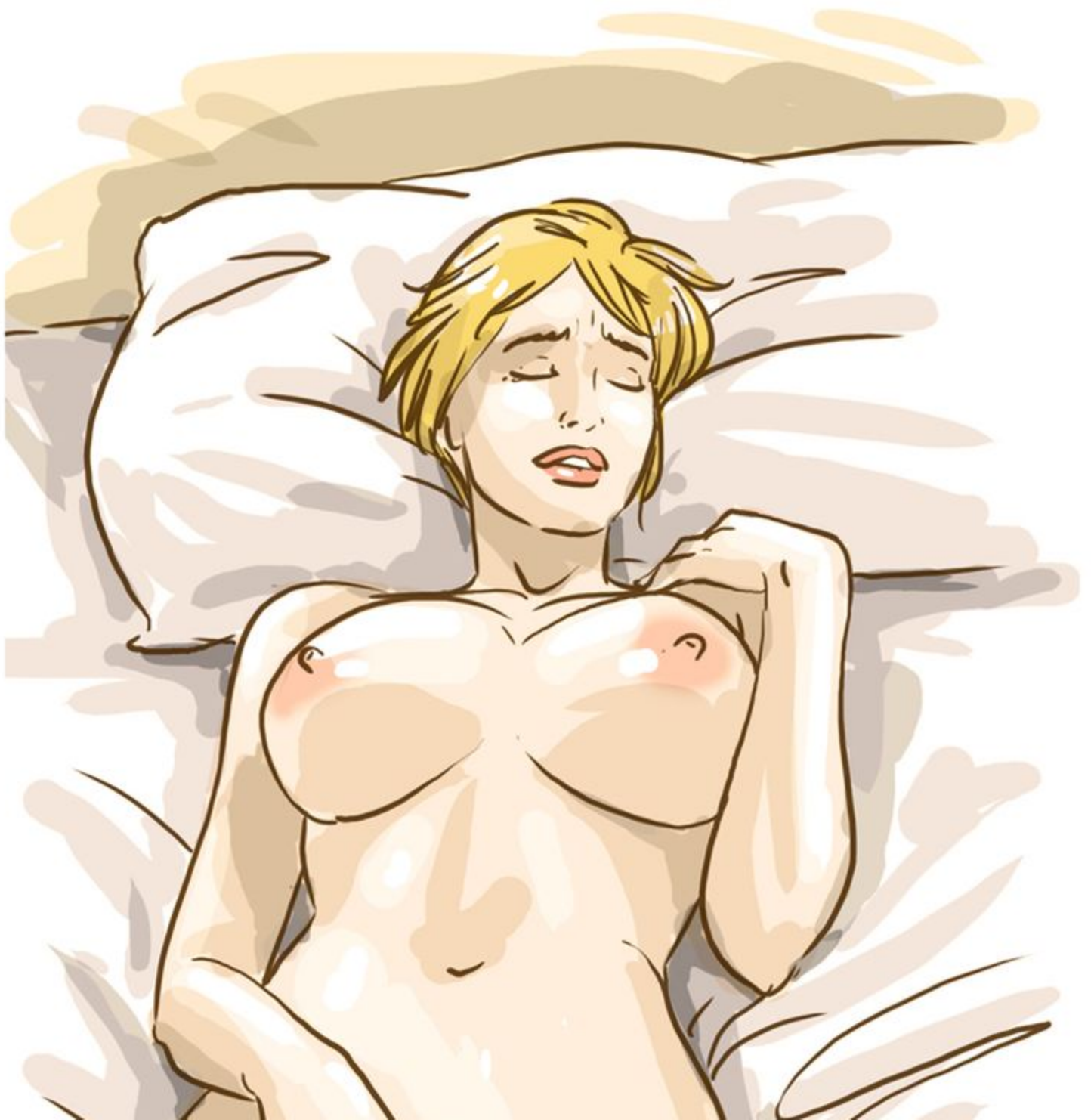
"I'll see you girls on Monday. Have a fun weekend."

Mastery - 44

The loud beep of her diFone's alarm woke up Stephanie. Without opening her eyes, she reached and tried to stop the alarm, but the phone fell from the far edge of the nightstand. Thankfully the sound was muffled when it fell into the pile of clothes she threw over there the night before.

After a few more minutes she reluctantly stretched her arms and opened her beautiful blue eyes. The little stain on the ceiling that looked like a little toy car seemed bigger that morning. She turned her head and looked out of the window. She could easily see Eddie's window from where she lay. She wondered what he was doing at that moment. Probably he was still lying in his bed, with a tied-up Eagerdoll dutifully sucking his cock slowly like she did every morning.

As soon as the image of the redheaded slave servicing her master's big erect cock popped into her head, Stephanie instinctively closed her long legs and squeezed her vagina. She was sleeping completely naked as Eddie ordered. Every night, before she went to bed, Eddie would text her detailed instructions on what to wear while sleeping and what to wear to school the next day. He had detailed pictures of her wardrobe, so he could choose easily.





EREN!SCH.

Of course, Stephanie had to dress and undress in front of her window, curtains wide open, giving Eddie -and possibly many other residents in his block- a clear view of her beautiful young body. He didn't always watch, but she was ordered to do it every single time anyway. The idea of a stranger accidentally noticing and watching her daily displays scared the hell out of the blonde teen, but it also thrilled her in ways she never imagined. She always got extremely wet whenever she noticed Eddie at his window with his binoculars.

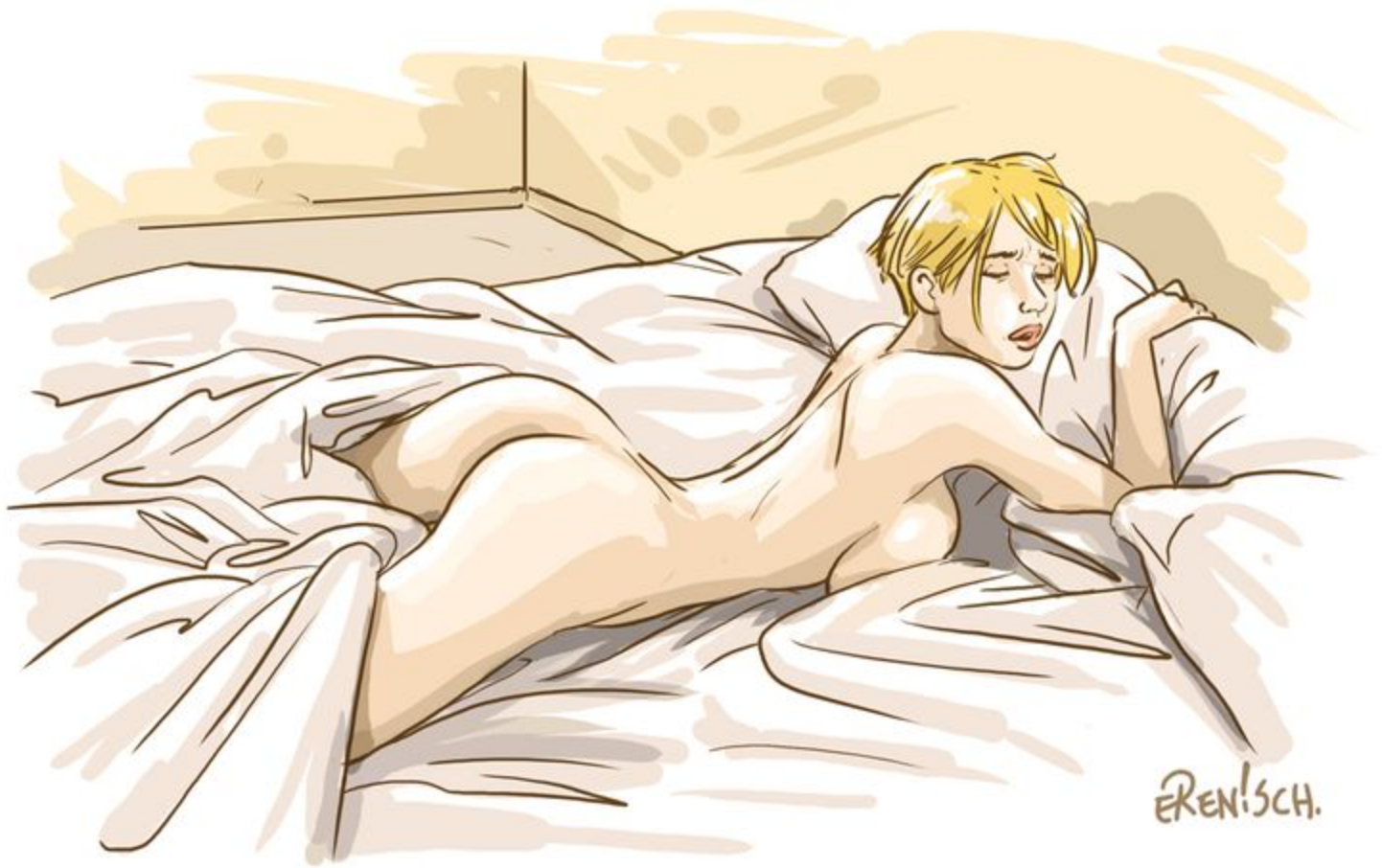
His curtains were closed shut this morning, but Stephanie could almost see through the thick cloth in her mind's eye. She had spent enough mornings in her master's room to know exactly what happened every day. She could see him wake up to the masterful rhythm of Eagerdoll's lips and tongue working on his shaft and balls. She could imagine him sitting up on the bed, grabbing a fistful of the slavegirl's long red hair and pulling her roughly towards himself. He would then turn her over, pull her round bottom up and push her head down. Then we would slap her ass cheeks and penetrate her without further ceremony. A raw, hard assrape would follow.

As she imagined her master's cock pounding the redhead's butt, Stephanie's hands found their way to her wet slit. She began to rub her swollen clit with two of her fingers, and put her other hand on her mouth to muffle her imminent moans. Miraculously, she was able to hide her sexual escapades from her parents for almost two months. Somehow, they never questioned her frequent "sleepovers at her girlfriends". Of course, she spent most of that time locked and tied in Eddie's room, eagerly serving him with her youthful, sexy body.

But sometimes, she was actually with her girlfriend, Ashley, serving her instead.

It had been almost two weeks since Eddie started to play his devilish game with Ashley and her. Since then Stephanie spent 6 days in total with Ashley. Her best friend turned out to be a very horny, sexually curious little minx. Her time with the brunette was always a thrill for Stephanie. She always tried interesting things on her, used her in ways Eddie didn't. Being with another girl alone was certainly a much different experience. They connected with her on another level, though it was never perfect as Ashley didn't know her real identity. Stephanie was discovering all about her closest friend's darkest secrets, while Ashley was merely playing with a cheap fucktoy. It was an uneven exchange, and a sad one.

Reminiscing about her time with Ashley brought Stephanie a little closer to a climax. Her fingers were rubbing like crazy now. She rolled over and raised her butt as if she was presenting it to her master. She silently moaned with yearning. If only her beloved master was here, ready to stick his engorged dick in one of her eager holes.



Her thoughts wandered again. Suddenly, images of Eddie's hard cock going in and out of Ashley's asshole filled her mind. Eddie and Ashley had a strange deal. In order to keep playing with Stephanie, Ashley had to let Eddie use her oral and anal openings many times. Usually, they would meet at the park and Eddie would brutally rape her mouth and ass. But occasionally, she also sucked his cock in secret in secluded nooks at school. A blowjob earned her 10 hours with the slavegirl, so she had to do it at least twice to spend the night with her. Stephanie was surprised to hear that it was Ashley who offered to do it at school one day. According to the story Eddie later told her, Ashley came to him and asked him to follow her during a lunch break. She then led him to an unused storage room on the top floor, knelt before him and begged him to fuck her face. Eddie naturally obliged her, but not before he made her beg for a long time. She repeated this a few more times during the rest of the week.

The story of Ashley secretly serving Eddie made Stephanie mad at first. How could Ashley do this behind her back? Trying to seduce his... Of course, Stephanie realized that Eddie was nothing but his neighbor to outsiders, but knowing that didn't help alleviate her seething jealousy. At that moment she wanted to call Ashley and scream at her for hours. She wanted to run out to the street and declare to the world that she loved Eddie, and she was his sex slave.

But she wasn't allowed to do that, even if she decided to throw all rational thought out of the window. She was supposed to do what her master ordered her to do. She was a sex slave. She had no will of her own any more.

The moment she contemplated about her lack of will and power in the presence of her master, a surge of desire spread around her trembling body, and momentarily concentrated around her soaking wet genitals. Her numbing fingers finally managed to rub her vulva over the threshold, and into an explosive, mind-breaking orgasm. Overwhelmed with pleasure, her body stretched, shook violently and then fell limp on the bed. She felt like sinking into the mattress. Her entire body felt warm and tingly.

"Thank you master," she whispered to herself.

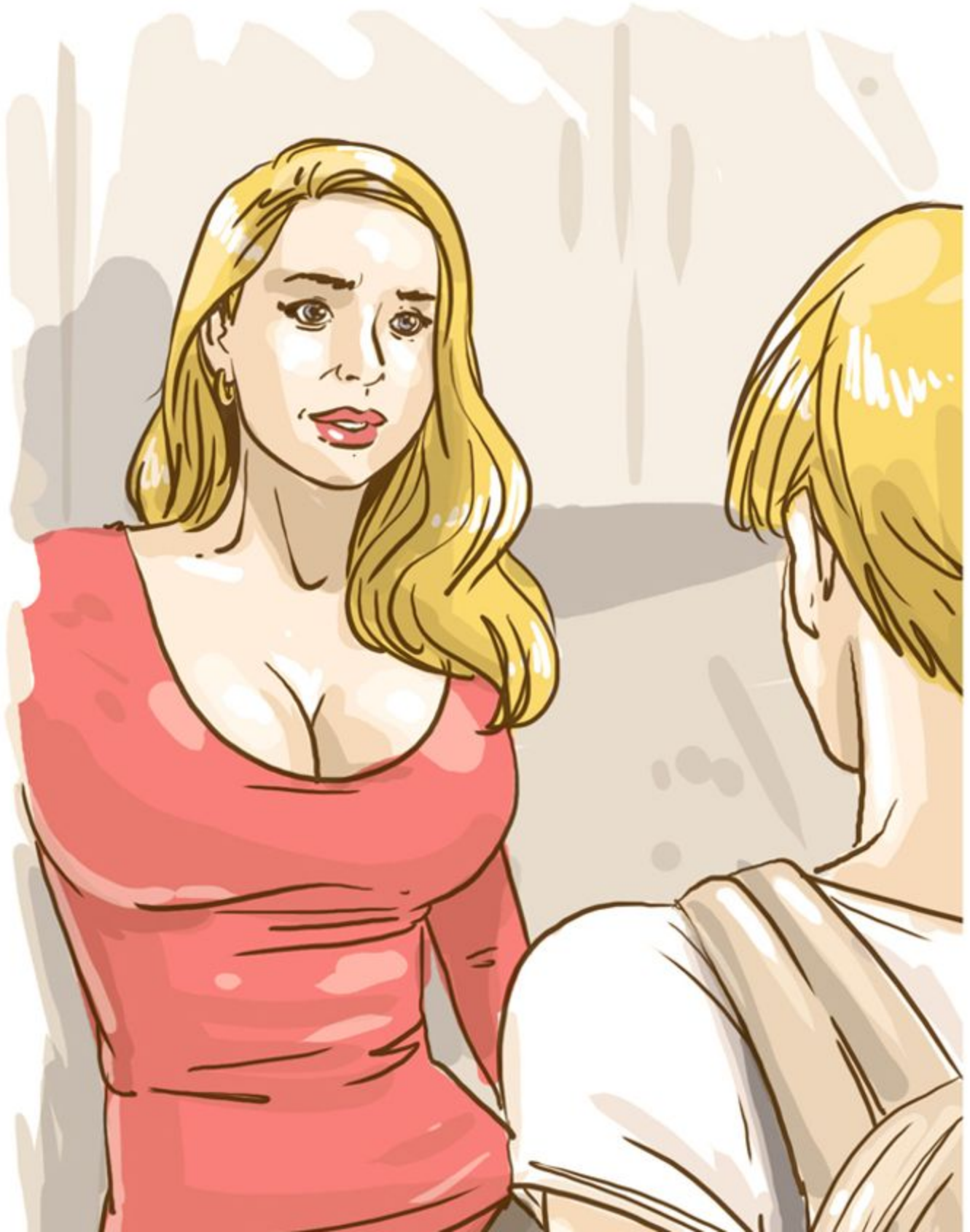
After lying there exhausted for a few more minutes, she sat up and looked out of the window once more. Master wasn't on the window. Slightly frustrated, she slowly stood up. She checked his last text to see what she was allowed to wear that day. Eddie picked the thigh-high black stockings he bought for her, her favorite red miniskirt, and the white crop top.

"Not allowed to wear panties again," she murmured to herself. "He will violate me in the men's room at least twice today, I just know it."

As ordered, she took her place in front of the window and put her clothes on with slow, graceful movements. To her disappointment, Eddie never appeared on his window to watch.

She closed the curtains, picked her backpack and rushed out of the door. She checked her watch. In 12 minutes Eddie would come and pick her up. Excitement ran through her body when she thought about their usual two-block morning walk. She wondered if Eddie would rape her in the alley this morning. She couldn't wait to feel his cock in her mouth and pussy again.

Her mother was in the kitchen, preparing Stephanie and herself peanut butter and jam sandwiches as usual. She was a tall, well-endowed blonde in her late 30s, and she looked almost like a grown-up version of Stephanie.





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“Slow down, pumpkin,” she said smiling as Stephanie ran down the stairs. “I’m sure Eddie won’t be here for another ten minutes.”

Stephanie froze for a moment when her mother mentioned her master’s name. Did she suspect something? Did she know?

“What... Eddie?” she stammered as she tried to act nonchalant.

“Yeah. The neighbor’s kid. He always comes to pick you up in the morning. What a nice boy.”

“Yes,” Stephanie replied, slightly relieved.

“You know, the world is very dangerous, pumpkin. A lot of weirdos out there, on the hunt for pretty little girls like you. You wouldn’t believe the stories we hear every day. I’m glad Eddie is thoughtful enough to accompany you on the way to school and back.”

“Yes,” said Stephanie, unable to think of anything else to say. She didn’t want to accidentally give away any hints about their secret relationship.

“You cannot be too careful, baby,” her mother continued. “You are a wonderful, beautiful girl. I’m sure you have your suitors at school. When I was your age...”

She stopped and decided to change the subject. “Anyway, why don’t you invite him for dinner someday? He used to visit us a lot when you two were kids. It’s been a while since he last came over, right?”

“I... I don’t think it’s a good idea, mom,” replied Stephanie. She was still trying to determine the best way to navigate through this talk. “You know, he is a shy boy and...”

“Shy? I saw him walking a naked petgirl along the street two days ago. He certainly didn’t seem shy to me.”

Stephanie momentarily froze again. “Uh? Yeah... I think he bought a slavegirl a couple months ago. A lot of boys his age do that, you know.”

Her mother didn’t seem too troubled by the fact that Eddie had a slavegirl at all. It was a common sight in their part of the country after all, but Stephanie’s parents tried their best to avoid the increasingly intrusive laws that promoted this new social order.

“I know. I think it is a good thing that young men can buy and keep one of those low-born sluts at home. They have raging hormones and they need something to play with. I understand that. It’s natural.” She looked up and smiled to Stephanie. “Here, eat this quickly.”

Stephanie picked up the sandwich her mother held out and took a big bite.

“I didn’t know you thought like that. We never talk about these matters in this house.”

The woman smiled again. “Well, your father doesn’t feel comfortable talking about such issues. But you and I can talk about anything, pumpkin. Do you have anything on your mind?”

“About boys and their slavegirls? I...”

“Not specifically about that, silly. About anything. You are quickly becoming a woman. The world must look strange and scary to you. If anything concerns...” She stopped and looked at Stephanie. The girl was almost done with her sandwich.

“Were you masturbating just a minute ago?”

Stephanie spray-spit the food in her mouth.

“What?”

“It is okay, sweetheart. I heard the sounds you made and... that’s all... I mean, It is perfectly normal to have urges like that. It is healthy too.”

“Mom!”

Stephanie jumped up from her seat. She was turning bright red with embarrassment. Before her mother could say anything in response, she grabbed her backpack and rushed out of the door. Eddie was just arriving to meet her. She quickly grabbed his hand and started to walk away from her apartment as quickly as she could.

Mastery - 45

Eddie decided to speed up a little. He tightened his grip of the young girl's slender waist and started to pound her ass faster and harder. Stephanie immediately understood that her master was getting ready to finish in her, so she readjusted her stance by moving her legs together and arching her back further. She felt like Eddie's cock was reaching deeper and deeper inside her every time he used her like the slutty fuckmeat she was. Somehow, he always managed to make her pleasure more intense than the one before.

As Eddie's body slammed to hers harder and faster with each thrust, Stephanie struggled to keep her balance. Her naked big tits spread on the garbage bin were the only things that cushion her master's increasingly forceful blows. Her arms were still tied at her back with her own mini skirt, leaving the poor girl totally defenseless. Her moans and screams were muffled by the crop top Eddie took off of her and shoved in her mouth like a makeshift ballgag.

"I'd die of shame if anybody I knew saw me like this," she thought. "Banged like a cheap hooker in a dirty alley... bent over a garbage bin."



In a generous move, Eddie raped her long enough to let her have two orgasms. Now, with his invigorated tempo, she was getting closer to a third one.

“May this cunt cum again, master?” she moaned like a good slavegirl.

“Together this time,” replied Eddie without breaking his pace.

They managed to time it almost perfectly. First, Stephanie reached the point of no return and started to shake uncontrollably. It was a powerful multiple orgasm. Eddie, himself at the threshold, quickly took his cock out of the girl’s pussy, turned her over, forced her to her knees, pulled the gag out, and shoved his throbbing cock into her willing mouth in one fluid move. As soon as the cock touched the back of her throat, wave after wave of sperm gushed into her mouth, filling the hungry little whore’s rosy cheeks with warm, sticky goo.

Once she got permission, she gulped the cum down and licked her lips to get the few drops that managed to ooze out of the corner of her mouth.

“Thank you master,” she said with a grateful smile.

Eddie untied the girl’s hands and gestured her to get dressed. Then he leaned back and admired her beautiful body as she put on her clothes for the second time this morning.

“You are making me wear more and more revealing stuff,” she said with a cute smile. “Boys at school are starting to notice, and...”

“There was a time I was jealous of the guys checking you out. But now I like the way they look at you,” replied Eddie. “You are probably the most beautiful thing they have seen in their lives. They can look all they want, but only I can touch you.”

Stephanie blushed and embraced Eddie. “You mean that? Am I the most beautiful thing?”

“Well, I said the most beautiful thing *they* have seen. I personally have seen better.”

Stephanie backed away and playfully slapped Eddie on the chest. They both laughed and started to walk towards the bus stop.

“My mother noticed that you picked me up every morning,” said Stephanie just as they reached the stop. “She saw you walking a naked petgi-... Oh my god! Two days ago... It was me. My mom saw you walking *me* down the street!”

Eddie laughed.

“It amuses you? Oh god, can you imagine if she found out? I’d die of shame.”

The bus arrived and the two walked to the back of the bus.

“She told me to invite you for dinner or something.” She paused as if she was trying to remember something.

“When was the last time you came over, do you recall?”

“I think it was last Thursday, when I came in through the corridor window and raped you in the bathroom.”

“No, silly!” Stephanie snickered. “I meant as a proper guest. I used to visit your house, you visited ours.”

“Been years,” replied Eddie.

“Yeah, anyway. Mom thinks you are the nicest boy and you are protecting me against the bad men out there.”

“She isn’t wrong,” Eddie said with a grin. “There are bad men out there and I can’t imagine the things they’d do to a pretty little thing like you.”

Stephanie smiled. “Worse than the things you do to me?”

“Oh, you haven’t seen anything yet, little girl,” replied the boy. Of course, he wasn’t as naïve as she was. Despite everything they did together, she was still merely an adventurous schoolgirl. She hardly knew anything about what real slavegirls go through. Eddie, even though he never witnessed a proper slave disciplining session himself, could imagine the horrors just by looking at Eagerdoll’s eyes whenever she talked about her training days.

Stephanie looked up at the boy and smiled. She was enjoying their time together immensely. Life was good. She could live like that till the end of time. He was the greatest. The way he talked, the way he smiled, the way he easily took possession of her.

The bus reached its destination and the school day started. At school they rarely interacted, unless Eddie wanted to use her in some way. Violating her in the men’s room was one of his favorites. She was now used to sucking his cock in janitorial cabinets, secret corners of the schoolyard, unused classrooms... When she got his phone text, she had to obey, no matter what she was doing at that moment. Even if she was in the middle of an important exam, she had to excuse herself for a bathroom break, and go serve him the way he desired.

One thing that really changed since the first day of school was Eddie’s relationship with Ashley. The two somehow fast became friends. They often talked and joked around, even when Stephanie wasn’t around. The brunette was always shamelessly flirting with Eddie. For Stephanie it was especially difficult to keep her cool whenever Ashley started to talk to her about boys, and about Eddie in particular.

Stephanie was not sure about what Ashley expected to get out of this relationship, what her ultimate purpose was. According to what she says when they’re secretly “lezzing” together in her room, she was merely giving Eddie what he wanted in order to spend more time with his slavegirl. But when she was with Eddie, her flirtations seemed genuine. Was

she that good an actor? Stephanie knew she wasn't, as she could easily write volumes on her best friend's blatantly obvious "tells" ranging from lip-biting to hair-twisting. She was definitely interested in Eddie.

Of course, one wouldn't need to read volumes about Ashley's tells to see how much she enjoyed their meetings at the park. Stephanie could see the lust and satisfaction in her pretty eyes whenever Eddie used and abused her behind the bushes. Ashley loved Eddie's cock. There was no question about that.

On the way back, she and Eddie sat together at the very back of the bus again. They liked to sit there, behind the two-seater that blocked the other passengers' view, because Eddie liked to play with her every chance he got. He often got handsy, even in public places. That day was no different. Eddie embraced her tightly, put his left hand under her crop top, and started to fondle her big round tit. Stephanie offered no real resistance, beyond nervously looking around to make sure nobody was watching them.

"Don't worry, babe," said the boy, fully aware of her concern. "We are practically invisible here." His hand slowly traveled down her stomach and lifted her mini skirt. Her fully-shaven, bare pussy was glistening with juices already.

"Will you look at that? Do you see what a shameless slut you have become?"

Stephanie bit her lower lip.

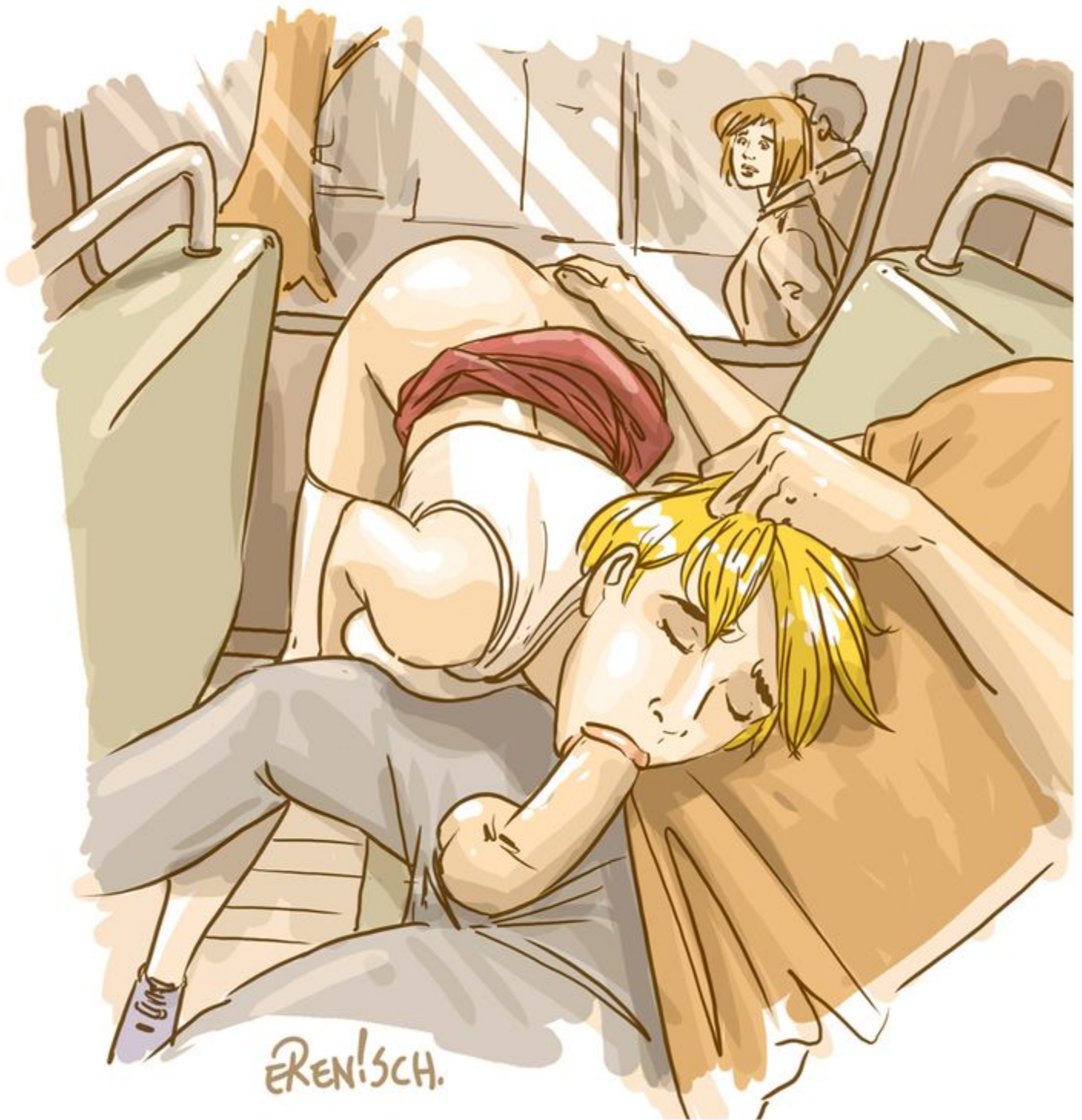
"Do you want another climax, little slut?"

Stephanie hesitated for a moment, then nodded yes.

"Good slut!"

Eddie put two fingers on the girl's clit and started to rub. With his other hand he reached down and shoved two fingers in her vagina. With a steadily accelerating rhythm, he started to fingerfuck the shy blonde, who was trying her best in order not to scream in the middle of the public bus.

After a few minutes of fingering and rubbing action, Eddie managed to bring the girl to the edge of another orgasm. Stephanie's body was now wildly twisting and shaking in his arms. Without changing his rhythm, he put his right hand on her mouth and pressed her head back on his shoulder. This turned out to be a very well-timed action. The moment he locked her in a tight embrace, she got her 5th orgasm of the day. Her body violently shook against his powerful arms, and finally collapsed on his chest.



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It was certainly not over yet. After letting the girl lie there for a minute so she could catch her breath, Eddie put his fingers through her blonde hair and grabbed her head. He took his cock out of his zipper and forcefully pushed Stephanie's head down. The girl was surprised for a brief moment, but still managed to part her lips in time. Her master's cock was in her mouth again. Unable to protest, she started sucking on it like a good girl. When they finally reached their stop and got out of the bus, her mouth was full of Eddie's spunk once more.

Before they started to walk, she raised her pretty blue eyes and pleadingly looked at Eddie for permission to swallow. He seemed to enjoy the worried expression on the girl's face.

"No, you can't," said the boy with a grin. "You'll keep it in your mouth until you get home. Stephanie's eyes widened with terror. "Don't worry, no evidence of your sluttiness on your face, except for a couple strings that landed on your left cheek and chin."

Stephanie raised her hand to wipe the cum. Eddie caught her hand before she could.

"Oh no, it stays."

They started to walk. Stephanie was panicking. Her eyes were rapidly scanning the road ahead for any familiar face that might notice her embarrassing situation.

“Try to calm down, baby.” Eddie reached and held her hand. “Just enjoy the nice walk.” The walk lasted 5 minutes as always, but it felt like an hour for poor Stephanie. The jizz in her mouth was thickening and getting harder to keep inside. She tried to lower her head a couple times to hide her face, but Eddie gave her a very stern warning. Luckily nobody along the way seemed to notice this shameful display. Finally, they were right in front of her building.

“Good girl. You made it. You can swallow it now.”

Stephanie immediately gulped the cum down and wiped the cum off her face.

As she did that, Eddie noticed Stephanie’s mother in the first-floor window. The woman smiled and waved. Eddie waved back.

“Your mother is looking at us,” said Eddie before leaving. Stephanie turned around in panic and saw her mother up there. She managed to smile and wave, then nervously rushed into the building.

Her mother was waiting for her at the door.

“Come in, pumpkin,” she greeted her daughter. “I baked you a nice cake.”

Stephanie’s face immediately brightened up. The sweet smell of her favorite cake was calling her from the kitchen. She got inside and sat at the kitchen table.

“What’s the occasion, mom? You bake this only on special days.”

“Oh, yeah I had a bad day at work today, and wanted to wind down. You know, baking relaxes me.” She looked sad for a moment, but her usual smile returned quickly. “Anyway, I was thinking things over, and... just wanted to do something nice for you, dear,” replied the mother. “I embarrassed you this morning, so I wanted to make up to you.”

“Thanks mom,” said the girl without acknowledging the remark about the most embarrassing moment of her life. She took a big bite from the cake her mother put in front of her. It was like heaven in a bite.

“So, how does it taste like?” asked the woman with a curious expression on her face.

“This is the best cake you ever made, mommy,” replied Stephanie.

“Oh, not the cake, pumpkin. I meant Eddie’s jizz. How does his cum taste like?”

Holiday Special: Dasha Prancer's Bad Day

As a special holiday treat, I'm posting the story early this week, available for all tiers. I hope you enjoy this special break... :)

Dasha Prancer's Bad Day

Dasha hurriedly climbed the stairs and rushed into the office. She was only a couple minutes late, but her boss was very strict about punctuality. He ran a very tight ship, and as a result their department was the best in the company.

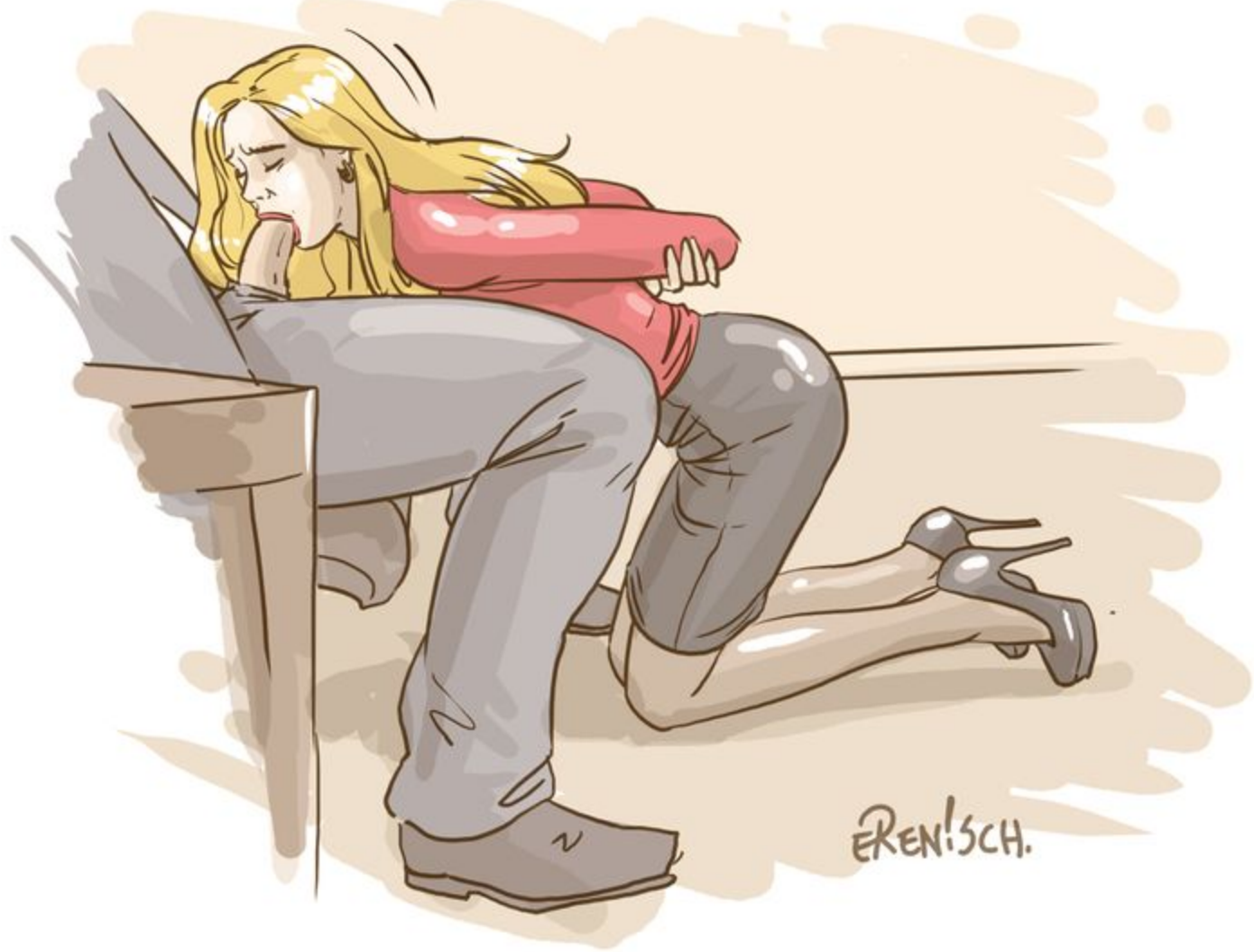
To her horror, all the others were already in there, all lined up for inspection. She nervously smiled to her 7 colleagues and quickly took her place at the end of the line. It took a few minutes for her rapid breathing to return to normal.

As always, Mr Nicholas opened his door, took a couple steps into the room and carefully scanned the women lined up with their backs to the wall. The ages of the women were ranging between 20 and 30. All were very attractive, tall, provocatively dressed freewomen. Dasha was probably the oldest among them with 38 years, but she didn't show it one bit. She inherited great genes from her mother, who was a former beauty queen and a supermodel back in the pre-revolutionary days.

Mr Nicholas's piercing eyes moved around for a while before stopping on Dasha. he gestured her to follow using as few of his facial muscles as possible, and briskly walked back into his office.

Dasha followed quickly. When she closed the door, she could hear the pitter patter of the remaining women scattering to their offices.

Without acknowledging her, Nicholas walked to his chair and sat down. He swiveled to the side and parted his legs. Dasha quickly approached him and fell on her knees between his legs. With graceful, well-rehearsed movements, she unzipped his pants and took his semi-erect cock out. Holding the organ with her right hand, she started to lick from the base of his balls to the tip of the shaft with masterful strokes. After all, she wasn't only the oldest among the women, but also the most experienced in proper office slutttery.



In a minute or so, the director's huge cock was fully erect and ready to punish her mouth. She took it between her full red lips and began to bob on it. While she sucked, the door opened and Georgina Donner entered with his coffee. Dasha saw her on the corner of her eye, but didn't break her pace. Georgina walked around the other side of the desk, put the coffee down and circled back. She knelt down next to Dasha and waited for further instructions.

Nicholas put down the daily report he has been reading since Dasha started licking his member, grabbed the coffee and stood up. He took a sip, stepped to the side and took his place between the two kneeling women. Dasha was still doing her best to keep servicing the man's cock with her talented mouth while he moved.

Georgina remained right behind him. She skillfully reached around, unbuckled his belt and slid his pants down to his knees to reveal his buttocks. She then leaned forward, stuck her face in between his ass-cheeks, and started to lick his asshole.

The two women continued to perform their familiar tasks without pause for minutes. Mr Nicholas always took his time and never ejaculated before 10 minutes, even with a well-executed blow-rim combo. Dasha was particularly good with her tongue, and she mastered both sides of the B-R combo throughout her years in service. Still, the director could easily resist her exceptional oral skills combined with those of Georgina's, no matter how hard they worked to get him off.

Halfway into the session, Mr Rudolph arrived with the latest projection report. The director offered him a seat, together with Dasha's services. Rudolph happily accepted and grabbed Dasha by her well-coiffed long blonde hair, dragged her across the office on her hands and knees, and shoved his cock in the woman's well-trained mouth. Georgina's mouth swiftly replaced Dasha on Nicholas's cock as he sat back down. The two men started to talk about the report with the two secretaries dutifully sucking their cocks.

Dasha was a very good cocksucker and always served her superiors with utmost dedication. As a result, she rarely got slapped across the face during fellatio. Unfortunately, Mr Rudolph was a notorious face-slapper. Regardless of the talent shown by the cocksucker, he would often stop and smack the women serving him. Dasha was no exception. Until she managed to make him cum, she got interrupted and slapped hard fifteen times. Of course, she didn't even contemplate protesting. Once Mr Rudolph seemed satisfied with the shade of red on her cheeks, she immediately turned her attention to his cock and resumed fellating the bastard to her best ability.

Before she is done, Mr Nicholas finally unloaded his spunk in Georgina's capable mouth. From his usual poker face, it was almost impossible to notice. But Dasha's experienced ears caught the faint grunt he made whenever he emptied his load into a sexretary's mouth. She sucked him off enough times to guess the taste. Georgina's mouth must be full off his thick goo that tasted like salty-bitter pudding. The woman waited in a servile stance until Nicholas gave her a subtle nod, and then she gulped it all down with an audible moan.

Once Georgina finished zipping his pants and sat back on her high heels, the director gave his personal sexretary another nod. She turned around, fell on her hands and knees, and crawled out of the room with perfect conformation.

"Are you about to be done?" asked the director, looking at Rudolph who was now holding Dasha's long blonde hair in one fist, forcing the woman's head onto his cock faster and faster.

"Hold on," he grumbled, as his jizz started to flow into Dasha's mouth. Then he smiled and brutally slapped the woman once more. Dasha wasn't totally surprised by this sudden burst of violence. She managed to keep her lips shut and his jizz in.

She sat back on her heels and waited. Rudolph gave her a dismissive wave.

"Yeah yeah. You may swallow."

Dasha obeyed the command without hesitation. Despite his rude and brutal demeanor, the woman always liked Rudolph's jizz. It tasted almost palatable, salty, but still fruity. It wasn't as thick as some others. It was quite easy to keep down.

As soon as he's is done with the talented milf's mouth, he jumped up and gave the director an exaggerated salute before leaving. Dasha prepared to leave after him and got on all fours.

"No, you stay."

Dasha stopped and turned to face the director. This time she was a little surprised. The director almost never gave her verbal commands.

"Get up!"

Dasha stood up and joined her hands in front of her pencil skirt. She didn't know what to do. The director picked up a document and looked at it for a few seconds.

"Dasha Prancer. Freewoman, married, one child. This document says you are turning 38 in a couple months."

"Yes, Mr. Nicholas," replied Dasha, without fully understanding why he was talking to her.

"You worked here, what, 15 years?"

"Yes sir," she nodded.

"You are married. That's unusual for a sexretary."

"Yes sir," she replied. Nicholas raised his head and looked at her puzzled face. She understood that he wanted a fuller explanation.

"Ours isn't a traditional marriage sir. My husband married me on paper so I can give him a child. I raise the child and take care of the house. He has a mistress he loves but she is infertile, so..."

The director waved his hand to stop her.

"I see. You are on the breeding registry. It says you have good genes. He found you there?"

"Yes sir."

Nicholas turned his eyes back to the document and continued to read. Dasha was getting more and more concerned by the second. After a very long pause the director spoke again.

"You know, it's almost the end of the fiscal year. Unfortunately, the higher ups just came up with a new internal company policy for the new year, Dasha. We can no longer employ females over 30. All sexretaries are to be young and fuckable. I would make an exception if you were just over the limit, but 8 years... It isn't a number I can justify to the board, you see."

Dasha's eyes opened wide with fear. Was she being let go just before the end of the year festivities?

"But sir... I'm fuckable, and always enthusiastic... I'm..."

The director shut her up with another hand gesture. "Admittedly, you don't show your age. You are highly skilled in your job too. It's a damn shame, really."

Dasha started to cry. "I'm sorry sir," she managed say as tears ran down her cheeks. She prepared to turn and leave.

"Where do you think you are going?" asked the director. Dasha turned once again, confused.

"But... You just fired me, didn't you?"

"We will let you go, yes." He turned around and walked towards the cabinet. Dasha trembled with sudden dread as he opened the drawer in which he kept his canes and floggers.

"I noticed that you were late to work this morning Dasha," He said as he went through his discipline equipment. "What kind of a boss would I be, if I let that kind of behavior go unpunished?"

He picked a black leather dragon-tail riding crop and turned around.

"Roll your skirt up and bend over the desk."

For about half a second, Dasha thought to defy the order and get out of the office. She was fired after all, why would she let him gave her a beating. It was adding insult to injury. Or in this case, adding injury to insult.

Of course, she couldn't do that. After all, she was what she was, an obedient office slut. She let out a sigh of desperation and slowly walked over to the desk. She grabbed the sides of her skirt and rolled it up to her waist. Naturally she wasn't wearing any panties. Company policy forbid wearing excessive clothing that might hinder access to femployees' fuckholes.

Having bared her beautiful round ass, she bent over, put her cheek on the desk and grabbed her elbows behind her back. This certainly wasn't the first time she had to assume this position. In the past 15 years, her superiors have beaten her ass hundreds of times. Some, deservedly.

Mr Nicholas approached the desk and stopped at a comfortable swinging distance. He tilted his head to the left and admired the woman's inviting, shapely buttocks.

"What a shame!" he said once again. "A damn shame!" He reached forward and put the tip of the riding crop on her left ass-cheek. Dasha shivered at the touch of the cool leather.

"One lash for every 5 seconds you delayed. Calculate."

Dasha made a quick calculation. "42, Mr Nicholas, sir..."

"42, eh? Let's make it 50, just to be safe."

"Thank you, sir," Dasha replied with tears running down her face. "Please punish this useless slut with 50 lashes, sir!"



She braced herself for the first hit. Nicholas was in no hurry. He took his time. He could see from the subtle movements of her legs, arms, and fingers that she was getting ready for the dreaded slash of the unfeeling leather tool. He waited and waited until Dasha's body relaxed just a little bit. He chose that split second to ruthlessly swing the crop and slash the poor woman's sensitive backside.

The blonde milf let out a painful scream and struggled to regain her composure.

“One! Thank you, sir!” she cried.

Another hit landed. Then another one. Dasha did her best to take the hits like a well-behaved woman. She knew well that she deserved this punishment. She was indeed late after all. Even though she was no longer an employee here, she was going to be a professional. Lashes kept landing one after another.

When the director was finally done hitting her and dropped the dragon-tail on the desk, her butt was bright red and crisscrossed with bloody welts. Nicholas walked behind her and gave her one last smack on the bottom. She let out an exhausted moan.

“Well-done, slut. The color suits you. Now, pack your stuff up and get the fuck of out here.”

Dasha obediently straightened up, readjusted her skirt and wiped her tears.

“Thank you, sir,” she said and briskly went out of the door.

The next half hour passed like a blur. Under the pitying stares of her younger colleagues, she grabbed her personal belongings and rushed out of the building. She took the bus back home and cried in the shower for about an hour.

She knew that her life would never be the same. Finding a decent job is virtually impossible for a woman of her age. She had no skills beyond basic office work and sucking cock, but all sexretarial jobs were given to younger girls now. It was a miracle that she could keep her job this long.

Eighteen years ago, a short while before the enactment of the compulsory slavery law, she met this guy who was looking for a woman to bear his child. He was a nice man, and more importantly, he was against the slavery law. They reached a mutually beneficial agreement. He would marry her to shield her from enslavement, and in return she would bear him a child. They went to a facility and had a daughter. When their baby was three, she decided to work to earn her keep, and found a sexretary job at the company. She was only 23 years old back then.

For the next 15 years, she kissed hundreds of asses, sucked hundreds of cocks, drank tons of jizz. She swallowed so many loads, she almost became a connoisseur of semen. So much so she could easily identify each and every superior from the taste of their ejaculate. She could even tell what they had at breakfast that day.

Surprisingly, unlike most of her colleagues, Dasha discovered that she didn’t hate drinking cum. Being forced to suck the dicks of assholes and lick the assholes of dicks wasn’t her dream job of course. Most of the men there were brutal, violent bastards who would often beat the sexretaries for no good reason. The job was exhausting and humiliating. But drinking jizz wasn’t the worst part for Dasha. Actually, more often than not, she enjoyed it. The taste of it, the texture, the smell...

She was embarrassed to admit it to others of course. It wasn’t something you would talk about with your colleagues anyway. It wasn’t just the taste. She also derived some psychological satisfaction from the act of making a man cum. For her, it was an achievement. A tangible result of her hard work. In her line of work, praise was in short supply. The superiors never readily showed their appreciation of her enthusiastic efforts. A mouthful of jizz was the only genuine approval she could ever got.

She was now unemployed for the first time after so long. No more meager income, no more abundant cum. Thankfully she still had a husband. If she weren’t protected by marriage, she would be immediately enslaved by the first bastard she met. And at her age, her life as a sex slave would have been short and brutal.

She wondered what would her husband do when he learned that she can no longer pay for her keep. Would he divorce her? What if he decided to enslave and sell her?

Still trembling with fear, she called him and told him what happened. To her relief, he wasn’t mad or concerned at all. After all, a wife was still cheaper than a maid or a houseslave. Why would he get rid of her?

She took a deep breath and tried to relax. Everything would be fine. Maybe it was a good thing that she didn’t have to work at an office. Now she could stay at home all day and spend more time on her chores. Housework always relaxed her. Especially baking.

She looked at the clock on the kitchen wall. She still had a couple hours until her daughter’s arrival. She decided to bake her a cake.

It worked. She calmed down as soon as she started to prepare the ingredients. When she finally put the cake mix in the oven, she was almost back to her usual self. She sat by the window and started to wait for her daughter.

Sure enough, Stephanie arrived with the boy from across the street. Dasha remembered him from years ago. She knew her parents well. She used to play card games with his mother Sonya and a couple other women from the neighborhood. Maybe she could bring that game group together again now that she’d have more time of her own?

He was all grown up now. Stephanie too. “They make a cute couple,” she thought to herself. She watched them walk towards the house. Then her eyes opened wide as she suddenly noticed something she was too familiar with. Something she did and watched her colleagues do thousands upon thousands of times...

Her beautiful daughter swallowed a mouthful of jizz.

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Eddie fell onto the bed like a collapsing tower. He was happy. He was in love. Stephanie was everything he desired in life, and he now owned her, body and soul. It was partly the result of his slavegirl's efforts, of course.

"Fuck! I forgot about Eagerdoll!"

He jumped out of the bed and rushed to the cabinet he locked the redhead in. The poor thing was squeezed tightly in her storage compartment, bound and semi-conscious. The vibrator trapped inside of her pussy were still buzzing and vibrating, keeping the poor thing in constant stimulation. She was enduring this torture for the last seven hours.

Eddie grabbed the exhausted girl by her hair and pulled her out. She fell out of her compartment and collapsed on her side. She exhaled loudly as her head hit the carpet.

"Good, you are still alive," said Eddie with a grin. He crouched next to the girl and switched the vibrator off. He pulled the crotch rope that held the huge dildo in place and took it out. Eagerdoll let out a moan of relief. He turned the girl over on her face and raised her butt to pull the string of anal beads out of her butthole.



The girl opened her eyes and looked at the boy. "Thank you, master," she said with a tired voice. He smiled and proceeded to untie the ropes that kept her in a folded N-shape for the last seven hours.

"So, tell me, how many orgasms you had while I was gone?"

Once her arms and legs were freed, the slavegirl straightened up on her knees and assumed the basic waiting position. She was so well-trained; her muscles almost automatically took this shape whenever she was untied.

"This cunt had many, master. Especially at the beginning. Thank you very much, master," she replied.

Eddie stood up and walked to the chair. He sat down and leaned back.

"Good to hear that you enjoyed it," he said as he turned and looked out the window.

Eagerdoll was pleasantly surprised. Was her master really "glad that she enjoyed" her forced orgasms? That was certainly an unusual thing to hear from him, given the mean way he treated her throughout her months in his service. Nevertheless, he sounded sincere.

Of course, Eddie was no longer the inexperienced, callous boy who played with her day and night. He has noticeably grown since then. At times, he even acted like a decent human being when he was using her. But those were brief moments,

mere exceptions to the rule.

Overall, he was a fair master, Eagerdoll thought. His punishments and rewards were proportionate. He liked to slap Eagerdoll a lot without any reason, of course. But that wasn't his way of punishing her. He simply derived pleasure from slapping her and making her cry. Eagerdoll was used to it now. She was starting to see it as a form of affection.

He often rewarded the slave when she did something he liked. Since the day he purchased her, Eagerdoll was able to learn every nook and cranny of his body, his weak spots, his unique tastes, his pet peeves, the little things that made him happy or sad... In short, she knew almost everything there was to know about Eddie. It was the natural result of dedicating your existence to a master. It was hard not to excel in this task when one was forced to constantly serve and pleasure a single man.

She wasn't the same girl he purchased either. Back at Girlmart, she was a common whore who was trained and used by a nameless, faceless group of men. Now, she was committed to a single master. Someone she could specialize on.

And specialized she has. She knew Eddie better than anybody. Even better than her mother who gave birth to her, or the blonde he loved dearly. Her relationship with her owner wasn't one based on love or affection, but it was as intimate as it could get. She was always with him, thinking about the ways to please him, the ways to relax him at the end of a rough day. And after all that time, whether she liked it or not, she often found herself rooting for him. In a very perverted, unnatural way, one could say, she cared for him.

That was certainly the case with his ongoing adventure with the Stephanie girl. Eagerdoll took pride of her role in luring the coy blonde into her master's arms. He definitely appreciated her efforts too. She was generously rewarded for every step she took. Many times, she gambled and played a high-risk game, but eventually she managed to lay the little angel at her master's feet.

Stephanie was a wonderful addition to their life too. She was a genuinely happy girl with a constant positive attitude. She was an innocent and carefree soul. From the moment she became a larger part Eddie's life, the burden on Eagerdoll's back -and genitals- were lifted to a great extent. Besides sharing his cock with her, Stephanie made the boy a much happier person, one who is less likely to take his frustrations out on his slave's bottom.

And there he was, carefreely sitting on his chair, looking out the window. He was most definitely thinking about Stephanie again. Eagerdoll didn't know what he did with his girlfriend at school, but she was sure that he fucked the blonde at least a few times to be this relaxed.

Her eyes moved to his crotch. He was hard again. He could definitely use another blowjob. Eagerdoll felt a little tingle in her pussy, and a genuine desire to serve him. That was it. She actually cared for him.

She straightened up and adjusted her posture.

"Would you like to call her, while this cunt to sucks your hard-on, master?" she asked, but immediately regretted her words. Was it presumptuous of her to mention Stephanie?

Fortunately, Eddie didn't get mad. He turned and smiled at her.

"Good idea, bring me my phone."

Eagerdoll fell on all fours and rushed to fetch the phone. As he dialed the number, she silently unzipped his pants and started to enthusiastically suck his fully erect dick.

Stephanie immediately answered the call. Her voice was shaky, like she was crying.

"She saw it," she whispered. "Eddie, she saw that I drank your cum. Oh god! What am I going to do? I'm going to die of shame!"

"What do you mean? Who saw what?"

"My mother. She must have seen something from the window. She asked me how your..."

"How my what, sweetheart?"

"Asked me how your... jizz tasted like?"

"What? How... What did you do?"

"What could I do? I panicked. I ran to my room and locked myself in the bathroom. I'm not getting out of here ever again! I just can't..."

"Nonsense. I'll take care of it, don't worry."

"No! No, Eddie don't you even..."

Eddie ended the call, pushed the slavegirl out of the way and got up. He quickly put on his clothes and ran out of the building. A couple minutes later, he was knocking on Stephanie's apartment door.

He suddenly realized that he had no plan whatsoever. What would he say or do, when Stephanie's mother opened the door? His mind was completely blank. His hand froze in the air before he could knock again.

He didn't care. He just wanted to talk to Stephanie and comfort her. He was ready to protect her against anything. Even though he wasn't sure exactly what he was going to protect her from at that particular moment.

The door opened. Eddie froze like a deer caught in headlights.

"Ah, hello young man. Welcome."

Dasha smiled to the boy and stepped to the side to make way. "Would you like to come inside?"

"Yes, thank you," replied the boy and walked in. He awkwardly stood there as the mother closed the door.

“I assume you talked to my daughter just now”, she said with a soft voice. “I’m afraid I upset her a little. She locked herself in her room.”

“Y-yes,” stammered Eddie. “I think I can convince her to come out if I…”

“Don’t bother, young man. I know her too well. She won’t come out for at least a couple hours. I tried everything already.” She pointed to the half-eaten cake on the kitchen table. “She even left her favorite dessert over here. If this doesn’t make her come out, nothing can.”

She laughed and pointed to a stool. “Sit down. I’ll cut you a piece. We can talk about her.”

Eddie sat down, still trying to think what to say or do. He was grossly unprepared for such a situation. Dasha cut him a big slice and put a plate in front of him. Eddie took a bite. It was the best cake he had tasted.

“Good?”

Eddie nodded.

Dasha smiled and walked around the table. She sat down on the stool next to Eddie’s.

“Pumpkin is upset because I asked her a very personal question, Eddie. About her and you. And what you have been doing together, in secret.”

Eddie stopped chewing the cake in his mouth and swallowed it whole. He didn’t know how to respond. Dasha smiled and continued.

“Are you her boyfriend, Eddie?”

Eddie awkwardly nodded after a long pause. Dasha leaned closer to him.

“You see, this is a very strange day for me, Eddie. I was fired from my job of fifteen years today.”

“Sorry to hear that… I…”

Dasha brought her index finger to her lips to silence Eddie. “Just listen, young man. I was very sad and angry about it for a while. But now that I had some time to think about it, I’m more or less okay with it. To be honest, they were right. I was getting too old for that job.”

She leaned even closer to Eddie.

“Do you know what my job was, young man?”

Eddie shook his head.

Dasha smiled. “Of course not, even my daughter didn’t know.” She got off the stool and knelt in front of the boy. Without breaking eye contact, she reached for his zipper and opened it. Then she took his semi flaccid organ out and held it in her hand for a moment, before giving it a little kiss.

“Saliva? A girl was sucking on this not too long ago. Your slavegirl I assume?”

Eddie was still frozen in shock. He could only nod yes.

Dasha spat on the cock and started to gently massage the stunned boy’s rapidly hardening shaft.

“Don’t worry, Eddie. I did this for fifteen long years. Thousands of times. Hundreds of men came in my mouth, on my face, on my tits. I was a good, dutiful woman. I swallowed them all. Tons of it. Sticky, stinky, warm jizz.



She gradually sped up her hand. Eddie's cock was throbbing already.

"I hated them all. Those brutes. I hope each and every one of them rots in hell." She fell silent for a brief moment.

"But I think... I think I'll miss all that cum, you know... I love it. I need it so bad. One could say I'm addicted to it."

She could tell from years of experience that Eddie was at his limit. Moments before he exploded, she quickly took his cock in her mouth. Eddie bit his lips and suppressed his groan as his milky juice started to burst out of the tip of his dick. Dasha sucked every single drop of it and pulled back with her lips sealed.

The middle-aged beauty sat back on her heels and looked at the boy's eyes like a shy little girl who was about to ask for something.

It took Eddie a long moment to understand what was expected of him. He zipped his pants up and nodded approvingly.

"Yes... you may swallow."

Dasha swiftly did as she told. "Thank you," she said and stood up. She circled around the table and cut herself a very thin slice of cake.

"I can't have too many calories", she said smiling. "You know..."

An uneasy tension lingered in the air as the two ate the rest of their cake in silence. Once he finally cleaned his plate, Eddie prepared to ask permission to leave. He couldn't wait to get out of the room.

Dasha raised her hand to preempt him. “I hope you aren’t leaving so soon, Eddie. Stephanie’s father will be here soon. Won’t you talk to him too, before you go?”

Eddie was unable to respond once more. This woman was throwing her off at every step.

“Don’t you worry,” she smiled. “I was trying to scare you. He is on a business trip and won’t be back until tomorrow.” She waited for Eddie to calm down a little. “You shouldn’t be scared of him anyway. He wouldn’t mind even if he caught us doing the nasty on this kitchen table. I’m nothing but a worthless maid to him. He doesn’t even let me touch his penis any more, you know. It’s been years since...”

Dasha’s face didn’t change at all, but Eddie could sense a tinge of sadness in her voice.

“But Stephanie is a different story altogether. She means the world to him. If he knew that you did something nasty to his little angel...”

Eddie’s face got paler. He opened his mouth to say something, but he couldn’t think of anything. Dasha walked towards him and put her hand on the boy’s crotch.

“I know for sure that she has been performing fellatio on you, right?”

Eddie hesitated, but eventually nodded yes.

Dasha tilted her head and looked into the boy’s eyes. “But that isn’t all, is it? You deflowered her...”

Eddie took a deep breath. There was no denying it now. The mother seemed to be able to read his mind. He decided to man up and own it.

“Yes,” he said, and grabbed the woman by her wrists. “I deflowered her in every way possible. She belongs to me. She is practically my sex slave.”

Dasha’s eyes widened. Her sudden surprise and the subsequent loss of control gave Eddie a boost of confidence. He bent the woman’s arms behind her back and held her wrists together in one fist. With his free hand he grabbed the woman’s chin and raised it a little.

“I love her. And one day, I’ll buy her. I don’t care what you think about it, Ms. Prancer. Dasha looked into his eyes to see if he meant what he said, and then pressed her well-adorned chest to his.

“Please... Call me Dasha.”

Mastery - 48

The next day started as usual. Eddie met Stephanie at the gate of her building. They walked two blocks to the bus stop. However, Eddie didn't pull Stephanie into the alley this time.

"Won't you rape me today?" asked the surprised girl, timidly.

"No. I mean, not right now. Maybe on the way back."

"Oh? Okay," replied the girl. She was actually relieved. Her mother's words from the previous evening were still bouncing around in her head.

"Mom said you came to talk to her yesterday."

"Yes. We had an interesting talk, your mother and I. She knows all about us."

"What?" Stephanie's eyes widened with horror. "Everything? Eddie, what did you tell her?"

"Relax, sweetheart. She's okay with it. I mean, with our relationship. And she won't tell your father anything about this. Don't you worry".

Stephanie started to cry. It was her worst nightmare. Eddie held her tightly and wiped her tears. Normally, tears on pretty girls' eyes turned him on and made his cock hard, but at this very moment, all he wanted was console the sobbing blonde beauty in his arms.

The rest of the day was eventless. Stephanie didn't get any text ordering her to a secluded spot the entire day. Eddie didn't use her on the bus home either, and he bypassed the alley again on their walk back.

He turned and gave her a little peck on the cheek when they arrived at Stephanie's. Stephanie smiled. "I'll leave the window unlocked. My father won't be home tonight. If you want to sneak in later, I..."

Eddie silenced her by putting his finger on her lips and grinned. "We'll see. If I want to use you, I'll come and use you. Or not. You'll always be ready to serve me, no matter what."

"Yes, of course. Whatever pleases you Eddie," replied the girl. "I'm yours to use."

Stephanie went in and quickly ran up the stairs. She didn't want to face her mother after yesterday's disaster. Luckily, the woman was in the shower, so Stephanie had ample time to grab a sandwich and lock herself in her room.

She took a bit bite from her sandwich and looked out of her window to check on Eddie. His light was switched on, but it was impossible to see inside. She sat on the bed and kept watching the building, in case Eddie decided to open his curtains. He didn't. After a while the light was switched off again.

A couple times, when her father wasn't home, Eddie sneaked in her room, tied her up, and raped her. The last time he did, her mother was in the house, sleeping a couple rooms over from them. It was one of the most powerful orgasms Stephanie had. The danger of getting caught was a potent aphrodisiac.

Stephanie didn't know if Eddie would come that night. For some reason, he was reluctant to touch her all day. The sudden revelation of their secret relationship must have been in his mind too, Stephanie guessed. Regardless, she decided to get ready for him. She took a shower, tidied up in her room and put on some sexy, easily removable clothing. She unlocked the corridor window right outside of her door, laid down on the bed, and waited. Hours passed. Her eyelids got heavier and heavier. She tried to resist the sweet call of slumber as long as she could, but it was a battle she couldn't win. Soon she was sound asleep.



Only a few minutes after Stephanie dozed off, the window slowly opened and a young man in a black hoodie stepped into the corridor. The house was completely dark. Walking on his tiptoes he reached for the door knob and deftly slid inside. He waited for a few seconds until his eyes got used to the darkness. He slowly approached the beautiful silhouette spread on the bed and took a good look from head to toe. She was really beautiful. He pulled a pair of handcuffs and a roll of duct tape from his pocket.

Eddie couldn't wait for another second. He took a deep breath and jumped on her. Her eyes opened with surprise and panic. He quickly shoved a piece of cloth between her lips in order to stifle the scream about the escape her mouth. Once the cloth was all in, he sealed her mouth with duct tape. He then lifted her, turned her over and handcuffed her wrists behind her back. He sat down on the small of her back again to pin her securely on the bed.

Once she was fully under his control, he leaned into her ear and whispered with an authoritative voice:

"There is no point in resisting, whore. I'm going to violate you for hours tonight." He paused and waited for her to catch her breath. "I'll start with your asshole. If you be a good whore, I may switch to your pussy sooner. Do you understand?"

She remained frozen for a few moments, and then nodded.

"Good whore!"

Eddie put his left hand on her neck and pressed her head into the pillow. Then he moved further back and sat on the back of her knees.

"Look at this slutty nightie you are wearing. And I see you cleaned up for me too. How nice."

He put his left hand on the back of her thigh, and slowly rolled her nightie to her waist. He admired the shapely round bottom for a few seconds and grabbed one of her ass-cheeks.

"These belong to me now, do you understand?"

She moaned behind her gag and nodded again.

Eddie let her neck go and took his hardened penis out. He then grabbed her ass on either side and raised it, parted her ass-cheeks and put the tip of his cock against her anal opening.

"I saved it all day just for this. I'll start by tearing your butt apart and ruin all your holes one by one." Having said that he violently pushed his hardened rod in her ass, forcing a muffled groan out of her mouth.

He started to thrust his hips slowly but steadily. The swollen organ broke her feeble resistance and pushed through tight female flesh, tearing and stretching it further with every merciless plunge. Her hole was constricting and relaxing around the hardened organ. It felt like something between violent resistance and a loving embrace.

Eddie pressed his body onto her and started to pound harder. With one hand he grabbed a fistful of blond hair and gripped her neck with the other. He started to squeeze both as he accelerated and intensified his thrusts. Her muffled groans were getting louder with every impact of Eddie's crotch.

“Be quiet!” whispered Eddie, and tightened his grip around her neck. “You don’t want to be caught mid-sodomy, do you?”

She tried to suppress her moans by biting on the cloth shoved inside her mouth. The groans eventually subsided. She managed to remain silent even when he gave her an eye-rolling anal orgasm a few minutes later.

Having felt her getting an early climax, Eddie grinned and quickly switched to her pussy. “If you like that, I’m sure you love this one,” he whispered as he slowly inserted his rod into her wet slit. Her juices squirted out as his rod tore through her vaginal muscles. He chuckled at the squishing sound it made. “Wow! I’m glad I made you wait all day. You certainly needed this badly, eh?”

She moaned and nodded. Eddie grabbed her hair and pulled her upper buddy up in order to shove his entire length in her eager fuckhole. Then he grabbed her by the arms and started to pound her aggressively. It took only a few minutes to bring her to the verge of another orgasm. He enjoyed her struggle to stay on the edge as long as possible. Of course, he wasn’t going to let her feel in control in any way. He started to shove deep and hard with a violent pace until he broke her will and force a powerful, long lasting, multiple orgasm. Then he grabbed her by the hair and shoved her face into the pillow once again to silence her intensified moans.

As she tried to cope with the lingering waves of pleasure that kept shaking her restrained limbs, Eddie lied on top of her and rested for a while. Her slender body immediately surrendered under his weight and remained motionless. His push forced the last moans and whimpers out of her lungs.

“This is a good start, but we definitely aren’t done yet,” whispered Eddie into her ear. She moaned. “I will now fuck your tits and throat, and finally finish in your mouth. And you will swallow it all like a good whore, do you understand?”

She nodded yes.

“Good girl,” whispered Eddie and sat back up. She let out a whimper of relief once he released her. He lifted her once more and turned her bound body around, dropping her on her back this time. He reached down and grabbed her big tits that were barely covered by a thin fabric. He tore the flimsy nightie off and admired her naked chest for a few seconds.

“Must use every part of a female,” he said with a grin, as he played with the huge jugs that was spread on her chest like squishy water balloons. He wiped the drool that was flowing down her gagged mouth and slathered her chest with it. Once lubrication was done, he moved forward and laid his rod in between her fleshy mounds, then pushed them from either side to envelop his cock in a tender embrace.

He slowly started to fuck this improvised chest pussy. The change of pace and texture was quite pleasing. He enjoyed the ride for a long while. Of course, she wasn’t getting much pleasure this way, but Eddie didn’t care at all.

After a while he decided to proceed to the final phase of the rape. Without stopping fucking her tits, he leaned forward and looked into her beautiful blue eyes.

“It is almost feeding time, whore. Are you ready to receive your reward?”

She looked up and nodded yes.

“I will remove your gag. You’ll be a good whore and won’t make any noise.”

She nodded again.

Eddie smiled and grabbed the side of the duct tape sealing her mouth. He roughly pulled it off. She squinted with pain, but managed to remain silent. Eddie then removed the cloth inside her mouth and immediately replaced it with his big member. With his cock still in her mouth, he grabbed her head and carefully got out of the bed. He re-positioned her head at the side of the bed and started to fuck her throat as if it was just another vagina. She choked a bit at first but managed to adjust to the angle. He was able to plunge harder and deeper in this position.

Eddie took his time fucking her neck. He accelerated, decelerated, alternated between bigger, deeper thrusts and shallow soft ones. He often paused for a few seconds to let her catch her breath and swallow the drool. He stopped and started, changed rhythm, changed angles. He fucked her face for almost half an hour. Eventually, her talented lips and devilish tongue was too much even for him. He let himself go and passed the point of no return.

The spunk that he has been saving the entire day rushed through his shaft and gushed out with violent speed. Even though she could tell it was coming, she was definitely surprised by the amount of jizz flowed into her mouth. She managed to swallow some, but it was hard to do in that position, lying on her back with her head dangling down the side of the bed. Soon most of his cum leaked out and slathered around her beautiful face.

Eddie grabbed her head tightly with both hands and pressed his cock deep inside as the last few loads evacuated into her mouth. She struggled a bit but managed to adjust again by holding her breath. Finally, he fiercely pulled back and let her go. She coughed and few more strings of his jizz escaped her mouth before she could retighten her lips. There was a little puddle of cum forming on the floor.

Eddie stood up and towered over his exhausted victim on the bed. “Tsk Tsk! You wasted a lot, didn’t you?” He crouched next to her and grabbed her by her long blonde hair once again.

“What a rookie mistake. And I thought you had fifteen years of experience in this, Dasha?”

The woman looked up with pleading eyes. “I’m very sorry. To be honest, I was never faceraped in this position before. It was a bit disorienting.” She paused and looked at the puddle of cum next to the bed. “Would you please let me lick it off the floor? Please, I can make it right.”

Eddie grinned and pulled the woman off the bed. He dragged her down, forced her on her knees, and pushed her nose into the puddle as if she was a naughty dog.

“Very well. Lap it up!”



Dasha was more than happy to comply. With Eddie's foot pressing on her head, she slurped most of the jizz at the beginning and then started to greedily lick the remainder until all was gone. When he was satisfied, Eddie removed his foot and released the woman. She sat back on her heels and gratefully smiled to the young boy.

“Thank you. I thought you didn’t get the hint. I’m so glad that you...”

“What hint?” asked Eddie with a slight grin on his face. He pushed the woman back and pressed the back of her head on the bed. Then he grabbed her neck and squeezed until she let out a desperate whimper.

“I don’t give a fuck about your hints, Dasha. I liked what I saw last night, and I came to take it. From now on, you are mine, just like your daughter. You are my plaything. My fucktoy. Get used to it.”

Dasha’s eyes broadened a little with fear. But Eddie could almost see the excitement hidden behind it. “Do you understand your new status, whore?”

She remained motionless for a few seconds, and then nodded yes.

“Now thank me for the rape, and beg me for another one.” He loosened his grip around the woman’s neck a little.

Dasha coughed and inhaled. “Thank you for raping me, Eddie. Would you please violate me again?”

Eddie smiled, let her hair go and uncuffed her wrists.

“Maybe later, whore. Now I’m in the mood for younger pussy. I’ll go and violate your little daughter in the other room for the rest of the night.” He stood up and gave the stunned woman a last look before he opened the door.

“You are free to listen to her moans and pleads if you like. She makes the sexiest, cutest sounds while being plowed in her young fuckholes.”

Mastery - 49

Dasha sat defeatedly where Eddie left her, well-raped and exhausted. The boy who ruthlessly violated all three of her holes a minute ago was now about to do the same to her little daughter. He must be in her room already. She held her breath and listened.

For a few seconds she heard nothing. Then a faint, soft whimper. A couple slaps on a pretty face, some more smacks on perky young tits and ass-cheeks. Followed by the unmistakable sound of squeaking bed springs, and an unending succession of stifled moans. Dasha wiped the remaining cum off her chin and climbed on her bed. Stephanie's moans were getting more and more frequent and intense. It was impossible to tune them out. Dasha could easily imagine her young daughter as if she was there, bound and gagged, taking a merciless pounding in her tight young holes. Eddie certainly wasn't trying to keep her quiet at all. Dasha was pretty sure that he left both room doors open so she could hear every single sound her daughter made.

She laid down on her back and stared straight up. Eddie was right. Stephanie's moans were indeed very sexy and extremely stimulating. She closed her eyes and pressed her thighs together. She felt a new wave of desire emanating from her crotch. She reached down and put her fingers between her pussy lips. She was about to start rubbing, but immediately hit by a strong jolt of guilt. How could she masturbate to the sound of her daughter getting assraped?

Overcome by a feeling of shame, she pulled her hand back up and sat up on the bed. Maybe if she took another shower? A very long one. Perhaps Eddie would be done and gone by the time she came out. She stood up and walked out of her room as quietly as possible. Out in the corridor, Stephanie's moans of pleasure were even more captivating. She froze at the door, unable to move or think. Then, as if they no longer obeyed her brain's commands, her legs started to move towards her daughter's room. She approached the door on her tiptoes. As she guessed, the door was left halfway open, letting Stephanie's subdued squeals reach her mother's reluctant ears. She leaned and peeked inside.

Eddie was lying on her back comfortably, forcing the young teen to ride his cock like a sexy little cowgirl. The cuffs that restrained Dasha a few minutes ago was now keeping the young girl's elbows together at her back. It looked painful with the metal rings biting into her young flesh, pulling her shoulders back with their merciless grip. With her back arched and chest thrust forwards, Stephanie's big tits looked even more amazing in this position. They were bouncing around with her every move, as if they were filled with warm jelly. Their mesmerizing movement enthralled Dasha for a very long moment. She obviously inherited them from her mother, just like Dasha inherited them from hers. They were coming from a long line of tall busty bimbos. Her impressive genetic legacy was the very reason her husband chose her as a breeder in the first place.



Eddie seemed to enjoy his relatively passive position, letting his pretty victim do all the hard work. Dasha assumed that he was rather tired from brutally violating her just minutes ago. His cock was still hard as rock, looked impressive and strong. She couldn't help but lick her lips as she watched the young stud's steely rod stretching her daughter's young pussy.

A few minutes later, Dasha realized that she misjudged the energy the boy had. Unsatisfied with Stephanie's pace, Eddie sat on the bed and grabbed the girl by her butt. Then he stood up with the blonde in his arms, slammed her body against the wall and started to fuck her with renewed vigor. Once his cock began to pummel her fuckhole without mercy, Stephanie gasped and bit her lip in order not to scream with ecstasy.

"Oh, thank you, master," she moaned as Eddie carried her to her first orgasm of the night. Dasha shuddered the moment her daughter called Eddie "master." The sights and the sounds were too much for the woman now. She was in heat like a desperate whore. She looked down and realized that she had been frenziedly rubbing her clit all that time.

The paralyzing shame she felt earlier returned, but this time her hands didn't stop. She was no longer in full control of her body. First her legs disobeyed her and brought her here, and now her hands refused to stop masturbating to the sight of her daughter being pounded by his boyfriend. Dasha decided to give in to this animalistic instinct. She continued to rub and finger herself as Eddie continued to plow her daughter a few meters away. She watched him put her daughter in different shameful, painful positions one after another and take advantage of her youthful body without mercy. As he pounded the little slut to her third or fourth climax, Dasha managed to give one to herself.

The pleasure she derived from it was as powerful as the shame accompanied it. She silently straightened up and peeked inside the room again. Eddie was now holding Stephanie high in his arms, one hand grabbing her left ass-cheek and the other pressing her onto his chest. He was using the poor thing like a fucktoy, moving her up and down his hard cock. Stephanie's head was resting on his shoulder, her eyes were closed and body was limp like a ragdoll. If she didn't moan with every plunge of Eddie's cock into her reddened, well-fucked pussy, Dasha could swear that she was unconscious.

To her terror, her eyes suddenly met with Eddie's. The boy was looking at her directly, with a devilish grin at the corner of his lips. Without breaking eye contact, he turned towards the woman and gave her a better view of the action. Dasha froze at the door. She wanted to run away, but her body seemed to be still on autopilot. She was mesmerized by Eddie's cock tirelessly punishing her daughter's pussy.

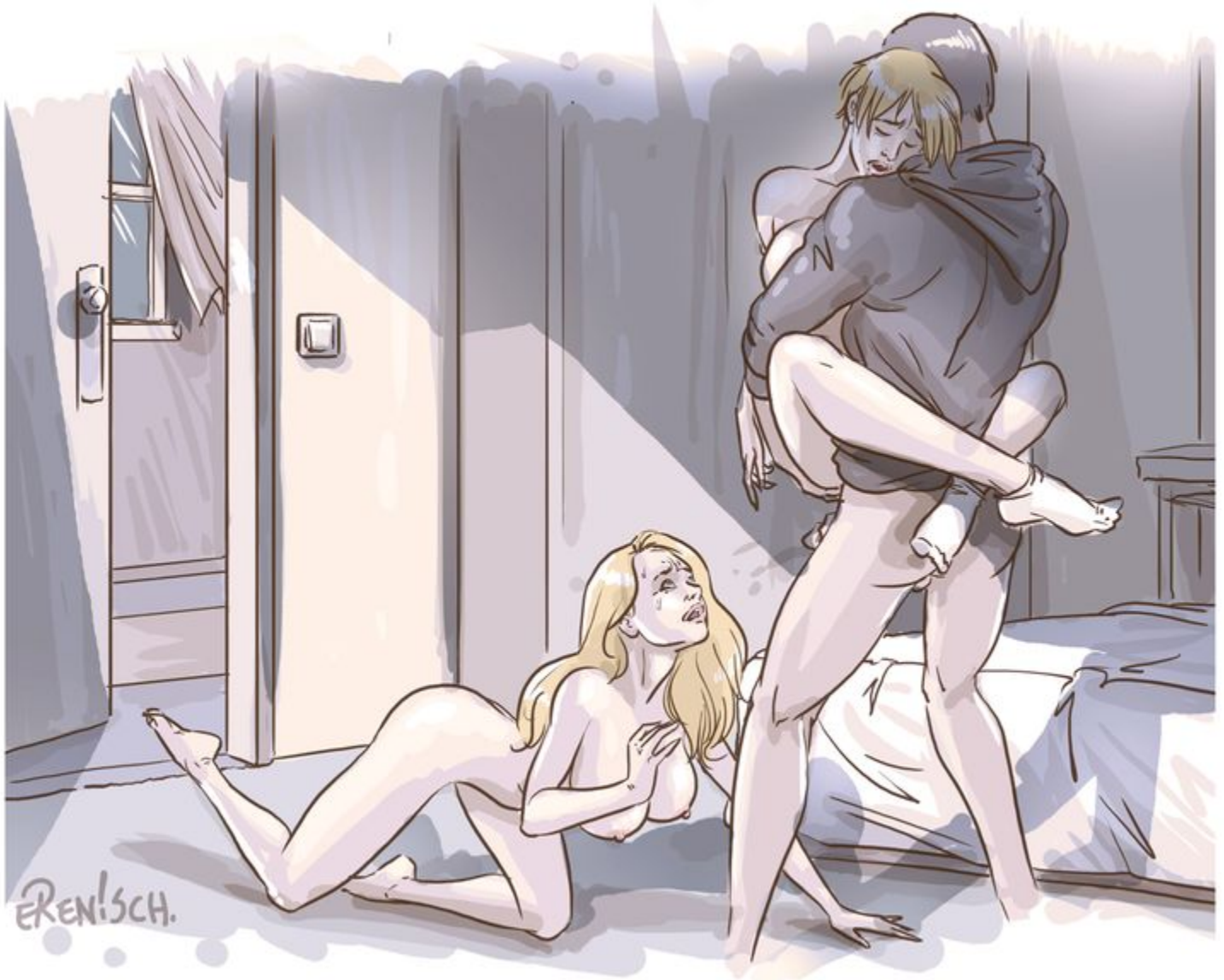
Soon, Stephanie came once more, and after this time, she remained totally motionless. Did Eddie really put the girl to sleep with his cock? It was hard to tell. Eddie continued to fuck the girl even after she went limp on his shoulder. Dasha realized that he was close too.

He looked at her and gestured her to approach. Dasha's eyes broadened with horror. He couldn't be serious. But he was. He repeated the signal, this time accompanied with a threatening frown. Dasha hesitated for a moment and weighed her options.

Eventually she decided to give in to the hunger she seemed to be unable to satisfy. She got on her hands and knees and silently crawled towards the couple. She stopped right below her daughter's pussy, which was still under Eddie's merciless assault.

Eddie suddenly stopped and took his pulsating cock out of the young teen's pussy, leaving a gaping, swollen hole in its wake. Stephanie let out one final whimper, but she seemed to lack the energy to raise her head. Eddie secured his victim by pressing her harder onto his chest and continued to stroke his cock. He was about to explode.

Dasha clearly understood what she was expected to do. She immediately lunged forward and took Eddie's cock in her mouth. The organ felt even bigger this time. Furthermore, it was covered with her daughter's sweet pussy juices. A number of strange, conflicting feelings chased each other in her confused mind. Eventually pure lust and insatiable craving for sperm won and drove the shame and self-disgust out of her head. She started to suck the boy's throbbing cock until it emptied load after load down her gullet.



With a subtle head nod, Eddie gave her permission to swallow. She obeyed and hastily crawled out of the room without making a sound. The boy waited for her to leave then laid the semi-conscious blonde in her bed. He untied her

hands and covered her with a blanket. When he finally left the room, Dasha was gone. He smiled to himself and climbed out of the window. That was a fun night.

Mastery - 50

Dasha welcomed her husband at the door as she always did.

“Welcome home, Kenneth. How was your trip?”

“It was fine, considering. You know I don’t like Randyville at all. A shithole full of uncivilized swine.”

“Yes, I know.”

Dasha smiled and knelt down to remove his shoes and give him his house slippers.

“How is Pumpkin?”

She couldn’t decide what to say for a long moment. She kept her eyes on the floor, pretending to order the shoe cabinet. “Oh, she is fine,” she said, after a long pause.

While Kenneth walked towards the living room, Dasha ran to the kitchen to grab a cold beer for him.

“Thank you,” said Kenneth as he picked the beer from her hands.

Dasha smiled and knelt in front of his armchair.

“Would you like anything else? Something to eat? A foot massage? A nice long blowjob?”

Kenneth took a sip from the beer and waved his hand. “No, thanks. Sally and I grabbed a bite at the station. She sucked me on the taxi.”

“Yes, of course,” said Dasha. She was visibly frustrated. “I didn’t know you took Sally with you. Wasn’t this a business thing?”

“Yes, it was. But they let you bring a female for personal relaxation. You can’t possibly listen to boring accountant-types talk all day without a woman sucking on your thing, you know.”

Dasha bitterly smiled. Entertaining businessmen during their meetings was her job, after all.

“Oh, I was under the impression that Sally was a decorator. Is she qualified as a secretary?”

“Not really, I just love her blowjobs. She is a natural, and she knows exactly what I like.”

“Of course. Just let me know if you get another erection, okay? I’ll be happy to...”

“Ah I almost forgot!” exclaimed the man and leaned in to put his hand on the woman’s cheek. “You lost your job yesterday. So sorry, sweetheart. How are you holding up?”

Dasha smiled and pressed her cheek onto the man’s caring hand. During their marriage of two decades, he fucked her only three times, only in order to impregnate her. The total number of their sexual interactions was no more than a dozen, perhaps. Kenneth was a rare thing. He was a monogamous man, and he loved his college sweetheart Sally, not his fake wife he found on the breeding registry. He wasn’t definitely interested in her sexually, but he was a loving man nonetheless. Dasha loved him for that, even though she knew well that her affections could never be fully reciprocated.

“I’m fine now,” she replied with a bitter smile. “I think it will be a good thing, actually. Sometimes I feel like I’m not doing my chores here as well as I could.”

“Nonsense,” said Kenneth. “You are the perfect maid. The house is always ordered and spotless.”

“Thank you. But I know I can do better, dear.”

Kenneth caressed her cheek with his thumb and leaned back. “Where is pumpkin, by the way? Is she still at school?”

“No, she went to this girl Ashley’s house today. I think they’ll have another sleepover.”

* * *

“Do you really like Ashley?” asked Stephanie. She was thinking of asking this question for a long while now. Eddie turned to the blonde and smiled.

“I like fucking her. She has a beautiful body and very tight holes.”

Stephanie playfully made an angry face. “You know what I mean. I’m kinda jealous of her. Just a tiny bit.” She paused. “I know I shouldn’t. I feel your love... all the time. But sometimes I’m scared of losing all this. Our love. This thing we have.”

“You don’t need to worry about that, baby,” replied Eddie. “Other pussies are just that. Pussies. But you are much more than that”

“Gee!” exclaimed Stephanie. “I’m much more than a pussy? Yay!”

Eddie chuckled. “Yes, you have these too.” He rolled onto the naked girl lying bound on the soft grass, and grabbed her big tits with both hands. Eagerdoll stopped licking her clit when her master climbed on top of Stephanie.

“Did she make you wet enough for another round?” asked Eddie. Stephanie nodded yes. “But, I’m a bit sore from last night. Could you go easy this time?”

“We’ll see about that”, grinned Eddie and slowly penetrated the blonde. As his rod entered her welcoming hole, her eyebrows lifted, her eyelids lowered and lips parted, all in the sexiest way possible. Eddie decided that it was the best thing

about the girl he loved, the way her face changed the moment he took possession of her youthful body. Her beauty drove him crazy every single time.



He started to move his hips and thrust into her gently, almost like massaging her. When Eagerdoll immediately took her place behind him to perform a rim job, Eddie slapped her away. He wanted to make this one private. It was ironic, considering the fact that they were lying in the middle of a public park.

The redhead immediately backed off and crawled towards the tree. She sat on her heels as usual and closed her eyes. As the morning sun warmed her pretty face, a little, genuine smile formed on her face. It was a peaceful moment. She definitely needed it.

Stephanie's moans began to get louder as Eddie increased his speed. Eagerdoll liked the blonde's sex sounds. They were as pleasant and adorable as her charming face. At this particularly serene moment, Stephanie's undulating hum of pleasure sounded like music to the slavegirl's ears.

The music slightly changed in a minute. She opened her eyes and looked at the two lovers a couple meters away. Eddie was now sitting on the grass, moving Stephanie along his cock like a sex toy. The girl looked like she was having the best time of her life. It seemed like she was having continuous, mind-breaking orgasms.

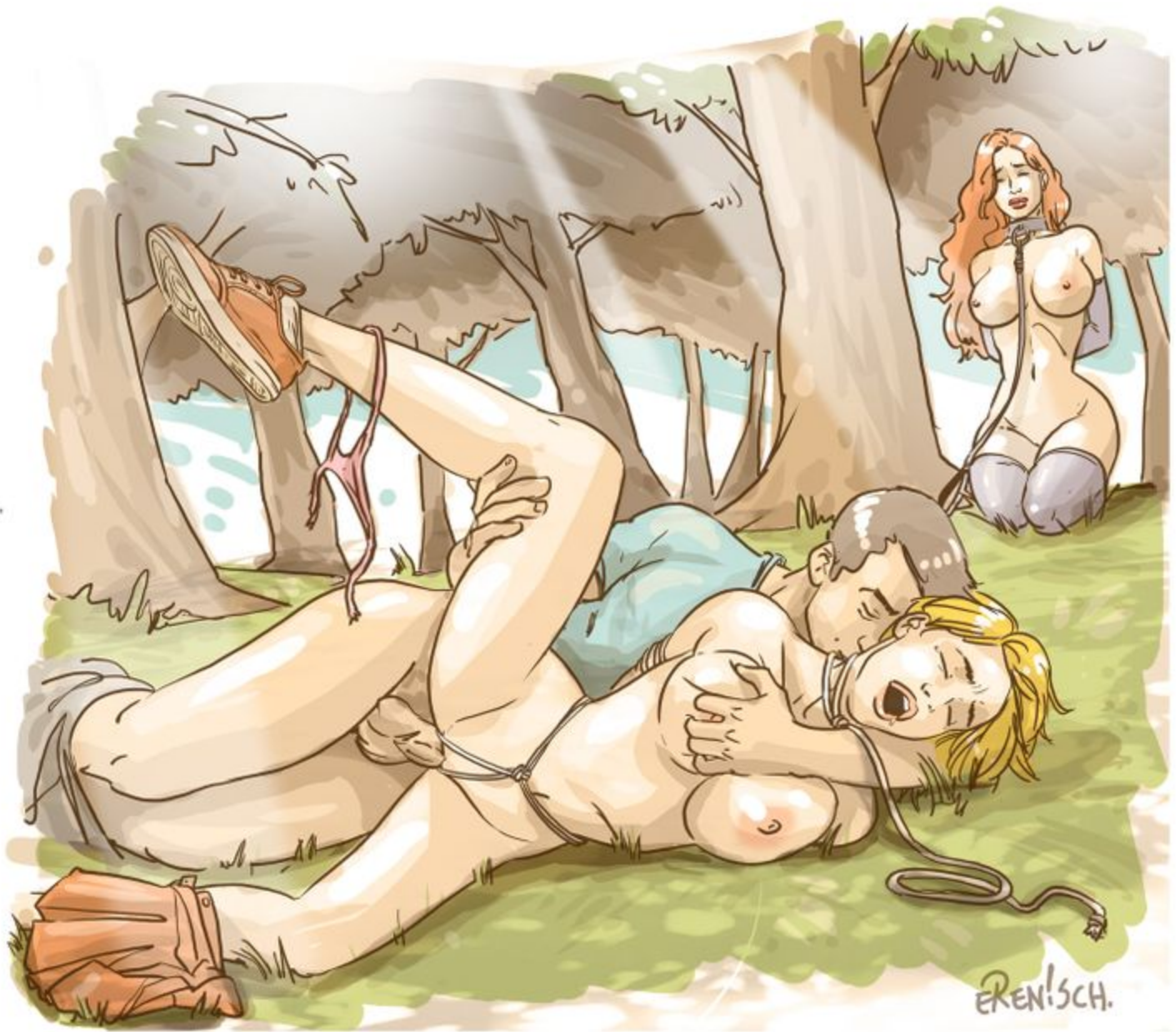
At that very moment, Eagerdoll wanted to be in her place, on her master's cock, feeling that pleasure. She wasn't really jealous of the girl, or felt any particularly stronger affection for Eddie. She just wanted to experience the moment Stephanie seemed to be suspended in. Surrendering freely to someone you love. Unfortunately, that was something Eagerdoll could never feel. That chance was forever gone the moment she was enslaved and put through training at Girlmart.

Before that horrible point in time, she was like Stephanie. Carefree, optimistic, full of hope. She never imagined how her life would change. Even after her registration she was able to maintain a positive outlook, a glimmer of hope that she would end up in service of an agreeable man. But the slave trainers at Girlmart were extremely efficient in destroying that faint optimism. They tortured and raped the remnants of hope out of the naïve young girl. They broke her fully, until she full-heartedly accepted that she was nothing but worthless fuckmeat. Then they broke her even more. There was no end to their cruelty, no limit to the humiliation they inflicted on her.

And even after her proper training was completed and she was put to service at the shop, she continued to suffer unthinkable indignities at the hands of the customers. When Eddie finally bought her, she was already the perfect slave. She had no misconceptions about her future. She didn't doubt her worthlessness. The only reason for her existence, her only function in life was giving men pleasure, nothing else. Any time spent not serving a cock or entertaining men with her suffering was time wasted.

But lately, seeing Eddie and Stephanie together was reminding her of her past as a free girl. It gave her painful thoughts of what could have been. What if she weren't enslaved by a big corporation? What if she met a good man who'd love her and fuck her like this.

The two young lovers were spooning now. Eddie was keeping Stephanie's right leg in the air as he ruthlessly fucked her in the ass. The expression on Stephanie's pretty face was constantly changing back and forth between pain and pleasure. A while ago, in the beginning of this relationship, the blonde wasn't very enthusiastic about anal penetration, as one would guess. Since then she appreciated it more and more, and Eagerdoll was sure that the girl was now having powerful anal orgasms whenever her master sodomized her.



As she watched Eddie rhythmically thrust into the blonde sex kitten, Eagerdoll's thoughts went back to her free days once more. She tried to remember her life, her friends, the boys he liked. It was less than half a year ago, but her memories were so faint and blurry. It felt like somebody else's life that she somehow witnessed from afar. She couldn't make sense of the choices she made back then. That free girl was a stranger, a completely different person with different priorities, goals, likes and dislikes. She realized that her trainers didn't just train and break her, they practically rewired her brain, screwed up her emotions, changed her entirely as a person. Was she the girl who was raised by her family until she turned 18, or was she the sex toy they built in a dark dungeon within a couple months? Grudgingly, she accepted that she was the latter, mostly. That 18 year-old idiot was no longer gone. She couldn't have survived the physical and mental agony she was put through.

If only she made different choices. Would it make a difference? Would it change the path that led her to slavery? She doubted it. Unlike her naïve former self, Eagerdoll was now a staunch realist. For an attractive girl, there was no escape from this fate. She was destined to serve cocks.

Much like the blonde teen moaning with pleasure a couple meters away. Eagerdoll knew with absolute certainty that her master was going to make Stephanie his slave one day. One way or another.

What she didn't know was what would happen to her, the old, boring, broken toy, when that day comes?

Mastery - 51

Eagerdoll closed her eyes and turned her head towards the sun. It was another lazy Saturday at the park, and it was approaching noon. The park was slowly filling up with people and their slaves. The fiery ball in the sky was now higher and warmer, and it felt good on the beautiful redhead's face.

She was able to relax under her tree for a while as Eddie gave his girlfriend another orgasm and she reciprocated by sucking his cock. The slavegirl continued to daydream as the exhausted couple laid there resting in each other's arms for a long time.

Through experience, Eagerdoll knew well that Eddie wouldn't be satisfied with just one round with his girlfriend. In a few minutes, as she expected, his cock started to fill up with blood again. It was hard to remain indifferent to the gorgeous tied-up blonde in his arms. He sat up and picked the girl up. Stephanie moaned with desire. The blonde was the perfect girlfriend, Eagerdoll thought. Always ready and happy to serve her master.

Eddie raised on his knees, pressed Stephanie to his chest and inserted his now fully-erect member in her swollen pussy. Stephanie let out a grateful moan and threw her head back. A long, melodious groan followed as Eddie slowly slid her down and inserted his entire length in her welcoming fuckhole.

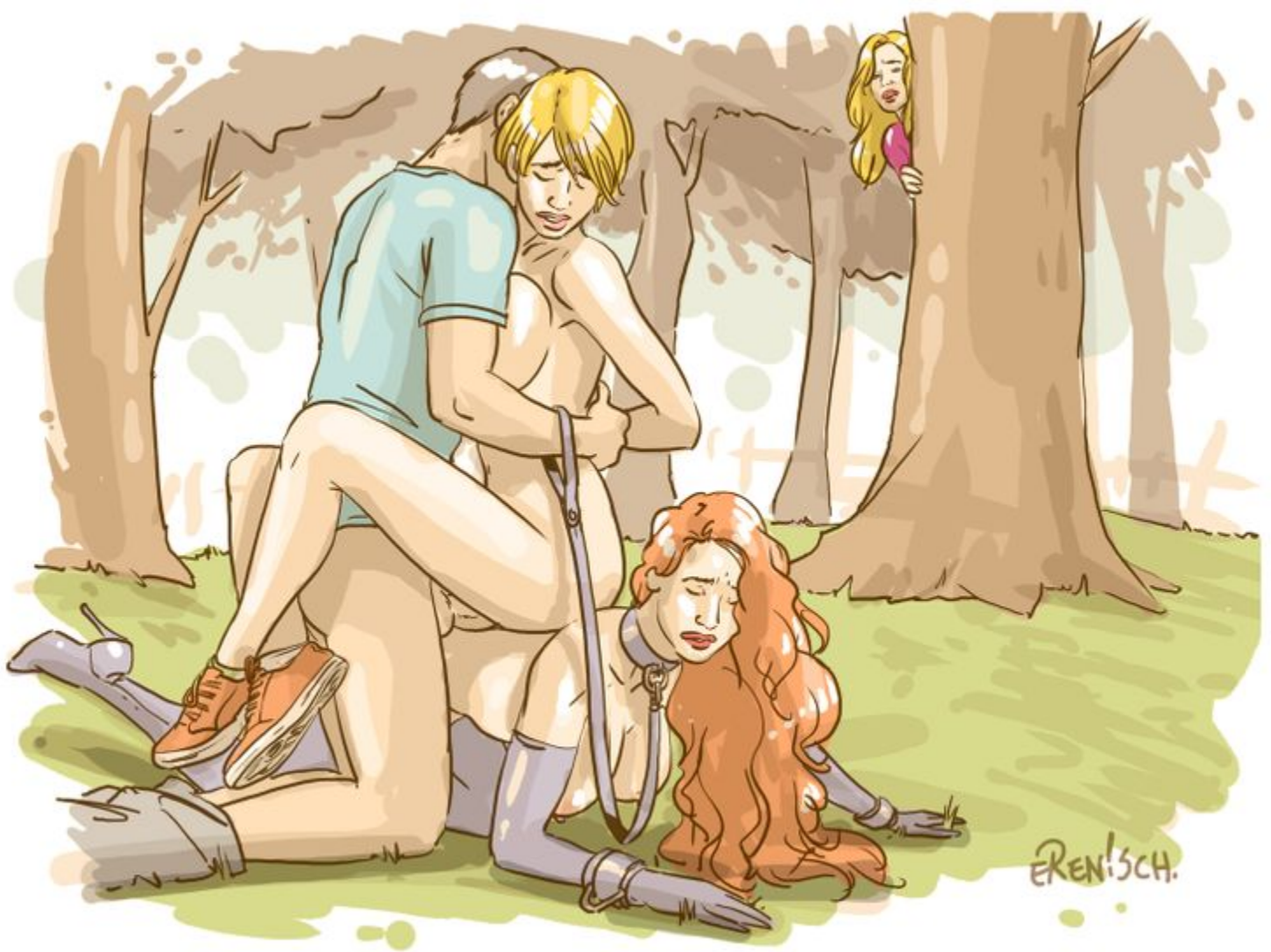
As he started to fuck the blonde slowly, the boy turned to Eagerdoll and called her over. The slave immediately fell on all fours and hurried towards the couple. When she arrived, Eddie sat Stephanie on her back and continued to fuck her in full speed. Eagerdoll sighed silently with frustration. Her disappointment surprised the slavegirl herself. She expected to serve sexually, but instead she was going to be used as a fuck-bench for the two lovebirds.

Thankfully, the blonde was slender and light, but Eddie's powerful thrusts were putting a lot of pressure on the slavegirl's back. She tried to stay in position and provide enough resistance so the two could enjoy themselves.

Unlike the struggling slavegirl, Eddie was having a very good time. Saturday mornings at the park is his favorite time of the week. He had his two stunning fucktoys with him, ready and willing to serve his cock in whatever way he wanted. They always hanged out at their favorite spot, behind the bench and under the big maple tree, until they got hungry. They would go to the café nearby where he and Stephanie had some sandwiches, and he would walk her home. But sometimes their park orgies took even longer than that. They often brought a picnic basket with them to have a few snacks for lunch and continue fucking in the afternoon. He liked to take his time, use the girls one by one and together, resting in between until they are all sore and exhausted. Sometimes Ashley joined them too. Of course, he had to leave Eagerdoll at home and put a full hood on Stephanie when Ashley was invited for a session.

This Saturday started as another rape at the park as usual, but it got particularly interesting when Eddie noticed something strange after a while. As he fucked Stephanie on Eagerdoll's strained back, he heard a rustling behind the maple tree a few meters away. At first, he was concerned assuming Ashley paid them an unannounced visit and found out their secret, but his worries turned to excitement when he recognized Dasha's figure sneaking behind the tree.

The realization that Stephanie's mother was secretly watching them fuck, gave an extra boost to Eddie's balls. "She must have followed us from home," he thought. "This means she has been watching us for at least two hours." A slight grin spread around his face, but he managed to suppress it. He didn't want to scare the woman and force her to flee. He wanted her to watch it to the end.



On the other side of the maple's thick trunk, Dasha's loins were burning with an unnaturally strong desire. She didn't understand why she was lusting after her daughter's boyfriend like this. It was just a teenager. He was a fine, good-looking boy, sure, but not a particularly attractive one. Normally, she'd dismiss him as an above-average young man and wouldn't give him a second thought. But something was making him irresistible to her.

Was it the way Stephanie looked at him? Her beautiful daughter was certainly under his thrall for some incomprehensible reason. She was a good, smart, well-educated girl, yet this boy commanded her every move, every thought. How did that happen? What was his secret? That simple question lied at the core of her unlikely fascination with the boy. It was a strange mystery Dasha wanted to solve. Perhaps if she could understand it, she would be free of this troubling infatuation.

Earlier this morning, she was lying fully awake next to her sleeping husband, trying to suppress the urge to wake him up by sucking his cock. Just when she was about to go for it, she heard Stephanie tiptoeing past her room. It was clear where the little sneaky mouse was going. With the memory of Eddie raping her in her own bedroom fresh in her mind, Dasha decided to get up and follow her daughter. She wanted to see with her own eyes what the lovebirds did all day.

She quickly put on something and ran out after Stephanie. She managed to catch them in her sight as they turned the corner. The boy was with his petgirl this time. It was the first time Dasha saw the slave without her hood on. The girl looked very attractive with her long wavy red hair swaying in the morning breeze. Her youth and beauty immediately made Dasha feel old and inadequate.

She followed the three to the park. They walked past people playing with their petgirls and raping their slaves, and eventually sat on a bench in the middle of the park. Dasha quickly hopped into the woods and silently made her way towards them, finally finding a good hiding spot behind a big tree.

At first Eddie and Stephanie sat on the bench and chat as the slavegirl served them orally one by one. After a while, Eddie suddenly grabbed her daughter by her hair and dragged her behind the bench. He slapped and spanked her, callously tied her up with a rough-looking rope, and started to brutally rape her right there on the grass. A flood of conflicting emotions overwhelmed Dasha as she witnessed this ruthless manhandling and abuse of her beloved little daughter. She was appalled and infuriated, but she was unbelievably turned on at the same time. It was a baffling contradiction, one drove Dasha mad.

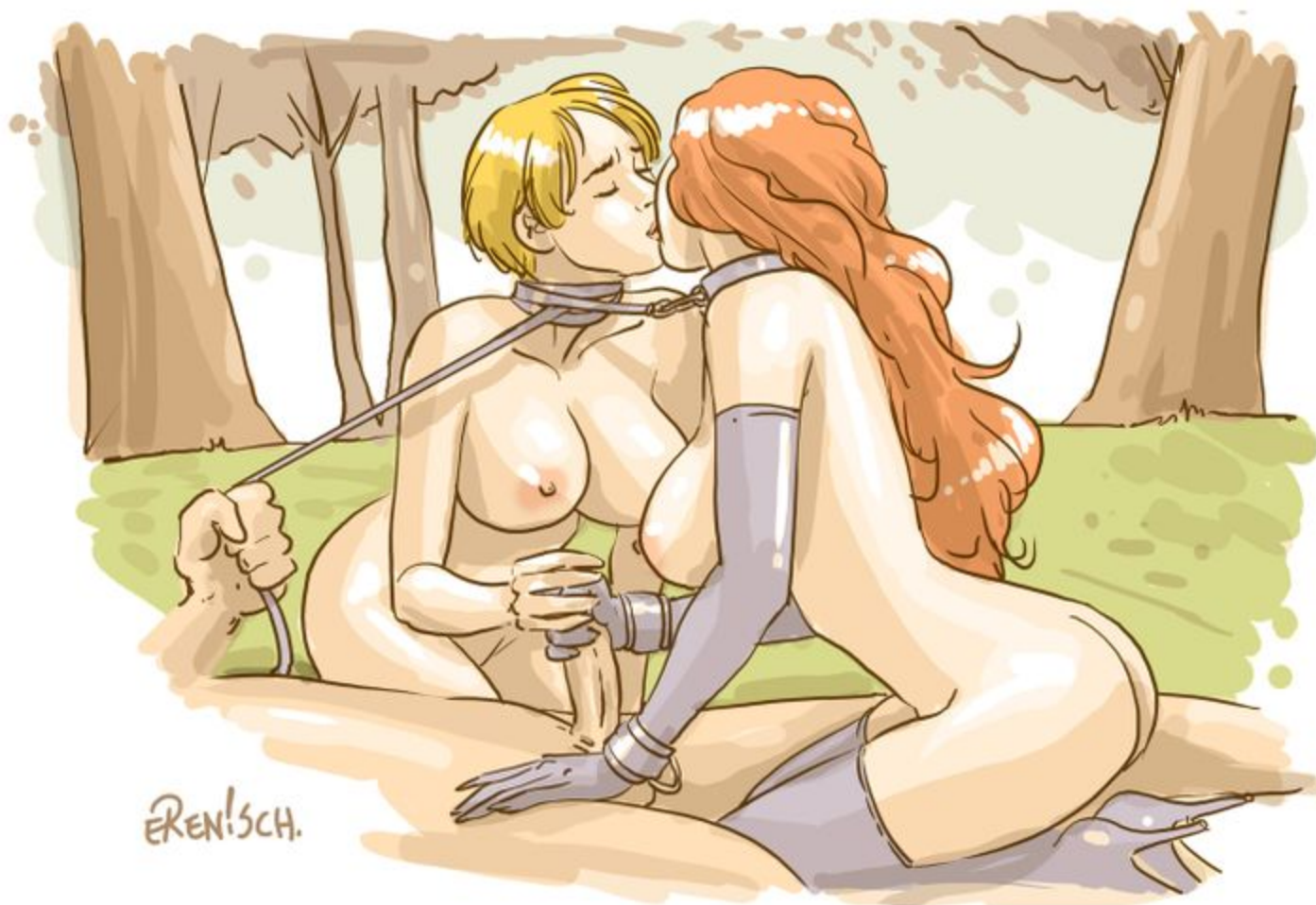
As Eddie kept raping her daughter a few meters away, Stephanie's sexy little whimpers turned into loud moans of pleasure, and finally into screams of ecstasy. Dasha was almost out of her mind. Because Eddie was now facing towards where she was hiding, it was impossible to get away unseen. She was practically stuck behind the tree. She almost had a heart attack when Eddie sent the redhead slave away and the girl came to kneel next to the tree the anxious woman was hiding behind. The mother held her breath and froze as the girl rested there on her knees. If she turned her head a little, her little spy adventure would be over.

Thankfully, the redhead was called back to action a while later, so Dasha was able to breathe again. Relieved, she leaned to the side a little to see what was going on. Eddie was now fucking her daughter on the back of the redheaded slavegirl. The sight of the boy's powerful thrusts pounding her daughter's fragile, delicate, young body was too much for the woman. Dasha felt the familiar feeling of losing control of her limbs once again. Despite the strong protests of her rational mind, her hands found their way to her crotch with ease, lifted her skirt up, and started to rub her clit over her panties.

As her daughter approached another climax, Dasha got one herself. Seconds later Stephanie let out a scream. Eddie untied her and she fell on the ground, apparently fully satisfied and absolutely drained. Eddie, still fully erect, laid down and ordered the two girls to make him cum for the last time.

The girls obediently went on their hands and knees and took their positions on either side of the boy. They immediately started to lick and suck his genitals with an extremely well-coordinated, choreographed manner. It was clear to Dasha that this ritual was repeated hundreds of times before. Her daughter wasn't just a slut after all, she was a well-trained, experienced sex kitten.

The girls continued to lick Eddie's balls and groin, took turns on sucking on his shaft and occasionally made out with each other to entertain their master. Dasha was an experienced sexretary and knew how to share a cock with other women whenever necessary, but even she was impressed by the coordination and restraint displayed by the two teens servicing Eddie. Neither was greedy or overzealous. They valued the boy's pleasure above everything else.



Soon, Eddie told them that he was close. As soon as he gave the signal, Eagerdoll pulled back to let Stephanie take the cock in her mouth. The blonde pushed her head down and started to suck frantically. Seconds later the boy was unloading the contents of his balls in her daughter's eager mouth.

Stephanie pulled back up and sat on her knees like a good girl. Eddie's jizz was still in her mouth. Like a good, well-trained slavegirl, she knew she wasn't allowed to swallow without permission.

Eddie sat up and ordered Stephanie to transfer all the jizz in her mouth to Eagerdoll's. Dasha thought that he wanted to amuse himself by making the girls swap his cum for a few times before letting one swallow. Or perhaps he was going to let them share like a fair master would. Either way, the thought of Eddie's jizz in her daughter's mouth made Dasha yearn for a mouthful. It was hard to admit, but she was an addict after all.

Stephanie seemed surprised for a moment, but quickly obeyed Eddie's order. She leaned in and kissed the redhead, letting her suck all the jizz out of her mouth. Eddie appeared pleased with her performance. He pulled her to himself and kissed the girl on the forehead. He then stood up, sent Stephanie to the bench to pick up her clothes.

When the blonde turned her back and left his earshot, Eddie leaned down closer to the kneeling redhead's ear and said something inaudible. Dasha wondered what was the secret Eddie didn't want Stephanie to hear. This secrecy upset the woman. Eddie stood back up and left to join Stephanie on the bench, who was now half dressed.

The slavegirl stayed motionless for a few moments until Eddie and Stephanie were fully dressed and sitting on the bench. Then, in an unexpected move, she turned around and swiftly crawled towards Dasha. She moved so quickly, the woman was unable to react. Without saying a word, Eagerdoll stood up, grabbed the stunned woman's head with both hands and kissed her. Flabbergasted, Dasha let the young slavegirl spit all the jizz she was keeping in her mouth into hers. Once all the warm, sticky goo was transferred from her mouth to Dasha's, Eagerdoll looked into her eyes and smiled meaningfully.

"My master sent this for you. Bon Appetit!"

Then she turned back and crawled towards the bench as rapidly as she came.

The First Anniversary

“It was a nightmare.”

She paused for a moment, not sure where to start. It was a painful story. The story of the worst day of her life.

“We were taken to a big hall. It wasn’t well-lit. It was dusty and damp, and it reeked of misery and desperation. We were... about 20 girls, I think. All 18-year-olds, like fresh out of their birthday party. At least I was. After a long, nervous wait, the door opened and startled us. Two men entered. A burly, scary-looking man and smaller guy with an outfit that shouted “accountant.”

“They started to walk around to put the group of scared beauties in order. The big guy began to pull each girl to a spot and hold them in place as the accountant man drew a small circle around them with a piece of chalk. We weren’t allowed to leave our circles without permission. None of us were bound at that time, but we obeyed without exception, especially after the burly guy ruthlessly slapped one of the girls who accidentally moved one foot over the line. The poor girl flew a couple meters and was quickly dragged back to her spot. Once they were finished, all 20 of us were standing in our little equidistant chalk circles. Nobody was moving a muscle, but most of the girls were crying uncontrollably.”

“After making sure that everybody was immobilized by this chalk prison in an orderly fashion, the accountant guy walked in front of us and climbed on a big box. He took his time as his dead eyes wandered around the frightened faces beggingly looking at him. After a few long seconds he started to explain what was happening with the most monotonous tone ever, with no emotion whatsoever. It was then we were told that we were purchased by a slave market chain to be trained and sold as fucktoys. The announcement of this grim news led to another wave of gasps of desperation and uncontainable sobbing among the group.”

“Weren’t you already aware of that? What did you think would happen?” asked the blonde.

“No, we didn’t know. We were there for our first inspection, you know, the one you go through once you turn 18? I thought I was given a certificate or something and let go. But then, they told us they purchased us from our CMRs, and now we were their property. A lot of girls started to scream and complain, but still none of them dared to step out of their chalk circles. The accountant guy walked out of the room after reading us some rules about the behavior expected from us. The big guy remained and kept walking around us menacingly. I think we stayed there for 40-45 minutes. Eventually everybody cried their eyes out and calmed down.”

“That’s terrible. I’m so sorry,” said Stephanie and put her hand on Eagerdoll’s shoulder.

Eagerdol shook her head and smiled.

“It got worse. After we all fell quiet, the door opened again and two slavegirls in latex outfits entered. They were carrying big baskets. One of them climbed on the box and told us to undress immediately. We were all stunned and hesitated for a moment, so the big guy slapped a couple of the girls in front to convince us to obey faster. I quickly took off my clothes and threw them into the basket the slaves brought. I was wearing my favorite sundress that day. It was the last time I wore a normal dress.”

“After all the dresses were collected, they piled them all up in front of the group of shivering naked girls, and burned them all. I guess it was symbolic. The message was unmistakable. Our free will and dignity was burning with our clothes right in front of our teary eyes. It was the end of our normal lives. We were never to be allowed to choose our own outfits anymore.”

“While we watched this gloomy bonfire, the doors opened once more. Several scary-looking men entered the hall, and an ominous, foul-smelling draft blew in with them. They walked up to the closest five girls, grabbed them by their hair, and non-ceremoniously dragged them out of the room. The girls immediately started to cry and beg for mercy, but it all fell to deaf-ears. In a couple seconds, the doors were closed again, and the sound of the crying girls disappeared in the distance.”



“We stood there for another half hour before the doors opened again. Another five pleading girls were dragged away mercilessly. Now only half of the original group was standing there, trembling in their little circles. We were all getting tired and the muscles of my legs were getting weaker and weaker. I kept shifting my weight from one foot to another. The pain was starting to overwhelm my brain, which I felt somehow shrank because of the intense fear and anxiety. It was a matter of time before my legs buckled. I was sure that our burly watchman would slap the life out of me if I fell out of the circle.”

“But I didn’t fall. When I was at the brink of collapse, the doors flung open once more, and another five dark figures burst in. The men approached the remaining members of the weary group with a swift pace, and immediately grabbed their targets. For a brief moment, all men left my eyesight, and I thought I’d be spared once more. Surprisingly that wasn’t a

relief. I was exhausted beyond belief, and I wanted it to be over, whatever "it" was. My nerves couldn't take another minute of this uncertainty."

"But they picked you this time, right?"

"Yes. Suddenly a strong hand grabbed my hair and jerked me to the side with such a brutal force. I stumbled and tried to maintain my balance, but I was too tired. I fell on my knees. The guy didn't break his pace at all. He continued to walk, so I had to follow on my hands and knees. After a couple of meters of crawling, he violently pulled me up and forced me on my feet again. For a moment, I thought I'd pass out because of the pain in my scalp. I remember screaming and crying loudly as the guy dragged me through the dark corridor. The other girls were doing the exact same thing, begging the men to slow down and let go of their hair."

"I don't remember exactly how long the walk was, but it was certainly more than a few meters. We turned right at the end of the corridor and entered a wider area with doors on each side. As we passed though, we could see the girls from previous groups tied to various torture equipment and rape-beds, getting violated by groups of men and beaten mercilessly. The horrible screams, moans, and sobs filled the halls ahead. I could count more than 10 girls. Apparently, we weren't the only group of girls brought there that day, and certainly wouldn't be the last ones either. Then they..."

Eagerdoll stopped and turned her head to the side as if she tried to hear something in the distance. Stephanie did the same. They could clearly hear their master's key turning in the apartment door. The blonde swiftly slid down from the bed and knelt right next to Eagerdoll.

Both girls sat back on their heels, joined their wrists behind their backs and assumed the proper waiting position facing the door right before Eddie entered the room.

Eddie closed the door and turned the redhead with an unusually warm smile.

"I have something for you, Eagerdoll."

He lifted his hand to reveal a big box. The redhead raised her head with surprise in her pretty eyes.

"For me? I... Thank you, master."

Eddie smiled again and put the box on the bed. He opened it, reached inside, and took out a small chocolate cake with strawberry ice cream filling.

"Happy enslavement day, Eagerdoll."

Eagerdoll straightened up and responded with a bitter smile. "Thank you, master. It's very thoughtful of you."

"That's so nice you remembered her E-day," smiled Stephanie. "Actually, she was just telling me the story of that day and..."

The blonde couldn't finish the sentence. Eddie took a step forward, grabbed Stephanie by her hair and pulled her down. Totally surprised by this unexpected move, the blonde fell on her back. With the cake still in his hand, Eddie went down on one knee next to the girl and gently brushed her hair to the side.

"Hush now. You just lie there and don't move, my pretty," he said as he parted her legs with his knee. "I need something to serve this cake on."

Stephanie was relieved that she didn't offend her master by speaking without permission. She obediently did as she is told and opened her legs further to allow Eddie place the creamy chocolate cake on her well-shaven pubis.

Eddie turned towards the redheaded slavegirl and gestured her to take her place between Stephanie's shapely long legs.

"I know it's been about 7-8 months since I purchased your butt, but I guess a girl's E-day is much more important. After all, it's the day you become chattel, a worthless piece of fuckmeat, right?"

Eagerdoll tried her best to force a smile at her master's intentionally humiliating words, but she was certain that the resulting expression looked more like a facial spasm. She could only say "thank you, master" and bowed her head to hide the fact that her eyes were tearing up.

"You are welcome, fuckmeat. Go on, eat your cake before all the ice cream inside melts away."

Eagerdoll hesitated for nanosecond, but then swiftly leaned forward to take a bite out of the cake which already started to soften.

"I want it all gone in a couple minutes, and then we can start the real celebration."

As the girl continued to eat the mushy treat, Eddie went to the desk and picked up the two floggers.

"Of course, I don't want to spoil you by being too nice. You should always remember what you are, even when you are being treated to a gift. Don't you agree?"

Eagerdoll let out a moan of affirmation just before the boy started to flog her asscheeks. She whimpered and raised her butt higher to give him a better target.

"And you too", said Eddie, turning to Stephanie. "You are getting a treat too, aren't you."

"Yes, master," moaned the blonde, and dutifully stuck out her chest for him to flog her big tits.



15-16 flogs later, the cake was almost all gone. All that remained was the melted ice cream mixed with Stephanie's pussy juices. Having swallowed the last piece in her mouth, Eagerdoll started to lick the goo off her companion's swollen pubic mound. As she cleaned it up, her tongue went in the blonde's slit and finally into her vagina to scoop up the last drops that somehow made their way inside, bringing Stephanie to the brink of an unexpected orgasm.

Noticing the situation, Eddie continued to flog the obedient slavegirl until she gave his girlfriend the last push she needed. Stephanie's body jerked around and a sexy groan escaped her throat as she reached her first climax of the day.

When she finally stopped trashing on the carpet and went limp, Eddie leaned forward, grabbed both girls by their hair and pulled them up on their knees.

"Earlier, you said she was telling the story of her enslavement, right?" he asked. Stephanie nodded as she tried to catch her breath.

"Very well. I want to hear too. Go on, tell the story."

Mastery - 53

Eagerdoll swallowed what's left in her mouth and looked up. She hesitated for a moment, trying to remember where she left the story. She mumbled something unintelligible under Eddie's piercing gaze as she tried to gather her thoughts.

Telling the story to Stephanie, who was practically her slave-sister, was therapeutic. She could tell it without censoring her thoughts and words much, since the girl empathized with her plight. Her concerned and understanding face had a soothing effect on Eagerdoll as she recounted her most horrifying memories. But now, Eddie was ordering her to tell it. It made a big difference.

"I want to hear every little detail, no matter how unimportant you think it is," said the boy, as if he could read the redhead's thoughts. In fact, the worried look on her face was telling it all. "I especially want to hear how you felt. Remember every detail. Every humiliating word you heard. Every lash you had on your back. I want you to relive it before me."

Eagerdoll took a deep breath and blink her pretty eyes a couple times to prevent her tears from gushing out. Remembering what happened wasn't the problem. Unfortunately, she did recall every single second of her enslavement-day like it happened moments ago.

"Yes, master," she replied after a brief silence, "as you wish." She corrected her posture and looked into his eyes. "This cunt hopes her sorrow entertains you."

Stephanie turned to Eagerdoll with surprise. The redhead almost sounded sarcastic as she spoke. She wasn't sure if Eddie heard the same slightly disrespectful tone too, but the blonde instinctively attempted to create some confusion to save Eagerdoll from a possible slap.

"You were being taken inside, to the rape halls," Stephanie said in a hurry. Eddie responded with a grin. "Oh yes, start from there. I want to hear about the rape halls."

"Yes, master," replied Eagerdoll. "The men who grabbed us, the five girls, dragged us through a long corridor and into a big room. A lot of girls like us were already in there, and they were..."

"They were what?"

"Raped... and beaten, master. They were bent over a long metal slab. A big gangrape table. Their hands and legs were tied to the slab, and the men were assraping them... joyfully."

"I was shocked and terrified at the sight of this. I froze for a long while. I think the man who dragged me there deliberately kept me at the door for a long time, looking into the hall with horror. After a very long pause he pulled my hair again and pushed me towards a vacant spot around the table. We were bent over the cold slab and our wrists were shackled on the metal rod passing through the middle. My body was stretched to the limit and my toes barely touched the ground. My boobs were stretched flat on the cold surface. Then they used a big metal piece to secure my thighs to the side of the table. They were quick and efficient. It took only a couple seconds to render each of us defenseless and ready for the imminent violation."

"I waited in terror. They didn't immediately start raping me. From the spot I was shackled, I could see several girls around me, who were already in use, crying their eyes out. The sounds that filled the room was overwhelming. Some girls were screaming at the top of their lungs as their rapists' cocks rhythmically thrust into them. I guessed they were the newer girls, probably the five who were dragged in here before my group. The screams of some of the others were more subdued, betraying the fact that they had been getting this treatment for much longer. I could also hear the breathy moans and silent whimpers of some very exhausted victims. Then it dawned on me. This wasn't just a simple deflowering. This was a marathon."

"Then I heard a fresh scream from my left side. I sounded like one of the girls who were with me was finally penetrated ruthlessly. Her initial screams were so horrifying, I thought she was stabbed, not just deflowered. Then we heard another one. One by one, all the new girls were relieved of their virginities. With every blood-curdling scream, my horror was growing ten-fold. The wait was terrifying. None of us knew who was next. Until all four others were ripped apart by brutal men with big cocks..."

"You were left for last?" asked Stephanie. She was fascinated and horrified at the same time.

"I was left for last. At that moment I knew that the next cock will be splitting my ass-cheeks. I just didn't know when. I waited, petrified. For some reason, my rapist was taking his time. For a long while, every single girl in the room except me were crying and moaning loudly. The men were chatting, making jokes, swearing at the girls, calling them names... It was nothing by a dark, surreal nightmare. And it seemed like I was the only girl who were fully aware of her surroundings at that brief moment."

"The wait lasted so long, I almost tried to turn my head to see what was going on. But before I could, it happened. A strong, rough hand grabbed my right ass-cheek and pulled it aside. Then I felt a couple fingers reach into my crotch, which was fully exposed to whomever was behind me. I instinctively squeezed my muscles and tried to close my labia shut, but this pathetic attempt only got a derisive chuckle from the man behind me. His fingers kept on rubbing the outer lips of my vagina and finally forced their way between them, reaching the wet, slippery entrance of my womanhood."

“Oooh!”

Eddie turned to Stephanie, who immediately covered her mouth with her hand after an excited whimper escaped her mouth. Her face swiftly turned red with embarrassment. “I’m sorry,” she apologized. “It is so…”

Eddie smiled and nodded. “Yes, I agree. It’s exciting indeed. And you are telling it well. Eagerdoll. Go on.”

Eagerdoll forced a smile in response to her master’s praise. “Thank you, master.” She swallowed the saliva that was collected in her mouth and continued:

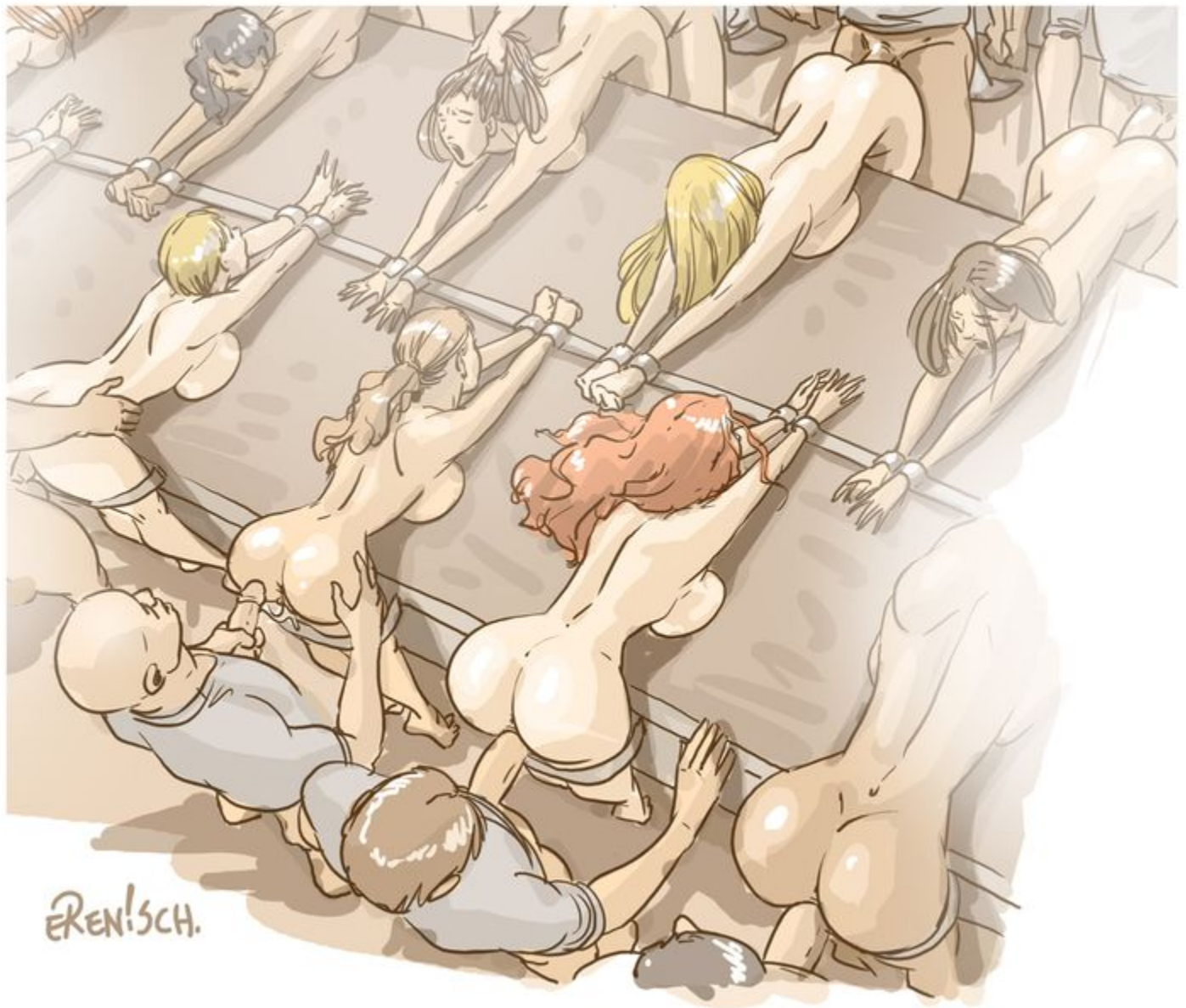
“When his fingers started to move, I thought I was going to faint. It was the first time a man touched me down there. And it was a stranger’s callous, brutal hand. Oddly, at that moment, I regretted not going all the way with one of the boys I liked. I had dates with a couple boys at school, but never gave them anything beyond innocent teen kisses. As my rapist scouted my pussy for his cock’s inevitable incursion with his rough fingers, I was practically fantasizing about the romantic opportunities I missed. It was a bizarre emotional state I was locked in.”

“Then, as swiftly as he grabbed my ass, the guy pressed the tip of his manhood against the entrance of my vagina. My brain immediately turned blank. I held my breath and waited. All my muscles fired for a moment and everything went silent.”

“Once he placed the cock in place, he grabbed my slender waist with both hands with a tremendously strong grip, as if he was trying to squeeze my insides out. This move forced me to exhale and subsequently lose control of my muscles. He slowly but strongly pulled my body back towards him, putting extra stress on my stretched, shackled arms. I cried with pain as the unrelenting metal bit into my wrists. The pressure on my vulva increased. I had no idea how big my rapist’s cock was or what it looked like, but I was sure that it would hurt like hell when he finally shoved it inside my untouched hole.”

“He didn’t talk, gave me any commands, or called me any names, unlike the others were doing with their rapemeat. For some reason, it was much scarier than the rest. He was unpredictable. For a few moments, he just waited there with the tip of his cock at the entrance. The wait was nerve-wrecking. Then I felt the pressure increase ever so slightly. The tip of his organ slowly split the outer lips of my vulva and pushed in. A sudden panic took hold of my mind and body, as the organ started to stretch the pink flaps and moved in bit by bit. One centimeter, two centimeters… Three… four… He was taking his time again, just like before. I was holding my breath again, counting.”

“Oh god!” exclaimed Stephanie, once again losing control of her emotions. Eddie smiled again.



Eagerdoll took a deep breath. “Yes, I was at the edge too. It was like a slow death. I wanted to be over quickly, but my rapist wasn’t going to make it any easy for me. His cock made it’s way deeper, very slowly. It was very big too, so it hurt a lot... Not as much as feared, strangely, but perhaps it was because he was penetrating me very slowly. Until it finally met some resistance.”

“He poked the tight spot for a couple times. An unfamiliar pain shook my body. I was certain that he was about to go through my hymen. I was terrified. I didn’t know what would happen when it was destroyed by that monster cock. How much would it hurt? And how much worse would it feel if it’s done this slowly?”

“I braced myself for the inevitable little push that would end my virginity and make me a woman. I held my breath and closed my eyes. His hands retightened around my waist and he pulled my butt back once more, giving me the signal that his excruciatingly slow advance into my belly would soon continue.”

Eagerdoll paused for a moment when Stephanie loudly gasped again.

“But I was wrong. This time, he pulled back a few centimeters and then violently and mercilessly shoved his entire cock into me, destroying everything in its way. Then without giving me a single second to recover, he started to thrust into me viciously again and again, like a machine without feeling. The pain was unbelievable. I don’t know if it was the physical pain of him turning my insides into soup, or the surprise of it all, but that was the greatest pain I have ever felt in my life.”

“Oh, you poor thing,” sighed Stephanie. She desperately wanted to hug and console the redhead, who seemed to be reliving that horrible moment. Even though she managed to maintain her composure, her eyes were welling up with tears, and the corners of her lips were trembling ever so subtly. Of course, Stephie wasn’t allowed to touch her slave-sister without her master’s permission. Eddie was enjoying the pain in Eagerdoll’s face too much to let her do it anyway.

“He fucked me... for too long. I can’t remember how long, exactly. But when he was done with me, it was like I didn’t have any feeling below my waist. My pussy was so sore and my body was aching because of the pounding he gave

me. They let me rest a bit after the first time. I think... for five-six minutes? It was a generous break for their standards, I'd soon find out. They told us to remember the number of the men who used us, and count all the times we were raped in each hole. They told us that we'd be severely punished if we lost count."

"After the break was over, the men around the table switched places. It was a rotation. Another man unceremoniously entered me and continued to destroy my vagina. It was no longer my vagina any more. Now it was their collective fuckhole."

"Hours later... Or more accurately, 13 men and 21 rapes later, they decided that I was no longer fun. I was just lying there semi-conscious and unresponsive, after all. They unshackled my hands and legs, then bound my arms at my back. I barely remember that part, because I was exhausted beyond belief. My entire body was numb, and my brain was overwhelmed by pain and humiliation. Two of them dragged me away through some dark corridors. They stopped at lavatory to hose me down with cold water, and finally threw me in a dark, stone walled cell. Lying on that cold, rough stone floor is the last thing I remember from my first day."



Eagerdoll stopped and raised her head to look at her master. Eddie smiled at her, but this time it seemed like he felt some empathy for the poor slavegirl's plight.

"This cunt hopes you enjoyed it, master," said the redhead, and adjusted her posture as she always did.

Eddie nodded and patted her on the head. "I certainly enjoyed it very much," he said and pointed to his crotch. He was, as the slave expected, fully erect. "We'll continue this later. But first, come and take care of this, girls."

Mastery - 54

Stephanie couldn't sleep. It was rather unusual. Normally, she'd sleep like a baby after Eddie used her. His cock was the perfect sleep aid.

This time something was off. The problem wasn't the rough ropes that tied her wrists and ankles. She was used to sleeping tightly bound by now. She had months of practice for that. It wasn't the extra-large dildo Eddie shoved in her pussy and the big plug that ruthlessly stretched her buttocks either. She was grateful for those. The ball-gag hurt her jaw a little and the constant drooling was annoying, but it never bothered her enough to keep her awake before. Especially not after an exhausting two-hour rape.

Last night's rape wasn't much different than the usual weekend treatment she got. Like every Friday, Eddie sneaked her into his room after school before his parents returned, tied her up, and fucked all her holes a couple times. He sometimes alternated between her holes and Eagerdoll's, of course, letting each girl rest a bit between rapes. He had a couple snack breaks, and the girls were allowed to swallow a few loads. Then he continued to enjoy the two young girls' tight gorgeous bodies until all three were exhausted.

Stephanie was happy. She loved her life and her routines with Eddie. She had several, powerful multiple orgasms every single day, here, at the park, at the school. When she served him, she was in heaven. When he was away in another classroom, or home across the street, she craved his touch like an addict. Making him cum and swallowing his jizz felt like a bigger accomplishment than getting high grades at school. Serving Eddie, pleasing him to the fullest was Stephanie's biggest goal in life now. She lived for it. She couldn't explain how and when this happened, but it was her reality.

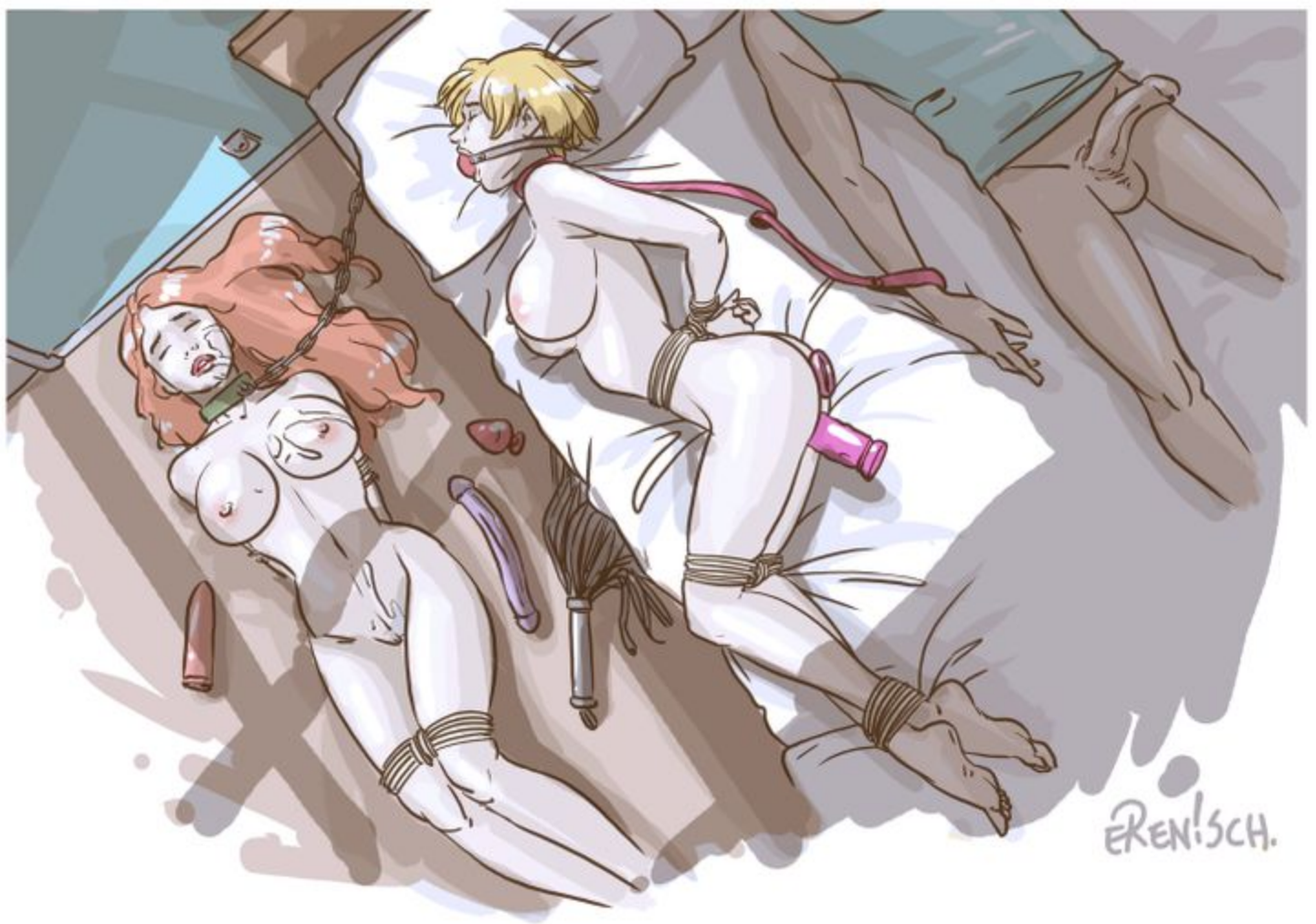
For the last several months, Stephanie's life was reshaped around Eddie's. Now she scheduled her classes closer where he was at school, so she could quickly run to him whenever he wanted a quick blowjob. She changed her diet and adopted new exercise routines, so she would look better and fit to please him. She read books and watched movies regularly to learn better techniques to serve him in bed. She aspired to be the perfect slavegirl. And she genuinely believed that she was on the right track.

However, last night's events altered her self-perception drastically. The things Eagerdoll told about her own introduction to sexual slavery destroyed the idealized, blurry picture Stephanie naively created in her mind. It was a very dark and horrifying account of what that poor slavegirl went through. The images of the constant rape, torment, and humiliation were haunting. And now, the scenes the redhead vividly described were the only things that Stephanie could think about. Stephanie's mind was now a prisoner of the dark, stinky, oppressive rape halls Eagerdoll described. The screams and moans of the girls have been holding Stephanie's uncorrupted imagination captive for the last few hours, and keeping her desperately awake.

She turned her head to see Eagerdoll. The redhead was sleeping on the floor, still covered in Eddie's cum. As a lowly slavecunt, she wasn't allowed on the soft bed with Eddie and Stephanie, of course. She still looked more comfortable lying on the cold floor, even with her arms and legs tightly bound. At least she was able to sleep. Stephanie's eyes wandered around the slavegirl's beautiful face for a few minutes, admiring her perfect features, bone structure, pure skin. Putting such and angelic beauty through the vile torments she described... the hellish agony she suffered... The thought brought tears to Stephanie's pretty blue eyes.

And surprisingly, it made her extremely wet.

She closed her eyes and immediately descended into the netherworld of anguish Eagerdoll vibrantly described. For Stephanie, this story was a metaphorical quicksand. The more she struggled to forget about it, the deeper she sank in.



It was almost like a real place in Stephanie's mind now, as if she had been there herself. She could see the huge, pillared hall in that underground facility, with the huge slab of metal in the middle where they shackled the crying virgins to. She could hear the screams of the girls being fucked and flogged ruthlessly, endlessly. She could walk through the damp, stone-walled corridors the girls were dragged along, and the dark, oppressive cells they were locked in after that hours-long, exhausting, horrible abuse.

Stephanie was painfully aware that some kind of ambivalent, dark desire was awake inside her now. The suffering in Eagerdoll's face that made her want to hug the poor thing, was also the very thing that made her vagina ache at that moment. It boiled her blood and lubricated her hole. She was incredibly aroused. She opened her eyes and looked at the redhead again, as if to make sure that the slavegirl didn't pick up on her appalling arousal. The girl was still sound asleep. Stephanie immediately closed her eyes again with guilt and shame.

Instinctively, she tightened her thigh muscles and squeezed the dildo in her vagina. Unfortunately, the dildo had ran out of batteries about an hour ago. She bit on her gag and tried to move the dildo a little, but the feeling she got wasn't as satisfying as she hoped for. If only Eddie would wake up and rape her once more. That could put her mind at ease, perhaps.

But everyone was deep asleep except for Stephanie. Frustrated, she went back inside her dark fantasy. She found herself lying next to an exhausted, cum-covered Eagerdoll, who was shackled to the wall in her cell. She was lying there motionless, obviously exhausted from hours of rape and torment. Nobody has bothered to clean her this time. The mix of jizz of tens of men was drying around her fuckholes, on her chest, in her long red hair. She smelled of semen and sweat. Her knees were bruised and dirty, her entire back was full of welts, and her bottom was a very alarmingly bright shade of red. Her wrists, ankles and neck were reddened and bruised from the shackles. She looked like a lump of meat that was thrown out with the trash. The only sign of life was her well-adorned chest slowly going up and down.

Stephanie let out of a little moan at the sight, or rather, at the horrifyingly arousing image of the redheaded beauty she conjured up. Now she could imagine steps in the distance, approaching ominously. Unmistakable sound of brutal, dirty, leather boots, echoing in the dark corridors that led to the girls' cells. They got closer and closer, finally stopping at their cell door.

The metal gate swung open and hit the wall behind it with a deafening clang. The sound woke the redhead, but she had no energy to react. She shivered as the cool air rushed inside and hit her naked body, but stayed where she lied, totally drained and broken. Stephanie held her breath, fully expecting the men carry her out for another round of brutal gangrape.

But the men didn't do that. They just stood there for a moment and then turned to Stephanie, their burning gaze meeting her big round eyes. The big burly guy in front took a step forward and grabbed Stephanie by her hair and pulled her forward viciously. Stephanie said nothing, just surrendered her smallish light body to the strong arms of the uninvited assailant.

Once the guy dragged the little blonde girl outside the cell, the others grabbed her limbs from either side and lifted the poor thing up. Then they started to carry her toward an unknown place. Stephanie was now incredibly wet, both the imagined dream version and the one lying bound next to her master. She held her breath as her captors carried her through a nightmarish maze. Soon she was in a spacious room, with a strange, scary metal post in the middle.

The men carried their young victim to the pole. They turned her on her side and held her neck, forcefully spread her legs to shackle her ankles to the long vertical post, one to the top, and one to the bottom. Her wrists were secured in the same way. She was now fully available for use, with no chance of escape. In only a few seconds, she was turned into a meat toy with three conveniently placed holes to fuck.



None of the men talked, or looked into her eyes. Did they really have eyes, mouths... faces? Perhaps not. Stephanie's mind wasn't focusing on creating faces, it was only conjuring menacing hulks of testosterone-filled masculine muscle, with huge erect cocks ready to attack. She didn't really know if Eagerdoll went through something like that. Was she tied to a contraption like this? Stephanie didn't care. She was now going with the flow of her dark imagination. And her libido was controlling it.

One of the men made the first move. He moved around and stopped right behind her exposed crotch. Then he took his big, fat, frighteningly curved organ and rammed it into Stephanie's wet little pussy. The walls of her vagina instinctively tried to resist the rock-hard intruder, but they were immediately overpowered by the strong cock. His meat made its way into the depths of her womanhood with relative ease, destroying and wrecking everything in its way. The dream Stephanie screamed. The dreaming Stephanie bit on her gag and squeezed the dildo shoved deep in her vagina.

As the guy started to fuck her vagina mercilessly, the second men took his place next to him. Stephanie knew what would happen next. Another humongous cock, possibly one even bigger than the one ruining her vagina was pressed against the entrance of her asshole... Then, without any warning, it penetrated her violently. Once the full length was buried in her, the guy started to move as well, matching his speed with her first rapist. The two men started to fuck to poor teen in perfect coordination, pitilessly, incessantly...

Stephanie nearly screamed where she lied. Her entire body shook. The dildo in her pussy and the plug in her ass were making the sensations she imagined almost real. The pleasure was building between her thighs even though she wasn't able to move the plastic toys. She was now getting more and more concerned that she'd be unable to stay quiet. She didn't want to scream and wake the entire house up.

The Stephanie in her dream had no such concerns. She was incessantly screaming, crying and moaning as the two brutes fucked her holes violently. That is, until the third guy decided to step in to shut her up with his own dick, of course. He grabbed her hair, pressed on her chin to force her mouth open, and forced his big fat cock between her full lips. Then without letting her breathe, he started to fuck her throat like an inanimate sex toy.

With no prospect of escape, Stephanie fully surrendered to the three huge cocks that mercilessly penetrated her young, beautiful body. Her mind was overwhelmed by a wild concoction of emotions. She felt shame, humiliation, pain, thrill, excitement, fear... and above all, immense pleasure. The entire experience was profane, but it kind of felt sacred at the same time.

The men kept raping her for god knows how long. Eventually, they pulled out and started to spray her well-used body with their warm, sticky, plentiful cum, completely covering her.

AS they did, her entire body started to shake uncontrollably. To her surprise, the dildo and the plug did their work well, and brought the young girl to the threshold of a mind-boggling orgasm. She managed to ride the edge for a few extra seconds and then capitulated to the waves of pleasure attacking her bound body. Completely drained, body and mind, she lied there motionlessly, very much like the way she imagined Eagerdoll at the beginning of her fantasy. Then, with her mind finally purged of the dark images, she slipped into the best sleep in her life.

Mastery - 55

The doorbell rang again and again, insistently, for about 10 seconds. Dasha put down the utensils she was washing, dried her hands on the kitchen towel, and rushed to the door. She didn't expect a visit on a Sunday morning. Her husband was on another "business" trip with his lover, hundreds of kilometers away. Her daughter was spending the weekend at Ashley's. Now she no longer had a job to worry about, and thus no anxiety about the coming work week. It was a warm, sunny, quiet day, and she was hoping to enjoy it with some hot coffee and cookies.

She opened the door wondering if Stephanie decided to return early for some reason. No, it wasn't her daughter.

"Good morning, Ms Prancer."

It was Eddie at the door, smiling.

Dasha stood there motionless for seconds, unable to think of something to say. She didn't expect to see her daughter's boyfriend who mercilessly abused her some weeks ago. But now, he was there, looking at the stunned woman with a genuine smile.

"Good morning," she replied after a long, awkward pause. "I... Stephanie isn't here. She spent the night at Ashley's, and..."

"No, she didn't," interrupted Eddie. His smile turned into a slightly evil grin. "She spent the night with me. Opening her legs for me. Sucking my cock. You know, serving me." He looked directly into the woman's eyes to see the impact of his words. Dasha was staring at him, almost instantly broken, with her lips trembling. "I'm going to be honest with you, Ms Prancer," Eddie continued, "Whenever she says she's out with Ashley or another girlfriend, she is actually taking my cock in all of her tight fuckholes." Then he paused as if he remembered something. "Except for the times she is actually staying at Ashley's. But believe me, those girls aren't spending the night chatting about adolescent pop stars or doing homework."

The woman felt a shiver going down her spine. Of course, she knew about her daughter's secret life. Now she was realizing the size of the secret, the magnitude of the lie. Did her daughter lie to her every time she asked permission for a sleepover? For weeks... months? Dasha expected to be lied to from time to time, of course. Her daughter was a teenager, after all. But this?

She was proud of how she raised her daughter. Despite the nature of her former job, she was a model mother at home. She did her best to shield her daughter from the world outside as much as she could. Stephanie's father did a very good job too. Even though he wasn't a "real" husband for Dasha, he had been the perfect father for their daughter. As parents, they were successful in keeping their home safe from the corrupting effects of the post-revolutionary society that swiftly and irreversibly destroyed females' freedoms. They had money to keep their little pumpkin safe and untouched. They had the means to give her a relatively normal life and freedom from the direct effects of the oppression that continued to spread all around the country.

Poor woman experienced a huge, devastating shock when she found out that Stephanie voluntarily became a sex slave to the boy across the street, despite everything they did to avoid such an outcome. It was clear to Dasha then that it was impossible to stop such societal pressures and actual laws that drastically redefined gender roles. Everything they did amounted to a feeble attempt to postpone the inevitable.

"Aren't you going to invite me in?"

Dasha woke up from her momentary stupor once the boy spoke again. How long was she standing there, without saying anything, thoughts flying around in her confused head?

"But Stephanie... isn't... here... and you said..."

"Yes, she is tied up on my bed right now. She is resting a bit. I fucked her a couple times this morning, you know." He paused to see the effect of his words again. "Don't worry. My slavegirl is taking good care of her. I think they are becoming good friends, those two."

He paused for another moment.

"So, you see, I'm here for you."

Dasha took a step back in surprise. "Me? But..."

Eddie was getting impatient. He interpreted the woman's momentary retreat as an invitation and walked right inside. "Stephanie mentioned that her father is on another business trip this weekend. She is out too, so I thought you'd be feeling alone. I'm here to offer some company."

"Thank you, but..." Dasha didn't know what to do. She quickly closed the door and tried to calm herself. "What can I offer you? A drink? A snack? I was just..."

"Get down on your knees! Now!"

Dasha stumbled. The boy's order was as sudden and unexpected as his visit. She stood stunned for the longest moment. Then her body started to tremble and her knees buckled under Eddie's persistent gaze. She looked at him for a nanosecond with pleading eyes, and then fell on her knees like a sack of potatoes.

“Good. Don’t talk! Just do as I say,” ordered Eddie as he slowly walked around the kneeling woman. It wasn’t like she had anything to say. She was drawing a blank. Her entire body has surrendered to the boy’s abrupt move, and her brain followed like a defeated general trying to catch up with his routed army.



“Get on all fours and take me where your husband normally sits.”

Dasha swallowed and dropped on her hands. Keeping her head down, she started to crawl towards the living room. She stopped at her husband’s favorite chair and looked at the boy. She was about to say “here”, but she managed to restrain herself at the last moment. She wasn’t allowed to talk, after all.

Eddie sat down on the chair and leaned back. “It is comfy enough,” he said with a smile. “You have a nice home, Ms. Prancer. Tastefully decorated, clean. Well done.”

Dasha bowed her head to thank the boy.

“You know, It’s been a long time since I started to use your daughter, but I never played with her here.”

Dasha swallowed again when Eddie uttered the words “use” and “play”. Her pretty little flower, her precious princess, had become a mere toy for this boy.

“Don’t you worry,” continued the boy, reading well the dismayed look on her face. “I love her. I love spending time with her, talking to her, making her laugh. She isn’t just a pretty thing that’s good only for fucking.” He stopped and grinned. “I have you for that.”

Dasha raised her eyes and looked at the boy with an offended expression for a brief moment. Met with his commanding stare, she bowed her head down again.

“Undress!” ordered Eddie without acknowledging the sudden display of apprehension on her beautiful visage.

Dasha looked at the boy trying to figure if she was allowed to stand up to undress. She decided not to take the risk. She sat down on the carpet and started to unbutton her shirt. She took her time. Instinctively, she did her best to make this enforced striptease as entertaining as possible. She had years of practice after all. It was mostly muscle memory for the experienced office whore.

The blouse was on the floor in seconds, leaving the blonde mother with a red bra that barely contained her huge boobs and a long skirt. She decided to go for the skirt first. She turned around, raised up on her knees and slid the skirt down to reveal her heart-shaped butt, giving the boy the best view possible. She threw the skirt next to her blouse and grabbed the straps of her brassiere.

“No, leave them on,” ordered Eddie with a hand wave. “Come here!”

Dasha dropped on her hands again and crawled toward the boy as he invitingly opened his legs.

Once she reached the spot right in front of his crotch, she made a move to open his zipper, as she was used to do at work. It was standard procedure at the office. The men rarely told them what to do. The women just knew why they were there.

But she wasn't at the office right now. She immediately realized that she wasn't ordered to take the boy's cock out and suck it yet. She stopped and waited for him to speak.

“Ah, you thought I was going to let you suck my cock?” asked Eddie, visibly amused by her awkward moves and momentary hesitations. Dasha choked and staggered. She bowed her head to apologize silently.

“Who knows... If you play your cards right and amuse me, I can give your holes another try. I may even let you swallow a load or two. You like that?”

Dasha gulped and looked up with begging eyes. She was an addict and the boy probably knew it by now. She really needed to taste him. She was hungry for his cum. She was always hungry for cum.

Eddie smiled at the woman. “First, tell me why are you so compliant, woman. Why are you following my commands?”

Dasha looked on perplexed.

“You can talk now. Why are you lusting after your daughter's boyfriend? Is there a good reason, or are you just a shameless cock-hungry whore?”

Dasha couldn't find the words. It wasn't just the boy's intimidating attitude. She simply didn't know the answer. That very question was in her mind since the day she knelt before the boy and gave him a handjob. She repeatedly told herself that it was an impulsive reaction to losing her job that day, but it certainly didn't explain how she behaved the night he used both of them one after another. She did want him to capture her, use and abuse her, throw her away like a dirty cumrag when he is done... And when he did exactly that, she immensely enjoyed it. She loved every second of her violent rape. She loved every drop of his semen she was forced to lick off the floor.

Eddie smiled at the woman who was struggling to find something to say, and ruthlessly slapped her across her beautiful face. The unexpected assault swung Dasha to the side, but the woman managed to keep her balance on her knees. She immediately adjusted her position, with a blushing cheek and teary eyes, but she looked calm and less confused now.

“Wow!” Eddie exclaimed with admiration. You certainly didn't see it coming but you took it like a champion. I'm impressed.” Dasha bowed her head to signal gratitude for the praise. She was actually grateful for the slap. She was used to receiving a lot of them at the office, of course. They helped her focus. They helped her find her center. They helped clear her mind and sharpen her thoughts”

“Thank you for that, Eddie,” she started, “I don't actually have a good answer for your question. Why did I try to seduce you? I don't know. Why didn't I resist when you raped me that night? I don't know. Why do I keep betraying my daughter like this? I...”

She paused for a moment. Eddie leaned forward to hear better.

“I think I'm...” She swallowed mid-sentence. Tears rolled down her cheeks. “I think I'm jealous of her. She... She is only 18, but she has the thing I never had. Someone who loves her.” She stopped and looked at the boy, desperately seeking some kind of confirmation to her last statement. Eddie graciously responded with a slight nod. “Someone who loves her. Someone she loves and serves with all her heart. I never...”

She choked and shut up, hoping her answer would satisfy the boy.

He didn't hit her again.

Instead, he leaned back and opened his legs wider.

“Very well. You just earned a load. Go on, you may suck it out.”

Dasha looked relieved. With a faint, respectful smile she thanked the boy and opened his zipper without any rush. She reached inside, grabbed the already hardened cock, took it out and held it like a trophy she had just won.

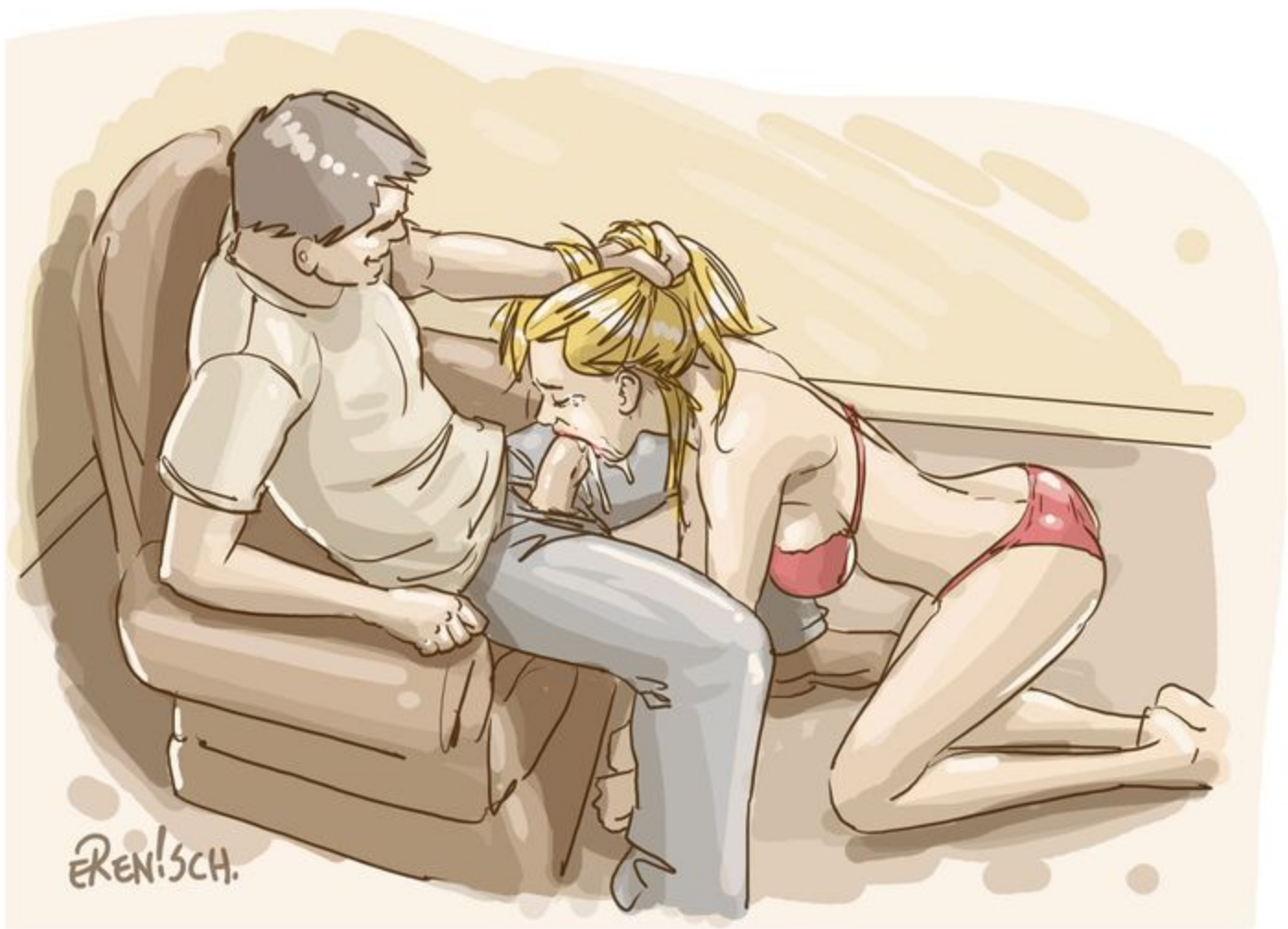
She leaned forward and stopped with her full lips millimeters away from the tip of the cock. She patiently looked at the organ, as if she was taking quick measurements and formulating tactics. Then she took a quick whiff to take in the young, manly musk of the big hard rod. In all her years as an office slut, she never took this much time before starting to suck a cock. For some reason, this instance felt somewhat special... Perhaps because she felt relieved after confessing the guilt that weighed heavily on her conscience.

Before she started to suck, Eddie reached forth to take her long blonde hair in his left hand, wrapped the extra length around his wrist, and grabbed the root tightly. Then as if her head was just an extension of his fist, he pulled it forward to penetrate the fuckhole in her face. She immediately parted her wet lips wide enough to let the tip of the cock enter, providing some playful resistance to the throbbing intruder. Dasha was a gifted cocksucker. She always had been. It always came naturally to her. Her trick was simple enough. Apply pressure with lips, never touch it with the teeth, play with it with the tongue. It was a very simple formula. Easy to learn, but hard to master.

Once Eddie slowly shoved his entire length in her mouth like a conqueror riding into a captured city, he released the tension in his fist and relinquished some control over to Dasha. Dasha was glad that this wasn't going to be a violent skullfuck. She liked to use her oral skills whenever she could. The jizz always tasted better when she sucked it out herself. Her mind made it so. She liked to earn the goo. Otherwise, she was nothing but a filthy toilet men ejaculated into.

Eddie didn't let her hair go. He occasionally forced her head all the way down and kept her there, fully cock-stuffed and breathless. Dasha took it like a pro she was. She let him fuck her throat as he wished, and continued to suck whenever he let her. Eventually, he was going to start throbbing, and she would be rewarded.

The moment came soon. Eddie, passing the moment of no return, threw his head back and forced the woman's head all the way down. Keeping her nose buried in his crotch, he started to unload the contents of his balls in a series of big, ferocious spurts. Dasha's eyes watered as the huge amount of warm, viscous jizz filled her oral cavity. Some somehow escaped her tightened lips, and some almost came out of her nostrils. In all her life as a cocksucker, Dasha never felt this full.



Even after she was filled to the brim, Eddie continued to unload into her. The woman had to swallow some of the cum collected in her mouth to make space for the new arrivals. It was bad practice to swallow without permission, but she had little choice in this unprecedented situation. She swallowed a big load, and then another. She still had her mouth full, and streams of jizz were running down her chin. Finally, Eddie violently pulled her head back to remove his cock from the woman's cum-filled mouth. He fell back and looked at the woman with half-opened eyes.

"Swallow and clean it up!" he ordered with an exhausted voice. Dasha didn't need further instruction. She closed her eyes and gulped the sticky juice in her mouth, letting out a genuine moan of pleasure. Once all the cum in her mouth and

chin found its way into her stomach she rushed forward to take the cock in her mouth once more, this time with the intention of cleaning it up.

As she licked and slurped the remaining juices around his member, Eddie occasionally used her tight grip around her hair to use her cheeks as a rag to clean up his crotch. She was nothing but a cumrag now, just like he said before.

For Dasha, this act of humiliation was almost like a long-needed therapy for her messed-up soul. It was a strange mix of punishment and reward. It was what she needed and what she deserved. She was a cock-hungry whore, after all.

Finally, Eddie opened his fist and let the woman go. He looked exhausted but satisfied. Once released from her rapist's grip, Dasha fell back and sat on her heels.

“Well. I have to admit, Ms Prancer,” started Eddie, with a soft voice, “this was the best I ever had so far.”

Dasha immediately perked up once she heard the sudden high praise. It was probably the first time she ever received such strong words in response to her service. The best she got in all her years at the office was a dry “good girl”, perhaps. She smiled and then beamed with pride. She bowed her head respectfully.

“Thank you for letting me, Eddie... W-would you please rape me now?”

Mastery - 56

Eddie rested as the blonde woman waited on her knees patiently. It took a few minutes to recover from the extraordinary blowjob he just received. His girlfriend's mother was indeed a skilled and experienced professional.

"So, you did this a lot as an office slut, eh?"

Dasha nodded, with a slight tinge of shame in her pleading eyes.

"A real sexretary. I don't think I have ever met one before. What did you do all day? Just suck cocks?"

Dasha hesitated. She was hoping the young boy would use her like a dirty whore, not talk about her being a dirty whore. She realized that nobody ever asked about what her job entailed until this very moment. Not even her "fake" husband.

"Nothing special. Just office stuff. Paperwork, type, take dictation..."

"You mean, take dick? Ah-hah-hah!"

Dasha paused and waited for the boy laugh at his own juvenile unfunny joke. She managed to force a smile.

"Yes, that too," she replied once Eddie was done snickering. "A femployee's main task is to boost efficiency and morale at the workplace. We relax the men so they can work and produce in a stress-free environment. So, we..."

"You suck their cocks," Eddie interrupted again.

"Yes. Basically."

Eddie was obviously trying to humiliate her further, but Dasha looked relatively unfazed by his attempts. After performing multiple fellations daily for more than a decade, a teenager's puerile jabs wouldn't really hurt her much. His shots were more annoying than humiliating. She decided to preempt Eddie's remarks about her past by being more brazen about it.

"If you really must know, we were expected to suck employees' cocks whenever they wanted. Their guests' too. Most of us were assigned to specific male employees, but of course they shared us among themselves all the time. Sometimes we had to do rotations, and during board meetings, we..."

Eddie suddenly lunged forward and grabbed the woman by her hair once again. "Oh, stop already, woman. My cock can get only so erect."

He stood up and pulled the kneeling woman with him. He dragged his surprised captive towards the sofa and callously threw her over it. Dasha fell on the couch face first. She exhaled on impact but didn't utter any words of complaint. Eddie immediately took his place behind her, grabbed her butt and raised it to his crotch level. Dasha straightened her legs as the boy violently pulled her panties down. He then slapped her inner thighs to force her to open them wider. But before she could comply fully, his cock ferociously penetrated her swollen vagina.

"Yes!" the boy exclaimed as he thrust all the way into the woman's thirsty womanhood. Dasha chimed in with a loud groan. This was exactly what she yearned for as she gave the young boy an extra special fellatio a few minutes ago.

"Hard to believe those bastards fucked that throat and never took you from behind like this," said the boy as he accelerated his thrusts. "You are a delight to fuck, considering your age."

The mention of her age, even wrapped in high praise, interrupted the pleasure build-up Dasha was enjoying. She was surprised that it upset her so. Losing her youth and wasting her life has been a constant fear she carried with her ever since she was locked in a sexless marriage and sex-based job. It was especially hard for her, living with a younger, prettier version of herself, who easily got the love and adoration Dasha desperately craved all her life.

"Thank you," she replied after a long pause. "You are so kind."

Unaware of his captive's momentary dismay, Eddie continued to increase the speed of his hips. The pounding she was getting was too much for Dasha's mind to handle. Her anxiety instantly melted away as her body took over the reins.

Eddie was enjoying the milf's welcoming fuckhole a lot. Her tightness and wetness were pleasantly surprising.

"You're probably the oldest slut I ever fucked," said the boy, fleetingly reviving the woman's latent anxiety right when she was approaching the edge. "And I'm glad I gave you a try. I thought that home invasion thing was fun because of the special circumstances, but now I realize that you are actually a decent piece of fuckmeat."

Eddie's nonchalant use of words like slut and fuckmeat was very effective this time. Not only did they penetrate Dasha's thick skin and shook her bruised dignity, but they actually carried her over the threshold. Her legs started to shoo and her entire body was taken over by a cascading orgasm.

Once the waves of pleasure died down, Dasha's knees buckled and she fell face first on the cushion. Eddie, who was still fucking her pussy in full force wasn't very happy about his fucktoy's sudden collapse.

"Did you just climax without permission, insolent whore?" asked the boy with an irritated voice.

Dasha, now drained of all energy, struggled to apologize for her impudence. She was surprised by this sudden and unusually powerful orgasm. She didn't have a chance to prepare herself, or ask permission as a proper woman should.

"I'm so sorry, I couldn't..."

Eddie didn't let her say another word. In his anger, he pulled her hair violently and dragged her towards the window.

“Looks like you need to be reminded of your place, shameless slut.”

Once they reached the window, Eddie threw open the curtains with his free hand and pressed the now-panicking woman’s naked body against the glass. The glass rattled at the impact, and the loud thud drew the attention of a couple passers-by. Dasha immediately turned her head and closed her eyes with shame when the two men turned and saw her big boobs spreading on the cool glass. Furthermore, the sun was in perfect position, illuminating her entire body with a golden shimmer, exposing the woman for all to see.

“Please,” she begged, struggling to break free of the young teenager’s iron grip, “please let me go. I beg you. I’m so sorry. It was a mistake.”

The sudden terror and shame that took over Dasha’s body seemed to have no effect on Eddie. He moved in closer and pressed his body onto Dasha’s trembling body, pinning her more securely between himself and the window. A couple more pedestrians stopped on their tracks and joined the growing number of spectators. Almost driven crazy by the augmenting humiliation, Dasha started to push and slap Eddie away.

“No! stop! Let me go at once!”

Eddie was amused by the woman’s feeble attempts to break free, but her slaps were starting to annoy him. He grabbed the curtains on the left-hand side and wrapped the horrified woman’s torso tightly, rendering her arms useless.

“There. You are no longer fully naked,” he snickered and pinned her again. Dasha exhaled loudly as Eddie tightened the curtains around her arms and chest. “Let yourself go and enjoy the attention you are getting, whore!” He pointed towards the small crowd enjoying the humiliating demonstration. “See, you already have a bunch of fans.” The people were now cheering and making lewd jokes at the poor woman’s expense.

The humiliation was now beyond her ability to bear. Tears rolled down Dasha’s contorted face. “Please! I beg you. Please pull me back inside. I promise... I’ll give you anything. I’ll do anything you want. Please forgive me.”

Eddie paused for a moment and then moved back, letting the woman go. Dasha immediately took a few steps back to escape the crowd’s eyesight. The curtain she was wrapped in kept her close by, and she couldn’t hide completely, but the disappointed spectators started to disperse anyway.

“Thank you,” Dasha sniffled. “Could you please let me... uumpf!”

Eddie interrupted the woman once more with a forceful tug of the curtain. All the air in Dasha’s lungs rushed out and she let out a painful squeal. Eddie jerked the curtain again to reposition the woman, took his erect organ in his free hand, and rammed it in the stunned milf’s anal opening without any warning.



To her surprise, Dasha's body immediately surrendered to Eddie's renewed attack on her cum-starved orifice.

Confident of his full control over her body, he slowly let the woman's hair go and increased his ramming speed. The curtain was practically turned into a makeshift sex swing, which Eddie used masterfully to sodomize his unfortunate captive. With every forceful thrust the middle-aged blonde swung forth, momentarily entering full view of whomever left outside. Then Eddie would yank the curtain to pull her butt onto his cock, which was gleefully embraced by her anal muscles. She was powerless to resist his youthful strength, and her body was fully in his mercy. She felt like a fly caught in a spider's web.

As Eddie increased the speed and force of his thrusts, Dasha struggled to control herself. The pleasure was building up once more, but she was determined not to repeat her mistake this time. She had no idea what the boy could do to punish her if she failed to control herself again.

Eddie continued to pound and pummel the poor woman's tight butt without mercy for minutes driving her to the edge of an explosion once more. Fully aware of the risk, Dasha took a deep breath and begged properly this time.

"Please, Eddie. Please let me cum, will you? I beg of you..."

She hoped to hear an affirmation immediately, but Eddie didn't give her any verbal response. Instead he started to pummel her faster and deeper. Dasha could feel his cock throbbing deep inside her. Perhaps he was attempting to synchronize their climaxes?

"Please Eddie, may I cum? Please," she repeated. She sounded even more desperate this time.

"No!"

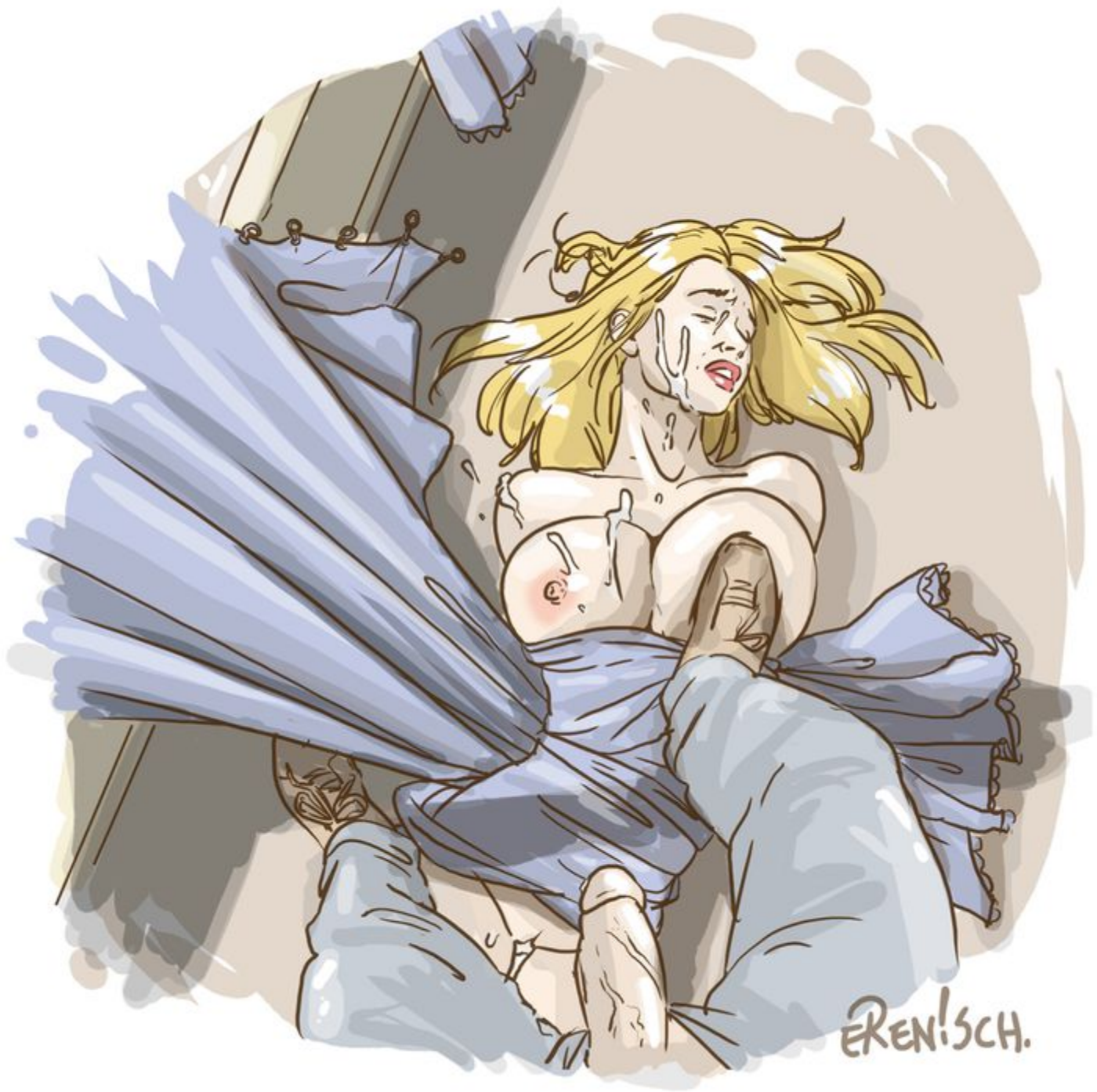
Dasha exhaled with extreme frustration. His reply was adamant and decisive. She immediately knew that begging further would be useless. This was part of her punishment. She wasn't going to be allowed to enjoy this rape fully.

Without mercy, Eddie continued to fuck the woman in the ass until he reached a mind shattering climax. He let out an animalistic groan and started to discharge the contents of his balls deep in Dasha's bowels.

After a few spurts he pulled out and let the curtain go. Unable to balance herself on her weakened legs, Dasha fell down face first. She was unable to protect her face as her arms were still tightly wrapped, but thankfully, the curtain slowed her fall. She hit the floor with a thud and rolled over on her back. She could see that Eddie was still in mid-orgasm.

Instinctively, she tried to wiggle out of the curtain and get away while the boy was distracted, but Eddie was quick to respond to her feeble escape attempt. He lunged forward and stepped on the woman's left boob, pinning her down on the floor once more. Dasha screamed with pain as the boy's heel dug deep in her soft tit flesh.

Eddie increased the pressure on the poor woman's tit, squeezing and spreading the soft mammary tissue on her chest. Dasha exhaled and looked at Eddie with teary pleading eyes. There was no sign of mercy on his face. Without saying a word, he continued to stroke his cock, hanging onto the waning pleasure that followed the climax. The last strings of white, gooey liquid spewed out of his rod landed on Dasha's face and chest, completing her total debasement.



A few seconds later, Eddie's breathing slowly returned to normal, but he kept his foot firmly on her chest. "Now you are allowed to cum, whore! Do it yourself now... and make it entertaining."

Mastery - 57

With Eddie's foot still pressing into her tit flesh, Dasha put her left hand on her vulva. Her body was slowly recovering from the vicious pounding it just received, but her mind was still in a thick haze. Only minutes ago, she was exposed to the entire neighborhood as a dirty whore, and then was brutally fucked like a piece of meat dangling from the ceiling. Now she was pinned on the floor under the young boy's foot, covered in his cum. A normal woman would be crying her eyes out in utter humiliation after all that.

Her face was soaked with tears, yes. So much was normal. But much to her embarrassment, she was extremely horny as well. It turned out, being treated like a mindless pleasure toy was what really turned her on.

It was a strange thing too. "Mindless pleasure toy" was practically her job description for more than a decade. But this was definitely something else. The boy somehow knew how to push her over some psychological barrier that she didn't know existed. He was treating her like worthless trash, a dirty cum rag, a cheap wh...

"Go on, whore," Eddie commanded, "let's see how you play with that nasty hole."

"Yes sir," she replied without hesitation. She was about two decades older than the boy, but the word "sir" rolled naturally out of her mouth. She started to rub her clit slowly, spreading her juices around her vulva.

"Sir?" asked the boy with a grin. "Now, that sounds strange to my ears. I'm not one of the geriatric assholes at your office. But you have a point, whore. You shouldn't just call me by my name. Worthless whores aren't allowed to do that."

Dasha gulped and braced for the extremely humiliating punchline. Her breathing was accelerating as her fingers moved up and down along her labia.

"What do you think, whore? What's a good way to address your daughter's boyfriend, who occasionally uses you as the cumrag you are?"

A couple more tears rolled out of Dasha's pretty blue eyes. "I... I don't know... maybe, m-master?" she stuttered.

"Ah! We agree then. I'm your master now." Eddie finally pulled his foot back and released the woman. "Say it out loud!"

"Y-you... you are my master," said the woman without hesitation. As the words left her mouth, she felt a huge burden lifting from her body. "I'm y-your slave!" she continued. "your sex slave."

She suddenly felt a big rush. It was a wave of pleasure, mainly concentrated around her clit, mixed with a strong sense of relief. She felt lighter and happier immediately.

Her surprise was apparent from her widening eyes. Eddie, still towering over the naked woman playing with herself on the floor, looked down and smiled. Dasha wasn't sure what he could read from her astonished face, but she felt like a coy little girl under his persistent gaze.

Eddie took a step to her side. He bent over, grabbed her left ankle, and lifted her leg in the air. This sudden move rolled Dasha over to her side, but she found her balance and continued to perform as ordered. She interpreted this as a sign for her to speed up. Her fingers began rubbing faster and faster. Her fast-moving fingers were occasionally making their way into her incredibly wet hole, driving her extra crazy with desire.

"Good," exclaimed the boy when he noticed the occasional digital penetrations. "Stick them in there. Fuck yourself like a cock-starved whore in heat."

Dasha immediately complied. She was indeed cock-starved and in heat. She had lived in this house since the conception of her daughter, as a mere housemaid, untouched, unromanced, unfucked. She craved for her husband's touch and affection in vain. Eddie's was the only dick that penetrated her fuckholes in about two decades.

She was glad. Perhaps this was the very reason she felt relief when she called the boy "her master" a few minutes ago. Maybe he broke some kind of spell that bound her to the "absentee landlord" who loved another woman and mercilessly ignored her.

Tempestuous thoughts flying around in her head, her two fingers moved into her vagina and found it unprecedentedly wet. She started to fingerfuck herself like crazy. The pleasure was tremendous. It was like her pussy gained twice as much nerve endings in the last few seconds.

The pleasure mounted quickly and she approached the edge once more. It was nothing like what she felt before. Her memory was still a bit hazy. Was she allowed to climax this time? She remembered Eddie, now her master, order her to play with herself, but she wasn't sure if he gave her explicit permission to cum. She decided to play safe and ask anyway.

"Master... may I cum? May I cum, please?"

Eddie smiled victoriously when he heard Dasha utter the word "master" naturally. Like magic, that simple word stirred the ruthless sadist in him. Without even thinking, he raised his left foot and stepped on the woman's cheek, pinning her head down on the hardwood floor.

"Ride the edge, slave," he ordered. "You'll cum on my command."

"Yes! Yes please!"



Devilken

Dasha was now in the boy's total control. She continued to finger herself frantically at the very edge of a mind-shattering climax. With her eyes closed and mouth agape, she moaned wildly and waited for his command. Seconds passed. Perhaps minutes? Her pleasure was building, and building. With every passing second, Dasha was rediscovering new limits of patience and endurance. She couldn't believe she was able to keep herself from succumbing to the looming orgasm.

"Cum! Now!"

An animalistic groan left the woman's mouth as every single muscle in her body spasmed with an intense pleasure explosion. Wave after wave of bliss flowed through her body like warm plasma. Her entire body went numb and oversensitive at the same time. She felt like her mind was melting away in hot lava. The feeling surged again and again, renewing and augmenting her ecstasy.

Soon, she was lying on the floor, her arms and legs spread like an intoxicated starfish. She didn't have a drop of energy left in her body. She was completely drained. She felt like a warm puddle of goo.

"Well well," laughed Eddie as he walked around the motionless woman. "That's what I call an orgasm. What did you forget, slave?"

"T-thank you, master," murmured the exhausted woman with the last breath in her lungs. She closed her eyes and exhaled. Her submission was total and genuine. She felt good about her decision to surrender to the boy. At that very moment of bliss, she didn't think about her daughter, and what would this situation might do to their relationship in the future. She just knew she was happy, and sexually satisfied. Perhaps for the first time in her life.

"Thank you," repeated, "this was really gr-..."

But she couldn't finish her sentence when a sudden splash of water hit her face. Startled and confused, she opened her eyes. Eddie was on top of her again, with his semi-erect dick in his hand, gleefully peeing on her.



“You know, I have been following an online course on slave training.” Eddie moved his hand to redirect the stream of pee. He completely soaked her full bosom and slowly made his way back on her face. “I first joined to learn rope techniques to tie my slavegirl, and of course, your little daughter. I got very good at it too. You should see the way I tie your little baby, render her totally defenseless, and then fuck her brains out.” He paused for a second and continued with an evil grin: “You know what, maybe later I can show you some of the videos I made.”

Dasha squirmed with terror. Eddie was still targeting her lips.

“As I was saying. I was particularly impressed by the psychological part of this mastery course. It gave me great insights about the female psyche. I learned a lot about you chicks. And the training tips work well too. Sometimes like magic.”

Dasha choked and coughed out some of the pee that seeped into her mouth.

“One tip I took to heart, never spoil your slave. Never leave her too happy.”

Dasha squirmed and turned her head when Eddie started to target her eyes specifically.

“And you, slave, you just looked too happy a few seconds ago. We should remedy that immediately.”

A few seconds of awkward silence followed. Finally, Dasha took a deep breath and straightened her head again.

“Thank you, master,” she replied, and opened her mouth wide for him to aim for.

Mastery - 58

Stephanie stretched in her binds once again. Her arms were getting numb. Her knees hit Eagerdoll's.

"Can you move a little more to the side?" she asked with a barely audible soft voice. She didn't want to be discovered by Eddie's parents. For all they knew, Eagerdoll was the only girl lying bound and naked on the floor of Eddie's room.

Eagerdoll rolled towards the bed without complaint.

The two lied there silently for a few more minutes. It had been a couple hours since Eddie left without saying a word.

"Do you have any idea where he..."

"No." Eagerdoll answered before Stephanie finished her question. "It's not my place to ask. He rarely tells me anything. When he leaves me like this, I always assume he's with you."

"Oh." Eagerdoll's words somehow worried Stephanie. Was there another girl? Perhaps he was with Ashley. Eddie never met Ashley without Stephanie present, in her slave disguise or otherwise.

Maybe he was with that store clerk, who always flirted with him. What was her name? Vicky? Veronica?

"Do you ever feel jealous?" she asked suddenly. The question surprised herself. She didn't even think before speaking. It was like the question was formed on the tip of her tongue, not in her mind.

"Of course not," replied Eagerdoll, without a second of hesitation. "I'm just a sex toy, after all. A thing. Things don't have..."

She stopped short of finishing the sentence as if she ran out of breath. It was one of the many lines she memorized while in slave training. Repeating them verbatim to appease and please men was second nature to her and all her fellow trainees. But now, it somehow felt pointless.

Stephanie looked at the redheaded slavegirl for a moment and turned her gaze back to the ceiling again. A few awkward seconds passed.

"Maybe a little."

Stephanie turned to the slavegirl again. Their eyes met. Stephanie smiled.

"That's okay. I know how you feel. I..." She paused for a moment and swallowed. "I feel jealous all the time. I know I shouldn't, but..."

She stopped when they heard footsteps approaching. It was probably Eddie's mother carrying that cumbersome laundry basket around. They waited until the hallway was silent again.

"I'm not sure if we should talk," said Eagerdoll.

"About this?"

"About anything. Master didn't give us permission to speak to each other, and..."

"Nonsense," Stephanie interrupted the redhead. "First of all, if he didn't want us to talk, he would have left us gagged, right?"

Eagerdoll nodded, after thinking briefly.

"And even if that wasn't the case..." Stephanie put on a naughty smile. "I'm a freewoman. You see, I outrank you, and I order you to talk to me."

Her playful attitude somehow managed to bring a slight smile to Eagerdoll's normally stern, dutiful visage. "Oh yeah? Then why are you tied up exactly like me?"

They laughed.

"I wanted to thank you for sharing your story with me... You know, about how you were enslaved and..."

"Yeah. It isn't easy to talk about. It felt kinda good too. All the awful things they did to me... the things I was made to do... All that was festering inside me ever since, you know? Thank you for listening."

Stephanie nodded. She was about to mention the sex dream she had last night, the dark gangrape fantasy she modeled after Eagerdoll's terrifyingly vivid memories. The fantasy that gave her one of the most memorable series of orgasms she ever had.

But she immediately stopped herself from saying anything. It was just a dark fantasy for her, but months of real terrifying torture and humiliation for the slavegirl. How insensitive was she to even think about mentioning it to the poor girl?

"Whenever you want to talk about it, I'm here to listen, okay?"

The redhead smiled with gratitude.

"Especially when I'm bound like this. It's not like I can get away if you decide to blabber off."

Both laughed. A long but comfortable silence followed. After months of serving Eddie together, the two girls developed a bond of camaraderie already, but they rarely had intimate moments together, without Eddie present.

The main difference between the two was, of course, their legal status. Eagerdoll was property. Stephanie wasn't. Even though both called Eddie master, they weren't the same in his eyes, or in the eyes of the law. The blonde always felt bad about this difference between her and the redhead. It was a sizable obstacle to overcome every single time they had a conversation. They rarely managed to forget all about it and feel like two girlfriends.

"When was the last time you had an orgasm?" Stephanie asked suddenly.

"Um... It's been a while. But it's not..."

"You don't remember? I thought you were counting those."

"Not that. Just the number of men, and how many times they..."

"Okay, okay, yes, I remembered"

Stephanie wriggled towards Eagerdoll until their big boobs touched. She moved even closer and looked into her pretty eyes caringly.

"Do you want to have one now?"

"An orgasm... now? I... I don't think..."



“Oh, come on,” Stephanie interrupted the slave. “Don’t you say you aren’t allowed to. Eddie isn’t here. He left us here completely bound, except without any gags or dildos shoved up in our holes. I think he actually wanted us to pleasure each other while he’s gone.”

“But, it doesn’t work like that,” replied Eagerdoll, “You are still thinking like a freewoman. A slave cannot make assumptions like that. I have to obey orders. Clear, explicit commands.” She smiled bitterly. “Especially if it means feeling pleasure. It is strictly controlled. I’m definitely not allowed to have any without permission.”

“I see,” replied Stephanie with apparent disappointment in her voice. “But I clearly remember you pleasuring me without permission that one night. Eddie was deep asleep next to me and you...”

“That was different”, Eagerdoll cut the blonde off. “Master ordered me to keep you happy at all times. I was to give you pleasure whenever possible.”

“Oh really?”

Stephanie seemed amused by this revelation. Her smile suddenly turned mischievous. “Was that order ever revoked?”

“Um... I don’t think... there was no need.”

“So, this means... You have to give me pleasure if I wanted?”

“Technically... yes, I guess.”

“Good,” replied Stephanie and swiftly threw her bound legs over the slavegirl. Then she skillfully rolled to the side and balanced herself on Eagerdoll’s belly. She rotated around and repositioned her crotch over the redhead’s face.

“Go ahead, then,” she smiled. “Obey your master’s orders”.

It was impossible to see Eagerdoll’s reaction from where she lied. Thankfully, she didn’t have to wait too long to find out. After a few seconds, she felt Eagerdoll’s warm breath on her crotch, and her skilled tongue between her pussy lips.

“That’s a good girl,” exclaimed Stephanie as her entire body woke up to a sudden wave of pleasure emanating from the point Eagerdoll’s tongue touched her. Her own face was right above the slavegirl’s beautiful pussy. The pleasant fragrance of her fully shaven, perfumed and oiled Venus delta was calling to her.

“And you have no choice but surrender to me, if I decide to rape you, right?”

All Eagerdoll could do was let out a lustful moan, as her talented tongue was still busy licking Stephanie’s clit.

It was all Stephanie needed to hear. She immediately shoved her face into the slavegirl’s inviting pubic area and started to repay her kindness.

Their legs were tied at the ankles and above the knees. It wasn’t definitely the best position for a good sixty-nining, but both girls had the enthusiasm to compensate for the difficult situation.

The two lustful babes remained in this awkward entangled state for minutes, their desire-ridden bodies wiggling and swaying as much as their restraints allowed. In a few minutes they were synchronized in such rare precision that every flick of their tongues translated into magical explosions of pleasure. They seemed like one inseparable ball of fluid bliss, squirming in harmony. It was nothing but a mystical experience for both girls.



Their bodies slowly approached critical mass almost in perfect synchronization, and a mind-breaking orgasm followed. Stephanie felt like her mind was melting in warm, magical plasma. Eagerdoll was in a similar state judging by the sounds she made as multiple waves of orgasm hit her again and again. Both girls buried their mouths deep in each other's crotches to muffle their moans of ecstasy. Soon, their bound naked bodies fell limp on top of each other.

It took a few minutes for Stephanie to muster the energy necessary to roll to the side and release the exhausted redhead. She dropped on her back next to her victim and spoke with a soft, satisfied voice.

"Keep count of these too, will you?"

Mastery - 59

The doorbell rang exactly one second after Dasha took the cookies out of the oven. She hurried to the door to welcome her husband and opened it with a warm smile.

“Welcome Kenneth. Just in time, I baked your fav-...

The woman’s smile froze in a crooked curve once she noticed the tall brunette behind her husband.

“Oh, Hi Sally. I wasn’t... I mean, what a nice surprise. Please, come in.”

Kenneth walked in without saying word. Sally followed him after greeting Dasha with a brief, barely noticeable smile on her face.

Dasha immediately bowed down to remove her husband’s shoes, but he didn’t stop to let her this time. He continued to walk towards his chair with a stern expression on his face. It was immediately obvious to Dasha that something was off. Since the day they married, her husband had never brought his mistress to their house before. Not even once. Dasha had seen her in person twice, and only in formal social gatherings. Kenneth was careful enough not to let them meet. Dasha was grateful for this kindness.

As if this odd meeting wasn’t telling enough, Kenneth was acting strange. He was as collected and calm as usual, of course, but he wasn’t talking to her.

“Would you like to drink something?”

Her husband didn’t say anything. He sat down on his favorite armchair and leaned back. Sally silently sat on the couch next to him.

Dasha was almost in panic now. She somehow managed to keep a relatively calm appearance as she knelt in front of her husband.

“I’m sorry, are you annoyed with me?”

Kenneth didn’t move or say anything for a long while. He was apparently thinking about what to say, looking for the correct words. Dasha’s panic was growing with every passing second.

“You know, I always respected your freedom,” he said, after a long awkward silence. “Since we had this special arrangement...” He briefly turned to Sally for emphasis. “And you had that job as a sexretary...”

Dasha was fighting back tears and trying to keep her composure. Various disaster scenarios were hurling around in her head.

“I married you, gave you a home, legal protection...”

Dasha nodded frantically. “Yes Kenneth, I’m grateful.”

Kenneth responded with an annoyed frown. He continued once Dasha fell silent and bowed her head like a puppy who just spilled milk all over the floor.

“All I wanted from you was to look after my daughter and keep a proper home.”

Dasha raised her head to say she did her best, but her teary eyes met with Kenneth’s frown again. She shut her mouth and nodded silently instead.

“I even told you that you could engage in romantic relationships, as long as you keep it private and not damage my reputation or my daughter’s.”

Dasha could no longer hold back her tears. It was as she feared. Kenneth must have heard about the impromptu “sex show” Eddie forced her to perform in front of the living room window a couple days ago. It was inevitable, of course. In the brief time her naked body was pressed onto the window, half the neighborhood was able to take a good look at her private parts and the young man’s ruthless hands playing with them.

“I... I,” she stuttered, “I was... It wasn’t...”

Of course, this entire disaster was the direct result of Eddie’s actions. Dasha had been always careful to act proper in public. She was a good wife and a good role model for her daughter.

Still, she felt guilty. She didn’t know exactly why but she knew it was her fault. After all, she was the one who made the first move the day Eddie came to their house. Dasha was fired from her job that day, and was in a very dark mood. She thought the boy was young and inexperienced enough to play a little game to make herself feel better. Unfortunately for Dasha, he wasn’t the timid teenager she assumed him to be. Unbeknownst to her, he had been honing his skills of dominating women for a while. Not only was he taking an online course for it, he was practicing on two young girls, one of which her own daughter.

Dasha immediately lost the little game she started that night when the boy took over full control in a second. First psychologically, then physically, she fell under his thrall. Since that night, he repeatedly reestablished his dominance over the sexually frustrated middle-aged woman, and ultimately made her accept him as her master. He was youthful, forceful, reasonably handsome, and most importantly, he knew his way around a woman’s body. The poor milf was powerless against his advances.

Now, shivering on her knees like a scared little bunny, Dasha was regretting all that. What if her husband decided to divorce her and threw her out like trash? She no longer had the low paying job. Her savings wouldn't be enough to renew her freedom permit. Best case scenario, she would be enslaved immediately by some nasty asshole and kept as a leashed dog in his basement for the rest of her life. If only she was that lucky. A woman of her age would probably end up in a state brothel, or roam the streets as a public slave until some bum choked her to death with his stinky cock.

For a microsecond, she thought about blaming everything on Eddie to save herself. Would that work? Of course, that would make everything much worse. What if Kenneth went over there and confronted the boy? What if he found Stephanie in his room, bound and naked, covered in Eddie's cum? What if he learned that she already knew all about it and...

No, that wasn't an option. This had to be her fault, and her fault only.

She fell down on her hands and feet and bowed down to kiss her husband's feet.

"I'm so sorry, Kenneth. It is true that... that I had an affair. I kept it secret... but I was careless for a brief moment. Please... please forgive me."

The only reaction she got was Kenneth pulling his feet back.

Dasha awkwardly froze in this position of supplication for a few minutes. She was too scared to get back up or look at her husband. Her tears continued to flow as she sobbed silently.

"I never abused or punished you since the beginning of our marriage," said Kenneth with an unexpectedly soft voice.

"No, never... I'm grateful," replied the blonde milf without any hesitation.

"Maybe it was a mistake," he continued. "I left you alone for too long. Unfulfilled. Bored, even"

Dasha didn't know what to say. She was surprised to hear all that.

"This is a wakeup call for me. Perhaps those assholes at the BFA were right after all. Females should be abused and disciplined regularly."

Dasha raised her head with disbelief in her eyes. "Will you... will you punish me Kenneth? Yes... I deserve that. Please... Will you please punish me! I certainly deserved every kind of abuse and punishment in the book. Let me suck your co-"

Before she could finish her sentence, Kenneth gave a subtle signal to his mistress, and Sally reacted swiftly by slapping Dasha hard across her tear-soaked face. She swayed violently to the side and shut up with a befuddled expression on her face.

"Y-you?" she stuttered as Sally stood up and towered over her.

"Of course, I simply cannot bring myself to hit you or violently rape you like a one of those FNA brutes would," continued Kenneth, still using his usual soft tone. "But Sally is more open to the idea. We talked about it before coming here, and she agreed to act on my behalf on this matter. Right, sweetheart?"

"Anything to please you, dear," replied Sally without taking her eyes off Dasha's confused, blushing face.

Dasha's brain suddenly ignited with anger and jealousy the moment Kenneth and Sally exchanged terms of endearment. It was the first really devastating hit she received from them. The vocalization of the fact that they were the real couple and she meant nothing.

Of course, it was impossible for her to act on this anger, especially when she was guilty of betraying her husband's trust. The bubbling rage immediately transformed into utter humiliation, under Sally's unforgiving stern stare.

"Get the strap-on, dear," said Kenneth, lovingly stroking Sally's tight bottom.

Sally turned away and started to rummage through a bag Dasha didn't notice before.

She took out a box, opened it and took out a big scary-looking dildo with leather straps attached. It seemed as long and thick as a forearm.

"It looks rather big," said Kenneth, with a concerned expression.

"This was the only one they had," replied Sally. "Don't worry. She is a shameless whore. She can take it." She looked into Dasha's eyes as she spoke. Dasha lowered her eyes with shame.

"Okay. Put it on."

Sally put the dildo on the couch and started to pull down her tight pencil skirt. Dasha couldn't help but admire her shapely, long legs clad in sheer pantyhose. Dasha was a tall beauty herself, but Sally's gorgeous legs made her really jealous for a split second.

After a few seconds of trial and error, the mistress managed to strap the dildo tightly in place. It was obvious that it was the first time ever she did something kinky like this, but she looked determined to go all the way nevertheless.



She approached Dasha and pointed to the empty space in front of her.

“On your hands and feet, quickly.”

Dasha quickly looked at Kenneth for a moment with pleading eyes. Kenneth wasn't looking at her. Instead, he was admiring Sally's Beautiful figure.

Heart-broken and humiliated, Dasha did as she was told and dropped on all-fours before her romantic rival.

“Turn around and pull your skirt up,” ordered Sally without giving her a moment to calm herself. The blonde obeyed.

“Look at that. She isn't wearing any panties. Like a worthless slave!” Sally was getting increasingly abusive with every passing second. She was definitely enjoying this little task she was given.

Dasha desperately hoped to hear Kenneth contradict his mistress' comments about her, but Kenneth didn't say anything. He was still sitting there, silently watching with an apparently apathetic expression. After a while he gave a subtle hand signal to Sally, urging her to start the session.

Sally kicked Dasha's legs with her pointy pumps to force her to separate them wider and knelt between them. The huge dildo landed on Dasha's raised butt and slapped her on the scrotum. She was filled with dread as she felt the full weight of the hellish tool.

The brunette pulled back and lined the dildo against Dasha's genitals with both hands.

“Which hole do you want me to put it into, dear?”

Dasha fearfully turned her head to see Kenneth's reaction. Kenneth waved his finger around indifferently. “Whichever you like. She is yours now.”

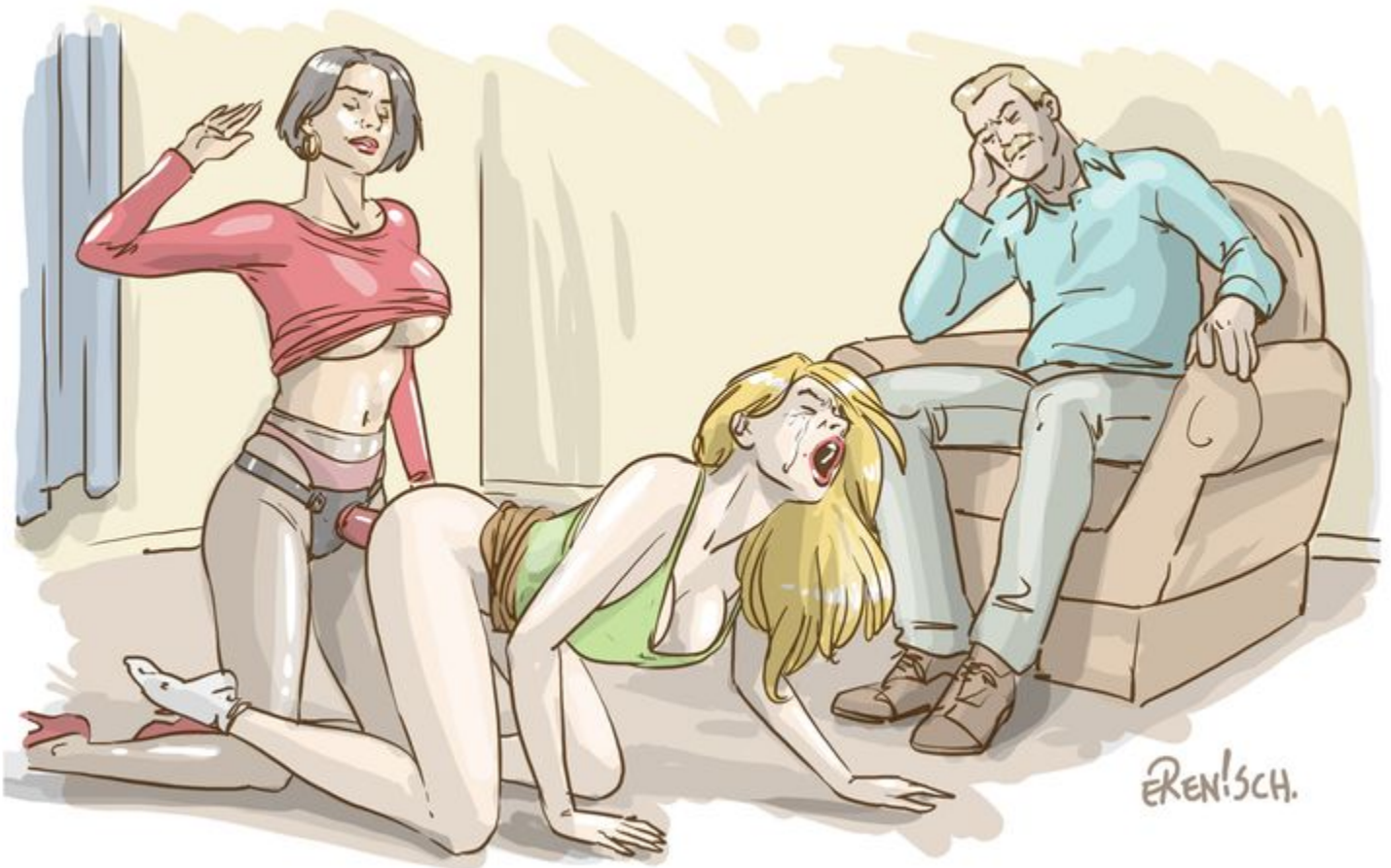
Another jolt of impotent rage and oppressive humiliation hit the punished wife once Kenneth practically turned her over to his mistress, like a plaything.

Sally didn't lose any second before pressing the toy at the entrance of Dasha's anal opening. Dasha was sure that it would be Sally's choice anyway. Want to hurt and humiliate a woman? You go with anal.

Sally wasn't a man, but she understood the urge all too well. It was her first time using a toy like this. She probably had no sexual experience with another woman either. Unfortunately, all those factors made her even more dangerous than an average male rapist. When she finally decided to make her move and ruthlessly rammed the dildo into Dasha's rectum, she didn't try to ease in. She just brutally shoved the rod's full length in the poor wife's squirming body, ripping her insides without mercy and driving her insane with pain and shame.

Dasha let out an inhuman scream as Sally's first thrust ripped her body apart. The cold, lifeless toy was surprisingly flexible enough to penetrate her fully, Stretching her bowels to the limit. For the first time in her life Dasha felt her internal organs moving around in her belly.

With tears gushing out of her eyes, she turned to Kenneth to see if he'd have pity on her. He certainly wasn't too happy to see her in this amount of pain, but he wasn't showing signs of mercy either.



Sally pulled out and shoved it in once again, this time even harder and deeper. Dasha couldn't believe the reach of the dildo. It felt like its tip was poking her heart.

The mistress wasn't slowing down despite her blood-curdling screams and pleas. On the contrary, her thrusts were getting more and more ruthless. After a few minutes, she was delirious with pain.

"See how she pushes back? She is a whore!" exclaimed Sally as she continued to ram her dildo in Dasha's ruined fuckhole. "You want more of this, whore?"

"No!", moaned Dasha with difficulty, "please stop!"

"Stop? Would you say you were properly punished for what you've done, whore?"

Dasha paused for moment and then bowed her head with renewed shame.

"No... no, I-I deserve more. Please fuck my ass... Harder!"

Mastery - 60

“You aren’t going to get bored of me, will you?”

Eddie smiled at the blonde lying with her head on his lap. It was a lazy afternoon at the park. They were idling under their favorite tree.

“Perhaps in a few decades,” replied the boy with a smirk, and brushed her bangs aside to admire her pretty face. She smiled back.

“I can’t get enough of you, you know,” she said with a soft voice. “I just want to see you all the time. Is that crazy? I don’t want to sound clingy, but that’s the truth.”

“I feel the same way,” replied Eddie. “Funny you mentioned that. I have a surprise for you.”

Stephanie looked up, curiosity in her eyes.

“Oh?”

“Eddie took his smartphone out of her pocket and pressed a couple buttons.

“You remember the little cameras I bought for my online mastery class? I installed one in your room.”

“What? You put a camera in my room? When?”

Eddie smiled like a cartoonish villain and turned the phone around to show Stephanie a high-resolution video feed from her bedroom.

“Now I’ll be able to watch you whenever I want. I’ll be watching while you are sleeping, when you are undressing, while you’re playing with yourself.”

Stephanie looked on for a few seconds without saying anything. She was definitely surprised, but she didn’t look angry at all.

“You aren’t mad? To be honest, I expected some resistance from you. It’s a huge violation of your privacy after all.”

The mild surprise on Stephanie’s face quickly turned into a smile.

“Oh, now you are concerned about violating my privacy? You violate my private parts all the time.”

They both laughed.

“Actually, that’s a great idea. I love to put on little shows for you in front of the window anyway, but I’m always a little scared to be found out by someone else in the neighborhood.” She raised her head and turned to face Eddie. “Oh, it’s... Knowing you’ll be watching me... It makes me so hot.”

She Put her left cheek on Eddie’s crotch. “May I, master?”

Eddie nodded. Stephanie swiftly grabbed his zipper with her teeth and pulled it down. Eddie’s semi-erect dick fell out of the opening. Stephanie gave it a little kiss and prepared to take it in her mouth, but suddenly stopped as if she remembered something.

“Wait a minute! Just one camera, right? Only in my room?”

Eddie’s cartoonish villain smile returned. “Nah, there’s another in your bathroom. Don’t worry. I hid them well. They are really small.

Stephanie grinned and took his cock in her mouth. It was almost fully erect now.

While Stephanie was getting busy with one of her favorite activities, Eddie turned to his phone and brought up the spy video app. Of course, he couldn’t let the girl know that the two cameras in Stephanie’s room aren’t the only ones. Actually, there were tiny hidden cameras in every single room. He could now see his slaves’ entire house. Eddie wasn’t going to let Stephanie know that she wasn’t the only woman he was interested in that apartment.

Eddie started to swipe to check if all the cameras were working. The bedrooms, the bathrooms, the hallways... When he finally brought up the feed from the living room, he jumped up with surprise. Stephanie paused and looked at the boy to see if something was wrong.

“Sorry, did I touch it with my teeth?”

“No,” replied Eddie with a dismissive hand wave, “You are great. Go on, but slower. Make it last, will you?”

Stephanie smiled. “Yes, master.” She took the rod back in her mouth and continued to suck it slowly.

Eddie turned his eyes back to the stunning image the phone. Dasha was on the screen, but she wasn’t alone. She was on her knees, sucking on a gorgeous brunette’s huge strap-on dildo. Her husband, Stephanie’s father was right behind her, holding the beautiful woman’s long blonde hair in his clenched fist.



Evidently, Dasha was being punished by the couple. Eddie had no idea who the brunette was. He has never seen the woman before, but it didn't take him much time to understand the power dynamics within the small group. Apparently, the strange woman was the husband's side chick. The feed didn't have audio, but it was obvious that she obeyed the husband's commands to punish Dasha.

Eddie wondered if this punishment was the result of his actions. The idea made him a little nervous. What if Dasha told all about his visits? What if she told him about what he had been doing with Stephanie?

"Can't be," he thought to himself, trying to calm down. This didn't look that harsh a punishment.

Eddie's latest slave recruit wasn't giving a blowjob any more. Now the brunette was ruthlessly skull-fucking Dasha, as the man held her head stable. Eddie couldn't help but admire the beauty of the tall, long-legged woman. She had short dark brown hair, smooth bronze skin and a graceful posture. She was as beautiful as Dasha, but in stark contrast. She was like the blonde's polar opposite, a great beauty from the other end of the spectrum.

He was mesmerized by the gorgeous brunette's hip movements, shoving the huge strap-on dildo in Dasha's tear-soaked face again and again. Eddie was so captivated by this unexpected live sex show, he had already forgotten all his worries about the reason for this harsh treatment Dasha was subjected to.

"You are so hard."

"Huh?"

Eddie turned to Stephanie, who was still sucking and licking his member with enthusiasm.

"I love your dick. I love sucking it, especially when it gets so big. I hope I can make you this hard every time..." She didn't even try to finish the sentence and took it in her mouth once again. Eddie instinctively grabbed her hair with his free

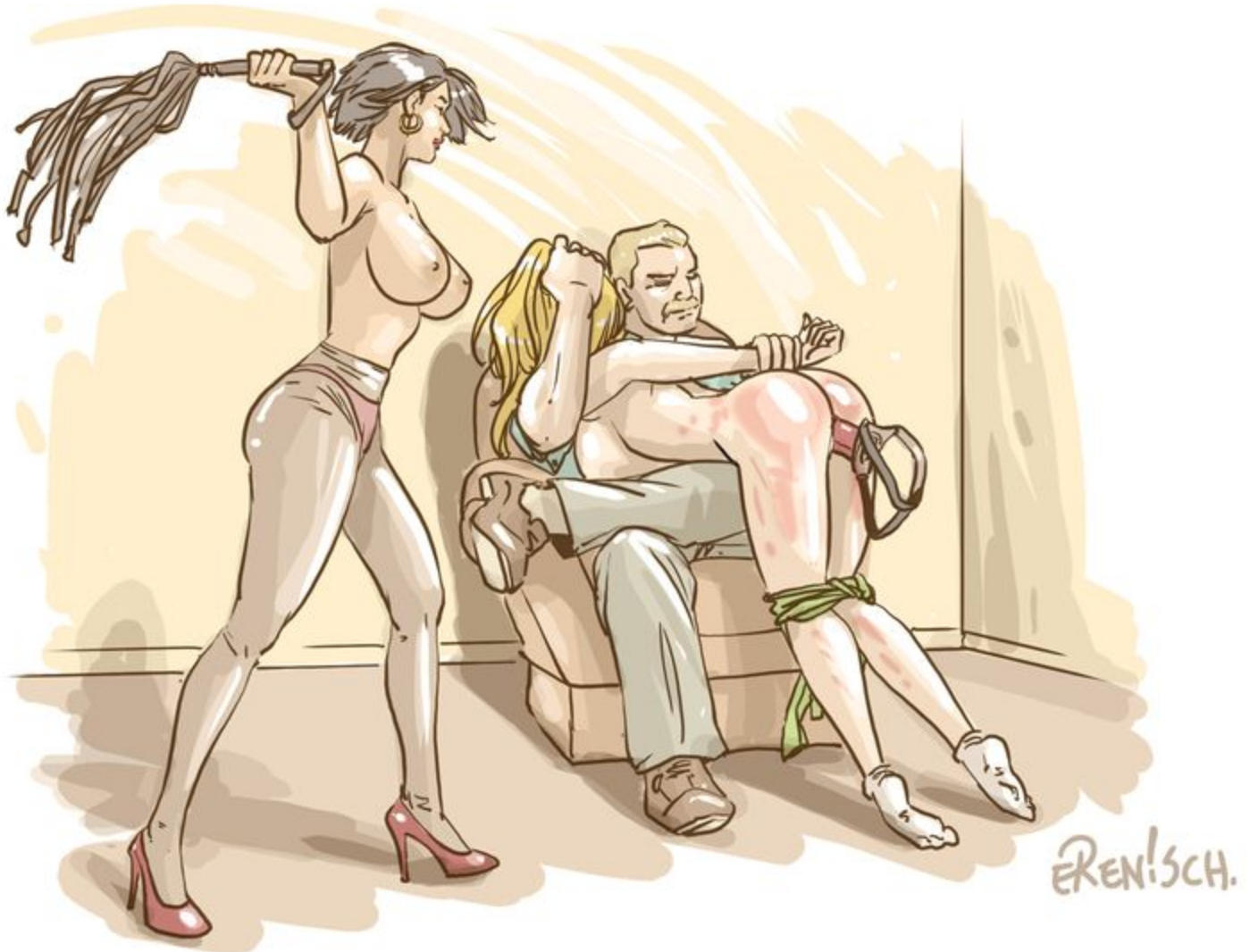
hand and started to guide her head.

A couple kilometers away, in Stephanie's living room, her mother also had a big hard rod assaulting the back of her throat. Her husband looked rather calm and apathetic since the beginning of the feed, but the brunette was increasingly ruthless, merciless. Eddie could easily read the sadistic pleasure on her face. A few minutes later, the man ordered the brunette to stop and pull the dildo out of his wife's sore throat. Eddie wondered if this was it.

The woman pulled out and took a couple steps back. As she gracefully removed the dildo by pulling it down her shapely long legs, the husband yanked Dasha by a fistful of her hair and forced her to stand up. Then, without saying a word, he pulled her towards himself and dragged her onto his lap, face forward. He raised her butt, grabbed her wrists at her back and presented her bare buttocks to his girlfriend.

At that moment Eddie noticed that the brunette had returned with a flogger. She unceremoniously shoved the huge dildo in Dasha's pussy from behind and raised her flogger in the air, ready to strike Dasha's defenseless bottom.

After a short pause, the husband gave her the nod, and the flogger hit the blonde milf's bare ass mercilessly. Another followed, and then another. The woman surely wasn't holding back. At that point Eddie wished he had audio. He desperately wanted to hear Dasha's muffled screams.



The flogger continued to land on Dasha's reddened ass-cheeks left and right. With every passing second, her bottom was turning redder and redder. Soon, those beautiful round buttocks were covered in dark red and purple welts and bruises. Eddie wondered if the brunette was trying to draw blood. Judging by her vicious expression, she wasn't going to stop unless the guy commanded her to.

Eddie felt a sudden urge to see Dasha's beautiful visage contorted with pain. From this angle he wasn't able to see her face. He tried to imagine the ripples of agony on her pretty mug and her desperate screams every time the brunette hit those bubbly buttocks. The image was too powerful. Soon he was throbbing and shaking uncontrollably.

Stephanie was caught by surprise when Eddie suddenly exploded in her mouth without enough warning. Load after load hit the back of her throat. In order not to make a mess, she quickly swallowed the first few spurts and kept the final

loads in her mouth. She raised her head and looked at her master. Eddie was just recovering from the powerful climax he had. He subtly gave her the sign to swallow his cum, which she gladly did.

“Wow,” he sighed as Stephanie put her pretty head back on his lap and relaxed. “That was an unforgettable, wonderful image for sure. I think I came twice as hard as usual”

Stephanie glowed with happiness.

“Thank you master. I always do my best to please you.”

Mastery - 61

“Are you sure nobody would recognize me like this?”

Eddie smiled and caressed Stephanie’s blushing cheek. “Don’t worry, baby. Even I wouldn’t be able to recognize you in this Felis mask,” he said with a soft voice. Stephanie smiled back nervously and instinctively corrected her posture. She was still shivering in her slave harness that offered no protection against the elements.

“I understand the importance of this... exercise for your online course, but...” She paused and her eyes scanned the woods fearfully. She was standing at the center of a large clearing in the middle of a wooded area, 30 minutes north of the city. She was almost fully naked except for the cheap Felis mask and a leather harness made up of several straps and chains.

“I just... feel like somebody might be watching us.”

Eddie laughed and took a few steps back. “We are in the middle of nowhere, sweetie. It is just me and my new camera. You are safe here.”

His reassuring smile momentarily transformed into a mischievous grin. “Well, you’ll definitely get raped afterwards, but safe...” He laughed at his own joke. Stephanie joined him with a nervous chuckle.

“I’m sorry,” said Stephanie as Eddie started to tinker with the dials on the camera he placed several meters away from her. “I know... this is necessary for the course, but why didn’t you bring Eagerdoll instead? She is much better at this. She is well-trained, and always has perfect posture. I’m like a...”

“Yeah, but I didn’t train her,” interrupted the boy. He was done adjusting the camera. “I trained you myself. I’m showing you off as my final project. The videos I uploaded before were rope techniques, flogging, slapping... stuff like that... What I learned to do. This is completely different. This is all about what I taught you to do.”

Stephanie nodded, but Eddie’s words provided no relief for the trembling girl. To the contrary, now she was even more nervous. What if she screwed up and failed to obey his commands properly? What if he couldn’t get the mastery certificate because her posture was less than perfect?

“Don’t worry too much,” said the boy as if he read her mind. Stephanie’s expressive big blue eyes, even while partially obscured by the latex mask, could never hide her feelings and thoughts.

“Are you ready?”

Stephanie took a deep breath and nodded.

Eddie pressed on the record button and took the remote control in his left hand. He activated the microphone on his collar and started to speak in a soft but confident voice.

“Hello. This young slut is Humpkin, an 18-year-old high school student. She is a bareneck I have been training as my personal fucktoy. She was a virgin in every hole when I started to train her.” He paused and turned to Stephanie, who was shivering like a leaf. “Humpkin, on your knees!”

“Yes, master!”

The blonde immediately fell down on her knees in a graceful way. She tried hard to keep her arms on her sides. In her mind, she had been repeating again and again the list of commands and positions that she memorized and practiced hundreds of times.



Eddie waited for a moment so she could settle on the soft ground. Her knees dug into the softened soil. The grass was cool and moist. She joined her knees, and sat on her heels.

“Position zero!”

“Yes, master!”

Without any hesitation, she joined her wrists behind her back, parted her knees, pushed her impressive chest forward and straightened her neck. Her big boobs bounced a few times. She resettled on her heels and lowered her eyes respectfully. This was the basic “waiting” position for slaves.

Without saying anything, Eddie picked up the camera and walked around the kneeling girl, recording her posture from all angles. Once the circle was completed, he placed the camera back in its original position.

“Beg for oral service!”

“Yes, master!”

Stephanie swallowed the saliva collected in her mouth. She took a deep breath as she tried to remember the words of supplication she memorized.

“My dear master, would you please...” She paused for the briefest moment and swallowed again. “... let this slut serve you with her worthless mouth. This lowly slut begs to suck your mighty cock, master.”

As she finished begging, she immediately repeated the words in her mind, as if she was trying to double-check. She thought it wasn’t her best work, but she was glad that she didn’t make a big mistake or stutter.

Eddie waited for a long moment. Stephanie expected this to happen a lot throughout the taping. These long pauses are simple, handy techniques for breaking slavegirls and testing their nerves. She froze like a statue and waited for her next command.

“Very well,” said Eddie after an appropriately long silence. “Position one!”

“Yes, master. Thank you!”

The blonde swiftly raised herself up on her knees, carefully adjusting the height of her head to match Eddie’s crotch. She pushed her head back, opened her mouth wide and stuck her tongue out as if she was trying to taste the air. This was position one, but Stephanie liked its alternate name better. “Cockswallow” sounded much better than the overly clinical “position one”.

Of course, the main purpose of this position was to provide the master with easy access to the slave’s mouth. Some training manuals had a slightly modified version called the “pissor”, in which the slave would arch her neck further back

and open her mouth wider.

When she pushed her head back, she caught a glimpse of her master's face. Eddie looked satisfied, with a subtle smile on his face. Stephanie felt a great relief and sense of achievement. She was making her master proud.

"Turn to your left!"

Stephanie quickly turned on her knees with graceful movements and reassumed Cocksallow position without hesitation. She perfected the arch of her back so the camera could see her cocksucking posture from the side.

She waited for a short while. Finally, Eddie slowly walked up to her and stood with his bulging crotch in front of her face.

"Take it out..."

Stephanie didn't move but looked up. She knew well that this wasn't the full command.

"... with your teeth."

The blonde tried really hard to suppress a smug smile. She was extremely proud of herself for not immediately reaching for his zipper with her hands. That would be an amateurish mistake.

She leaned forward, caught the zipper with her teeth and pulled it all the way down. Then without losing another second, she caught the elastic of his underwear, and slid it down until Eddie's erect cock fell out and hit her on the forehead. Resisting the urge to take it in her mouth she went back to her original position and waited for commands.

"Suck it! Make me cum in 3 minutes."

Stephanie smiled with sparkles in her eyes. "Yes, master. Thank you!"

She realized that she was no longer nervous. She wasn't shivering or sweating profusely. She felt in the zone.

Eddie's cock looked extra delicious to her eyes. The urge to suck it was more powerful than usual also. Was it the secluded location? Was it the camera?

Eddie had already raped and beaten her in front of the camera before, but this time the stakes were extremely high. In those videos, she was but an object he played with. He tied her in various ways for his shibari test, he flogged her tits and back for his discipline exam, and of course he fucked her on camera just for fun. But this time, she was the star of the show. It was her performance he was going to be graded on. And that was the main factor that amplified her excitement. She was her master's masterpiece.

She leaned forward and caught her master's swaying member with her full lips. She opened her mouth wide enough to let the organ in, and slowly moved her lips along the shaft.

After playing with the tip for a short while, she started to suck on it as best as she could.

As she sucked, she counted the seconds in her head. This was the trickier part of the exercise. She didn't want to enjoy it too much and forget about the time limit Eddie set with his command. After the first minute was over, she started to accelerate her motions. By the end of the second minute, Eddie was already approaching to the point of no return. She slowed down and accelerated again, until she thought the time was right. With ten seconds to go, she masterfully brought Eddie to the edge and pushed him over at the very last moment.



The explosion was glorious. Eddie's cock started to throb and burst in her mouth like a volcano. Warm, sticky, salty goo filled Stephanie's mouth, forcing the poor girl to swallow some of it in order not to choke.

"Oh, Fuck-k-k!"

Eddie violently pulled his cock out of the blonde cocksucker's mouth and slapped his forehead.

"Goddammit! I was supposed to cum on your face."

Stephanie was surprised at his behavior. She didn't know how to react, so she kept her posture.

"This slut is sorry, master," she said after a few seconds, with a vocal question mark at the end. "This slut is..."

"Not your fault, babe," replied Eddie with his palm still on his forehead. "Well, actually it is kind of your fault. You sucked me off so well, I totally forgot why we were doing this."

He smiled to the kneeling girl, who was visibly delighted by his unexpected praise.

"Thank you master," she said, beaming.

"Still, your actions will have consequences."

Without letting the surprised girl say anything, he reached forwards and grabbed Stephanie by her collar, violently pulled her up and then threw her on the ground face forward. Stephanie couldn't react in time and fell on the soft grass, tits

first. Before she could protest, Eddie pinned her down with his full weight, pulled the crotch-strap to the side, and brutally penetrated her pussy. Her loud scream echoed in the clearing, startling a flock of birds resting among the branches nearby.

Stephanie immediately surrendered to her master's assault and her surprised screams turned into moans of passion. The spontaneous, wild, animalistic mating ritual lasted a while until finally the two climaxed together and fell on the ground exhausted.

"I hope you learned your lesson," said the boy with an evil grin. "But now we have to start over. Clean up and make yourself presentable, slut."

Stephanie rolled over on her back and looked at the blue sky.

"Yes, master. Thank you."

Mastery - 62

“May this cunt help you, mistress?”

Sonya tuned around and looked at the redheaded slavegirl kneeling at the kitchen door.

“I told you not to call me that,” replied the woman after staring blankly at her pretty face for a few seconds.

“Whatever this thing is, it is between you and my son.”

“Yes, mistress,” replied Eagerdoll, and immediately realized her mistake. “Sorry... madam?”

“You have been living in this house for a very long time, little girl. You can call me Sonya.”

“I certainly can’t do that, madam,” Eagerdoll replied with a smile. “This cunt isn’t allowed to do such a thing without master’s permission.”

Sonya rolled her eyes and continued to rinse the dishes in the kitchen sink. “Master, eh? That’s my son, you know. I used to spank that brat.”

Eagerdoll barely suppressed a chuckle. The idea of her master getting a spanking from a woman was surprisingly amusing.

“You found that funny, eh?”

The slave immediately straightened up and assumed a respectful stance. Despite her efforts to suppress her laughter, she wasn’t able to erase the smile from the corner of her lips in time.

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell,” said the woman with an almost mischievous smile. “I’m glad you laughed. It proves that you aren’t completely dead inside. The way you always behave worries me, to be honest.”

Eagerdoll looked up with an unusual sparkle in her eyes and smiled.

Sonya finished rinsing the last plate and put it on the rack. She leaned back on the counter and crossed her arms.

“So, you aren’t allowed to address people with their first names? Even women?”

“Yes, if they are freewomen... Unless my master commands me to, of course.”

Sonya giggled. “You know, every time you call him master...” She didn’t finish her sentence. Eagerdoll immediately lowered her eyes to avoid her gaze. “Am I making you uncomfortable, dear?”

Eagerdoll didn’t say anything.

“Alright then. You aren’t allowed to call me Sonya. So, what are you allowed to do? What did my son, your master, give you explicit permissions for?”

“A lot of things actually,” replied the girl enthusiastically. “He ordered me to assist you in your chores if you asked for help. This cunt is at your disposal for anything whenever she isn’t being utilized by her master.”

Sonya smiled bitterly at the word. “Utilized, eh? You mean raped.”

Eagerdoll nodded casually. “Of course, among other things. That’s the reason of my existence... Mistr- umm... Madam.”

“You really think that sex is the reason of your existence, eh? Of course, this is the world you were born into. Some of us remember a different world, you know. It was very different before the revolution. Women were...”

“No! Please stop!” screamed the slavegirl with fear in her face. “You... you are a woman. You aren’t allowed to speak about the old days. That’s blasphemy! Sedition!”

Sonya stopped, realizing her mistake. Speaking about the pre-revolutionary days in a positive way was indeed criminalized a few years ago.

“That’s okay, sweetheart. We aren’t in public. Nobody can...”

“No!” said the girl with an uncharacteristically assertive voice. “It doesn’t matter. If a male asks this cunt a direct question about it, this cunt must report such crimes. Please... This cunt begs you not to say things like that.”

Sonya straightened up. She regretted her words that drastically changed the mood in the room. It was the first time she was having a normal chat with this shy young girl who had been living in her house for many months, and she ruined it with her sanctimonious attitude.

“Okay, you are right,” she said in order to calm the slavegirl. “My mistake. You are right to warn me in time. You did a good job.” She leaned back on the counter again, hoping to pass the tense moment. “You exist to serve... my son, in your case.”

“Yes,” Eagerdoll said with visible relief, “and anybody he lends me to.” Her tensed up muscles relaxed a bit.

Sonya squinted her eyes for a second as she always did when she had an interesting thought.

“So, anybody he lends you... Like me?” Eagerdoll looked up and opened her mouth, but didn’t say anything.

“He gave you permission to help me in any way I wanted, right?”

Eagerdoll nodded affirmatively, with a slightly puzzled expression on her face.

The two women stared at each other without saying a word for a few seconds. Sonya finally broke the silence.

“Does he... at least... let you climax, when he ‘utilizes’ you?”

Eagerdoll nodded in a very ambiguous way. “Sometimes. When I do something good.”

“Well, same here,” said the middle-aged woman with a bitter smile. “My husband is a generous man in bed, I have to admit... But I guess I didn’t do ‘something good’ in a while.”

As soon as she said that, she put her arms on the kitchen counter and pulled herself on it. She pulled her knee-skirt up to her thighs, and parted her legs invitingly.

“I think we can take good advantage of your master’s very ambiguous permission to help me out, don’t you agree?”

Eagerdoll smiled. “Yes, madam.”

“I’m sure we can provide much needed relief for each other. I certainly want to make you smile for a change, little girl.” Sonya paused for effect. “The problem is, I never ‘provided relief’ for another woman before, so I’d like you to lead the way and show me how. Would you do that for me, red?”

The slavegirl beamed with genuine joy for a moment. “Yes, madam. This cunt is at your service.” She then fell on all-fours and swiftly crawled towards the woman. She raised herself on her knees when she reached Sonya’s inviting crotch, and looked up.

“Would you let this cunt, touch you, madam?”

“Oh, just do it already,” said the woman as she opened her legs wider.

Eagerdoll grabbed Sonya’s skirt and pulled it up to fully reveal her white panties. Sonya leaned further back to give the girl more room to maneuver.

The slave gave a few little kisses on the woman’s inner thighs, which sent chills down her spine. Her soft kisses slowly approached her crotch, which was still concealed by white cotton panties. She reached with her right hand and slid two of her fingers under the fabric from the side. The first touch of the girl’s fingers on her labia shook Sonya from head to toe. Eagerdoll smiled to herself when she felt this powerful feedback.

The redhead pulled the fabric to the side and bunched it up in the valley between Sonya’s left thigh and her pubis. She rested her cheek on her inner thigh and started to move her middle finger across Sonya’s labia. After a few strokes on the surface that gave the milf visible shivers, she started to increase pressure. Soon she was rubbing the woman’s clit vigorously.



“Do you like this, madam?” she asked with a soft, confident voice. She was now in her element again.

Sonya, who was trying hard to suppress her moans, barely managed to nod and let out an affirmative groan.

Eagerdoll smiled again. It was time to start the second phase. She used her two fingers to part the woman’s labia to reveal the pink inner folds which was fully soaked in her juices. Then she leaned forward and started to lick it all over.

Like a good slave who was serving an individual for the very first time, she was trying every trick in the book one by one, pausing briefly to understand the receiver’s reaction to each move. This was, basically, an exploratory muff-diving. She also exaggerated her moves to let the woman understand exactly what she did and how she did it.

Eagerdoll was an experienced slavegirl, trained specifically for such service. For Sonya, this was a brand-new experience, and a life-altering one. This was the first time she ever felt a tongue on her private parts in her life. Cunnilingus was something men no longer did. It wasn’t illegal, but it was generally frowned upon. It was a sexual practice that was associated with the pre-revolutionary days.

Of course, it was totally fine when a slavegirl performed it.



After a while, Eagerdoll decided that it was time to finish her task with an explosive finale. She slowly and masterfully accelerated and intensified her strokes, and soon enough, Sonya's body was squirming out of control at the end of her skillful tongue. The woman's world started to spin as a powerful orgasm hit her right at the center of her vulva and took over her body in stronger and stronger waves, until she finally burned up every iota of energy in her cells. Her head dropped back and all the air left her lungs in a final, soul-expelling sigh.

Eagerdoll immediately pulled away and sat back on her heels like always. She was particularly proud of her own performance, and delighted to see and feel the effects of her service on her master's mother. The woman always treated her well, even though she often scoffed at her overly proper slavely manners. The slavegirl was glad that she finally had the opportunity to demonstrate her skills and please the woman in the process. This was a good day.

It took Sonya a few minutes to regain her ability to speak.

"Thank you for that," she said, and smiled to the girl, almost like a loving mother would. A mother Eagerdoll never had. "This was... something." Sonya paused and searched her vocabulary for the right words. "This was beautiful." She reached and caressed the slave on the cheek. "You are beautiful."

She straightened up and dropped on her feet. She put her hand under the slavegirl's chin and gestured her to stand up.

"Now, you get up on that counter, and let me show you what I learned."

Mastery - 63

Sonya held the slavegirl's hand and helped her up on her feet. Eagerdoll struggled for a few seconds to stand up straight. She had been kneeling and crawling for the last few days. She didn't remember exactly when was the last time she stood up on both feet. A sudden feeling of shame washed over her for no apparent reason.

"Sorry, this cunt..."

"Oh, shut up," said Sonya and pushed the girl towards the counter. The slave reluctantly climbed on top of it as she was instructed.

Sonya looked at the young girl coyly sitting on the kitchen counter for a second. She looked lost and scared. It was obvious that she wasn't able to determine the 'proper' thing a slave should do at that moment.

"I can almost see your brain cells flaring, little girl," said Sonya, trying to sound as soft as she could. She wanted to put the mind of this scared girl's at ease. "I know you aren't used to this... kind of thing. Just try and calm down, eh?"

Eagerdoll nodded nervously.

Sonya smiled. "Well, at least you are trying." She put her hands on the slave's each knee and slowly parted them. Eagerdoll's pink, freckled thighs glistened under the light right above her. She was incredibly wet.

Sonya's eyes were immediately drawn to the girl's dripping womanhood. "Wow," she said, unable to restrain herself. "I'm hardly an expert, but that's one beautiful vulva."

The woman started to move her left hand slowly towards the girl's crotch, with her index and middle fingers barely grazing her inner thigh. Eagerdoll shook like she was caught on an electric current. Sonya grabbed her right knee tightly in order to stop the slave from closing her legs.

"Madam... this cunt..."

Sonya rolled her eyes and pushed the girl backwards with her left hand. Then she grabbed her butt cheeks and pulled them towards the edge of the counter, forcing her to part her legs further and put her wet fuckhole in full display.

"You can't be shy after all you had to do, right? You're probably nervous because you think you might be violating some rule."

Eagerdoll nodded.

"I really don't know the first thing about your rules... about this slave-master thing you have. But I know that you deserve some pleasure, little girl. After all that suffering my son caused you..."

She put her right hand on the girl's boob and leaned forward to pin her down, then started to rub her clit with her left hand. Eagerdoll decided to stop worrying. She exhaled and surrendered to the woman's firm but caring hands.

"He isn't that bad," said the girl in between her moans. "He can be a caring master, actually..."

"Are you serious? I can hear your screams. He slaps you silly, every single day"

"That's how I learn," whimpered Eagerdoll. She was losing control of her body faster than she expected. Her master's mother had skilled fingers.

"How you learn?" huffed, the woman. "Give me a break. You can't possibly believe that bullshit."

"It... It works like magic," mumbled Eagerdoll as she slowly approached her first climax. "A slave should be clearly shown what her master likes and what he doesn't. What is allowed and what is not permitted. A slap makes these distinctions very clear."

Sonya didn't respond. She could feel that Eagerdoll's breathing getting heavier and heavier. She accelerated her fingers to give her a better push towards the climax.

"Come on, cum for me."

Her efforts bore fruit in a few seconds, and the redhead started to shook. After a series of twitches, the girl stopped moving and thanked the woman like a well-trained slave.

"Thank you, madam. Now, may this cunt..."

Sonya liked the feeling of making a girl cum with her own hands, but she wasn't sure if it was a powerful enough climax.

"Where do you think you're going?" she asked and pinned the girl back down. "You didn't fake it, did you?"

"No, madam," replied the girl quickly. "This cunt loved it... It's just..."

"Okay, I see. I'll have to do it again. Properly, this time."

As the girl looked on with a puzzled expression, Sonya opened the refrigerator, shuffled around for a few seconds, and then returned with a big cucumber in her hand.

Eagerdoll didn't say anything, just pulled her legs further apart.



“So, we are in agreement,” said Sonya, smiling.

She carefully parted the girl’s pussy lips with her fingers, and slowly inserted the tip of the phallic fruit in her vagina. Eagerdoll let out a little whimper as the cucumber began to stretch her hole.

“Silly me,” laughed Sonya. “Here I’m thinking that I’m doing something so crazy and extraordinary... But you probably had a lot of things like this in your...” She stopped, realizing how insensitive she sounded.

Eagerdoll didn’t look upset at all. “Yes,” she moaned, as the object continued to stretch her fuckhole in a very pleasing rhythm. “I had all kinds of things in me, madam... Thank you very much. I like this.”

Sonya was relieved. She was getting the hang of it too. Judging by the reactions of the young girl’s body, she was doing all the right things. She was accelerating when she needed to... she was slowing down at the right moments.

For a brief moment, Sonya found this situation extremely funny. She was fucking a young girl on her kitchen counter, using a big, curved, scary-looking cucumber. It was completely uncharacteristic of her to even imagine such a thing, if not outright insane. The whole thing was surreal, but strangely, not awkward at all. To the contrary, Sonya felt that it was natural.

As she continued to fuck the redheaded beauty faster and faster, the urge to make her happy grew inside the mother. She wanted to embrace and comfort her, please her, make her smile. Was it a sudden jolt of motherly love or pure sexual lust? The woman was confused.

On the receiving end of the girthy cucumber, Eagerdoll wasn’t thinking about anything at all. Her mind was totally blank. It was an uplifting sensation: this temporary escape from worry and fear... which was magnified manifold by the accompanying sexual pleasure.

Finally, after a steep final climb, Eagerdoll reached a real, mind-wiping, powerful climax.



EREN!SCH.

Sonya wiped the sweat on her face and looked at the slavegirl curled up on the kitchen counter. Her eyes were closed, and her body was still shaking.

“Are you okay?” asked Sonya, getting a bit worried.

“No.. I mean yes... Thank you, madam,” replied the girl between her whimpers. “I’m... I’m still cumming...”

Sonya beamed with pride and satisfaction. She reached and caressed the girl’s flame red hair, like a mother putting her daughter to sleep. Eagerdoll opened her eyes and smiled.

“Thank you, madam,” she said, and her smile turned bitter immediately. “I will definitely miss you...”

“Miss me? Why... Where are you going? Is my son going to sell you?”

Eagerdoll sat back up and lowered her eyes respectfully. “I don’t know. He didn’t tell me anything about that... But it is almost time for him to pay my tax. I don’t think he has the money.” She raised her head and looked at the confused-looking woman. “Most slavegirls are resold before their first year is up. Of course, he can return me to the store or just throw me out.”

“Throw you out? What do you mean?”

“Like... trash. It’s not like he has any use for my holes anymore. He has a new...” She stopped before mentioning Stephanie. Sonya probably knew Stephanie was her master’s girlfriend, but the fact that she was his slave was still a secret.

The mother didn't know what to say. She was still trying to understand what this slave tax issue was. As she struggled to find the words to console the slavegirl, Eagerdoll grabbed the cucumber lodged in her pussy and slowly took it out. She jumped off the counter and fell on her knees, her default position.

"Thank you for everything, madam," she said, and swiftly crawled out of the kitchen.

Eagerdoll already knew that she was supposed to be a temporary fucktoy, like most "first slaves" were. Young men often bought relatively cheap slaves when they turned 18, got bored of them within a year, and sold them at a loss before the slave tax payment deadline. Even though her master never mentioned his intentions about her, she always assumed that would be her destiny. Especially after he conquered his crush and started to train her as a sex slave, Eagerdoll became more and more redundant. It was a matter of time she was sold to a classmate or random guy on the street.

Mastery - 64

The thought kept coming back to Eagerdoll throughout the day. As she swept the floors to help Sonya, as she performed the usual welcoming ritual when her master returned home, as her master whipped her back and spanked her butt, as she sucked his cock while he had a quick snack, all she could think about was her fate which loomed darker and darker every passing second.

What would happen to her if her master decided to get rid of her?

She definitely didn't want to end up a public slave. Eddie wouldn't simply have her deregistered and throw her out with the rest of the garbage, she thought. Despite what her trainers at Girl-Mart hammered in her for months, she knew that she wasn't completely worthless. Her master would be able to earn some of his money back if he sold her. She was a natural redhead, was tall, fit, well-trained, and obedient. Her last inspection was a long time ago, but she was almost certain that she'd still be able to get an A-grade. People would pay good money for a girl like her regardless of the wear-and-tear.

What if Eddie decided to return her to Girl-Mart instead of selling her to someone else? Girl-Mart offered customers a buy-back option like all slave stores. If she was returned before the year is up, in relatively good condition of course, Eddie could get about a quarter of the money he paid for her. It was sound business practice. They would get a well-trained, experienced slavegirl for a very low price and make a huge profit in second-hand sales.

Eagerdoll definitely didn't want to go back to the store. It was hell. She felt that she wouldn't be able to survive the usual retraining month, physically or mentally. She'd rather die. As she sucked her master's cock as eagerly and skillfully as she could, she tried to work out a way to convince her master out of it, if he ever wanted to send her back. She was ready to beg her heart out.

She decided that the best fate she could ever imagine was to be sold to a middle-aged man, hopefully an agreeable one with a big harem. Slavegirls preferred older masters for obvious reasons. Unlike testosterone-filled sex-crazed teenagers, they were less likely to overuse their slaves. Furthermore, mature men would value non-sexual characteristics in a slave, like intelligence or the ability to hold a conversation. Eagerdoll wasn't sure if she had what it takes to fascinate and satisfy a master like that, but she hoped for the best.

Of course, she wanted to be sold to a man with a large harem, if possible. It was simple math: More slaves mean less chores for each.

Out of all the scenarios that swirled in her head, the least likely was to be bought by someone who'd love her, and perhaps make her his wife-slave. Of course, this was a crazy notion, like something out of a fairy tale. She didn't dwell on the idea even for a nanosecond. It was a one in million thing that could happen to a girl.

And it was happening to Stephanie, right in front of her very eyes.

Her master will soon find a way to make the blonde his, either by marrying her or purchasing her. Eagerdoll was sure of it. Eddie had been saving money again, most certainly to buy an option on Stephanie. Men often did that to have first pick when females become available for sale. Stephanie had a two-year freedom permit paid by her father, but freedom was a fickle thing in this new world. No female was really safe, none could go to bed knowing that she'd wake up a free woman next morning.

Eagerdoll knew it too well.



While she wrestled with these thoughts, she continued to perform one of her best fellatios. She was concentrating hard and using every trick she learned about her master. She could tell that Eddie was enjoying it fully. It was rather easy for the redhead to read her master's involuntary reactions to her touch, after the long months she served him. When Eddie opened his legs wider as if he was trying to lure the girl's head closer, she immediately responded by sucking deeper and sloppier.

He had a very big cock, for a boy his age. He could easily choke an inexperienced girl with it. Eagerdoll, to her surprise, really liked to suck on it. She didn't exactly remember when that happened, but serving Eddie became less psychologically and physically demanding for the slavegirl. It was possibly around the time she understood he loved Stephanie. That realization humanized Eddie in Eagerdoll's eyes. He was no longer an oppressor who raped and tormented her frequently, but a misguided, horny teenager in love... who raped and tormented her frequently.

Eddie leaned further back in his chair as he always did when he approached climax. Eagerdoll masterfully adjusted the speed and depth of her bobbing, and prepared to receive the huge volume of sperm collected in his balls. Surprisingly, she also loved the taste of it more now. More than the taste, she liked the fact that she made it happen. She enjoyed it when he came harder, and dispensed more spunk. The more he came, the bigger the accomplishment for Eagerdoll. She felt proud, kind of.

This time, Eagerdoll was already proud of her performance even before Eddie started to spray her with his cum. She was hitting all the right buttons at all the right moments. His cock was in heaven in her mouth, she was certain of it. Soon, as she expected, Eddie's throbbing rod started to spurt its gooey, salty, warm contents into her eager mouth.

As her mouth filled up with spunk, Eagerdoll looked up to see what her master would command her to do. Eddie was looking at his laptop's screen, almost with an apathetic expression. This certainly wasn't what the slave expected to see. She was so sure that she did a very good job. That performance should have induced a powerful climax, and she hoped to see it on her master's face. But apparently for Eddie, it was nothing special. Just a mild relief.

Eagerdoll felt a couple tears run down her cheeks. She didn't expect to be this upset about her inability to impress her master. To her surprise, it was a tremendous shock, and a harsh blow on her fragile self-esteem.

When the cock in her mouth finally relaxed and stopped squirting, she carefully pulled her head back without losing a single drop, and waited for further commands. Her master still seemed distracted by whatever he was watching on his laptop.

After a long while, Eddie finally realized that she was waiting with a mouthful of jizz.

“Ah, yes. You may swallow,” he said without looking at her more than a second. Eagerdoll immediately did as she was told. This time the cum tasted a lot bitter somehow.

“Thank you, master,” she replied once she gulped it all down.

A long silence followed. Eagerdoll waited on her knees without moving. She probably didn’t need a direct order to crawl away and return to her corner, but she didn’t move. She wanted to stay where she was, right in front of her master. She didn’t want to leave his eyesight immediately. Perhaps she was expecting a “good girl,” or at least a simple pat on the head.

Eddie didn’t seem to care. At the corner of her eye Eagerdoll could see his face. He looked rather stern and nervous, unusual for a man who just got his dick sucked. Perhaps her performance wasn’t that bad. Maybe he was preoccupied with some problem. Eagerdoll wondered if she could help by offering further service.

“Would you like to use this cunt in any other way, master?” she asked with her softest voice.

Eddie looked down for a moment in her blue eyes, but didn’t say anything. The fact that she didn’t receive an immediate slap was encouraging for the slavegirl. She tried to emphasize her willingness to serve with a warm smile.

The smile seemed to work. Eddie grabbed her by the hair and roughly tugged her up. He swiftly turned her around and pulled her butt onto his still erect cock, penetrating her wet pussy with surprising precision.

Eagerdoll let out a loud moan. Eddie’s cock quickly made it’s way deep in her pussy, immediately setting off alarms all over her body. She was ready to serve and please her master. She was extremely glad that he decided to fuck her, right when she was having doubts about her ability to please him.

Eddie closed the laptop and grabbed the girl’s butt with both hands. Then he started to fuck her like a plastic toy. Eagerdoll wasn’t complaining. She was useful.

“We had a lot of good times, eh, Eagerdoll?” he said after a short while. “You had been a good fucktoy.”

Eddie’s words hit the slavegirl like a runaway truck. It was exactly what she feared. He was really getting ready to get rid of her.

“Yes master, thank you,” she managed to reply, with dread in her voice.

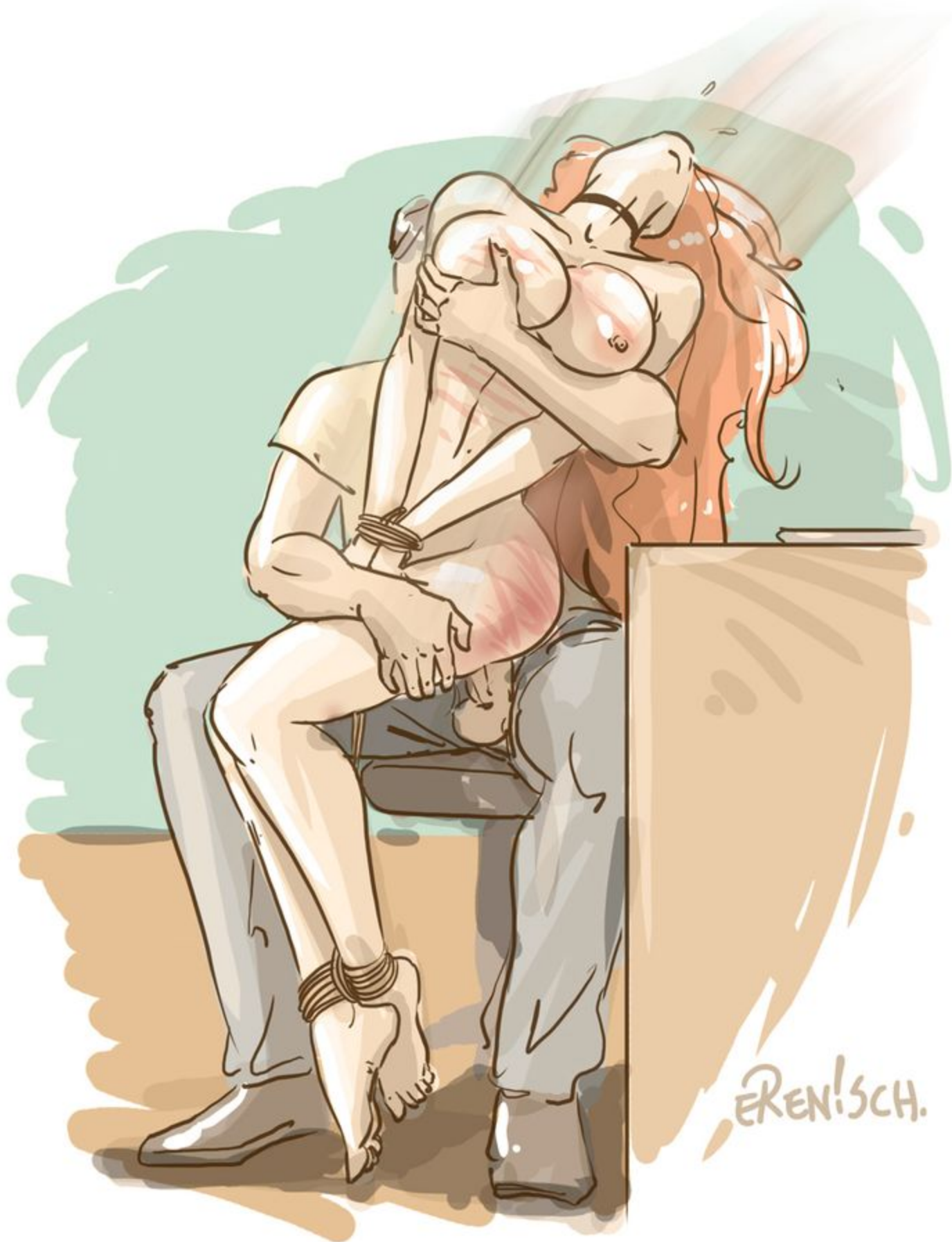
“Without you, I wouldn’t be able to accomplish all these things... Thanks to you, I got Stephanie. I made her my slave, for god’s sake! Who would have guessed!”

“Thank you,” said Eagerdoll. Her voice was cracking.

“And soon I’ll be a certified female trainer. Can you believe it? I have to admit, I wouldn’t do that without you either.”

Eagerdoll whimpered. “Of course, you could have, master,” she said. “You know how to tame a woman. You are a natural. I’ve watched how you...” She couldn’t finish her words, partly because Eddie was now fucking her deeper and harder... But actually, she was choked up, tears running down her cheeks.

Eddie didn’t seem to listen to the girl at all. Holding her round shapely butt firmly in his hands, he was fucking the girl’s tight fuckhole faster and faster. After a while, he wrapped his left arm around her below her big boobs and pulled the girl towards his chest, giving himself a better angle to penetrate the slave’s pussy.



Eagerdoll continued to cry throughout this emotional roller-coaster of a rape. Eddie didn't seem to care that tears flew down her face. He was enjoying her tight hole too much to notice. Soon he came again, this time deep inside the slave's dutiful vagina.

After he is done, He pulled the girl up by her hair once again and roughly threw her on the floor as if she was a sack of potatoes. Eagerdoll fell on her side and hit her shoulder on the rough carpet. She wasn't able to protect herself since her wrists were still tied to her ankles.

Without even looking at her, Eddie turned back to his laptop and started to type something. Eagerdoll continued to sob, as silently as she could. It took her a few minutes to fully calm down. She rolled over on her back, pulled her legs to her stomach in hopes to ease the pain in her joints, and looked at her master.

After a long while she managed to muster the courage to ask him the question ricocheting in her mind, knowing full well that speaking without permission could earn her another rough beating.

“Master, are you going to get rid of this cunt?”

Mastery - 65

Eddie turned away from the screen and looked at the girl. Eagerdoll was still lying on her back with a tear-soaked face and a cum-filled vagina. Instead of her usual stoic, obedient expression, she had an insecure look on her pretty face.

“Get rid of you? Why would I get rid of you?”

Eagerdoll swiftly sprang up and assumed position one, seemingly unhampered by the rough rope that bound her wrists and ankles.

“This cunt assumed that she’d be returned or sold before her tax is due, master,” she replied with her gaze respectfully directed at his feet.

“Ah!” the boy exclaimed, with a smile spreading around his face. “That issue. Yes, that is a concern. Turns out I owe the state a lot of money. Well, that’s expected when you buy an A-grade. It will be tricky to raise that amount of cash.” He paused and pointed at the computer screen. “Actually, that’s what I’m doing. You know the online Mastery course I take? I just posted a personal ad on their slave-exchange message board.”

“T-to... sell me?”

“Nah, to rent you. Some of these people don’t have their own slaves, but they have to rape and torture women on video to pass the exams. That’s where you come in.” He stopped and smiled as if a cartoon light-bulb lit above his head. “Or should I say you’ll be what they cum in.” He laughed at his own bad joke for a few seconds.

Eagerdoll didn’t know how to react. On the one hand, she was immeasurably relieved to learn that her master didn’t want to sell her. But she certainly wasn’t looking forward to be used by strangers as disposable rapemeat.

“This cunt is glad that master wants to keep her,” she said after a short silence.

Eddie swiveled around to face the laptop again.

“I have uploaded a couple videos to show you off. Surely someone will...” Eddie’s words were interrupted by a loud beep. “Ah! Look, we already have a guy who...” Another beep was heard, and then another. In a few seconds, 11 people in total replied to Eddie’s post for Eagerdoll’s services.

“That’s great!” exclaimed Eddie with a large grin. “I certainly didn’t expect this much interest in your cute little butt.”

Eagerdoll felt a faint jolt of pride when she heard the word “cute”. To her surprise, she was genuinely pleased to make her master proud.

“Let’s see. Five of them want to use you for their discipline technique exams. You’ll definitely get a lot of beatings, cunt.” Eddie turned to the slavegirl and grinned. Eagerdoll lowered her eyes to hide her tears. “Oh, come on, cheer up. We both know you love the touch of the flogger. And you cannot get enough slaps.”

“Yes, master,” replied the girl, trying to sound truthful.

“And the remaining six... They want you for everything. Boy, that makes five videos each. I should charge them by the video, don’t you think?”

The computer dutifully beeped a few more times. The list of Eagerdoll’s prospective tormentors was growing quicker than she hoped.

She waited silently as Eddie corresponded with the applicants. Another beep interrupted the monotonous clicking of the keyboard every now and then, bolstering Eagerdoll’s future rapist count. She knew that every new beep reinforced her chances of remaining in her master’s service, but they also meant another session of pain and humiliation added to her daily routine.

“34!” exclaimed Eddie with genuine joy. “I posted this only 10 minutes ago, and 34 people lined up already. Man, I should have done this earlier.” He turned to Eagerdoll again, with a warm smile this time. “Actually, that’s not surprising if you think about it. Look at you. You are a very attractive thing. You look even better on camera. Of course, they’ll be queuing up to fuck that pretty face and spank that round bottom.”

Eagerdoll could jump in the air if she wasn’t kneeling with her hands and legs tied. This was probably the best compliment she heard from her master’s mouth since the day he purchased her at the GIRLMART. A pure feeling of delight spread around her tightly bound, thoroughly beaten, well-fucked body. She immediately felt reinvigorated, energized, enthusiastic... Was that what Stephanie felt all the time? Was that appreciation?

“T-thank you, master,” she stuttered with a silly half-smile, unable to express her happiness in a more articulate way.

Seemingly unaware of the thrilling effect of his words on the young slavegirl, Eddie typed a few more lines and dramatically pounded the enter key to send the message.

“There. Your first appointment is set. Go get a shower. They’ll pick you up in an hour.”

The smile froze and faded on the redhead’s freckled visage. She didn’t expect her ordeal to start this quickly. “Yes master,” she replied with audible reluctance in her shaking voice. As soon as Eddie untied her ankles and wrists, she fell on all-fours and quickly crawled out of the room. She could hear Eddie’s parents engaged in a mundane conversation in the living room. She quickly bitchwalked to the bathroom and entered the shower.

Eagerdoll loved shower time. It was the only time she could be on her own... Eddie didn't like raping her in the shower. She could be all alone and fully relax for a few minutes. Water always soothed her. She preferred it hot, almost scolding. She loved the feeling of steam rising around her, engulfing her fragile, beaten, tormented body like a magical healing mist. It had to be as hot as possible. She hated cold water. It reminded her the way her trainers hosed the girls in between rapes at the Girlmart dungeons.

This time turning the tap to maximum heat didn't save her from the assault of those horrible memories. The prospect of being used by strangers again brought her back to her early training sessions. After her traumatic initialization at the mass-rape hall, she was thrown into a cell, and she was visited by a number of men every night. They would treat her like a nameless, worthless piece of fuckmeat. It was all very clinical and matter-of-fact. They didn't look at her face, nor showed their own.

The girls would be alerted by footsteps echoing in the dank dark halls. They would cry, pray and beg their gods so the men wouldn't come for them. If they heard the clank of another cell door in the distance, they would be overwhelmed by relief. This moment of relaxation would be cut short by the screams of their sister trainees. Then the relief would be replaced by guilt and shame.

It didn't really matter anyway, because all the girls got visitors eventually. Then the sound of their cell doors opening gave a temporary relief to the other girls in earshot.

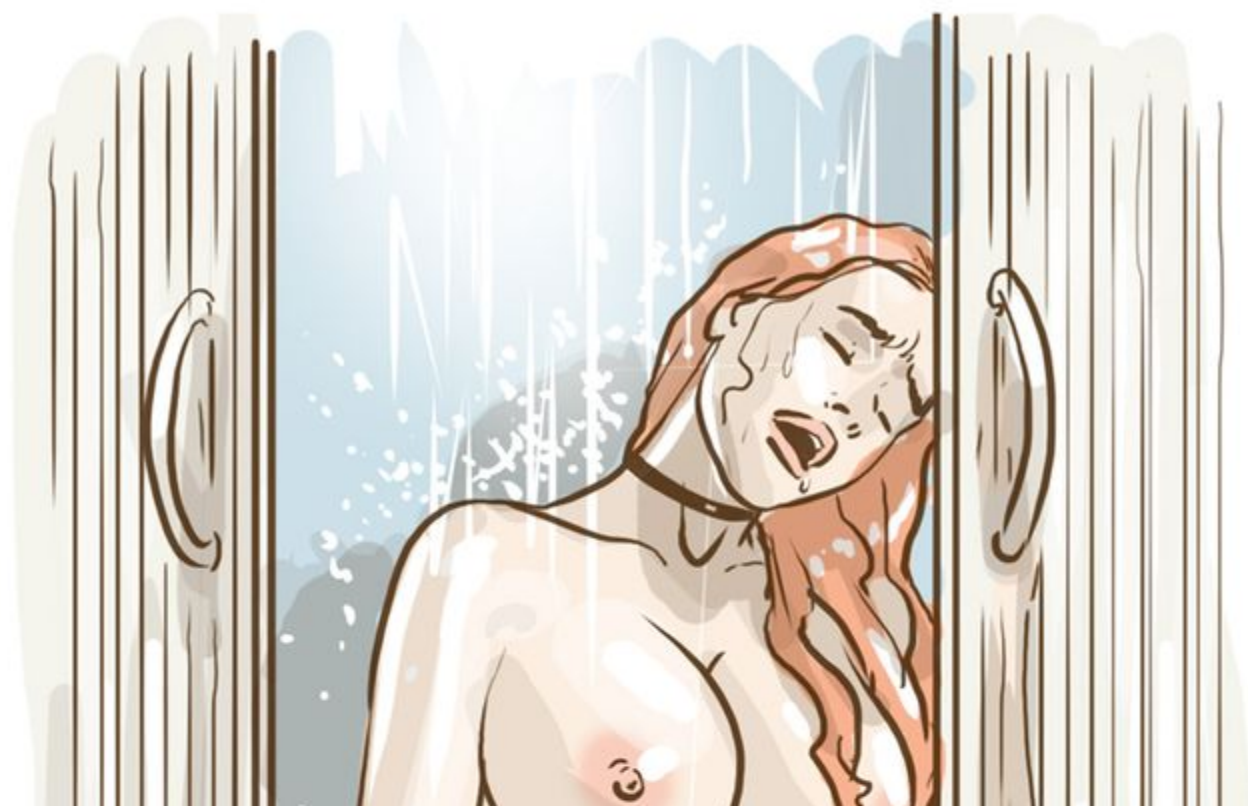
The prospect of serving strangers made Eagerdoll feel like she was back in her cell at the Girlmart basement. She desperately wanted to hear the clank of other cell doors.

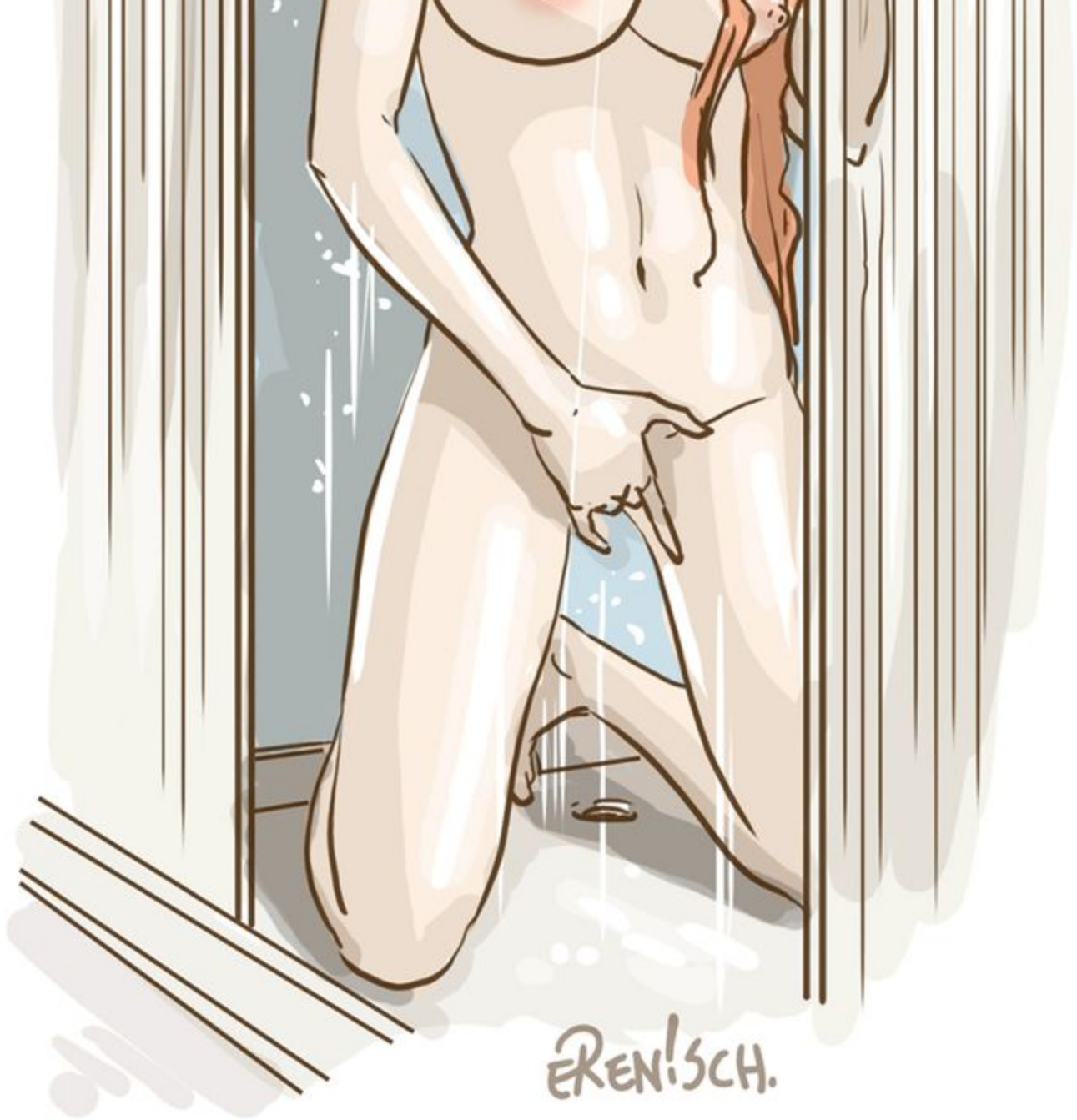
The slave suddenly came to a horrifying realization. She was incredibly horny. Her pussy was pulsating, aching for a cock. While her mind was trying to fight those horrible memories, her body was subconsciously warming up for another "visit from strangers". How effective her training was! Those monsters were extremely successful in training her id to salivate over the thought of dicks, while simultaneously crushing her ego under their heels.

A terrible urge took over the redhead's body and mind. She turned and looked at the bathroom door and held her breath to listen. She made sure that nobody was approaching. Her hands started to slide down from her chest, slowly.

Her left hand stopped while passing over her nipple and cupped her big breast. Her right hand continued to advance towards her stomach and further south. All her brain cells are now in full alert. Half of them was desperately urging her to touch herself and relieve this pent-up stress that was burning her pelvic area, while the other half were trying to stop her from violating one of the biggest rules of sexual servitude: No self-pleasuring without master's permission.

The fight flaring in her head seemed to have no effect on her hands, which moved towards disobedience without hesitation. Soon the right one found the outer lips of her pussy, and her middle finger started to rub her swollen clit. She felt like a passenger in her own body. After all, her mind was well-conditioned to retreat into a protective mental cocoon to endure violent rapes. Why would it act differently when it was her own hand that violated her body? Did that even make sense? Probably not, but the silly thought felt plausible enough to alleviate her fear of breaking the rules... just enough to let her hands continue what they were doing.





She accelerated and accelerated... She desperately and urgently wanted to climax. Not only because the urge was unbearably powerful, but also, she didn't want to be caught in the act. She wasn't sure what her master would do to her if he knew. The punishment would have been horrific if her Girlmart trainers caught her.

To the redhead's surprise, the fear of getting caught significantly augmented her sensitivity to touch. The pleasure mounted as her fingers continued to rub, pull, and pinch her clit and labia, but after a while even that wasn't enough. Now fully taken over by her urges, she joined three fingers and slid them into her ravenous hole. After another quick pause to listen, she started to fuck herself silly.

Her brain was now completely engulfed in fire, as well as her cunt. She was fully aware of the breach of trust between her and her master, and the violation of the rules of slavery that was scorched onto her brain. She simply didn't care anymore. The urge was too powerful for her to resist. It was like the sudden collapse of a mental dam that barely held the anxiety and fear that mounted throughout these last few days.

As the metaphorical dam came crushing down, so did Eagerdoll, when a very powerful, long-lasting orgasm successfully sneaked up on her. She barely felt it coming, because the pleasure she inflicted on herself was already too high for her to notice the build-up. Nevertheless, the crescendo eventually left her limp on the floor of the shower, unable to move an inch.

After a long rest, she managed to get her respiration under control and mustered enough strength to get back up. She rubbed her vulva clean in order to get rid of any evidence and stepped out of the shower. She felt guilty, but also relaxed and

loosened. It was a warm feeling that she didn't feel since her e-day.

She picked up a towel and brushed off the excess water in a hurry. As she left the bathroom, she stopped and listened, but heard nothing out of the ordinary. In order not to get dirty again, she tiptoed to her master's room quickly.

There he was, tangled in a passionate kiss with his girlfriend.

"Oh, hello Eagerdoll," said Stephanie with her usual smile. "How was your bath?"

"Good, thank you", replied Eagerdoll with a matching smile of her own. Stephanie's smile never failed to brighten her day.

The blonde took a few steps towards the slave and put her left hand on her wet cheek.

"So, are you ready for our session?"

"Oh? You..."

"Yes. Eddie mentioned his devious scheme to pay your slave tax and I wanted to have you all to myself before it started. I rented you for your first session." She paused and grinned. "Well, I say rented, but actually Eddie gave you free of charge. Girlfriend's privileges."

Eagerdoll was delighted once again. She feared the worst, but now she was excited.

"I guess your first real session will be tomorrow, right Eddie?"

Eddie nodded. "Three sessions, one after another. I scheduled two or three sessions for every day. You are fully booked for three weeks."

The computer made another beep sound.

"For now," added Eddie, with a satisfied grin.

Stephanie held Eagerdoll's hand and turned to Eddie. "So, can I take her away now?"

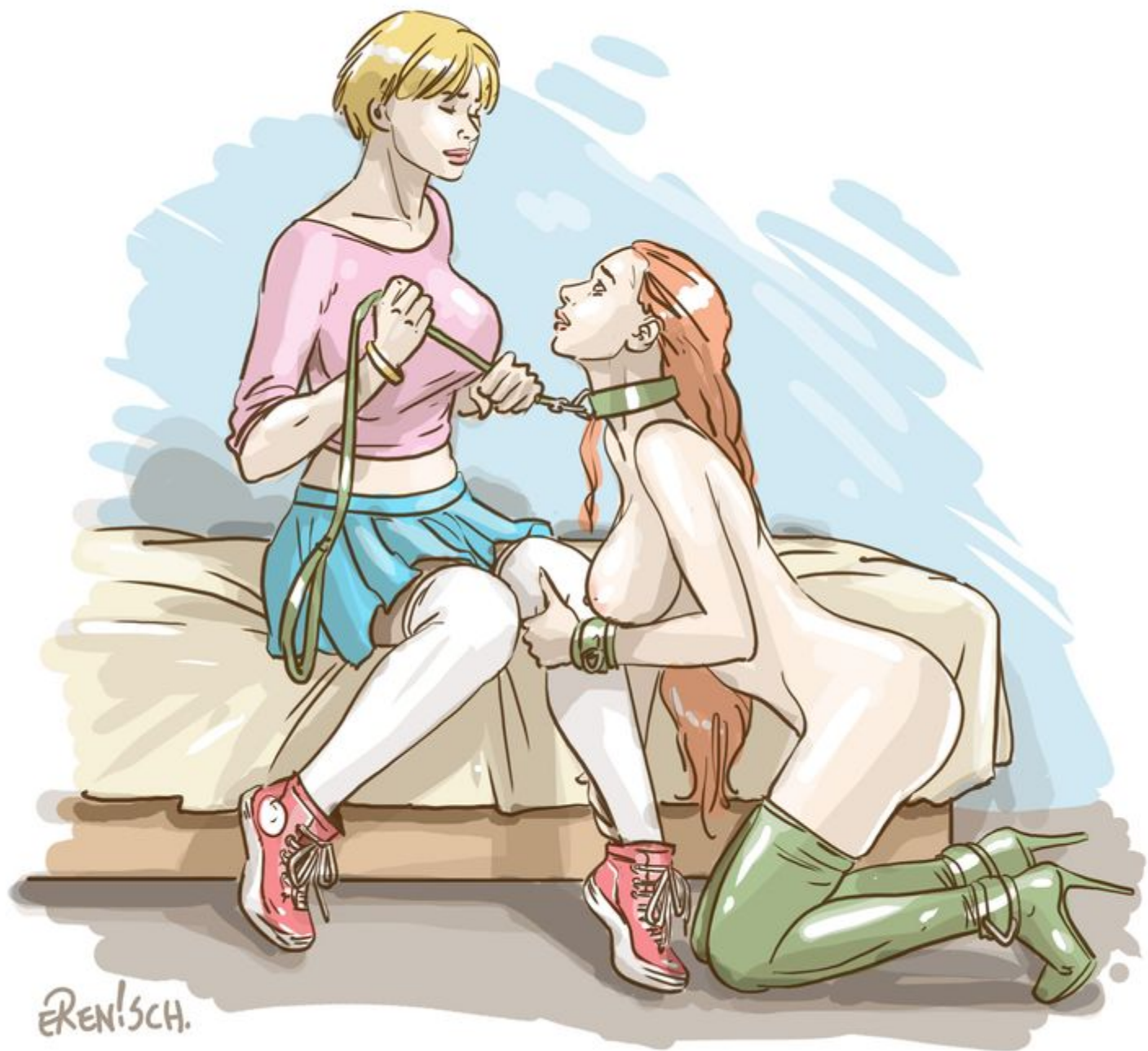
"Sure," replied the boy.

"Okay, then all I need is a leash and the puppy stuff... Oh, the ones with the padded knees."

Eagerdoll smiled. She was grateful to Stephanie for remembering kneepads.

She quickly put on the puppy gear and knelt before Stephanie. The blonde put the collar around the slave's neck and attached the leash.

"All ready. Let's go, shall we?"



Mastery - 66

“You can talk to me, you know.”

Eagerdoll raised her head and looked at Stephanie, who was wearing her usual warm smile.

“You didn’t say a word since I picked you up”

“This cunt is sorry, Miss,” replied Eagerdoll. “This cunt isn’t allowed to speak without permission.”

“Oh yeah!” said Stephanie. “I give you permission then.” She paused for a moment. “I mean, I can give you permission, right? I’m a female too, so I’m not sure if...”

“Yes,” replied Eagerdoll with a little chuckle. “Master lent this cunt to you. This cunt will obey your orders.”

“Ah, great!” She opened the door and led the slavegirl crawl inside. “Mom said she’ll be out for a couple hours. We can relax here for a while. Then I’ll hide you in my room for the night, okay? You know, I don’t want my parents see me with a slavegirl. This thing with us is very difficult to explain.”

“Yes, of course,” replied the redhead.

Stephanie closed the door and dropped Eagerdoll’s leash. She smiled to the slave and walked into the kitchen.

“Would you like something to drink?”

Eagerdoll hesitated for a long moment, baffled by phrasing of the question.

“Um... water please,” she said after a while.

“Are you sure? I made some lemonade earlier. It’s good.”

“Oh? I guess... okay, yes please,” nodded Eagerdoll. She was genuinely excited to be offered something “normal.”

“Coming. You go ahead, sweetie.”

Eagerdoll fell on all fours again and bitchwalked to the living room. She immediately remembered the first time she was in there, lying in the middle of the carpet with Stephanie’s untouched but eager pussy pressed on her face. It was almost a year ago, but the memory was as fresh and exciting as it was yesterday.

Not sure what to do, she picked a spot facing the couch and sat on her heels. She assumed Stephanie would lounge on the sofa and she’d serve her in any way she desired. She was genuinely impatient to start.

“What are you doing down there? Come sit on the couch with me.”

Stephanie gracefully walked by the kneeling slave and sat down with a glass of lemonade in each hand. She was smiling invitingly as usual.

“On... t-the f-f-furniture?” Eagerdoll stuttered. Stephanie rolled her eyes playfully and nodded.

“Come here. Forget that you are slavegirl, just for a few hours, eh?”

“Forget that I’m a slave?” The redhead couldn’t believe her ears. Was her master’s girlfriend mocking her? She didn’t seem to be. Her smile was as genuine as ever. Eagerdoll reluctantly crawled towards the couch and climbed on top of it, almost like a shy puppy. Stephanie handed her the lemonade.

“So, what’s new with you?” she started as if this was a normal conversation between old friends, but immediately stopped to laugh at her mistake. “Ah! What am I saying? I’m sorry. I’m a little nervous, you know.” She took a big sip from her lemonade. Eagerdoll did the same. “Like it?”

Eagerdoll nodded. It was the best thing she tasted in a year.

“Why are you nervous?” asked the redhead, now feeling a bit more relaxed.

“Oh, you know. This situation... We haven’t been in this situation before. I mean, all alone. Without Eddie commanding us to do stuff.”

“But, sure we have. Master left us alone many times.”

“Yeah, I know. But not like this. Not like... tied in his room. We are alone-alone. No restraints. Real or...” She paused to see if Eagerdoll understood. The redhead nodded.

“So... Why are you nervous?” repeated Eagerdoll. This time it was more an attempt to relax the blonde, rather than a question.

Stephanie turned her head and looked at the very spot Eagerdoll’s head was almost a year ago. “You remember the first time we...”

Eagerdoll nodded with a smile. “Yes, all the time.”

“Me too,” said Stephanie. “It was a magical moment. You know you were my first, right?” The slave nodded. Stephanie reached and grazed the redhead’s left cheek lovingly. “I dream about that a lot. And the time at the park.” She chuckled. “Don’t think I don’t know why you did all that, you wily minx. You practically served my inexperienced, naïve butt to your master on a silver platter.”

Despite Stephanie’s friendly smile never lost any warmth as she said it, Eagerdoll felt like a kid caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

“No-no!... I mean... Yes, I did that partly because my master loved you and desired you...” She paused for a few seconds. “But so did I.”

She looked into the blonde's pretty blue eyes longingly." You were... You are... so beautiful, and warm, and graceful, and tender...."

She couldn't finish her words, as Stephanie suddenly leaned in and kissed her. She closed her eyes and responded with equal zeal. The two girls remained entangled in long, tender, passionate kiss for a few minutes.

Stephanie became the first one to break the kiss. She stood up, grabbed Eagerdoll by the hand and pulled her to her feet. "Come with me."

Holding her hand firmly in hers, she led the slavegirl to her room. Eagerdoll remained a step behind along the way, which gave her ample opportunity to admire Stephanie's graceful, slender neck and short golden mane. The slavegirl felt her heart pounding in her chest, not out of fear and anxiety as usual, but with lustful desire and anticipation.

They entered the room and Stephanie closed the door. Then she led the perplexed redhead to the bed and embraced her passionately.

"You remember the time you called me and invited me to the park?" Stephanie whispered in the slave's ear. Eagerdoll nodded. "I almost didn't come. I was confused and scared. But eventually, I came to see you... I wanted to see you, perhaps more than Eddie."

She gave the slave a few tender kisses on her left cheek, slowly moving down. "And when I came to Eddie's room after that... I hoped to see you again, desperately." She brushed Eagerdoll's long red hair and kissed her pale, freckled neck.

"Don't get me wrong," she whispered again, as she continued to give little pecks around the slavegirl's neck. "I love Eddie, and I'm completely devoted to him now. But it was you who made me see him in an altogether different light. If I didn't see you serving him like a..." She paused to suck the girl's kissable red lips. "If it weren't you, he'd probably remain as a good friend, and nothing more. You made me see him as a stud."

"I'm glad," Eagerdoll managed to say once Stephanie let her lips go for a moment. "Whatever happened happened. I'm so happy now... In your arms."

Stephanie smiled and pushed the girl onto the bed. Eagerdoll fell on her back. Instinctively she joined her wrists above her head and parted her legs.

"You are so beautiful," said Stephanie as her gaze wandered around the slave's exposed body. "How could they torment this beauty? How could they make this pretty thing cry?"

Eagerdoll smiled bitterly. "Easily. They don't see what we see in each other. They see only pieces of meat... with holes. Fuckable, wet, soft, warm holes!"

"Oh, stop it! You are driving me crazy," chuckled Stephanie. "I can't get any more turned on than this."

She knelt between Eagerdoll's parted legs and pulled the girl to herself, bringing her crotch to the edge of the bed.

"You are one exceptionally tasty piece of meat," she said and gave a little kiss on Eagerdoll's vulva. The slavegirl shook at the touch of her lips.

"I know I borrowed you so you'd serve me. But I think we should do something else. Why don't we change places for just a few hours? You become the mistress and I'll be your slave."

Eagerdoll raised her head to look at the blonde with widened eyes. She was utterly confused for the hundredth time since they arrived. "But... I can't do that. I... I'm not allowed and... I don't have the instinct, anyway... I..."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Stephanie. "I clearly remember the day at the park. You were quite forceful that day, destroying my inhibitions one by one... and serving me to your master like a dessert. You had the instinct then." She paused for effect. "It doesn't matter anyway. If you don't do it, I'll order to do it." She pointed to the nightstand by the bed. "Open that drawer. You'll find the handcuffs Eddie uses to rape me. There is a flogger too, if you want to spice things further."

Eagerdoll sat up on the bed and looked at the blonde with incredulous eyes for a long moment. Stephanie wasn't joking. She put her wrists together and pointed to the drawer again with her nose. "Oh, what the hell," thought Eagerdoll and rolled over to the side of the bed. She opened the drawer and picked the handcuffs out. "There is a ball gag and a couple dildos here," she said after a quick glance inside.

"Let's start with the handcuffs and see how it goes," said Steph with a smile.

Eagerdoll stood up and walked up the blonde who was calmly waiting on her knees.

"As you wish. Take off your clothes!"

Stephanie quickly took off her blouse and skirt and threw them away. Her big boobs shook happily.

"Your wrists... Join them at your back."

Stephanie did as she was told. Eagerdoll went down on one knee and put the handcuffs on the blonde's slender wrists.

"Get up, Miss."

"No," said Stephanie, with a playful frown. "Don't call me Miss. Call me dirty names. Like you would with a banded slave."

"Alright. Get up, whore," repeated Eagerdoll and grabbed Stephanie by her hair. Stephanie let out a whimper when Eagerdoll roughly pulled her up. Holding her hair firmly in her left fist, Eagerdoll walked around her willing captive and

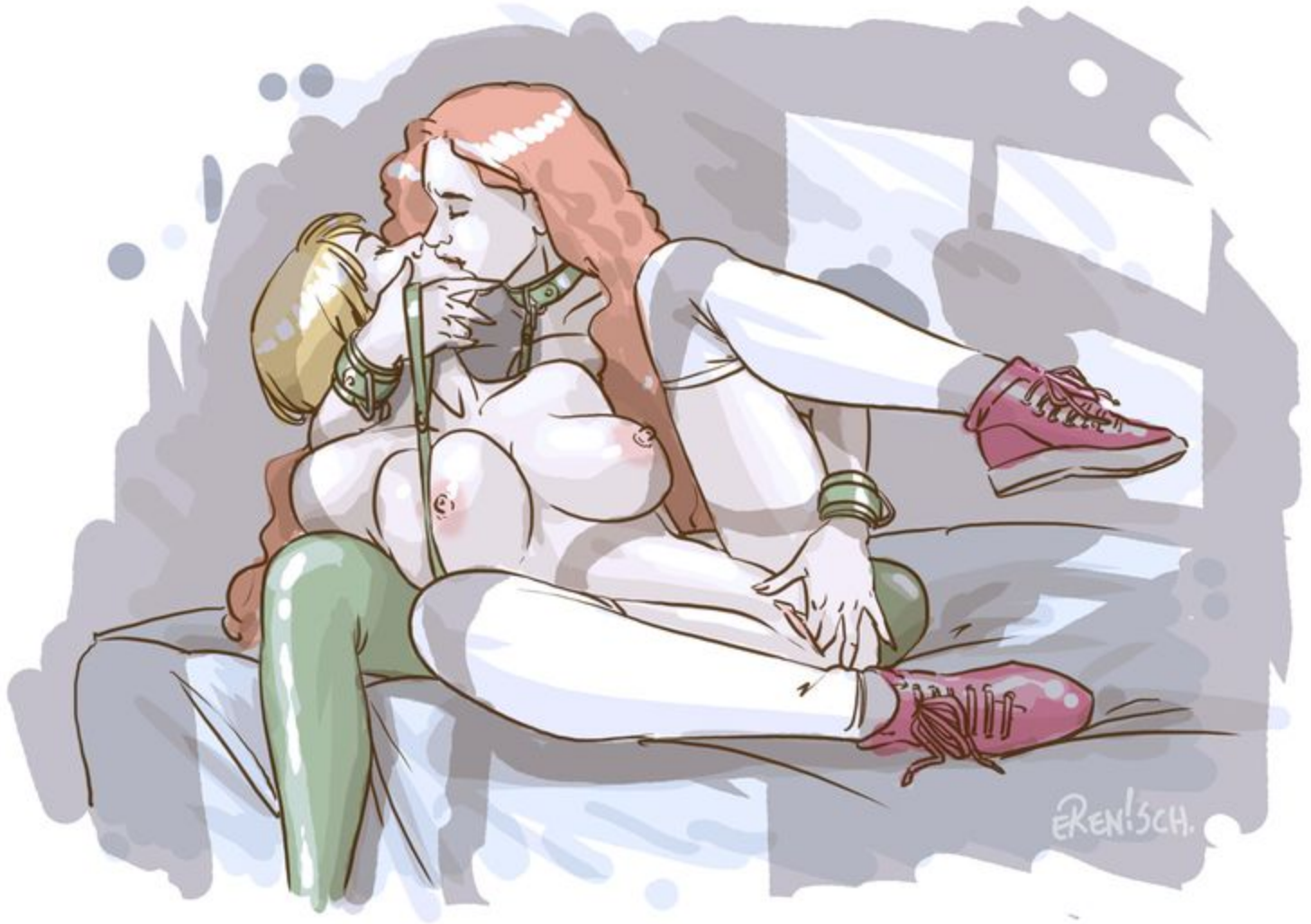
stopped between her and the bed. Then she sat down and pulled the blond down with her. Stephanie dropped on her lap with a sexy moan.

Eagerdoll tightly grabbed Stephanie's head and pulled her face close to hers. Their breath mixed with each other once more. The slavegirl didn't remember when was the last time she initiated a kiss with her own free will. She wasn't even sure if she ever had a consensual kiss before.

She paused mere millimeters away from the blonde's lips and savored the moment. Stephanie smelled like heaven... like sunshine. Unable to hold back any more, she leaned in and their lips fused in a fierce, almost violent kiss.

Eagerdoll felt a jolt of energy flowing through her body. It wasn't only lust or passion, but something entirely different. A sense of confidence... freedom... perhaps even power. This strange feeling overwhelmed her fragile, tormented mind which was hopelessly haunted by the horrors of her obedience training.

Her hands were already adapting to this bizarre situation faster than her perplexed mind. As she cradled Stephanie's pretty head in her right arm, her left hand found its way to the blonde's womanhood, eagerly pulsating between her parted thighs. She slipped a couple fingers inside, forcing a loud moan out of her captive's mouth. She ravenously caught it on her full lips.



"Tell me I'm beautiful," she whispered without pulling her lips away from Stephanie's. She started to fingerfuck her furiously

"You are beautiful," exhaled the blonde between moans.

"Tell me you want me."

"I want you... So badly! I want to taste you!" the blonde replied as pleasure mounted between her legs.

Eagerdoll kissed her again and continued to finger Stephanie to the edge of a climax.

"Please," the blonde begged, "please let me cum!"

"Cum for me!" commanded the redhead with a calm and firm voice. Stephanie immediately exploded with a powerful orgasm.

"Thank you," whispered the blonde after a few seconds.

"My turn," said Eagerdoll. "So, you want to taste me, huh?"

"Yes, please. Just like you did the day we met."

Eagerdoll let Stephanie fall on her back and rolled over to the nightstand. She opened the drawer and took out the flogger. “No, it won’t be exactly how I did it.”

She grabbed Stephanie by her shoulders and pulled the girl’s beautiful naked body to the middle of the bed. Then she kneeled over her captive’s head and lowered her pussy over her enthusiastically parted lips.

“You’ll make me cum three times in a row as I flog your tits and pussy. Do you understand, little slut?”

“Yes,” Stephanie replied as she started to lick the redhead’s dripping pussy.



EREN!SCH.

Mastery - 67

“So, what excuse did you use this time?”

Dasha raised her head and looked at the boy walking next to him.

“I just said... I’d be out for a couple hours.”

“Very well,” he replied, and pointed to the bench he and Stephanie often met for a quickie. “Here we are. My secret rape spot. But you already know this place, don’t you? You followed us that day, and watched us from behind that tree.

Dasha didn’t say anything, but Eddie could easily see the middle-aged woman blushing like a coy little girl.

“You know, I fucked a few girls here. My slave puppy, your little daughter, her best friend Ashley...”

Dasha looked up with surprise in her eyes. She had no idea Ashley was involved in this.

“Oh yeah, I have,” continued the boy, fully enjoying the effects of his revelation on the woman’s face. “I even face-fucked that reporter woman once. You know the one... with the big rack?” He made a funny face and threw his arms in the air, gesturing disbelief. “I kid you not. That was a random strike of luck.”

He sat down right in the middle of the bench and exhaled. Dasha waited for a moment and approached the bench with the intention to sit next to the boy.

“What do you think you are doing?” Eddie asked with a serious tone in his voice as soon as she started to bend her knees. “I didn’t give you permission to sit.”

Dasha jumped up swiftly and turned around. She joined her hands in front of her skirt bashfully.

“I’m sorry. I thought...”

“You aren’t allowed to think either,” said the boy. “I’ll do the thinking for both of us from now on.” He gave her a stern look, forcing her to avert her eyes and look down on the ground.

Eddie leaned back and scanned the park for a few seconds. It was another weekend at the wide green clearing, with a lot of puppygirls frolicking around. One could hear the screams and moans of raped slavegirls in the distance.

“Have you been here before, Dasha?” asked Eddie. “Except for the day you inaptly tailed us, of course.”

“No,” replied the woman with a timid voice.

“This is a nice place. It’s never too crowded, and you can watch naked petgirls crawl around all day. Very relaxing.”

Dasha chose to say nothing.

“Of course, nobody comes here merely for puppywatching. You bring some pussy to fuck. That’s what this park is for.

Dasha looked at Eddie with pleading eyes. “Would you like to fuck me?” she asked after thinking for a few seconds. She knew there was no other option. The best strategy for her, she decided, was to give him whatever he wanted.

“All in good time,” said Eddie with a grin. He tremendously enjoyed the shy, anxious look on the woman’s face. She nervously shifted her weight from one leg to another.

“Now, I have a question for you.”

Dasha looked at Eddie again, her anxiety increasing even more.

“Few days ago, your husband and his girlfriend were punishing you for something. What was it?”

The woman’s eyes opened wide with shock this time. “How... How do you know that?”

“Just answer my questions, slut. That brunette was your husband’s side chick, wasn’t she?”

“Side chick? No. She is the real chick. I’m the side chick,” Dasha replied, this time with a tinge of rage in her voice. “That woman... is Sally. She is the love of his life.” Eddie could hear multiple emotions in the blonde’s cracking voice this time. Mostly frustration, anger and despair.

“I see. Why the punishment?”

Dasha hesitated for a moment, evaluating her options. “I was being punished because you raped me in front of the window and brought him shame. I begged you not to do that, I...”

Eddie waved his hand dismissively to interrupt the woman and stood up with a sudden move. Dasha jumped a couple steps back with fear.

“Don’t be scared, it’s not slap time yet,” said Eddie, and turned to walk towards the tree behind the bench. “Follow me.”

Dasha followed. Eddie raised his head and looked at the thicker branches. After a moment of evaluation, he decided to move onto the next tree. Then he stopped under a low, sturdy looking branch and turned to the blond woman following him a few steps behind.

“Take the rope out the bag,” he ordered with a calm voice. Dasha helplessly reached into the rape kit her master handed her and picked the rough thick rope.

“Take off your clothes if you don’t want me to rip them off,” said the boy as he started to untangle the rope. “I’m sure you don’t want to be naked on your way back home.”

Dasha froze and looked into Eddie's eyes pleadingly for a moment as if that would change his mind. It didn't. She nervously looked around and started to unbutton her blouse. She carefully folded and put it under the tree. Her long skirt and shoes soon followed suit.

Eddie took a moment to admire the beautiful naked body of the middle-aged woman. She silently stood there with her arms awkwardly dropped on either side, too scared to cover her naughty bits with them.

"Give me your wrists!"

She obeyed without hesitation this time. She wanted the ordeal to be over as quickly as possible. Eddie joined her wrists and skillfully tied them with fluid, swift motions. Even Dasha looked impressed with his performance.

Eddie was fully aware of the effect of his expertly moves. "Watched the training videos a million times, and I practiced a lot on your daughter," he said with a devilish grin. Dasha could say nothing. She bit her lips.

Eddie threw the loose end of the rope over the branch he picked, and caught it on the other side. Then he immediately pulled the rope down to force her arms up. Dasha let out a painful shriek as the boy stretched her body to the limit. He decided to secure the rope once she barely balanced herself on her tiptoes, and tied the other end to a lower branch.

Dasha desperately moved her feet around in order to alleviate the pain in her wrists and shoulders, but that proved impossible. She then knew that this particular rape would be even worse than she feared.

Eddie walked around her shivering body, examining every nook and curve with lustful eyes. He finally stopped right behind her after a couple full rotations. Then he reached around and cupped her big tits and started to casually play with them. Dasha shook like a leaf in the wind. She could feel his warm breath on the back of her neck.

"To answer your earlier question," Eddie started, "I installed hidden cameras around your home. I can see everything you do on my computer."

Dasha's eyes widened with horror once again. "Cameras?"

"Oh yeah. They are everywhere. There isn't one nook you can hide from me, slut," said Eddie. One of his hands was now moving towards the woman's defenseless crotch.

"I can even watch you on my cellphone, see?"

Eddie pulled his di-phone from his pocket and placed it in front of the blonde's eyes. The camera was showing a live feed from Dasha's living room.

"See the image quality? You can easily sell this footage as high-end porn, if you ask me." He chuckled. Dasha was still unable to believe this information.

"When... How..." she stammered.

"The day after the little show we put on in front of the window. I waited for you to leave and installed them. Nothing to it really. It takes half an hour to do the entire house. It's all wireless, you know." He slid his fingers between Dasha's wet labia and started to rub slowly. The milf let out a moan, but it hardly distracted her from the main topic.

"You have been watching me since then? Recording me?"

"Don't flatter yourself, woman," chuckled Eddie. "You aren't the star of that show. Your daughter is." He accelerated his assault on the woman's vulva gradually. "She thinks I have cameras only in her room, so the others will be our little secret, okay?"

Dasha didn't say anything, but had to nod when Eddie squeezed her nipple threateningly.

"The thing is, you know I fuck your daughter, but she has no idea that I fuck you too. I think we both want it to stay that way... for now." Dasha heard the menace in Eddie's last words. She didn't know what she'd do if her daughter found out how big a whore she was.

"Now, speaking of the little slut..." Eddie let the woman's nipple go and put his finger on the little screen. "Let's see what our sweet Stephanie is doing right now, eh?"

He swiped a couple times to bring the feed from Stephanie's room. Suddenly, a clear image of a fully naked Stephanie, lustfully scissoring a gorgeous redhead appeared on the screen. Dasha's eyes widened once again.

"Ah, how could I forget. She is with my slavegirl," said Eddie with a mocking voice. "That's perfect. We can watch it as we enjoy ourselves." As soon as he finished his sentence, the boy placed the di-phone on a nook on the trunk of the tree, only half a meter away from Dasha's face.

Then he got behind Dasha, spread her ass-cheeks with his hands, and mercilessly shoved his erect fuckrod in her butt. The woman screamed with surprise and pain. Paying no attention to her reactions, the boy started to fuck the milf's tight asshole. With every thrust, he was forcing the woman move around on her tiptoes, doubling the strain on her arms and shoulders.

Dasha was totally delirious in minutes. The assrape itself was bad enough, but she was also trying to cope with the incredible pain in her muscles that were stretched to the limit. Furthermore, she was being forced to watch a redhead flogging her little daughter's tits and fisting her pussy.

"Oh boy!" exclaimed Eddie, once he caught a glimpse of what Eagerdoll has been doing. "That's certainly an unusual sight. Looks like my trusty fuckdoll is topping in this session. Now that's exciting to watch, don't you think?"

He suddenly withdrew his cock out of his captive and gave her left ass-cheek a good slap. Dasha let out an exhausted moan and tried to rebalance herself on her toes.

“This gives me an idea,” said Eddie. He roughly grabbed the woman’s thighs from either side and pulled them towards himself. Dasha felt her feet leaving the ground and then the boy’s fully erect dick penetrating her swollen pussy from behind. Eddie shoved the entire length in her without losing any time and immediately started to fuck the woman. With her mind still hazy under physical and psychological strain, Dasha could do nothing but surrender to this new assault.



“Now, let’s see who cums first, you or your daughter.” He increased the speed of his thrusts. “Let’s make it even more interesting. If you don’t cum first, I’ll flog you right here until your ass and tits turn bright red.”

At his words, Dasha’s brain caught fire with sudden fear. She certainly didn’t want to be flogged, especially in the middle of a public park. She frantically tried to ignore the pain in her limbs and concentrate on the steely rod fucking her from behind. For a while it seemed to be working. The pleasure began to rise and rise. She could feel that an orgasm was approaching. If only she could...

“Ah!” exclaimed Eddie, moments before Dasha reached the peak. “Looks like you lost, mommy.” Dasha opened her eyes and looked at the phone. Stephanie was lying on her back with her spine arched like a bow, shuddering and shaking as if she was caught in an electric current. “My-my!” chuckled Eddie, “that looks like a very good one too.”

He pulled his cock out of the woman’s pussy and indifferently let go of her hips. Dasha’s feet hit the ground. She desperately tried to regain her balance and ease the pain in her arms.

“How unfortunate,” said Eddie as he bowed down to pick the flogger from his portable rape kit. “So, how do want to do it? Tits first?”

Dasha closed her eyes and clenched her fists in an attempt to gather her strength.

“Ass please... Please start with my ass, master.”

Eddie didn’t say anything. Dasha didn’t dare turn to see what he was doing. She knew that Eddie would make her scream her lungs out. He wanted to humiliate her in the middle of a public park, more than he wanted to hurt her. So, the smartest thing to do was to scream as loud as she could, so he wouldn’t try to hit her harder. Humiliation was inevitable, but with a little luck, perhaps she could minimize the pain in her tits and buttocks.

As she tried to strategize her response to the coming flogging, she heard a high-pitched noise behind her. She immediately braced herself against the painful bite of the cheap plastic flogger. It struck her right in the middle of her ass with a speed and force she didn’t expect. An inhuman scream escaped her mouth. Her eyes widened, and all her muscles contracted in panic.

She certainly didn’t expect Eddie to strike her this hard right from the start. Her naïve strategy of exaggerating her screams didn’t survive the first hit. The second one bit her left buttock even harder. Eddie certainly wasn’t holding back.





The flogger continued to hit her asscheeks left and right, again and again, not relenting in force or speed. All her blood rushed to the area, and the tissue under attack got more and more sensitive. Soon the woman was delirious from the unbearable pain.

At one point, Dasha felt like she was about to lose consciousness. She was begging for mercy right from the start of the flogging, but after that point, the poor woman just gave up. Her screams gradually turned into inaudible exhalations. She was at the edge of passing out.

At that exact moment, the flogging suddenly ceased. A long, nerve-breaking silence followed. Dasha braced for the second part of the flogging, but it never came.

She suddenly felt the boy's left hand on her ass. He fondled the reddened, striped flesh and gave her a good smack on each cheek. Dasha moaned. The highly noticeable note of lust in the moan surprised herself.

At that moment, she wanted a cock in her. She wanted Eddie's cock in her.

"I like the sounds you make, whore," said Eddie as he cupped her left tit from behind. I wonder if you sing such a pleasant song when I flog these babies.

Dasha gathered her courage and turned her head to look into the boy's eyes. "Please," she pleaded with tears running down her cheeks. "I can't take another one of these. Especially on my tits." She paused for a second to look for mercy in her master's eyes. "Please let me suck your cock instead. I'll give you the best blowjob ever, I promise."

Eddie smiled and affectionately swiped her tears.

"I'm sure you will. But only after I give your tits a color matching your butt. Now, turn around and push your chest forward, you stupid whore!"

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Dasha held her breath and braced for another lash, but it didn't come. She opened her eyes and turned her head to see if Eddie was preparing to switch to another form of torture. He was standing there, casually looking at his phone. He seemed tired too. After all, he has been flogging the poor milf for the better part of the past hour.

"Had enough?" asked the boy with his eyes still fixed on the phone. "Yes," the woman replied quickly. "Thank you, Eddie... master."

Eddie smiled. Dasha knew that he wasn't responding to her stuttering. He was still watching her daughter who must be engaged in a sexual act with the redheaded slavegirl. Dasha tried not to visualize whatever the girls might be doing, but she couldn't help it. The image she saw earlier was permanently etched in her brain.

After a few seconds, Eddie put the phone in his pocket and walked up the woman who was still dangling from the tree branch. He untied the end of the rope and caught the exhausted woman with his left hand. Dasha collapsed on the boy's chest.

Eddie slowly lowered her body on the ground and laid her on her back. The woman was slightly surprised by his uncharacteristically gentle behavior. "Thank you," she said with a soft voice.

Eddie didn't say anything. He grabbed the rope and pushed it forward, forcing the woman's still tied wrists above her head. With her arms stretched back, her spine naturally arched like a bow and her chest thrust forward. For a moment, she thought her aching, stone-hard nipples were trying to escape her big, fleshy boobs. She felt extremely vulnerable.

"You aren't done torturing me?" she asked with a desperate voice. "I really don't think I can take any more. Would you please let me rest a little? Just for a few minutes?"

Eddie didn't say anything. He stood next the naked woman lying on the ground and took a long look at her. The sun was directly behind his head, leaving his silhouette in a dramatic shadow. His face lost in the shade looked ominous to the woman. It was generally difficult for Dasha to read the boy's expressions, even when she could see his face.

Eddie remained unphased by the worry in her face and her nervous squirming. He enjoyed what he saw. Her beautiful, shapely body was covered in red welts and purplish bruises etched by his ruthless flogger. Her well-punished sweaty skin was glistening under the sun rays that penetrated the canopy of his favorite tree. She was subtly shivering whenever the cool breeze hit her blushing, naked flesh. It was a sight to see.

Overwhelmed by the beauty of his middle-aged cock-sleeve, Eddie sluggishly knelt right beside her. He reached out and put his hand on her cheek to wipe her tears.

"So, what did you learn today?" he asked with a soft voice.

Dasha looked into the boy's eyes. He didn't have the usual stern gaze this time. "I learned..." she started, but didn't know what to say next. She tried to think of something he might want to hear, but she drew a blank. It was like her brain was overwhelmed by the punishment and rendered useless. It felt like dumb meat.

"I learned that I'm just meat... at your mercy. You own me. You decide what happens to me," she managed to say after a while. She wasn't exaggerating. It was what she felt. It was the lesson she genuinely learned.

"Great," smiled the boy. "That's very lucky. To be honest, I wasn't trying to impart any wisdom. I just enjoy listening to your screams."

He put his left hand on her other cheek and held her head between his palms. Dasha immediately felt a jolt of warm energy shooting up her veins. Then, before she could understand what was happening, Eddie leaned in and kissed her on her parted full lips. Her eyes opened wide with surprise, and then immediately shut in blissful surrender. It was the best kiss she ever had.

After a few seconds that felt like eternity to the love-starved woman, Eddie broke the kiss and pulled away. Dasha's lips desperately tried to pursue the boy, but her head was held firmly in place by his strong hands.

"Thank you," she said, this time with genuine gratefulness.

Eddie didn't respond as usual. He let her head go, but put his right hand on her throat instead. Dasha gasped and submitted. His left hand moved towards her reddened big tits. He gave each a quick fondle and continued to move further down. As his fingers tantalizingly grazed her stomach and crotch, Dasha shuddered with excitement but the boy's hand around her throat kept her in firmly place.

She expected his fingers in her swollen pussy, but they indifferently passed by her labia and reached her inner thighs. Eddie playfully caressed the welts and bruises left by his flogger for a short while before suddenly pulling her legs apart.

"Spread 'em!" he ordered, and cruelly slapped the woman's well-punished pubic mound to drive the point home. Dasha let out a scream and obeyed immediately, opening her long, shapely legs as wide as possible.



Eddie admired the nervous but servile expression on her beautiful face for a moment and got between her legs. He slowly lied on top of her, belly to belly, chest to chest, lip to lip.

He moved his left hand around her and grabbed her hair from behind. With the other he held the small of her back and forced her to arch her spine even further. Then, without any warning, he swiftly thrust his hard rod into her swollen pussy. He slapped her belly with his, as his entire length disappeared into her cock-hungry fuckhole.

Dasha let out a loud scream, filled with desire and gratitude. It was the single best feeling she ever felt. Eddie's manhood felt like the exact shape and size of the void she always felt inside. She felt complete and full for the first time in her life.

After savoring the initial tightness for a few seconds, Eddie started to move his cock back and forth, with slow but forceful thrusts. He was withdrawing gently half-way, then plunging back in with ruthless speed. With every hit at the back of her vaginal walls, Dasha felt her innards were being crushed in the most pleasurable way possible.

The affection-starved middle-aged woman wasn't only being impaled by the boy's big cock, but she was being wrapped in his increasingly tight embrace. She moved her tied wrists around his head and hugged him, in an attempt to pull him further inside her. It was the feeling she always craved. A warm, sincere, passionate cuddle... And of course, a big cock deep inside her belly.

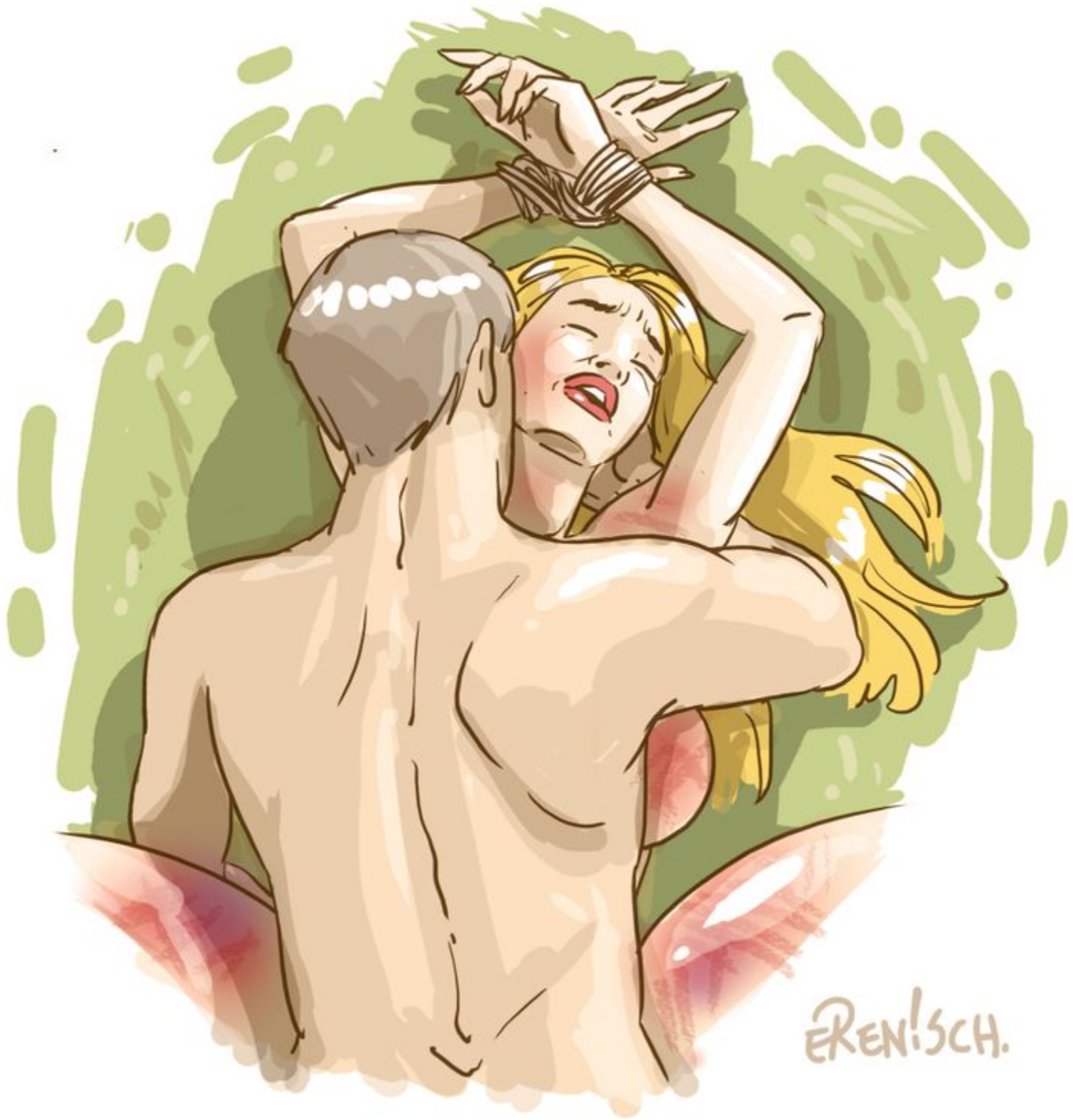
Eddie continued to fuck the woman for a long while. After a few minutes, she was about to cum already. She properly begged for it and received a generous permission. The climax was enormous, but not the end. Eddie didn't seem to be satisfied yet. He fucked on, and she came again, and then again.

After her fifth time, Eddie decided that it was time to finish her off. He began thrusting harder and deeper, until they both approached the peak and exploded one after another.

Dasha, who was still recovering from her last climax, was driven delirious by the unprecedented intensity of this final orgasm. As she passed the limit, Eddie simultaneously started to pump her with his warm, sticky goo. The feeling of his bountiful ejaculate filling her insides made her orgasm even more intense. Unable to handle the enormous pleasure, Dasha's fragile mind shattered into a million pieces and she fell back on the ground in a warm, viscous haze.

Eddie, equally exhausted, fell on her and lied on top of the mercilessly-beaten, well-fucked woman. Feeling his full weight on top of her naked body, Dasha felt completely safe and sheltered for the first time in her life.

Ironically, it was also the first time she lied fully exposed in the middle of a public park.



The two lied there, on the cool grass, for a long while. Eddie was the first one to move. He raised himself on his arms and sluggishly pulled away from Dasha's still yearning body. The woman almost attempted to grab him with her tied wrists and pull him back onto her chest, but she managed to restrain herself in time.

As Dasha struggled to control herself, Eddie indifferently stood up and started to put on his clothes. Dasha silently admired his movements and patiently waited for his orders for her. He took his time. After he was done dressing up, he took out his phone and started to fiddle with it. Dasha assumed that he was checking on Stephanie.

She was right.

"Looks like your daughter is done frolicking for now," said Eddie with a grin. "This means you may go home."

Dasha sat up and looked at the boy. She was visibly frustrated.

"Are you finished with me, master?" she asked, longingly.

Eddie leaned back and sat on the back of the park bench.

"Why? I thought you wanted to go home as soon as possible."

Dasha crawled to the spot in front of the boy and assumed the basic kneeling position he taught her.

“I t-thought...” she stuttered, “You didn’t fuck my face yet... Would you like me to suck your cock... properly... before I go?”

Eddie looked at the woman and smiled.

“I don’t know. Do you want to suck my cock before you go?”

Dasha lowered her eyes. She was blushing again.

“Yes,” she replied after a few seconds of hesitation. “Please.”

Mastery - 69

Stephanie opened her eyes and her sleepy gaze was immediately met by Eagerdoll's affectionate blue eyes.

"Oh? Did I fall asleep?" she asked, as she raised her head and propped herself up on her elbows.

"We both did," replied the redhead with a smile. I remember taking a shower with you and laying down on the bed.

After that, nothing.

"Yeah, we were exhausted. First the thing here, and then in the shower. It was quite an exercise, wasn't it?"

Stephanie chuckled mischievously. Her head fell back on the redhead's bare chest.

Eagerdoll exhaled. She raised her hand to brush Steph's hair to the side. She felt a sudden jolt of unease when her bare wrist caught her eye. Her leather cuffs were lying on the floor, next to the bed, alongside the rest of their clothing and accessories. She was completely naked, except for the strap-on dildo she used on Stephanie in the shower.

"Would you like to restrain me again?" she asked as she tenderly combed the blonde's hair with her slender fingers.

"I have to admit, I feel naked without my cuffs and collar."

Stephanie raised her head to look at the slavegirl's freckled face. "Not yet. I don't think I'm ready to switch back just yet." She smiled. "Why, don't you like being in charge?" She slapped the rubber dildo strapped to Eagerdoll's crotch playfully. "Don't you like being the one with the dick, for a change?"

"Oh, I like it alright," replied Eagerdoll with a grin. "With you..."

She gently pushed Stephanie to the side and sat up on the bed. "Let me see what else we have in your rape drawer."

She opened the drawer and immediately picked the bundle of bondage rope out. "You know, master has been learning how to tie us up from that website?"

"Yeah?"

"He isn't very good." Eagerdoll looked at Stephanie's eyes to see if her blatant blasphemy outraged her. The only reaction she saw was raised eyebrows.

"He isn't? But I thought he was quite proficient with it. He always trusses me up tight. I can't even move in..."

"No-no, he does, sure," said the redhead quickly. "He is perfectly capable of tying up a girl, turning her into a defenseless fuck-sleeve. And I'm sure his demonstration video will get full marks from the online course instructors too." She hesitated for a moment. "I'm not talking about that."

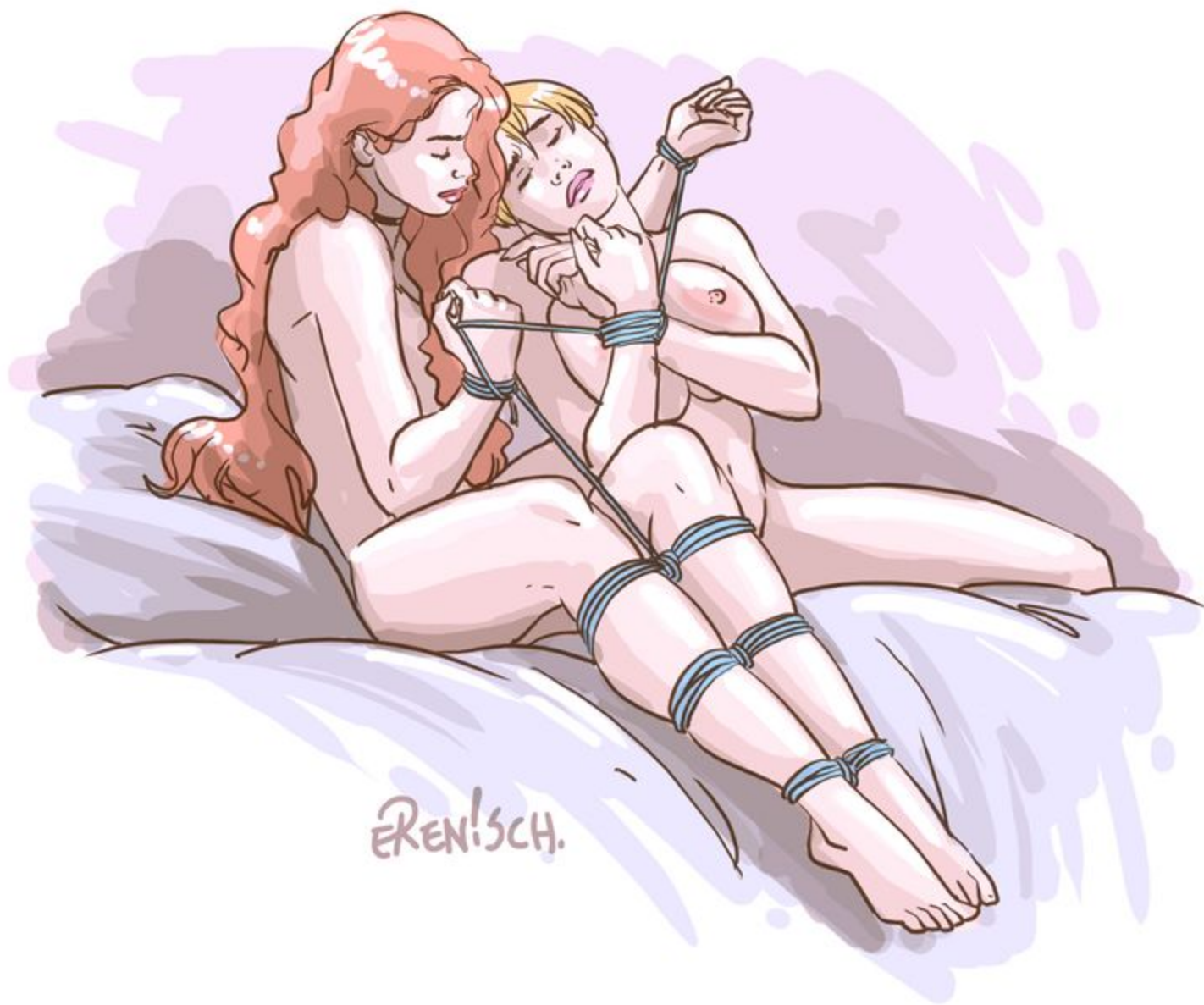
"Then what?" asked Stephanie.

Eagerdoll searched her vocabulary for the correct words, but couldn't form an efficient explanation. "Come here, I'll show you," she said after a few seconds.

She pulled Stephanie between her legs and embraced her from behind. "May I?"

Stephanie nodded. She was once again captivated by the redhead's intoxicating smell and the soothing heat radiating from her naked body. Once the blonde was firmly in her control, Eagerdoll took the girl's lower leg and pressed against her own. Without saying a word, she started to tie their ankles together. Stephanie smiled, but didn't say anything.

Every time Eagerdoll wrapped and pulled the rope, their flesh pressed tighter together. The girls could feel the warmth of each other's skin better and better with every passing second. Stephanie was still not sure what the slavegirl was trying to do, but she was perfectly fine with the feeling of intimacy this unusual activity was reinforcing. She was feeling closer and closer to her pretend captor, and she loved this new state of mind.



EREN!SCH.

Once she was done tying their lower legs together, Eagerdoll picked another length of rope and started to tie her own wrists with each end. Stephanie was slightly befuddled at first, but she joined her own wrists together over her well-adorned chest as if she received a command telepathically. As soon as she has done that, Eagerdoll started to wrap the rope around the blonde's wrists several times. Then she pulled the rope from behind, squishing Stephanie's soft tit flesh under her own clenched fists.

She pulled Stephanie further back, bringing the blonde's ear to her lips. "Which hole?" she asked with a lustful whisper.

"Pussy, please," replied Stephanie without hesitation.

Eagerdoll wrapped the remaining length of the rope around Stephanie's arms and forced her upwards. Then she carefully positioned the girl's vagina over the strap-on dildo and pulled the girl down, penetrating her swollen fuckhole fully.

Stephanie exhaled as the big plastic rod impaled her blushing naked body. As soon as her bottom hit Eagerdoll's crotch with a loud smack, the redhead pulled her back onto her chest and tightly embraced her. Stephanie felt like she was melting from the warmth of the redhead's bosom. To her, it was the coziest spot on Earth at the moment.

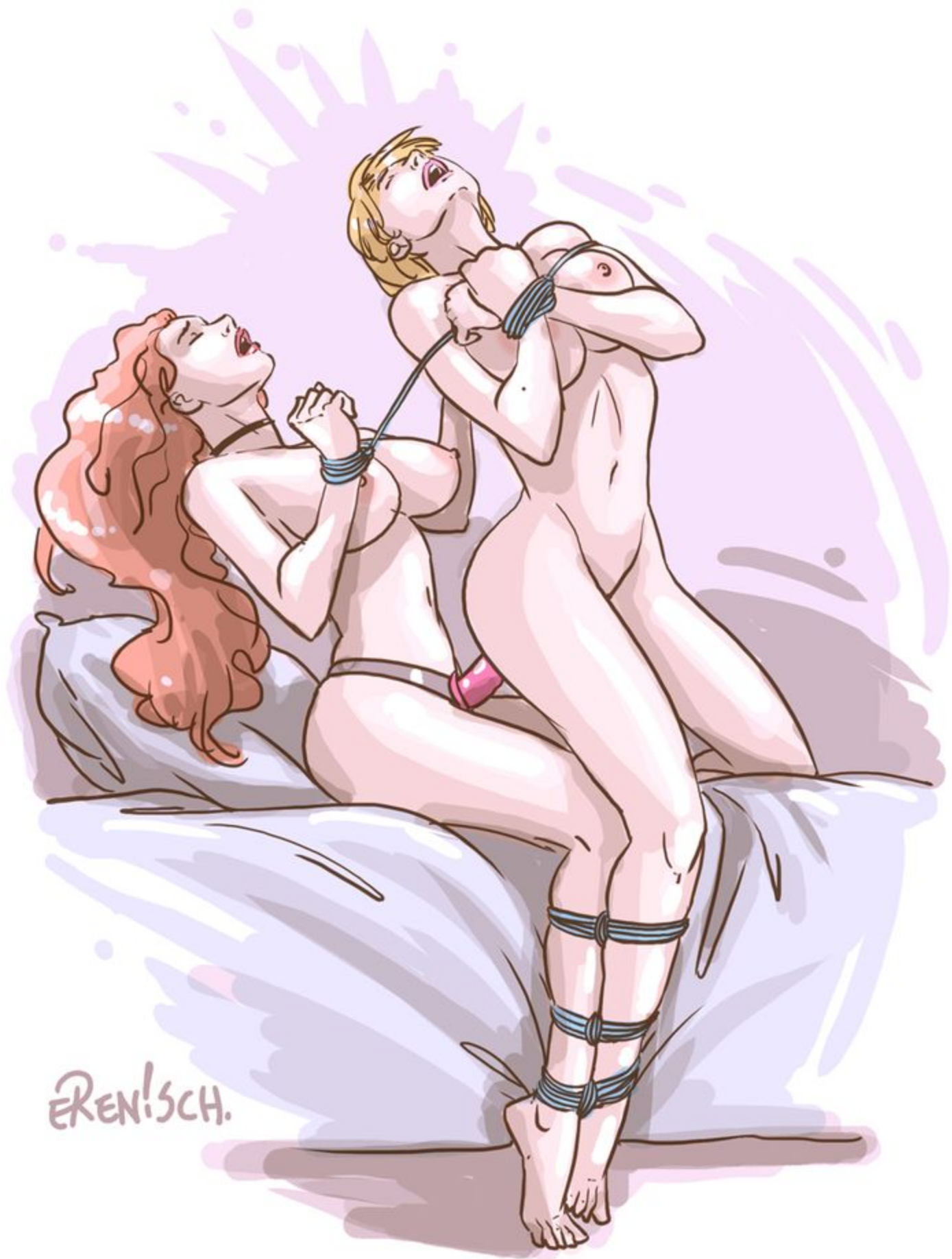
"This is something master should work on. Tying a girl isn't simply rendering her immobile and defenseless, you see." She wrapped the rope a couple more times around Stephanie's wrists, tightening her grip over her body even more. "Frankly, I don't think he could ever perfect it anyway. None of them could. They simply want to tie us up to have their way with us easily. They don't even think of tying us up to themselves."

Stephanie couldn't respond. She was too comfortable and happy to say anything. The intense feeling of acceptance, safety, and intimacy that enveloped her was something she never experienced before. She could only whimper and moan

softly as Eagerdoll started to fuck her as gently as possible.

The slave was in full control of both their bodies which were swollen with desire. She was masterfully manipulating the blonde by tightening and releasing the ropes with perfect timing and intensity. Two naked bodies that are still tightly joined at the leg were briefly parting just far enough, and then slapping together with violent lust, again and again. The pleasant slapping sound got louder and louder as the slavegirl accelerated and deepened her plunges into the blonde's wet fuckhole. Soon she was delirious with pleasure.

Neither said anything as Stephanie reached her first orgasm. No begging for permission to climax. At that moment, neither felt as separate beings. They were like a single organism with two minds, melded together in bliss.



EREN!SCH.

Another climax followed immediately. Then another one. Both times, Eagerdoll fought hard to constrain the blonde as she violently shook and struggled against her binds. After a longer interval came the fourth and final orgasm, which drained the remaining energy from both. Still wrapped in a tight embrace, the two fell back, panting.

Soon they were asleep again, only to wake up a few hours later with renewed hunger for each other.

A couple kilometers away, in the middle of a public park, Eddie smiled at the video feed on his phone screen. The image of Stephanie getting her fourth orgasm was the final drop that made him reach his own climax. He groaned loudly and started to unload the remaining contents of his balls into Stephanie's mother's talented mouth.

Mastery - 70

“This is a very nice place,” said Stephanie as she scanned around the classy restaurant. “Isn’t it too expensive though?”

“Don’t worry about the money, babe,” replied Eddie with a dismissive hand wave. “We are celebrating. I finally got my slave-training certificate. And I earned a lot from renting out Eagerdoll this last week. She brought in much more than I hoped for.”

An elegantly dressed waitress welcomed the young couple with a big smile.

“Welcome to *Penetralia*. Do you have a reservation with us, Sir?”

“Yes, I do,” replied the boy, trying too hard to sound like a grown-up. “Eddie Mestring.” Stephanie couldn’t help but smile when she heard the almost cartoonish tone in his voice.

“Yes, Mr. Mestring. We prepared a table for your specifications. Would you please follow me?”

The waitress led the teens to a table by the northern wall. Once they were seated, Stephanie noticed that the size and shape of the table was unusual. It was an oval-shaped table, but somewhat longer for two people. It also felt higher somehow. The shiny white tablecloth covering it reached to the ground, making it look like a snow-covered mountain.

“Would you like to hear about the specials now, Sir?” asked the waitress as soon as they were settled on their seats.

“Sure.”

As the beautiful woman began reciting the menu, Stephanie’s eyes wandered around the hall. She had never been to a high-end restaurant like this before. Even though the restaurant was rather big, a lot of thick fake columns and decorative wooden fencing was strategically placed to partition the space into cozy little nooks and recesses. The warm lighting was also designed to dimly illuminate some corners while leaving some alcoves in the dark. Stephanie immediately knew the point of these interior design choices. In the shade, she could almost make out women’s bobbing heads over male patrons’ crotches.

“We’ll both have the Penne Tralia, then.”

Stephanie snapped out of her trance once Eddie ordered the courses. He was still putting on his fake mature voice. The waitress took a little bow and left.

“You are ordering for both of us? That’s so cool,” giggled the blonde. Eddie smiled back.

“I think I know why you brought me here,” said Stephanie with a slightly mischievous grin. “Look at this place. Dim lights, long tablecloths... I bet there are women under some of these tables, keeping those guys entertained. At first, I wondered why these tables were higher than usual. Now I’m sure that it’s extra space for cocksuckers. You can call it extra ‘head room,’ perhaps.” She giggled loudly at her own joke. “So, do you want me to go under the table before the meal arrives?”

Eddie smiled back with matching mischief. “No, not yet, sweetheart. You should wait for your turn.”

“My turn?”

Eddie winked at Stephanie and knocked on the table twice. “You may start,” he said, this time loudly.

Stephanie was baffled. “Start? Who are you talking to?” At that moment she heard the sound of a zipper opening, followed by a muffled groan from under the table.

“Is there... Do you have a woman under the table?”

“Of course,” replied Eddie, still wearing his grin. “All those tables have females under them. I guess some have even more than one. You can order from the restaurant, or bring your own.”

“You... you bastard,” said the blonde with a frown. In actuality, she wasn’t genuinely angry or offended. Perhaps a bit surprised. After regularly sharing her boyfriend with Eagerdoll and Ashley during the last several months, she was accustomed to be sexually sidelined.

“Don’t be angry, sweetheart,” said Eddie with a soft voice. “I ordered the same for both of us, remember? She is there to serve both of us. Once she is done here, just part your legs and she’ll stick her tongue in your pretty little slit.”

Stephanie leaned back and smiled. “Oh really?” She immediately felt a jolt of excitement at the suggestion of having her pussy licked in a public place like this. It was the perfect setting for such an exciting experiment. It was a public place, but specially designed to keep the privacy of the patrons. Even if they weren’t hidden in a cozy alcove, nobody would see what was happening under that long tablecloth anyway.

Soon the waitress returned with their food and left as swiftly as she arrived. “This girl is like a ninja,” said Stephanie before she took her first bite. Eddie nodded. “Well, she knows that we like to be alone.”

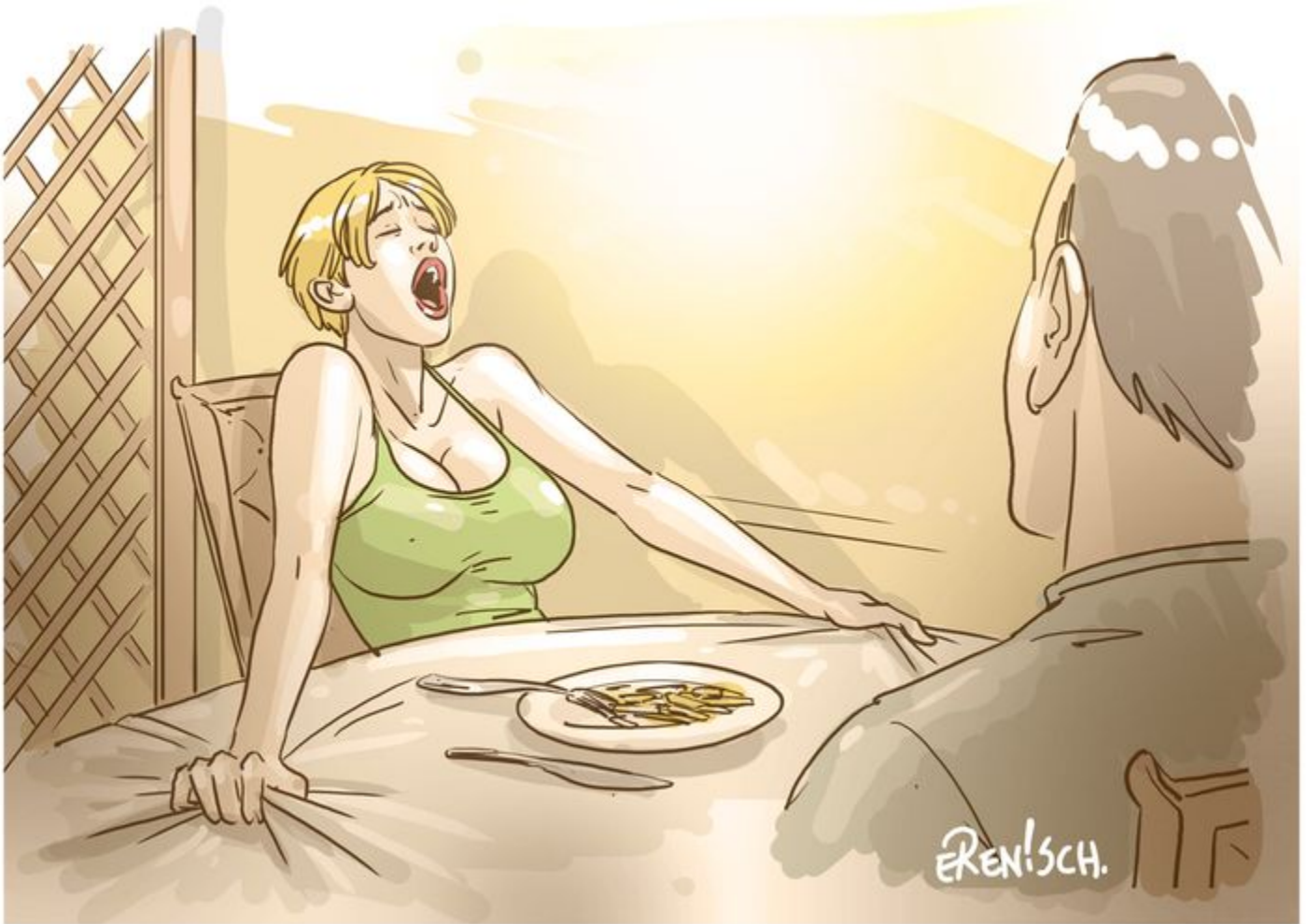
“But we aren’t really alone, are we?” giggled the blonde. “So, are you done yet? When will it be my turn?”

“Very soon,” replied Eddie. Stephanie could see the gradual changes and sudden jerks in his face. First his breathing intensified, then his muscles clenched and face tightened. After a few moments, he reached a powerful orgasm that lasted a few seconds. Stephanie immensely enjoyed the spectacle. At that moment, she realized that she rarely paid attention to Eddie’s face when he climaxed. She made a mental note to do that more often.

It took Eddie a few seconds to settle down after ejaculating into the mouth of the woman under the table. Once he regained his ability to speak, he knocked on the table again and loudly ordered her to serve his date this time. Almost overwhelmed with excitement and anticipation, Stephanie dropped her fork into her plate and parted her legs apart. She pulled her miniskirt up to her waist and slid further down under the tablecloth. She could feel the woman's warm breath on her inner thighs, but for some reason she was hesitating. Stephanie realized that she had to give the order to start. She quickly knocked on the table twice, exactly like Eddie did before. As soon as she did that, she felt the touch of a wet, warm mouth on her vulva. First the lips, then a skilled, long tongue.

"You have my permission to cum, whenever you are ready, sweetheart."

Now it was Eddie's turn to enjoy a sexy little spectacle as he ate. Unlike Eddie, Stephanie was unable to keep her composure while she was served orally. Her face, much to Eddie's entertainment, was immediately contorted with pleasure from the moment she felt a tongue between her legs. Eddie loved to watch the signs of pleasure on Stephanie's angelic visage. It was one of his favorite things.



At the very beginning, Stephanie was fully aware where she was. Receiving head in a public restaurant wasn't one of the things she had on her bucket list prior to that moment, but it was a welcome surprise. Her excitement was amplified even more by the fact that she had no idea who the woman licking her slit was. She was familiar with the delicate art of cunnilingus because she performed and received it with Eagerdoll and Ashley, but it was the first time ever she had sexual contact with a complete stranger.

A few minutes into the act, the head between her legs increased her speed. Her latex hood was now slapping Stephanie's inner thighs and crotch, it's cool-smooth feel adding to the excitement and pleasure the blonde was experiencing. It was one of the strangest sensations she ever felt. It gradually intensified and intensified, until it became too strong for the blonde to bear. Unable to ride the edge any more, she exploded again and again, trying really hard to suppress her screams of pleasure.

After multiple orgasms that kinda blended into each other, her legs stopped shaking and she fell back on her chair. She felt her server silently and respectfully remove herself from between her thighs. She rested for a few seconds and finally found the strength to correct her posture. She closed her legs, adjusted her skirt and picked up her fork to finish the rest of her dinner.

“Thank you, master,” she whispered. “Thank you for your generosity.”

Eddie chuckled with a satisfied expression as his slavegirl continued to eat, with a residual smile on her blushing face. After a few minutes they were both done.

As before, the waitress appeared out of nowhere like a graceful ninja.

“I hope you are ready for the second course, Sir,” she said without even looking at the direction of Stephanie. She was somewhat offended by the waitress’ continued indifference to her. She realized that the girl never actually acknowledged her existence, or even made eye contact with her since the moment they arrived.

“Sure. Is she ready?”

“Yes, sir. Just arrived. Should I send her in?”

“Go ahead,” replied Eddie. The waitress nodded with a smile, and left as swiftly as she came.

“What is this? What are you talking about. Who is here?” asked a baffled Stephanie as soon as the girl left. She had no idea what this cryptic conversation was about.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you. You aren’t my only date tonight. Our date was at 7 o’clock. I have another date with Ashley at 7:30. Soooo...” He looked at his watch in a theatrically exaggerated manner. “... in just a minute.”

“What?”

Eddie smiled at his surprised girlfriend and produced a latex hood from his jacket pocket.

“No time to waste, sweetheart. Ashley will be here in a moment. If you don’t want her to find out, put this on and get under the table. Quickly!”

This time Stephanie had a genuine frown. She was angry. It was an ambush. And there was no time or place to run.

But fortunately, there was a place to hide.

With her eyes blaring with indignation, she snatched the hood from Eddie’s hand and hurriedly put it on. The collar automatically locked in place. She hated this latex hood. It was too tight and made her sweat profusely. It also hampered her hearing and sight to a great degree. It practically rendered her half-blind and half-deaf.

The glasses integrated with the hood was already fogging up from the heat in the restaurant. In the distance she saw some movement, which she assumed was Ashley approaching. She immediately dropped out of her chair and hurled herself under the table.

The space under the table was even hotter. She instinctively tried to sit on her heels like a trained slave would do, but she hit her head on the roof of the table. Even with the extra “head” room, it was too cramped to kneel properly. She put her hands on the floor and bowed her head down. Then she slowly backed towards the wall, only to crash into a soft obstacle. Stephanie instantly remembered the woman who served them both just a few minutes ago. In the near-total darkness, and beyond her foggy glasses, she could make out the faint silhouette of the unfortunate woman, who was wearing a hood similar to hers. But unlike Stephanie, she was completely naked below the neck. Stephanie could feel her bare skin on hers. She was quiet as a mouse, as if she were holding her breath.

Stephanie almost opened her mouth to say something to her unexpected ‘cellmate’, but she was interrupted by the sound of high heels on the wooden floor. “It must be Ashley” she thought to herself and held her breath.

“Welcome, Ash, you are just on time,” said Eddie. “Yes,” chuckled Ashley. “Actually, I arrived early, but this nice lady kept me waiting for some reason.”

Stephanie sighed. The sound was somewhat muffled by her hood and the tablecloth, but she recognized her best friend’s voice. This wasn’t a practical joke Eddie was playing on her after all. He really had a date with Ashley right in the middle of their date. She exhaled with a mixture of frustration and resentment. How could Eddie do this? What kind of a cruel game was he playing?

“I heard about this place. The infamous blowjob restaurant, isn’t it?” chuckled Ashley. “What an interesting choice for our first proper date. You don’t expect me to get down under there and blow you, do you?”

“Not unless you feel like it, Ash,” replied Eddie. “The great thing about this restaurant is, there is always a female or more under the table.”



Two consequent knocks echoed in the darkness where two hooded women nervously waited on their hands and knees. Stephanie's hood-mate immediately crawled towards Eddie and took her place between his legs. The blonde listened to the woman swiftly opening her boyfriend's zipper and taking his cock in her mouth. Soon all she could hear was the silent whimpers and faint slurps that escaped the cocksucker's mouth, which was impossible to ignore in this tent of sensory deprivation she had to hide in.

"Relax, Ash," continued Eddie, seemingly unfazed by the slow fellatio he was receiving. "Why don't you lean back and open your legs. I have something for you too."

Two more knocks followed.

Stephanie's eyes widened with disbelief. These knocks were meant for her. She froze for a moment as Ashley parted her long legs and pulled up her skirt exactly like she did minutes ago. She hesitated for a few seconds, not knowing what to do. Then her instincts kicked in and she hastily crawled towards her best friend. She took her place facing Ashley's pantiless crotch. It was a familiar sight, and to be completely honest, one she liked a lot. She definitely missed her fragrance.

She waited for a moment, until Ashley realized that she had to knock herself for the session to start.

Two knocks echoed under the table.

Stephanie took a deep breath, then she leaned in and kissed Ashley on the clit.

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“How was it?” asked Eddie as he pointed to Ashley’s plate with his fork. “I know this place is famous for something else, but the food is quite good too, don’t you think?”

“Yes. The steak was very good. The sauce was to die for.” She paused and grinned. “But I have to say, I enjoyed the other thing a lot more.”

She put her knife and fork on the plate and leaned back with a satisfied expression.

“So, are you going to tell me why you asked me out all of a sudden? I mean, we already have a good deal. You fuck me, I fuck your slavegirl. You aren’t going to alter the deal or something, are you?” She paused for a moment and a sudden concerned expression took over her pretty teen face. “Oh no, you aren’t here to end our deal...”

Eddie smiled and shook his head. “Not at all. I love the way you grovel at my feet and choke on my cock for a few minutes with my slave. Why would I cut you off?” He ignored Ashley’s playful frown and continued. “This is merely a game I came up with to teach my slave a lesson. You are here to help me with that.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Ashley. So, the girl under the table is your slave. I assumed she belonged to the restaurant. I should have guessed. Her technique was very familiar.”

“The restaurant provides you with good cocksuckers and muffedivers too, if you pay a little extra. Or you can simply send your own ahead of time. They would tell her what to do and put her under the table you reserved.” He waved his hand. “You know, you can come here on your own and volunteer to serve under the table. After all, you are...”

“Ha! I think I’ll pass,” interrupted Ashley with a skewed grin. “Just because I suck your cock and let you fuck my ass every now and then, don’t think that I’m easy.”

Eddie snorted some of his drink.

“You aren’t?” asked Eddie, mockingly. As ridiculous as she sounded, Ashley didn’t seem to be joking. She even looked a bit cross. The boy immediately got rid of his grin. “Actually, now I think about it, you are pretty prudish... you know, if you don’t count the trading-anal-for-lesbo-sex thing.” He took another sip from his drink, trying to read Ashley’s thoughts on her face. Normally, it was the easiest thing in the world. Ashley had hundreds of tells. But at that moment Eddie was having some difficulty reading her for some reason.

“That’s right,” said Ashley after a short awkward pause. “You can’t take from me whatever you want. You only get what I let you get. I’m free... I have free will.”

“Well,” replied Eddie, now fully aware that Ashley was dead serious. “I wouldn’t say such things to men, if I were you. Some might take it as a challenge. You live in a dangerous world.”

Another awkward pause followed. Eddie regretted his words, which he thought sounded unintentionally menacing. He decided to lighten the mood up somehow.

“Luckily, I’m fully satisfied with our totally non-slutty, all-businesslike relationship.” He leaned back to give the nervous looking girl some space to breathe. “Speaking of business... What do you want from me for a nice long blowjob. You know, it is time for dessert.”

Ashley unintentionally mirrored his move and leaned back in her chair. She appreciated his tactical retreat.

“Same price,” she replied with a slightly relieved smile. “12 hours.”

“Wasn’t it 10?”

“Oh, right.”

They both chuckled. The tension seemed to be gone as quickly as appeared.

Just as the two relaxed, the waitress arrived once again..

“Are you ready for the desserts, sir?” she asked, with her eyes fixed at Eddie.

Ashley lunged forward before Eddie could open his mouth to reply. “You know what would be great? If the chicks below-deck gave us some kind of entertainment as we eat.”

“Sure,” replied Eddie. “You know, you just need to knock twice, and they...”

“No, not like that,” interrupted Ashley. “I mean out here. Can’t they put on a show here, on the table? Perhaps making out, or scissoring or something.”

Eddie turned to the waitress and raised his eyebrows. “Well, is that allowed? You heard the lady. Would something like that violate some kind of sanitary code?”

“Not at all,” replied the waitress. “Slaves often perform on the tables. In fact, our tables are sturdy enough to withstand gangrapes with up to 6 people. Would you like me to pull them up for you?”

Eddie nodded. The waitress swiftly crouched down, reached under the table, and pulled the two women by their hoods. They seemed disoriented and surprised for a moment. The waitress unceremoniously pushed them towards the table, forcing them to climb on top of it. The two seemed hesitant for a few seconds, but they obeyed the implied command. They hastily crawled to the center of the table and assumed standard kneeling positions side by side.

“I’ll be back with the desserts, sir,” said the waitress once the two jittery women settled down. Then she vanished into the dim restaurant as usual.

“Why is this one dressed up?” asked Ashley. Stephanie was still sporting her green top and blue miniskirt, as opposed to her less fortunate companion who wore nothing but a latex hoodie.

“So you can order her to undress,” replied Eddie. “You see, unlike you, she has no free will. You can take anything from her whether she likes it or not.”

Stephanie bit her lips. If Eddie could see her fiery eyes, she could pierce him with her gaze.

As Stephanie secretly smoldered behind her mask, Ashley smiled with genuine joy. “Smooth callback,” she said to Eddie and turned to the young girl kneeling in the middle of the table. “Go on, take your clothes off, girl. Show me those big jugs.”

Stephanie couldn’t move for a few seconds, as she calculated her response. What Ashley wanted her to do wasn’t something insane. She had already done much more humiliating things before, in public and in private. Both with Eddie and with Ashley. What gave her pause wasn’t the nature of the act itself, or the belittling way Ashley phrased the command. Stephanie was still hurting by the fact that Eddie reduced her to a mere “condiment” at a restaurant with the snap of a finger. This wasn’t like the times she was sent to lay with her friend. She was turned to a toy for Ashley, in an unprecedentedly ruthless manner.

“What are you waiting for? Someone to pick up a flogger?”

Stephanie snapped out of her agonizing thoughts and hastily moved to take her shirt off. Her big boobs fell out of the tight cloth and bounced back up energetically. Not knowing what to do with her skirt in her kneeling position, she improvised and removed it the same way she did her shirt. Then she quickly folded them and placed them neatly behind her.

“Ha! Steph does the same thing in PE class,” quipped Ashley.

A short awkward silence followed. Stephanie froze on her knees. Her eyes were wide with sudden panic behind the semi-fogged glasses of the hood.

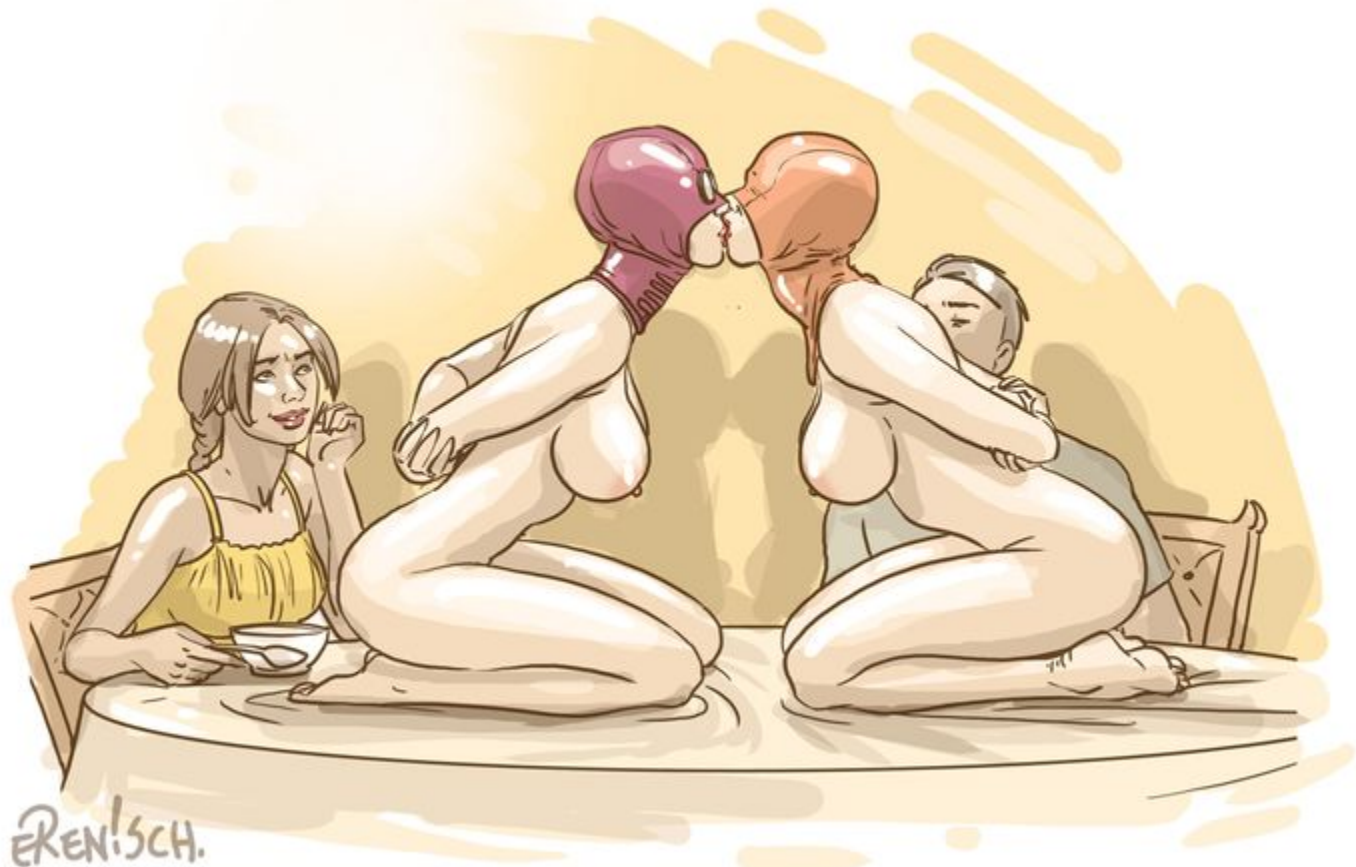
“Then she must be good slave material,” said Eddie without showing his surprise. “A slave should be proper and neat like this.” He kept his eyes focused on Ashley’s face, looking for signs of a sudden spark of realization. Fortunately, there was none.

“She is very beautiful. I missed her a lot. I’ll definitely show you a good time after this, just to have her back for another night,” said Ashley with a mischievous smile directed at the boy. Then she turned to the young girl and her more mature companion. “All right, ladies. Let’s start with a passionate make-out, shall we?”

Stephanie sighed and slowly turned towards the other woman. She did the same. She raised her hand with the intention to hold Stephanie’s chin, but Ashley stopped her with a commanding hand gesture. “Hey! No hands. Keep them behind your back like good girls, eh?”

Both women quickly joined their wrists behind their backs and leaned in for a kiss. They slowed down once they were close enough to inhale each other’s breath. Then their lips were pulled together very very slowly, as if they were both pulled and pushed in opposing directions by powerful, cosmic forces.

Stephanie wanted this humiliating public display be over as soon as possible, so she was the first to cross the last remaining distance between them. Her companion seemed a bit more hesitant, if not entirely reluctant to do so. Regardless, when they finally touched lips, she had little choice but to go with the flow. A long, awkward kiss started. After a few moments, Stephanie decided to use her tongue to stimulate her unenthusiastic partner further. She knew that if the spectacle wasn’t convincing enough, they could be stuck here longer than necessary.



Eventually, Stephanie's efforts bore fruit, and the other woman responded in kind. She probably reached the same conclusion with Stephanie. The longer she resisted, the longer she'd be stuck in this entanglement of public humiliation. The kiss intensified, grew louder, sloppier, and more passionate.

"You seem to like that a lot," said Ashley, looking at Eddie's almost ecstatic visage. Eddie seemed fascinated by the interlocking of lips and tongues. "You enjoy lesbian kisses this much?"

"This one I do," replied Eddie with an unmistakably evil grin. Ashley felt like she missed something, but her slight confusion didn't last long.

"Have you ever seen two girls scissoring? It is a cool thing. I mean, it is mostly awkward grinding when you actually do it. But it looks really good." Ashley winked at Eddie.

"I'd like to see, sure," replied Eddie. Obviously, he wasn't going to let Ashley know that Stephanie and Eagerdoll regularly performed different lesbian acts for his viewing pleasure.

"Great. You heard the boy, ladies. Show us another passionate kiss, but use the lips between your legs this time."

The women break their long kiss. Both awkwardly tried to reposition themselves on the table. Stephanie was first to assume the position once again. Of course, she had a lot of practice with both Ashley and Eagerdoll. She was ready to go even before Ashley gave the order. She knew how her mind worked anyway, especially when she is in bed with another girl.

Her companion was a lot slower to respond this time. Besides the reluctance, she seemed to have no idea how to scissor another woman. All she could do was clumsily imitate Stephanie's moves. Eventually they managed to figure out where to place their legs and bumped their crotches in the middle of the table. Ashley celebrated the moment their swollen vulvas hit with a playful clap.

"Go on, start rubbing 'em, you dirty bitches!"

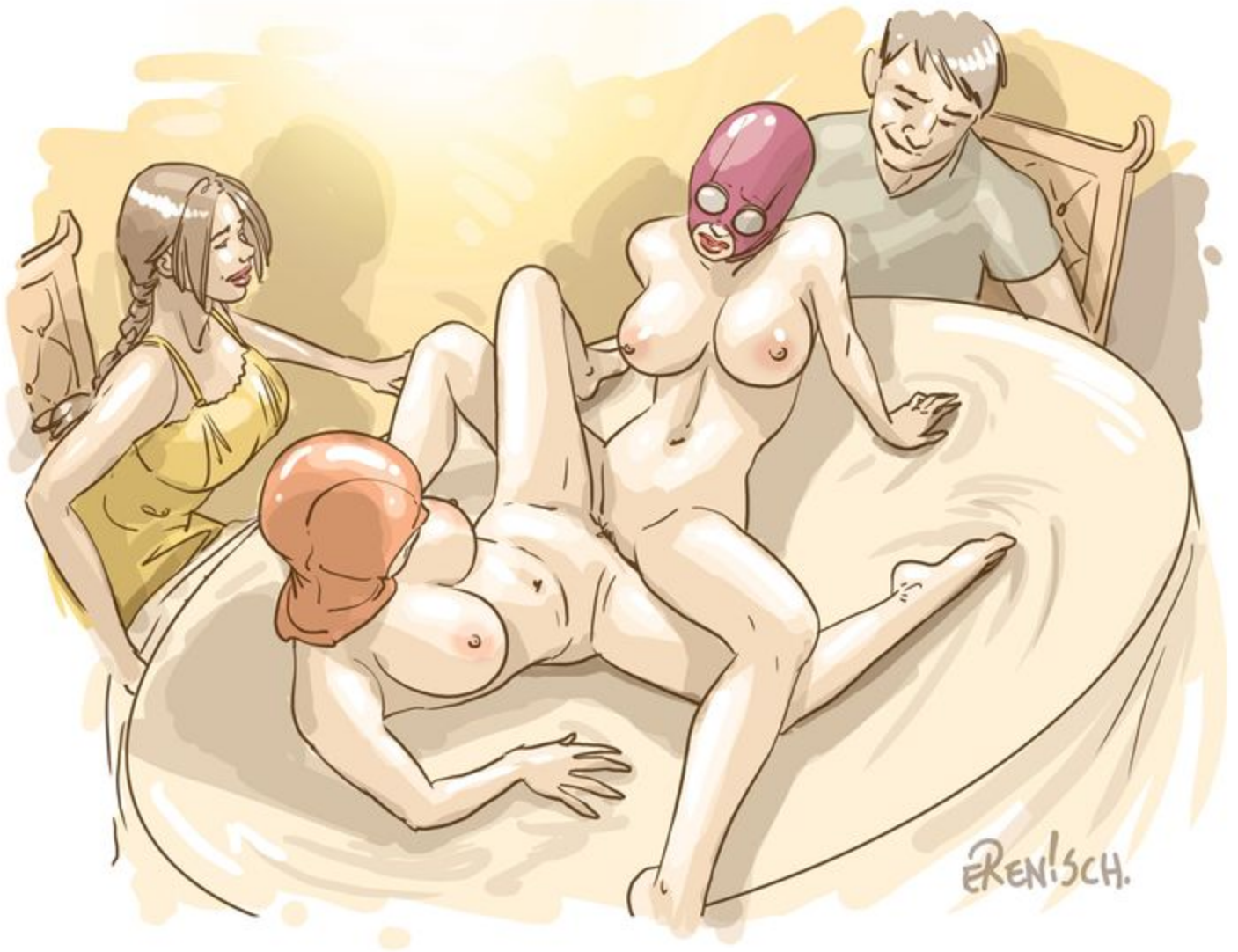
Once again, Stephanie had to initiate the action herself. She pressed forward and began rubbing her unenthusiastic partner's pussy. She accelerated and accelerated. Along the way, the other woman seemed to respond to her efforts, albeit grudgingly. Stephanie didn't care. She was trying her best to satisfy Ashley and Eddie as soon as possible. All she wanted was to go home.

But maybe, have another nice orgasm before the date is over?

Of course, her date was already over the moment Ashley showed up. Now she was merely attending Ashley's date.

At that moment, strangely, she didn't care. She only wanted to cum now. The pleasure was building up with a high pace. Normally it was rather difficult to climax by scissoring, unless you combine it with other techniques and toys, but the

extraordinary circumstances must have given her libido an extra boost that night. Stephanie could feel a powerful orgasm approaching.



She didn't know if she should ask for permission to cum. Of course, she would expose her identity to Ashley if she spoke. She tried to think of something. Should she defy the rules and climax without permission? What would her punishment be, if she did that?

"This is great! You are doing great, ladies," exclaimed an excited Ashley. "Whoever cums first will have a bite of my dessert," she said, waving a spoon full of chocolate mousse between the women grinding their pussies like crazy.

Stephanie was relieved. This was the green light she hoped for. Within seconds, she was shaking and groaning uncontrollably. She bit her lips in order not to scream something comprehensible and give away her identity. Her companion, as reluctant as she were, also reached and orgasm moments later.

"Well done, ladies," said Ashley and showed the spoon through the young girl's parted lips. Stephanie gathered herself as quickly as possible and swallowed the chocolaty treat.

Mastery - 72

“I never walk around the city this late at night. It feels weird.”

Eddie turned to Ashley, who was looking around like she was seeing the city lights for the first time. She looked fascinated in a naïve, child-like manner. She was playing with her braid with her right hand as she always did when she was excited. She held Stephanie’s leash on the other. The blonde was still disguised as Eagerdoll, speedily crawling by the couple’s side. This was one of the strangest days of Stephanie’s life. Her date with Eddie was interrupted by Ashley’s surprise arrival, and she was forced to perform sexual acts with a complete stranger on top of a restaurant table just a few minutes ago.

“It is beautiful,” Ashley continued.

“Just a street,” said Eddie, unable to comprehend her fascination. It wasn’t a particularly eye-catching sight.

“Yeah? Well, a good girl cannot walk the streets after dark like you guys do, you know. Not if you don’t want to be pulled into a dark alley and get gangraped by bums.”

Eddie bitterly smiled. “Funny you said that right this very moment, at this spot.” He paused for a few seconds. “You put me in an awkward position.”

“What? Why?”

Before Ashley could continue, Eddie swiftly moved behind her and grabbed the brunette. He covered her mouth with his left hand and wrapped his free arm around her slim waist. Then he lifted the stunned girl off the ground and carried her into the dark alley like she was a store mannequin.

Stephanie was as surprised as her best friend who was being carried away. She froze for a moment and watched Eddie disappear into the dark alley. After a few seconds she remembered where she was. She was fully naked and on all-fours in the middle of a poorly lit street. She could hear chatter and laughter in the distance. She panicked and hastily followed her master into the alley.

She caught up with her master right after she turned a corner. The alley was very similar to the one Eddie raped her regularly in the mornings. It was a fairly large space between two brick buildings. A filthy dead end with no exits besides the alley they came in from. A big metal garbage container was placed in the middle.

Ashley was now flailing as hard as she could, trying to break free from Eddie’s strong arms. Despite her spirited resistance, he didn’t seem to have any problem holding the brunette.

“Get up, slave!”

Stephanie immediately jumped up on her feet when she heard her master’s command. She was still unable to understand exactly what was happening, and was almost in panic mode.

“Bring me that bag over there!”

Stephanie turned towards the direction Eddie pointed at with his nose. At the corner stood a paper shopping bag. She quickly ran and grabbed it. She could see some cloth, rope and duct-tape inside the bag. It was a rape-kit. At that moment Stephanie realized that Eddie planned this seemingly impromptu attack beforehand. This was a premeditated violation.

But was Ashley the intended victim? Maybe it was Stephanie?

“Stop resisting, Ash,” said Eddie with an authoritative tone. “You will be violated tonight. There is no way out of it. I prefer not to hurt you too much.” He tightened his hand over her mouth. “I picked this place carefully. This isn’t a residential area. Nobody lives around here.” He paused for a moment. “And even if anybody heard you, nobody would come to help you... You know that, right?”

He turned to Stephanie and gave the order to pick the duct tape out. Stephanie swiftly obeyed. She tore a long piece and raised it.

“The slave will tape your mouth now. Don’t you try to scream or beg me to stop. It won’t help you. It will only earn you several hard slaps across your pretty face. Do you understand me, Ash?”

The brunette shook a little more, but finally gave in and relaxed a bit. She was too tired to resist, and she accepted that Eddie was too strong for her.

Eddie slowly let the girl’s mouth go. Her lips were trembling, but she made no attempt to scream or call for help. Stephanie quickly placed the tape to cover her mouth. She then put a couple more pieces to secure the first one. She knew the proper way to tape a girl’s mouth from the courses Eddie took. She was one of her master’s study aids after all.

“Close your eyes too,” ordered Eddie. Ashley turned as much as she could and looked at Eddie with teary, begging eyes. Eddie seemed unfazed by her silent pleas. “I said, close them!”

Ashley had little choice but obey. She turned away and closed her eyes. Stephanie quickly taped over her friend’s eyelids, rendering her blind as well.

“That blanket,” said Eddie and pointed to the rag in the rape kit, as soon as his victim was properly silenced and blinded. “Spread that over the dumpster.”

Once again, Stephanie complied without hesitation. She knew well that she was helping Eddie violate her best friend. She was under extreme emotional stress, but her emotions had no bearing on her behavior. What else could she do? She was Eddie's to command. She did what he told her to do. She existed to obey and serve him.

She picked the blanket and laid it over the dumpster. She felt a little hurt by the mere existence of the old, frayed rag. Eddie never thought to use something like that when he regularly violated her over their garbage container. Of course, theirs was never a planned affair like this apparently was.

"The rope..."

Stephanie didn't even wait for Eddie to finish his command this time. She immediately picked the bundle or rope and started to untangle it for use. Eddie roughly pushed Ashley onto the rag and pinned her down with his weight. He grabbed the brunette's wrists and joined them at her back. Stephanie approached and started to wrap the rope around her panicked friend's arms. Without even thinking, she was using the methods she learned from the Mastery course. It was then she realized that she knew most of the techniques for restraining reluctant females and prepping them for sexual abuse, almost as well as her master did.

When she finished tying the girl's arms tightly and stepped back, Ashley was almost completely motionless. She was unable to move, speak or see. Her body was shaking and trembling ever so slightly as she silently sobbed, but it seemed like she totally surrendered to her fate. Her first real rape was inevitable and imminent. This time Eddie wasn't going to take whatever Ashley let him, he was going to take whatever he wanted. This dark thought echoed in the brunette's head. She was regretting her earlier words already.

Once Ashley was bound and gagged, Eddie slowly let her go, slapped her on the butt hard, and stepped back. A muffled scream exploded in the girl's taped mouth. Out of fear, Ashley maintained the position Eddie put her in, bent over the dumpster with her face and boobs pressed on the old blanket.

Apparently pleased with the effect he had on the scared girl, Eddie turned to Stephanie and pointed to the bag once more. "Pick that up and put it on."

Stephanie crouched down to see the item her master was referring to. It was a strap on dildo. Befuddled, she took it out and stood up. Eddie approached the puzzled girl and took her hood off. Then he embraced her and kissed her on the lips passionately. "You thought you were her entertainment for tonight, didn't you? Wrong. Actually, she is the entertainment I brought for you, sweetheart." He caressed the blushing blonde on the cheek and walked towards Ashley. He grabbed her short skirt and pulled it up with one swift motion, baring her shapely round butt.

"See, the slut didn't wear any panties. How thoughtful. I didn't even tell her to do that. She was expecting to be used and abused, obviously." To make his point, she slapped Ashley's bare ass-cheeks one by one, getting muffled moans in response.

"What did I tell you to do?"

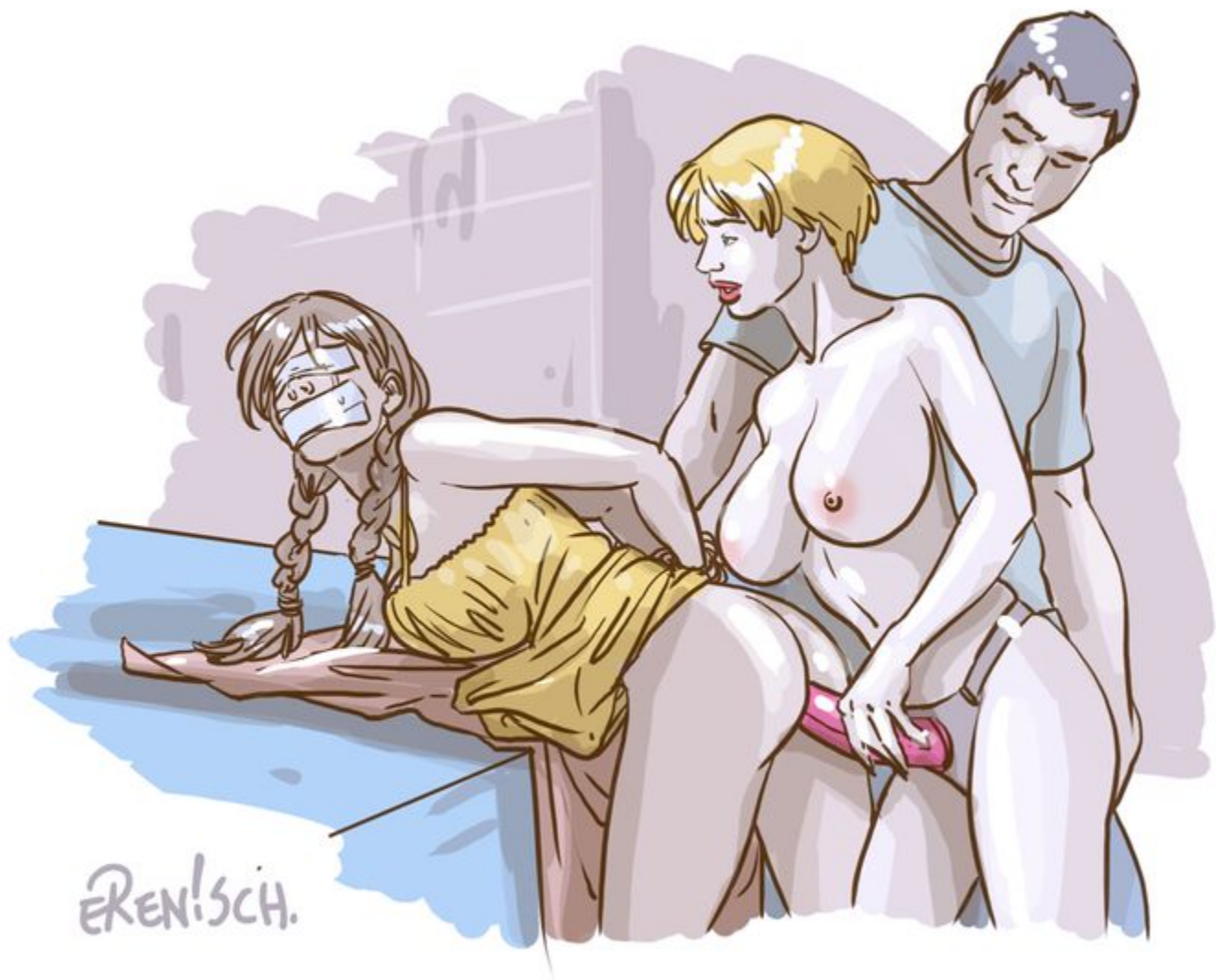
His authoritative tone snapped Stephanie out of her trance. Strangely, the grown-up voice Eddie used at the restaurant didn't sound so funny this time. It actually fitted him perfectly. He looked so strong, manly, and charismatic all of a sudden. He was her master, fully in command of her body and mind. He trained, nurtured, rewarded, and punished her for so long, she couldn't imagine a life without him now. Serving and pleasing him was the biggest part of her existence.

She realized that she failed to obey her master's last order immediately. Hastily, she put on the strap-on dildo and secured it in place. Then she stood there like a scared virgin and waited for her next command.

"Come here. I want you to fuck this slut in the ass, until you feel her legs buckle."

Ashley groaned with panic, and Stephanie let out a whimper of excitement. She immediately took her place behind Ashley, ready to sodomize her. She was thrilled beyond her wildest dreams, even though she was about to rape her best friend at her master's command.

This was such an unexpected turn of events. For many nights and weekends, she was given to Ashley so she could use the blonde's body to her heart's delight. The experience in general wasn't that bad. It was hardly an ordeal. She enjoyed her time with Ashley a lot actually. But occasionally, that dark skinned fiery brunette didn't refrain from making her suffer physically and psychologically whenever she wanted to. Granted, Ashley had no idea that she was with Stephanie, and she thought she was torturing a lowly slavegirl instead. But that fact hardly made any difference on how Stephanie felt as she suffered at her hands.



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“Go ahead, stick that thing in,” ordered Eddie with a naughty grin. “You must know by now, what gives pleasure and what hurts. You were there with me when I listened to the anal-rape mastery lectures. You know how to do this as well as I do.”

Stephanie forced a smile. She could hardly think about anything beside the task in front of her. Her brain was burning with anticipation at that moment.

Eddie enjoyed Stephanie’s game face immensely. It was the perfect mixture of exhilaration, fear, anxiety, guilt, and pleasure. As Stephanie savored the moment before making her move, Eddie enjoyed the subtle but continuous brawl of emotions on her beautiful, angelic visage.

Then, without any warning, Stephanie thrust her shapely hips forward and brusquely penetrated her best friend’s anal opening. Ashley groaned loudly with surprise and pain. Stephanie’s assault wasn’t as powerful and ruthless as a man’s, but it was equally humiliating and painful.

After she breached Ashley’s initial resistance to the big plastic dildo, the blonde continued to penetrate deeper and deeper, slowly but steadily. Ashley’s muscles gave in completely towards the end. Once her belly finally slammed into the brunette’s bare bottom, Stephanie stopped and bent her knees to twist the dildo up and down. This little maneuver let her reach even deeper. She grabbed the girl’s round bottom from both sides to better manipulate her. She leaned forward and continued to twist the dildo from side to side, as if she was trying to have a tighter fit.

Once she decided that the bound girl was fully impaled on her fake cock, she stopped and looked at her master, who was still watching her with an intense fascination. Stephanie’s facial expressions was the highlight of his evening, for sure. This time Stephanie smiled back at him with genuine joy. She mouthed the words “thank you,” and slowly started to move her hips back and forth. She commenced with slow, shallow thrusts, and began accelerating gradually. The intensity of Ashley’s moans grew accordingly.

In a few minutes, Stephanie was ass-raping her best friend at full-speed. Ashley’s continuous muffled screams and incessant sobbing seemed unable to slow the blonde down. She was surprised that her empathy for the poor brunette was overpowered by the pleasure she was feeling. The dildo was designed to stimulate the wearer’s clit while in use, but the

pleasure Stephanie was experiencing wasn't entirely coming from that rubbing action. She was clearly delighted by the fact that Ashley was under her thumb, at her mercy. She was nothing but a toy. Her toy.

Normally, she'd be ashamed of the fact that she enjoyed this. But tonight, she wasn't her usual self. Apparently, serving Ashley as a sex doll for weeks did a number on her subconscious. And probably, tonight's humiliation she suffered under and above the restaurant table was the straw that broke the camel's back. Right now, Ashley's suffering was the main source of her delight.

How could Eddie know? How could he so masterfully arrange the circumstances and line up events this perfectly? However he did it, he managed to put Stephanie in the perfect mood to derive such intense pleasure from an act she'd otherwise find morally objectionable, if not unthinkable.

She lost track of time as she pounded her friend's ass with the huge dildo. She didn't know how long she'd been sodomizing her, or how long further she needed to do it. After a while, Ashley's groans completely lost their intensity and turned into silent whimpers of helplessness. Her muscles let go, and her round bottom started to feel like a soft cushion. Her weight was now supported only by her huge tits that spread over the rough rug, since her tired legs gave in a few minutes ago. She was nothing but a lump of meat on the dumpster. Her asshole was sore and numb.

The moment she realized that Ashley's body completely surrendered, Stephanie had a clitoral orgasm. It was slowly building up since the beginning. As soon as she's done spasming, she stopped and stepped back. Ashley's well-fucked rectum resisted a little, as if it tried to hold the dildo inside. She took it out anyway. The big plastic rod shook up and down once it was liberated from the poor brunette's reluctant anal cavity.

Exhausted, Stephanie almost lost her balance, but Eddie was quick to act to catch the blonde. He grabbed the girl from behind and embraced her like a proud teacher.

"Well done, my sweet. Now, have a little rest." He leaned down and kissed the girl on her slender neck.

"Because we'll do it again in a few minutes... But this time, we'll do it together."



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Mastery - 73

Stephanie was in heaven. Her eyes were closed. She felt weightless and blissful in Eddie's tight embrace. The boy's strong arms, lovingly wrapped around her slender waist and big soft tits, held her up in the air, her toes barely touching the floor. Her body was enveloped in a supernatural warmth, despite the cool evening breeze ricocheting around the alley.

She felt safe and happy... at home. Home was Eddie's arms.

"Are you ready to start again, slave?"

Without waiting for her response, Eddie slowly lowered the blonde and let her go. Stephanie sighed and opened her eyes. The dark alley was now awash by moonlight. Ashley was still in front of her, bent over the garbage container. Her bare ass was shivering.

Stephanie's gaze immediately shifted to her best friend's buttocks. A few minutes ago she was fucking Ashley's ass with her huge strap-on dildo. The brunette's flawless round bottom was covered in droplets of sweat, glistening with a bluish shimmer. She was nervously shifting her weight from one leg to another, which caused her butt to sway in a very vulnerable, sexy way.

As Stephanie admired her best friend's beauty, Eddie stepped aside and grabbed Ashley by her hair. He violently pulled her up and towards him. The poor girl groaned with surprise.

"Take her place and stand facing me," said Eddie and pointed to the rag spread over the container. Stephanie immediately complied. She wasn't even thinking when Eddie gave her an order. She was in perfect slave mode.

She gracefully stepped forward, turned around and leaned back against the container.

As soon as she settled in her position, Eddie pushed Ashley backwards towards his slave. Stephanie realized what was expected of her, so she grabbed the dildo and raised it.

Eddie slowly pushed Ashley until the tip of the dildo touched the brunette's anal entrance once again. Before the girl could understand what was happening, he mercilessly pushed her onto the plastic rod Stephanie held. Penetration was much quicker and more painful this time. Before Ashley could protest, she was fully impaled on her best friend's strap-on cock, for the second time that night.

Ashley's sexy moans of pain took a few seconds to die down. Tied-up, gagged and blindfolded, the poor thing had no choice but suffer through whatever Eddie planned for her.

"Remember that day at the park, you said your pussy was off-limits?"

Ashley raised her head. All her facial muscles flared, struggling against the duct-tape that covered half her pretty face. Eddie didn't need to see her eyes to guess how big her panic was.

"Welcome to your deflowering, Ash! You didn't know it was going to be today, but I did. Actually, I knew it last week. I planned it. I scheduled it." He paused for a moment to enjoy the panic on the girl's face. "In a moment, I will take my big hard cock and insert in your untouched womanhood, destroy your precious hymen, and eventually unload my testicles deep in your womb."

At that point, Ashley seemed like she was about to make a move to escape. Feeling her muscles tensing up, Eddie immediately tightened his grip on her hair and grabbed her left leg with his free hand. He swiftly pulled her leg up and raised it over his shoulder. As a result, Ashley lost her balance and fell backwards, which made the dildo in her ass sink deeper into her bowels. A painful scream hit her tape gag and dissolved in to smaller whimpers of desperation.

The brunette, fully impaled on the big dildo and held tightly by the boy, tried to find her balance on her right leg. Whenever she managed to ease the pain in her ass a little, Eddie was raising her leg even further. After a few more failed attempts Ashley just gave up and collapsed on the dildo.

Eddie smiled and looked down. Ashley's fully exposed pussy was glistening under the moonlight. It was wet and swollen, as Eddie expected. Eddie dropped Ashley's leg over his shoulder and started to move his hand downwards. Following the pleasant contours of her shapely leg, he finally reached her wet vulva. He shoved one finger between her youthful labia and drove it up and down the slit, forcing fearful whimpers out of the poor brunette.

"See how wet and slippery it is? Unlike you, it is ready and willing."

Ashley moaned in shame. It was the biggest humiliation.

"Don't be angry at yourself, honey," continued Eddie. "It can't be helped. A woman's body knows its purpose, even when her brain denies it. It solely exists to serve and please cocks." He turned to Stephanie, who was watching her master with child-like amazement. "Don't you agree, slave?"

Stephanie nodded with a barely audible hum. Of course, she knew it too well.

"If only you could see what I see," continued Eddie. "Your pussy is red, swollen, juiced-up... It can't wait to be fucked. Looks so eager."

He grabbed his member and put it against the slit, right where his finger was a second ago. Ashley shook violently with her face frozen with an expression of terror, as she realized that her first vaginal penetration was imminent. Eddie started to slowly rub the tip of his cock along the brunette's slit.

“I know this is a very important moment for a girl,” said Eddie. “Once I shove my cock in this tight little hole, I’ll be forever your first. Isn’t that nice? Anyway, do want to do a count-down?”

Ashley gathered the last bits of her strength and struggled against Eddie’s tightening grip as much as she could. Of course, she had no chance.

“Okay, Here goes. Nine... eight... seven... six...”

Ashley struggled again. There was no way she could escape his grip, especially while she was already impaled on a huge dildo.

“five... four... three...”

Then, without even finishing the countdown, Eddie ruthlessly shoved his fully-erect rod into Ashley’s confused vagina. Ashley screamed with pain, shame and disbelief. The boy’s cock unhurriedly moved deeper and deeper, pushing and stretching her tightened muscles. Then they both felt a slight resistance. Eddie pulled a few centimeters back and thrust with full power this time, violently tearing through everything in its path. The pain and shame momentarily overwhelmed Ashley’s brain, and she almost lost consciousness.

Once Eddie fully breached his hopelessly restrained victim, he stopped and waited for a few seconds. The dildo Stephanie shoved in the poor brunette’s ass was putting extra pressure on Ash’s vaginal canal, tightening the entrance even further. Eddie stood motionless and enjoyed the girl’s jerks and contractions for a while. It was as if Ashley’s confused muscles were trying to understand what was happening, and they were constantly grabbing on the rods shoved in her. It was a wonderful feeling.

Ashley, on the other hand, was in incredible pain. Eddie leaned forward and whispered in the girl’s ear. “This is only the beginning, slut!”



He started to shove it in and out. As soon as he started to move, Stephanie began to do the same. The blonde could barely move because she was squeezed between Ashley and the container, but her little movement was enough to delight Eddie, who was having the best time of his life. The tightness was wonderful. He gradually increased his speed and quickly reached the point of no return. He rode the edge for a few seconds and then violently ejaculated deep inside the brunette's primary fuckhole.

Delirious with pain and shame, Ashley realized what was happening all too late. Before she knew it, Eddie filled her up and pulled it out.

"There. You are welcome, slut."

He paused for a few seconds to catch his breath and then grabbed the girl like she was a sack full of feathers. He lifted her up and placed the surprised brunette over his shoulder. Stephanie almost lost her balance when Eddie violently pulled Ashley up.

"Tie her ankles."

Stephanie quickly complied.



"You may take the dildo off," said Eddie. "Pick up the rest of the stuff and put 'em in the bag. And don't forget your leash."

Stephanie quickly complied. She couldn't see Ashley's face, but she could hear her muffled sobs. At that moment, she finally realized what actually transpired a few moments ago. Her best friend was brutally defiled, and she was an accomplice to her violation. She felt guilty and sad all of a sudden. Tears began forming around the corners of her eyes.

“Take her shoes off and put them on. She won’t need them tonight.”

Eddie’s command woke Stephanie from her short trance. She quickly wiped her tears and did as she told. She unbuckled Ashley’s red high heels and put them on her own feet.

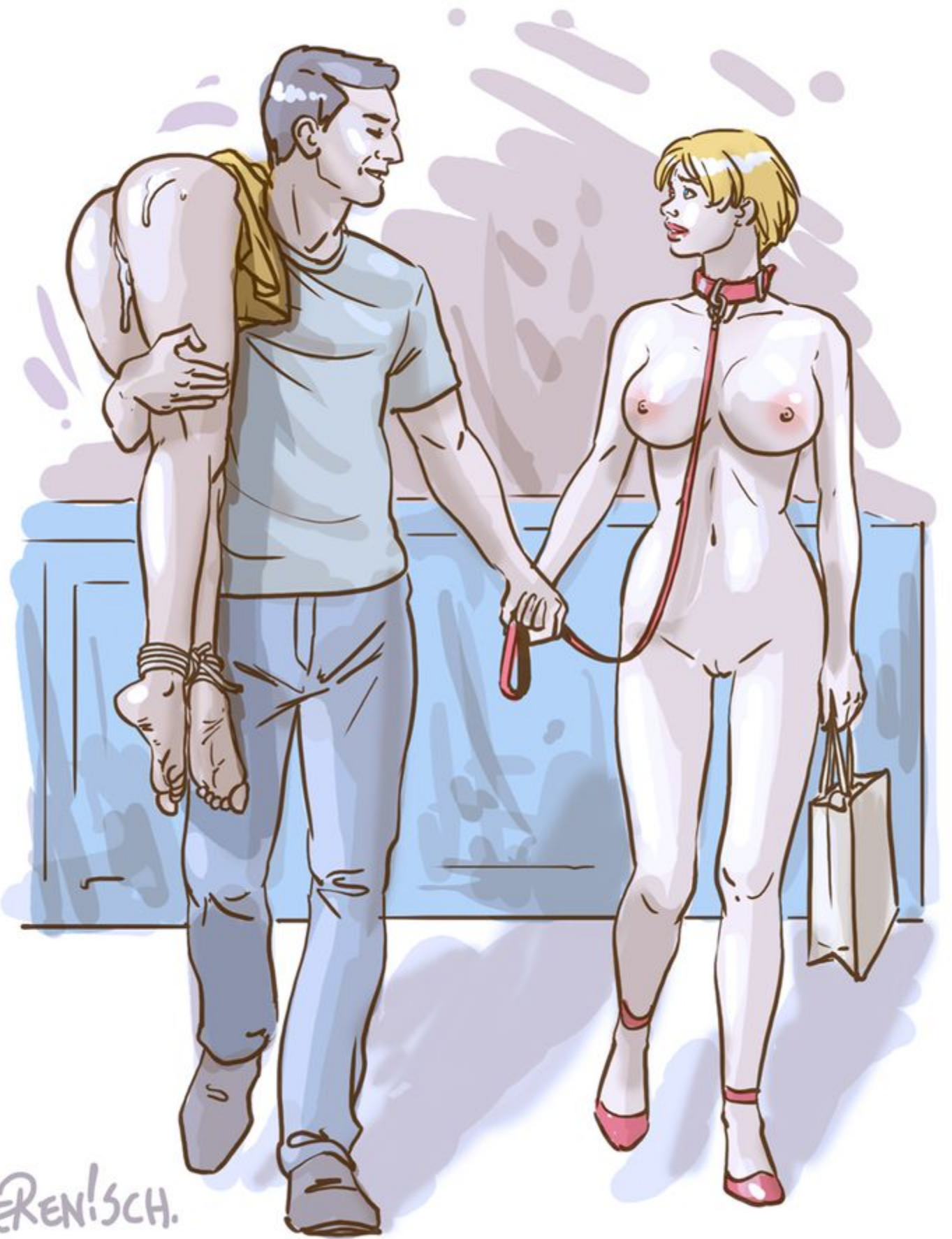
“They look good on you, slave,” said Eddie. Stephanie smiled gratefully. She wanted to ask what he was planning to do next, but she couldn’t talk. She couldn’t let Ashley recognize her. Especially after helping her master destroy her virginity.

“You can rest a bit now, Ash. But we aren’t done yet. Actually, this is only the beginning.” He slapped the girl on the ass hard and preempted her moans of protest. Then he reached and grabbed Stephanie’s leash.

“I’ll take you home now. We’ll have fun all night. I’ll rape you a few more times, in ways you won’t enjoy. It will be great.

Ashley struggled in panic once again, but she was too exhausted now. Eddie barely felt her resistance.

He looked at the blonde and smiled. “And don’t you worry, Ash. I’m sure Stephanie will agree to call your parents and tell them you’re going to spend the night with her, you know, studying or something.”



EREN!SCH.

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“Fine. Call me in the morning.”

Sonya ended the call and dropped her phone on the nightstand. “Eddie says he’ll be staying with a friend tonight.” She turned around and looked at her husband who was lying flat on the bed.

“Looks like we’ll be alone tonight... Well, if you don’t count the girl in Eddie’s room.” She smiled. “Then again, the poor thing is probably locked in the closet or tied under the bed... or something.”

She gracefully walked around the bed to approach her husband. “So... do you think we can...”

Her sentence was cut short by an indifferent snore. “Daniel?” Snoring continued. The man was long asleep, apparently. Sonya exhaled with frustration.

She let out an inaudible curse word under her breath and lied down next to her husband.

It was impossible to sleep. Every time she closed her eyes, flashes of her naughty escapade with her son’s slave was rushing in to give her a jolt. The tingling between her legs was getting harder and harder to ignore. She felt her body heating up and vagina getting wetter. She wanted to be touched, caressed, fondled. She wanted to feel the weight of someone on top of her, pinning her down.

She turned her head and looked at her husband. Unfortunately, he was still deep asleep.

Another half hour passed. Sonya tossed and turned to relax and fall asleep, but her urges only got stronger. She considered waking up her husband by sucking him off, like she did that night... But at that moment, he looked like a stranger. She decided to play with herself instead. Her hands found their way to her crotch and awkwardly started to rub her swollen clit. The sensation was nice, but somehow not enough to sate her hunger for human touch. She wanted a body to press hers onto. A warm, soft, smooth...

She jumped out of the bed with a surprise realization. She wasn’t craving a cock. She wanted another woman. And not just another woman... She wanted Eagerdoll.

She threw herself out of the bedroom and started to walk back and forth along the corridor. Suddenly she was sweating and shivering. She felt confused. Was it a temporary urge? It was definitely hormonal.

The young redhead fascinated her since the day Eddie brought her home from the slave store. Initially, she was upset and disgusted by the whole idea of course, but the poor girl grew on her in the months following her arrival. The poor creature had become a part of the house since then. Sonya didn’t know exactly when, but the redhead crawling around the house became a familiar, even pleasing sight. She was now almost like a beloved pet.

Sonya realized that she had a stupid smile as she imagined Eagerdoll as a lapdog. She immediately got rid of the silly expression and straightened up. All these strange thoughts were confusing her even more.

After minutes of walking back and forth around the house, she stopped right in front of her son’s room. She leaned in to listen. Was the girl sleeping? Eddie brought the girl in the afternoon and left immediately after, so it was a pretty lazy day for the sex slave. Sonya heard her cleaning and tidying the room earlier in the day, so she couldn’t be tied-up or locked in her closet. She imagined the girl sleeping on the floor. As a slave, she wasn’t allowed on the bed, of course. Especially when her master wasn’t there to use her.

She leaned further to put her ear on the door, but lost her balance and hit it with her left hand instead. The door opened with a screech and Sonya stumbled into the room. She managed to catch the door frame and regained her balance.

“Oh shit,” she thought to herself. “I’ll wake up the poor thing. This is the only time she can be alone and rest.”

“Are you okay, Madam?”

Sonya turned towards the voice. It took her a couple seconds to spot Eagerdoll’s graceful figure in the dark. The girl was kneeling at the far corner of the room, motionless, in perfect waiting posture.

“Oh? Sorry. Did I wake you up?” stammered Sonya, feeling awfully guilty.

“No, this cunt wasn’t sleeping, Madam” replied the girl. “Actually, this cunt heard you walking outside. This cunt was worried.”

“Oh, not this again,” said Sonya as she rolled her eyes for the millionth time since the day Eagerdoll arrived. “Stop calling yourself that. Your owner isn’t here.”

Eagerdoll didn’t reply for a few seconds. Sonya could almost hear the slave’s conflicting thoughts. The redhead was trying very hard not to repeat the little speech about the rules once again. This was one of the most uncomfortable things in her daily routine as a slavegirl. She knew the rule about referring herself as a cunt was essential, but she didn’t want to upset her master’s mother either.

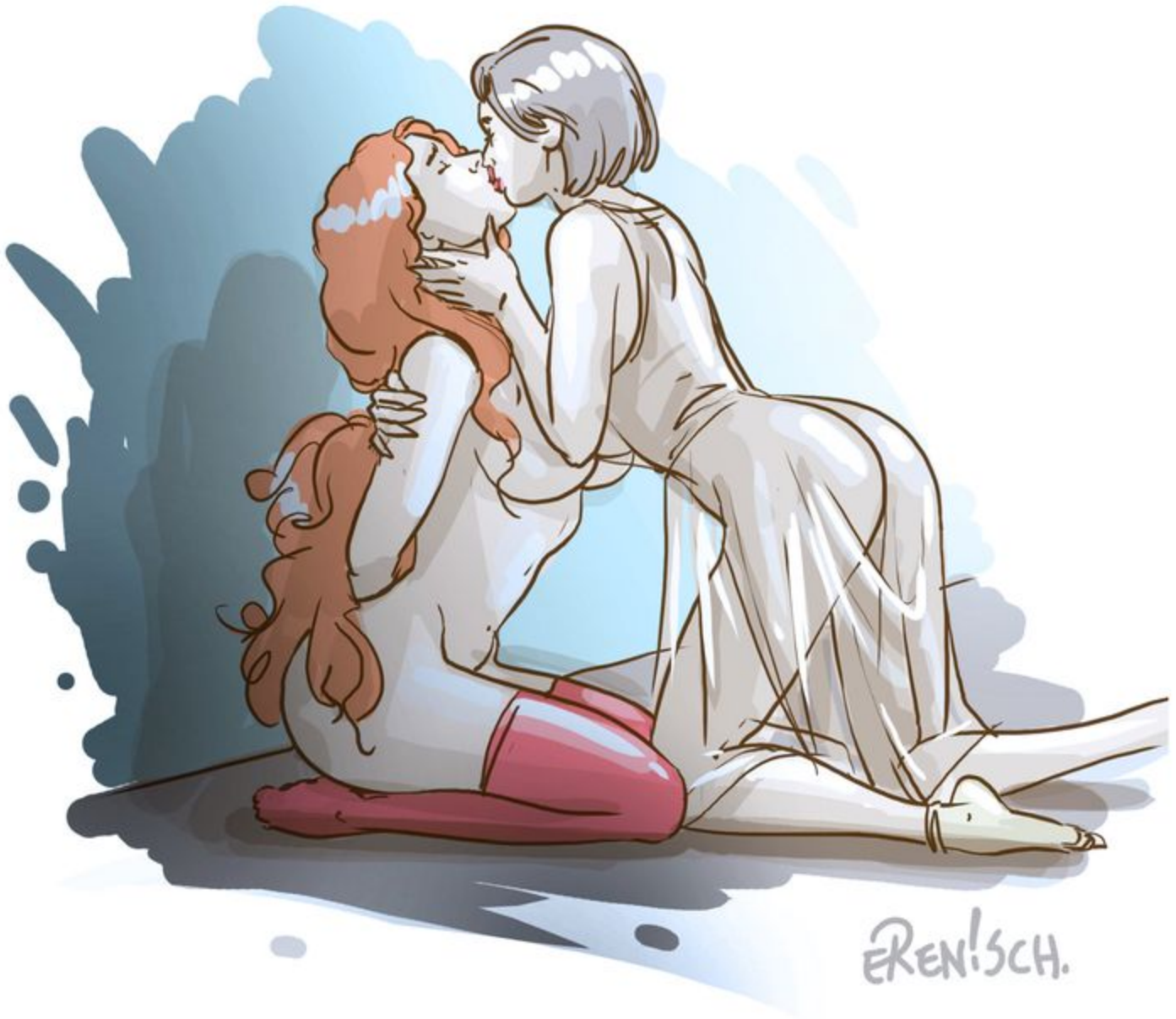
“Sorry Madam,” she said, finally deciding to appease the middle-aged woman, “I was worried. How can this... I... help you, Madam?”

“Ah, don’t worry about it,” replied the woman with a hand wave. “It’s just... I couldn’t sleep, that’s all. Anyway, sorry to bother you. You have a rest, okay?”

She stepped out and prepared to close the door.

“Wait! I... It’s still my duty to assist you. I can... assist you... just like before. You know, so you can sleep?”

Sonya stopped and froze just before shutting the door. After a few seconds of pause, she opened the door again. She had a strange look in her face. Somehow, she looked both confused and determined at the same time. As Eagerdoll tried to decipher the woman’s unusual expression, the other swiftly walked towards the kneeling slavegirl, knelt by her, grabbed and pulled her into a fervent embrace, and hungrily leaned in for a passionate kiss. After a momentary surprise, Eagerdoll returned the kiss with almost equal zeal.



The odd kiss lasted for minutes. It was completely impulsive and haphazard, but it felt justified and earned as well. Neither women seemed to have the strength or desire to stop it. It felt like forever.

It was Sonya who finally break the kiss she herself initiated. She roughly grabbed the slavegirl by her beautiful red hair and pulled her head away from her wet full lips. “You’ll assist me, eh?”

The slave fervently nodded as she licked her lips.

Sonya turned and looked around the room, searching for something. “I want you to fuck me, little girl,” Said the woman with a weirdly imposing tone that even surprised herself. “I want you to fuck me hard. I want you to fuck me until I pass out.”

“Yes Madam!”

Eagerdoll immediately grabbed for the duffel bag lying next to her. She reached in to grab the strap-on dildo. Unfortunately, it was gone. “Dammit! Master must have taken it with him.”

Sonya didn’t seem disappointed. She grabbed the slave’s wrist and raised it to her lips.

“Never mind. Use your fist!”

Then she pushed her hand down and pressed it against her burning vulva. She was almost out of her mind with desire.

For a brief moment, she almost saw herself from outside. Who was that sex-crazed middle-aged woman trying to abuse a girl half her age? It definitely wasn't her normal self. The scene was almost surreal by her standards. Whatever she was doing was entirely out of character. She felt like a complete stranger.

Then again, at that very moment, this was what she wanted to feel. She needed human touch. Specifically, a woman's touch... Eagerdoll's.

She couldn't help but feel ashamed and guilty for taking advantage of this poor, fallen creature who cannot reject or resist her. The slave was completely at her mercy, ready to comply with her every order... satisfy her every whim.

"I'd love to, Madam," said the slave as if she read her mind. "I'm very good at fisting too. But... can you handle it?"

Sonya was momentarily annoyed by the question. "Can I handle it?" But, of course, it was a valid point. Fingering was one thing, fisting was another. "I think so. Yes, I want to try. Do it!" she whispered. She didn't want her husband to wake up and catch her in this strange state of insanity. She didn't exactly know which would be worse: The embarrassment of getting caught like this, or getting interrupted before feeling this beautiful girl inside her.

Her body seemed resolved and determined to go through with this, but her mind was still a battleground. She somehow knew she needed this... She deserved this. But the shame and guilt were as strong and sharp.

As Eagerdoll slowly started to rub her slit over her sheer nightie, she grabbed the slave's hair tightly and put her other hand on her blushing cheek.

"You see, sweetheart. Turns out I'm a slut and a whore, just like you."

Eagerdoll didn't reply. She didn't know what to say. This was the type of thing a slave shouldn't respond in a positive or negative way.

"I must be punished for this, don't you think? I mean, They made you a slut. They turned you into a whore. But me... Nobody forces me to do this. What does this say about me?"

Eagerdoll kept her silence and continued to rub the woman's vulva frantically. The dialogue was now beginning to make her extremely uncomfortable.

Sonya was getting more and more worked up as the pleasure started to build up.

"Slap me!"

Eagerdoll paused and looked at the woman.

"I must pay for this. Slap me!" the woman repeated with a stern voice.

Eagerdoll knew well that it was bad form to make a master or mistress to repeat her commands. After her initial shock passed, she raised her free hand and slapped the woman across her face.

Sonya let out a groan as the redhead's slap landed on her left cheek with full force. It wasn't just shock and pain. There was also a tinge of satisfaction in that groan. The momentary pain she felt aggrandized whatever she was feeling already. The pleasure was even more vivid, stronger, sharper. The desire, the shame, the lust, the guilt... Everything fit perfectly just for that single moment of contact.

"Again!"

Eagerdoll didn't hesitate this time. She swiftly changed hands and slapped the woman on the other cheek.

Another moan of lucidity and satisfaction escaped Sonya's throat.

This time Sonya pulled the slavegirl's head back and slapped her on her right cheek.

"Harder! Just like this." Another slap landed on Eagerdoll's surprised face.

Slaps continued to land on both women's faces left and right, as they kept rubbing each other's pussies. An eternity passed.

"Enough! Give me your fist! Do it! Now!"

This was what Eagerdoll expected to hear. As soon as Sonya gave to order, the slavegirl pushed her on her back and crawled under her butt. She pressed on her throat with her left hand to pin the woman down. Then she joined the long slender fingers on her right hand together to make a point, and pressed it against Sonya's vaginal opening. The milf's fuckhole was already overflowing with her sex juices, but her muscles seemed to put up some resistance at the entrance.

"Just relax," said the slavegirl with a soft voice. She was now in familiar waters. She was trained for this.

Sonya did as the girl told. She opened her legs further and tried to relax, even though every cell in her body was screaming with desire. She felt Eagerdoll's fingers increase her pressure on her vulva. Soon they breached her initial resistance and started to advance in her vagina. Eagerdoll took her time until her fingers penetrated Sonya's hole, but once all her knuckles were in, she thrust her entire fist inside with a swift motion.

The woman moaned loudly, but managed not to scream. The feeling was intense. The girl's entire fist and half of her forearm was now inside her vagina. She never felt this "full" before. The feeling was doubly exciting and pleasurable, since this organ that impaled her had multiple joints that moved inside her.

Eagerdoll knew what she was doing. Normally, she wouldn't insert this much of her arm in a novice's fuckhole, but the intensive slapping they both received put the women in a strangely elevated state of desire. Eagerdoll decided to go all in, and Sonya was more than willing to take it all.

After the initial shock of penetration passed, Sonya threw another slap and got the redhead on her right cheek!

"What are you waiting for? Fuck me already!"

Eagerdoll immediately responded by pulling her arm a few centimeters back and ramming it back in with ruthless force. Sonya moaned again. The feeling was incredible, but it was only the beginning. As the slavegirl increased her speed, and started to clench her fist deep inside her, Sonya was pulled towards a mind-breaking climax.

It was almost time to explode. Sonya was completely out of breath. She could hardly think or speak. Her entire body was now at the mercy of the slavegirl's fist. AS she inched towards the peak of pleasure, she looked at the redhead's pretty eyes and mouthed the word "harder."

But Eagerdoll didn't change her tempo. The young girl had something else in mind. As her mind continued to melt, Sonya felt the slave letting her throat go. Immediately after that she felt pressure on another place. This time, right on her anal opening. Her eyes opened with sudden surprise, but before she could say anything, another fist penetrated her secondary fuckhole without warning. Eagerdoll didn't waste any time. It was her finishing move, the final blow. She straightaway started to fist the woman in both her holes, clenching her fists and squeezing the thin layer of flesh between her arms without mercy.



Sonya was delirious. The sensation was overwhelming her mind and body. At that very brief moment she had no connection to reality. She was on a different plane of existence. It was a transcendental experience. She came, again and again, continuously and intensely. The feeling of weightlessness at the end was so powerful... Felt so "final." It was like death.

Then, physically exhausted and mentally overwhelmed, the woman fell into the warm embrace of oblivion, with the slavegirl's two talented fists still lodged deep inside her. She was going to have the best sleep of her life.

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Stephanie unlocked the apartment door as silently as possible and quickly run to her room on tiptoes. She didn't want to answer any questions about why she was coming home this late at night. Luckily, her mother was in the shower. She immediately locked herself in her room and called Ashley's parents like Eddie told her to do. They had no reason to suspect her when she told them Ashley would spend the night with her.

After telling Ashley's mother a bunch of BS about the approaching exams, she took a quick shower and lied down. As she blankly stared at the ceiling, flashes from her unusual date rushed back into her mind. It was truly an incredible evening. She still couldn't believe that she, together with Eddie, devirginized her best friend in a dark dirty alley. It was an exhausting experience and all her muscles ached, but she was still abuzz with hormones.

She felt guilty of course, having subjected her friend to such pain and shame, but to her surprise, the satisfaction she felt was much greater and stronger. In many ways, Ashley deserved this. Since the day Eddie gave her to Ash like a sextoy to play with, Stephanie was struggling with conflicting emotions. She immensely enjoyed their sessions with her, of course. The anonymity her latex hood provided has enabled her to see her best friend under a different light. She saw her dark side, a secret sadistic streak she never revealed to her before. Ashley could be both very tender and extremely mean in bed, especially when she had absolute power over the girl she was playing with.

But what aggravated Stephanie the most wasn't Ashley's bed manners. The brunette started to get on her nerves when she started to brazenly flirt with Eddie right in front of her. Stephanie knew that Ashley had no idea about their secret relationship and her friend wasn't really trying to hurt her, but hers wasn't a rational response. It was the way she felt, and no logical explanation would alleviate her suppressed anger.

And now, after tonight's events, she felt an enormous relief. Finally, Eddie proved to her that she was his number one girl, the one who he really cared about. Ashley was nothing but a diversion, a piece of entertainment they enjoyed together as a couple.

Still, she couldn't help but feel a bit jealous. Eddie was now alone with Ashley again at some rape hotel. The blonde wasn't that worried though. After all, her romantic rival was fully bound, gagged and blindfolded. Not unlike a mere blow-up sex doll with nothing but holes to fuck. Stephanie, on the other hand, was Eddie's girlfriend.

* * *

"Ah! This is much better than I imagined."

Eddie walked in the hotel room and roughly dropped Ashley on the big bed in the middle. He only got a muffled groan out of the tape-gagged girl.

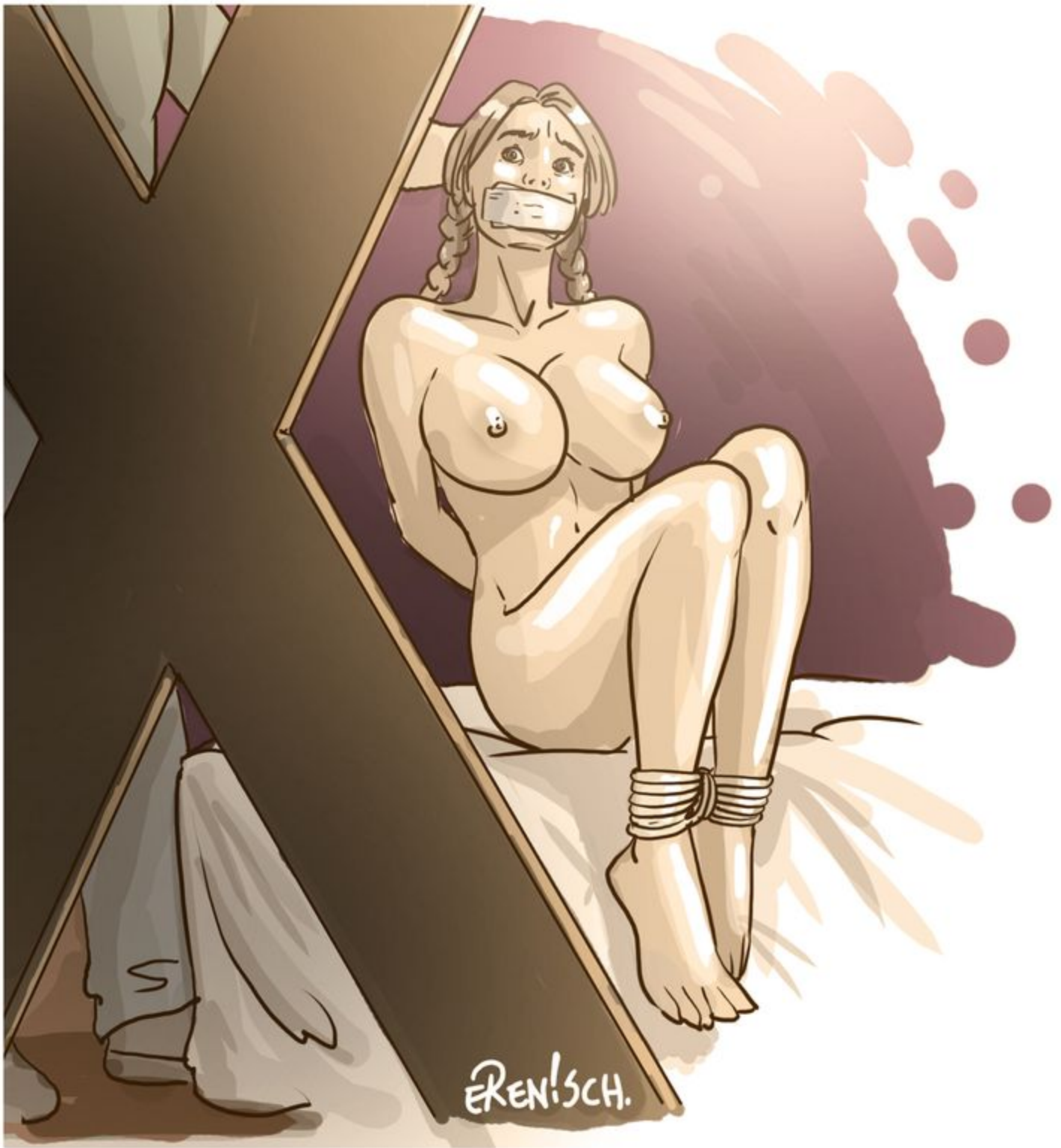
"I never been to a rape hotel before. You expect kitschy, ugly décor with phallic imagery or something, but it is rather minimalist and functional in design. Here, I'll let you see it for yourself."

The boy grabbed Ashley by her bound ankles and pulled her towards himself, sat her up at the edge of the bed and swiftly pulled the tape that kept her eyes shut. Ashley immediately clenched with panic, but the action didn't hurt her as much as she feared.

"Relax, babe. This is special bondage tape. You didn't lose even a single eyelash."

Ashley, still bound and gagged, timidly opened her eyes. The initial irritation wasn't that bad, since the room was dimly lit. Like Eddie said, it was a minimalist design with no eye-catching ornamentation. The burgundy colored walls were bare, except a few hangers that held a variety of floggers, paddles and cuffs. Right across the bed stood a big wooden X-shaped cross. It looked quite classy with its dark red leather padding, thick straps, and mahogany finish.

Once Ashley's eyes stopped wandering around the room and fixed on the cross, a big grin spread around Eddie's face.



“I see you liked the cross. But that’s not the only thing you’ll enjoy tonight. Why don’t you check what’s behind you?”

Ashley quickly turned around to see what Eddie was pointing towards. Her eyes opened wide as soon as she saw the wooden horse behind the bed. A simple female training device comprised of two wooden plates joined to form an upside-down V-shape, complete with leather bondage straps that matched the whipping cross. It was one of the few torture devices she knew about.

“Will you spend more time on this pussy-splitter, or strapped to the cross receiving a violent flogging? You know, it depends entirely on your attitude, Ash.”

Ashley raised her head and looked at the boy. It was impossible to tell if the wrinkles on her forehead indicated terror or rage, but Eddie could see through her eyes that she was making hundreds of calculations in her mind.

“But first, I’ll fuck that tight little pussy of yours once again. Because, believe it or not, I want you to enjoy this as well.”

As soon as he finished his sentence he reached down and grabbed the girl by her braids. He pulled the young girl up violently, forcing her to hover for a split second. Then before she landed back on the bed again, he rotated her body and pushed her down like a big yo-yo. Ashley fell on the lightly-embroidered comforter face-down. Eddie immediately jumped on the bed next to his captive, pulled her up by the butt, and positioned her genital area in front of his crotch. The brunette was about to get raped for a second time in a single night.

“You know, I fucked a few girls since the day I lost my virginity earlier this year. But I have to admit, your pussy was the tightest them of all. I’m not entirely sure if that was caused by the fact that you were getting raped for the first time in your life, bent over a dirty garbage container in a dark cold alley of all places. If it was fear that tightened your little fuckhole, I’m ready to replicate it by any means.”

He gave the girl a hard spank on each cheek. Then he placed both of his hands on her bare ass and started to wander around her perky curves without any hesitation. Ashley shivered slightly at the first touch, but barely reacted to his hands’ bold excursions around the nooks and crannies of her naked body. Eddie’s left hand eventually moved down her spine following the pleasant contours of the small of her back. She quivered again, but didn’t try to move away. His right hand dwelled on her smooth thighs and hips for a while before finally advancing towards her swollen vulva. He used his middle finger to trace her tightly shut slit. As soon as he touched her clit, a few drops of fluid oozed out of her glistening vagina. Eddie smeared the slippery fluid all over her blushing vulva and finally moved up to lubricate her perineum and asshole too.

“Perhaps it was the dildo in your ass that caused the unusual tightness. Who knows?” said Eddie with a grin. He then shoved his thumb in her butt without any warning. Ashley groaned.

“Aaand, here we go again!”

Before Ashley could adapt to the new intruder in her butt, Eddie ruthlessly shoved his hardened member in the girl’s juicy pussy. He definitely wasn’t trying to be gentle or considerate at all. He fully penetrated her up to his balls with the first strike and started to fuck the young girl with incredible speed.

Even though Ashley, still in her inescapable binds, expected to be penetrated eventually, the suddenness and speed of the boy’s attack caught her by surprise. As he thrust in and out of her with a cartoonishly high speed, she entirely lost control of her body and mind. Her eyes rolled back, her fingers and toes curled, and she almost choked on her own screams.

Before even she could understand what was happening, she was climaxing already. The orgasm, much like the first stroke of Eddie’s rock-hard rod, caught her by surprise. Her shock got even bigger as her orgasm continued and multiplied. Eddie was still pumping her with hard meat, and her seemingly endless climax wasn’t abating at all. At one point, all her muscles tightened, her mind was wiped clean, and she started to drool uncontrollably.

She lost track of time altogether after Eddie gave her a third or fourth big orgasm. She was at the edge of total blackout. After a long while, the boy started to slow down and eventually pulled out. Even though her captor let her go, she remained in the same position with her face buried in the comforter and butt raised high in the air. She expected him to enter her again. Actually, she wanted him to enter her again.

And he did. Once again, without any warning, he thrust his cock back in her perplexed vagina. This time, as he pumped her in a much slower pace, he grabbed her by the hair and pulled her head back. Once the girl’s head hit on his chest, he grabbed her neck and pressed her against his body. Now her body was forced into an uncomfortable but visually pleasing arch, Ashley was no longer groaning or screaming behind her tape gag. She was moaning with absolute pleasure.

“I was waiting for this,” said Eddie as he gave the hapless brunette another orgasm. “I think we can lose the gag now, yeah?”

As the aftershocks of her last orgasm slowly died down, Ashley nodded as well as she could. Eddie grabbed the duct tape over her mouth and quickly ripped it off. Ashley exhaled with relief and another orgasm hit her hard.



A few minutes passed. Eddie realized that the poor girl was now almost at the brink of unconsciousness. He pulled out of her for the last time, and let the girl go. Fully exhausted, Ashley fell like a sack of potatoes and landed on her side. Eddie's spunk was already oozing out of her well-fucked hole. Her virginity was completely and repeatedly destroyed. Her entire body was red and bruised. She was covered with sweat, tears, and cum.

Eddie stood up and took a good look at the pretty girl lying broken on the bed. She looked strikingly beautiful, especially because of the visible impact of the abuse she suffered all night.

“You look absolutely stunning, Ash,” he said after admiring the naked beauty. “I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.

Ashley took a deep breath and sat up on the bed.

“You bastard,” she frowned. “Tonight? In a fucking alley, over a garbage container? And you brought your slave too. Where did that come from?”

“I thought that would be a nice little touch,” chuckled Eddie. “You didn’t like it?”

“I absolutely loved it. It was genius.”

She slowly got up, raised on her tiptoes and gave the boy a passionate kiss on the lips.

“Thank you very much. This was even better than I hoped for.”

Eddie smiled and held the girl in his arms for a moment. Then he rotated her around and embraced her from behind. Ashley lovingly pressed her head against the boy’s chest.

“Now, would you please untie me? I want to take a shower and go home. If I hurry my parents won’t even know that I was missing.”

“Untie you? I think you misunderstood, Ash.”

Eddie tightened his embrace and gave the girl a little peck on the neck.

“The room is paid for the night. Did you think I picked the suite with a cross and a wooden horse just for show?” He turned the girl around and looked into her widening eyes. “I wasn’t joking about them earlier. And I will give you the choice, as I promised. So, which one do we try first?”

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Ashley remained in a stunned state for a few seconds, unable to respond. Eddie was holding her naked torso tightly, pressing her against his chest. She could feel his warm breath on the back of her neck, which was sending waves of excitement along her slender body.

“This isn’t funny,” she managed to say, after a long awkward silence. “This wasn’t the plan. Will you please let me go now? I really need to be home before my parents get suspicious.”

“Don’t worry about that, Ash. I took care of that.”

The boy suddenly lifted the girl up in the air and held her like a groom carrying his bride over the threshold. Ashley let out a little squeak of surprise. “Since you are reluctant to choose, I’ll pick for you.” He looked at the cross and then the wooden horse in a playfully theatrical manner and turned towards the pointy edged torture seat. “The horse it is.”

“Wait! Please wait! NO!”

Without paying attention to the girl’s protests, Eddie walked up to the wooden horse and attempted to place the girl on it. Ashley tried to keep herself above the contraption by squeezing her thighs.

“You bastard!” she screamed, as she struggled to keep her crotch away from the pointy edge. “You broke our agreement. You’ll pay for this.”

Eddie responded with a wide grin. He took a couple steps back to better admire the brunette’s desperate efforts. Ashley’s thighs were getting tired already, but the girl was still resisting gravity. Of course, it wasn’t a battle she could possibly win. With every passing second, her thighs got weaker and sweatier. Eventually the polished surface of the wooden horse became too slippery to hold onto. Once that moment arrived, the girl suddenly lost traction and her crotch slammed onto the top edge. The edge split her labia like an axe, and she screamed at the top of her lungs with an indescribable pain compounded with panic.

“Ouch!” quipped Eddie, as soon as Ashley fell on the torture device. “You shouldn’t have resisted like that. You should have let me put you on it gently.”

“Fuck you, you bastard!” Ashley screamed. “It hurts so much.” It felt like the edge was sinking into her body further, slowly slicing her into two. The pain was too much. She was unable to think clearly. She struggled to regain her strength. She wanted to raise herself again in order to alleviate the pain, but the surface was too slippery now.



“You know what? It’s your special deflowering day and all, but THIS is the highlight of the night for me. This is truly fascinating. The way you kick around, the faces you make. It’s all very very very sexy.”

“Fuck you!” screamed Ashley once again. The pain and desperation was overwhelming. She was sobbing uncontrollably, with tears gushing out of her pretty eyes.

“We already did that, sweetheart.”

Eddie leaned in to look into Ashley’s glistening eyes, which were full of rage. Eddie kept staring into her eyes and grinned. After a while, the pure rage was replaced by despair and helplessness. Her frantic efforts to ease the pain in her

crotch slowly died down, and she eventually stopped kicking her legs around. Her hysterical breathing slowed down and she finally managed to stop sobbing like a scared little rabbit.

“What are you going to do to me? You want to hurt me to get off?”

“Me? No. I do enjoy the screams of pretty girls from time to time, but I don’t really want to hurt you.” He paused and smiled mysteriously. “My guest, however, enjoys this kind of thing... like, a lot.”

“Your... guest? What are y-...”

Her question was interrupted by a loud knock on the door.

“Ah! That’s what I call perfect timing,” said Eddie and turned around.

Ashley, still struggling to keep her balance on the wooden torture device, watched the boy walk to the door and open it. She could barely make out a female silhouette for a brief moment, but Eddie’s body was blocking this mysterious newcomer.

“You started already? Couldn’t you wait for me?” asked a strange female voice. Ashley tried to raise her head to see the guest’s face, but that action caused the edge plunge deeper in her tormented vulva.

“No, you arrived just in time. This is exactly the part you wanted to see,” said Eddie. “Of course, I fucked her a little while I waited.

“You, naughty boy! Okay, let me see.”

The two held hands and walked towards the brunette propped on the wooden horse.

They stopped under the dim light at the center of the room, so Ashley was finally able to see the face of the unexpected guest. It was a tall, slender blonde with very long straight hair. She was wearing a tight grey shirt and a black pencil skirt.

“I guess you guys never met. Let me introduce you,” said Eddie with a casual simile. “Ashley, this is Veronica. My REAL date.”

“Very nice to meet you,” said the blonde, beaming with genuine excitement.

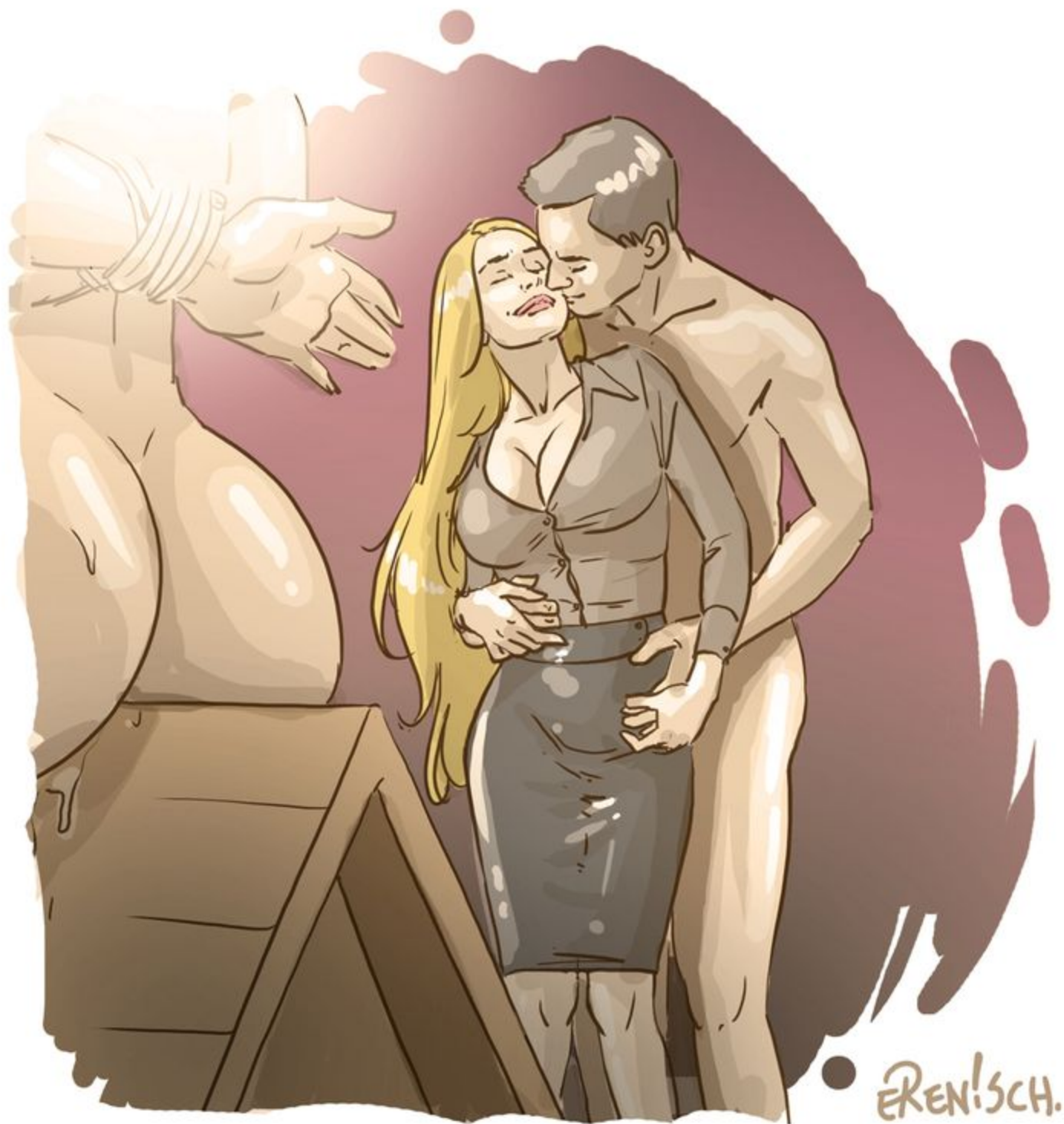
Ashley looked on with a stupid expression and could say nothing in response. She was utterly perplexed.

“Your d-date?” she stammered after a long pause.

“My girlfriend, actually,” Eddie said and turned to the blonde. “Can I call you that? We never discussed this, but we’ve been dating for a while now.”

“Well, we only had 7 dates. Are you sure you want to do that?” replied Veronica with a mischievous grin. “I mean, you have a lot of ‘girlfriends,’ and side chicks. I met a couple of them already.”

“Oh, you know you’re special, babe,” said the boy and kissed the girl on the lips passionately.



“Yeah, yeah!” said Veronica once he finally let her full lips go. “Enough of this romantic bullshit. That’s not why I’m here, this late in the evening. You promised me a young pretty brunette.”

“And I delivered. This is Ashley, an 18-year-old high-school student with a voracious appetite for muff-diving and scissoring.” Eddie walked around the wooden horse, grabbed one of Ashley’s braids and pulled. The girl let out a little scream because of the increased pressure on her labia. “Don’t be fooled by her tears and uncontrollable shivering. She isn’t a prude at all. I have been using her mouth and asshole for months.”

“Another girlfriend?” asked Veronica with a playful smile.

“Well, I’m sure she thinks so,” snickered Eddie, and turned to Ashley. “Don’t you?”

Ashley stared daggers at the boy, but couldn’t say anything. She was too confused and distraught to come up with a meaningful response. Indeed, she thought Eddie was her boyfriend. They have been dating for months. Right from the start Eddie wanted to keep it a secret for some reason. Ashley was okay with this secrecy because she didn’t want to be labeled as

a slut at school. Everybody knew Eddie had a slavegirl, so she would be judged as a promiscuous harlot if their relationship was to be revealed.

A couple days ago, when Eddie told her about the fancy restaurant, the hotel room, and the role-play game he planned, she happily accepted. She even agreed to let him take her virginity. She was ready for the big day. It was going to be the day their relationship would become official. The next morning , the whole world would know that Eddie was her boyfriend.

Instead, she was now writhing with agony on a medieval torture device, stripped, bound and violated, while Eddie chuckled with his real girlfriend and made lewd jokes at her expense. The betrayal was mind-boggling.

“I think she’s thinking about the best way to murder you,” said Veronica. “Look at her eyes.” She walked up to the horse and leaned over it to take a closer look at the squirming brunette. “She is very pretty too. Very nice.”

She reached out and wiped a tear off Ashley’s left cheek.

“This will be great fun, Eddie. Thank you very much for the gift. Will you please hand me one of those floggers? I can’t wait to start.”

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Two months earlier...

“No petgirls today, sir?”

“Huh?” Eddie stopped and turned around. “Are you talking to me?”

The long haired blonde pointed to the Dirnenkleidung shop sign above her head. “Yes sir. It’s me, Veronica. Remember? Your favorite salesgirl at your favorite shop?”

“Ah, yes. How are you doing?”

“Not too bad. My boss didn’t harass me today, and the number of customers who grabbed my ass is still in single digits. And so far, nobody raped me in any way.” She paused and put on a coy smile. “But, you know, the day isn’t over yet.”

Eddie unconsciously matched the girl’s smile. “Yeah? Your day sounds very exciting.”

“Well, I occasionally meet interesting people,” said Veronica. “For example, I really enjoyed your last visit. You know, that time you came with your secret girlfriend?”

The image of Veronica casually fucking Stephanie’s face with a strap-on dildo right in the middle of the store rushed back into Eddie’s mind. The memory immediately caused an awakening in his genital area. This intriguing creature certainly invaded a few of his wet dreams after that day.

“She was your girlfriend, wasn’t she? I mean, she certainly wasn’t your slave. I remember that other ginger babe well.”

Eddie made an affirmatory gesture with the corner of his lips.

“So, you’re in love with the pretty little chickee?”

Eddie didn’t reply but his smile widened. He was immensely enjoying this unexpected conversation.

“Why are you asking these questions about my slave and girlfriend? Is this the new store policy? A new marketing strategy perhaps. If you are trying to entice me to-”

“No, nothing like that, sir,” interrupted Veronica dismissively. “Actually, it’s my time off. Lunch break and stuff?” Her playfully coy facial expression returned. Her smile was magical. It was somehow innocent, shy and mischievous at the same time.

“You have a great smile,” Eddie said, trying hard to look unaffected by her beaming visage. “But you already know that, don’t you? It is your best weapon. You use it masterfully to manipulate men. That’s what makes you a good salesgirl, I imagine.”

Veronica pouted playfully like a naughty girl caught in the act. “You got me. Just a survival mechanism. Of course, I know my effect on men. I’m very pretty.” She paused and took a step towards the boy, then she looked up coyly with her pretty blue eyes. “Don’t you find, sir?”

Eddie smiled again, but didn’t reply. He was enjoying the hell out of this strange flirting game.

Veronica took another step. She was now but a few centimeters away from his chest. Eddie could smell her hair. It smelled like wild flowers. Inadvertently, he took a deep breath, and filled his sinuses with her intoxicating scent. The girl smiled to herself, fully aware of her effect on the boy.

“I’m not trying to lure you in to make a sale, I promise,” she said. “I just wanted to talk to you. You intrigue me.”

“I intrigue you?” Eddie repeated, trying hard not to sound too surprised.

“Why yes. You are very young, but you have a slavegirl and a girlfriend who are willing to crawl around naked in public for you. What kind of a devil could convince a free girl to do that? You see, I wonder how you... did... that.”

As she uttered the last words of her sentence, Veronica kept approaching Eddie with tiny little steps. Now her rock-hard nipples are poking his chest with every breath she took. Eddie held his breath to calm himself and think clearly. The salesgirl certainly was an expert in seduction, both in theory and in practice.

Eddie tried to look as indifferent as possible, but he was almost panicking on the inside. He didn’t expect such sexual assertiveness from a female. All his life he was taught that females were prey to be chased, fruit to be picked. They were supposed to flee, hide, or surrender. This foxy blonde wasn’t doing any of that. Instead, she was taunting the hunter. She seemed to be an anomaly, a statistical outlier, perhaps.

“You are very strange,” Eddie said after a long awkward search for words.

Veronica smiled bashfully, and approached him further. Now her big soft tits are blatantly pushing against his chest.

“I know. All the boys tell me that.” She closed her eyes and took a long deep breath. It was a tried and true technique of seduction. Eddie couldn’t help but gasp at her sexy move.

“So,” Veronica continued before Eddie managed to find something to say. “I have about half an hour before I have to go back to work. Would you like me to suck your cock a couple times?”

Eddie felt like he was slapped on the forehead and almost lost his balance, but he managed to look indifferent enough. “You want to suck my cock, huh?”

“Pretty please? I can beg if that’s what you want. I really really really want to.” Veronica took a step back. Eddie almost fell forwards trying to keep the intimate contact with her well-adorned chest. She smiled and took his hand in hers gracefully.

“Would you please follow me? There is a storage cabin at the back of the shop. We keep the packaging material there. Here, through this alley.”

Without breaking eye contact, the girl pulled Eddie towards the narrow alley next to the shop. Eddie followed a step behind the girl, as she gracefully floated through the dirty alleyway. She opened the door to the storage cabin and led her enchanted prey inside.

As she walked to the corner to turn on the lamp, Eddie looked around the smallish room. The cramped space was half full with folded cardboard boxes, chains, wires, and other packaging material. As soon as Veronica turned the single bulb in the middle, Eddie noticed the ominous looking hooks and chains hanging from the ceiling.

“The boss uses them to hang us up and whip us when we don’t do a good job,” said Veronica. Eddie turned to see if she was serious. Veronica immediately gave up and chuckled.

“Just kidding. The boss simply fires whoever underperforms. A whipping couldn’t possibly make you a better salesgirl, could it?”

“I guess not. Not unless you are a natural, but not enthusiastic enough,” Eddie replied.

“Oh? You may be right,” said Veronica as she approached him and pressed her big boobs against the boy’s chest once again. “Luckily, I am a natural, and extremely enthusiastic too.”

Eddie smiled.

“Now, would you please let this little slut touch your mighty cock... and perhaps suck on it until you cum on all over her face, sir?”

The boy tried hard to keep his indifferent demeanor and subtly nodded yes.

Veronica gracefully pulled her pencil skirt up a few centimeters and slowly went down on her knees. She reached for his belt and swiftly unbuckled it. She opened the zipper, reached into his briefs and took the already erect member out.

“Oh my,” she quipped. “Definitely bigger than my boyfriend’s.”

“You have a boyfriend?” Eddie asked. The disappointment in his voice was painfully noticeable.

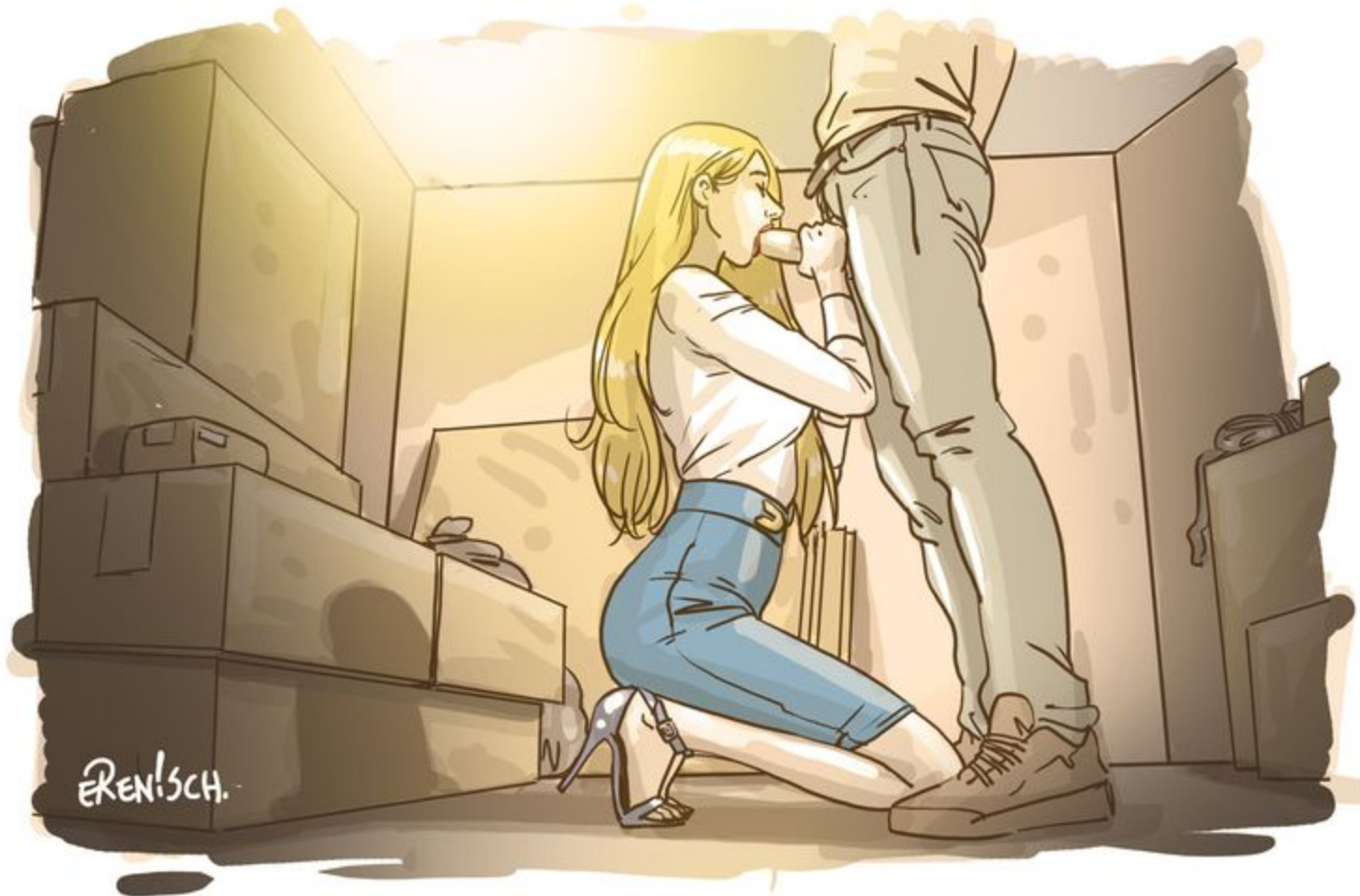
“Well, more like a guy who occasionally kidnaps and rapes me. He makes me call him my boyfriend. Otherwise he hurts me a lot, you know.”

Eddie didn’t know how to respond. He didn’t exactly know why this insignificant detail of her life bothered him. It was actually a perfectly normal, widespread occurrence.

“That upset you? The thought of somebody violating and hurting me?” Without waiting for a response, the girl leaned forward and gave a little kiss on the tip of his cock. A few more kisses around the shaft was followed by a sloppy lick from the base to the tip. Eddie couldn’t help but shiver at the touch of her skilled tongue.

“Not at all,” he said after a few seconds.

“Not at all? Not even a little?” asked the girl as she started to suck on the tip. She was keeping eye contact, and her pretty sad blowjob eyes were looking deep into Eddie’s soul.



“Maybe you were upset that it wasn’t you who is abusing and hurting me?” She started to suck deeper and deeper. “Would you like to?”

“What?” Eddie gasped as the girl masterfully fellated him to new heights of pleasure.

“Would you like to abuse and hurt me? Break into my home and kidnap me in the middle of the night. Keep me in a damp basement... naked, chained, covered in your cum. Spend all your time fucking and tormenting me, using me... making me scream, moan, weep, sob, whimper...”

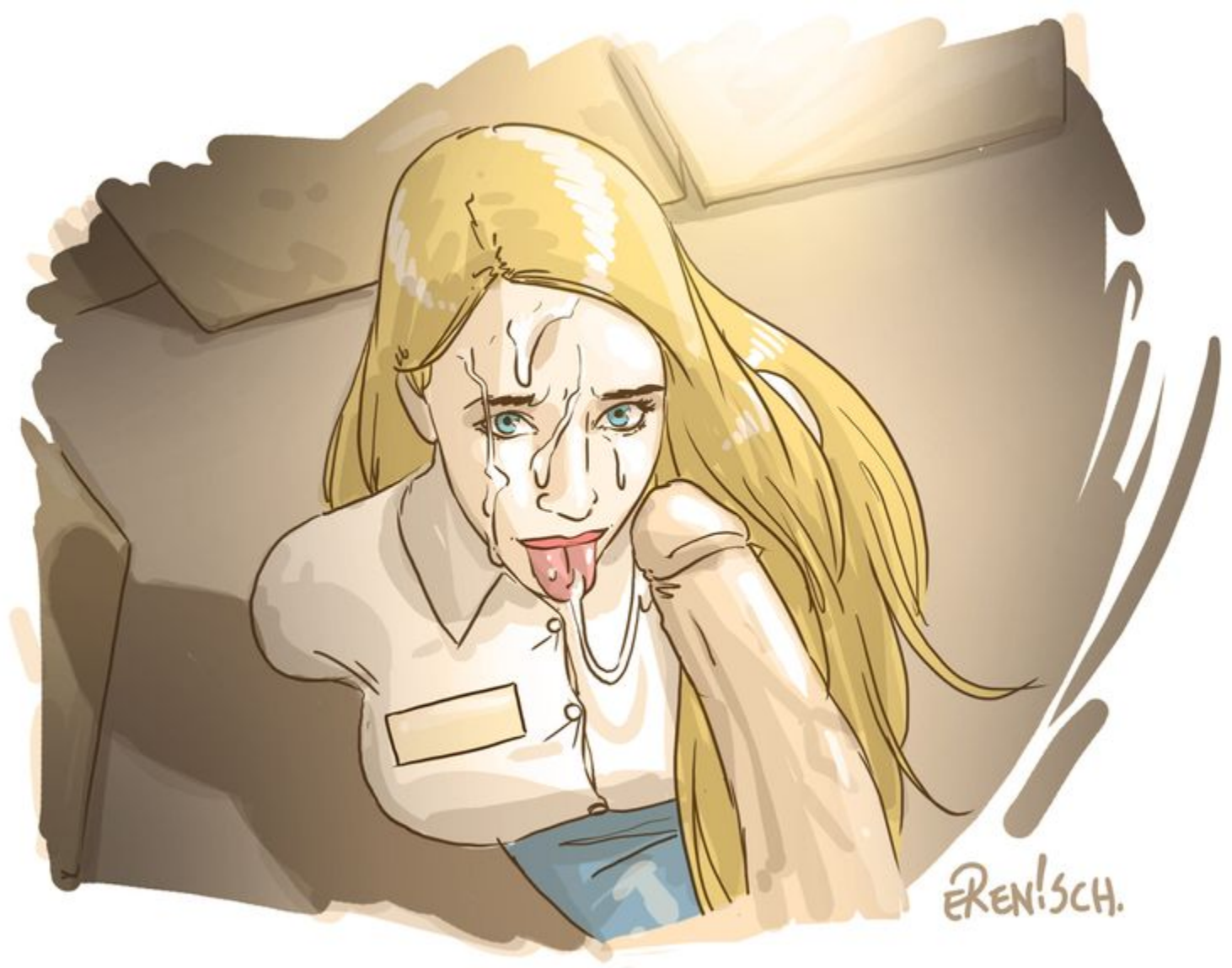
Eddie couldn’t reply. Veronica was truly an expert. Her mouth was indeed her best weapon. Earlier, she was using it to enchant him with a simple smile. Now she was using it to milk his cock with masterful use of her lips and tongue. And of course, using it to mess with his mind by illustrating exhilarating images of herself being sexually dominated and violated.

Eddie couldn’t hold out any longer under this double-strength attack. He started to shake and clench, alerting his skilled server to the impending gooey explosion.

As soon as his spunk entered the shaft to spurt, Veronica pulled his cock out of her mouth and moved her head under it. Once Eddie started to squirt uncontrollably, She moved around to catch as much of the cum with her pretty face. Strings of gooey white substance landed on her forehead, eyes and cheeks. Then she launched forward to take the tip of his cock in her mouth to suck out the last drops. She swallowed all she could and licked the shaft clean accompanied with enthusiastic, sloppy slurping sounds.

Eventually, she moved back and looked up with a creamy, messy smile.

“So, you wanna take a picture or what?”



It took Eddie a few seconds to come to his senses. He hastily took out his phone and snapped a couple pictures of Veronica's pretty face covered in his cum.

"Thank you," said the girl and wiped the goo off her face with her right hand. She then proceeded to swallow it all and licked her fingers clean.

She got up, brushed the dust off her knees and adjusted her blue pencil skirt.

"Thank you very much... umm.."

"Eddie."

"Ah, Eddie. So... What about a proper date, Eddie? Would you like to go out with me sometime?"

"Sure," Eddie replied, now with a confident smile of his own. "We could go for a coffee. Oooor, maybe, I can kidnap you and keep you in a basement for a few days, eh?"

"Great," replied Veronica. I 'm free next Saturday."

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“Ah, poor thing... You are shivering!”

Veronica moved her fingers down Ashley’s neck, did a little dance around her clavicles and stopped between her big tits.

“Wow! That’s what I call a cleavage,” exclaimed the blonde with a fake surprise in her voice. “I’m sure you like to put your dick in between these giant balls of flesh.”

Eddie chuckled. “I don’t remember if I ever fucked her tits. I should try it, yes.”

Ashley turned to Eddie with glaring eyes. She was desperately trying to figure out what kind of approach would save her from this strange trap she was caught in. Should she shout, swear, complain, or threaten Eddie and his mysterious accomplice? Or maybe the best option was to beg her way out. Her mind was racing, but she was unable to settle on an option.

“She’s like a deer caught in the headlights,” said Veronica as she slowly walked around the wooden horse, admiring Ashley’s beautiful naked body. “Strange. You told me that she was quite a feisty chick. To be honest, I’m a bit underwhelmed.” She turned to Eddie and made a silly face. “Are you sure this is a worthy offering?”

Ashley’s confused eyes were shadowed by a sudden frown. “Fuck you, bitch!” she shouted once Veronica entered her peripheral vision on left side. This sudden action made her lose control of her thighs and her body dropped a few centimeters. The wedge sank deeper into her vulva and another jolt of pain spread around her strained body. She bit her lower lip to suppress a scream, but this only amused her tormentors more.

“Ooh! I know, that hurts a lot,” said the blonde and approached the wooden torture device again. She gracefully grazed Ash’s thigh and put a finger on the brunette’s tormented clit. “You know, I’m no stranger to such cruelty. This guy I knew used to kidnap me and flog me on a wooden pony just like this one.”

Then, before Ashley could formulate a response, she put her hands on the wedge and pulled herself up on the horse. She parted her legs, forcing her tight skirt to ride up, and then she slowly lowered herself onto the device. In a second, her pussy was resting on the same wedge that split Ashley’s.

“See, it isn’t that bad,” Veronica said. Her face was now only a few centimeters away from Ashley’s. Her intoxicating smell filled the brunette’s lungs. Her big tits poked on her victim’s own chest adornments. “That guy... you know, the brute who used to kidnap me, wasn’t as gentle and caring I am. He would put me on the pony and tie heavy weights on my ankles. Then he’d leave me there for hours, writhing in agony. Can you imagine the pain I felt?”

Ashley was even more confused now the blonde was right in front of her, voluntarily grinding her own pussy on the unforgiving wedge. She shook her head no.

“You can’t imagine, right? The things they do to us... The suffering they cause... They love it when we scream and beg, you know.” She turned to Eddie. He nodded with a grin.

“Don’t worry, Eddie isn’t that bad, right? You wouldn’t tie weights on her ankles, would you, Eddie?”

Eddie shook his head. Veronica smiled and turned to the brunette. “See, we are both very lucky. Our boyfriend isn’t such a psycho.” She gave her a couple little kisses on the cheek.

“But... you should know how it feels like, anyway.”

The moment Veronica finished her sentence, Ashley noticed a flicker of evil in the blonde’s gaze. Her eyes widened with fear but she couldn’t even open her mouth to protest. Veronica was inhumanly fast.

She sprang up like a wild cat and wrapped her legs around Ashley’s slender waist. Then she tightly embraced her victim and kissed her with extreme passion. With the added weight of another young woman, Ashley was violently forced down onto the wedge. A mind-splitting pain overwhelmed the girl’s senses as the cruel device assaulted her most sensitive tissue. She screamed at the top of her lungs, but her cry was muffled by Veronica’s aggressive lips.

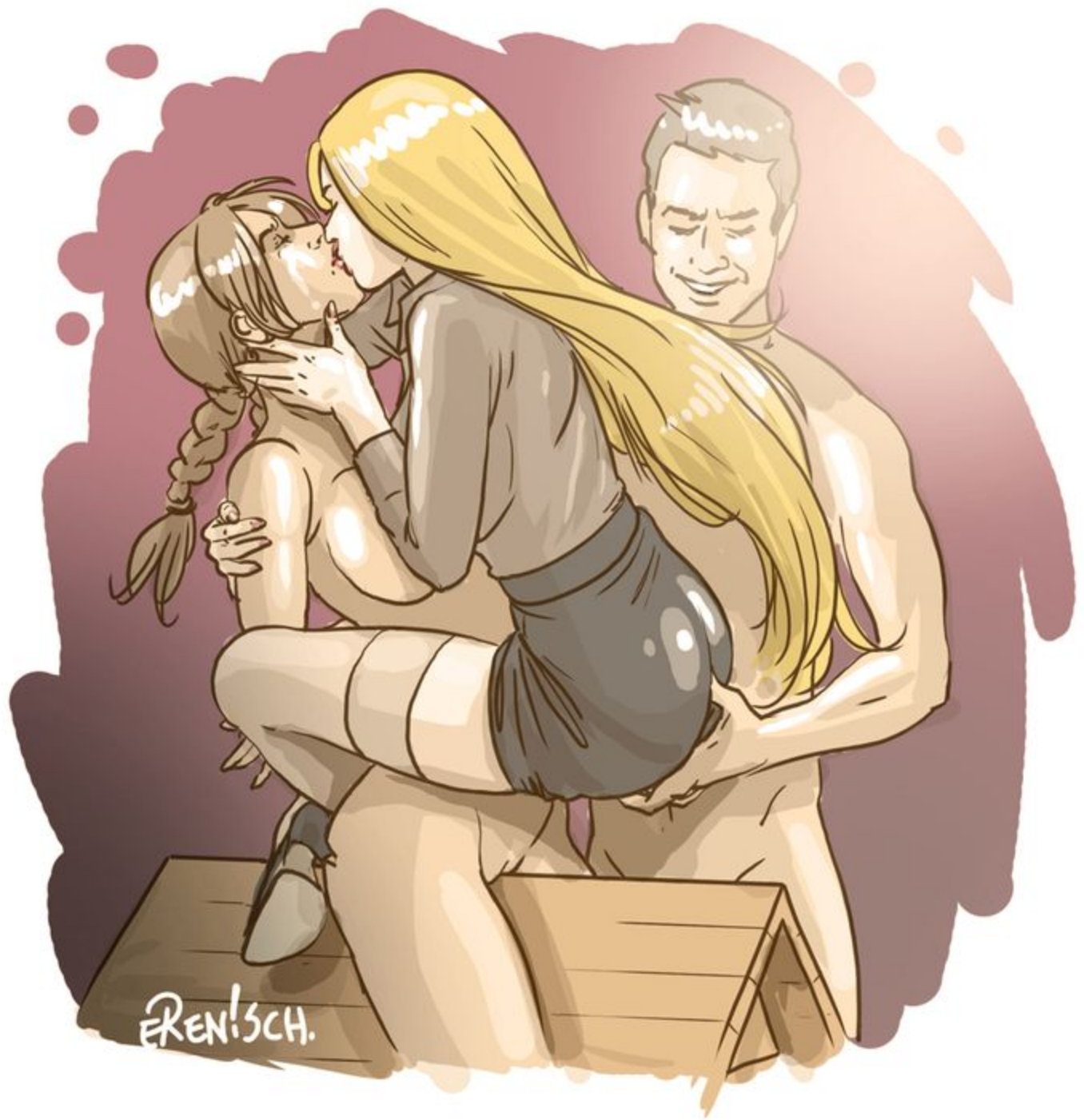
“This is nothing,” the blonde whispered in her ear once she stopped kissing all over her pretty victim’s face. “Just imagine, having to stay like this for hours, in the dark...”

“Unfortunately, we don’t have that much time.”

They both turned to Eddie, who was watching this improvised show from the side with a big grin on his face. “Here’s what I’ll do,” said the boy. “I’ll fingerfuck you in this position. You’ll stay like this until you climax. How’s that?”

“As you wish,” grinned the blonde and turned to Ashley. “Don’t get your hopes up, chickee. I’m not that easily satisfied. You’ll stay like this for a long while”

Eddie didn’t lose another second. He grabbed the blonde’s bottom and started to rub her pussy over her skirt. Veronica responded with a subdued moan and resumed to kiss the brunette in her arms.



EREN!SCH.

With every passing second, Eddie increased the pressure on the girl's slit. Eventually he decided to get rid of the cloth that hindered his digital assault and pulled her skirt all the way up to Veronica's waist. "Ah, finally!" quipped the girl, tightening her embrace of her squirming captive. "You better up your game, babe. Poor Ashley is in absolute agony."

Eddie calmly continued to rub the girl's pussy a couple minutes before he decided to stick two fingers in her swollen fuckhole. Veronica moaned with mild surprise, and Ashley groaned with momentarily intensified pain.

After months of theoretical studies and practical application, Eddie now knew his way around a female sex organ. He masterfully located and targeted the mound behind the girl's pubic arch and started to rub in circular motions. Once he heard the tonal change in Veronica's moans, he began to slowly increase his speed.

"Fuck! You are good."

Eddie smiled at the blonde's compliment. "Don't be so surprised, sweetheart. You know, I'm a certified female trainer after all."

Veronica's moans and sighs got louder and louder as he intensified his assault on the girl's G-spot. Unintentionally, she was squeezing Ashley even more, crushing the poor thing under her weight. Her screams of pleasure were suppressing the brunette's desperate sobs and whimpers.

Just as Ashley thought that she was at the absolute end of her rope, Veronica finally gave up and surrendered to Eddie's masterful attack. The blonde arched her back like a bow and let out an inhuman scream of pleasure as she crossed the threshold. She remained frozen at the peak for a few seconds, and then fell backwards onto Eddie's arms. The boy caught her and gently put her down on her feet. They kissed and hugged for a few seconds.

Ashley sighed with relief once Veronica finally let her go and collapsed in Eddie's arms. The enormous pressure on her vulva was alleviated to a degree, but she was still in agony. She was still bound and naked on a torture device.

In addition to her incessant suffering, the brunette felt nauseated by the sight of the post-climactic kiss Eddie gave the blonde. At the beginning of the night, she was sure that Eddie was the one for her. Now, she was fully aware of her folly. She was nothing but entertainment for this couple.

"How could you do this to me?" she shouted between her uncontrollable sobs. "I thought you liked me. I... I gave my v-virginity to you."

"Of course I like you, Ash," replied Eddie, as he grabbed and squeezed Veronica's bare ass-cheeks. "You are still my girlfriend. This is just a game."

"What? But... you... this girl..."

"Oh, she's my girlfriend too. I mean, I never called her that before tonight, but that's what she is."

Veronica smiled and kissed him on the cheek.

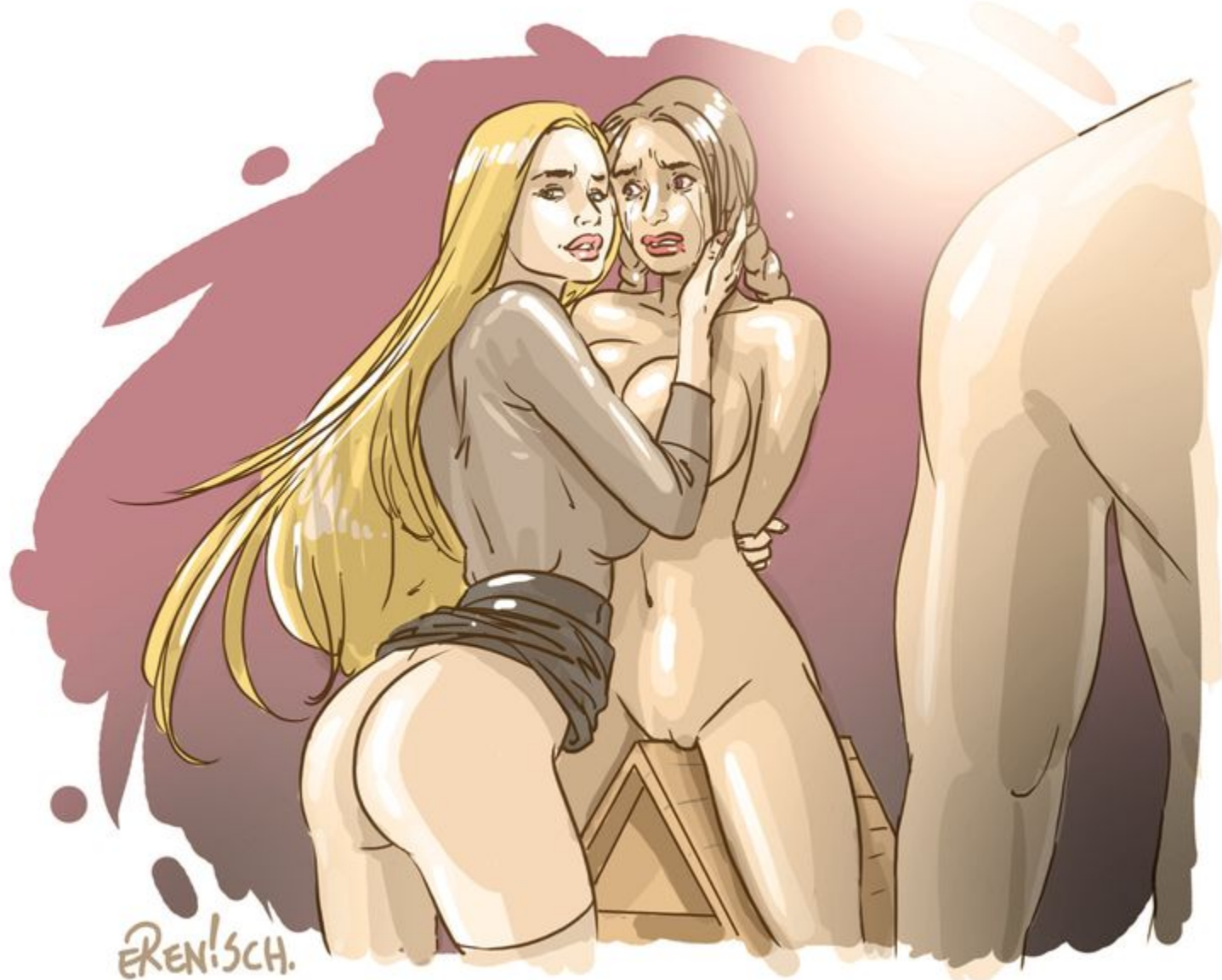
"That's... that's bullshit," said Ashley with a frown. "I didn't agree to any of that. How many girlfriends do you think you..."

"I think that's enough relationship drama, little chickie. You see, that's why I don't like labels like girlfriend or boyfriend. At this day and age, what does that even mean?" Veronica let Eddie go and walked back to Ashley. The brunette immediately clenched with renewed panic and leaned backwards. Veronica chuckled at the bound girl's reaction. "Don't see this as a betrayal, chickie. You don't have to lose a boyfriend. You are actually gaining a girlfriend. Just imagine. We can have so much fun together." She raised her hand and caressed Ashley's tear-soaked cheek. "And it doesn't always have to be painful like this."

Ashley took a deep breath and tried to calmly consider her options, while Veronica continued to move her hand gently around her naked figure.

"So... are we supposed to date... like three of us, together?"

Eddie made an ambiguous gesture with the corner of his lips. Veronica turned to the boy and smiled mischievously. "Of course. Three of us... or maybe more. Who knows?"



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“Great!” exclaimed Veronica. “It’s decided then. We’ll have so much fun. So... Do you want your pussy licked, new girlfriend? I think the poor thing suffered enough.”

The two looked at Ashley’s tear-soaked face for a few awkward seconds. Eddie was wondering if Ashley was going along with Veronica’s unusual suggestions just to escape the unforgiving edge of the wooden horse. A typical female would do exactly that in this situation. But Ashley wasn’t an ordinary chick. Eddie remembered the day he struck a deal with the girl at the park. He was shocked when she offered oral and anal favors in exchange for the use of his slavegirl. She was definitely different and intriguing.

“Fine. Just let me lie down a while and relax. You can do whatever you want,” replied Ashley. “Now, please... please take me off this horrible thing.”

Veronica laughed and took a step back to let Eddie come and grab the beautiful brunette. The boy lifted the girl up and gently carried her to the bed. He laid her down and sat on the bed next to her.

“Alright,” Ashley sighed as she squeezed her thighs to alleviate the pain in her vagina. “I guess you two wannabee sadists won’t untie me yet. I’m sure you aren’t really done tormenting me.” She paused and probingly looked at the couple one by one.

Veronica smiled mischievously and sat on the other side of the bed. “Of course not,” she said, grinning. “Hands are overrated anyway. Pretty girls like you and me don’t really need any limbs to survive. We are just tits and holes. That’s what boys see when they look at us.” She turned to Eddie. “Right?”

Eddie smiled and made another ambiguous gesture by stretching her lips. Veronica chose to interpret it as a yes.

“See? You know, there was this guy, who occasionally kidnapped and raped me for days. He would tell me his fantasies about me. How he’d chop off my arms and legs... and keep me in a cupboard. He’d take me out only to use my holes and stuff me back in after he’s done...”

“That’s awful!” exclaimed Ashley. “I hope you aren’t talking about Eddie.”

Veronica chuckled. “No, not Eddie. But I bet such a fantasy crossed his mind too.” Eddie nodded.

“But seriously. As terrifying as the story was, it always got me wet, you know.” She leaned on her right hand to get closer to Ashley. Then she started to gently graze the brunette’s stomach with her other hand. “The thought of being completely powerless and defenseless... Being turned into a mere sex toy. So exciting.”

“Whatever. You are crazy.” Ashley looked at Eddie and then back at Veronica again. She opened her legs wide and relaxed.

“So, about this pussy-licking you promised earlier... Which one of you guys is going to do it?”

“Oh-oh-oh! Me!” quipped Veronica. “I wanna do it. Believe it or not, I love the art of cunnilingus. Oh, the taste of a virgin pussy!”

“Ah! Not a virgin anymore,” said Eddie and made a sad face. Ashley frowned at his juvenile gesture but didn’t say anything.

“Technicality!” quipped Veronica. “I bet she is as tight and pink as before. Alright, new girlfriend. Get on your knees!”

“What? Why would I...”

Veronica didn’t acknowledge the brunette’s surprise and immediately moved to a central position on the bed. She grabbed Ashley and forced her onto her stomach. The bound girl tried to balance herself on her knees.

“What are you trying to do?”

“Hush now... This is the best way to do it. You’ll like it, don’t worry.”

The blonde turned Ashley around and pulled her towards herself. Her tight holes were now right in front of Veronica’s face.

Still defenseless with her wrists tied behind her back, Ashley decided to stop struggling and let the blonde do her thing. She put her head down and rested on her left cheek. Moments later she felt Veronica’s tongue on her pubis.

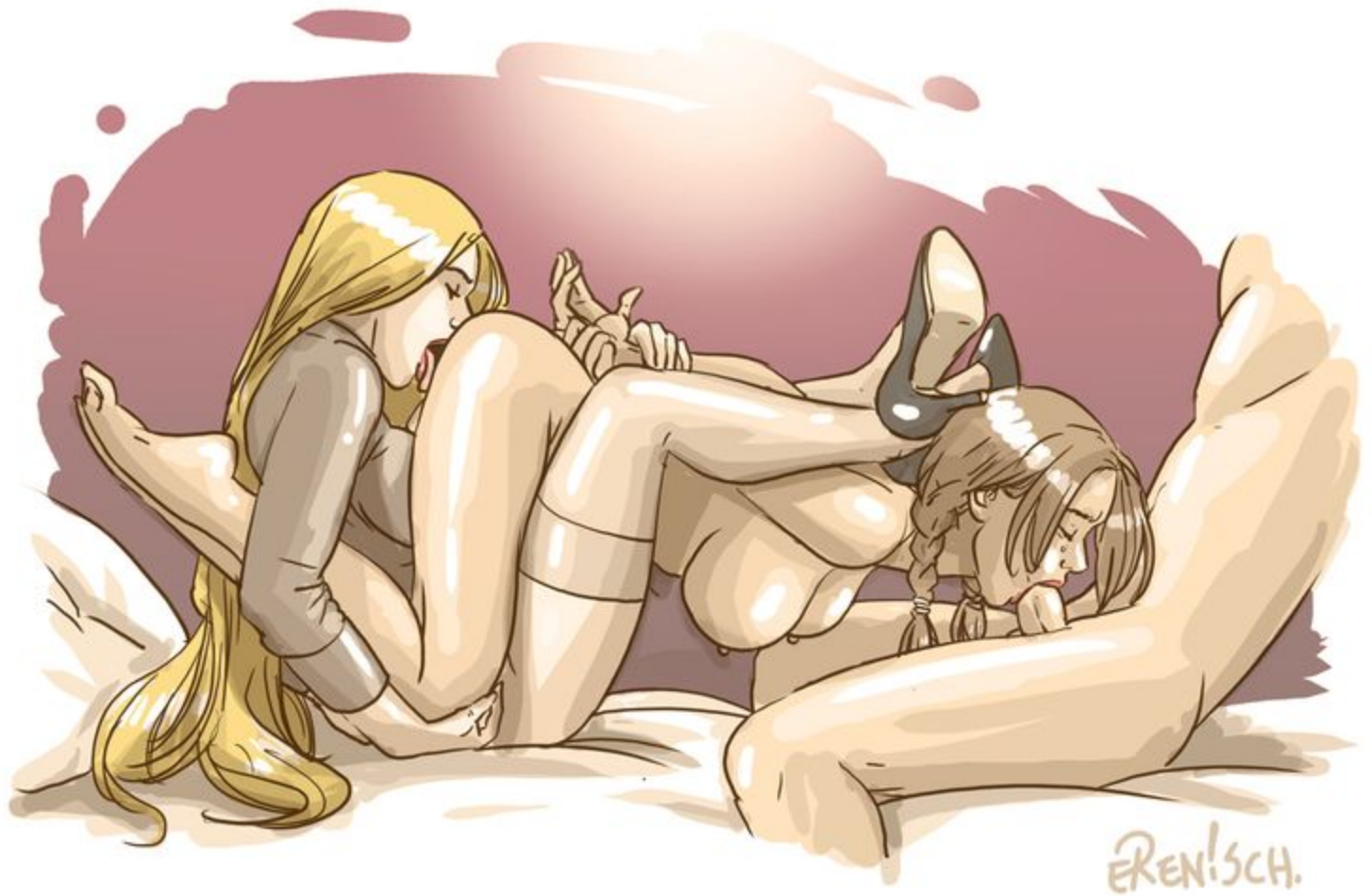
Veronica started to lick along Ashley’s swollen, blushing slit slowly. After a few seconds Ashley was glad that she didn’t resist. The naughty blonde obviously knew what she was doing. She relaxed and let the pleasure build.

“Don’t just sit there, sweetheart. Her mouth is idling there, totally unfucked and useless.”

Before Ashley could understand what was happening, Eddie answered the blonde’s call and swiftly slid under Ashley. He held her head between his two palms and forced his rejuvenated cock in her surprised mouth. The girl gasped and coughed, but managed not to choke on the huge member invading her mouth once again.

“Let me handle this, honey,” said Veronica momentarily interrupting her masterful cunnilingus performance. She grabbed Ashley’s knees and held her tightly, and then wrapped her long legs around the brunette’s body to further immobilize her. She crossed her ankles behind her stunned victim’s neck and pressed her head down on Eddie’s cock.

Once Veronica took full control of Ashley's restrained body, Eddie let the brunette's pretty head go and leaned backwards. Now his girlfriend was rhythmically pushing their victim's head until his entire cock disappears in her mouth. It was a great feeling, and a wonderful spectacle too.



Several pleasurable minutes passed. Eddie could guess from the way Ashley moved and sounded that Veronica was driving her crazy with her skilled tongue. She did such a good job, the brunette came at least twice. Eventually Eddie had an orgasm himself. This time he produced less jizz, which Ashley immediately swallowed without protest. "Finally, my balls must be completely empty," he thought to himself. He took his cock out of the moaning girl's mouth and rested for a few minutes.

Once Ashley came for a third time, Veronica stopped and let the girl go. The girl dropped on her stomach once again, exhausted but fully quenched.

"That wasn't too bad," she mumbled once her breathing turned back to normal.

"I'm glad you think so," replied Veronica, as she sat up and opened her legs wide. "Now, your turn!"

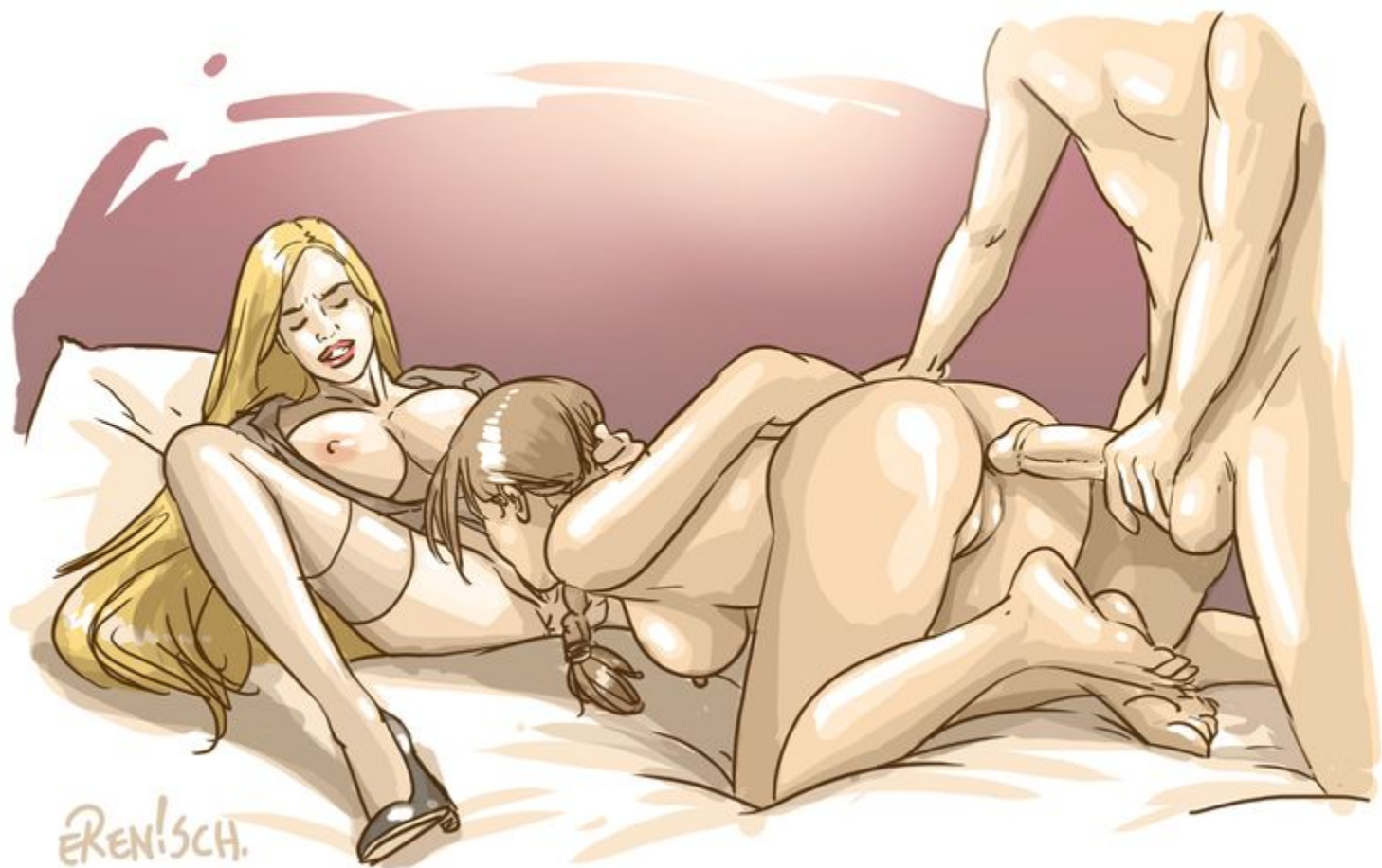
Before she could say anything, Ashley felt Veronica grab one of her braids and pull her head towards the latter's hungry crotch. Her body contorted into an unnatural arch for a moment and she fell on her knees once again. This time her face was between Veronica's thighs. What the blonde wanted was clear. Ashley certainly wasn't against the idea, but she was too tired.

"Okay fine, but don't be surprised if I pass out of exhaustion in the middle of it."

"Don't worry, honey," replied Veronica with a chuckle. "Eddie will keep you awake. Won't you Eddie?"

Eddie nodded. He was already getting ready to assault the brunette's perfectly round butt she raised in the air.

"Alright, babe," he said as he pressed the tip of his cock against the opening of Ashley's tight buttock. "Let's spit-roast this little piggy."



Mastery - 80

Stephanie nervously looked at the camera at the corner of the ceiling for the hundredth time and wondered if Eddie was watching her. Two days ago, she had the strangest, most turbulent night of her life. The emotional rollercoaster started with an ordinary date at a high-end restaurant. She was delighted to be out with Eddie, until he ambushed her with the surprise appearance of Ashley. For the rest of the date, the blonde was forced to hide under the table and serve her classmates orally. But this wasn't the last twist of the night. After the weird double date, it was Ashley's turn to be ambushed. Eddie, with the help of a befuddled Stephanie, pushed the brunette into an alley and deflowered her against her will. Stephanie was forced to take part in this premediated rape. It was a perplexing experience for the blonde teen. She enjoyed it. It surprised her.

Now, after two full days, she was feeling more and more guilty of her involvement. Her thoughts were fixated on Ashley's contorted, tear-soaked face and muffled screams. The fact that she didn't hear from Eddie or Ashley since that night was making it even worse. She wanted to call her to make sure that she's okay, but she wasn't sure if she could fake ignorance. What if Ashley somehow figured that she was there? What if a clue slipped out?

She couldn't call Eddie either. Her orders were clear. Unless there was some kind of emergency, she wasn't allowed to bother her master. If Eddie wanted to talk to her, he would call. Maybe if she could find an excuse... She racked her brain to think of something important, a potential problem... But she was unable to find something that would warrant a call.

Unable to phone or visit Eddie, her only way to communicate was the hidden camera Eddie installed in her room. Of course, she couldn't possibly know if Eddie was paying attention to the feed at all. Maybe he was watching, but he was amused by her growing frustration and impatience.

She decided to take a chance and put on a seductive little show to entice him. She laid down, pulled her nightie up and reached for her cock-hungry slit.

Suddenly, the phone on the nightstand rang ominously, before her fingers could reach their target. It was Eddie's number. She jumped on it like a nervous cat and clicked on the button.

"Yes master," she whimpered.

"Humpkin, you aren't thinking about pleasuring yourself without permission, are you?"

"No-no, I was going to put on a show for you... just to..." stammered the girl. "I missed you so much. I..."

"That's okay," interrupted Eddie. "Now, listen carefully. I left a little package under your bed last night."

"Y-you came here last night? But why didn't you..."

"Shut up and listen," said Eddie, this time with a sterner voice. "Take the package out and put on the stuff in it. Be in front of the Dirnenkleding shop in 6 minutes. Hurry up. You'll get a lash for every second you're late."

"Yes Eddie," exclaimed the girl with a sudden surge of excitement. She dropped the phone on the bed and knelt down to look for the package Eddie left while she was asleep. Her eyes widened as soon as she opened the cardboard box. Inside was nothing but slutty high heels and a trashy string swimsuit.

Stephanie gulped and looked at the clock. A minute has already passed. There was no time to think. She quickly disrobed and put the flimsy outfit on. Getting in the high heels proved more difficult. They were huge stripper heels Stephanie never saw up close. When she finally fixed the final ankle strap and stood up, she immediately lost her balance and fell back on the bed. She cursed the pair of infernal objects and got up again. She was like a clumsy newborn giraffe. It took a few steps to get used to the extra height.

Her eyes widened again with the realization that she had to run in these awful things for a couple blocks. They got even wider when she looked down and saw that she was almost fully naked under this cheap looking piece of cloth. Alas, she didn't have another second to lose.

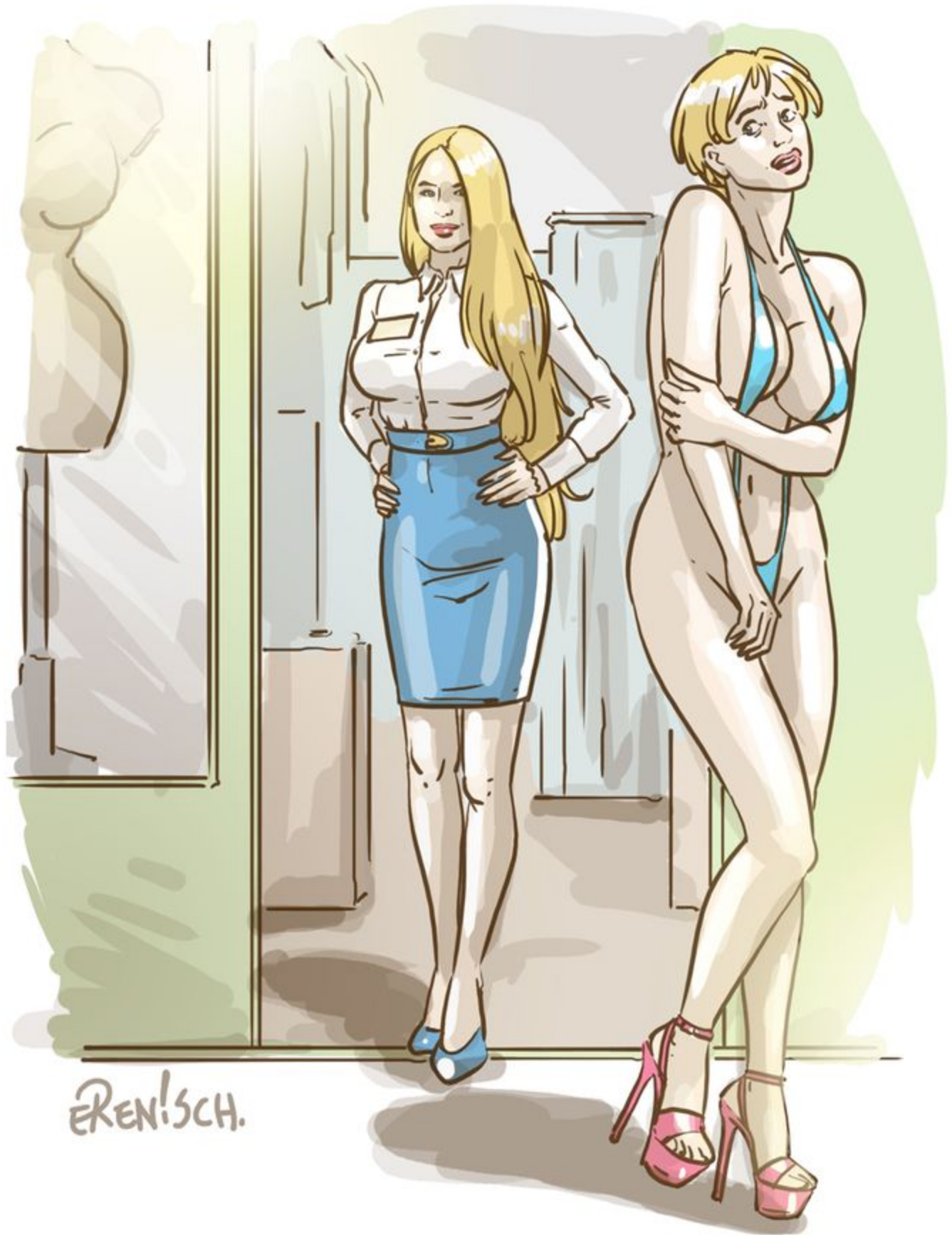
She stumbled down the stairs and started to run down the main street. She tried to keep her eyes forward and ran with a steady pace. She tripped and straggled a few times, but somehow managed not to fall down. Every now and then passing men shouted some obscenities at her, reminding her about the embarrassing attire she was supporting. It was one of the most humiliating moments of her life, but the time-constraints prevented her from dwelling on it.

Nevertheless, after a couple hundred meters, she was used to the terrible shoes. She got a good speed going and relaxed a bit. The task seemed impossible a few minutes ago. But perhaps she could make it in time.

She couldn't.

When she finally arrived at the shop Eddie ordered her to meet him, she was 34 seconds late.

"34 lashes," said someone behind her. She tried to catch her breath and turned around to see the mysterious female who spoke. It was the spunky shop assistant with the persistent mischievous smile.



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“Hi again,” said the blonde in a white shirt and a blue pencil skirt. “Remember me? Veronica, at your service. Your master brought you here to buy some puppy gear a few months ago. Ah, and I fucked your mouth with a dildo. Does that ring any bells?”

Stephanie’s pretty blue eyes widened again. She remembered the day Eddie brought her here, on her hands and knees, shoddily disguised in an improvised hood. This girl saw her face for a moment while she fitted a proper pet hood on her, and Stephanie suddenly found herself in an impromptu threesome between Eddie and Veronica with a big strap-on.

“Of course, you remember,” Veronica smiled. It wasn’t a mean grin. She didn’t seem to be mocking her. Her demeanor was casual, almost friendly. “Don’t worry. I know it’s hush-hush, your... um... situation. Your secret is certainly safe with me. I won’t tell a soul.”

Stephanie exhaled with relief. She looked around to see where Eddie is. She couldn’t see him.

“Looking for your master? He isn’t here.”

Stephanie paused and nervously looked at the girl. “How do you...”

“Ah, he told me to meet you here. He also told me to time you. Looks like you’ll be punished with 34 lashes for your lateness.”

Stephanie looked on with a befuddled expression. Veronica seemed unfazed by her stunned look. “I’ll explain later. Now, why don’t you follow me? You will catch a cold here, if you keep standing in the open... in that thing.”

Veronica’s gaze moved to the string monokini Stephanie was wearing. A jolt of fresh embarrassment struck the young teen once she remembered her almost non-existent outfit.

The long-haired salesgirl turned around and walked towards the alley next to the shop.

“We aren’t going into the shop?” asked Stephanie trying to hide as much of her exposed body with her hands.

“The shop? Maybe later. If you want to buy something?” Veronica smiled. “First, we have to settle the punishment thing, you know.”

“What?”

Veronica didn’t respond this time. She walked around the building and opened the door to the cabin right behind the shop. She stood by the door and gestured Stephanie to enter. The girl hesitated at the threshold for a few seconds and eventually decided to go along with it. She walked in and the door closed behind her.

“You have never been here before, right?”

“No,” replied Stephanie. Veronica turned on the lights to reveal a smallish storage area filled with boxes. Her eyes wandered around the room and finally stopped at the big chain dangling from the ceiling.

“Ah, yes. I see you already guessed what will happen,” smiled Veronica.

“What?”

“Give me your wrists.”

Without waiting for Stephanie respond to her command, Veronica grabbed the surprised blonde’s left hand and pulled it forward. Stephanie raised her other arm without even thinking. Veronica joined the girl’s wrists together and tied them with a big white ziptie.

“Sorry about this,” she said, “normally, you shouldn’t use these when subduing women. It’s bad for circulation and certainly dangerous.” She smiled reassuringly and raised Stephanie’s tied hands above her head. She took another ziptie from the packet and secured her victim to the big chain dangling overhead.

Finally, she stepped back and looked at the young girl tied in the basic whipping position.

“You are very pretty,” she said after admiring Stephanie’s scantily clad figure from top to bottom. She walked around and grazed the teen’s flawless pale skin over her ribs. Stephanie shivered at her silky touch. “So smooth... So pink... It’s a shame I have to ruin it now.”

“Huh?”

“34 lashes,” repeated Veronica. “You know the rules.”

“But... why are you... you don’t have... Where is Eddie?”

Veronica smiled and her eyes turned to a spot above the door. Stephanie followed the woman’s gaze and immediately saw a familiar object. It was the same hidden camera Eddie installed in her bedroom.

“Your master... my boyfriend...” Veronica paused to allow Stephanie comprehend the last word. “He is watching us. He wanted me to carry out your punishment. Don’t worry. I’m sure that redhead is dutifully sucking his big cock right now.”

“Boyfriend?” Stephanie exclaimed, her nervous face now contorted with a confused frown. “What do you mean by boyfriend?”

Veronica walked around Stephanie’s bound body and grabbed two floggers from the box on the floor. “Sorry. I know this isn’t the best way to find out.”

A sudden stroke of pain slashed Stephanie’s bare back. The flogger immediately tore the flimsy monokini. Before the cloth fell on the floor, the second flogger slashed the teen’s back from the other direction. She screamed with pain.

“Your master, my boyfriend,” Veronica repeated, now with some malignant tone in her voice, “occasionally comes here to fuck me. He bends me over these boxes and penetrates me like a stallion. He rapes me so good.”

Stephanie wanted to shout some obscenities, but another slash shut her up. The pain was searing. Veronica wasn’t certainly holding back.

“By the way, I’m not a trained slave myself, but aren’t you supposed to be counting and thanking me for the discipline?”

“Fuck you!” screamed Stephanie. Veronica calmly responded with another ruthless lash on the girl’s reddening back.

“I’ll do that too... but later” said Veronica with her signature smile. “Anyway... What was I saying? Ah, yes. My boyfriend... We just started to call each other that, by the way. A big step, yeah? You know, you are his girlfriend too,

right?”

Another lash prevented Stephanie from uttering the curse words at the tip of her tongue.

“I personally feel it is a bit early, to be honest. We only had a few real dates. But he rapes me so good. In this very room, you know. This is kind of our love shack.”

Another lash landed. Stephanie was now crying uncontrollably. Her back was full of red welts. Her entire body was burning with pain and rage.



“You should have counted,” said Veronica pausing for a moment to wipe the sweat on her forehead. “I’m not that good at math. I might hit you more than necessary, you know.”

She hit her again, and then grazed her ruined back with her fingernails. Stephanie shuddered and sobbed loudly.

“Ah, don’t be so sad,” said Veronica. “I know. You feel betrayed. Deceived. But think of it this way. You are making him happy right now. You are giving him pleasure with your suffering and sacrifice. In a way, you are serving him. When he finally explodes into that foxy redhead’s eager mouth, it will be your achievement too.”

Another lash. Then another. Stephanie can no longer think straight. The pain was taking over her body and mind. She was running out of tears.

“Here comes the last four. Are you ready?”

Stephanie couldn’t answer. She was about to pass out.

“I’ll hit you as hard as I can, sister. This is the way we should do. Never do it half-hearted.”

Another merciless impact swung Stephanie’s welted body from side to side.

“Someday, when it’s your turn to whip me... I hope you can hit me as hard. Don’t you hold back. The harder you hit, the harder his cock will become.”

A couple more lashes shook the young girl’s naked body.

“And you want him to be as hard as he can get.”

The final lash landed on Stephanie’s devastated back. Veronica stepped back and dropped the floggers in the box.

Suddenly, the door swung open with a bang and startled Stephanie. Her muscles tensed again with a sudden jolt of panic.

“Don’t be alarmed, Humpkin,” said the dark silhouette at the door. “It’s me. Sorry to keep you waiting. But as Nica said, I had to be as hard as I could get.”

Mastery - 81

“Eddie! This woman says she-”

“Yes,” said Eddie and put his pointing finger on Stephanie’s lips to silence her. The girl immediately shut up and swallowed the rest of her sentence.

“She and I went on a few dates. Picnic at the park a couple times... and ah, we discovered that restaurant together, right? What was the name again, Nica?”

“Penetralia,” said the long-haired blonde in the tight saleswoman outfit. “It means secret place, you know”.

“Ah hah. So you tell me,” snickered Eddie. Yes, we had a couple dinner dates there. They have good hors d’oeuvres under the table. Great foreplay for an hour-long rough alley sex afterwards.”

“But... when... how...” stammered Stephanie.

“oh, you know how these things happen,” said Veronica with her sexiest bedroom voice. “One day, I really needed some dick. Luckily, Eddie was there to give it to me.” She smiled to the boy and approached Stephanie’s stretched naked body from behind. She traced the contours of her pronounced ribcage and cupped her big breasts from below. Then she started to playfully bounce them up and down. “Sorry, we didn’t have the chance to ask your opinion on the matter.”

“My opinion? Do you know what my opinion is?”

Stephanie paused for a moment with the sudden realization that her opinion didn’t matter at all. Throughout their ‘relationship’ Eddie didn’t ask her permission for anything. What he did was -with the cunning help of his redheaded slavegirl- gradually break through all her inhibitions, defenses, moral qualms... He conquered her mouth, pussy, ass, one by one... Then he put her in bondage, kept her under lock and key, raped her in her own bed again and again whenever he liked, used her like a sex toy at school, at the park, on public buses, in dark alleys... He leashed her and dragged her around the city on all fours, fully naked... He never asked, just took.

Had he ever called her his girlfriend?

Maybe he did, maybe he didn’t. At that moment of confusion, Stephanie couldn’t remember.

Suddenly, it was all clear. She was merely a sex slave to Eddie.

Just like Eagerdoll.

“I think she is overwhelmed with surprise, the poor thing,” Veronica said as she casually smacked her victim’s beautiful round breasts from side to side. “Perhaps I flogged her a bit too hard.” She walked around the bound girl and swiped two fingers along her pussy lips. “But it certainly got her wet... Sooooo wet.”

She stopped and looked into Stephanie’s eyes. The poor girl immediately lowered her eyes in shame. “Ah, don’t be ashamed of it, honey. We are women after all. Our bodies are programmed to respond to such abuse this way.” She leaned in to kiss her victim on the cheek and turned to Eddie. “I think she needs some dick too, babe. Her tight hole is wet and ready to serve you.”

Prompted by Veronica’s remarks, Eddie slowly moved around Stephanie and approached her from behind. Veronica stepped back to give him some room.

“Is she right?” he asked, once he finally grabbed his slave by her slender waist. “Do you want my dick, sweetheart?”

“Always,” she mumbled with an almost inaudible, ashamed voice. “Please, use me, master.”

“Very well.”

Eddie slapped Stephanie’s round bottom on each cheek and pulled her towards himself. Then he grabbed her right leg and pulled it up unexpectedly. Caught unawares by this sudden move, Stephanie stumbled forward but her restraints kept her from falling. She struggled to balance herself on her tiptoes as Eddie lifted her leg even higher and threw it over his shoulder.

“You need some help, dear?” asked Veronica as the boy unbuckled his belt and took his cock out of his pants.

“Thanks. I can handle it myself.” He grabbed his fully erect member and pressed its tip against the entrance of Stephanie’s tight, juicy pussy. “You see, I know my way around this pretty fuckhole,” he snickered. “What’s the latest count, Humpkin?”

“74, master,” answered the young blonde without hesitation. Her voice was now saturated with excitement and lust, despite the lingering effects of the traumatic beginning of her visit.

“You make them keep count, eh?” laughed Veronica. “How wonderfully degrading!”

Eddie smiled and forcefully thrust into Stephanie’s blushing, swollen, tight fuckhole. He groaned long and loud.

“Aaah! Thank you, master!”

“What a well-trained fucktoy!” exclaimed Veronica. “Now I see why you love this little thing so much.”

Stephanie’s heart skipped a beat once she heard the L-word. Her overheated brain froze for a second. Did she hear it correctly? Eddie mentioned to this woman that he loved her?

She wanted to turn around and ask what she meant by that. She wanted to ask Eddie if that was true. But all she could do instead was moan even louder. Eddie wasn’t losing any time with slow and shallow warm-ups this time. He was

fucking her fast, hard and deep, without mercy. There was no need for foreplay. The flogging she received earlier was as effective as Veronica claimed it was. She was extremely excited. She was horribly horny. She was ravenous for rape.

Eddie's ruthless thrusts were constantly knocking her out of balance. Her huge boobs were swinging around like they were caught in a tornado. Her mind was at the edge of shutting down fully. She wanted to thank her rapist and beg for more, but all that escaped her throat were unintelligible groans and moans.

"Look at those beautiful things move," said Veronica pointing at Stephanie's big tits mindlessly dancing in the air. "They look terribly unruly, don't you think?"

"Then you should discipline them," replied Eddie, now fucking the little blonde with a crazy speed. "Flog 'em red, babe!"

Veronica grinned mischievously and picked her floggers out of the box. Stephanie was alarmed by the coming abuse, but her brain was almost completely taken over by pleasure at that moment. All she could do was whimper a little louder.

When Veronica's floggers started to hit her hanging funbags from either side, little screams were added to her regular moans and whimpers. It was in no way unpleasant. Actually, every lash she received aggrandized and enriched the pleasure Eddie was incessantly pumping into her.

"Oh! She likes it, the little whore!" chuckled Veronica, as soon as she heard the peculiar tone in Stephanie's intensified screams. "Don't worry honey, I can hit even harder."



And she did, for a long while. Eddie, despite his extraordinary fervor, kept plowing the young blonde mercilessly, bringing her to climax several times. Each orgasm lasted longer than the previous one, draining her remaining energy to the last drop.

Once Stephanie crossed the edge for the fifth time, Eddie decided that she had enough. He abruptly pulled out and stumbled back. He was exhausted as well. Stephanie's beaten, depleted body collapsed as soon as he let her leg go, but the

zip-ties and chain caught her after a short fall. She groaned when sudden pain struck her tied wrists.

"Such a delightful sight," said Veronica as she admired Stephanie's shattered body flaccidly dangling from the ceiling. Her beautiful, shapely figure was as alluring as always despite the colorful bruises scattered around her body. Bright red welts covered her entire torso and thighs, front and back. Her tear-soaked face and sweat-covered body glistened under the warm light of the single lightbulb that illuminated the storage room.

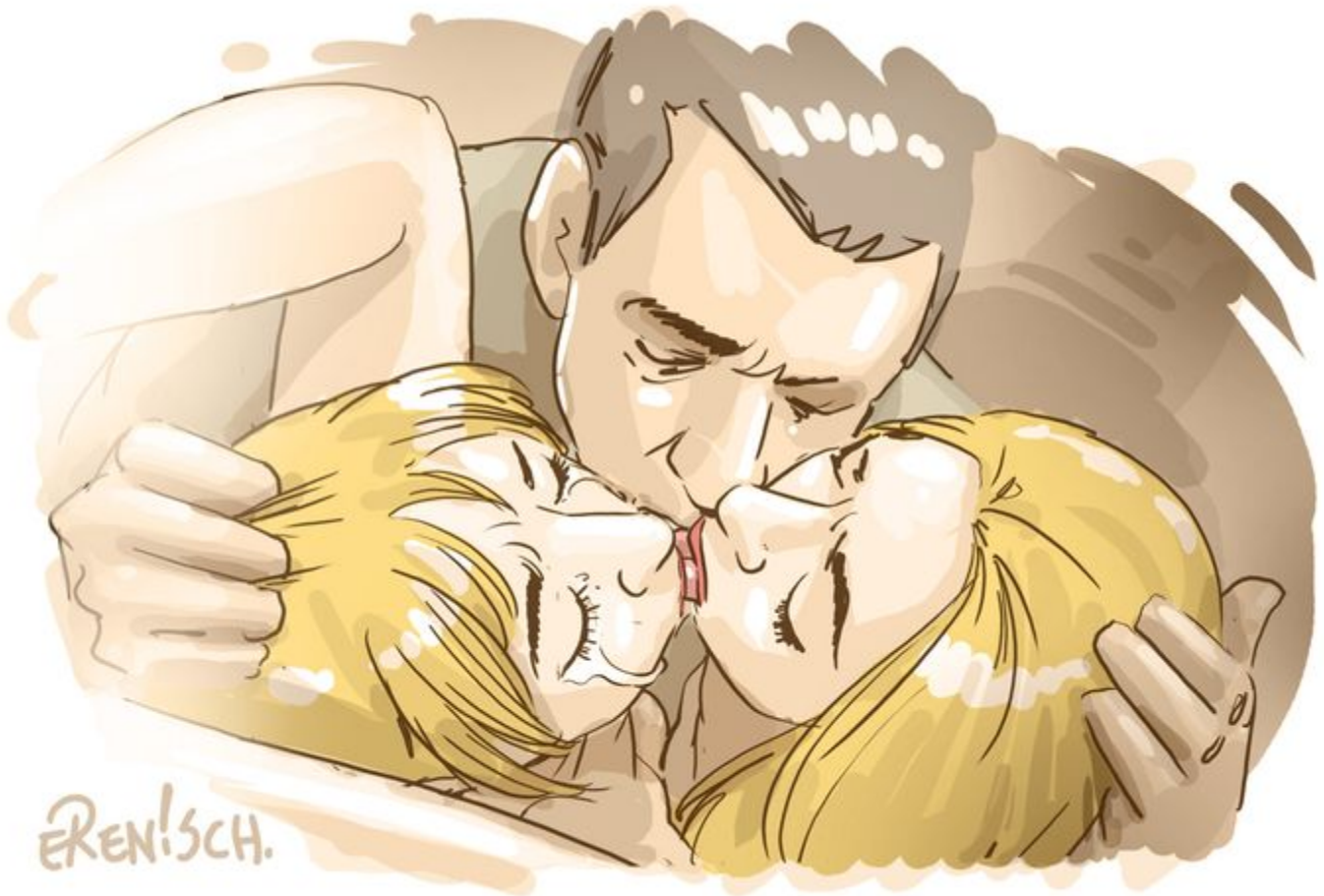
The long-haired vixen dropped the floggers in their box before approaching the poor victim one last time. She raised her hand and caressed Stephanie's blushing cheek. "How wonderful," she said as she wiped the girl's tears. "Our family is growing so fast."

"Yes," Eddie affirmed and embraced his two girlfriends with an unmistakable air of accomplishment. "Stephanie, my sweet... I know you were blindsided by this. You're probably a little upset too. But remember, you exist to please me, not the other way around."

"Yes, Eddie," replied Stephanie, still unable to stop sobbing. Eddie smiled warmly and pulled the girls closer together.

"Now, let's kiss and make-up, eh?"

He grabbed the girls by their hair and pushed them towards his lips. Three sets of lips joined together at the same point, in a confused but pleasurable merger. It was the first of many to come.



Mastery - 82

A sudden click woke Dasha up in the middle of the night. She felt a sudden rush of excitement. Was Eddie paying her a surprise visit? Kenneth was staying at his other home with Sally that night. Eddie must have noticed she was sleeping alone. He had a network of hidden cameras around the house after all.

She rolled onto her back and opened her legs slightly in anticipation. The boy had been ignoring her lately. Whenever he came over to pick Stephanie up he acted like he barely knew her and kept his distance. Dasha knew that it was for her daughter's benefit, but the apathy hurt her nonetheless.

That was the reason why she was delighted by his unexpected invitation a week ago. When Eddie called her and told her to meet her at a restaurant, she was thrilled like a teenaged schoolgirl. The restaurant was a well-known "dim place" where men took their secret girlfriends. Perhaps Eddie was making a nice gesture by taking her out at such a fancy place.

Of course, that was too good to be true. Her fancy date dream turned into a nightmare in an instant when she arrived and asked about the reservation at the door. Once she introduced herself, the maître d' immediately signaled a couple burly goons to grab her. She was swiftly taken to a back room before she could protest. There she was told that she was basically the under-the-table special for Eddie's real dinner date with her daughter. They even let her watch a video message sent by Eddie, outlining what was expected from her.

Her orders were simple. Whenever someone knocked on the table she was placed under, she was supposed to serve the knocker orally. Dasha wasn't a stranger to oral service of course. It was her profession. Back in the day she performed this exact service in many instances for her bosses and their guests, under boardroom tables, desks, even restaurants such as this.

Of course, she never imagined doing it under a table where her daughter dined with her boyfriend.

There wasn't much she could do. She couldn't defy her master, the boy who simply took over control of her entire life. Once she calmed down and accepted the inevitable, the maître d' explained her the rules. She wasn't supposed to make any noise. She wasn't supposed to leave her position under any circumstances. "Even if the restaurant is on fire," he said, to emphasize his point, "you will stay put and suck that cock as your ass burns."

Then the guys pulled her onto her feet, callously stripped her and put her in a latex hood to hide her identity. At first, she didn't understand why she had to wear a disguise. She was to be under the table anyway.

The reason was revealed later, during the date, when Eddie send Stephanie under the table and she ended up kneeling next to her daughter... serving the same boy's cock... the taste of his cum still in her mouth. It was the most surreal, the most terrible, haunting experience of her life.

But the absolute worst part came before that, before Stephanie realized that she too was a victim of a cruel ambush. When the young couple first sat down and ordered their food, Eddie immediately made Dasha suck his cock, as expected. While she performed as well as she could under the circumstances, she had the horrible realization that this won't be the end of it. Soon enough, the nastiest thing that could happen happened. Another knock was heard, followed by Eddie's command to serve his date.

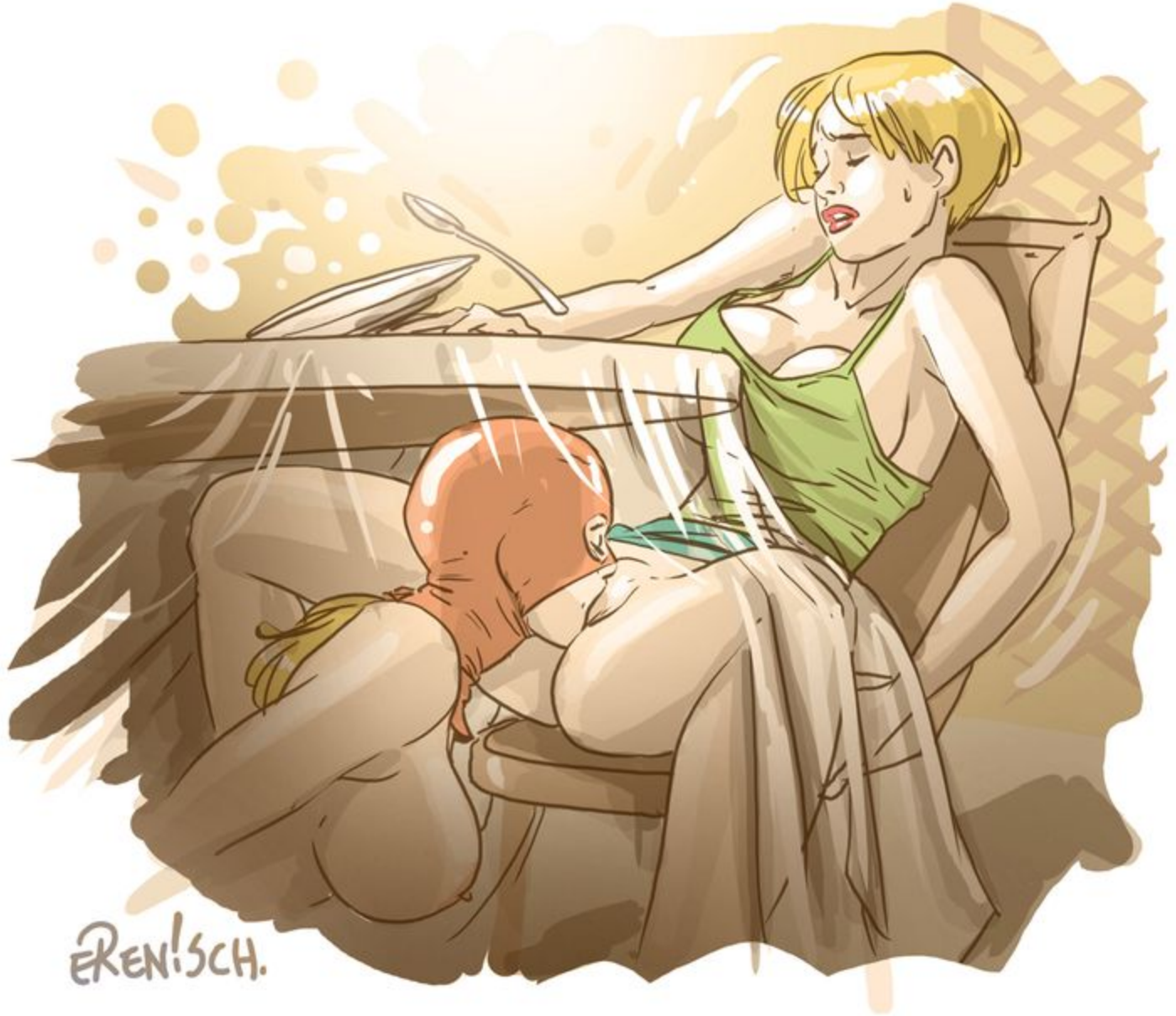
Dasha felt like her brain was boiling once she heard the order. Dread moved down her spine. Within the space of a millisecond, she thought of millions of scenarios, actions she could take to avoid this horrible thing she was ordered to do. Alas, she could see no way around it. She knew that failing to comply would lead to a premature revelation of her identity and the inevitable destruction of her relationship with her daughter.

She had no choice. She used her entire willpower to silence the alarm bells echoing in her skull and dragged herself towards Stephanie. Her amygdala must have been burning at the moment. Her daughter, blissfully ignorant about the identity of the server under the table, pulled her skirt up and opened her legs invitingly. Dasha inched her way towards the young girl's fresh pink pussy, and finally stopped millimeters away.

She paused for a long moment to gather her courage to do the unimaginable. She couldn't believe that she was about to perform cunnilingus on her own little daughter. Her torturous hesitation was cut short by another knocking, this time unmistakably coming from Stephanie's side. Startled, the woman immediately leaned forward and gave a kiss to her baby's pretty, fresh pussy. Her vulva was well-shaven, smooth, soft, and pink, with an alluring scent. It was recently cleaned and perfumed. Dasha realized that Stephanie prepared herself for Eddie. Of course, she expected to be raped after the date.

Dasha's troubled brain had another momentary cold shower of shame and disbelief once she casually passed judgement on her daughter's young fuckhole. Still she licked and licked, trying to chase away these horrible thoughts and feelings. She wanted to shut her brain down and let her muscle memory handle the rest. She had enough oral service experience after all.

To her surprise, she managed to do that to a degree. She got her brain numb enough to find the strength to continue, and even gave Stephanie a few orgasms in a relatively short time. They were powerful, multiple orgasms too. Stephanie's legs shook violently and trapped her head a couple times, but she soldiered on until her little girl collapsed in her chair, all exhausted. Dasha's brain barely registered most of it. It was a blur.



A few moments later, the shocking twist happened. Just after she finished her performance and retreated back to her initial kneeling position, Eddie revealed that Stephanie was also a victim of his multi-layered, twisty date scheme. He cruelly informed Steph that he actually had another date with Ashley, whom Dasha knew as her daughter's best friend.

Once the trap was revealed, Stephanie had no choice but jump under the table and assume the task of serving the guests orally, much like Dasha was forced to do from the start. The moment the girl lifted the tablecloth and slid under the table, Dasha felt like she had a minor heart attack. She froze and held her breath at the farthest corner of the table. At first, Stephanie didn't notice her because of her initial shock. Moments later, she bumped in her naked body. Of course, she couldn't say anything. Her situation was as horrible as Dasha's. In the dark, Dasha silently watched her poor daughter go through familiar phases of horror, frustration, and acceptance. Under these impossible circumstances, she wasn't able to offer any maternal care, any consolation to her silently crying little baby. She couldn't even touch her. It broke her heart into a million pieces.

Then, knocks were heard again, and the mother and daughter started to serve the couple out there, with tears in their pretty eyes.

As Dasha lied in her bed, remembering all about that horrible date night, the door opened wide and a masculine silhouette entered the dark room. Dasha held her breath and opened her legs further. Even though he subjected her to such an unthinkable torment, she still yearned for Eddie's touch. She felt ashamed of the fact, but it certainly didn't diminish the desire between her long, shapely legs. She wanted the boy's hand on there, in there. Then his cock... his big, hard...

"Are you asleep, Dasha?"

Dasha jumped up in sudden horror and turned on the lamp on the nightstand.

“Kenneth? What are you...”

“Calm down, Dasha,” said her husband, and sat down on the bed next to the shocked woman. “I know, I told you that I was gonna stay with Sally tonight. But something came up.”

Dasha awkwardly tried to adjust her nightie as if she was caught doing something bad. There was no way that her husband could know that she was wet and ready to serve the boy across the street of course, but she felt like it was written on her forehead with big, shiny letters.

“What happened? Is there a problem? Did you guys have a fight or something?”

Her voice had a smidgen of hope in her last question. She really, really hated that Sally woman. Her dislike was fully justified. She was her husband’s real lover.

Kenneth didn’t say anything. He sat there silently, apparently lost in thought.

“When was the last time I fucked you?” he abruptly asked after a long silence.

Dasha straightened up with surprise. She certainly didn’t expect to hear those words tonight. At least not from her husband.

“I... I... think 18... 19 years ago, when we were...” she stuttered.

“Ah! Yes. When we were trying to create life, eh?” He paused and looked at Dasha. “And we did. We created a wonderful thing. Stephanie, she’s my jewel.”

Dasha nodded with a stunned expression on her face. She didn’t know what this conversation was going towards, but she was definitely intrigued.

“You are a jewel too, you know,” said Kenneth, augmenting Dasha’s befuddlement ten-folds. “I neglected you for so long. 19 years, eh? Wow!”

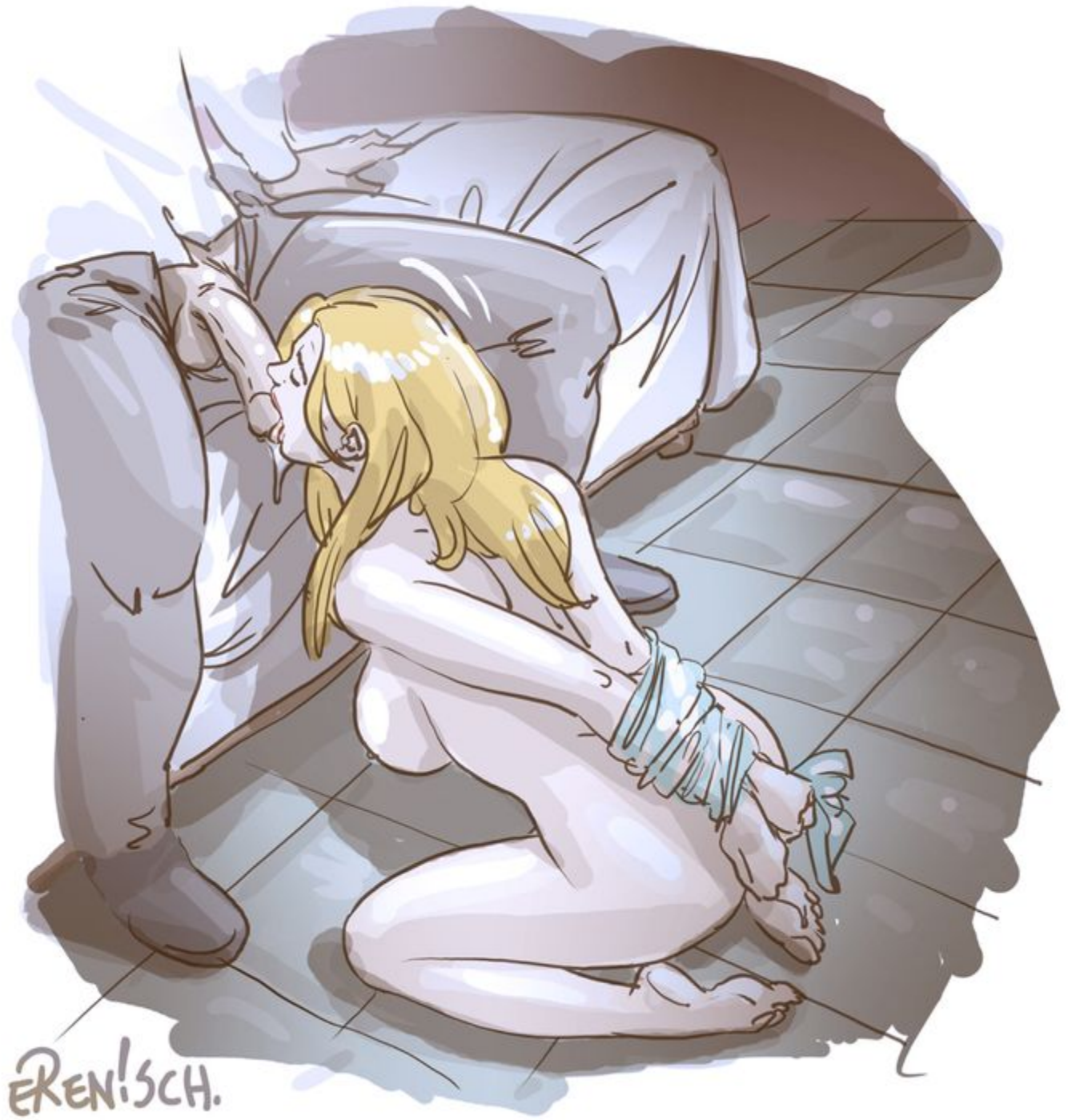
Dasha held her breath.

“You want to? I mean you...”

“Yes!” yelled Dasha. “Please, Kenneth... Please fuck me! Rape me! Whip me! Beat me up! I’ll do anything you want!”

Kenneth had a brief pause of surprise but immediately returned to his stoic face. He reached and grabbed Dasha’s long blonde hair and pulled the woman towards himself. Dasha dropped out of the side of the bed and on her knees. Kenneth waited her to find her balance and forced her to crawl between his legs. “Open my zipper,” he ordered.

Dasha immediately took off her nightie, joined her wrists at her back, and wrapped the sheer fabric around her wrists to perform a self-tie. It was a trick she learned from Miss Donner at the office. Then she leaned forward, grabbed the zipper with her teeth and skillfully opened it with a single fluent motion. Kenneth wasn’t expecting her to use her mouth to release his erect cock from his pants. He was impressed by his wife’s skill.



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“I didn’t know you could do that,” he remarked as Dasha adjusted his member with her tongue and lips. She smiled and hungrily took the tip of the penis in her mouth.

She wanted to impress her husband to her best ability, but the intense urge she nurtured for about two decades got the best of her. She rushed through the proper preparatory kisses and licks and ravenously gobbled the cock. Her head started to bob on his crotch like a woodpecker on a steroids.

After a while, she calmed down a bit and started to use her trusty tricks. She was an experienced professional after all. Despite the hectic start, she was now performing a tried-and-tested, perfectly choreographed blowjob. She wanted to impress him, drive him crazy, make him want to throw her down to the floor and violate her roughly like a cheap whore.

After a minute, Kenneth was no longer able to resist her skilled lips and tongue. He exploded in her impatient mouth, filling her with his thick, salty jizz.

She immediately swallowed every drop, without even thinking about protocols and traditions. She was incredibly hungry for his semen. She wanted more.

“Did you like it?” she asked.

Kenneth nodded. “Yes, that was very good. You’re very good at your job.”

Dasha’s smile froze on her face. Of course, This was her job, sucking cocks. Kenneth knew that. She was the woman who sucked cocks for a living. In Kenneth’s eyes, she was just a whore.

“Well, thanks,” said Kenneth and pulled her back on the bed. Dasha allowed herself to be dragged by the hair and knelt at the very spot she was in a few minutes ago. She no longer had the same optimism about getting raped by her husband now.

Kenneth’s face slowly returned to the concerned expression he had at the beginning. He searched for words, cleared her throat, and looked into Dasha’s eyes.

“You asked if Sally and I had a fight before. Well, not exactly,” said Kenneth. “She and I have been discussing something for a while. Something important. You see, Sally, she wants to have a child of her own before it is too late for her to have one.”

“Oh?” Dasha immediately had a bad feeling about this unexpected visit. A sense of dread began to brew inside her brain.

“We decided... we decided to try and have a boy. We already made the arrangements with a clinic at Snatchfield, actually.” Kenneth paused and looked into his wife’s increasingly widening eyes. “Sally and I think that... We should properly marry before we have a son together, so...”

Dasha immediately froze with terror this time. It was what she always feared throughout her life. He was about to say it.

“So, we decided that I’ll divorce you and take her as my proper wife.” He stopped when he saw tears starting to gush out of the poor woman’s sad blue eyes. “Don’t worry, sweetheart, I’ll not let you down. I’ll think of something to take care of you... arrange something for you.”

Dasha couldn’t say anything. She only let out a little whimper and started to sob uncontrollably.

“Don’t be like that Dasha, dear,” Kenneth said, trying to console her with an awkward half embrace. “We both knew this day could come. You knew about Sally and I. I’ve always been completely honest about this with you.”

Dasha nodded between her sobs. Her husband was indeed an honest man, even though he had been an ‘absentee landlord’ throughout their loveless marriage. He had been generous and decent, unless you count the cruelty of loving another woman and letting Dasha know about it.

“Sally has... I mean we have a few ideas... Different options... for your future. To make sure you have a good life after the divorce.” He paused, waiting her sobs to die down. “We can look for a man who’d agree to marry you, perhaps? That would be the best option. Of course, if we can’t find any takers, I’ll definitely pay for your freedom fees for as long as you need. I wouldn’t let some random asshole just carry you into his basement and lock you up, you know that, right?”

Kenneth’s last words initiated another intense wave of sobbing. Dasha buried her tear-soaked face into her palms and continued to cry her eyes out. Her life as she knew it was going to end. It was how she always feared to happen. She just didn’t think that it would happen so soon.

“There is another option. A cheaper one.” Said Kenneth after waiting in vain for Dasha to calm down again. She seemed inconsolable at that point. “Sally and I think that it would make more sense, economically... you know... With the hike in freedom fees and all.”

A terrible jolt shook Dasha. She abruptly stopped crying and looked into Kenneth’s eyes with shock and despair.

“I could... um...take you to a BFA office and register you as my property. It’s very simple, really. We can do it right now, if you like?”

“Y-you... You are going to ens-enslave me?” stammered Dasha. She was pale as a ghost.

“Well, no need to call it that. I’ll register you as my property. It’s nothing big, really. If you think about it, as my wife, you are... already... kind of...”

“Y-your property?” interrupted Dasha, with a desperate acceptance in her voice.

Kenneth paused again, unable to find appropriate words to continue with. “Well... As I said, I’d pay your freedom fees after the divorce... but you see, it’s much much cheaper if we pay an annual slave tax instead. Sally says, and I agree, that...”

“Why don’t you register Sally instead then?” asked Dasha with a sudden surge of courage, no doubt fueled by an unbridled hatred against the hussy who took her husband away.

“You know I can’t do that,” replied Kenneth, calmly. “Sally has a career. She’s a respectable woman. And I...”

“And you love her,” said Dasha to finish his sentence. She didn’t want him to say it himself. She shut up and looked at him with a mixture of rage and sadness. “Respectable woman,” she thought to herself. “What does that even mean?”

“I know, you are surprised and upset now,” continued Kenneth to regain the control of the conversation. “I will give you the choice. Think about it, okay?”

Then he got up, looked at the broken middle-aged woman slumped on the bed for a moment, and left as silently as he arrived.

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“Very impressive.”

Eddie couldn't help but smile at his course instructor's remarks. He was at the local BFA registration office to pick up his official Mastery certificate. He had been watching this man's videos on psychological domination techniques for the last three months. It was the first time he met him in person. Johann Grosshelm was his favorite among Mastery course instructors. It was like meeting his hero for the first time.

“Thank you, Mr. Grosshelm,” he replied. “Your instructions were very helpful. I just bought your book on “Female Obedience” too.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the old man. “You shouldn't have. There's nothing in there you don't already know. Actually, I believe you can teach me a thing or two. I was reading your finishing project report a couple days ago. This date game you played, just pure genius.”

“Thank you,” replied Eddie, with a wider smile on his face.

“Now, let me see if I followed correctly. You lured this milf to a date, only to ambush her and force her to perform cunnilingus on her daughter, publicly. Then you forced the daughter to perform cunnilingus on her best friend, side by side with her mother. After the date you reversed the roles and made the daughter help you rape her best friend. But wait! There is another twist. The best friend was actually there for her consensual deflowering. What is more impressive, none of these women knew the real identities of each other, even though everything happens in public. And the cherry on top, you introduced your secret girlfriend to the deflowering girl and had a threesome. This is, what, six-seven layers of deception? Bravo! This might be the best finishing project I've ever seen. And I've been teaching this course for 14 years.”

Eddie was unable to respond to such high levels of praise. He smiled and nodded to express his gratitude.

Grosshelm picked the official certificate from Eddie's file and stamped it to make it official. He raised it in the air and ceremoniously handed it over to the young boy.

“Here. This makes you a BFA-certified female trainer. Congratulations, Mr. Mestring.”

“Thank you”, replied Eddie and shook the old man's hand enthusiastically.

“I know most of you youngsters go out there and find jobs in private female training companies, but you should consider joining the BFA. The guys at the basement could use some creativity if you ask me.”

“Wow! A BFA trainer? I haven't decided yet, Mr. Grosshelm,” replied Eddie, “But I might just apply for that.”

“So, what about this one? She wasn't involved in your elaborate date scheme, was she?” Grosshelm leaned forward and looked at Eagerdoll, who was silently waiting on her knees by her master's feet. When the guy turned his attention to her, she immediately corrected her posture and respectfully lowered her eyes.



EREN!SCH.

“No sir,” Eddie replied. He pulled her leash upwards and forced the girl to rise on her knees. “I didn’t train her myself. She is from GirlMart.”

Grosshalm shook his head and leaned back in his chair again. “You don’t say that, son. All females come with some training. Some receive heavy behavioral programming in a slave store dungeon, some receive it in smaller doses from the society, school, religion.” He looked at the redhead and smiled. “This pretty little thing’s training wasn’t complete when you bought her. No woman can be fully trained. There is always room for improvement. Remember that, will you?”

“Yes sir,” replied Eddie in his most serious voice.

“If you ask my opinion, training a woman is its own reward. You should never stop working on these little whores.” Eddie nodded and smiled gratefully. He felt like he was given a life-changing secret.

Grosshalm extended his arm once again. The abrupt hand gesture woke Eddie up from his momentary trance. Realizing that it was time to go, he shook the man’s hand and turned around to leave the room.

Once they cleared the stairs of the BFA building a few minutes later, Eagerdoll took a deep breath as if she had been suffocating. For the last half hour, despite her calm exterior, she had been at the edge of a panic attack. The last time she entered this building, she was a freewoman. She was taken there for her first inspection. All females in the land go through this humiliating procedure, without exception, regardless of their status or wealth. They are herded into dark inspection rooms and subjected to humiliating procedures to evaluate their fitness for serving the male population of Pussiana. Of course, rich people can book private sessions for their daughters for exuberant amounts, but they too are stripped naked,

photographed, videotaped, electronically measured, and entered in the national female database like the rest of the females in the country.

Eagerdoll knew little about what happened during a girl's "primary inspection" prior to her own. She knew that she'd be assigned a grade based on her attractiveness. She knew she'd be probably manhandled by the BFA staff. Some older girls at school who went through the procedure spoke of stripping and posing for photos in a dark room. Their accounts were never consistent. They always tended to keep it vague and glossed over the actual inspection procedure. This mystery was intriguing. The redhead dreaded her approaching inspection, but she was strangely curious as well.

One the day of her PI, she took a long, relaxing bath, put on a graceful make-up, and picked her best dress that accentuated her features. She entered this very building with a confused mixture of fear and curiosity. Everything looked normal in the beginning. The initial procedures went smoothly. She and others waited calmly in a well-lit waiting room on the ground floor as two other groups went in. Many girls returned much later, with gloomy expressions on their faces. Whatever happened in there must have been a very trying experience.

She didn't know the half of it.

Of course, the girls who came out were the lucky ones. If she paid enough attention, she'd have noticed that only a small portion of the groups actually returned.

When it was their turn, Eagerdoll and her companions were taken to a larger room where they were divided into two groups. Hers was then led downstairs and left waiting in a dark, gloomy looking basement. It was the place where her worst nightmare began.

What followed was months of systematic rape, torture and humiliation to remove her humanity, leaving behind nothing but an obedient sextoy with three holes.

As her master talked to this old guy at the BFA offices, Eagerdoll was desperately trying to keep calm. She constantly felt like crying and screaming at the top of her lungs, but ironically, her training helped her keep her composure. She barely heard portions of her master's conversation with the instructor. She remembered the guy from the online videos Eddie watched as part of his Mastery training. He went on and on about the intricacies and necessity of training females, of course. It wasn't the first time the slavegirl heard such misogynistic tirades disguised as pretentious philosophy. Some of these BFA-types were really well educated and impressively articulate, but they were ruthless bastards under all that veneer.

On the way home, Eddie decided to take the subway again. Eagerdoll remembered the first time he rode the underground train with her new master months ago. It was a strange experience. The boy who bought her from Girl-Mart was a relatively inexperienced, almost naïve young man. The memory made her realize how much he changed since then, and how much she learned about him. She learned a lot about life too. The intensive training she was subjected to at the BFA and GirlMart was ruthlessly effective in crushing a girl's will and dignity, but it certainly wasn't enough to prepare a girl for service in the real world. That she admittedly learned from Eddie himself.

She waited on the platform obediently, in perfect form. After all that talk about her master's contribution to her training, she wanted to represent him as well as she could. When the train arrived and Eddie walked into the second car, she heeled him in perfect pace.

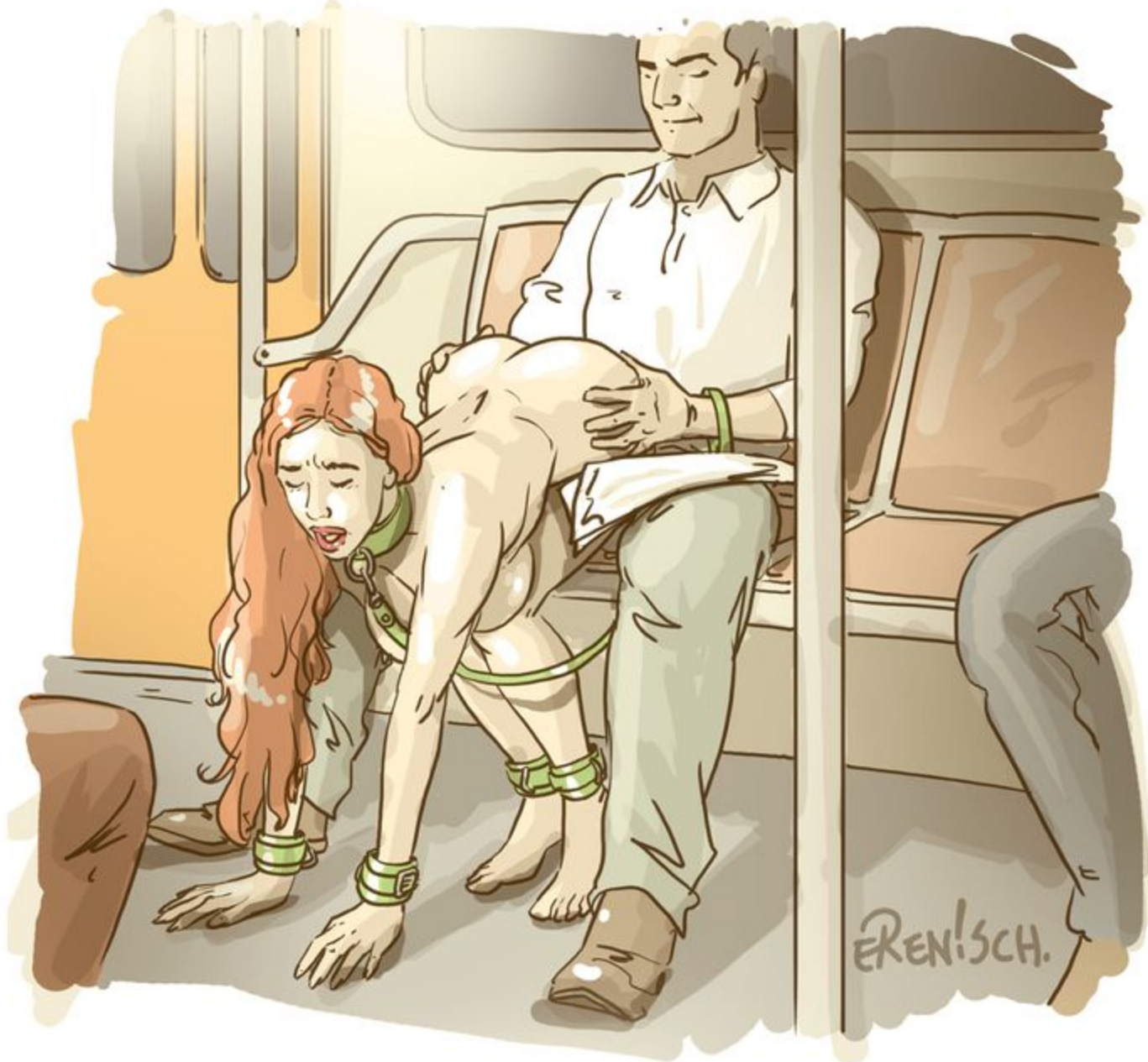
Eddie sat at the end of an empty row of seats. Eagerdoll followed and knelt at his feet. She expected him to let her alone throughout the journey like the last time.

Just when she settled on her heels, she felt a hard tug on her leash. How stupid she was to think she'd be left unfucked for an entire journey? Eddie wasn't the timid boy who bought her months ago. He was now a certified master, with much experience, despite his young age.

Silently cursing to herself, she immediately fell back on her hands and feet and rushed to assume her cocksucking position between master's legs. But alas, she was wrong again. A hard slap across her face reminded her not to presume. In the absence of verbal commands, she needed to read his expressions. Another strong tug on her leash forced her turn around and raise her bottom for penetration.

She placed her palms on the floor to support her upper body and raised her butt above her master's crotch level. She corrected her posture and looked directly ahead as Eddie grabbed her perfectly round butt and lowered it onto his erect member. Thankfully, he was aiming for her pussy this time. She felt the bulbous head of his penis slide along her slit, part her labia and slowly make its way into her eager pussy. She was wet since the moment she felt the tug on her leash moments ago.

Without saying anything, Eddie subtly pushed her butt down to shove his entire length into the girl's pussy. The girthy member pushed her vaginal walls apart, giving them both a wonderful sensation. Eagerdoll couldn't help but moan loudly when her master's cock was fully buried deep inside her fuckhole, but a hard slap on her butt immediately persuaded her to remain silent. After all, Eddie didn't like ruckus in closed public spaces. She remembered that from their first ride.



Her master let her butt go after a couple shoves. Eagerdoll realized that she was to control the action after that point. Balancing herself on her arms she started to move her ass up and down, like a good, obedient, well-trained fucktoy.

This particular position was especially working well for her. The speed with which pleasure was building between her legs alarmed her a little. She didn't want to lose her calm and control over her body. That might affect her ability to serve her master. Without verbal commands, she assumed he wanted this to last throughout the journey. She calmed herself down and paced her movements.

She continued to look directly ahead. Passengers came and went one after another. Many had humiliating smirks on their faces as they watched her serve her master with her butt. But the worst was the guy with the golden retriever. She had to perform her duties nose to nose with an actual dog for a few impossibly long minutes.

Minutes before they reach their station, Eddie decided to finish it. He grabbed her butt from both sides and started to push it up and down, like a plastic masturbation aid. Eagerdoll relaxed and let herself go as her master used her as a mindless hole until he finally climaxed. Without making so much noise, he pushed her butt onto his crotch and emptied his balls deep inside her. Once he relaxed and let her go, Eagerdoll squeezed her buttcheeks as hard as she could and pulled her butt up. This final sensation of tightness made Eddie shudder subtly, which gave Eagerdoll a slight sense of accomplishment. She almost smiled.

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During her bitchwalk home, Eagerdoll had a déjà vu. Eddie was leading her by the leash just like he did the day he bought her. But something was different. Her young master had a different air about him. His posture, his pace... His entire demeanor was different. The differences were subtle, but glaringly obvious to the redheaded slavegirl. After all, she was now finely attuned to her master's character, likes, dislikes, habits. His newfound confidence was apparent in the way he held her leash. Eagerdoll could feel it on her collared slender neck.

When they entered the apartment, Eddie removed her collar at the door and let her go. Eagerdoll hesitated for a moment. She wasn't used to be released from her leash immediately. Another subtle difference in the routine? She didn't think much about it, and dutifully crawled to master's room. She didn't know if Eddie was planning to use her before dinner, but she wanted to do tidy up and prepare the room anyway. For the last few months, Eddie was using her less and less. He often went out to rape his girlfriend instead.

Eddie didn't follow her. She could hear him chatting with his mother in the kitchen. That would keep him busy until Eagerdoll could clean the place up. She picked up the clothes on the floor and folded them neatly before putting them back in the closet. She wiped the dildos, whips, and restraints and placed them in the drawer master spared for her. Then she made the bed, knelt by the blowjob chair, and waited for her master.

After a few minutes she heard his footsteps approaching. Her mouth watered with anticipation. She licked her lips and adjusted her posture. She lowered her eyes and looked down at the floor as Eddie came in and sat on his chair. she joined her knees respectfully and prepared to suck his cock.

Without even noticing his doll's blowjob-ready stance, Eddie swiveled his chair away and turned to his computer. His move confused Eagerdoll once more. This was one of the quasi-intimate routines they developed throughout their relationship. A long, slow blowjob while he browsed and surfed the net. The redhead had developed a taste of his cock throughout the months she was serving him. She didn't know exactly when did it happen, but this turned into a pleasurable exercise for the slavegirl at some point. She liked to lick it all over, moving it around with her mouth and tongue, making it throb, feeling its involuntary jerks on her lips.

Almost like a meditative game, she tried to make him last longer every time she performed it. She wanted to extend his pleasure, but more importantly, enhance her newfound sense of achievement in the process. This way, when she eventually released his seed into her gullet, it was both a win and a loss for her. She lapped her gooey reward up hungrily, determined to prolong the game even more next time.

She even devised a jokey name for it: Laptoplapping.

To her surprise, she felt sad... rejected, when Eddie refused to play this time. Not that he knew about this "game" which was entirely in her head... It was a silly notion, of course. As a sex slave, she was merely a tool master used whenever he liked. She was to be always ready for service, regardless of his intentions to utilize her holes at any given time.

She realized that all her muscles were flexed as a result of the unexpected rejection. In the training dungeons, she was forged into a creature of habits. Her body often surprised Eagerdoll in these situations. She got wet instantly on command, even though she wasn't particularly "in the mood" for it. Her flesh was effectively programmed to be ready no matter what, whether her mind complied or not.

She relaxed her muscles and sat back on her heels.

Eddie seemed to be lost in thought. Back at the BFA building, he looked very excited and lively. Now he seemed a bit moody. Eagerdoll looked at him with frustration. She could have relieved him easily if he just turned towards her and opened his legs.

But he didn't. Eagerdoll waited patiently as he sat with an unwavering focus on the computer screen.

After a while her perfect posture started to break a little. Her eyes began to wander around the room. She noticed some stuff she somehow missed while tidying the room earlier. Her muscles flickered. After a few seconds of hesitation, she decided to make herself useful and take care of the clutter.

Seeing that Eddie was almost unaware of his surroundings, she fell on her hands and silently crawled around the room to resume cleaning. Her master didn't seem to mind her leaving his side without permission. He was no longer an inexperienced novice who insists on applying textbook rules of slave training without exception. A veteran master who actually trained women would immediately dispense with the formal rules devised by stuffy bureaucrats in some parliamentary female education commission. Eddie reached that point pretty quickly even before he signed up for online Mastery courses. He ended up with a modified set of rules better suited for his own tastes. Eagerdoll had some difficulty adapting to them because they often conflicted with her textbook training, but she eventually learned to please her master the way he liked it.

That's why he rarely used the floggers and other pain-inducing tools he bought at GirlMart on the redhead. His preferred discipline method was the simple and effective face-slap, which worked extremely well on all his slaves. In the

dungeons, the slap was one of the methods trainers used to inflict pain and humiliation, but it wasn't administered regularly like whipping or spanking.

For Eddie it wasn't the same thing. He liked to slap his slaves, but especially enjoyed slapping Eagerdoll. At first, he used it to teach her lessons. In time it turned into a fun activity in itself. He often scheduled slappings for the redhead and turned her beautiful freckled visage bright red for pure fun. He also started every rape with a few slaps. It was practically a way to communicate, a secret language between the two. From the number and intensity of the slaps she received, Eagerdoll could immediately know what to expect and what to do during the subsequent utilization of her body.

<Slap image goes here>

Stephanie often received slaps too, but not even close to what the redhead was used to. Eagerdoll was secretly proud of that fact. She liked to pretend that it was a sign of a closer, more intimate relationship between her and her master.

It often felt like that too. A slapping certainly was more intimate than a simple assrape that made Eagerdoll feel like a worthless, interchangeable fuckhole and nothing else. It was more intimate than a blowjob during which her master often got busy with other activities.

While getting slapped on her freckled pale face, on the other hand, she always had Eddie's full attention. He always kept eye-contact, looking into her tormented soul. He liked to catch the suffering and humiliation accumulating in her pretty eyes with every hit. His eyes intently followed her tears making their way across her reddening cheeks. Despite the pain and shame, this was the closest Eagerdoll felt to her master.

Thinking about her last slapping session, Eagerdoll finished her tidying up and returned to her master's feet. She realized that he was now watching the hidden camera feed from Stephanie's house, switching between the young blonde's room and her mother's. Eagerdoll knew about his relationship with Stephanie's mother since the day at the park, but Eddie never talked to her about it of course. Occasionally Eddie left the computer on, intentionally or not, when he crossed the street to rape the mother or daughter, sometimes both one after another. At first Eagerdoll thought this was a test of her obedience and averted her eyes. But eventually she concluded that Eddie either didn't care if she saw what happened, or perhaps he actually wanted her to watch.

So, she did. Several hours a week, she watched Eddie break into Stephie's house through the window she deliberately left open. She watched her master tie up and fuck his girlfriend in every possible way. She watched her mother in the next room, fully awake, listening to her daughter getting raped, hoping she's next.

And more often than not, she was next.

Eagerdoll knelt in front of the screen as she watched, always in perfect posture. After a few sessions, she even started to touch herself as she did. She wasn't ordered to, but she convinced herself that it was Eddie's intention after all. Otherwise, why would he leave the video feed on and let her watch?

And Eddie never punished her for it, confirming her suspicions.

In time, new cameras were added to the list. A camera feed displaying Ashley's room appeared one day. Eagerdoll didn't know if her master broke into the brunette's room, or she voluntarily gave access as part of their deal to share Stephanie's sexual favors. But it was now part of her master's entertainment. Whenever Ashley borrowed Stephanie, they got to watch the fun the girls were having.

Eagerdoll loved this new show. Whenever Stephanie was with Ashley, she got her master all to herself. As he watched the girl-on-girl action, he used the redhead in every way possible. He went through all her hol-

"What are you doing?"

Master's sudden question startled Eagerdoll, who was lost in thought. She realized that she was no longer sitting on her heels like a perfect slavegirl should do between rapes. Her head was resting on her master's leg, her long wavy hair draped on it like a loose blanket. She immediately jumped back to correct her posture and started to apologize profusely.

"This c-cunt is so sorry, master. T-this c-cunt must have fallen asleep or something... I... t..."

Eddie didn't say anything in response, but slowly swiveled his chair towards the panicking slavegirl. He reached with his left hand and grabbed the girl by her hair, calmly pulled her head to the side to expose her left cheek, and slapped her as hard as he could with his right hand. Eagerdoll let out a muffled scream. She knew she deserved much worse by touching her master without permission.

An unscheduled slapping session followed. Eddie didn't stop until her cheeks turned bright red and was fully soaked in tears. Her hair still tightly held in Eddie's clenched fist, a fully repentant Eagerdoll begged for more.

Eddie raised his right hand once more. The slave flinched and embraced for another hard slap. But this time, he chose to gently wipe her tears instead. She shuddered at the unexpected tender touch and looked up with surprise in her eyes. Eddie was looking at the young slavegirl with a frowny but unusually affectionate eyes.

It wasn't what she expected for sure. Her surprise got even bigger when he caressed her bruised cheek again and gently pulled her head onto his leg, offering it as a head rest for the befuddled girl. He pressed her cheek above his knee and placed his hand caringly on her head.

Her mind suddenly aflame with a mixture of odd thoughts, Eagerdoll started to cry again... but this time, purely out of happiness.

<Intimate image goes here>

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The following weeks were sunnier and warmer. At least that's how it felt like. Eagerdoll served her master with renewed zeal and vigor every day. She was performing her routine duties around the house, unless she was rented out to someone to earn her keep. Often, she got to suck her master's cock and serve with her holes, other times she accompanied her master as he raped other women around town.

Eddie's unofficial harem was constantly growing. After he conquered his crush Stephanie thanks to a series of risky games Eagerdoll played, he somehow managed to subjugate Ashley, another classmate, and Dasha, his girlfriend's sexually frustrated mother. Furthermore, he managed to keep some of these girls unaware about each other's involvement in this convoluted yarn of relationships. Eagerdoll took part in every phase of this process voluntarily or not, sometimes as an innocent bystander, and sometimes as a full partner in crime.

Looking back, she often took pride in her master's growing success in expanding his mastery over all these women and the very art of dominating females. She witnessed him mature and improve, acquire new skills and learn how to establish his dominance. He certainly wasn't just another wannabe sadist. Even the day she first met him at Girl-mart as an inexperienced, nervous teenager, he was quite forceful and impressive. She remembered the first time he tied her to the rape-swing in the pussy-testing cabin and used her holes. She remembered the seemingly endless slapping that followed. She almost smiled at the horrible memory that somehow transformed into a rousing one. It made her crotch warmer and wetter.

Her devotion to her master grew every day. She liked him more and more despite the abuse and humiliations she had to bear. What he inflicted on her was nothing compared to the suffering she had gone through during her initial training at the BFA and Girl-Mart dungeons of course. But he also showed his soft side to her regularly, rewarded her good work and ardor without fail, and disciplined her effectively and proportionately. He never treated her with hate or contempt. He often made her feel like more than just a worthless fucktoy.

She was more like a beloved family pet. Master's family was always good to her. The father never called her a bad name or touched her in any way. And the mother was... Well she touched her a lot, but never with malign intent. They often had intimate moments together, giving and receiving pleasure and much needed emotional support.

That day, Eagerdoll was in a very good mood. For the last three days she was away serving a few customers. That morning she woke up back at home, at the feet of her master's bed. She performed her morning blowjob with passion and got an appreciative pat on the head in return. She happily lapped up a dog bowl-full of cuntfeed under the table as the family had breakfast. Then she donned her puppy gear and followed her master to the street, with her leash in his hand.

It was a Saturday morning, so she was sure that they'd visit the park. First, they crossed the road to pick up Stephanie. The cute blonde was already at the steps of the building, waiting for them. She kissed Eddie passionately and then crouched down to give Eagerdoll a friendly peck on the cheek. Eagerdoll smiled back. If the tail-plug in her ass was real, she would have wagged it like a happy puppy.

The couple started to walk towards the park and she followed on her hands and knees as usual.

But the routine was broken when another joined the jolly group of travelers. Veronica was waiting at the main gate of the park with her signature smile. She immediately jumped on Eddie and gave him a impassioned kiss that seemed too long and overly exaggerated to Eagerdoll. Then she kissed Stephanie with matching fervor and gave Eagerdoll a spank on her left ass cheek before they headed to their usual spot.

Eagerdoll never warmed up to this latest addition to Eddie's harem. She remembered her as the overenthusiastic saleswoman who manhandled her in order to sell a cheap puppygirl set to her master. When she somehow managed to ingratiate herself with Eddie months later and suddenly became his newest squeeze, Eagerdoll didn't like it one bit. To the redhead, this woman seemed too independent. Almost untamable. The slavegirl especially hated that quality about her.

Veronica liked to joke about the other girls in Eddie's orbit, often disparagingly. She always acted with an air of entitlement, abusing them and hurting them on occasion as if she had the right to do so. Eagerdoll couldn't understand why her master allowed this woman act in such a way. He wasn't even trying to break her like he did with the others.

Still, she did her best to smile and play along, albeit grudgingly, because it was what seemed to please her master.

The small group finally arrived at their usual spot, only to find the bench occupied by an elderly couple. Unfazed by this setback, Eddie led the two blondes under the big oak tree several meters away and fervently pulled them to himself. Eagerdoll sat on her heels and waited as the three were locked in a long, tight, passionate triple kiss. This was kind of a ritual what Eddie liked to perform whenever he had Veronica and Stephanie together. He finally loosened the tight grip around the girls and ordered them to strip down.

As the two blondes dutifully followed his order, Eddie turned to Eagerdoll, grabbed her hair and roughly pulled her forward. Knowing what he wanted, Eagerdoll fell on her hands and knees, and positioned herself. Eddie sat down on her back and relaxed.

After the initial strain on her spine, Eagerdoll immediately adjusted her posture to accommodate the weight of her master. She liked to feel his weight on her, even when she was used as a mere benchbitch. She felt useful.

Stephanie and Veronica slowly took off items of clothing one by one, trying to be as entertaining and intriguing as they can. In a few moments, both were naked except for their stockings and shoes. All of Eddie's girls were instructed to leave them on unless they were told otherwise.

Once they were done undressing, Eddie told them to get down on her knees and wait. As they obeyed the order without hesitation, Eagerdoll felt Eddie's hand on her head again. This time he wasn't grabbing a fistful of her long red hair to pull her around. Instead, his fingers gently moved around her head and stroked her hair.

"This is a special day, girls," said Eddie as he continued to stroke her long curls. "Today is my little Eagerdoll's 19th birthday."

Eagerdoll turned her head with surprise. She was stunned that her master remembered her birthday, even though she forgot all about it. As a slave, she really didn't need to know what date it was, so it wasn't too surprising that she missed it.

Eddie stood up with her hair in his fist, forcing her back onto her knees again. "She'd been a very good slave. So, I think we should reward this little cunt."

He let her hair go and smacked her bottom playfully. "Go ahead, join the blondes, sweetheart."

Still a bit flabbergasted, Eagerdoll crawled towards the other two and took her place between them. She didn't know what to do.

"Happy birthday, Eagerdoll," said Stephanie with a warm smile. Eagerdoll smiled back. "Thank you."

"Wow! 19, huh? You know, that means your current market price is just halved, little girl," said Veronica with a chuckle.

Eagerdoll responded with another smile, but one less genuine than the one she just gave Stephanie.

"Ah, that's just not true," said Eddie, now towering over the kneeling girls with a very thin tree branch in his hand. "I'm pretty sure I can get more than I paid for Eagerdoll, if I ever decide to sell her." He pointed to the blondes either side of the blushing redhead. "You two, go ahead and give my sweet slave a good time. I'll reward the one who does the best job with a climax, and the other one will get caned."

Eagerdoll felt elated the moment she heard the phrase "my sweet slave." She didn't know if it was the summer breeze, or her master's words, but her skin felt extra sensitive at that moment. She shuddered at Stephanie's touch on her left shoulder, and then Veronica's hand on her right boob. When she saw Stephanie's full lips approaching, she closed her eyes and kissed her sister slave with thirst.

Eagerdoll knew that the girls' primary motivation was to impress Eddie. His much too literal carrot-and stick approach proved to be most effective. Both wanted to get the climax and avoid the birch, of course. But she also felt a genuine effort to please her, especially from Stephanie. The two had a strong bond, serving Eddie together for many months. They shared many intimate moments, exchanged their stories, occasionally gave each other a friendly shoulder to cry on. Eagerdoll didn't suspect her sister slave's motivations as she caressed and kissed her beautiful curves and nooks.

Veronica, on the hand, was a different story altogether. Her actions were exaggerated and theatrical as always, undoubtedly meant to elicit a reaction from Eddie, rather than the redhead. She wasn't trying to give the slave pleasure, just playing her role as convincingly as possible.

But Eagerdoll enjoyed it anyway. When Stephanie slowly pushed her down to the grass and started to lick all over her big boobs, Veronica was left with no choice but to go down on the quivering redhead. She started by kissing her stomach and made her way down to her venus delta. She seemed to know what she was doing. Despite her dislike of the saleswoman, Eagerdoll eventually succumbed to her talented tongue and lips, and started to moan loudly.

With two sets of lips and tongues working all over her body, Eagerdoll was quickly carried towards the peak of pleasure. Instinctively she forced herself to resist an unpermitted climax and began riding the edge.

Fortunately, Eddie soon noticed the subtle changes in her shudders. "You'll cum in 10 seconds, slave!" he ordered. Eagerdoll held her breath with an unbearable anticipation.

"10... 9..."

Veronica sped up her efforts as the countdown began. Eagerdoll felt a big surge of pleasure coming. Suddenly she was worried. What if she couldn't hold out until the end of the countdown?

"8... 7..."

Stephanie stopped licking her boobs and held her in her arms, giving little kisses on her slender neck.

"6... 5..."

Eagerdoll felt another wave hitting on her resolve. She tried hard not to surrender the ever-strengthening urge to let go.

"4..."

Was Eddie slowing down? Or was it time itself? It was getting harder and harder to resist the impending explosion of pleasure. She wanted it... She needed it!"

“3...”

Eagerdoll’s brain and her entire nervous system were flaring up, overheating... Her mind was wiped clean. It was devoid of any thoughts but the animalistic need to cum! There was nothing but the urge. It was the single-most powerful sensation she ever felt in her life.

“2...”

She felt Stephanie’s arms tightening around her shoulders. She felt the pleasure intensify... as it if gained new textures and colors. The time was definitely slowing down as she approached this unexplored summit of joy.

“1...”

She had to hold out another second. One more, infinitely long, extremely intense second of pleasure. Veronica tried one last time to break her resistance, but Eagerdoll had perfect discipline.

“Now!”

The world went silent for a moment. Eagerdoll felt like her head exploded immediately after her master permitted the release of the build-up between her spasming legs. As if a lightning hit her in the belly, she shuddered like crazy for a few times, and fell back on the grass like a sack of potatoes.

An exhilarating feeling soon took over and spread around her body, now fully drained of energy. She closed her eyes, and a warmth enveloped her before she finally blacked out.

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She was woken up by her master's engorged cock rhythmically fucking her pussy from behind. She was bent over face down, with her cheek on the grass and butt in the air. She didn't know for how long she was out.

She felt a momentary anxiety when she finally came round fully from her blissful stupor with her master's cock deep inside her. Was she tight enough for him? She couldn't squeeze and move to enhance his pleasure while she was unconscious, of course. She wished he was sodomizing her instead.

"Ah, the sleeping beauty is finally up," said Veronica in a moany voice. Eagerdoll realized that the long-haired blonde was right next to her, in the exact same position. Her body was moving with the same rhythm too. Eagerdoll took a quick peek over her shoulder and realized that her master was fingerfucking the blonde as he reamed the redheaded slavegirl from behind.

"That climax was so powerful, you passed out cold, Dolly."

Eagerdoll turned her head to the other side and saw that Stephanie was also getting the same treatment as Veronica.

"And a very deep sleep too. Eddie has been fucking you like this for the last 4-5 minutes." Stephanie chuckled for a moment and resumed moaning softly.

"Don't bother the birthday girl, sluts!" said Eddie, in his playful angry voice. "She can pass out and come round as many times as she wants. She deserved a few blackout level orgasms, my dutiful little cockwarmer."

Eagerdoll let out a grateful sigh between her accelerating moans of pleasure. Her initial surprise was replaced by growing pleasure once again. Eddie's cock never felt better inside her. The pleasure was overwhelming. It was like waking up from a dream to another, better dream.

Soon enough, she was riding the edge again.

"You'll wait until all three of you are there, little cunt," whispered Eddie as soon as she reached the threshold. It seems her master knew her body as well as she knew his. Eagerdoll didn't mind the delay. Riding the edge was not a difficult thing for the experienced slavegirl. She enjoyed it a lot, actually.

Within minutes, Eddie's fingers brought the blondes to the brink of climax one after another. Their collective pleasurable agony lasted a few more seconds until Eddie gave the order.

"Cum!"

As soon as the command came, the three girls started to shook and spasm like wild animals caught in electricity. A cacophony of moans and groans exploded. The noise they made turned a number of heads and made a few people chuckle, including the old couple sitting at the nearby bench.

Eddie remained motionless for a few seconds as he finished emptying his balls deep inside Eagerdoll's well-stretched vagina. Only then she realized that Eddie synchronized his climax with the quivering trio lying face down on the grass. It made her happy.

Eddie gave Veronica and Stephanie a synchronous smack of appreciation on their bare round bottoms and finally pulled his cock out of Eagerdoll's cum-filled hole. He victoriously sat down on the grass and rested. Exhausted, Stephanie fell down on her side, and Veronica slowly sat back up. Eagerdoll patiently maintained her position since she wasn't given the order to move. She didn't have much energy left in her shivering naked body anyway.

The tired foursome needed some time to recover. Veronica was the first to move. She crawled towards Eddie, laid next to him, and put her head on his chest. This annoyed the redhead a lot.

"Come here, girls!" ordered Eddie after a moment. Stephanie and Eagerdoll immediately got on their hands and knees and crawled to their master.

"Go check if the bundle of rope we left behind the tree is still here," said Eddie and pointed toward the thick oak a few meters away."

"Ah, you left rope here?" Stephanie asked. Eagerdoll immediately realized that the blonde didn't know about it. After all, she had no idea that Eddie tied, flogged, and raped her mother right under that tree many times.

"Yes master," she chirped happily in order to distract the blonde, and immediately crawled to the tree. The bundle of rope was still there where the redhead left it, hanging from a low branch stump.

She took it in her mouth and crawled back as quickly as possible. Eddie patted her on the head and took the rope. "Good girl."

She smiled and sat on her heels. "Another pat and another "good girl?" Her master was very generous today.

"So," exclaimed Eddie as he stood up with rope in hand, "pick a blonde, birthday girl."

Eagerdoll looked on, unable to understand the question. "Wha- pick for what, master?"

Eddie grabbed Veronica and Stephanie by their hair and roughly pulled them up on their feet. "I need to practice my suspension bondage techniques. Which one do you prefer we string up and pussyflog?"

"Pussyflog?" asked Veronica with genuine surprise. "I thought we were going to--"

“Her,” said Eagerdoll and pointed to the long-haired blonde without hesitation.

“Very well,” said Eddie and let Stephanie’s hair go. He threw the rope over the thick branch above and handed it to the redhead. “Start by tying her ankles to her thighs.”

Eagerdoll didn’t need to be told twice. She knew what to do. After watching girl-binding training videos tens of times with her master, she was as knowledgeable as him. She always assisted him tying Stephanie and Dasha up. She was often on the receiving end too, of course.

Eddie forced Veronica down and instructed Stephanie to assist the redhead. The two quickly tied the pouting girlfriend to their master’s specifications. Eagerdoll didn’t look at her face, but she could feel Veronica’s furious stare on the top of her head.

The slave finished her side and sat back on her heels calmly. Stephanie was lagging behind a little. After all, he had less experience in this. Without waiting her to finish, Eddie started to pull the rope and lifted Veronica off the ground. A few tugs later, her beautiful naked figure was suspended in mid-air, upside down. As she swung slowly, her long hair was sweeping the grass like a delicate broom.

“Oh shit!” exclaimed Eddie as she tied the end of the rope to the trunk of the tree. “We didn’t bring a flogger, did we?”

“Uh-oh!” chuckled Veronica, as she swung upside down. “I guess no pussy-flogging today. What a shame!”

“Not necessarily. I can make you a flogger, son.”

All turned towards the bench, where the old couple was sitting since before they arrived. The old man was looking at them with a subtle smile on his wrinkly face.

“If you bring me the rest of that rope... and a knife.”

Eddie paused for a moment and then walked to the loose end of the rope he tied to the tree. He used his pocket knife to cut the unused length and signaled Eagerdoll to take it to the old man. The redhead swiftly carried the rope and the knife in her mouth.

The man patted the girl on the hand and smiled. Then he quickly cut shorter pieces, bundled them, and wrapped another piece around the bundle to make a handle. It only took a couple minutes to make.

“There you go. Flog away!” He placed the makeshift rope-flogger in the redheaded slave’s mouth and watched her carry it away to Eddie.

Eddie took the improvised tool and examined it closely. “Wow! This looks great.” Then without any warning, he swung it and hit Veronica’s exposed vulva. She screamed with surprise and pain.

“And works well! Thank you very much, sir!” said Eddie.

The old man smiled and waved dismissively. “Don’t mention it. You kids have fun.”

Eddie hit Veronica again, even harder than the first time. Her scream was much louder too.

Then he turned to the redhead and stroked her freckled cheek gently. “My sweet cunt, go and thank that old man for me. Ask if he wants a blowjob. And if he does, give him the best one of his life, okay?”

“Yes master,” Eagerdoll smiled. “Whatever you wish.”

Mastery- 87

An impatient knock on the door woke Dasha up. She momentarily panicked when she saw the time on her alarm clock, until she remembered that she no longer had a job.

She was alone in the bed as usual. Kenneth was no longer staying with them since he informed Dasha about his decision to divorce her a short while ago. He already took all his personal belongings to his other residence where he lived with Sally, except for a few clothing items. The few shirts and pants he left hanging in the closet made Dasha think that he wouldn't be out of her life completely, but her faint hope faded quickly in a few days.

Stephanie didn't know about her father's sudden decision to abandon her mother yet. Kenneth was clear about this. He would be the one to tell his daughter at the right time. Dasha wasn't allowed to mention it at all. She was to follow her daily routine until then, as if he never left. Stepheie wouldn't notice her father's absence anyway. Kenneth went on "business trips" frequently, so the girl wouldn't find his prolonged absence particularly unusual.

Also, the harebrained teen was deeply in love. She hardly noticed anything other than Eddie.

The hurried knocking resumed. Still groggy, Dasha jumped out of the bed and put on her dressing gown. Stephanie must have left early, presumably for a casual orgy at the park. She quickly ran downstairs and opened the door.

"Ms. Prancer? Dasha Prancer?"

"Yes?"

The man in a dark grey suit smiled and raised his hand to show her a government ID badge.

"Good morning, Ms Prancer. I'm Agent Tomas Viltis, Bureau of Female Affairs."

Dasha immediately froze with sudden panic. She couldn't think of anything to say. Just a passing mention of the Bureau was enough to strike terror in a woman's heart, but to see a BFA agent at your door? A million nightmare scenarios rushed through her head.

"Do not be alarmed, Ms Prancer," said the agent, almost with a chuckle this time. "You aren't in trouble or anything." He paused and his smile paled a little. "Well, I guess it depends on your definition of trouble."

Dasha looked on, still unable to say anything.

"May I come in, Ms. Prancer? It's government business."

The woman immediately stepped aside to let him in. As a woman, she wouldn't dare question or obstruct a government agent, of course.

The man smiled and walked in. He stopped and looked around as if he was searching for something, then briskly went into the kitchen, put his briefcase on the dining table, and took a binder out of it. Dasha silently followed him and stood respectfully.

The man spread everything he needed neatly on the dining table and turned to the shivering woman. "Please, sit down."

Dasha swiftly walked around the table and almost collapsed on the stool the agent pointed at. He smiled again and pulled a stool for himself.

"Okay. Ms. Dasha Prancer..." He paused and took a quick glance at the files in front of him. "I see you worked as a sexretary for more than a decade. Mostly oral service?"

Dasha nodded. She was still shivering.

"Good service record too. Your file is full of generous praise by your superiors."

Dasha's forehead wrinkled with surprise. She had no idea that she had a "service record." It was even more surprising to hear that her superiors had anything positive to say about her.

"I wonder why did they let you go with a record like this?" He looked at the file again. "Ah! You recently turned 38? Yep, that's it."

He looked at the scared woman and smiled. "I know. Recent regulations. So stupid! As if women suddenly become useless once they turn 30. What a joke, eh?"

He tapped on the government female utilization handbook sitting on the table and made a disapproving face. "What a load of poppycock. These higher-ups... the elite. They have no appreciation of the vast experience, the enormous skill a woman acquires sucking cock after cock, for years. Right?"

Dasha nodded nervously.

"You know what? I know why this happened. Did you know that all the legislative committee members are given a pussy stipend of three 18-year old girls every year? Perhaps I shouldn't tell you about this, but it is public information anyway. These assholes can browse the registry, pick three girls who turned 18 that year and confiscate them from their parents. After a year, they sell them, throw them out, or perhaps even kill them. Then they pick another three."

Dasha's eyes widened with terror. This was news to her. She heard many scary stories about the BFA of course, but never from an actual BFA agent.

The man seemed to enjoy the effect of his words on the middle-aged woman. “You see, if all you fuck is innocent 18 year-olds, you won’t appreciate the ones who became proficient at pleasing men through years of dedicated service.”

Dasha’s lips tightened. Her anxiety was growing as the man babbled on. She still didn’t know why a BFA agent would come looking for her. It must have something to do with her impending divorce, but she just couldn’t think of a reason why the BFA would be involved in such a trivial affair.

“Anyway,” exclaimed Agent Viltis, “I’m boring you with all the details, I’m sure.” Dasha shook her head nervously. “No... it’s... interesting.”

“Ah! Finally. You have a beautiful voice too.”

Dasha realized that it was the first time she was able to utter meaningful words since the man arrived.

“T-thank you, sir.”

“I’m sure you are very nervous, Ms. Prancer.” He picked up his ID badge and waved it in the air. “I know, this little thing has an effect on women. Some turn pale, some freeze... You know, a couple fainted the moment I showed it to them?” He chuckled to himself. “Don’t be afraid. I’m not that kind of BFA agent. I’m basically an accountant, really.”

Dasha leaned back a little, still unable to understand.

The agent looked at the papers again. “Now, I have some bad news. Apparently, your husband applied for a divorce.” He looked up to see the woman’s response. Dasha nodded with a sorrowful expression.

“Ah! You already knew? That’s a relief. Most of the time, men don’t tell the wife. I feel really bad when those poor things hear the bad news from me, you know?”

He picked a couple of the sheets and put them back in the folder.

“Good. That saves us some time. So, tell me Ms. Prancer, do you have a plan for your PD life?”

“Um... PD?”

“Ah, excuse my corporatese. Short for “post-divorce” ... You know, the moment I sign and stamp this marriage termination order, your marital protection from enslavement will be over. Of course, you’ll have a grace period of two weeks to put your affairs in order.”

Dasha’s widened eyes started to well up with tears. A single tear broke off and hit the dining table. Viltis paused and tilted his head subtly to the side. “You are a very beautiful woman, Ms. Prancer. Especially with tears in your eyes.”

This unexpected praise caught the crying woman by surprise. “T-thank you,” she stammered.

“Stand up, will you please?”

Viltis turned to his side and pointed to the empty space in front of him. Dasha hesitated for a moment, not knowing how to respond. After a few awkward seconds, she reluctantly stood up and walked to the spot he pointed at.

“Good. Now, take off your clothes.”

“Agent Viltis,” she stuttered with a soft voice. “What are you...”

“Be silent. I won’t tell you again.”

A few more tears escaped the corner of Dasha’s beautiful blue eyes. After a momentary hesitation, she began to take off her robe. Her sheer nightie followed suit.

Viltis watched patiently as the crying woman undressed in front of him. He didn’t seem to have a particularly lecherous, randy expression. He was indifferent, as if he saw such scenes for a million times before. Once the woman was completely naked, he took a camera from his briefcase and snapped a few pictures from different angles.

“Thank you very much,” he said as he sat back down, and scribbled something on the paper in front of him. “Now, kindly get on your knees.”

Dasha sighed and complied, this time without much hesitation.

She kneeled with her legs apart, and joined her wrists at the back. It was muscle memory.

The man stood up again and walked around her, taking more pictures. “Very good,” he said finally, as he took more notes. Dasha didn’t move. She didn’t know what he meant by “very good.” Should she stand up and put her clothes back on? She decided to wait for his next command.

“This thing is like magic,” the man chuckled waving the camera in his hand. Based on a few pictures, it renders a three-dimensional image of the object and uploads it to the system.”

Dasha looked on, trying to understand what he was talking about.

“You look befuddled,” he said, after seeing the expression frozen on the woman’s face. “Congratulations, Ms Prancer, you just had your inspection. You’re welcome.” He smiled again. “No need to drag your shapely bottom to the registrar for a post-marital inspection, right?”

Dasha managed to blink eventually. Of course, as an unmarried woman, she would be on the market again. She had to be inspected, appraised, and properly priced. Her life as a wife will be over soon. She was going to be chattel.

The camera beeped loudly and snapped her out of her thoughts.

“Ah, upload is done.” He casually pointed to her big boobs and shapely hips. “Now the algorithm will use your appearance to estimate your value. It will take a few seconds.”

Tears continued to slide down her cheeks, but Dasha remained motionless. Fully naked on her knees, hands at her back, chest forward, legs apart. She looked extremely vulnerable and rapeable, but the agent didn't seem to care. His demeanor was apathetic, professional.

"Of course, her appearance isn't the only thing that determines the value of a woman," said Viltis as he continued to scribble notes on the form in front of him. He finished writing, then carefully stacked the papers and pushed them to the side, clearing a portion of the table. He tapped on the emptied part and motioned the confused woman to approach.

"Come. You can sit here."

Dasha hesitated again. The man waited patiently, just like he did when he ordered her to undress. The woman knew that she had no say in this particular interaction. Even though he claimed to be an accountant, this man was a BFA agent. He was the boogeyman all females were terrified of.

Halfheartedly, she rose and slowly approached the table. She climbed on top of it clumsily and waited. The agent smiled and took out a weird looking dildo from his briefcase.

"Open your legs, please."

Dasha looked on as he put on latex gloves. She eventually complied and parted her legs as wide as possible. Even with her long service record, this was one of the most humiliating experiences of her life.

The man casually reached for her labia and parted them with his fingers. With his other hand he pressed the tip of the dildo against the entrance of her pussy. The suddenness of his action caught Dasha by surprise. She let out a little shriek at the touch of the latex covered object.

"Please relax," the man said, chuckling. "This will take but a moment."

He immediately shoved the dildo inside as deep as he could. Dasha groaned loudly as the object made its way until it hit the back wall of her fuckhole. "Now, don't be alarmed Ms Prancer," said the man and pressed the button at the base of the dildo.

Dasha felt a faint buzzing and the dildo started to move inside her. It wasn't a vibration or a wiggle for vaginal stimulation. Instead, it felt like the device was enlarging and transforming, as if it was taking the shape of her insides.

"You can feel it, don't you?" asked the agent. "I'm sure this tech didn't exist back when you had your primary inspection before you got married." After moving a while, the dildo finally stopped and made a loud beep. "There!" he man exclaimed victoriously. "Your vagina is full. Literally, it can't be any fuller than this."

Dasha's body quivered with a strange sensation. He was absolutely right. She was full. It was impossible to move that hellish thing filling her. It was in all her nooks and crevices. It was stretching her vaginal walls, pushing her cervix, protruding into her womb.

"Don't be shy, try and enjoy it," smiled the man. "It will take a moment to upload the measurements. Dasha's entire body shook when the device started to move again. It retreated and shrank down to its original size in a couple minutes. If she wasn't scared out of her mind, It could be an immensely pleasurable experience.

Viltis eventually pulled the device out and wiped it clean with a wet tissue. "Please lean further back, Ms Prancer. I'm sure you know what's next."

Dasha complied, with fear in her eyes. The agent didn't seem to care. He swiftly shoved a finger in her tight buttohole, twirled it around to make way for the dildo. Once the resistance of her muscles weakened, he pushed it in without mercy. Dasha couldn't hold her scream this time.

The procedure wasn't as pleasurable this time. It hurt a lot. Tears gushed out of her eyes.

Soon, another beep signaled the end of her agony.

"Well done, Ms Prancer," said the man. "Now, open your mouth."

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Dasha's eyes watered as the device did its job in her mouth. She was experienced and in full control of her gag reflex, but this merciless invasion of her throat was unprecedented. Anybody else would probably panic and choke. Luckily, the thing worked relatively quickly this time.

The man took out the infernal measurement device and smiled to the gasping woman. "Well done, Ms. Prancer. Normally, I pry this out of subjects' mouths while they are flailing on the floor. I find the whole thing very amusing, I must admit. You are the first woman who kept her composure during oral measurement. Very impressive."

Dasha frowned and quickly wiped her tears off. Her impotent anger only made the man's smile even wider. He raised the device and waved it.

"You should know, you weren't in any real danger. This thing has multiple fail safes. It couldn't choke you." He waited for a few seconds until the data was uploaded to the system and threw the device into his briefcase. "There. All done."

She looked at him with questioning eyes.

"All done? What did this... procedure... accomplish?"

"Well," started the man as he put his hands on her parted knees and gently closed her legs. "this procedure tells the BFA evaluation algorithm all it needs to know to put a price on you, Ms Prancer." He smiled again. "But of course, it will be a grossly inaccurate number. Because it doesn't take into account the way women look as they are measured. The way their eyes flicker, the way their lips quiver." He raised his hand and wiped Dasha's tears with his thumb. She flinched but didn't move away.

"I'm sure you'll be criminally undervalued."

His words further confused the woman who was already overwhelmed by the whole experience. She instinctively opened her mouth to thank him, but a loud beep prevented her from speaking.

"Ah!" the man exclaimed. "The verdict is in." He smiled to Dasha and looked at the little screen on his camera-slash-computer thingy. "Yes. Just as I thought."

Dasha waited for him to follow with a number, but the agent put the device in his briefcase without revealing the result. "Alright. You may sit back down, if you like."

After a few seconds of confusion, she swallowed the saliva accumulated in her mouth and slowly climbed down the table. She picked her robe and awkwardly put it on. The agent didn't seem to pay attention to her.

She sat down and waited for the man to finish writing on the form.

"Agent Viltis," she said, as soon as he put his pen down. "I just realized. When my husband divorces me..." She swallowed. "I mean... I don't have any living male relatives. Who will..."

"You don't have a CMR?" Viltis raised an eyebrow and looked at the papers again. "Right. In the absence of a designated 'closest male relative,' you'll be free." He rolled her eyes and smiled. "Ah! When I say free, I mean free of charge of course. Anybody can take you to a registrar and own your cute butt. Wouldn't need to pay a single buck."

This information turned her face blue.

"I know what you're thinking," said the man and waved his hand. "Then why did I bother appraising you, right?"

Dasha sat still, at the brink of another gush of tears.

"You see, Ms. Prancer, even when you are 'worthless,' you worth something to us. The government cares about you. Specifically, we care about the 'slave tax' your prospective owner has to pay for you. And the amount of that tax, Ms. Prancer, is calculated based on this number we have here." He tapped on his computer camera.

"I have to tell you, this is a rather rare thing to witness. A simple divorce, I mean." His constant smile turned into a serious expression for a moment. "I'm sure your husband already knows that divorcing you isn't the optimal option to choose, financially speaking. If I were him, I would simply register you myself and sell you to the highest bidder."

He looked at the woman struggling on the verge of bursting into tears for a moment and his smile returned. "Of course, if I were him, I wouldn't let such a pretty thing go in the first place."

Dasha was speechless once more. The seemingly endless barrage of humiliating jabs intermixed with unexpected high praise was keeping the flummoxed milf constantly off-balance. After an awkward silence, she managed to thank him for his kind words with a barely audible voice.

She felt a rising need to ingratiate herself to the man. He was holding her fate in his hands after all. She tried to produce a smile, but it looked like a facial spasm at best.

"Would you like... something to drink, Agent Viltis?" she asked after a few more failed attempts to smile. "I have some juice. Or I can make coffee?"

"A cup of coffee would be nice," replied Viltis. He scribbled in the form in front of him again. Dasha tried to read as she stood up, but his handwriting was impossible to decipher. Frustrated, she walked to the coffeemaker and turned it on.

“You didn’t answer me earlier,” said the agent. Dasha turned to the man as the machine started to grind the coffee beans. He paused until the loud noise stopped.

“Do you have any plans for your post-divorce life?”

Dasha shook her head no.

“I see. Then I’ll quickly list your options, Ms Prancer. You can, of course, continue to live your life as usual. Many women your age live without legal protection from slavery. The older and less attractive they get, the less likely they got snatched up by horny guys. They can live a normal life for months, even years until some guy with low standards decide to lock them up in a filthy sex dungeon.” He looked up to see Dasha’s response to his words. “Looking at you, I’d say you’d last a day or two at most.”

His words left Dasha unable to reply once again. She managed a faint smile.

“So, that’s not an option for you. The ideal choice for you is securing a freedom permit of course. You are unemployed, so I assume you don’t have the funds for that?”

Dasha lowered her eyes helplessly.

“Perhaps your husband can buy one for you. He seems to be financially irresponsible enough to let you go with a divorce, after all.” He chuckled at his own joke. “If he’ll be so inclined, be sure to ask for a four-year protection. That’s the longest one available for common citizens.”

“Alternatively, you can find a job to pay for your freedom. Is that an option, Ms Prancer? Do you have any qualifications besides sucking cock?”

Dasha shook her head. Tears finally escaped the corners of her eyes.

“No? Perhaps it would be easier for you to find a man who’d be willing to marry you.”

The coffee machine beeped loudly. Dasha hastily turned to fill a cup for the agent and brought it to him with shaky hands. He reached and held her hand affectionately.

“I know. It’s a difficult situation for you. But it isn’t the end of the world. If all fails, you will become a sex slave and serve men for the rest of your life. And you know, that’s basically what a woman is for, right?”

Dasha bit her lip and nodded frantically. Tears continued to roll down her rosy cheeks. She wanted to pull back, but the agent didn’t let her hand go. He reached with his other hand and grabbed her wrist.

“You do know a woman’s purpose, don’t you, Dasha?”

“Yes sir,” said the woman as quickly as possible. “Women exist to serve men. I exist to serve men.”

“Attagirl!” exclaimed the man and let her hand go. Dasha immediately backed away a couple steps, trying hard not to look like she wasn’t terrified. Viltis picked up the cup and took a couple sips. He hummed to show his appreciation and put the cup back down. “So… Do you have a man in mind to surrender to?”

“Surrender?” asked the confused woman.

“Well, you can wait for some random asshole to seize you, or you can surrender to a man of your choice. If you are going to become a slave, you should try and find a good master. It is a very important decision. It will be the last choice you’ll ever make.” He looked into her teary eyes. “Now, be honest with me, Ms Prancer. You have thought about it many times, haven’t you? All women have a list of possible masters in mind. Whenever you meet a guy, you wonder what kind of a master he would be. How big is his cock? Is he a violent brute or a gentle spanker? What type of restraints he uses to rape women? Is he a rope guy, or a chain enthusiast? Does he prefer anal? Does he like blowjobs?”

“All men like blowjobs,” replied Dasha without thinking, as if she was talking in her sleep. Her quick reply surprised herself even more than the agent. A jolt of terror shook her body when she realized that she disrespectfully interrupted the man. He didn’t seem angry, but he proved himself to be hard to read. Not knowing exactly how to continue, she fell silent for a long minute and tried to calm herself down.

The agent smiled again after an awkward pause. “There. You see? You thought about it. All women do.”

He took another sip from his coffee. “Well, I’ve done evaluating you. And I’m sure you’ve done evaluating me. So, tell me, what’s the verdict?”

Dasha looked at the man’s face and searched for hints of his intentions. He still had that reassuring smile and professional demeanor, but he exuded a strange, mysterious vibe.

“I…,” she stuttered, “I think…” The man tilted his head and looked on attentively. He surely mastered the art of using silence and inaction to intimidate and coerce. “I think you are a gentle spanker… but I can imagine you occasionally wielding a bullwhip too. You don’t like restraining woman by rope, leather or metal. You prefer to use words to intimidate them into submission.” She stopped and looked into his eyes. He smiled and nodded slightly.

“I don’t think you own a personal slave. You like to dominate barenecks. You prefer the pussy to the asshole…”

The man continued to smile and nod.

“And you love blowjobs… All men love blowjobs.”

Dasha stopped and inhaled calmly. She realized that she recovered more and more mental control and confidence as she spoke. It made sense. She was talking about her expertise, her element, after all. Through her years of service as a sexretary, Dasha learned one thing: Blowjobs solved most problems at the office.

“Would you like me to suck your cock, Agent Viltis?” she asked without stuttering. It was a line she uttered thousands of times. “It would be an honor to... pay my respects for your hard work and dedication.”

“Ms. Prancer!” exclaimed the agent, with a slightly indignant voice. “How could you offer something like that? You are a married woman!”

He turned to the paper in front of him, picked up his pen and scribbled something, then stamped it with an exaggerated motion.

“There. Divorce finalized. Now you can do as you please. Come here.”

Dasha stood still for a moment and carefully put on her game face. Her choice was a solemn face with respectfully lowered eyes, signaling a tried and tested mixture of coyness and sadness. She looked reluctant but still eager to please, with a hint of excitement.

Her confidence level jumped up another level. She felt her reflexes returning, her vast service experience flexing her out-of-practice sexreterial muscles.

All men loved blowjobs. That much is true. But they all expected different things from a cocksucker. Some liked to see shy first-timers awkwardly nibbling on their dicks, and some liked voracious whores deep-throating their members with loud slurping noises. There was a huge range of tastes, and Dasha knew how to cater to all. One of the reasons she lasted that long in a service that young women were preferred is her natural talent to discern men’s personal tastes just by observing them for a few minutes.

Agent Viltis wasn’t exactly an open book, but Dasha was confident about her evaluation of his preferences.

She coyly approached the man and stood a meter away. She knew that she shouldn’t make the first move. She knew better to wait for a subtle signal or an explicit command. Viltis was a naturally dominant man. He liked the challenge of subduing women. Manipulating their emotions. Forcing them to do things they don’t find natural or proper.

Now she was the one using silence and inaction to force his hand.

“Get on your knees.”

Dasha smiled inside, without letting her perfectly composed face reveal it. Her strategy seemed to be working so far. She waited long enough to show how reluctant she was, and then unhurriedly went down on her knees. Her movements were intentionally awkward but still fluent and graceful. Now, this was her craft, and she was the master of it.

“Open your mouth.”

Dasha looked up to the man with sad puppy eyes and parted her lips slowly. The angle of her neck, the subtle way she swallowed before she opened her mouth, the way she apprehensively moved her eyes... All perfectly orchestrated. Every detail was absolutely-

“Perfect!” exclaimed Viltis. “Stay like that. Don’t move.”

He picked up his cup and finished the remaining coffee with a big gulp. Then he slowly bowed down towards the blonde woman timidly waiting on her knees with pleading eyes and an open mouth. He stopped when they are almost nose-to-nose.

“I have seen many women in my line of work. Admittedly, I hardly met any who are as attractive and cockworthy as you, Ms. Prancer.” He raised his hand and started to stroke her lower lip with two fingers. “Such beautiful, juicy, fuckable lips. A wonderful face-pussy. Dreamy, even.”

His fingers ventured inside, pressing her tongue down. Dasha was starting to get agitated again. Viltis certainly wasn’t reacting to her impeccable display the way she expected.

“So, you want my cock in here, do you?”

Dasha nodded nervously with his fingers in her mouth.

“You are ready and willing to suck my cock, a man who you just met only half an hour ago?”

She hesitated for a moment but nodded again, now even more nervously. The agent leaned back a little and started to move his hand in and out of her mouth, simulating a facefuck.

“Alright. Show me. Demonstrate your skills and prove yourself, if you want to earn the right to suck my dick.”

Dasha quickly lost every bit of the confidence she managed to build so far once the man started to skullfuck her with his hand. She struggled to find her balance and remember her technique. Sucking fingers required a completely different skill, of course. She didn’t lack the skill, she was just constantly thrown off by his countermoves. She teared up again.

The man slowly increased his speed. When Dasha couldn’t withstand his punch-like strokes any more, he grabbed her chin to keep her in place and continued to violently fingerfuck her tear-soaked face.

This humiliating procedure lasted a long while. Finally, Viltis stopped without warning and pulled his hand out of her mouth. He stared at the wheezing woman for a moment and smiled as warmly as ever.

“Not bad,” he said, as he wiped his hand with a napkin. “I can see you have talent. A little out of practice, perhaps.”

As the stunned woman looked on, he turned and carefully collected everything on the table and put them in his briefcase. He closed it and stood up.

“Thank you very much for the coffee, and this embarrassingly weak attempt to manipulate a government official, Ms. Prancer. Ah! Forgive me. You are no longer Ms Prancer, right? What was your maiden name again?”

Heavily humiliated one last time, Dasha leaned back and wiped her tears with the back of her right hand.

“Masters. Dasha Masters”

“Very good. Ms. Masters, you have now two weeks to find a way to secure your freedom... or perhaps lose it voluntarily. I bid you good luck. Have a nice day.” He took a couple steps towards the door, but then turned back as if he remembered something important.

“By the way, Ms. Masters, you were wrong before. When I spank, I’m never gentle. I do own three slaves, and I’m not particularly fond of blowjobs.”

Then he bowed slightly with his signature smile and left. Dasha, defeated, slumped on the kitchen floor, with tears running down her pale face.

Mastery - 89

As the dreadful concrete building loomed closer, Dasha felt her strength drained from her body. She started to drag her feet and stumble every few meters. Once she somehow managed to clear the last row of shops circling the town square, the spine-chilling string of words appeared over the giant main gate of the building. “Bureau of Female Affairs Regional Registration Office”

Despite her extremely slow pace, she soon found herself at the bottom of the stairs of the mausoleum-like building. This concrete eye-sore in the middle of the town was definitely intended to be intimidating. The stairs were unusually steep, as if there were designed to be accommodating only to men. Dasha had to hike her tight skirt up a little in order to climb.

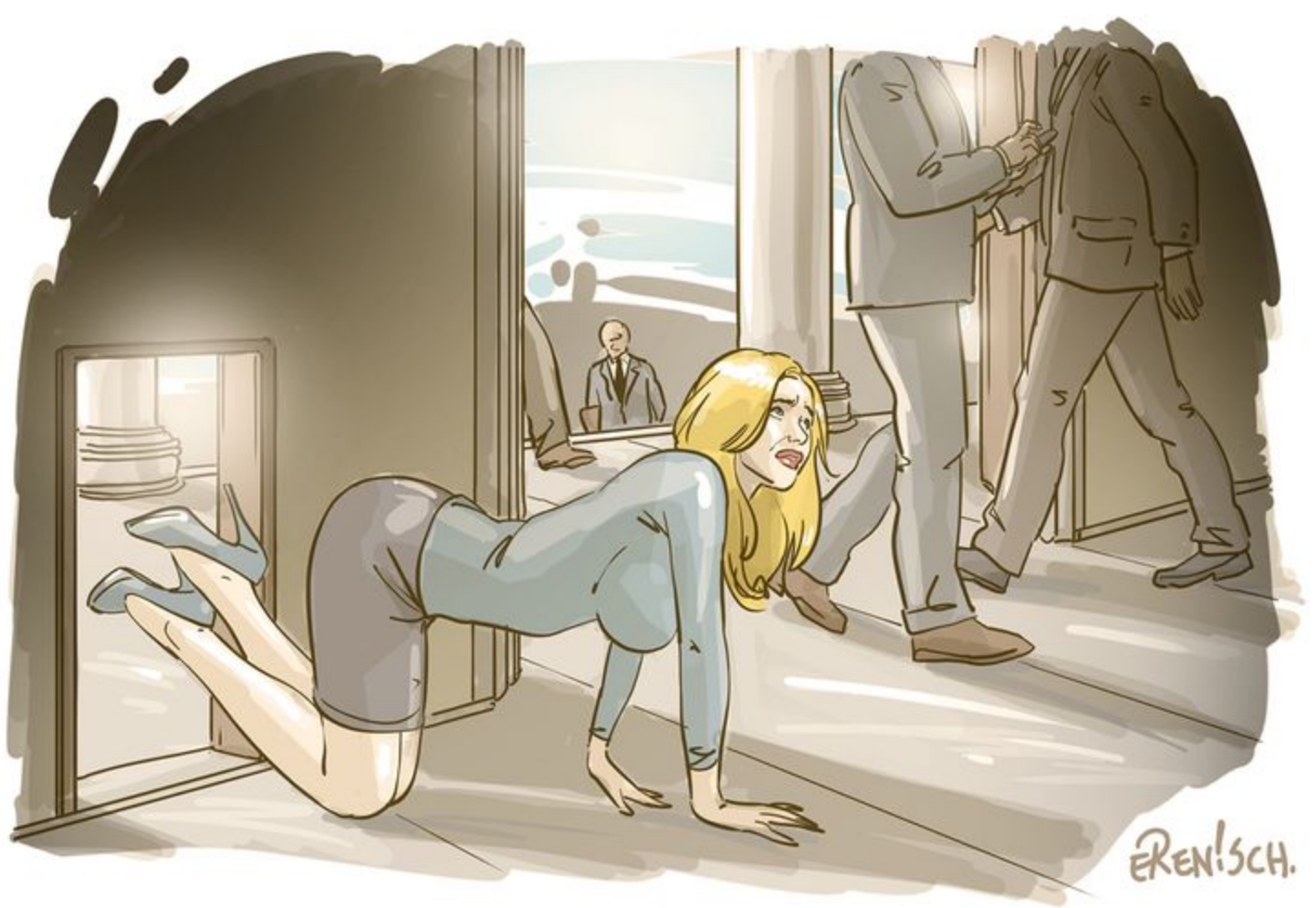
Once she managed to reach the top with difficulty, she had to pause again. She was facing a giant wooden gate with crude-looking reliefs of androcratic symbolism. At the top of the frame, stone carvings of mean looking founding fathers of the regime and heroes of the revolution looked down with judgmental eyes. Dasha immediately recognised Marteau’s bald head in the middle. It was noticeably bigger than the others on the wings.

She had no idea who the other men were, but Marteau was a name everybody knew. His face was on the money and postal stamps, his statues were in the middle of every town square... He was always depicted as a strong, able-bodied, virile man, often posed dominating a kneeling woman. Of course, like many people of her age, Dasha knew what he actually looked like. He was a feeble, hideous creature with a frozen repulsive expression. An evil asshole. He was the leading ideologue of the androcratic movement before the revolutions that turned Pussiana and many other parts of the world into the hellholes they are.

Ironically, Marteau died in exile a year before his followers violently overthrew the last remnants of democracy in Pussiana. He passed away as a disgraced pariah, not a glorious leader. That fact could put a bitter smile on Dasha’s face, if she wasn’t in a very dire situation at that moment.

Her eyes moved to the small opening next to huge entrance. On the right side of the ornate gate was a smaller door, less than a meter high and half a meter wide. It had no sign on top of it, but she knew what it was. It was “the female door”.

Dasha reluctantly walked towards the small opening. She took a deep breath and slowly got down on her hands and knees. Then she bowed her head down and crawled through the female door respectfully.



After a few meters into the great entrance hall, she decided that it was now safe to stand up. She wasn't a slave, after all. At least not yet. She got back on her feet and adjusted her outfit. The cool air in the huge hall hit her in the face. The hall was as ugly and foreboding as the exterior of the building. It had no windows except for long vertical slits in the walls that let the sunlight in. The ornate ceiling looked very high and out-of-place, floating on top of the bare concrete slabs that didn't match at all. Because of its size, the hall looked rather empty even though there were a lot of people waking around. At the other end of the wide space stood a long counter with several clerks behind it. Dasha could see that they were all enslaved women in blue uniforms.

Normally Dasha would, like any other woman in Pussiana, do anything to stay away from this evil place. Unfortunately, that wasn't an option for the female population of the country. Every female had to visit a BFA office once she turned 18 to be appraised and logged into the national Registry.

Back when it was first instituted, the Registry was nothing but a list of names, but it quickly evolved into a de facto online slave shop. Details of every woman were available to the male population who can log onto the Registry with their ID numbers. For a yearly membership fee, they could even see the pictures and videos of their compulsory inspections. One could make wish-lists of possible slaves, track their availability, chat with other prospective buyers about the women they're interested in, and they could even buy options on them.

Dasha was lucky to be married at a very early age. Once a woman was owned, either by marriage or enslavement, her records could be locked by her owner or husband. But now, since she was divorced, every detail of her body would be displayed on the meat market with the rest of the pussied population.

She took another deep breath and walked towards the clerks. As she approached she somehow locked eyes with a the dark haired slavegirl on the left end. The girl gave her a welcoming smile that looked only half genuine because of how quickly it appeared and disappeared.

"Welcome to the Bureau. How can this cunt help you?"

Dasha hesitated for a millisecond at the utterance of the word “cunt.” Even though slavery was now very visible in every sector of society, a slave formally referring herself as a “cunt” was still an unusual thing to hear. At least for a woman. Normally, freewomen rarely interacted with their enslaved sisters, especially in such a formal manner.

“Yes, good morning, thank you,” stuttered Dasha. “I have an appointment with Mr. Viltis at 10 o'clock. Could you...”

“Room 123, fifth one on the left,” replied the girl as she pointed at the wide corridor on the left side of the hall.

“Thank you,” replied Dasha,” The slave smiled briefly and immediately turned her head to welcome the next person approaching the counter.

She hastily stepped aside to get out of the way of a quick-paced male citizen. She respectfully lowered her eyes and turned towards the direction she slave pointed at.

The room wasn't hard to find. She waited for a moment and gathered her strength before knocking on the door. She didn't know why Agent Viltis called her to his office that morning, but she could imagine it was about her grace period. Her two-weeks was almost up and she still didn't know what to do.

“Come in!”

She opened the door and stepped in. A big surprise was waiting inside.

“Eddie?”

“Dasha!” exclaimed the young boy sitting across Agent Viltis. “How many times do I have to beat your ass until you learn? You will call me ‘Sir’ in public.”

The woman froze for the longest moment. Both Agent Viltis and Eddie were looking at her with frowns. She was completely flabbergasted by Eddie's unexpected presence in the room.

“I'm... I'm s-sorry S-sir,” she stuttered after a long delay. “I didn't... I was...”

“Come here!”

Dasha looked at Eddie with confused eyes. She didn't know what exactly was happening, but she knew defying his orders would make her situation worse somehow. She swiftly walked towards Eddie and stopped with her hands respectfully joined in front of her.

“Back, box!” commanded Eddie without averting his gaze from her eyes. Dasha's panicked brain struggled for a moment before she recognised the words. Then she quickly brought her arms behind her back, grabbed her elbows, and locked them in a proper “box tie.”

“On your knees, parted,” ordered the boy without wasting a second. Dasha immediately dropped on her knees and opened them as wide as possible. This forced her tight skirt to hike up to her crotch, revealing her shapely thighs.

Once she settled down on her heels, Eddie reached to pat her on the head twice.

“Good girl.”

“Very impressive,” said Agent Viltis, who had been watching her humiliating display of servitude with a mild grin on his face. “You weren't exaggerating at all, Mr Mestring. You did a wonderful job with Ms Masters in less than a couple weeks.”

Dasha looked at Viltis, trying to hide her confusion as well as possible. She was still trying to understand what was going on.

“You surprised me once again, Dasha,” continued Viltis. “I have to admit, when I advised you to find someone to surrender yourself to two weeks ago, I didn't expect you to find such a dashing young man.” Dasha turned her befuddled eyes towards Eddie. He had a very serious expression on his young face. He looked a lot maturer than usual.

“I may be young, but I’m a fully qualified female-trainer, Agent Viltis,” said Eddie. I’m sure you already know that. I can see you already looked me up in your database.” He casually pointed towards the sheet in front of Viltis.

“Yes. I did a quick research on you. That’s my job. You understand.” He took the sheet in his hand and looked at it with a slight smile. “You are indeed a certified trainer. I just noticed a little problem. You see, the video projects you have submitted to the training program features a number of females.”

“Yes,” replied Eddie. “What’s the problem?”

“I’m sure there is no problem,” said the Agent with a dismissive hand wave. “Just a little clarification, perhaps. You see, one of the female subjects you used for your obedience training and rope bondage tests is listed as a Ms Prancer in the report.”

“So?” asked Eddie.

“So, Mr Mestring... Ms. Masters here used to be Ms. Prancer only a couple weeks ago. Your tests, however, were submitted more than a month ago, when she was a married woman. When she belonged to another man. Do you understand my problem?”

“Ah!” laughed Eddie and patted the still-confused woman on the head again. “You thought that I used another man’s property without permission? Agent Viltis, the Ms Prancer in the record is actually Dasha’s daughter Stephanie, who happens to be my girlfriend.”

Dasha looked at Eddie, now with some anger in her eyes. She had no idea that her daughter was the star of Eddie’s many “training” videos.

“Her daughter?” exclaimed Viltis, and shuffled through the papers on his desk. “Ah! There she is. Stephanie Prancer! Of course. She is your girlfriend, is she?”

Eddie nodded.

“Well, that should clear things up, of course,” smiled Viltis. “But my colleagues are running a face recognition check on those videos anyway, just to be sure. You understand? It will take only a few more minutes.”

“Of course,” replied Eddie. “It is good to know that our dedicated public servants are doing their best to protect our property. I appreciate your diligence, as a female owner myself.” He turned and looked at Dasha. “I guess we’ll be stuck here a little longer, slut. Why don’t you come here and entertain me a little?” He turned to Viltis. “Would you mind?”

“Please,” replied Viltis and leaned back, “make yourself at home.”

Eddie smiled and opened his legs to make space for the kneeling woman. Dasha raised her eyes to look at Eddie, and then to Agent Viltis for a moment, before slowly crawling into position. She knew that her life was about change forever.

It was now clear to her that Eddie was here to enslave her. She was supposed to surrender her freedom to him in a few minutes. She had no idea the boy had the intention to do such a silly and impulsive thing. Until a few minutes ago she didn’t even know that Eddie was aware of her dire situation. It was a trap, a fait accompli... She was supposed to be mad.

Instead, Dasha felt a strange relief. Perhaps this was the best... no, the only option she had.

She skilfully opened the boy’s zipper with her teeth and took his erect cock out.

“May I touch your cock, Sir,” she asked before acting, and then started to lick around his shaft with a convincing-enough eagerness. This was her specialty after all.

“So,” exhaled Viltis, in an attempt to fill the awkward silence. “Do you have a servonym in mind?”



Mastery - 90

As the two men went on to chat nonchalantly while they waited for the results of the face-recognition report, Dasha continued to do what she was born to do. Of course, she had no idea that sucking cock was going to be the sole purpose of her existence before the Revolution.

Her generation was the unluckiest for sure. When the FNA launched their final uprising, nobody believed it would succeed. It was so quick, so decisive, and so violent. Even the day before, people thought that these were a bunch of assholes who can be easily crushed by the riot police and the army. Everybody was surprised at the extent to which Marteau's radical ideas took root among the servicemen in uniform. When they attacked, it was revealed that even the majority of the high-ranking officers were followers of that evil leprechaun.

When the dust was settled, the Fisters were in full control of the streets. All female politicians and high-ranking public servants were arrested immediately. Some were dragged outside and gangraped on the stairs of the Parliament on live TV. All ended up in reeducation camps to be trained as the first wave of sex slaves for the new ruling class. Their male allies, gender-equality activists, and all other political groups that could pose a threat to the advance of Marteauists were eliminated violently and without mercy. Their wives and daughters were sent to the camps to be trained and sold to the public. The prettiest of these women were distributed to prominent people as rewards and bribes.

Dasha remembered the mood of despair and terror. Women were purged from positions of power in every sector of society, suspected dissidents were raped in the middle of the day in public squares, others were enslaved in droves. This was even before the "Compulsory Female Slavery Law" was enacted, which soon made the de facto situation legal.

She was barely 19 years old when the First Census officers knocked on their door. They came only a couple weeks after the enactment of CFSL, in the middle of the night. Dasha remembered that day perfectly. The terror she felt when they gathered all the females in the living room to register them in the newly established Female Registry... It wasn't that simple of course. They also took their pictures in their underwear, questioned them on various political subjects, and make lewd comments and jokes about them to their faces.

Dasha, her mother, and her aunt could have been enslaved right there and then if they somehow answered their questions incorrectly, or if her father wasn't alive to legally claim them. That was the moment Dasha realised that she was now technically a piece of property that her father owned, alongside with her remaining female relatives. The only exception was her cousin who was married a few years earlier. She was now her husband's property.



That's how her dreams and aspirations as a young woman died within a space of months. She soon realised that her only option in life was to get married or seek femployment. In this new world, 99% of the jobs available to females were either directly or indirectly sex-related. Women were no longer allowed to retain their dignity.

In her despair, she met Kenneth, who graciously offered her an out. She was grateful for his kindness, even though their marriage was a sham that turned into an ever-worsening torment for her throughout the years. It was a painful lie, out of which she got her precious daughter.

A sudden knock on the door took the blonde milf out of her painful memories of the Revolution. She looked at the door but maintained her rhythm. Eddie was still holding her hair in his fist, but wasn't directly dictating her pace. She did her best to continue sucking his cock without any rush. She wasn't trying to make him cum too early.

"Come in," shouted Viltis, and the door opened. A graceful, athletic young woman in a tight blue uniform entered the room and presented the smug BFA agent with a file. He took the papers and nodded to the girl. Without saying anything, she went down on her knees and started doing what Dasha had been doing her entire professional life.

"Good news?" asked Eddie as the agent read the pages he was handed.

"Definitely," replied Viltis with his usual ambiguous smile. "You were telling the truth, of course. The test says the woman you were raping in those videos was almost certainly Dasha's little daughter. She has a mask on in most of those, but the software is pretty certain about her identity. Certainly, she wasn't Dasha."

Dasha looked at Viltis at the mention of her name. He continued to talk looking into her eyes.

"I see you already bought an option for your girlfriend a while ago, Mr. Mestring. Are you planning to have the full set, perhaps?"

"Yes, I do," replied Eddie with snicker. Dasha's gaze immediately turned to her soon-to-be-owner. She was surprised to hear that Eddie had already paid for 'the right to first pick' for her daughter. Dasha was sure Stephanie wasn't listed for sale of

course, but men could buy options for females even if they weren't available for purchase.

"I'm surprised," said Viltis as he leaned back on his chair, giving the slavecop sucking his cock more room to manoeuvre. "The option for an 18.9 year old A-grade girl is quite pricey. I see you already have a slavegirl with a high tax rate. I wonder where a young high-school student find all this money from."

"Ah! just when I thought I was on the clear," laughed Eddie. "I hope you won't launch another investigation into my finances, Agent Viltis. Yes, all that drained my entire savings and then some. Luckily Dasha here won't cost me a buck since she has no CMR, and she'll be surrendering to me willingly. Isn't that right, slut?"

Dasha looked up and nodded without stopping sucking her young master's cock. This was sprang on her out of the blue, but she had no other option but follow his orders now.

"I see," replied Viltis. "I hope you can find a regular job before her tax is due next year. She won't hurt your wallet much, of course. She is no spring chicken."

His cruel jab hurt the woman more than she imagined. Even though she was sucking cock in public moments before her enslavement, she could always be humiliated a little bit more.

"Oh, you don't know her as well as I do, Agent," replied Eddie. "She is worth more than what your evaluations say."

He stroked her hair gently as he said that. The distraught middle-aged cocksucker was hit by a jolt of warmth by this unexpected kindness and generous praise.

Viltis smiled smugly. "I'm sure that's the case. You know the adage, 'all women are worthless until someone pays for them?' I don't believe that personally. I think some women have intrinsic value." He stopped and slapped the slavegirl between his legs. The impact caused a few drops of his semen fly out of her cum-filled mouth and land on the floor. She immediately swallowed and dropped on all fours to lick it off before she went back to a perfect kneeling position. Once she was back on her knees, Viltis waved his hand and turned away, so she got up and left the room.

"But don't tell any of that to my superiors," he snickered. "I will deny it all the way."

"Mum's the word," said Eddie with a mild laugh.

"Are you about to be done?" asked the agent pointing to Dasha's head rhythmically bobbing on Eddie's crotch.

"In a moment," said the young boy. Dasha interpreted this as the signal to make him cum and accelerated her efforts. She was keeping him close to the edge for a while anyway, so it didn't take much effort to push him over. Soon she was swallowing his thick warm loads one after another.

Once she was done, she quickly crawled back and sat on her heels like a trained puppy. As a freewoman she didn't have to do that, but that made little difference now. She was moments away from being banded. That awful black choker was the thing she hated and feared the most all her life, and soon she would be forever locked in one of those.

Eddie stood up and looked at the shivering blonde woman. Dasha tried to control herself, but her hands were already shaking with fear and desperation.

"Give me your hair," ordered the boy and raised his hand with an open palm towards her. Dasha didn't need to be a slave to know 'the basic surrenders,' of course. She immediately pulled her hair into a pony tail and stretched it to the side to make a handle. She then leaned forward to place the length between her clenched fists in his awaiting palm.



“I’m all yours, Sir,” she said with soft voice. Once he closed his fist around her hair firmly, she let her hands go and joined her wrists at her back obediently.

Now in full control of the woman’s head, Eddie pulled her up into an uncomfortable stretch. Dasha hastily moved her knees to adjust.

“Now thank Agent Viltis, slut.”

“Thank you, Agent Viltis,” said Dasha without hesitation.

Viltis stood up and smiled as he raised his arm to shake Eddie’s hand. “My pleasure. Take good care of your master, will you Dasha?”

“Yes Sir,” she replied and looked down respectfully.

She silently waited with her hair in Eddie’s fist as the men shook hands. “Looks like I brought you here for nothing, young man,” said Viltis. “But at least I got to see Ms Masters one last time before she joins the millions of dedicated fucktoys that made this nation the greatest in the world. You know where the registration bureau is, right?”

Eddie nodded. “The other wing? Yes, I think I can find it easily. Thank you very much, Agent. Have a nice day.”

He momentarily looked at his blonde captive. “All-fours.”

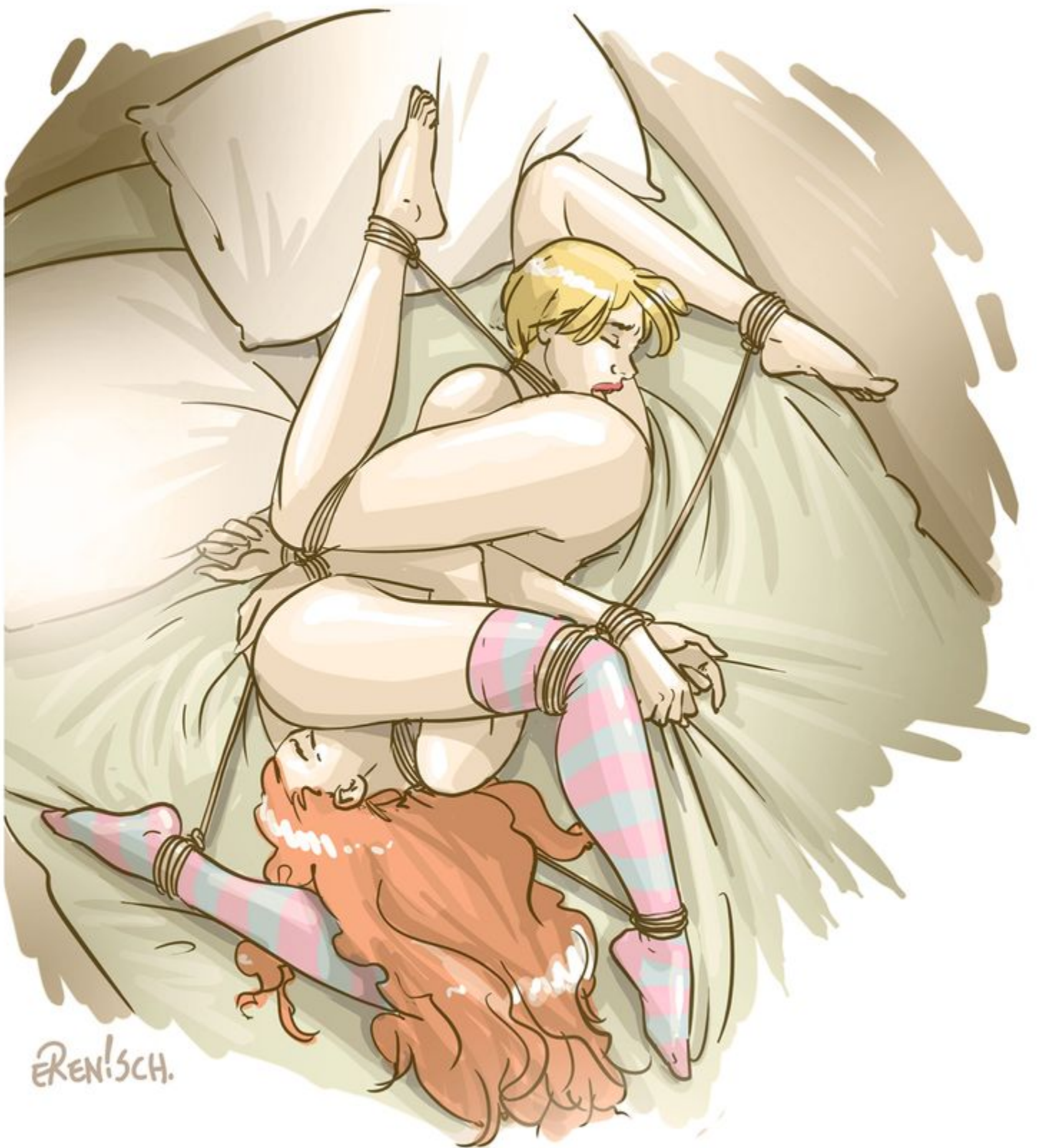
Then he turned and started to walk immediately, before she could respond. With the sudden pull of his hand, Dasha fell on her hands and knees and followed him as fast as she could.

As she crawled through the dimly lit corridors by his side, she kept shivering, and tears began to appear at the corner of her pretty blue eyes. The moment of truth was fast approaching.

Mastery - 91

“So... what was it like?”

“What was what like?” asked Eagerdoll, pausing licking Stephanie’s pussy for a moment. The two were lying in Eddie’s bed since that morning, uncomfortably tied in a 69 position. Stephanie had already given up licking after they both got three orgasms each, but Eagerdoll continued to perform albeit less enthusiastically. After all, she was ordered to do it until her master’s return.



“Your enslavement. I mean, you told me the story of the... you know, the gangrapes and all...” She hesitated for a moment. She didn’t intend to remind the redhead of those horrible times. “I mean the actual enslavement. **The Banding**... Is that what it’s called?”

“The banding, yes.” Eagerdoll gave Steph a few more licks, causing the young girl to squirm a little. “It wasn’t that memorable, to be honest. We were enslaved as a group, by a company. I don’t think my experience is anything like a classic banding. They just walked us through a stall, right after the gangrape hall. We were all exhausted, covered in jizz and dirt, barely able to stand. My memory is a bit fuzzy about the whole thing, but I remember the middle-aged bald guy who processed me. He locked the band around my neck, renamed me “Tendercheeks” right on the spot, and gave me a hard slap on the butt... to prove his point, I guess.. Then we were taken to the dungeons to be trained as fucktoys. You know the rest.

“Tendercheeks? I didn’t know you were...”

“Master renamed me when he bought me,” interrupted Eagerdoll. “When he registered me at Girl-Mart.”

“Oh, I see.”

Eagerdoll paused for a moment to see if Stephanie had any follow-up questions, then resumed licking her pink, wet fuckhole. She liked her “slave sister” and enjoyed pleasuring her whenever she could. She was her only friend, after all.

“Please stop,” said Stephanie squirming to pull her slit away from the redhead’s persistent tongue. “At least just for a short while. I’m so sore.”

“Okay,” said the redhead. “Just for a bit. But I have to continue, you know...”

Stephanie exhaled. A long silent pause followed.

“It’s a nice servonym, I think,” said Stephanie after a while. “I mean, Eagerdoll. It has a nice ring to it. Not too humiliating... not even overtly sexual.”

“I guess,” replied the redhead. “I heard much worse ones for sure. Why are you asking about this stuff?”

“Oh, just wondering,” started the blonde teenager. “What would Eddie call me when... I mean... if he officially enslaves me? I often think about stuff like this when I lay in my bed at night. Sometimes for hours... Silly, right?”

“Not really,” said Eagerdoll, now resting her head comfortably on Stephanie’s soft inner thigh. “I bet he’d register you as Humpkin. He calls you that already.”

“Perhaps. But is it humiliating enough? Would BFA approve a cutesy name like that?”

“Sure. Whatever your owner calls you is your name. You are his property.”

Another long pause ensued.

“You aren’t thinking about surrendering yourself to him?” asked the redhead with some concern in her voice. “You can’t. I mean... You shouldn’t give up your freedom just like that. There is no turning back from this. There is no such thing as ‘unbanding,’ you know. I’ll be a worthless sex slave till the end of my life.”

“Oh, you aren’t worthless, you dummy!” exclaimed the blonde and gave the redhead an affectionate little kiss on her clit. “I know all that, of course. But I... I love him, you know. And I’m already his slave, full-heartedly. The band, the registration, just legal formalities... I might as well stop delaying and surrender to him.”

“I knew you’d be like this,” said Eagerdoll. “It’s all because of this Veronica girl, isn’t it? You feel threatened? Insecure?”

Stephanie didn’t respond for a long while.

“Well,” she said eventually. “Maybe that’s one of the reasons, but I really...”

“She is nothing,” interrupted Eagerdoll. “She is just a temporary indulgence. He’ll get rid of her eventually.”

“You think so?”

“Yes. Ashley too. Men like to try new things, fuck different cunts, but they eventually return home. And that’s you.”

Stephanie didn’t say anything, but Eagerdoll almost felt her blushing smile on her thighs.

* * *

“Can we stop and talk about this? Just for a moment?”

Eddie stopped and looked at the woman he had been dragging by her hair. Dasha was looking at her with tears in her eyes, shivering, seemingly at the brink of a panic attack.

“Fine,” he replied and quickly scanned the hall. He spotted an empty rape booth near the entrance of the Registration Wing. “Come, we can have some privacy over there.”

Dasha smiled gratefully and bitchwalked to the booth. Eddie took out his credit card and swiped it to unlock the small cabin. It was a standard public rape cubicle with a foldable seat in the middle. He sat down on the seat and ordered Dasha to close the blinds on the door window. She swiftly did what she was told and returned to kneel at Eddie’s feet.

“No, come sit on my lap. I might as well fuck you a bit. You got me going with that blowjob back at the office.”

“Yes sir,” replied Dasha and stood up. She pulled her skirt all the way up and carefully sat on Eddie’s erect member. A groan left her mouth as she started to move up and down to please the young boy, who was about to be her owner in a few minutes.”

“Good girl. You may speak now,” sad Eddie as he leaned back and relaxed on the seat.

“It’s just... This thing... came as a shock to me and... It’s moving too fast. I need to pause and think...”

“Think about what?” asked Eddie as he grabbed the woman by the waist and adjusted her tempo. Her breathing intensified accordingly. “You are less than two days away from becoming ‘free estate.’ If you don’t want to surrender to me today, I can come on Thursday and forcefully confiscate you. Actually, anybody can. Is that what you want? To be taken by a random stranger who happens to know that you are up for grabs?”

“No, of course not,” moaned Dasha. “I... I know that this is my only option. I know that.” She paused for a moment. She realized that she missed feeling the boy’s throbbing member stretching her cunt. It felt good. Actually, it felt great.

For the last two weeks, she was trying to stay away from Eddie to figure out how to deal with her seemingly impossible situation. She knew that Kenneth wasn’t going to help her with freedom permits. That bitch Sally apparently convinced him that the financially sound option was to enslave Dasha. Enslavement was a scary enough prospect, but becoming her ex-husband’s slave? That practically meant becoming Sally’s slave. And that’t the worst outcome Dasha could think of. She’d rather be violently gangraped by a bunch of street bums for the rest of her life.

So, yes, she knew that Eddie’s idea was a blessing. The boy didn’t have to take her in after all. A woman was, besides her obvious uses, just a drain on resources. Maintaining a fucktoy costed money. Eddie had no stable income or savings to waste on her. He was renting out the redhead for some pocket money, but that would probably barely cover her own slave tax. So Eddie was being extremely generous, if not outright stupid.

“I have money” said Dasha between moans of pleasure. “I saved some. It’s not much, and probably won’t cover my tax and maintenance... but I’m sure it will help.” She hesitated for a moment. “Maybe... you can also whore me out. I can make money and-”

She stopped in mid-sentence as more details rushed into her mind. “Oh god. Where will you keep me? In your room? What

will your family say? And if...”

“Don’t worry about that,” replied the boy. He was picking up the pace, bringing the nervous woman to the brink of a frenzy with his cock. “I have spoken to your husband before I decided to do this. He said he’d let you live in his house and continue to cover your basic expenses for a while. I think he actually cares about you. I got the impression that he felt guilty about all this. He told me that his new wife...”

“His new wife?” yelled Dasha. “They married already?”

“I guess. He referred to her as his wife, I think. Never mind. You are better off without him. You’ll see.”

Dasha swallowed the curse words she wanted to scream and continued to serve the young boy. She knew Kenneth was going to marry that hussy sooner or later, of course... But it was still very painful to hear.

“Of course, he also wants to keep appearances for Stephanie’s sake. We are to keep this entire thing a secret. The divorce, his new family, your enslavement...”

Dasha nodded. That was a big relief. She definitely wasn’t looking forward to that painful conversation with her little daughter.

“The agent said... you bought an option on Stephanie too. Did you really...”

“Yes, of course I did, “ replied Eddie. “You know that I love her, don’t you?” He grabbed the blonde milf by her hair and pulled her back to his chest. Dasha reflexively arched her back further to give him a better angle to dick her cunt. Eddie wrapped his other hand around the woman’s waist and started to move her body like a weightless ragdoll. “Unlike you, she isn’t just a fucktoy for me. She is my dream girl. I’ll make her officially mine one day, whether as a slave or a wife.”

Dasha couldn’t answer. Eddie’s powerful thrusts were now overwhelming her body and mind. As the intense pleasure continued to mount, Dasha gradually lost control of her thoughts and started to remember why she easily fell under the spell of this unusual young boy. He held her firmly but gently between his youthful strong hands and used her body like a cheap fleshlight. It took him only a couple minutes to bring the affection-starved woman to a much-needed, powerful climax.



Just a few seconds later, he pulled her body all the way down and held her there as he unloaded the entire contents of his balls deep into her belly. Once he's done, he pulled her up and threw her spent body on the floor like a broken toy.

"Thank you," she exhaled as she rolled onto her side and pulled her legs to her stomach. "I think you actually 'mastered' my body too. You surely know how to drive me crazy."

When Eddie stood up and zipped his pants, she quickly gathered her strength to assume a respectful position on her knees.

“Shall we?” asked the boy and stretched out his palm.

Dasha swiftly pulled her hair up and dropped her handle in his palm.

Yes, Master.”

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Dasha coyly stared at the young boy standing next to her in the middle of the city square for a while. A long forgotten, warmish sensation was roaming around her body. She was feeling giddy, almost like a young girl on a first date.

“So...”

Eddie turned his gaze away from the gigantic phallic shaped plinth that held yet another ugly representation of Marteau and looked at his new slave’s beautiful blue eyes.

“So?”

“What now... master?” asked Dasha. She used the honorific ‘Master’ many times before, but this time it echoed differently in her mind. She was now legally Eddie’s slave, and he was her master.



EREN!SCH.

It happened so fast. Only a few minutes ago, she went before the BFA registrar, knelt in front of the young boy and surrendered herself to him. Eddie accepted her as his property, renamed her, put the band around her neck, ritually fucked her mouth, and baptised her with his cum. Then the elderly clerk typed a few things into his dusty old computer and voila!... She was no longer a freewoman with free will. She was chattel. Her life was his. He could use and abuse her, rent her out, sell her, or even kill her right there if he wanted to.

“Now we go home. You go back to yours, and I go back to mine. Do whatever you usually do.”

“But...”

Dasha realised that she was somewhat disappointed. She expected this to be a little more... special. After all, enslavement was one of the “three moments” of a woman’s life. It was supposed to be a big deal.

“I thought... Couldn’t you... take me somewhere and rape me thoroughly? You know, to celebrate?”

“Ah!” exclaimed Eddie with a smile. “You wanted a proper E-party, eh?” He reached and gently brushed her hair behind her ear. “We can do that, of course. But you should know, your daughter is in predicament bondage right now. She’ll suffer a lot longer if I don’t go back soon.”

Dasha looked up and pursed her lips. “How bad is that predicament?” she asked with a girly voice.

“Well, not that bad, I guess,” replied Eddie. “She has a set of lips right on her pussy.”

Dasha responded with a faint smile. She didn’t feel even a little bit guilty. Her mood was completely different from just a few minutes ago. She was surprised at how excited and happy she felt at that moment.

It wasn’t that crazy. She was relieved beyond belief. All her problems were solved and all her concerns were evaporated, just by becoming Eddie’s slave. She no longer need to worry about anything. Her master would take care of her.

This relief turned into a strange, sexually charged elation. She wanted to be raped right there and then. She wanted Eddie to rip her clothes off, push her down to the ground in front of the ugly Marteau memorial, and fuck her brains out as the passers by stopped and watched. She wanted to scream with pleasure at the top of her lungs. She wanted the entire town gather around them and watch her violent violation. She felt like a dirty, horny whore.

“Please... would you please... rape me!” she whispered. “Right here... anywhere... just...”
Eddie laughed at her part coy, part shameless plead to be violated in public. “We learned about this. How strange. I thought it was a rare thing to see.”

“What?” asked Dasha, confused by his response.

“What you’re experiencing is textbook ‘Banding Euphoria.’ You display all the symptoms.” He reached and touched the silver button on Dasha’s slave-band with his finger. “This thing can cause this strange effect sometimes. You were worried about your future, but this thing magicked away all those negative thoughts. Makes sense. As a divorcee MILF at the end of her permit, you’d be the perfect candidate for this phenomenon.”

Dasha’s face soured a little when the boy analysed her emotions as if she was a test subject. At that moment, she’d prefer him to “analyze” her butt instead.

“Okay. I’m that... experiencing that. I get it. So... Would you please...”

“Not now, not here,” interrupted the boy. “First, we have to buy you some new clothes. A lot of turtlenecks. We’ll have to cover that magic choker if we want to keep your new status a secret.”

Dasha nodded when Stephanie popped into her head again. She definitely didn’t want her daughter to find out yet. How would the poor thing react when she finds out her mother was now legally her boyfriend’s sex slave? That was a scary thought.

“Come,” said the boy. “There ’s a mall over there.”

Dasha obediently followed her master, but stopped after a couple steps.

“Wait! A couple of our friends work at that mall. If they see me banded...”

Eddie turned and smiled. “Is that so? Okay, wait here.”

He looked around and walked up to the kiosk a few meters away. After a couple seconds he returned with a cruddy girl-leash and a plastic bag in his hand.

“Cheap Jinü-made stuff, but it will do for now.”

Dasha looked on, befuddled. “You want to cover my slave band with a cheap slave collar? How would that... I don’t understand?”

“Not just the collar, Dasha,” smirked the boy. “You’ll be disguised as a fully naked slave pet on a leash. Come on, take off all your clothes.”

Dasha stood there for a few seconds, looked around nervously, and then started to undress.

“Oh, now you are shy all of a sudden? You were begging me to fuck you in the middle of the street just a few moments ago.”

“Right. Sorry. I’m just confused,” said Dasha as she handed her blouse to the boy, and reluctantly proceeded to take her skirt off. After a few seconds she was standing fully naked right in the middle of the city square. She nervously scanned the square to see if anybody was leering, but nobody seemed to look at her longer than a few milliseconds. A naked woman shivering in front of the BFA building wasn’t a particularly unusual sight. Not even the marble figure of Marteau hovering above them seemed to be aware of her existence.

“Surrender your neck,” commanded the boy, once he placed everything in the plastic bag. Dasha quickly pulled her hair up and tilted her head slightly to the side to give him easy access to her slender neck. Eddie put the collar on and buckled it tightly at her nape. Then he attached the leash to the ring at the front and took a couple steps back to admire the fully naked form of the beautiful middle-aged woman. Her shapely tall body was something to behold, especially under the warm golden rays of the afternoon sun.

“Goddammit!” exclaimed Eddie. “You look... just too delicious to waste. Okay, come here.”

Dasha smiled gratefully and approached her master. When she came close enough, he grabbed the woman and threw her towards the plinth. Dasha let out a surprised moan when her back hit the marble, and another when Eddie immediately pinned her to the memorial with his own stone-hard body. He grabbed her left leg and pulled it up, forcing her swollen pussy to open further. She heard his zipper opening, and closed her eyes with pleasure once his erect member invaded her hungry rapehole without any warning.



Eddie started to violently shove his cock into her cum-thirsty body without mercy. His thrusts got faster and stronger enough to lift her off her feet. As he repeatedly crushed her naked body between his youthful muscles and the revolutionary leader's unyielding pedestal, Dasha finally reached her first climax as an owned woman. It felt powerful. It felt wonderful.

Soon her master climaxed as well, and unloaded everything left in his tank into the spent woman's warm belly. He kept the still-orgasming Dasha in the air for a few more seconds, and then dropped her to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

Dasha almost blacked out from the debilitating orgasm she was given. She sat like a lump of meat at the very spot he dropped her for a while. He graciously waited for her to catch her breath and muster her strength.

"What are you waiting for? Get down on all-fours, my pet," he ordered eventually.

Dasha obeyed without hesitation. She felt like a slave. She felt like a pet. It was surprising how fast and natural the transformation was for her.

"Don't worry. Not even your mother will recognise you this way. It is a strange mind-trick. Nobody will see you as a human and look at your face now. All they'd see is a fuckpet on a leash. An exceptionally alluring one, with cum dripping out of

her well-fucked pussy.”

Dasha nodded to show that she understood. She wasn’t sure if what he said was accurate... But he seemed confident, and that was enough for her.

“Come on,” said Eddie and tugged on her leash. “Let’s roll, Suckpuppet.”

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“I missed you.”

Eddie leaned in and kissed Stephanie. “I missed you too,” replied the girl with a big smile spreading on her beautiful face. “You’ve been watching me, right?”

Eddie nodded. a live video feed of Stephanie’s house was always at the corner of his computer screen. He enjoyed watching his girlfriend whenever he could. It wasn’t a creepy obsession at all. Her graceful form moving around the house soothed him.

“Sometimes I feel like a little fish in your digital aquarium,” said Stephanie. Eddie laughed. That was an accurate observation. “Oh, you are much more than that, sweetie,” he replied and raised his palm in an invitation to hold hands. Stephanie immediately surrendered her slender fingers to his firm grip.

“I saw you receive a phone call and rush out of your room. I hope there isn’t a problem.”

“No, nothing like that,” replied the girl. “It was my dad. We’re going to have dinner at our favorite restaurant. We go there on special occasions. It’s like a family tradition. He and mom are waiting for me there. I guess they have some big announcement to make. I wonder what it is.”

Eddie nodded. He knew what this announcement was about, of course. Stephanie still didn’t know about her parents’ complicated divorce and everything that surrounded it. Her father was already married to another woman... Her mother had surrendered to Eddie as a sex slave... The boy didn’t know how much they would reveal to Stephanie, but his girlfriend would definitely be crushed by the news.

Of course, he had spoken to Stephanie’s father about Dasha’s situation briefly, and convinced him to keep her enslavement a secret. Eddie had the impression that the man didn’t care about what happens to Dasha at all, really. He sounded relieved by the boy’s offer to take her in as a slave.

Despite his apparent apathy towards the fate of his wife of 20 years, Prancer ultimately did the right thing and let the poor woman live in his house for the time being. It was very generous of him. Of course, Eddie knew that this living situation wasn’t sustainable in the long run. He had to find a way to earn money as soon as possible. Graduation was a couple weeks away, and he was determined to find a good job right after.

“You saw me leave and rushed to protect me against the dangers of the street, didn’t you, my knight in shining armor?” asked Stephanie with her usual warm smile.

“Right. Only I can drag you into a dark alley and violate you in every possible way,” replied the boy with a mischievous grin.

“I’m not sure if we have enough time for that.” replied the girl, mirroring his naughty expression.

The place was just a several minutes away. As they walked hand in hand, Eddie continued to think about how Stephanie would take the bad news, and what should he do to console her.

“Why the long face, Eddie,” asked Stephanie once they arrived. “Something’s troubling you?” Eddie shook his head inconvincingly. “Liar,” said the girl and hit him on the shoulder playfully. “You know what? As your slavegirl, it’s my duty to cheer you up. And I’ll do that.” She looked at her watch and then scanned her surroundings. “Damn. This place is so well-lit. No alleys or anything either.”

Eddie smiled. “Are you looking for a place for me to rape you, babe?” he asked. “Why not?” replied the girl. “I want to suck you off. I’ve been thinking about that all day, actually.”

Eddie raised his hand to stroke the girl’s cheek. “It can wait, babe. You go and have dinner with your family. I’ll rape you

later.”

“I can’t... I can’t wait any longer, master,” said the girl with a sad face. Then her face lit up with a sudden epiphany. “You know what would be wild?”

“What?”

“You go in there and wait for me in the men’s bathroom. I’ll go say hello to my parents and tell them I need to wash up. Then I’ll come find you.”

“Well, I don’t know about that. Your parents...”

“Do you want a blowjob or not?” asked the girl with a playful frown.

Eddie shook his shoulders and nodded. “Fine. You wait for five-six minutes after I enter, okay?”

“Yay!” exclaimed Stephanie. “Oh, it will be so hot.”

Eddie smiled back and walked into the crowded restaurant. He knew the night would end in a disaster for his girlfriend. Perhaps a little oxytocin boost at the beginning would help her cope with the bad news to come, he thought to himself. Stephie’s parents were sitting right in the middle of the hall. The moment he walked in, Dasha spotted him and perked up with surprise. She didn’t expect to see her master there at all.

Eddie walked towards the restroom without wasting a second. Luckily the men’s room was empty. He entered a stall and waited.

A few seconds later he heard the door open. Female footsteps approached following a moment of silence. Then came a knock on the door.

“Master? What are you doing here? We’re about to meet... ”

“You’re here to meet Steph, I know,” interrupted the boy. “Come in Dasha, we don’t have much time. She’ll be here in less than five minutes.”

He opened the door and pulled the befuddled milf inside the stall. He pushed her to the wall and pinned her with his right hand.

“Are you wet?”

“I... I don’t think so...” stuttered the woman.

“Fine. Get on your knees, then.”

Dasha didn’t need to hear an order twice. She immediately fell down on the dirty floor and hurried to open Eddie’s zipper. Luckily, she was well-trained for doing just that.

“You told Steph to come in here?”

“Yes,” replied the boy as the woman took his semi-erect cock in her skilled mouth and started to suck on it. “You have only a few minutes. Don’t try to make me cum. You only need to get it hard enough for your daughter’s pussy.”

Dasha felt a jolt of shame run through her body as soon as Eddie finished his cruel sentence. Strangely, she also felt a powerful surge of excitement. She was now sure she was wet, but her master’s cock was meant for her daughter’s young tight fuckhole, not hers.

She sucked with such great skill and enthusiasm, they both forgot what they were doing there. Minutes flew by. Suddenly, a silent knock on the door was heard. The door to the restroom slowly opened, and a pair of female feet entered timidly.



“Eddie,” whispered Stephanie. “Are you in here?”

Eddie quickly pulled his cock out of Dasha’s mouth and tucked it in his pants. Dasha, in utter panic, held her breath and squeezed herself between the stall panel and the toilet bowl. The boy turned to the woman and made a shush gesture with his finger, then walked out of the stall.

“Oh! there you are. Quick. Dad says mom is in the bathroom. We have only a few minutes.”

“Very well,” replied Eddie. He grabbed the girl by her hand and pushed her into the empty stall on the other side. Stephanie hit the separator panel and turned around to face Eddie with an innocent smile

“May I suck your mighty cock, master?”

"I have something else in mind," said the boy. "Are you wet?"

"Of course. Always," replied the girl.

Eddie grabbed her by the arm again and roughly pushed her over towards the toilet bowl. He grabbed her arms and pulled them back. With this move, the young blonde's body naturally bent forward. Eddie held the girls wrists tightly in his left hand and used her right to pull down her tight yoga pants down to her knees. Then, with one swift move, he shoved his fully erect dick in her welcoming warm pussy.

Stephanie clenched with pleasure, trying her best to suppress the groan at the back of her throat. Without losing any time, Eddie started to move back and forth, with an increasing tempo. They didn't have much time and he wanted to make the girl climax as soon as possible.

As he continued to fuck the beautiful blonde with a crazy pace, he heard Dasha exiting the stall she was stuck in. She crossed the restroom as silently as possible and headed to her table. Even if she made any ruckus, Stephanie wouldn't probably notice in her ecstatic state.



Soon the boy’s big cock moving like an indefatigable piston in and out of the young girl’s fuckhole had the expected effect. Stephanie climbed the heights of pleasure quickly and driven crazy by a series of powerful orgasms.

Satisfied with his quick and efficient work, Eddie pulled out of his girlfieind and tucked his cock back in his pants.

Once he let her go, Stephanie’s weakened legs buckled and she fell on the toilet bowl like a sack of potatoes. “Thank you, master,” she said, like a proper slavegirl should. She had a stupid smile on her exhausted face. “That was so…”

“Come on, get up,” interrupted the boy. “Get out there and try to have fun, eh? I’ll wait for a couple minutes and leave.” He leaned in and gave her a kiss on the forehead. “I’ll stay up tonight. If you want to talk… about anything, you can call me after, alright? You can come and spend the night with me too, if you like.”

Stephanie smiled. “Wow! So dramatic!” She stood up and raised on her tiptoes to give the boy a kiss on the cheek, and left the restroom with a giddy step.