

Caught by Vampire Mistresses

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Acknowledgements

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Chapter 1: Mistress' New Toys

The car crunched over the gravel, the gates opening ahead of Charlotte as she parked, barely even noticing as they locked behind her, tight and secure. The headlight-beams picked out fine statues and well-cared-for rosebushes, before she turned and they vanished into the darkness. In the backseat, her “guests” were enjoying themselves, wrapped around each other in a tight kiss, and she glanced up at the mirror, taking a moment to enjoy the sight. Young and beautiful, both dressed for clubbing, both woozy from drink, pressed up against each other. And foolish enough to be lured back to the home of a stranger, with the promise of more fun!

She parked, stopping the motion hard enough to break them apart, as they blearily turned to face her.

‘And here we are. I’m sure you will find it enjoyable here.’ She stepped outside, lightly stepping onto the gravel and opening the car doors for them. Hopefully they would sober up a little – it was always more *fun* when her victims were more aware!

The young man – Zach, brown-haired, tall and pleasingly muscled – looked around, clearly impressed as she led them into the mansion, pushing open the thick wooden door and flicking the light switch. The lights illuminated a large, old-fashioned room, the walls decorated with Charlotte’s trophies – at least, the more public ones. Stuff animals loomed, a bear by the fireplace, mouth stretched in a growl, claws extended. Paintings, busts and other trinkets lined the walls, between shelves stuffed with leatherbound tomes.

‘This is... wow!’

Charlotte turned back towards them, smiling widely, resisting the urge to lean in for a bite. Not yet – at least not while they might try and escape. The young woman – neat, pretty, and also more obviously drunk – leaned against Zach, seemingly content to take it all in. Charlotte moved in close, brushing a few strands of blonde hair out of the woman’s eyes, then lightly stroking her hand down an arm. Her hand throbbed, wanting nothing more than to grab and claw, but that could wait, just a little longer!

‘Oh, just a few things I’ve acquired over the years.’ Not that either of them would likely be able to guess quite how many years – although she looked to be no more than her mid-thirties, she was well over a century old, thanks to the power of the blood within her. What seemed like antiques were objects she knew well, having purchased when they were new. ‘But if you follow me, then I have somewhere we can enjoy ourselves downstairs.’ She reached out, sliding her hand along Zach’s chest, smiling when she felt his heart race, his eyes flicking down to her chest.

She’s hot! Zach felt the touch ripple through him, feeling slightly guilty about it, his cock stiffening, despite Emma being right there. Lush, mature, and she knew how to show it off!

She pulled her leather jacket over and tossed it over a chair – one of the staff could tidy it away later – shaking her hair out, before stepping away, and crooking a commanding finger at the two of them, admiring their youthful flesh.

‘Follow.’

Although her own footsteps were virtually silent, despite her heeled boots, she could hear them follow along, making gasps of pleasure and surprise. It was so nice when an appropriate

amount of respect was shown to her goods – after all the effort she had spent collecting them, especially. Another doorway, this one with a large latch on the outside of the door, and some steps, leading downstairs, the air getting warmer as they descended into the basement, the faint smell of sweat barely detectable to her vampiric senses, the more mundane odor of lemon-scented cleaning fluid overlaying it, a sign that the maids had done their duty recently. Above, she heard the door shut, and smiled more widely.

More lights clicked on, shining off plush, leather-padded walls, wood-paneled display cases filled with her favorite toys, all neatly arranged, shining in the light from carefully-placed lamps. A huge bed was on the far side of the room, securely bolted to the floor, with chains attached to the metal frame. An x-frame was to the side of it, straps enticingly empty, while a wooden rack could be seen in the next room, polished to a honey-like sheen. Cages in several different sizes and shapes hung from chains, too heavy to rock.

Both of the guests gasped, and Charlotte turned to look at them, feeling her smile become predatory. Even if they tried to flee, then wrestling open the heavy door would take too long, and easily let her capture them!

The girl was looking suddenly sober, her hands coming up protectively, wrapping over her pert breasts. ‘I... I think we should be going? Don’t you, Zach?’

‘This, um...’ Zach had walked over to a cabinet, picking up a strap-on, the shaft fat and ridged. ‘What is this?’

She moved close to him, faster than any human could cover the distance. ‘That is one of my favorite strap-ons. I got it in Zanzibar, in the 19th century.’ Violet stroked one hand along the shaft, rubbing her other hand against Zach’s cheek. ‘What’s it for? Well, I’m sure we can find out, you sweet, sweet boy.’ She took hold of his chin, tilting his head up, forcing him to look into her eyes, staring down at him. ‘You have so much to learn. And you will be a delight to teach.’

The light touch made him feel even hotter. She’d barely even let him touch her, beyond stroking through her clothing, and some petting, but now he was horny, his trousers tight around his crotch, hopefully not too visible. Although from how the woman was behaving, would she even mind?

Emma made an unhappy sound, walking closer, tight denim skirt showing off her legs, nervously biting her lip. ‘I, uh, really think we should be going...’ The faint flush on her cheeks, a steady thrumming of blood to her face, made Charlotte smile.

The beast inside her howled, and she gave into it, picking up Zach by his shirt and tossing him across the room, where he slammed into the headboard of the bed. As he groaned and tried to regain his senses, she turned to Emma, moving behind her and picking the woman up, Emma too weak and light to offer any resistance. With unnatural speed, she raced over to the bed with her, throwing her face-down, just as Emma inhaled a breath to scream.

By the bed were several wide strips of fabric with knots in the middle, and Charlotte grabbed one, pushed it into Emma’s mouth and tying it around her head. The attempted scream was muted, coming out as a pathetic whimper, the gag cleaving tightly around Emma’s face, her beautiful face distorted in confusion. A hand came up, twisting backwards, moving with what seemed to be glacial slowness, Charlotte using her strength to grab it and yank it to the side, taking care to limit herself, not wanting to cause any damage. A cuff snapped into place, linking the limb to the bed-frame, locking it into place. She did the same to Emma’s other arm, before letting herself slow down, just in time to hear Zach cough and splutter, still dazed and confused.

‘Hmmm, I think I’ll have some fun with you first.’ He hadn’t even fully recovered when she picked him up, feeling the toned muscles of his body, bending his limbs back while grabbing a bright red rope and snapping it loose, cords falling around her. ‘Be a good little boy. Or not, either will be fun for me.’ Another surge of speed, and she’d looped his ankles, drawing them together. He was stronger than Emma, but still easy to overpower, as she wrapped the rope around his wrists, binding them together. His wriggling meant that it wasn’t the tidiest of hogties, but she twisted it into a hard bundle of knots, making sure that it would come loose.

‘You’re probably not going to stay quiet either, are you? Not that anyone can hear you, but the noise can be rather annoying.’

He still seemed to be dazed from the impact, his limbs starting to strain against the hogtie, hands clenching up. Emma was struggling against her bonds as well, kicking out with her legs, trying to twist her head around to see what was happening. Charlotte sighed, grabbing at Zach’s hair, bending his head back and wrapping another band of fabric over his mouth, silencing his grunts.

‘Now, let’s get little Emma properly tied down. We wouldn’t want her kicking you by mistake now, would we?’ She moved with normal, human speed now, enjoying the increasing fear in the sounds that Emma was making, as she tried to pull herself away. Charlotte plucked off one of Emma’s shoes and threw it away, then dragged the ankle into position, snapping a metal cuff around it. ‘I hope you’ll be a good girl – but at this point, it doesn’t really matter.’ The other leg bent back, then tried to kick out, awkward, slow and easy to catch, before Charlotte wrenched it to the side, cuffing it down, leaving the girl to wriggle and struggle in her spread-eagle. Her backside was cute, wrapped up in a tight little denim skirt, starting to ride up.

‘Time to unwrap my little presents! Don’t wriggle too much, or you might get cut.’ A pair of sharp scissors had been left out – she really would have to reward the maids – and she picked them up, snipping them a few times, enjoying the steely scraping sound.

Zach was still wriggling around, grunting into his gag, and she rolled him onto his side, before sliding the scissors beneath his top and starting to slide it off, revealing a well-muscled back, shoulders lovely, all taut and tight as he tried to fight the ropes. His jeans were a little tougher to get off, requiring her to pin him in place with one hand as she cut through the waistband, needing to slice it in several places, and then across it, before she could rip them off.

Charlotte reached around him, running her fingers over his lean, taut stomach, feeling the flat, toned abs and purring in pleasure. ‘You’re going to be very popular!’ And then she slid her hand down, cupping his crotch through his boxer shorts, feeling the size of his cock, already starting to harden. ‘And you shouldn’t complain, when you’re enjoying it!’

He grunted through his gag again, wriggling around, thrusting his crotch against her hand, before she snipped away his boxers, leaving him naked. She felt his cock again, giving it a stroke, making it stiff and hard, enjoying the way he whimpered into his cloth gag, unable to speak. He struggled against his bonds, limbs straining powerlessly against the ropes, unable to break out, his skin getting rubbed and chafed by the cords.

‘Such a keen and enthusiastic little boy! I’m sure you’ve made your girlfriend happy with this before, haven’t you?’ She stroked his prick again, feeling it harden, getting nice and stiff. ‘This is a bit small, isn’t it? Have you been able to keep your girlfriend happy, or did you have to use toys? Although you’re not going to be having much fun with it now. Not unless I say so, anyway. I own you both, now.’

Zach felt shame prickle through the confusion along with the tight pain of the ropes, his arms bound. He couldn’t even figure out how he could move, what range of movement he had,

but her hand was tight and firm around his cock. It wasn't that small, was it? Her grip, her touch, confused his thoughts, even more than the impact from being tossed against the room – how had she even done that?

Emma was wriggling around with greater force now, her limbs straining against the cuffs, cute little backside pushing against the denim.

'Let's get you out of that first. It might be a little while before you're allowed clothes again – I like my meat raw and uncovered. At least to start with.' She slid the scissors along Emma's leg, enjoying the fear-filled mewling, then snipping through the fabric, stripping them off the woman's body. Beneath, she was wearing a skimpy, lacey thong, Charlotte pulling at the waistband. 'Looks like you were going to get lucky tonight!' Pinching a buttock made the pale, creamy flesh redden under the pressure, Emma whimpering, twisting her head against the thick pillows. 'I wonder, have either of you used this?' She slid her hand between Emma's buttocks, parting them, lightly touching against the woman's butthole. She clenched up, whimpering again, making Charlotte chuckle, before she tore away Emma's thing top, then her bra as well.

'Oh? Both of you are so delightfully pure!' She spanked Emma, before going to get the strap-on and tying it around her waist, feeling the weight and bulk of it. 'And I thought youth today were meant to be far more adventurous! Well, there's a first time for everything.'

Emma was still twisting around, trying to see, as she moved in front of Zach, wriggling around in his hogtie.

'Mpphhhh!' His eyes widened in panic, his fingers scrabbling against the rope, legs straining. She tapped him on the nose.

'Such a naughty little boy! It's going to be a delight breaking you in. Now, this might ache a little the first time, but I'm sure you'll enjoy it. Eventually.' She rubbed lube over the shaft, letting Zach see the size of it, before sliding into bed, rolling him over. The way he strained was delightful, his strong muscles utterly bound within the ropes, unable to escape.

The position she had put him into made the action awkward, but she twisted his arms aside, taking a tight, firm grip of Zach's strong, supple flesh, feeling his broad, strong chest as he strained, panted and gasped. When the shaft touched against his butthole, he tensed and wriggled, but it was easy to hold him tight. She rocked her hips backwards and forward, feeling the cock slide into him, despite his resistance. His grunting was getting louder and louder, but the gag sealed his mouth.

'Such a tight, taut little boy you are!' Charlotte moved one hand down to his cock, feeling it – ramrod-hard, the tip wet with precum. 'And it feels as though you're enjoying it, despite your protests. Is this as big as you get? There's barely anything there – maybe your girlfriend should have done this to you before! But there's going to be plenty of time for such things.' She licked his back, resisting the urge to bite, to drain off his sweet, sweet blood. He was trying to resist, tensing up against the intruder, but to no avail, as she ground and thrust against him, where stroking his cock.

What was going on? His asshole hurt, getting stretched out by a firm, slightly squidgy, rod. He'd never had anything back there! This wasn't what he wanted, but he could feel the pleasure growing and spreading, her fingers tight around his shaft, pumping it with swift skill. Even Emma had only touched him through his clothing! His breathing was rough and ragged, his hips pumping outside of his control. The woman's breasts pushed against him from behind, soft through her clothing, but the ropes were hurting his body, scratching against his skin.

'You should learn to enjoy this, it will make things much easier. Give in to what your body desires. After all, this might be the most pleasure I allow you for quite some time.' She

increased the speed of her hand against his cock, feeling his breathing get faster and harder. ‘I like to keep my property under control.’

His cock twitched, a spray of silvery cum shooting out, splashing against Emma’s body, thick and sticky. She thrust again with the cock, sheathing it fully within his body, her hips bumping against his.

‘But it’s good to know that your body can be made to enjoy it, even if your mind might object.’ She reached down and squeezed his balls, hearing him grunt in pain. ‘These are mine now. And this is going to be the last time for a while that they get used.’ She squeezed harder, feeling his cock shrink away, now he’d shot his load, the cum slicked along Emma’s flank, as she squirmed and wriggled against her restraints. ‘If you’ve never even done that, then the cage might take some getting used to. But I’m sure you’ll manage.’

She leaned over, cock still inserted in his body, hand scrabbling over the bedside table, feeling for the cock-cage, fingers closing over it. The maids really were excellent! Although with all the training she’d given them, they should be.

The metal cage was tight and hard, and she rubbed it against Zach’s back, smiling as he shivered from the touch of the cold metal.

‘You’re mine now, little boy.’ She kissed his shoulder, hard enough to sink her teeth into the skin. ‘And don’t you ever forget it.’ His balls were easy to pull through the base of it, before his shrunken cock was fed into the bars of the cock-cage itself, shrunken flesh caught within harsh and unyielding metal. It snapped locked with a tight and satisfying *click*. ‘If you’re naughty, then I’ll pour glue into the lock. It would be a shame to not have full access to my property, but there’s always other meat to find. Your cock is small enough that it won’t be missed either – such a shame it doesn’t match the rest of you in size.’ She flicked the cage, enjoying his continued wriggling.

‘Now, let me start training your girlfriend as well. I’m surprised you’ve never taken her there! But now it falls to me to train her – well, I’m sure I’ll manage.’

Emma’s squeaks and squeals were getting louder, as she shook herself around, chains clattering, biting into her skin, starting to rub it raw. The cum was trickling down her body now, creamy pearls oozing down soft and tender skin. The temptation to get a whip and simply lash the exposed skin was strong, but it was only fair to train them both.

With her limbs bound, Emma couldn’t move much, making it easy to straddle her from above, Charlotte pushing the woman’s hand onto the pillow, silencing her squeaks.

‘A little resistance can be cute, but I don’t like too much. Meat should be obedient.’ She put a hand on Emma’s shoulder, pinning the woman into place, feeling her attempts at struggle weaken. Then she spread her legs, pinning Emma beneath her body, positioning the still-slippery cock in place just above Emma’s asshole.

‘Such a tight little hole! And I get to be the first to use it.’ With the weight of her own body, it was easier to slide into Emma than Zach, the strap-on cock forcing the tight ring of muscle open, before penetrating further inwards. Every wriggle Emma made now just made the cock slide deeper and deeper inside, her movements limited, desperate mewling sounding out from the pillow, Charlotte pushing her head harder down.

The whining, piteous cries were mostly swallowed by the pillow, as Charlotte started pumping her hips back and forth, cock sliding deep into the woman’s asshole.

Watching the woman mount and fuck Emma, his cum still staining own Emma’s body, helped Zach forget the painful throbbing in his asshole. When he tensed up, it made it ache more, still sore from the dildo that had been shoved into it, the same one that was now slamming

in and out of Emma. The metal cage was tight and hard around his shaft, making him feel caged and confined – what would happen if he got hard like this? His hands twisted, trying to pull on the ropes, unable to find any slack in the cords. Emma’s grunts and gasps made him feel aroused, as she was forced towards a climax, his cock starting to stiffen against the cage.

‘With time, you’ll be able to find pleasure from this. Or you’ll have to learn to accept it, and pretend – you’ll find that I’m quite specific in how I want my property to behave.’ She kept going, grinding and fucking, enjoying the sensation of pushing into Emma, as her sobs quietened, the cock now fully sheathed within her body. Sweat made her skin shine, Charlotte leaning in and roughly kissing her neck, lightly nibbling the skin.

‘That’s it. Good girl – sweet little fuck-meat, mine to use.’ She kissed harder, stopping just shy of breaking the skin. ‘Soon, you’ll get used to this. But for now, you’ll have to endure it.’ She reached around and beneath Emma’s body, feeling at the woman’s small, pert breasts, scratching roughly at the skin, hips still grinding away.

Chapter 2: Forced Adoration

Charlotte sat on her throne, pushing herself against the high, padded back, resting her hands on the arms, grip loose on a leather crop. It had been too long since she had indulged herself in training! She'd have to speak to Patricia – apparently she had some fresh meat herself, currently being prepared, and a sales night would need arranging. But for now, she needed to train Emma and Zach.

‘Approach.’

She stretched out a leg, her dress having a long thigh-slit, showing off her bare skin, ending with a high-heeled stiletto. Emma whined, down on all fours with a rich red leather collar around her neck, otherwise naked except for her cloth gag.

‘Perhaps you would like the strap again?’

The woman's pale skin was marked with red lash-marks. She shivered, hunching her shoulders protectively, looking around nervously. Zach was bound, his arms chained above his head and his ankles to the ground, the cage still on his cock, bright and shiny, mouth also sealed and gagged, eyes wide.

‘Approach, or I will make you feel pain.’

Emma whined, before slowly crawling forward, slow and hesitant, head bowed.

‘Yes, that's the right attitude. One of reverence and respect.’ She stretched her leg out, a heel touching against the woman's shoulder, heel spike digging into skin. ‘You are mine. You wear my collar, you are my property. Good property is cared for, but bad property – well, I'm sure you don't want to find out what happens then, do you? So be good meat, and do what I tell you to.’ She moved her leg, pushing her foot against the woman's cheek, watching the skin dent under the pressure.

Emma whined again, not advancing any closer.

‘You need to be ready to serve your owner. With that cute mouth of yours.’ She leaned forward and dragged on Emma's collar, pulling her in close, loosening the gag, the wet rag splatting to the floor. ‘You need to learn to obey. Now, worship me.’

She shoved the woman's head against her leg, taking a firm grip of Emma's hair.

‘Not too slobbery – you're not a dog! At least, not yet. Soft and gentle kisses. And no words. You're not allowed speech yet.’

She tightened her grip, hearing a satisfying gasp of pain, but also a kiss of lips against her legs, soft and gentle.

‘That's it. Very good!’

Emma's mouth kissed against her leg, tongue lightly licking against Charlotte's skin. Charlotte could feel Emma's teeth pressed against her leg, before they took hold of her skin. She twisted her hand through Emma's hair, enjoying the grunt of pain.

‘I would advise against it, my dear. Unless you want to be hurt. Or maybe you enjoy that? It was hard to tell what you were saying through the gag, but you were making a lot of noise.’ The pressure on her skin faded, returning to another kiss. ‘Good girl.’ She used the crop, tapping it against the woman's back, admiring the curve of her spine, curving into a dimple just

above pert buttocks. It was a delight to slide the crop over soft, smooth flesh, pressing harder against the existing red marks, before rising it up and flicking it down.

Zach could feel the cock tighten, stiffening beneath the cage, soon reaching the limit of the metal. It hurt, making his shaft throb with pain, wanting to grow further, but limited by the metal. The chains bound his limbs, holding his arms up, without enough slack to let him move. Being entirely naked made him feel open and vulnerable, hoping that she wouldn't fuck him from behind again. He couldn't look away, as Emma's head pushed against the woman's long, smooth legs, kissing away, that crop commanding and painful, every strike making him flinch.

Emma squealed, a puff of breath exhaling out, warm and slightly damp. She dragged Emma in closer, the woman's backside a nice target, flicking with the crop again, slapping the end down. Each hit made another wavering breath puff out from Emma, along with faint whimpers. When Charlotte changed her angle, striking lower and between Emma's legs, she whined, her neck tensing up, resisting Charlotte's grip, making her tut.

'You are here for my pleasure now. The more you resist, then the more I will have to hurt you. And you don't want pain, do you? You want to be a good little piece of meat.' She pulled on Emma's hair again, pulling her head closer in, spreading her legs. Beneath the dress, she was bare, her slit exposed. 'You know what to do, don't you? Sweet little Zach can manage – she looked up to smile at him, watching him twist in his bonds, his cock as swollen as the cage would allow, unable to hide his arousal. 'And don't you dare bite!' She settled herself back into her throne, spreading her legs wide and dragging Emma in, using little flicks and taps of the crop to steer her.

The tongue licked against her crotch, and she met Zach's eyes, smiling as the soft, wet tongue slid into her. 'I wonder how often she pleased you with her mouth? You should have, ahhh... should have made the most of it. You'll have to be a good little boy if you want to feel such pleasure again.' The tongue slid around inside of her, and she tightened her thighs against Emma's cheeks.

Zach's cock was bulging against the cage, pain and humiliation in his eyes, grunting around his cleave-gag. The chains tinkled as he moved, unable to contain his desire, hips thrusting against empty air.

Charlotte used her grip on Emma's hair to steer her, dragging her in and out. 'Work harder.' A tap against the woman's buttocks, hard and fast, made her grunt in pain, but had the desired effect, spurring the tongue to greater speeds. Charlotte let her instincts take over, her hips twitching and pulsing in time with her own desires, crotch wet, before the pleasure rushed and tingled through her, her head resting backwards against the throne. Despite the pleasure, she didn't let go of Emma's hair, forcing the woman to keep her lips pressed in close against Charlotte's body.

'You see? All you need to do is obey. And because you were a good girl, I'll let you wetten the strap-on – Zach doesn't like being taken dry. You see what a kind mistress I am?' She dragged Emma's head backwards before shoving downwards, letting go and using her foot to press Emma's head onto the floor. Then she picked up the strap-on, standing up and buckling it around her waist.

Zach shook his head, pulling on the chains harder. He didn't want to see that thing ever again! He definitely didn't want it inside of him, his ass forced wide to accept the fat shaft. The cloth gag was wet and soggy in his mouth, soaked in his spit, but it was able to silence his protests. When he moved his body, he could feel the cock-cage, his half-erect cock swaying from side-to-side.

Fear was in Zach's eyes now, as he struggled against his restraints with sudden vigor, the grunts getting louder.

'Oh? Maybe he actually likes it rough?'

Zach shook his head, arms twisting against the chains, make them snap taut and then relax, without any hope of breaking free.

'Now, Emma, mouth nice and wide. You need to learn to do this – I'm a lot more gentle than some of the customers.'

Emma grunted, her head still down, face hidden. Charlotte flicked the crop, striking against ribs, several strikes in quick succession, before having to lean over and pull on Emma's hair, dragging her upwards. She pushed the cock against the woman's mouth, shifting her grip to the back of Emma's head, pulling roughly on her hair. Emma's mouth stayed closed, lips tightly pressed together.

'Oh? Disobedience? The more you struggle, the more I will have to hurt you.' She pushed her foot between Emma's leg, pressing down hard on bare skin. 'If you disobey, then you will be punished.' She struck with the crop, several strikes against Emma's back. 'I could put metal through those little tits of yours, or between your legs. Or have you branded – you're nothing but livestock now. Maybe a nice mark on your backside would remind you of your place?'

'Mpphhh!' Emma opened her mouth to protest, Charlotte taking the chance to shove the strap-on into the woman's mouth, forcing it wider. Whatever Emma had been wanting to say was swallowed up by the cock, the grunt of protest replaced by wet coughing and spluttering.

'That's it. Relax your throat. It's there to be used, after all.' With her grip on the back of Emma's head, it was easy to shove it in deep, feeling the resistance of Emma's throat, the cock bumping against the ring of muscle. Emma was silenced except for soft whimpers, Charlotte riding her face, feeling the base of the cock bumping against her own crotch, still wet and tingly from Emma's licking.

'Shhhhh. Relax, and it will hurt less. Just obey, and be my good little pet.' The groans and gasps were getting wetter now, the cock sliding into Emma's throat. 'I'm sure the guests will enjoy you.' She pushed her foot forward, feeling between Emma's leg, using her shoe to press up against Emma's crotch, feeling a slipperiness there. 'Your body knows what to do, even if you don't.' She pushed her hips forward, trying to get the cock in as deep as it would go, Emma's throat still too tight to take it fully, making gagged, choking noises. Charlotte held it there, smiling at the sounds, her body warm and comfortable.

And then she pulled back, Emma coughing more, not resisting as Charlotte dragged her over towards Zach. He tried to flinch away, but couldn't move more than a few inches, the chains reaching their limits.

'Emma was good enough to make the shaft wet and slippery. You should thank her, if you ever get the chance.' She dropped her grip from Emma's head, the woman dropping, still spluttering and coughing, then walked behind Zach. His body tensed up, his buttocks hard, amusing targets to strike with the crop, the tight skin turning red. Running a hand over his youthful flesh was a delight, feeling around to his chest, feeling the small, hard nubs of his nipples, the flat tightness of his abs, and then the metal around his cock. She could feel the heat from it, unable to become fully erect, the metal containing his manhood. He whined through his cock, gasping in pain as she took hold of his balls. As she tightened her grip, she started to push the cock between his buttocks.

'Are you trying to resist? The more you struggle, the more this will hurt, even with Emma's help.' She squeezed his balls, grip tight, feeling the pain start to build within his body, as he

tried to wriggle away, unable to escape. Charlotte dropped the crop and took hold of the shaft, guiding it between the tight buttocks, leaving a spit-smear on the skin. She twisted her grip on his testicles, a sudden wrench that made him groan, the buttocks relaxing, letting her start to press the cock against his butthole.

His breathing got faster, and she leaned in close, resting her chin on his shoulder, then kissed his ear. 'Such a good little boy, aren't you? So eager and keen to learn. How many your age get such an experience?' The cock-head pushed into him, despite his resistance, forcing the right ring of muscle open. His cock twitched, now as hard as the cage allowed. 'You see, your body likes it. Maybe I'll train your asshole, and keep your cock for my private use.'

It hurt, sliding into him, Emma's spit only helping to ease it a little, forcing his asshole wide. He didn't want to be fucked there! And her fingers were hard and powerful on his balls, making his vision blur. Despite that though, he was still hard, at least as much as the cage allowed, his body wanting more. The woman's very presence was a turn-on, every touch potent, rippling through him and turning him on, despite the degrading pain of being ass-fucked.

He groaned, and she kissed his neck, nibbling at the skin. She started to rock her hips back and forth, slowly forcing the cock deeper and deeper into him. The resistance was still there, his asshole tightening around the shaft, but there was no way for him to keep her out. The feeling of power surged through her, hot and potent, and she let go of his testicles, rubbing her hand against his chest instead.

'You clearly spent a lot of time at the gym! Nice to know it wasn't wasted. Now you can be a lovely plaything for me.' She wrapped her arm around his stomach, using it to better thrust the cock into his body, still rocking her hips back and forth, skewering and penetrating him from behind. 'Such a good cocksleeve. You're going to be a lot of fun to play with.'

She licked his skin, before kiss-biting him again, sinking her teeth into the meat of his shoulder, sending another ripple of pain through his body.

'You can take more in your ass than your girlfriend can in her mouth. You should be proud!' With more thrusting, she managed to get the whole length of the shaft into him, twisting her hips to make it move within him. 'You're a long way from earning having the cage removed, but you're a good boy.' She scratched her nails along his chest, raking across the muscles, before starting to grind her hips back and forth, ass-fucking him, enjoying his gasps of humiliated pain.

Chapter 3: Cosmetic Preparation

Carly tried to struggle against her restraints, leather straps tight around her wrists, binding her into the barber's chair. The cloth gag was heavy and wet with her own spit, tasting dirty, but making it impossible to talk with anything other than mumbles. Her legs were tied as well, cuffs around her ankles that wound around the base of the barber's chair, hurting her if she moved her legs too much.

Her captor moved, approaching with a smile on her face – dressed in stylish jeans and a sleek, fashionable corset, showing off her large breasts, her neck bare. Her blonde hair curled down one side of her face, draping itself in an artful arrangement. Carly's fingers tensed up, digging into the padded leather rests, as she tried to push herself backwards, wanting to escape. Her neck felt fever-hot, the leather collar there too tight, pressing against her skin, making her feel like she was choking, even though she could breathe, aside from the gag.

'I think your hair should be done now.'

Carly could feel the foil on her head, the dying cream forcibly altering the color of her hair. Aside from the collar, she was lightly dressed, in just a bra and her panties, the rest of her clothing having been stripped off. Although the room was warm, she couldn't stop herself from shivering, exposed to Patricia's gaze.

'This would normally cost quite a lot. You should be thankful – after all, I could just display you naked. Or make you crawl through the mud first. Some people are into that – they like the degraded look. And there's far worse fluids that could cover you. It's your first time though, so I want you to look good. I've even done your nails for you – there's not many people that can see they've had their nails painted by someone such as me.'

She leaned in closer, Carly trying to push herself backwards, the leather deforming against her back. The woman was close, far too close, so close that it was obvious she wasn't breathing, her canines visible beneath her soft, red lips, without the heat that should be radiating from someone's body.

'So do please stop scratching them. I think the red looks rather good on you. And I want you to have a good value – that will make it more worthwhile to keep around. And I'm sure that you want to be treated well. Or maybe you would enjoy being treated poorly? I've never seen the appeal myself, but some people have stranger tastes.'

She took Carly's chin in her hand, staring into Carly's eyes, blue and powerful. The grip on her chin was too strong and powerful to resist, the woman's other hand cupping a breast.

'A good size – a decent handful, just the right size to play with. Maybe I can put something into them later? Once the customers have had some fun with you, then I'll have my turn. I hope you'll be nice and obedient then.'

Carly shivered, trying to mew defiance, but all that happened was her tongue rubbing against the spit-soaked cloth. Fingers slid beneath her bra, groping her more assertively, digging into her soft flesh, starting to tighten up, hurting her. Patricia's face came closer, then her lips, soft and eerily cold, pressed against Carly's, kissing her. She'd never been kissed with a gag in

before, the feeling strangely degrading, especially because she couldn't do anything to break away.

But her body was betraying her, a softer warmth coiling up from inside of herself. It felt good, her body wanting more of the touches, to be kissed more. The hand twisted on her breast, tweaking the flesh again, before withdrawing. Lips-on-lips, the kiss continued, before the hand slid down Carly's belly, sliding between her thighs. She tried to clamp them together, not wanting to be touched there, but Patricia was too powerful, easily sliding her hand into place, fingers stroking against Carly's pussy, through her thin panties.

She could feel her body getting even hotter, betraying her as a warmth tingled between her legs, cold fingers pushing against her, pushing her panties into her. How was the woman's touch so powerful, despite the chill of her skin? Ever since becoming the woman's captive, she'd been teased constantly, her body kept on the edge of pleasure, but never allowed release. She could feel her own wetness, making her panties cling to her body, even before being stroked and touched! Being so close to release, but unable to touch herself, was humiliating, especially with her body being altered, her nails and hair being done.

The hand released her chin, moving down and tweaking her collar, the leather still stiff and new, chafing against her skin. It was locked at the front, a small metal padlock holding it close, the key held by Patricia. A finger pushed into her, making her gasp, wriggling her hips, wanting the finger deeper inside her body, wanting release from the hot, tight pressure that had been building up for so long now! It pushed deeper into her, curving and curling, her vision blurring with sheer, denied pleasure.

And then it was pulled out, leaving her gasping, desperate for more. Her moan this time was one of desperation – she wanted to get off, to collapse into the warm pleasure she had been denied!

Fingers slapped across her cheek, hard enough to sting, but light enough not to leave a mark. 'Eagerness is permitted, but save it for the customers. The first time is always the one that gets the best price. And it's been a while since the customers have had the pleasure of someone like you.'

She tapped her fingers against Carly's cheek, more gently this time.

'Now, let me get your hair finished, and then you can get dressed.'

She moved around, walking behind Carly, out of her. Carly squirmed her thighs, pressing them together, trying to get enough pressure to get herself off, but was unable to. She felt hands touch against her head, pulling away the foil strips, before the head-rest was tilted backwards, her neck being bent into a sink. Water poured, running through her hair, cooling her further and then running down into the sink, draining away down the plughole.

'There we go, a nice bright blonde! Something to draw the eyes. Gentlemen do loves blondes – and so do men that are even less gentle. You're going to be nice and obedient. Nice and used. And if you're a good girl, then you might even get a nicer collar – that one is a little common. Perhaps one in steel? They're nice and permanent.'

Her fingers massaged Carly's scalp, soothing and strong, commanding and powerful. And then there was a towel, drying her off, before a brush stroked through her hair.

'Good girl. You see, aren't you so much prettier now? When I untie you, I don't want you to start protesting. Although I think you understand what might happen now?' Fingers tensed in her hair, pulling on it for a moment, making Carly grunt with pain. 'Do be a good girl.' She leaned forward, releasing the cuff around Carly's left wrist, then the right. Carly didn't dare move, staying in place as Patricia let her go, metal clicking, her ankles now free.

She stood up, slowly – the door was over there, but Patricia was far faster and stronger than she was. As if to demonstrate, Patricia appeared in front of her, a lightning-fast blur, hooking fingers through the ring of her collar. She pulled Carly close, the gag snapping free, lips pressing close, a real kiss this time, a tongue sliding deep into Carly's mouth, powerful and possessive. Patricia's body was strong and powerful, breasts pushing against her, a leg pushing between her own. The lust surged again, and she would have fallen if not for Patricia.

Carly started to kiss back, pressing her body against Patricia's. Her heart raced, body yearning for release, her hips grinding of their own accord against Patricia's knee, her panties wet with her juices. The sheer desperation she felt made her feel ashamed, but she didn't care, she just wanted to get off!

But Patricia broke the kiss, pushing her away, too strong to fight against.

'Get dressed, and save that desire for the customers.'

She pushed Carly away, in the direction of clothing hanging on the wall – a cheerleader outfit, tight and slutty, with underwear and a short skirt as well. Carly stripped off, feeling the air coil against her body, sending another twitch of desire through her. She'd been shaved when restrained, Patricia teasing her as the blade rasped against her skin, leaving her entirely bare. She wanted to touch herself! But that would just lead to being punished... She crossed one arm over her breasts, trying to cover herself a little, taking a thong from the hanger. Having to stand on one leg to pull it up made her feel exposed and vulnerable - it was impossible to tell where Patricia was. There was no sound of breathing, no sign of the woman's presence, although she must still be there. Just the touch of the thong, pulling against her crotch made her head spin!

A hand touched against her backside, nails digging into skin, making her gasp, before sliding upwards, pulling it into place. Carly shivered, one of her own arms sliding over her breasts. The bra was a lacy pushup one, tarty and trashy, but she took it down, her backside still getting stroked and teased. A pleased purr came from behind her, nails lightly stroking down her back, as she hooked her arms through the bra, pulling it into place. Patricia gave it a tweak, then fastened the clasps, reaching around to plump Carly's breasts. A hand slid down her belly, stroking around her navel, Patricia emitting another pleased purr before letting her go.

It was a single garment, top and skirt all in one. She had to pull it over her head, hating the momentary flash of darkness, fearful that anything might happen as it slid over her body, snug against her skin, feeling Patricia pull it into place, glad when she could see again. It seemed to be an actual cheerleader outfit, rather than a slutty one, the skirt coming halfway to her knee, twisting when she moved, tight against her breasts and ass. It left her arms and shoulders bare, exposing even more of her skin.

Patricia's hands slid beneath it, stroking against her thighs, lightly touching against her crotch, making her shiver. She was so wet already! Her body shivered, still tight with desire, unable to stop her hands shaking.

'Just a little more. And then you'll be ready for display. Don't worry – as long as you bear my collar, you won't be hurt. *Too* much – the guests no better than to be excessively rough with my belonging.'

Fingers slid up over her hips, tweaking the outfit a little more, getting the positioning just right, stroking against her breasts and hips.

'Mmmm. Such a lovely little thing! I do hope you won't start screaming – it would be a shame to not have your mouth available.' A kiss against her neck, hard and long, teeth worrying at her skin, fingers teasing between her legs again. 'Charlotte should be here soon, with her new toys – I wonder what they'll be like?'

Chapter 4: Pre-Sale Preparation

Charlotte leaned into the kiss, Patricia pushing back, hands roaming, sliding down onto Charlotte's thigh, beneath the dress. She slid her own arm around Patricia's waist, pulling the woman closer in, their bodies pressing together, tight and close, their breasts pushing together. Patricia's corset-top was rigid against Charlotte's body, highlighting Patricia's slender waist.

A faint gasp of pain came from just out of sight, the two of them both turning, tongues sliding together, bodies close and tight. Zach was in a barber's chair now, naked except for his cock-cage, arms cuffed to the rests, metal bands around his ankles. The flesh of his cock pressed against the cage, swollen as much as it could, the fabric gag tight between his lips.

It hurt, the metal pushing back against his shaft, not letting it grow. But he couldn't control his arousal, from seeing the two women make out in front of him, both of them gorgeous, dressed to kill, in that leg-baring red dress, and tight trousers and the corset top. His whole body felt hot and tingly, blood rushing and surging, despite the pain in his crotch.

Charlotte broke the kiss, smiling at Patricia before looking down at Zach. 'His tiny cock was something of a disappointment, but I'm sure he can still be used for pleasure.' She stalked over to him, before leaning over, letting him look down the deep cleavage of her dress, reaching out and scratching her nails down his thigh. His leg tensed up, as she left white scratch-marks down his skin, before she flicked his cock-cage. He was erect enough that it only rocked a little, but he groaned again through his gag.

'Such an obedient little boy!' She grabbed his balls and squeezed, making him groan in pain. 'But we need to make you look good for the auction – I want a good price for you.' She reached out, stroking hair out of Zach's eyes, staring at him. He hunched his shoulders and mumbled weakly through his gag, tasting his own stale spit and making a futile attempt at protection. Charlotte moved her hand, feeling his chest, running a hand over his hard little nipples.

'Your body knows how to obey, even if you haven't realized it yet.' She dug her nails into one nipple, smiling as he gasp-groaned into the gag. 'You're going to make such a lovely toy. That tight butt of yours needs some more loosening.'

'Mphhh!' Tears formed in his eyes, as she dug her nails in harder, looking down at him before releasing him. He groaned again as blood rushed back into his nipple, powerlessly straining against the bindings, before Charlotte turned away.

Emma was tied onto the next chair, moving with slightly more vigor, her ankle-chain clinking as she moved her legs. Charlotte glared at her, and her movements stopped, her eyes looking away, unable to meet Charlotte's gaze.

Patricia spoke. 'I'm expecting a good crowd. Should be decent business. And there's Carly as well. I'm sure she'll be popular.' She turned her head, looking in the corner, where Carly was tied up. A rope around her wrists held her arms up, her breasts on display beneath the tight cheerleader outfit, still gagged, her toned legs squirming uncomfortably. 'Why don't you play with her a little while I prepare your two?'

Charlotte put both her hands on Zach's chest, digging her nails in and then scratching down. Even through the cock-cage, the tip of his cock shone with precum, as it pushed against the metal, trapped and bound. She left red marks down his firm chest, before moving one hand to his cock, lightly tapping it again, making him squirm.

He couldn't escape her grasp, feeling his shame mingle with trapped desire. His asshole still hurt from when she'd shoved that thing into him. He remembered it stretching him out, his cheeks flaming bright red, remembering the release she'd forced onto him, his cum spurting out onto Emma's body, trickling over her skin, and he choked back a sob. Her nail was a teasing pressure against his cock, touching against the sensitive, swollen flesh of his cockhead. The other woman approached her, and they started to kiss, slowly and sensuous, bodies pressing together, making it impossible to focus.

'They're a cute couple. I'm sure they'll have a lot of fun. Now, let me work!' Patricia stroked her hands down Charlotte's body, before pushing her away. 'Go and have some fun with Carly. Just don't mark her up! You know damaged goods go for lower prices.'

Charlotte squeezed Patricia's backside, the tight trousers showing off her buttocks, enjoying Patricia's wriggle of pleasure, before letting go and walking over to the bound woman. They tried to scrabble backwards, but were in a corner to start with, their hands bound above their head. The cheerleader outfit was tight and revealing, riding up to reveal a generous amount of thigh, the waist-band just beneath the woman's hips. She pushed her hand forward, squeezing at a large breast, enjoying the sudden gasped intake of breath, before she slid around behind them, still squeezing the breast-meat, kissing Carly on the neck.

Patricia was starting to apply makeup to Zach's face, brushes lightly skimming over his flesh. He was shivering with each soft touch, his eyes tightly closed, Patricia resting one hand on his chest, nails pressing down. Charlotte had to force a possessive snarl down, her hand instinctively tightening on Carly's breast, fingers digging in, making Carly start to gasp with pain, until she forced herself to relax.

Zach's discomfort was obvious, his breathing getting faster, as Patricia went to work – a little foundation first, bringing out his cheekbones, her hand sliding along his chest, light enough not to leave any marks. His cock was still as hard as it could be within the cage though, the bars held high by the engorged flesh. He was shivering against his restraints, unable to move, fearful of the consequences.

Charlotte reached beneath Carly's skirt, running her hand up a thigh, feeling the warm, taut skin, then twisting her fingers. A lacy thong was no barrier, the scant fabric sticky with the woman's fluids, easy to twist a finger beneath, feeling the warm wetness of her slit. Carly shivered and moaned into her gag, hips twisting back against the finger, seeking to be penetrated.

Charlotte teased the woman, slowly stroking her more, watching as makeup was prepared for presentation. It didn't take long until his makeup was complete, his face now smooth and even more youthful looking, lips reddened, just slightly, skin made smooth and even, the tired lines hidden away. Patricia gave his cock a backhanded slap, before striking his balls, making him gasp and grunt.

'You always find the most tender meat! So soft and sweet. And you've taken him already?'

'Oh yes. I'm pretty sure I was the first. His tender little asshole had never been taken before.' She slipped a finger into Carly, enjoying the swift and sharp intake of breath, lightly twisting it around, her other arm tight around Carly's waist, keeping her pinned in place.

'I might enjoy him myself then. Before the audience ruin him.'

Charlotte tightened her grip, pushing the air out of Carly's lungs, hooking her finger deeper into her, making her whimper.

'Consider it payment for your work, I suppose.'

There was a blur of vampiric speed. When Patricia reappeared, his legs were bent upwards, the ankle-chain now around the back of the chair, holding his legs up, exposing his asshole.

No! What just happened? Please, not that again. It hurts. His cock throbbed against the cage, tight and bound, the tip wet, the arousal making his head fuzzy. The makeup on his face felt strange as well, something he wasn't used to, an odd taste on his lips. The air touched against his asshole, making him shiver, the cloth between his teeth silencing his protest. Charlotte blurred again, a barely-visible streak of movement before she appeared again, now holding a large black dildo, already shiny with lube. She put it against his asshole, the tip slippery and slimy.

'If you resist, then it will hurt more. Or maybe you enjoy that?'

Charlotte watched as the dildo was slowly forced into Zach's body, his eyes bulging, cock still stiff within the cage. Her hands roamed over Carly's body, digging into a large breast, her other hand still slowly moving about inside of Carly's body. Her pussy was tight and wet, the walls gripping against Charlotte's finger, trying to pull it deeper inside, as Carly grunted and gasped into her own gag.

The dildo was slowly pushed into Zach's body, his asshole gaping wide to take it, getting forced open. His cheeks were flushing a deep red, his eyelids fluttering, cock filling the cock-cage completely. When Patricia gave the dildo a twist, he gasped, head sagging to the side, hips and cock twitching about.

'So soft and tender! He's going to be fun to break in.' The cock went deeper in, Zach's breathing getting faster and faster. 'He's so tight – I wonder how long that will last? Such a cute little innocent!' His whining was getting louder, making Charlotte feel a warmth within herself, squeezing more tightly against Carly's body, having to be careful not to exert her full strength, not wanting to cause any permanent damage. The woman's backside was pushing against her own hips, Charlotte sliding another finger into her, spreading them wide.

Patricia gave the cock another twisting shove, most of the length now buried within Zach's body, his asshole forced to gape around it. It shook as he moved, unable to force it out, the part that wasn't within him moving as he gasped and panted. When Patricia tweaked it, slapping it with her palm, his eyes rolled all the way back in his head, cock juddering about.

'Let's get your cutie girlfriend prepared as well.' She patted his cheek, making him groan again, backside straining without effect, unable to eject the cock. 'Don't get too worked up, you'll ruin all my hard work!'

As he twisted and wriggled, trying to make the penetrating shaft less uncomfortable, she walked over to Emma, who was rigid and stiff, trying to shrink back through the chair she was tied to. Patricia started to tend to her, as Charlotte kept playing with Carly, exploring the woman's body. Soft, large breasts responded to her touches, nipples hardening, Carly's breathing now in short, sharp pants. 'Hmmm, you are desperate, aren't you? You're going to be a delight to have, bent over the bar, ready for use. The customers do appreciate someone that's quite so desperate.'

The woman mumbled something into her gag, words impossible to make out, hips grinding and twisting.

'Lovely horny slut!' She kept teasing Carly, moving her fingers with deliberate slowness, never letting the woman have a release, stirring her up to excitement and then letting it fade away

before starting again. They were limp and warm, entirely in her control, not even trying to break free. In front of her, Patricia kept working on Emma, as Zach's tight ass wriggled around, the black shaft of the impaling dildo shaking as well.

She didn't stop until Patricia had finished her work on Emma, taking a firm grip on the woman's chin, tilting her face, Emma's eyelashes, now long and fluffy, fluttering as she looked back. Her lips were reddened, her cheeks smooth and powdered, with her eyebrows carefully plucked and shaped.

'Now get dressed. Your owner has been kind enough to provide you with clothing.' She pointed at a maid's outfit hanging on the wall, the skirt short and fluffy, the top low-cut. 'No complaints!' She grabbed at Emma's throat and squeezed, making Emma splutter, her movements slowing, head bowing in defeat before Patricia let go. 'Good girls don't resist.' Staring down at Emma, she released the woman from the restraints, then pulled her up to standing with a single hand, in a smooth and easy movement.

Charlotte pulled her fingers out of Carly, wiping them clean on the pleated cheerleader skirt, before advancing on Zach. His shoulders tensed, fingers digging into the armrests.

The dildo felt huge and slippery, but it was impossible to tense up enough to force it out, the thing too deeply lodged. It felt like it filled most of his belly, stretching deep into him, far bigger than it looked, pressing against his organs! Charlotte twisted it, and the ripple ran through his entire body. His cock throbbed, the cage binding his skin, hot and tight. Then she tapped his bare crown, and his vision blurred, that sensation mingling with that of another dildo-twist, making him whimper. Shame and desire blurred together, confusing and delirious. Behind Charlotte, he could see Emma getting dressed, shoulders hunched, the maid outfit skimpy and fluffy, leaving her breasts almost completely bare, the fluffy petticoats beneath the skirt doing little to cover her soft ass. She caught him looking and blushed, before he looked away, unable to focus through another twist of the dildo.

'I did consider putting you in a nice dress, but I don't think that's what the crowd really wants. So you can keep your cage, but otherwise it'll be some fairly plain shorts and a t-shirt for you. For now, I think I'll let you go unplugged.'

The air whooshed from his lungs as the dildo was pulled out in a single smooth motion, his asshole feeling every lump and ridge on the shaft, head swimming. She leaned over, smiling and baring her fangs, before softly kissing him on the cheek, her hand coming down to cup his balls, squeezing them for a moment, hard enough to make sparks flash and dance in his vision.

Her grip shifted, coming over his caged cock, sliding and squeezing, twisting it to and fro. With his cock not allowed to get fully erect, there was no hope of release, but he could feel desire increasing, despite his inability to complete.

'You're going to be a good, obedient boy, aren't you?' Her smile was far from kind, as she kissed him again, before stroking his forehead. 'And then maybe I'll let you have some fun without that cage. Or maybe I'll see how much your cute little asshole can take! Maybe you'll even have an anal orgasm? Once we start pushing things deep enough, and hitting your prostate.'

Another kiss, long and soft, and then she moved away, releasing him and pulling him to his feet, shoving him towards his own clothing.

'All three of you are going to be nice, obedient slaves. If you don't obey, then it will be even worse for you. But it will be fun – for us at least. You might enjoy it. Or not – it really doesn't matter much either way.'

Chapter 5: Sale or Rent

The booze was flowing, a steady chink of glass against glass and liquid flowing, as beers were poured, spirits filling shot-glasses. And the money was flowing as well, the tills chiming every time they were opened up, notes and coins filling them up. Patricia smiled, nodding as one of the customers said something to her, a general greeting lost in the background noise and bustle.

On one side of the room, illuminated by spotlights, were the three pieces of meat – a thin line of tape was all that kept them separated from the audience, although a few hands reached out, feeling at breasts, poking at skin. They had their hands tied above their heads, spreader bars keeping their legs spread, collars fresh and bright around their necks. Their mouths were sealed with cloth gags, keeping them nice and quiet.

Patricia looked over at Carly, staring at her until the woman looked back, fear in her eyes. She walked over, smiling as Carly nervously gulped, feet shuffling awkwardly. Her cheerleader outfit was snug and tight around her body, showing off her breasts, the skirt riding up whenever she moved her legs. Maybe now would be a good time to show them off, before the auction?

She smiled and nodded at a few other guests, before stepping over the tape, the probing hands pulling back. The other two shuffled away, at least the small amount they could – Emma was dressed as a maid, her breasts spilling out of the top, fluffy petticoats spilling out. Zach was in shorts and t-shirt, tight enough to show off his chest, his cock-cage just about visible beneath the shorts.

Carly had no more slack in her rope, having pulled back as far as she could. Patricia reached out, grabbing the woman by the collar-ring and pulling her forward, forcing her off-balance.

‘I’m going to show you off a little. And you’re going to be a good girl, aren’t you? If you’re rented out, then you’ll be treated better than if you’re given away for free.’ She tilted Carly’s head up, staring down into her eyes. ‘So you won’t cause any problems, will you?’

She grunted something from behind her gag, that was hopefully agreement. Patricia reached up and pulled the rope off the loop on the ceiling, reaching around behind Carly and then pulling it through her legs.

‘Would you rather have a leash?’

There was a long pause, before Carly shook her head.

‘Then be a good girl, and you can be rented out, rather than treated like a disposable bitch. There’s always space in the toilets for someone, but I guarantee you won’t like it.’ She bent over, smiling at the soft sighs of interest as her trousers tightened against her own ass, showing herself off, releasing Carly’s ankles from the spreader bar, the metal clunking to the floor.

She tugged on the rope, looping it around her hand to make sure that Carly stayed close. The rope tightened between Carly’s legs, making her short cheerleader skirt ride up, displaying even more of her thighs, rubbing against her crotch. Patricia lifted up Carly’s skirt, smiling at the sight of dampness on the lacy thong.

Carly stumbled behind her, gasping into her gag, getting stimulated by the rope. Patricia pulled on the rope harder, feeling it become taut and slide against Carly’s crotch, turning to

whisper to the young woman. 'You're a natural! See, your body wants to be used.' She stepped over the tape, lifting it up and passing the rope between her hands and pulling on it, Carly stepping through as well. Her eyes were wide, panic and desire mingling together. When Patricia gave the rope a sudden yank, making the rope tighten against Carly's crotch, she gasped, blonde hair bouncing and shifting around.

'Ladies and gentlemen!' Silence ran through the crowd, a space opening around her, everyone turning to look. 'We have three lovely new pieces of meat, fresh on the market.' She pulled on the rope, making Carly stagger forward, in front of her, putting a hand on Carly's shoulder as she pulled the rope upwards, making it saw into Carly's slit, drawing out another gasp. 'Fresh on the market, but with some prior use! Lovely breasts, nice and eager and keen, even if she protests a little to start with. Nice and soft in all the right places.'

She pushed Carly forward, towards the audience.

'You can give her a feel, if you want.'

Hands came forward, stroking along Carly's breasts, squeezing and cupping, twisting the large mounds. Another stroked along Carly's thigh, before squeezing her buttock, making her gasp again.

Patricia steered Carly forward, keeping the rope tight, her wrists still tied, unable to protect herself from the hands, as she was groped and molested.

'As well as this lovely piece of meat, we have two pieces that are even fresher! Caught by Charlotte, we have Emma and Zach. Straight from the street, both young and sweet.'

She looked over her shoulder, to see Charlotte, still in her red evening dress, attaching a leash to Emma, staring into her eyes and whispering something, Emma's shoulders slumping. Metal handcuffs chinked around her wrists, keeping them behind her back. Then Charlotte went to Zach, cuffing him as well, then unbuttoning his shorts, making them start to drop down, revealing the metal of the cock-cage, until he spread his knees, awkwardly keeping the shorts from dropping any further.

He had to awkwardly waddle, or risk the shorts dropping further. His shrunken and tiny cock could be seen, flopping within the cage, before Charlotte stroked fingers against his chest, his cock starting to grow.

As they were pulled forward, Patricia introduced them. 'Zach – nice and muscled, with his tiny cock caught between metal. His tight little asshole responds well to a good reaming, so don't feel that you need to be gentle. And his girlfriend, sweet Emma, nice and innocent. Well, not so innocent any more, but she's going to be a nice anal slut.' Both of them started to blush, cheeks turning bright red, shoulders hunched as Charlotte pulled them forward.

More hands were groping at Carly as Patricia slowly walked forward, letting as many of the customers as possible see and touch her. Watching Carly try and avoid the touches, making the rope between her leg even tighter, was amusing, Carly's breathing getting ragged as her arousal started to spiral.

Zach and Emma were being similarly treated, Zach still waddling awkwardly. A hand slapped against his backside, making him wince as the spanking noise echoed around the room, a woman raising her hand to slap at his buttocks again. His shorts dropped a little more, revealing more of the metal banding around his cock and balls. Another hand, clad in a long evening glove, lunged from the front, squeezing at his balls.

Emma was getting even more molested, strong male hands squeezing her breasts, pinching and stretching out her nipples, making her grunt and squeal. Her short skirt was lifted up, fingers

probing against thin lace panties, making her legs squirm in a futile attempt at protection, her arms flapping, unable to push anyone away.

They did a steady circuit of the room, Carly's steps getting smaller and smaller as the rope slid deeper and deeper into her, her breathing getting more and more ragged. By the time they got back to the starting position, her eyes were barely open, her bright red lips tight around the gag.

Patricia took up position behind Carly, cupping a breast herself, pinching the nipple through the cheerleader top.

'Who wants to rent this lovely piece of fuck-meat? Who wants to bid two hundred dollars.'

A hand came up, somewhere at the back. And then the bids starting to roll in, thick and fast, Patricia pointing at each of them in turn. She would need to get something to stand on if she made a habit of this! As the auction progressed, she kept groping at Carly's breast, pressing harder against it, fingers tightening on the hard little nipple-nub, enjoying the shivers of pain that rippled through the woman's body. Her body shook, caught between fear and desperation, the auction starting to slow when it reached five hundred dollars. At six hundred, there were just two people left, Carly nervously looking between them.

Patricia kissed her ear, before whispering at her. 'You'll get used to it. Or not – I suppose it doesn't really matter anymore, does it? You're going to be sweet, obedient fuckmeat if you want to be treated well – if you misbehave, then you will be hurt even more. Or maybe I'll have you as a free attraction, that anyone can use.' She twisted her hand on the breast, digging her fingers in as hard as she could, just for a moment, before letting go. 'And first use goes to the gentleman at the back. Cash, please.'

He reached into the pocket of his leather coat, pulling out a thick wad of cash and handing it over, Patricia quickly flicking through it, counting the bills and nodding.

'Try not to break her. And enjoy.'

Carly backed away as Patricia handed the rope over. She was pulled forward, the man strong enough to simply manhandle her, throwing her against the wall and lifting her skirt up, slapping a hand against her backside, leaving a stark red hand-print on the soft skin. Her thong was torn away, tossed to the ground, as she was pinned against the wall, the man unzipping his trousers and starting to fuck her. She groaned, partially hidden in front of him, body shaking as he thrust into her, rough and hard. The skin between her legs shone with her juices, her groan loud despite her gag.

'And then we have the lovely Emma. Fresh and pure, except for some light anal usage.'

She went to take the leash from Charlotte, smiling as she looked at Zach, his shorts now further down his legs, more fully displaying his cock, erect enough to angle the cage upwards. His eyes were downcast, refusing to look at the crowd, arms twisting against the cuffs.

'Such soft lips, so keen and eager to suck!' Patricia squeezed a breast, enjoying the sight of Emma sucking in swift, desperate breaths, on the edge of panic. Her eyes were wide with fear, her mouth biting down onto the cloth gag, softly sobbing as she looked at the crowd, in a silent, and futile, plea for mercy. 'Nice soft breasts, ready to wrap around a cock. And I'm sure she'll be a good girl, nice and obedient.' She lifted up Emma's skirt, showing off her crotch, sliding a hand between her legs, provoking a sharp intake of breath.

Patricia could feel Emma's body shaking, caught in fearful tremors. She stroked between Emma's legs, lightly teasing at her pussy, pressing the thin lace into her slit, feeling a growing warmth and dampness.

‘And she’s starting to get into it! Nice and warm and wet for you all. Who wants to have first go at this one? Good for use in every hole.’ She reached up, tugging on the cloth of the gag, untying it, letting the cloth drop to the floor. ‘If you bite anyone, I’ll gag you permanently.’ She whispered into Emma’s ear.

A hand went up, putting the first bid in.

‘A hundred dollars! For full use, in every hole! Any more bids?’ She kept stroking at Emma’s body, enjoying the soft grunts and gasps the woman made, her hips starting to rock and shift as she was fingered.

‘Imagine these soft red lips sucking around your cock! Nice and warm and eager. These firm, young breasts, pressed up against your body. This tight, wet cunt...’ Emma whimpered, probably unused to the rough language. ‘...ready and waiting for your cock. Or a dildo, for those of you lacking a dick.’

More bids came in, the cost spiking higher and higher, Patricia continuing to stroke at Emma’s body, enjoying her soft warmth, and the steady shaking of her body. The bidding started to slow down at about four hundred, trickling upwards to five before petering out. Patricia pushed her forward, letting everyone see her, shaking out a few more bids.

The winner was short and smartly-dressed, crispy-pressed shirt beneath a suit jacket, golden jewelry around his neck, salt-and-pepper hair oiled into a tidy widow’s peak. He was already visibly hard, stepping forward and then blurring with speed, tearing Emma from Patricia’s grip and dragging her away.

When he slowed, he had Emma down on her knees, one hand on her head, the other on her shoulders, pressing her into place. Her hands had been freed from the cuffs, the metal chain shattered apart. She shuddered, but leaned in against his crotch, unzipping his trousers. Then she started to massage his dick with her breasts, rubbing them together. His hand pulled on her head, his hips starting to thrust, before he pushed her head back and shoved his cock into her mouth. He slammed his hips forward, cock sliding all the way into her mouth, making a wet, slapping sound. She coughed and spluttered, shoulders twitching as her mouth was filled.

As she was being ravaged, her throat getting abused, Charlotte pushed Zach forward, her hands stroking over his body. From how red his face was, he was getting stimulated, before she ripped his shorts away completely, leaving his crotch bare except for the cock-cage and starting to speak, loud enough to be heard over the sound of fucking, Emma’s mouth being used, Carly still bent over and getting taken from behind.

Several women crowded to the front, eyes bright, Zach trying to flinch away, but Charlotte was too strong, easily keeping him under control.

‘He’s got a lovely tight butt, and pretends he doesn’t like it! But he’s just shy.’ She kissed him on the cheek, then lower, on the neck, a hand sliding around his throat. ‘Even with his tiny little cock, he’s still eager to please – or he knows what will be done to him.’ Her other hand moved with a swift, sharp flick, her fingers smacking against his balls, making him grunt and wince, tears forming in his eyes.

‘A nice, strong butt-slut, wriggling away beneath you – I know this is what you want.’

A hand came up, a tall and slender woman in a tight black dress, sharp red nails flashing in the light. More bids followed, several of the women snarling at each other, baring their fangs at each other. Zach was whimpering now, trying to cross his legs to keep his cock from view, Charlotte slapping and pinching at his thighs and balls to keep him under control.

His cock was pushing against the bars of the cage, Charlotte lightly stroking at it, the tip wet with precum, poking up, as the bidding finished, Zach going for five hundred and fifty dollars.

Patricia tossed a strap-on at the winner, the woman in the short black dress, the pale silicone cock standing out against the black velvet. As she strapped it into place, it made her skirt ride up, exposing more of her thighs, before she advanced on Zach, eyes bright and predatory.

She blurred, moving with sudden speed, Charlotte releasing Zach, letting him be dragged away and slammed into a wall, the buyer's hand strong on the back of his neck. She slapped at his buttocks, hard enough that the sound was audible, along with his grunt of pain. Then she thrust her hips forward, slamming the cock into his asshole, forcing her way into him, making him squeal and gasp.

The sounds of fucking, of soft flesh getting abused, and wet, mumbled gasps got louder, everyone turning to look at the three victims as they were fucked. Emma's mouth was full of cock, tears streaming from her eyes as she was dragged back and forth, her throat bulging. Carly was bent up against the wall, getting pounded from behind, gasping with every slam, fingers twitching, eyes vacant.

Zach was whining into his gag as he was sodomized, the strap-on cock buried firmly between his youthful cheeks, spreading his tight asshole wide. He tried to struggle, but the woman's grip was too strong, keeping him tightly held, her hips mercilessly slamming the cock in and out of his body.

Charlotte sauntered over, a wide smile on her face, sliding her arm through Patricia's, pressing herself close.

'Well, that seemed rather successful. Three lovely fresh pieces of fuck-meat. They'll help keep the place nice and busy!'

Patricia turned, kissing the other woman on the lips, pressing herself tight against her, feeling a surge of pleasure spreading through her. The three would be good for drawing customers in, and could be used for more personal pleasure between being rented out. Although from the sounds they were making, it might be a while before they got used to it! But there was no way for them to escape, and they were young enough that they should last a while before breaking. Long enough for everyone to have a lot of fun with them, at least.

THE END

About the Author and Artist

Melissa DuVant writes a variety of BDSM-inspired stories, such as Digital Slave and is one of the co-writers of the St Michael's University setting. When not writing, she is generally planning RPG campaigns, reading or cooking. Her writing can be found at www.deviantart.com/mduvant.

The cover was created by Formant. He is a web artist, specializing in the harsher side of fetish and kink, and their works can be seen at www.deviantart.com/0formant0.

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Nightwhisper's Nightmare Chapter One: Mental Insights

The club was dark, the air tainted with the scents of sweat and semen. Samara winced, her mind conjuring up attackers in the darkness, ready to grab her. What had been done here? She took a deep breath, trying to steady herself, the spotlights illuminating stained surfaces, the area divided into tiny rooms, almost like cells, manacles and cuffs hanging from the walls. She stepped over a discarded whip, discarded into a messy coil, feeling herself break into a cold sweat, the latex of her suit tight against her body.

Samara twisted her fingers, the fingers of her elbow-length gloves resisting slightly, a tight and shiny second skin, before she started to peel it off. It kissed itself off her skin, a little at a time, her pale skin appearing from beneath it as she was released from its tight embrace, until her arm was free.

A voice came from the shadows, a faint golden glow appearing. 'Nightwhisper? You in here somewhere?' The glow intensified, a warm and sunny light banishing back some of the darkness, although it did make the restraints and painful-looking implements more obvious. A cage hung from the ceiling, the steel floor and bars smeared with bodily fluids, the inside just about large enough for a person, the thought of being restrained like that make Samara shudder.

'I'm over here, Glory!'

The light approached, stepping around a corner to reveal a young woman, wearing a short, white dress, trimmed with gold, thick blonde hair streaming outwards, a faint halo of light above her head.

She looked around and shivered, stepping carefully over a discarded latex bodysuit, keeping her arms close to her body. 'Looks like they've cleared out already? Doesn't look like anyone's here.'

Samara nodded. 'Not long ago though, everything seems fresh.'

Glory wrinkled her nose, before crossing her arms, the action pushing her breasts up against her dress. 'I don't really want to think about what "fresh" means here! Can you do your thing? And quickly – this place is dark, and I've not got much power left.' Her halo was already dimming, the shadows getting thicker.

Samara tucked her glove into her waist-sash before bending down, slowly stretching her hand out towards the whip, closing her eyes and extending her senses. As soon as she touched the rough leather of the handle, sensation-memories overwhelmed her...

The music was loud, throbbing through her body, heart pounding in time. The air was warmed by people, kissing against bare flesh – tight shorts and a crop-top, flesh out and on display. And metal, tight and hard around her neck, weighing down against her shoulders, making her skin crawl.

The cage was there still, but now it was occupied – a young woman stripped virtually naked, wearing the tattered remains of a red-and-black bodysuit, her arms bound behind her back in a leather tube, a red domino mask on her face. Her mouth was forced open, blocked by a fat black ballgag, spit staining her chin and dribbling outwards, splashing onto the cage floor. Her

breasts shook, a man fucking her from behind, grabbing the cage bars to keep her close. The woman's eyelids fluttered behind the mask, as she made a low groaning noise.

Samara felt her crotch stir, her suit seeming far too tight, pressing against her.

A hand – the hand of whoever's eyes she was seeing through – reached out, wrapped in a latex glove, shiny and powerful. It stroked against the woman's cheeks, their eyes opening, blank and unseeing before managing to focus. Was that recognition? Who were they seeing?

Then their eyes opened wide, their lips tightening around the gag-ball, more spit dribbling out as they tried to form words, even as they were still being fucked from behind.

The hand stroked their cheek, while they tried to flinch away, even though there was no room in the cage. Shiny black fingers stroked a soft, smooth cheek, their eyes wide and vague. As their head came up, a metal band was visible – a tough and sturdy metal collar ringed the woman's neck, a metal ring dangling down. They were trying to say something, but it was impossible to make out the words over the throbbing back-beat, but they looked dazed, despite their cheeks being flush with arousal.

She tensed up, the remnants of her bodysuit straining to stay together, letting out a low groan, more spit streaming from her mouth.

The warm pressure between Samara's legs was getting more intense and overt now, her body feeling warm, the suit tight and firm against her breasts and belly. She clamped her lips together, not wanting to make any strange noises.

The perspective moved in closer, terror mingling with lust in the woman's eyes as she stared at whoever's view Samara was using. This close, the impact-strikes on their body were obvious – her body-suit looked like it had been whipped off, red welt-marks on their skin. They squirmed and twisted, breasts dangling free, their leather-wrapped arms twisting around and knocking against the top of the cage.

The hand tensed, slapping them across the face, hard enough to knock them to the side, making them grunt in pain.

The impact ran through Samara's arm, her shadow-memory of the touch flashing through her. She could feel her own arousal staining her thighs, glad that her suit was tight enough to keep it contained, but the stickiness made her feel weak and ashamed. And far too damn horny!

Another slap, and then the point of view turned away, turning fast enough to make Samara feel dizzy for a moment. They walked through the club, the patrons dark-wrapped blurs, their presence not enough to impinge into the memory, just vague shapes, fucking and grinding away.

The movement stopped in an open area, dominated by an wooden X-shaped cross, another woman tied to it, struggling against the cuffs, tied facing away. They were wearing a short white dress and knee-high boots – the image of Glory, at least from behind, except for their head, sealed into a black latex hood, with a high ponytail of gold-blond hair poking out the top, flicking about as they twisted and wriggled.

When their face turned towards her, it was possible to see that there were no eye- or mouth-holes in the hood, just two nostril-holes. From the sounds they were making, they must be gagged, unable to speak, just make mush-mouthed complaints.

A whip flicked, striking against their buttocks, tearing away at the skirt, revealing toned, bare buttocks beneath. It was too fast to see, although the aftermath was increasingly obvious as more and more of the white material was torn away, whip-welts appearing on the skin beneath. Hands and feet shifted around, straining at the limits of the manacle-chains, the X-cross holding firm though.

She was drenched now, squirming her thighs, her breath hot and heavy – she hadn't been this horny for a long time! But there was no way that she could come now, despite how much she wanted to. Her hand was still tight on the whip-handle, and she heard a concerned murmur from Glory before dropping back into the memory.

The whip struck, again and again, tearing away the white dress until the figure was almost entirely naked except for the hood and the cuffs. The buttocks started to turn red from repeated impacts, each hit making the target yelp and dance around, trying to avoid further hits, without success.

A figure-blur approached, whispered a message, and the sense of savage satisfaction fled, replaced with need. The whip was discarded, and then...

The vision ended, Samara blinking her eyes as it faded away. A strong and powerful blush rose up over her face as she felt the hot, wet warmth between her legs, her arousal potent. Hopefully her suit was watertight from the inside, otherwise Glory would probably be able to tell! But even without that vision, this place was permeated with the aura of sexuality, a heavy shadow of domination and submission, where people came to be used or to use others.

'You OK, Nightwhisper? You're looking a little, uh, flushed.'

Samara found herself wishing that she wore a full-face cowl, hiding her bright red blush, rather than just a domino mask around her eyes. At least her suit was thick enough that it wouldn't show off any other signs of arousal. Every movement made her acutely aware of the sticky mess between her legs there, even as the approaching orgasm quickly faded.

'It's nothing.' Her breathing was faster than normal, her heart racing, body hot. 'But it looks like the last place. They had someone dressed up like you, tied up over there.' She pointed, Glory turning to look, the halo-light focusing into a beam. It shone off the now-empty X-cross, picking out the metal chains and manacles. Samara could see tattered fragments of white fabric, whipped off the woman's body.

'Well, that just shows they've got good taste!' Glory posed, twisting and cocking her hips, her halo shining even more brightly for a moment. 'Although I don't really want to be tied up. Anything else? Any idea who might be behind it?'

'I was looking through someone's eyes, they were whipping the person dressed like you. Same dress, but with a hood on.'

'Brrr, don't like the sound of that! I need the sun on my skin to power up, don't want to be sealed away. But no idea who that was?'

The throbbing warmth between Samara's legs was still there – whoever it had been, they had been turned on by their actions, and a woman as well. 'No, they didn't look in a mirror. And everyone else here they just saw as interchangeable, rather than people. Except for a woman in that cage – wearing red and black? I didn't recognize them, but it might have been Crimson Vigil?'

'She did go dark a while back. Although that means these guys have escalated from super look-a-likes to actual superheroes? That's an escalation.'

Samara glanced at the cage again – she could see that the steel was splashed with dribble and cum, the thing currently open. Should she touch that? But the person inside looked like they had been fucked hard – she was so damn horny already, that any other stimulation might drive her into a full orgasm, making her collapse into a puddle. And be utterly defenseless if they were attacked – Glory's halo was still dimming, showing that her powers were fading as well. It wasn't worth the risk, no matter what information she might find out from it.

'Did you find anything?'

Glory shook her head, hair blazing gold under the light from her halo, and making Samara think of the tied and spread woman, head bound under latex.

‘No. Looks like they cleared out anything useful, and just left their toys behind.’ She kicked the whip, making it flap and twist away, like a snake, Samara shuddering. The dark space, with the sex-addled air, suddenly made her feel claustrophobic and bound in, her bodysuit far too tight. She crossed her arms over her chest, the movement making it shift and cling to her body. ‘You OK? You seem a little out of it.’

‘Just... distracted.’

‘You should go see that psychiatrist. She’s got good reviews – Silksong and the White Specter both say she helped a lot. And it’s anonymous and everything, so you don’t need to worry about being revealed.’

‘Hmm, maybe. It’s just been stressful recently.’

‘Well, yeah – finding out that creepy underground sex clubs are dressing people like you for pervy kinky sex stuff is probably a bit weird. Have you seen the pictures? Some of them are kinda hot – I look good in chains! Although I look good in most things. Your fanboys seem to have a thing for you in latex and ropes, although you’ve got half of that already. Some of the photoshops are pretty good – I’m slightly ahead of you, but the Rose is still miles ahead of both of us.’

Samara started pulling her glove back on, carefully tweaking it over each finger, glad to be sealing herself up a little more, her flesh now behind the latex, pulling it up over her arm, making it shiny and black.

‘I don’t really look at that stuff.’ Whenever she saw her fans, the general psychic babble made it hard to think – the ones that were horny for her were even worse, constant images of herself getting fucked and used being forced into her mind, making her edgy and horny.

‘Some of it’s sexy. There’s even a few that think we’re a couple, although normally you’re the one in charge. Guess it’s all the black you wear? But if you are having any problems, try seeing her. You’ve been really tense and twitchy lately.’

Her juices were cooling, starting to seep down her thighs and legs as she sighed. ‘I think I might.’

‘I’ll send you her details.’