

Mia's Dark Fantasies

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen

Chapter One

I pulled up in front of Mia's place and put the car in park, then pulled out my cell phone and texted her, "Here!"

I turned to skim the latest entertainment news as I waited for her to come out, but then the text signal sounded, and her text said that I should come in. I sighed and turned off the ignition, glad I had made sure I wasn't wearing anything that her parents might take issue with, at least, that they could see.

Her parents lived in a two-bedroom apartment with Mia, her sister Shan, and her brother Joey. Joey was fourteen while Mia was five years older, and Shan was in the middle. Nevertheless, the way they worked the sleeping arrangements was that Joey got the bedroom while her father had placed curtains around part of what had been the dining room for the two girls.

The cordoned-off part was barely big enough for a bunkbed, and a pair of dressers, less than half the space Joey had. This didn't make any sense to me, but it made perfect sense to her family, because boys were valuable, and girls were not.

She had long ago warned me not to question anything her parents said or did. Girls were not supposed to question. They were supposed to be modest and meek and do what they were told and show respect to any male around, and especially their elders.

Mia's parents had been born and raised in China. Mia was born there too, but the family came to America when she was just two years old. Needless to say, she was not happy with her parents' cultural views.

She was constantly bitching to me about the way they treated her, seething about the difference between how they treated her brother as opposed to her and her sister. She'd given up arguing with them, though. She just meekly nodded her head in agreement at whatever they told her, then fumed about it later with me.

Her one act of open rebellion had been when she had cut her waist-length hair to about collar length in a cute, layered shag style. It really looked nice on her, and a lot more modern. Unfortunately, her parents were not much into modern, and she had done it without asking permission because she never would've gotten it.

She had been grounded ever since. She had to bitch about that by text and emails because there was nowhere in the apartment she could talk without someone overhearing her. Her parents pretty much figured they owned her, especially since her father was putting her through university.

That, to them, was such an enormous compromise to their sense of traditions that they figured she should be down on her knees thanking them every time they met. After all, it wasn't really necessary for females to be educated. No matter how smart they were or how good their marks were at school.

The only job for a female was to marry well, keep the house pristine, and have lots of children.

As I rode up in the elevator I reached up and back to gather my hair in, then slipped an elastic around it so it hung behind me in a loose ponytail. Then I reached into the side pocket of my jacket for a pair of clear plastic glasses.

These were my applying-for-a-job glasses. They made me look more intellectual, especially with my hair pulled back. Needless to say, if I was applying for a job as a server at a pub or something like that I didn't wear them or pull my hair back.

The thing is, I have learned that when people see me, they see blonde. Don't get me wrong, I love my hair. It's a nice, golden, buttery color; thick and soft, and hangs halfway down my back. It's usually pretty tame but is more than willing to be styled in all kinds of different ways. Although I rarely do.

But it's still blonde. And there is a cultural thing about blondes, as we all know. Just like there is about girls with glasses. Both of them are stupid, but they seem to appeal to people's subconsciousness, so they can't be simply dismissed. Because of that, I use one to counter the other.

When I apply for a job, it's always important to find out if the interviewer is a guy or a woman. If it's a guy, I'll dress and do my hair one way. If it's a girl, another. Guys tend to be happy to see me, and girls not so much. A lot of women, I have found, resent girls that look like me.

I don't mean to sound arrogant or boastful, but most people find me fairly attractive, more attractive than most people, so to speak. It's really nothing but DNA. I don't do anything especially to look hot or attractive, at least no more than most girls, and less than many.

I work out, of course. But I think I benefit from a higher-than-normal metabolism, which allows me to eat junk food and still stay thin. I try not to do it too much around friends, girlfriends, that is. Nobody is very happy when they're daintily picking away at a salad and sipping water and I'm wolfing down a cheeseburger and Coke.

It wasn't a problem when I was fourteen, but I've noticed more and more girls being obsessed with their weight as I get older. When I do eat freely around other girls, I just say well, I'll exercise for the next couple of hours or something like that. Which is a lie, but it sort of makes it seem to them as if I'm paying for my pleasure, so they're not so peeved.

I mean, it's not my fault so many people are overweight. And it's not like I can call them out on it, either. They usually say things like "I don't understand how I gained another four pounds!" And I shrug sympathetically while biting my tongue on suggesting they exercise a little.

I knocked politely on the door and waited. The way it worked in Mia's house was that her father got the door if he was home, and after him her brother, and after him her mother. It seemed weird to me, but I wasn't the one who had to live there.

Her father opened the door and I smiled politely.

"Hi, Mr. Quan. Is Mei-lien ready?"

"You go to your house to work on computer," he said almost as if it was a question, his English heavily accented even after over seventeen years here.

"Yes, sir."

He scowled uncertainly, not necessarily believing me but not finding any evidence to call me out on it. We weren't going to be working at all. But her family didn't believe in letting Mia simply go out to socialize. And dating was right out of the question. Even though she was nineteen now.

Until she had completed her studies, marrying anyone would simply distract her. And there was no point at all in socializing with men except to find the right one to marry you, as far as they were concerned. Even then they would have to approve of the man before any date. And there would have to be severe restrictions on where and when.

Mia appeared at the door, looking very fashionable in her black and white outfit. She was wearing white sneakers, a white hoodie, black trousers, and a black jacket. Her parents didn't believe in girls dressing to please modern fashions, but of course, the parameters of modern fashion eluded them.

I was dressed in black leather walking shoes, black trousers, a gray turtleneck, and a brown jacket with military-style epaulets. Obviously, not on my way to party, or do anything else wild and crazy, like 'those Western girls'.

She slipped out past them, and I nodded to her father and then went back towards the elevator with her. Neither one of us spoke as her father kept the door open until we reached the elevator bank, and then until we got inside and the doors closed.

She blew out a puff of air and rolled her eyes as she put her back against the wall.

"They drive me crazy!" she said. "He insisted that you come up in case I was on the elevator and

some bad man, especially a 'Negro', got on the elevator and I was all alone and helpless with them."

"That sounds like one of your sexual fantasies, doesn't it?"

She slapped me lightly on the arm.

"Okay, maybe it's one of my sexual fantasies."

"Did you tell your boyfriend that?"

"He's happier not knowing."

She snorted and sighed heavily. "If we had a decent place for the computer I could be working on, he wouldn't let me out of the house. As it is my little brother is on the computer playing video games, and of course he's more important."

"Of course!" I said in agreement.

"What's with the glasses?"

"I wear them when I want people to think I'm more intellectual, like a respectable librarian or something."

I took them off and put them back in my pocket.

"Yeah, right. More like the kind of respectable librarian in the movies that everybody is supposed to take as being ugly until she takes off her glasses and then undoes her hair and shakes it loose. Then suddenly everybody realizes how beautiful she is."

I took the elastic off my hair and shook it out and she acted all amazed and excited.

"Oh my God, you're so hot! I think I'm a lesbian now!" she exclaimed.

"I have that effect on women," I said, airily.

We laughed as we exited the elevator and walked to the doors.

"Maybe you should tell them you're a lesbian," I said, "Then you can tell them you changed your mind and they'd be happy to have you going out with guys."

"It doesn't work that way," she sighed, "They don't care if I like men or not. Just so long as I marry one and have babies."

"So even if you're a lesbian you're supposed to marry a guy?"

"Yes. But you're not supposed to tell anyone that you're a lesbian. You're supposed to ignore it."

"Your culture is weird."

"Yup. And if they did think I was gay, they wouldn't let me go anywhere with you. You're one of those fornicating western women with loose morals."

"You're damn right I am."

"Wanna loan me your boyfriend?"

"No, though I'm sure that would make him happy. Because of porn videos, every single boy has this idea that the sexiest thing there can be is two girls together. So they all want to see their girlfriend with another girl. And of course, they want to join in."

"Of course."

"And take videos."

"Of course."

I put my arm across her shoulders. "So, interested in a threesome?"

She snorted and rolled her eyes.

We separated and I got in the driver's door then hit the lock release, and she opened the passenger door and slipped inside.

"I hate my life," she said.

"No, you don't. You hate being a virgin."

I started the car and pulled the seatbelt across my chest to fasten next to me.

"I could lose my virginity anytime I wanted to," she said.

"Of course, you could. You could've done it at school last year. Why didn't you?"

"Well, it's not like I had a lot of time to date! If I don't get straight A's my parents will pull me back home and try and marry me off to someone."

“A nice Chinese boy,” I said in amusement.

“I should find a big black guy and bring them home and tell them he’s my boyfriend.”

“Yeah, I don’t think that would go over well,” I said.

“It wouldn’t even go over well if I brought home an Asian guy. He has to be Chinese, and he has to be Han Chinese. And he has to be educated and come from a good family.”

“Are Chinese guys good in bed? I don’t believe I’ve ever heard anyone say that.”

“I wouldn’t know. It’s certainly not something my parents would ever talk about. When you find one and have sex with them then report back to me.”

“I’ll ask Evan if I’m allowed to do that.”

“I thought you were a free and independent Western woman. You still have to ask your boyfriend’s permission to do things?” she said mockingly.

“To cheat on him? I’m afraid so. Of course, if it was a Han Chinese girl, and he got to watch, I’m sure he wouldn’t mind.”

“Men are all sex maniacs,” she said.

“They were born that way. It’s instinctive for them.”

“You mean nobody cares that they’re like that. Unlike girls.”

“Three more years and you’re done University and can get a job and support yourself.”

“I don’t want to wait three years to find out what sex is like!”

“So, when you get back to school in the fall find some hot-looking guy and jump his bones.”

She rolled her eyes at me impatiently.

“What?”

“There’s no way I could possibly bring myself to approach some guy I don’t even know and suggest something like that.”

“You mean sex? Why not? I guarantee you it’ll work.”

“Because I can’t! I need... I need some guy to hit on me and seduce me.”

“Seduce you?” I grinned at her.

“I mean, persuade me.”

“You mean you have to play hard to get otherwise you’d feel too guilty.”

“I’d feel guilty anyway. But at least I could do it. What I really need is like in some of those romance novels where the guy just grabs you and kisses you passionately and then tears your clothes off.”

“I don’t think that’s legal in the real world.”

“You know what I mean,” she said in annoyance.

“You want to be snatched up by some hot, sexy barbarian guy who throws you down beside his fire, ties you up, and then ravages you senselessly while you scream in pleasure,” I said in amusement.

“That would be cool. As long as he was sexy.”

“Some guys like to tie girls up,” I said with a grin.

“Like I said, guys are sex maniacs.”

“Evan likes to tie girls up sometimes,” I said.

She widened her eyes. “You’re kidding! He ties you up!?”

“If I let him.”

“What’s that like?” she asked eagerly.

“I don’t know. It’s hard to describe,” I said. “It’s a little strange. Because if I’m tied up, he has to do all the work. Which I don’t mind really. The thing with guys is their ego demands that you really get off on the sex. So he’ll put more effort into certain things since I obviously can’t do anything. It’s fun, anyway.”

“Fun? Don’t tell me fun! Tell me it’s incredibly hot and full of passion and excitement and pleasure and wild orgasms.”

I laughed in amusement. “On a good day,” I said with a grin and a wink. “I’ve been training him,

after all. A guy who isn't properly trained can't be very good at sex. And if I'm going to sleep with him, he's damn well going to be good at sex or else."

I stopped and then backed into the driveway of my house. Well, my parents' house. It's a nineteen-fifties era bungalow with a down-sloping driveway that leads to a garage in the basement. I hit the door release button and the garage door slid up as I backed slowly down between the retaining walls.

It's kind of like the bat cave. You slide down into the earth and disappear.

Once I was in far enough, I turned off the engine and we climbed out. The garage wasn't very big, and she had to edge sideways around the passenger side and come around the rear of the car to join me at the inner door. I slapped the door close button beside the inner door and the garage door clanked slowly down as I led her into the basement.

Like most bungalows, it had a large basement. And like most, the basement had been finished into various rooms. There was a small, spare bedroom directly across from the garage. Past that, to the left, was the rec room which had a pool table which could double as a ping-pong table, sofas and chairs, a large flat-screen TV, and a bar with a small fridge.

Past that room was the stairs, but next to them a small corridor led past and then around behind them to the laundry room where there was also a toilet and shower. My father and mother both worked, so we had the place to ourselves.

I turned on the TV and Mia wandered over to a small table which held a computer.

"What should I research?" she asked.

"Why are you asking me?"

"I have to be able to tell them that I researched something."

"So, lie," I said with an expensive gesture with my arms.

She scowled and I shook my head in amusement.

"Look up naked pictures of boys and then you can tell them your researched biology."

She laughed, taking off her jacket. "Oh, I know. I'll look up kinky porn sites and tell them I was researching abnormal psychology. They know I have a psychology minor."

"Suit yourself. Just make sure you delete your cookies afterward, and your history. I don't want my parents coming across it thinking I was there."

"You're the one who actually does kinky sex," she said accusingly.

"I don't want them knowing about that either."

I went over to the bar and got a Coke out of the fridge, then some ice out of the icemaker and poured myself a drink.

"Want a Coke? Lemonade? Orange juice? Water?"

I was already putting ice into a glass and taking bottled water out of the fridge.

"Water," she said.

I put my Coke on the table and used the remote control to put some music videos on the TV, then carried her water over to her.

I laughed when I saw she wasn't kidding. She actually was looking at kinky porn. Or at least, it was a picture of a naked Asian girl who was all tied up.

"This girl has ridiculously big breasts," she said.

"That's why she's on the Internet."

I put her glass down on the table.

"This is fucking hot," she said.

She clicked on a video which showed a brown-haired girl in a T-shirt, wearing some kind of bondage collar looking up at a guy. She peeled the T-shirt up and off to reveal that she was topless. He grabbed her by the neck and pushed her against the wall, but she didn't try to resist. A moment later he leaned in and kissed her, still holding her against the wall by the neck.

"I need to find a guy like that," she sighed.

“Any guy will do that if they know you want it.”

“There’s no way I could tell a guy I want something like that!”

“Why not?”

“Because they'd think I was a slut!”

“Doesn’t mean they wouldn’t do it.”

“Did you tell Evan that you wanted to be tied up?”

“No. It was his idea.”

“So how did he tie you up?”

“A bunch of ways,” I said vaguely.

“Spreadeagled on the bed?” she asked with a smirk.

“Among others,” I said, slightly blushing

I went upstairs to the kitchen to look for something to snack on, then, because it was a **lot** warmer in the house than outside, I walked down the hall to my bedroom and peeled the turtleneck up and off, pulling on a loose T-shirt instead.

I got some popcorn for me, and some baby carrots for her, and trotted back downstairs.

“Here, little chipmunk, something for you to gnaw on.”

“This one is hot too,” she said.

She was pointing at a cartoon, although it was well done and realistically drawn. It showed a cute girl in a ponytail and nothing else with her arms bound above her head somewhere. She had a gag over her mouth, and some big guy was doing her from behind, pulling her hips up and back and evidently driving himself into her hard and fast from the look on her face.

“You know a psychologist would diagnosis this by pointing out that first you can’t see him, and second you don’t have to talk to him.”

“You don’t need to be a psych major to figure that out,” she said.

“You're like some repressed Catholic girl,” I said in amusement.

“Again, not telling me anything I don’t know.”

She took a sip from her glass and then peeled her hoodie up and off, tossing it on a nearby chair. Underneath she was wearing a tank top which was surprisingly tight and showed off her firm abdomen, and high, firm breasts.

“Your mom better not see you dressed like that,” I said.

“She wouldn’t care as long as it was just you around.”

“So if I invited Evan to come over and tie you up, you’d cover up real fast, right?” I grinned.

She gave me the finger and got up from the table, joining me on the sofa as I flipped through various channels on the flat screen.

She finished her water and went back to the bar to get more.

“What was that noise?” She turned and looked at the wall behind her. “What’s in there? I thought it was a closet.”

“It is a closet.”

“I can hear noises in there?”

“The furnace room is through there.”

“Seriously? This place is a warren”

She opened the door to the closet. To one side were shelves, but straight through was another door and she opened that to find the furnace, water heater, AC unit, and lots of ducts, pipes, and wires, along with a bunch of storage shelves.

“How big is this place anyway?” she said in wonderment.

“Bungalows always have huge basements,” I called back over my shoulder.

I glanced back and saw she'd disappeared into the furnace room and wondered what in the heck had interested her there. Since I needed more ice, I got up and walked around the sofa and back to the bar. I set my glass on the bar and walked past it and through the closet to the furnace room.

She wasn't interested in the furnace or water heater or air ducts. It was something on the shelves in the back that had caught her attention. Namely a bunch of chains.

"What's with all the ropes and chains?" she asked.

"I dunno. My father works for the county roads service. I know he has to tow stuff sometimes. Oh, him and my uncle sometimes chop down trees for firewood. I've heard him talking about using chains to make sure what direction they fall and to drag them out to clearings afterward."

I didn't really think much more of it and went back to the bar, and she followed along behind shortly afterward.

Chapter Two

“Is that what you looked like when you were going to Catholic school?” she teased as we watched the video.

“If I was lucky.”

The girl in question was dancing in some kind of slutty schoolgirl uniform, with a skirt so short I never would’ve been able to walk ten paces through the door without being grabbed by a teacher and sent home. Her top was tight, as well, and mostly see-through.

“You still have your uniform?”

“Oh, probably somewhere in the back of my closet.”

“You ever put it on and try and dance in it?”

“My uniform looked nothing like that, trust me. Even when we rolled up our skirts we couldn’t get them that short. That girl’s dressed more like a stripper than a schoolgirl.”

“I’m sure you look cute as a schoolgirl,” she said with a grin.

“You saying I don’t look cute now?” I demanded.

“I thought you were you trying to look sexy now”

“You can be cute and sexy both. You’re cute and sexy.”

“I’m not the least bit sexy. I’m cute, but not sexy.”

“I bet Evan would disagree. Most any guy would disagree.”

“Bring me these guys, please.”

“I’ll have to tie you up first so you don’t run away.”

She snorted in amusement, but there was an underlying tension there. I just wasn’t quite sure what it represented.

“So did Evan ever use chains to tie you up?” she asked casually.

“Chains? No, I’m not that strong.”

“I mean, don’t you think chains are more, like, erotic than rope?”

“I don’t know. I haven’t really thought about it. They serve the same purpose. You probably don’t get rope burn from chains, though.”

Another video came on and I grinned. “It’s your favorite video,” I said.

It was a video she hated.

“No way!”

She grabbed for the remote and I tried to snatch it away.

“No! This is my favorite video in the whole world!” I exclaimed very dishonestly.

We wrestled for the remote, and she lost and wound up falling off the edge of the sofa onto the floor, but in doing so she flung out her hand instinctively to grab for something and knocked my Coke off the table. Fortunately, on top of her rather than the sofa. She squealed as the very cold Coke splashed across her chest and I quickly jumped up and got some paper towels, not for her, but for what had spilled onto the sofa.

“This is so cold!” she gasped.

“Take that off and throw it in the washing machine,” I said as I dabbed at little spots on the sofa and then at the floor.

She looked uncomfortable at the thought.

“What if your father comes home?”

“He’s not going to.”

She still looked uncomfortable.

“I’ll go upstairs and get you something to wear until yours is washed and then dried.”

I threw out the paper towels and went to my bedroom, coming back with a T-shirt. By the time I had trotted down the stairs and rounded the corner into the laundry room, she had taken off her top and bra and put them in the washing machine.

She had very nice breasts, high and round and firm, kind of like mine, but not as big. She didn’t seem particularly embarrassed about them in front of me, and I wondered at her previous reluctance.

Then I remembered how she had once told me that she was embarrassed in high school gym classes having to get undressed in front of other girls because they all had colorful modern underwear, including thongs, and she had old-fashioned large white bras and panties like from ancient times.

I guessed that since she didn’t work, she still had to rely on her parents to buy her clothes, and her mother was still only willing to buy ugly old white stuff. I felt sorry for her there. I loved my colorful, sexy lingerie. It made me feel very sexy.

“You got some on your pants too,” I said. “You might as well throw them in as well and have a quick shower. I’ll get you something to put on till they’re washed and dried.”

I went back upstairs and into my room and found a pair of older sweatpants and a sweatshirt that would only be a bit big for her.

Then I hesitated. I hesitated for a long, long moment. And as I hesitated and as thoughts swept through my mind, I started to feel an incredible rush of excitement; that dark, wicked excitement I got when Evan tied me up. It was the thrill of doing something edgy and uncertain and dangerous and very sexy.

Or at least thinking about it.

I left the sweatshirt and sweatpants there, then got up and went to the linen closet. I opened it, examined the shelves, and took out a towel. I hesitated, feeling another flush of excitement that tightened my chest. Playing games like I was contemplating could be dangerous. It would require that I constantly assess Mia’s reactions so that I didn’t do anything that upset her or could damage our friendship.

A lot of ideas were swirling in my head, many of them completely uncertain, because they were based on what I thought Mia might say or do or how she might feel. And I could easily be wrong. I would have to play this carefully.

The shower in the laundry was an old-fashioned, telephone booth-sized thing with a pebbled plastic door. She was still in there and I felt my chest tightening again. I wondered how she’d react if I took off my clothes and got in with her. There’d be barely enough room, and we’d sure have to be tight together.

But no, that was way too upfront. And way too liable to cause extreme embarrassment on both sides.

I went back into the rec room and into the furnace room. I searched through the chains and found an appropriate one, then hung it from a hook overhead. Then with a grin, I picked up an old dog collar from the shelf. It had been our German Shepherd Lucky’s, up until he had died of old age a few years ago.

It should just fit her.

It didn’t take her long to have a quick shower, especially since she was trying to keep her hair out of the water she was toweling off when I went back in, she had the towel wrapped around her body.

“Here you go,” I said cheerily.

She looked confused and I quickly swept the open collar around her neck and went in back to buckle it.

“What... what is that? What are you doing?!” she exclaimed.

She didn't exactly have both hands free to fight me off, though, since she was holding the towel in place.

"Something to wear until you have your clothes back," I said.

"Rory!"

I giggled and stepped back. "There you are!"

"Where did you get this?"

She felt the collar with one hand as she held the towel closed with the other. That gave me the opportunity to snatch the towel away.

I ran quickly out of the room, laughing, and taking the towel with me but she yelled after me. He didn't come immediately after me, but I doubted she was going to stay in their naked until her clothes were finished washing and then drying. I mean, she was shy, but not that shy. It wasn't like I hadn't seen her naked or nearly naked before, after all. She had stayed over at my place a number of times.

"Rory, you bitch!" she called.

"Is there a problem?" I asked sweetly from the other room.

I retreated into the furnace room and then hid behind the furnace.

"Where are you, you, you blonde bimbo!?"

I heard her voice getting closer. Well, I had left the closet and furnace doors open, after all. She snapped on the light and came hesitantly into the room, wary and uncertain. Then she saw the chain and she seemed to freeze up for a long moment.

She stepped closer and reached out and ran her fingers along the links. He looked behind her, then reached up to hold the chain in both hands. She let her hands go up high to grasp the chain and then let it dangle behind her. A moment later she turned towards it and then to my surprise, wrapped it around her neck and pulled it tighter with both hands.

I stepped out from behind the furnace.

"Well, that's a little kinkier than I had imagined," I said.

She gasped in alarm and embarrassment, quickly jerking the chain away from herself.

"I... I-I was... I'm not... I mean -."

I grinned at her and took her wrists in my hands.

"Hold them up like this," I said, matter-of-factly.

I raised her hands up above her, joining them together, and then quickly wrapped the chain around her wrists. Her face was flushed, and she tugged against it but not hard. I swept the chain around her wrists a second time, then up in between the palms of her hands and down and under and through again to tighten it up. Then I reached out to the nearby shelf and took one of the S-clips there to fasten the chain together where I held it.

I stepped back and looked at her and she dropped her eyes low.

"Now you look like a proper sex slave," I said, fighting to keep my voice calm and casual.

Her nipples were rock hard, but so were mine.

"I wonder how many men I should call to come over and *ravage* you."

It was weird and hot saying that to her. In part because Evan said stuff like that to me when I was tied up!

I stepped closer, then slid my hands through her damp hair, gripping it firmly to force her head up and back.

She gasped, and her eyes widened as I looked into them. Then I leaned in and kissed her gently on the lips. She moaned into my mouth, and I let my kiss deepen, my tongue putting out as I twisted my fingers in her hair.

Up to now, I hadn't really done anything I could take back as a joke. But I was certainly nearing the limits as I raise my other hand and began to gently knead her breast.

She gasped and shuddered against me but began to kiss back as I let my fingers roll and pluck at her nipples.

My mind was swimming with possibilities, things I could say and do as I continued to kiss her and fondle her breast. I let my hands slide slowly down along her quivering torso, my fingers enjoying the softness of her skin. My fingers slid lower and lower and then my index finger slid along the line for sex.

Her hips bucked involuntarily, and I cupped her sex, rubbing it lightly.

She was as hairless down there as I was. And that had caused an issue with her mother when she was younger, but she had gotten away with it by proclaiming that it was for cleanliness as opposed to falling in line with current Western immorality.

I let my hands gently slide up and down, with my index finger pressing in more and more firmly until it spread the lips of her sex. Then I focused the pad of my fingertip against the small, swollen button at the top and began to rub in a circular motion.

Her hips ground helplessly against me, and she shuddered again, her eyes closing and then her back arching.

I pulled my lips away from hers, yanking a little harder on her hair, forcing her head back more as I gently licked and sucked and kissed my way down her neck and onto her breast. I took the center of her breast into my mouth, sucking rhythmically as my tongue swept back and forth across the nipple. I let my teeth nibble at her, chewing lightly as I sucked while my fingers rubbed against her clitoris.

I pulled my head up and looked into her eyes.

“Is Mia a naughty little girl?” I asked teasingly. “I don’t think mommy would enjoy it if she saw what you were doing right now, young lady.”

“I-I... I’m not doing... anything!” she gulped.

“Ha, because you’re my prisoner,” I said in a mocking voice.

She cried out as I twisted my fingers a little more in her hair experimentally.

“Is that right, little virgin?”

“Yeeeee!” she moaned.

There were several straps on the shelves used for various reasons, and I plucked one off as I released her hair and moved behind her. I swung it sharply in against her buttocks and she yelped in startled pain, her body jerking forward and then twisting around towards me as I looked sternly at her.

“When you answer me, girl, you will call me Miss,” I said.

I turned her and smacked the strap across her bottom a second time and she yelped.

“Is that clear, girl?”

“Y-You perv!” she gasped.

Crack! Crack!

“Is that clear, girl?”

“Yes... Miss!” she gasped.

I moved around in front of her again, still looking at her sternly. Then I took the strap and slid it in behind her neck, curving the two sides forward and then around on either side. I pulled slowly harder and harder, and her eyes widened as she gasped for breath.

Then I leaned in and kissed her again as she trembled and kissed desperately back.

I loosened the strap and she gulped in ragged breaths of air.

My hand slid down her body once again, and my fingers began rubbing her clitoris. Her hips began to almost immediately grind against me as her head drew back and she whimpered and moaned dazedly. She was definitely getting really turned on! And that excited me!

I gripped her hair again and jerked it back. “Do you like that, naughty girl?” I asked, my voice almost a whisper.

She didn’t answer and I jerked again so that she gasped in pain.

“Answer me, girl.”

Still, she didn’t answer.

I stopped moving my fingers and drew them back an inch or two.

Do you like that, girl?"

"Y-Yes... Miss," she moaned in a soft, low voice.

I jerked back on her hair again and she cried out in pain.

"I'm afraid I didn't hear that, girl. Repeat yourself."

"Yes, Miss!" she moaned.

I let my fingers press down against her once again, rubbing from side to side and up and down and around and around against her swollen little button. She was already quite wet, and my fingers stroked more freely across her slick skin.

"Are you seriously telling me, girl, that you like it when another girl rubs your little clitoris?" I asked sternly.

Again, she didn't answer. I leaned in and nibbled softly on her earlobe, then pulled my fingers back once again.

"Answer me, girl," I growled into her ear.

"Yes, Miss!" she gasped.

I resumed rubbing her and she trembled and moaned, her eyes fluttering.

"I wonder what else you'd like, you naughty little --."

She sucked in a deep breath and then began gurgling helplessly, her body trembling as her hips bucked violently against my fingers. Her head rolled and twisted against my fingers, drawing up and back as her hips continued to grind frantically against me.

"Are you having an orgasm, you naughty little girl?" I said sternly. "I didn't say you could have an orgasm. And what kind of a nasty little creature has an orgasm when another girl touches her body? Why you must be some kind of slut," I sneered.

She continued to buck and shake and twist against me, the breath moaning out of her open mouth until her body slowly went still.

"What a slut you are to come on my fingers like that," I said sternly.

I spread the lips of her sex wider and let my finger ease down between. She was sopping wet as my fingertip prodded at her opening and then, slowly pushed inside her.

I bent and sucked and chewed on her breasts as my finger dipped in and out, pushing slowly deeper as she moaned and gulped in air above my head.

I pulled my head up again and chewed and kissed my way along the nape of her neck and then up against her ear.

"I bet you'd like to have lots of big cocks sliding up inside here," I whispered. "Slut!"

I didn't feel any sign of a hymen and suspected she had broken it herself one way or the other, most likely with her own fingers.

My finger pushed up to the second joint and pumped slowly in and out as I brought my thumb up against her clitoris and began to rub against it again.

Maybe I'll find a big black man to come and fuck you hard," I whispered. "While you hang from your wrists like this naked and helpless!"

I pressed forward against her with a second finger, slowly working it into her pussy and sliding it deeper as my thumb continued to stroke across her clitoris.

"I bet you'd like that, you dirty girl!"

I released her hair at last, my hand dropping roughly down and fondling one of her breasts then moving behind her to slap her bottom.

"Bad girl!" I said.

Crack!

"Naughty girl!"

Crack!

"Slut!"

Crack!

I gripped her hair again as I pulled my fingers out of her and then raised them quickly to her mouth. Before she understood my intent, I slid them past her lips.

“Suck,” I purred.

She gasped in surprise and tried to pull her head back first. But I wouldn't let her.

“Suck my fingers, you dirty little girl!” I ordered.

She moaned and gasped in pain as the fingers of my other hand twisted in her hair, then closed her lips on my fingers as I slid them deeper. She stared at them as I pumped them slowly in and out, her tongue licking at them as she sucked.

“Do you like the taste of your own pussy, slut?” I asked mockingly.

I let my fingers slide back and drop back between her legs once more, pushing them up inside her as my thumb resumed working on her clitoris. Her hips began to spasm very quickly, surprising me. I began to pump my fingers in and out, though pushing firmly against the front wall for sex, kind of catching her clitoris between my thumb and fingers.

I bent and began to suck and lick and chew at her breasts once again, chewing a little harder now. Her body began to writhe in place, her hips jerking spastically as my fingers pumped in and out. I pulled them free and then moved around behind her, slapping her bottom sharply again.

“Push your hips back at me, slut.”

Crack! Crack!

I shifted myself to stand beside her letting my left hand push against her lower body. My fingers slid down over her clitoris as I pushed her hips back and I let my right hand slap her bottom again.

Crack!

Spread your legs, slut!”

She gasped and obeyed, her eyes wild as my right hand slipped down between her thighs. My fingers found her opening and pushed into her, first one, then two, then three, pumping in and out as the fingers of my other hand stroked rapidly across her clitoris.

“Let me see you come again, little slut,” I purred. “Come on my fingers. Pretend they're a big black cock pushing up inside you. You know you want one!”

Then I thought of something and stopped. She was already grinding her hips back at me and moaned as I drew away from her. I turned and searched among the chains in their boxes then pulled one out.

Using an S-clip I fastened the end of one to one of the vertical wooden supports of the shelves, then pulled it down and across to her then between her thighs. I pulled it abruptly up so that the chain, which was about as thick as my thumb, was forced in between the lips of her sex. I then fed it upward and over a thick pipe, using another S-clip to hold it in place.

Chapter Three

I left her like that and stepped loudly up the stairs then across the floor over her head going to my bedroom. In the closet, I had hidden a very realistic-looking dildo. It was hidden in a box underneath a couple of other boxes.

When I bought it, it came with a couple of extras. One was a suction cup base which could be screwed on. I rarely used it, because the suction cup had to be placed on something that would hold it firmly like a bare floor or tiles. I had wall-to-wall carpeting in my bedroom, so I had only ever used it in the bathroom.

The other extra that had come with it was a T-shaped nylon belt you could wrap around your waist and then draw down between your legs and up in back. It had a plastic fitting in front the dildo could be screwed into. I had never used it before but saw an opportunity now.

I grabbed a scarf from my dresser drawer and then as softly as I could, eased down the hall to the basement door and tiptoed down the stairs. I made my way quietly through the rec room and closet and then quickly strode into the furnace room.

She stopped moving almost immediately, but not fast enough to hide what she had been doing. She had been rolling her hips in and out, rubbing her pink pussy along the chain, masturbating with it. I had already figured she had some weird thing about chains.

“Just what do you think you were doing, slut?” I demanded.

I held the objects I had gone for behind my back as I moved past her. I put them temporarily on the shelf and then jerked back on her hair again as I brought my lips in against her ear.

“Were you masturbating on my chain, you nasty little girl?”

“I wasn’t!” she exclaimed.

“Oh, you weren’t, were you?”

I slid my fingers along the chain down towards her body and then stopped a few inches in front of her.

“Would you like to tell me why the chain is wet here, slut?” I demanded

She rolled her eyes away and I slapped her bottom sharply.

“What a bad girl you are!” I said.

I picked up the scarf and doubled it over then doubled it again and place it against her eyes, before bringing the rest behind her head and tying it in place to blindfold her.

“I found a nice big black man who wants to fuck you,” I said. “But he doesn’t want you to be able to see him. He’s on his way over right now. But don’t worry, I’ll take a video for you.”

I left her in place, taking the belt and dildo with me as I made enough noise for her to hear me going upstairs. I went into the living room this time as if to sit down while I pulled the strap up and over my hips and then fastened the lower one in the back. I screwed the dildo to the front, giggling a little, then very quietly went back downstairs.

I stayed silently as I looked at her, feeling weirdly like a voyeur. Although she might suspect I was there, she wouldn’t know for sure.

The chain was still jammed up between the lips of her sex and before very long she started to grind herself slowly against it. I took out my phone and turned on the video function of the camera as I held it up to take a video of her. Her hips began to work faster and faster, moving more and more,

jamming herself up as far as she could as she began to moan and whimper and gasp in pleasure.

Smirking to myself I retreated quietly upstairs then went to the front door and gently opened it before pressing the doorbell. I knew the bell would be heard downstairs because there was a repeater down there for when we were in the rec room.

I closed the door quietly then opened it and closed it more noisily. I put on a pair of my father's dress shoes over my own, keeping my feet from slipping out only because I already had my own shoes on. Then I walked slowly across the kitchen floor to the head of the stairs. I took the wooden stairs one at a time, trying to walk like I figured some large man would.

I doubted very, very much that she would think I would actually bring in some strange guy like that without her permission. Even so, I would have to watch her carefully to see if she actually looked scared or anything. She would be pretty sure it was me, especially once I touched her. I couldn't fake my hands being large and male.

I walked across the carpeted rec room floor and then into the furnace room. She was frozen in place, staring towards the door and I moved behind her and undid the S clip to release the chain. I had donned a pair of leather gloves and gripped her hips to jerk her buttocks up and back at me.

Then I guided the head of the dildo in against her. I rubbed it up and down along her sex and then pushed slowly as I found the angle. She was beginning to hyperventilate, her chest working frantically as I pushed deeper and deeper. The dildo slid up inside her sopping wet pussy, stretching her out as it pushed higher.

I pumped slowly in and out at first, giving her just a few inches. Then I pulled her back further as I thrust forward, driving several more inches up into her quivering, trembling body.

She was whimpering and moaning and gulping in air but making no effort to resist. I gripped her thighs with my gloved hands jerking them up and back and pushed the dildo, the cock, all the way up inside her.

She let out a sharp cry at that, then another.

"Fuck!" she cried. "Fuck! Oh! Oh! Oh! Fuck!"

She thrust herself back against me, hard and fast, her hips working spasmodically as she fucked herself on my 'cock'. She surprised me at first, then I resumed thrusting, my hips starting to slap against her buttocks as she continued to cry out again and again.

"Fuck! Oh! OH! Oh, God! OH God!" she half sobbed. "Oh! Ungh! Ungh"

I pulled the strap off her, the one side I'd used to choke her earlier. Instead, I reached over her shoulder for the chain now hanging from the pipe overhead I drew it in and swept it around her neck once, then began pulling, tightening it bit by bit as I fucked her.

I brought my leather-clad fingers up off her thigh and found her clitoris, rubbing hard and fast.

Her cries grew in intensity, though choked off now as I pulled the chain tighter.

I rubbed her clit with my gloved fingers as I thrust my hips hard and fast against her, and paid careful attention to her trembling, shaking body and her gurgling gasps as she tried to scream and tried to breathe. My hips continued to thrust hard and fast against her as she came more and more violently, the orgasm turning her into a girl possessed.

And then it was like she dropped in height a little bit, which made the chain leading to her wrists go taut but also quickly tightened the chain around her neck. I realized after an instant she had pulled her feet up to hang fully from her wrists. Or was it the one around her neck she wanted tighter?

I wasn't sure but as long as she was making gasping, gurgling noises and her hips were grinding back against me, I didn't bother loosening the chain around her neck. It was only when she went still, though her hips continued to jerk back intermittently and violently, that I loosened the chain around her neck.

She gulped in deep, ragged breath of air as I eased my thrusts and then unscrewed the dildo from the harness. I pushed it back up inside her, pressing it hard enough that it almost completely buried itself in her tight little pussy.

The only problem with this was that I was getting so turned on that I felt like I was on fire! I had never been this aroused before. There was a tremendous sexual pressure inside me making my body tremble. I mean, everything I had done so far had been on her. I hadn't so much as touched one of my stiff little nipples, despite how they tingled and crackled as if gripped by sexual electricity.

Still, if I wanted to set the tone for what I hoped would be future sexual fun I needed to ensure she had the proper memory of pleasure and passion to overpower the inevitable guilt she'd wind up trying to drown herself in.

I stripped naked, then roughly jerked her around, gripping her hair to force her head up to crush her lips with mine. Now I pressed my naked body in tighter, letting my throbbing breasts pillow out against hers, my nipples tingling as they rubbed against her soft skin.

I let my other hand drop down to grip the base of the dildo, which was starting to slide out, and pumped it in and out, angling my thumb up along the base so it would rub back and forth against her clitoris.

I pulled my lips back and chewed my way down along the nape of her neck.

"Nasty girl," I whispered into her ear. "Slut." I drew the word out as if it was much longer. "Sluuuuuuut."

I jerked on her hair and gasped in pain.

"Are you my little bitch, Mia?" I demanded.

Her face was flushed, and she was still breathing hard and fast. I jerked on her hair again and she yelped.

"Answer me, nasty little girl. Are you going to be my bitch?"

I bit more heavily down on her earlobe, and she winced.

"Say yes," I whispered.

"Yes," she moaned.

Her hips started to grind against my lower hand again.

"Say yes miss," I said sternly, jerking on her hair again.

"Yes, Miss!" she moaned.

I all-but buried the dildo inside her and she squeaked, raised up onto the balls of her feet.

"Say you're my bitch," I said sternly.

"I-I'm... your bitch, Miss!" she gasped.

I pushed harder on the base, forcing the head even deeper and she cried out in pain.

"Beg me to let you be my bitch," I ordered.

"Please may I be your bitch, Miss!" she squeaked.

I eased the pressure and let my thumb brush lightly across her clitoris.

"Beg me to be my sex slave!" I taunted.

She shuddered.

"Please may I be your sex slave, Miss!" she gasped.

I laughed softly, then released her hair, bending to suck and chew on her right breast and nipple. At the same time, I lowered myself to my knees in front of her and then forced her thighs apart.

She gasped aloud and her body seemed to jerk. I had only one previous experience performing oral sex on a girl, but at least some experience in receiving it. I was willing to bet she had neither.

I let my fingers press against the base of the dildo once more as I leaned in and licked lightly across her swollen little button. I heard her moan as I licked harder, sweeping my tongue from side to side, then up and down. I grasped the dildo, pumping it slowly in and out now as I licked harder.

Her body went tense, and I realized she'd pulled her feet out from under her again and was hanging freely from them. Then her body began to tremble and shake as she gave off a long, gurgling moan of pleasure.

I licked harder and faster, bringing my lower lip up under my tongue to add pressure and she cried out in pleasure, her body dancing and shaking in mid-air now as I pumped the dildo harder and

licked her furiously. Her body continued to twist and tremble wildly even as she cried out all the air in her lungs in a wild, animal wail of pleasure, then sucked in a loud breath and did it again.

*

I was pleased with her responses so far. And I had a hundred different exciting thoughts about what to do with and to her in the future. In the meantime, I found a shorter chain and wound it around her waist, using a clip to hold it in place, then brought it down between her thighs, jerking it up into her pussy, then up between her buttocks in back to clip to the chain around her waist in back.

I unchained her wrists, but she obeyed when told to cross them behind her back and I wrapped a shorter chain around them and clipped it firmly in place. Then I did the same with a longer chain, wrapping it around her neck like a collar, clipping it there, then using the remainder of the chain as a kind of leash. Finally, I took off her blindfold.

“Did you enjoy your orgasms, slave girl?” I asked.

She stared at me, her eyes dazed, widening, and flicking up and down briefly. She’d seen me naked before, of course.

I pinched her nipples, and she squealed in pain.

“Answer your mistress, slave girl?”

“Yes, Miss!” she exclaimed.

“Come along, slave girl,” I ordered.

I jerked sharply on the chain and walked back into the rec room, pulling her behind me. I sat down on one of the big, upholstered chairs, then slumped down, jerking on the chain to bring her down to her knees. I lifted my legs up and apart, draping them across the arms of the chair. Then I tugged in on the chain and gripped her hair in my other hand.

“Please your mistress, slave girl,” I said.

She stared at my sex uncertainly, a certain amount of trepidation on her face. She wasn’t gay, after all, but then, neither was I. She licked her lips uncertainly.

“No,” she said, hesitantly. “You can’t make me either!”

I knew Mia, of course, and I knew from her tone that her statement was phony. She wanted me to make her.

I pulled her face in against my sex and twisted my fingers in her hair.

“Obey your mistress or you’ll be beaten, slut,” I growled.

She shuddered and started licking.

I noticed she had both her legs tightly together and was kind of grinding them against one another as she licked.

“Spread your legs wide apart, slut!” I barked, jerking on her hair.

She gasped in pain and obeyed, and I reached down to roughly fondle one breast.

“You need to spread your legs as often as possible. Get used to it. Soon there’ll be men lining up to use your slutty little body. Won’t that be wonderful?”

I jerked her mouth back against my sex.

“In fact, I think I’ll call Evan over and let him fuck you in just this position. Won’t that be lovely? I bet you’d love a big hard cock inside you.”

She moaned and kept licking. I reached down and spread the lips of my sex, guiding her mouth in against my clitoris and she licked and tried to suck on it, then let her tongue move lower, plunging it into my sex, rubbing her face in hard against my sopping pussy.

“Nasty little sex slave,” I purred. “I’m sure you’ll enjoy having lots of men using you.”

I jerked up on her hair and she gasped in pain, her eyes coming up onto mine. They seemed glassy and dazed.

“You want a man to come and fuck you, don’t you, dirty girl. Don’t you?”

“Y-Yes, Miss!” she panted.

“What a slut you are!” I said in exaggerated surprise and outrage.

Then I jammed her face back against my pussy.

I was so aroused that even her amateur pussy licking was taking my breath away and making the wild, churning sexual hunger within me grow more intense. Her tongue felt incredible on my clit and every lick made me want to groan in pleasure!

“Lick me faster, slut,” I moaned. “Harder.”

She obeyed and I ground my hips up against her as the pleasure surged within me. Then it suddenly erupted, spreading like wildfire through my body so that my muscles spasmed and my hips jerked up against her. I squeezed my breasts hard and closed my eyes, my feet coming up and dropping on her shoulders as if to pull her in harder against me.

The orgasm was powerful but missing one key component. That would be penetration. I should have used that dildo on myself, I thought as my body convulsed to the pleasure coursing through my nervous system.

And in that moment, I realized I sort of envied Mia. I wanted to be her, on my knees, chained up, with a dildo stuffed up inside me, being ‘forced’ to service someone! I was finding this intensely arousing not because I was much of a power-mad sadist but because seeing a beautiful girl chained up and dominated excited me.

Because I saw myself in that girl!

There was no way Mia could serve that purpose, though. She was just not at all a dominant person. It had to be someone stronger, and preferably male.

None of which didn’t mean I couldn’t get wildly turned on by dominating Mia. Or at least pretending to. But I thought I could get just as turned-on watching Evan do it. And maybe he had a friend!

But to make that work Mia had to be convinced.

I brought her upstairs to my bedroom and put her on my bed, face down, ass up. I carefully wrapped the chains around her wrists and then clipped them to the headboard. I made her spread her legs and took a long chain, wrapping it around one, clipping it there, then tossing it under the bed to the other side. I brought it up the other side, wrapped it around her other leg, clipped it, then dropped the remainder of the chain on the bed.

“What a perfect position for a helpless little slave girl about to be fucked hard by her master,” I said, fingering her pussy. “I bet you’d love to have some man come in now and ram his big cock into your slutty little body.”

I slapped her bottom sharply and she moaned.

“Wouldn’t you, slut?”

Crack! I slapped it again.

“Answer me.”

“Yes, Miss!” she moaned.

“Such a dirty little girl!” I said in astonishment.

Crack!

“And a bad little girl too!”

Crack!

“Whatever would your parents say?!”

Crack!

I went and got the harness and our clothes and returned, then knelt behind her in bed and unwound the chain from her waist, pulling it away from her. I eased the dildo out about three-quarters of the way and fastened it to the harness again.

Then I slapped her bottom sharply.

“Beg me to fuck you, you dirty girl.”

She moaned helplessly and I smacked her again.

“Do as you’re told, slave!”

“Please fuck me, Miss!” she moaned.

Crack!

“Louder, slave!”

“Please fuck me, Miss!” she cried.

“Dirty girl. Beg me louder!”

Crack!

“Ah! Please fuck me, Miss!” she exclaimed.

“Dirty girl. Nasty girl. You must really love having a cock inside you.”

I began to thrust, then, pumping in and out, quickly driving the big dildo fully inside her as my hips slapped against her taut buttocks. I leaned forward, grinding my hips against her with the dildo buried inside her, then resuming hard, steady thrusts. My hands moved up and down her body, then into her hair, jerking back on it as I slapped her bottom.

“Beg me to fuck you, slave!”

“Please fuck me, Miss!” she cried.

I leaned further over her, my hands coming down on her shoulders to push them more firmly into the bed, then let my body lay down, my soft breasts mashing against her back.

“Naughty slave girl,” I purred as I chewed on her earlobe. “Sex slave!”

My hips worked steadily in and out, grinding and rolling as I fucked her. I pulled on her hair to lift her head back then slipped my left arm in under her chin and released her hair. I pulled my hand back, trapping her neck in against the back of my elbow as I reached down with my right hand to find her clit.

“I think I’m going to make you come again, slut,” I teased. “Dirty girl!”

I rubbed hard and fast against her clitoris and pulled my left arm back more so that her breathing became louder and more ragged.

“Tell me you love my cock, slave girl,” I ordered, making my hips go still.

I tightened my arm and she gurgled helplessly, then I loosened it.

“Say it.”

“I... I love your cock, Miss!” she moaned.

“Louder, slave.”

“I love your cock, Miss,” she gasped.

“Louder, slut!”

“I love your cock, Miss!” she cried as I resumed thrusting.

“Dirty girl,” I teased.

I tightened my arm against her neck again and thrust even harder, my hips slapping against her as I rubbed her clitoris, and she came, her mouth working nearly soundlessly, gurgling and gasping and croaking out a dazed animal cry of pleasure as I rammed my hips forward.

Chapter Four

“Well, that was all fun, but we should probably get dressed before my parents come home,” I sighed.

I began to get dressed but she lay there, chest heaving, for a minute before slowly sitting up.

“Was that the first time you did it with a girl?” I asked.

She dropped her eyes and mumbled a yes.

“Second time for me. I prefer guys, to be honest. But I didn’t think you’d dare find a guy to show you how much fun sex could be. Though I’ll find one for you if you like.

“I... I never... felt like that before,” she gulped.

“Yeah, you seemed to be pretty turned on. So was I.”

“My parents would go insane if they ever found out.”

“And how could they ever find out? Unless you told them.”

“It was crazy,” she said, shaking her head.

She finally raised her eyes, but her skin was flushed self-consciously.

“You know, when I was blindfolded and you were like... you know, uhm, behind me...”

“Fucking you?” I asked in amusement.

She flushed and dropped her eyes, then raised them again.

“Well, yeah. I was imagining it was... like...”

“A guy?”

“A big black guy.”

I laughed. “You didn’t really believe me, did you? I wouldn’t bring some guy in to fuck you without your permission.”

“No, I knew it wasn’t but let myself pretend it was. It was so... so hot!”

She shook her head in awe.

“What’s with this black guy fantasy?” I asked in amusement.

“I think because it’s what would horrify my parents the most.”

“What? Me and you wouldn’t horrify them?”

“Not as much. You couldn’t get me pregnant, after all. Besides, I don’t think they really understand much about girls having sex together. They’re old country, you know?”

“So have you ever done anything with girls before?”

She shrugged helplessly. “You may have noticed I’m not really a person to uhm... do daring stuff.”

“That’s not really considered daring these days.”

“It is by my family. Not to mention every Chinese person I know.”

“Well, I’d only done it once with a girl. But the experiences I’ve had with Evan taught me a lot about what turns people on because it turns me on.”

She got dressed and Mia sorted through her things and then seemed to hesitate.

“If you got a part-time job, you could buy a few things yourself,” I said. “I mean, you’re nineteen now...”

She shook her head. “In my culture, you’re not a grown-up woman until you marry and move into your husband’s house. And even then, you do what your parents tell you. My only purpose in life

right now is to get good marks and then find a good, prosperous Han Chinese husband.”

“So, I suppose a part-time job as a stripper is out of the question?”

She snorted in amusement. “As if I could undress in front of a roomful of men! I don’t think I could even undress in front of one!”

“Well, maybe if you got some sexy lingerie...”

“I would have to hide it, and then somehow secretly wash it so my mother didn’t find out.”

I made a face.

“So... do you want me to find a guy to... play games with you?” I asked.

“Oh, I couldn’t!”

Her eyes widened.

“What if you were tied up already?”

She hesitated. “I... I’m... I mean... uhm –.”

“You’re on the pill, right?”

“That I was able to get at school. And told my mother they’re pills that help keep me alert when studying.”

I laughed.

“Well, I’m fairly new to tying people up, but maybe I can ask Evan for help,” I said teasingly.

“You seemed to know a lot. I mean, you acted like... like...”

“Like Evan does when he ties me up. And he says he read it on the internet. It’s called ‘verbal dominance’.”

“Well, it was freaky weird. Not that I didn’t figure I deserved being called a slut.”

“You’re a virgin!” I laughed.

“I know, but doing stuff like that with you...”

She spread her arms helplessly.

“You weren’t really doing anything but being all chained up,” I said in amusement.

“And having multiple ... uhm...”

“Orgasms. You can say the word.”

“No, I can’t,” she said uncomfortably.

I snorted. “I’ll find a black guy to choke you. One with a big cock.”

“Ha. Promises, promises,” she said with a snort.

“Or maybe I’ll let Evan watch next time and... make suggestions.”

“Would you really let your boyfriend have sex with another girl?” she asked.

I shrugged. “I don’t think Evan would want to toss me aside for you. Aside from being really cute, you’re not his type.”

“He doesn’t like Chinese girls?”

“Not shy ones who are afraid to curse unless someone is pulling their hair and making them,” I said in amusement.

“I can too curse! Bitch!”

“Good to know. I’ll make you say lots of worse stuff next time.”

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I didn’t get to see Evan until the next day. His kinky little games had intrigued and excited me. But it wasn’t until I had actually seen what the other side looked like - I mean, being able to see what I would have looked like, sort of, that I began to really appreciate how erotic and exciting the idea of being tied up helpless was.

When I had seen Mia tied up, positioned in ways like Evan had positioned me, I didn’t have to really imagine very hard to know what I must’ve looked like, what I would look like. I’d seen myself in her, and it had really been wild and edgy.

I mean, I had bigger boobs, longer hair, and paler skin. But aside from that wasn’t like we were all that different. She was certainly more innocent than me in regard to sex. But I didn’t really consider

myself to be all that experienced.

I met Evan at work. I had a summer job at Outdoor Architecture, which was a great big nursery and landscaping supply company. My job was basically watering, weeding, and keeping track of the stuff in my section of the nursery. It was a big place spread over several acres. We not only had a greenhouse full of more delicate plants and flowers, there were also piles of stuff under overhanging tarps because they thrived mainly in shade.

Then there were the shrubs and plants in a variety of pots which were lined up in rows up and down the various aisles, going back all the way to the rear where we had actual trees twenty or 30 feet high that were in the ground.

You could also buy sod if you wanted to redo your lawn, and tons of other gardening supplies, from fertilizer to grass seed to pesticides. Evan worked on the other side, where all the interlock stone and various other building materials could be found. Want a bag of river stones? We have them. Want a dump truck full of gravel? We have that too. Not to mention dirt you can buy by the bag or the ton.

His work was a lot more physically demanding than mine, and he had to be able to work forklifts to move stuff around or deliver them to the trucks of customers. That was probably why they had hired him. Evan was a big guy, with broad shoulders. He got a lot of exercise and a lot of heavy lifting at work. He said he hardly had to exercise at all anymore.

It wasn't like I was sitting down on the job, either. I was constantly running around, crouching, bending over, carrying around platters full of flowers, shifting heavy potted plants, and generally keeping busy. I didn't need a lot of exercise these days, either.

We tried to coordinate our breaks, and generally met in the little area behind the actual store which had a few picnic tables and was fenced off from the customers. The store was where people actually pay for things, and there was also a lot of stuff on the shelves that you didn't want outside in the open air.

"Hey," I said, coming up behind him where he sat at one of the picnic tables and walking my fingers across his shoulders. I passed him by and sat across from him, putting my iced tea down on the table.

"Hey, beautiful. Miss me?"

"Why would I do that? There's lots of hot, sexy men around me all the time," I said airily.

"Yeah, but they don't have what I have, baby," he said with a grin.

"Whatever could that be? I'm a sweet virgin girl with no idea what you're talking about, sir."

"Yeah, right. I'll take you back to my place and see how many times I make you come."

"Is that a promise?" I asked.

"Definitely!"

"I don't think that would be proper for me. I'm a good girl, after all."

"I think you're a bad girl, and probably need to be spanked."

I looked around to make sure no one was able to overhear our conversation, low as it was.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I think I prefer girls," I said.

"That's fine with me, as long as I can watch."

"Maybe I'll get another girl together and we can have a threesome," I said.

"That sounds like a plan to me," he said in amusement.

"Of course, we'll be the ones tying you up. And once you're all tied up, me and the other girl will make out."

He laughed. "Not likely, Rory. I tie girls up; they don't tie me up."

"I'm sure with two of us we can overpower you," I said.

He smirked confidently. "If you can find some other girl and the two of you can overpower me, honey, you can have your way with me all you want."

It wasn't false confidence. Unless I found some girl who was like a professional MMA fighter or something – and she took him by surprise -- I didn't think it likely any two girls could overpower Evan.

He was six feet three, and weighed about twice what I did, a lot of that being muscle. I doubted even three girls could overpower him unless he let us.

“Well, you’re not having your way with me,” I said firmly, “unless you can somehow overpower me.”

“Yeah, that would be hard,” he said with an almost straight face.

He was almost a foot taller than me.

“I know this Chinese girl named Mia who has a thing about chains,” I said, “I have to ask her if she knows any of that karate stuff.”

As I’d expected, I had gotten his attention.

“She has a thing about chains?”

“Yeah, kind of weird,” I said casually. “She was at my place yesterday and we were in the basement, and she asked what was in the closet. You know the one that’s in front of the furnace room? So, she went over there and she found all the chains and the furnace room and she got kind of weird about it.”

“How weird?” he asked enthusiastically.

“Ha,” I said in amusement. “Don’t get your hopes up, lover. I’m quite sure she’s a virgin.”

“I like devirginizing girls,” he said with a smirk. “They don’t always have to be sluts like you.”

I gave him my middle finger to look at and he waggled his tongue at me.

“She kind of wrapped the chains around her wrists, and even around her neck, and I think she was getting a little excited, so I decided to punish her.”

“Oh, you did huh,” he said, clearly not believing me.

“Yup. Then, of course, I had to drive her crazy and then put a strap-on dildo on me so I could fuck her good and hard from behind.”

“Uh-huh. I bet that was fun.”

“For her. She came like crazy.”

“You have an even better fantasy life than me,” he said with a grin.

“Well, I am smarter than you.”

“I guess we all have our little fantasies,” I said in response.

I took another sip from my drink. “And I know what yours is right now.”

“What would that be?” he asked with a broad smile.

“Something about me chaining Mia up naked so that you could show up accidentally or something and take advantage of the poor girl when she was all hot and panting for sex.”

“Nah, my fantasy would be chaining you both up naked.”

“That sounds a little boring for us girls.”

“Maybe we play a little game of Simon Says and I’d tell you two what to do with each other.”

“Not what to do with you?”

“That would come later.”

“Well, you can just forget that. I’m keeping Mia all for myself. I mean, she’s really cute after all.”

“Dyke,” he said in amusement.

“If I was a dyke, I wouldn’t be dating you.”

“Yeah, but there’s no insulting word for bisexual.”

“That’s probably because everyone loves us bisexuals,” I said daintily.

“I know a girl you can do it with,” he said, “She’s pretty hot, too.”

“I suppose this is a girl that would let you watch... and probably participate?”

“Maybe,” he said in a drawl.

“Well, I like the idea of chaining you up so you can’t move and then making out with a girl while you have to just sit there and watch.”

“That’s because you’re a little cock tease.”

I stuck my tongue out at him then I had a sudden thought.

“You know, the basement of that rat hole you live in could pass for a dungeon. I bet a girl with fantasies about being chained up would get awfully turned on down there.”

“It’s not a rat hole,” he said indignantly. “It’s a fixer-upper.”

“Two of the bedrooms don’t have floors.”

“They have floors. They’re just... plywood. Flooring costs a fortune.”

“Like I said, no floors. And the other floors are scuffed and scratched and have paint on them. Not to mention the place needs a paint job and new windows and the fireplace doesn’t work and there’s hardly any insulation and -.”

“I don’t need the list,” he said dryly. “That’s why it was so cheap. Wait till you see it when it’s done.”

“If I live that long,” I said with a smirk.

Actually, I was kind of jealous. It’d be years before I could afford to buy even a shitty house, especially since I wouldn’t be able to fix it up myself. Unless, of course, I wound up moving in with Evan. And I was nowhere near being of a mind to make that kind of a commitment.

I didn’t even know what I wanted to do with my life and was just taking basic courses in computers and office work at the local college in the fall and winter. I’d been through one year already and that was enough to tell me it bored me silly. So, what, then? Nurse? Bleh. Doctor? Double bleh. Law? That was super boring, and you needed seven years at university for it. No thanks!

I was okay with computers but didn’t see making that my life. I certainly wasn’t going to do tradesmen stuff, like carpentry or plumbing. I wasn’t much into animals, so no to being a veterinarian, and didn’t like to fight with people so no to being a soldier or cop.

I was generally outgoing and not shy so maybe I could be an ‘influencer’. But I didn’t do or go anywhere exciting. And had no idea how you even got started on something like that. Evan had jokingly suggested I get an Onlyfans account, but no way did I want naked pictures of me all over the internet.

Although, to be honest, I look great naked. I’ve taken lots of naked pictures of myself – then deleted them. I’ve also taken videos, or let Evan take them, and then deleted them afterward, despite his protests. I guess there’s a bit of the narcissist in me because I love looking at them. I’m just too chicken of them getting out to keep any.

Mia asking about my Catholic school uniform, though, had given me a thought or two. I still had the uniforms, of course, and they still fit. So, when I got home from work I pulled out one of my old tartan skirts and considered it.

My mom had a sewing and knitting room and had spent a good deal of time teaching me to sew – much to my annoyance. It did occasionally come in handy, though. I put the skirt on and then carefully measured it before taking it off again. Then I cut about two-thirds of the skirt off before rehemming it.

I smirked when I put it on again. Then I hunted in the back of my closet for a white blouse. I don’t mean the ones I wore when I was in high school. Those were too proper. I had a very thin one, though, which had to be worn with a slip. I put it on without the slip and sure enough, not only did my nipples poke through, but you could see them, very faintly, along with the little dimples of the areolas around them.

I was thinking I was going to surprise Evan with a lap-dance that evening, and this was the perfect outfit to start out in. When he saw me in this tiny skirt, which barely covered my butt, he was going to go instantly hard!

Chapter Five

My plan was to go over in khakis and a sweatshirt, not looking at all sexy, and keeping the skirt and blouse in my bag. Then I'd go into the bathroom after he'd greeted me and come out looking like some kind of hot stripper. That plan went awry as soon as I walked through the door.

Evan was in one of his 'aggressive male sex maniac' moods. Those could be very hot and thrilling but didn't leave me much room to insert my own ideas. As soon as he let me in, he pushed me back against the door and kissed me hard, his arms going around me and his hands kneading my buttocks.

Evan was a good kisser when we met. And he'd learned more while with me. He knew exactly what I liked and gave it to me. I was instantly pressed back against the door as he half lifted me up against him, crushing my body against the wall as his mouth threatened to devour me!

His hands slid up my back inside my sweatshirt and then jerked it up over my head just like that.

I tried to say something, to delay him so I could put on my outfit, but his hands quickly undid my bra as his lips came down on mine again. Then he peeled off the bra and undid my sweatpants, shoving them down as he continued to roughly kiss me.

It was a little overwhelming! Which was super hot! Don't get me wrong! It just wasn't what I had planned!

Of course, I should have realized that bothering to go through some kind of game to turn on my boyfriend was a waste of time given he was ALWAYS turned on anyway!

He soon had me completely naked and I hadn't even gotten into the freaking room! Then he stepped back, leaned in, and grabbed me around the waist before lifting me into the air and dropping me belly-down across his left shoulder!

My boyfriend, Conan the Barbarian!

"Evan!" I squealed.

He slapped my butt as he turned and carried me to the nearby staircase, then walked up the stairs with me.

I thought, well, at least he's going to do it in bed and not on the floor by the front door! But we passed by his bedroom, and he opened the door to the attic instead! He carried me up the stairs, and the air began to get hotter and hotter. It was summer, after all, and the attic was not insulated, nor were its windows open.

"Where are we going!?" I exclaimed.

He slapped my butt again and I yelped and then slapped his. He slapped mine harder!

This was not a competition I could win...

Besides, it was kind of hot being manhandled like this. It reinforced how damn big and strong he was and made things down low throb! He swung me up and forward, catching me as I stumbled on the floor. Then he gripped my hands and lifted them high above my head. He pinned my wrists together with one big hand, then reached up with the other.

I tilted my head up and saw him grabbing a chain there, then wrapping it around my wrists!

"What... what are you... doing!?" I exclaimed as he carefully wound the chains around my wrists, then between them, not much different than I had done to Mia the other day.

"Giving you your fantasy," he said with a smirk.

And then I realized that he'd thought my little story of what I'd done with Mia was my fantasy of what I wanted him to do to me!

I wasn't going to correct him, though! Because what he was doing to me was super exciting!

"Y-You have to tie a girl up because otherwise they won't sleep with you!" I gasped.

"I have to tie them up to get them to leave me alone," he replied.

"You're so ugly no girl would want to touch you!" I exclaimed.

Which was silly, of course.

I yelped as he slapped my butt hard, and then I tried to kick him with one foot – though not really. He smirked and grabbed my ankle, and I hopped on one foot as he held onto it.

"Let go!" I gasped.

"Say pretty please."

"Eat me!"

"Say please!" he replied in amusement.

"Pervert!"

"Guilty."

He wouldn't let go of my foot, but pulled it out to the side, picked up another chain and wrapped it around my ankle. Then he pulled the chain to the side and wrapped it around a post. He got another chain and wrapped it around my other ankle, then forced that wide, too, before wrapping the chain around another post.

"There. Now you're helpless. I can torture you any way I want," he said in a menacing voice.

I knew he was kidding but felt a dark shiver of hunger along with uncertain anxiety ripple through me. The tightness of the chains around my wrists and the way my ankles were held apart caused my whole body to thrum with energy even as I pretended a calmness I didn't feel.

"Weirdo!" I taunted.

"Slut!"

He went behind me and then slipped a chain down over my head. It was a choke chain! I suddenly remembered I'd told him about Mia wrapping one around her throat. Now he thought that was my fantasy! Agh!

He lifted the other end of the chain up high, and I gasped as the choke chain tightened around my neck. My breathing began to sound a little loud (and ragged) though I could still breathe fairly easily.

He moved around in front of me and smirked down at my helplessness, his hands cupping and fondling my breasts, rolling and stroking my very, very hard nipples.

"Beg me to fuck you."

"No way!"

I guess I'll have to torture you, then."

"You going to sing to me?" I asked mockingly.

"You better learn some respect for your man, slut."

"Ha! More like a horny, perverted boy!"

He moved behind me and I heard something that sounded like tape. A moment later he gripped my head and then slapped some masking tape across my mouth! He laughed at my attempt to protest.

"If you can't speak respectfully then I won't let you speak at all."

I tried to curse him, and he smiled and cupped his hand to his ear. "Huh? What was that? I don't understand you!"

Then he got out what I knew was to be the instrument of torture. It was a Hitachi wand. He'd bought it a couple of weeks earlier and it was way too overpowered! It made me squirm like crazy because it made my always super sensitive nerve endings down there spasm wildly.

He turned it on with a grin, ignoring my furious head shake, then drew the round end in between my thighs to rub lightly up and down against my pussy. I tried to squirm away, but of course my movements were quite limited.

He laughed at my reaction, though, then pressed it in more firmly, rubbing it up and down, but mostly ensuring it stayed rubbing against my clitoris.

I squealed wildly, my hips trying to jerk back but he followed with the wand, rubbing it up and down, then from side to side.

It really was too powerful! It seemed to make my nerve endings overload, and my muscles twitched and spasmed wildly! This had happened the first time he'd tried to use it too and I'd made him put it away by grabbing his cock and putting it in my mouth. That wasn't possible now! I couldn't even yell at him!

He played the wand back and forth against my sex while his free hand kneaded my breasts and rolled my nipples.

I didn't have much of anything I could do. My hips were bucking and twisting as much as they could, but I couldn't really pull myself away from the wand. Then he slid his hand up into my hair, folded it around his fist, and jerked it back sharply as he leaned into kiss and nibble at the nape of my neck, and up under my ear.

"Sex slave," he whispered, his breath hot against my ear.

He released my hair and then moved behind me. He reached his long arm around me with the Hitachi held in his fist and placed it back where it had been before, rubbing up and down against my pussy. But a moment later I felt his naked groin pushing in against my buttocks. He had to spread his legs apart to get down low enough, but then I felt his thick cock pressed in between my buttocks as he ground himself against me.

His cock felt deliciously erotic against me, very slick and slippery, as if he'd put some kind of lube all over it. That was my first hint of his intentions as he ground himself up and down, up and down between my buttocks.

Then I got distracted. The powerful vibrator still felt a little uncomfortable, but not as bad as it had at first. And it was doing strange things to my nerve endings. It was as if they were shocked, at first, but now began to adapt to the rapid and powerful vibrations. And it felt almost as if they were vibrating in tune with the sex toy, as I became more and more hypersensitive down there.

He brought his other hand skimming down my body until he was gripping my thigh, and then pulled my hips back further and further. That tightened the chain around my wrists, but also the choke chain around my neck! I gurgled as I felt his big cock slide down between my thighs, then up against my soft, quivering mound.

"Slut!" he whispered into my ear.

I moaned as his slick cock penetrated me, stretching me achingly wide, then pushed up deeper and deeper into my pussy.

"Remember, bitch. You're my sex slave so I own this body," he growled.

I shuddered, heat rolling over me in waves as he filled me up and then some, his cock pumping in and out as he ground the vibrator back and forth across my clitoris. My head began to fill with fuzz as my body got progressively more overheated – on the inside and the outside! I was sweating!

He was able to hold the handle against my right hip, with the end pressed against my sex. Then, with his other hand on my other hip, he jerked my hips back and higher and I gasped as the choke chain tightened still further. My body shuddered to the powerful blows of his hips now as they slapped against my buttocks, his big cock spearing high inside me with every thrust!

I was gripped by a dark, feverish passion, gasping for breath, moaning around the tape, my eyes starting to glaze over as my mind was drowned in passion and need. Nothing else intruded on my thinking, as my mind narrowed down to sheer animal instincts, wallowing in the pleasure and heat.

All the while my body shuddered under the impact of his hips as he rode me fast and hard. There was nothing gentle about this now! He was using me like a ... a sex slave! Like his bitch! I felt him pressing the vibrator in harder, though, and rubbing it faster. And then the orgasm exploded within me. It didn't seem to be centered anywhere, but just flashed into existence all over my body. It felt as if

every muscle was violently spasming as my nervous system was overloaded with pleasure.

Pleasure? Ecstasy! It shattered my mind as my muscles spasmed and jerked, my body trembling and shaking under the continued hammering of his big hips. He jammed himself into me to the balls again and again as I writhed and arched and twisted in the throes of orgasm.

Then as the orgasm slowly began to fade, he pulled his big cock out and I felt it pressing against my wrinkled little back opening. I paid that little attention. My mind had been blasted by the orgasm to the point I was barely sane. His cock slowly pushed up into my butt, and then began to push deeper.

I was not a big one for anal sex, to say the least. I rarely allowed it. Why should I? But just then I honestly didn't care. My mind was gripped by a dazed sense of languorous ease as his cock thrust deeper and deeper. And it wasn't until it was jammed deep inside and I began to feel a kind of dull cramp in my abdomen that I even really recognized what he had done.

Maybe because my mind was still half asleep his cock pushed deep into my ass before I felt my muscles even beginning to squeeze down on it. Then I felt my hair jerked back and cried out into the tape as his teeth chewed on the side of my neck.

"I love the feel of your tight ass wrapped around my cock, slut," he growled.

I cried out again as he rammed himself deeper, and I felt his hips pressing against my buttocks as he buried himself inside me. The head of his cock was way up inside, and I felt cramps in my abdomen from how deep it was!

He had eased the vibrator away from me but now brought it back, and I gasped and moaned as he ground himself against me and pulled me backward. The choke chain tightened again, and I gurgled helplessly as he began to thrust into me with short, hard strokes that had me shaking.

I had almost ignored how hot the attic was, but it was becoming impossible. I was sweltering! All this energetic movement and the wild pounding of my pulse and heart were making sweat trickle down my body. And not being able to breathe very well was making it worse.

He eased up and the pressure came off my neck so I could gulp in deep breaths of air, but I felt his big cock like a thick presence up inside my abdomen.

"You like feeling my nice, warm cock up inside your body, slut?" he growled into my ear. "I bet all my friends will enjoy this tight ass of yours when I invite them over."

He often threatened to do that, and it never failed to fill me with a dark rush of heat. Though naturally that was at least partly because I didn't think he'd ever do it. Not without my saying he could anyway. I mean, the *idea* of it was scalding. The *reality* would probably be... scary and embarrassing!

He was working the vibrator even harder against my pussy now and I shuddered helplessly, the muscles in my abdomen spasming with more and more energy as I gave myself to the rising heat once again. This ability to just surrender, to just float and let him do everything was one of the reasons why I thought this bondage shit turned me on so much. I had no thinking to do, nothing to say, nothing to do. So I could just concentrate on the sensations and hunger he aroused within me.

I could feel his big cock moving inside me, sliding in and out, the head stabbing deep inside on every stroke. He was kind of jerking back on my hips which kept pulling me against the chains – and against the choke chain, which kept tightening and loosening around my neck.

I was definitely going to have to explain to him that it wasn't me into chains, and especially into choking!

But just then all I could do was surrender to the heat. I felt myself swaying, the chains tightening harder around my wrists as my legs got rubbery. He was using longer strokes now, the long length of him sliding up and down inside me as my body began to shudder to the impact of his hips once again.

He was rubbing the vibrator quite firmly against me now, both up and down as well as back and forth. And the sensations coming from down there were growing in power as I gasped for breath. Then I came again! My whole body started to jerk violently against the chains even as he pulled me back even more sharply to ram himself inside me.

That tightened the choke chain again, to the point I couldn't breathe at all! But I certainly didn't

care. My mind wasn't up to worrying about future consequences or anything just then. All it cared about was the pleasure and passion.

And those were both in overload now as I cried out soundlessly, my mouth opening wide, my hips bucking back to meet his thrusts as my nervous system fell apart. My mind plunged into the wild hurricane of pleasure and overdosed on it to the point I forgot I was supposed to be standing up at all.

Fortunately, the chains wrapped around my wrists weren't much longer, if any longer at all, than the one around my neck. I trembled and twitched and writhed, my head jerking back convulsively as the pleasure rode me, breaking my mind and leaving me a dazed animal reveling in pleasure.

*

I stood there sweating freely, moaning weakly into the tape, breathing raggedly, alone in the shadowy attic.

Evan had come inside me, then laughed, slapped my ass, and then said he was going to get a shower and call all his friends.

I didn't think he was calling all his friends but he was probably getting a shower and believe me I resented that as the sweat slowly trickled down my forehead and cheeks and chest.

I was becoming sore and exhausted, drained of energy by the relentless heat. And I don't mean the kind inside me. The attic was incredibly hot! And he'd left me here a while ago. I wondered what the hell he was up to, other than trying to scare/shock me into thinking he was bringing over strange men to use my body.

One thing that I understood somewhat instinctively, though, was that this was the way a slave girl would be treated. If I was a slave... or maybe a prisoner to some evil (but handsome) knight or lord in a castle I could be chained like this, moaning, waiting his pleasure – or punishment.

I wasn't sure what Evan was up to, why he'd left me chained like this. That confusion, that uncertainty added a strange wariness to my exhausted state. And more than a tinge of wicked, edgy anticipation.

I couldn't help imagining myself with a bunch of guys around me, pawing and groping me, shoving their cocks into me, taunting me, taking pictures...

And again, as a fantasy that was kind of hot. The real thing would likely be, well, not so much. Where was that bastard anyway?!

The heat was draining the energy out of me. Not to mention making me all sweaty. I was having difficulty breathing because my chin kept sinking down toward my chest, and that tightened the choke chain around my neck. The less energy I had the slower I was to pull my head back up again.

Which was how he snuck up on me the way he did. I didn't even know he had returned until the room lit up. I blinked in confusion and raised my head, and he took several more pictures before my brain woke up and I jerked my head to one side as if trying to hide. That failed, of course, and I dropped my chin down to let my hair fall over my face.

He just laughed.

"I'm gonna send these to Mark and Patrick," he said. "They'll be so jealous of me."

I raised my head, glowering at him and he smirked back.

"You should be a porn star, baby."

"Undo these!" I tried to say.

He peeled the tape away from my mouth and I licked my lips.

"Dumbass," I said.

"You look all hot and bothered, baby."

"Get these off me before I strangle myself."

"I thought you liked being choked."

"No, I don't! What gave you that idea!? I was talking about Mia, not me!"

"Yeah, yeah. I know this Mia is really you."

Idiot!

Chapter Six

I hadn't used the little skirt on him, but I figured Mia would look cute in it. Even on her, it was awfully short, but she was thrilled with how sexy she looked in it. The top even fit, once we folded the cuffs of the sleeves back. It just wasn't as tight on top. But we solved that by having her undo it halfway down and then tie it together under her breasts.

"So, give me a lap dance, bitch," I teased.

I was quite sure she'd never given a guy a lap dance. Though of course I had.

"Isn't the idea to grind myself against a guy's dick? I don't think you have the proper equipment," she said.

"I've got a nice, big, hard cock for you," I said in amusement.

So, then I went upstairs and put on a pair of loose trousers and put the dildo inside. We played with various songs, several of which were notorious for this kind of thing. And then Mia excitedly practiced giving me a lap dance with me holding the thick dildo in against my thigh.

She wasn't very good. I found some videos online and played them on the TV, then I gave her lapdances, though I remained fully dressed. When she tried again she was considerably better. She teased and taunted me as she untied the little blouse, then slid it back over her shoulders. Then she let the short skirt open and drop away and was naked.

Her eyes were filled with excitement as she ground herself down on my lap. I ran my hands up and down her hips and sides, then leaned in to suck and lick and chew at her nipples and breasts. Then we practiced stripping in the mirror, something we'd done before.

After that, giggling, we went down to the basement and into the furnace room. She stood under the hook and brought her arms up behind her back, gripping her elbows with her hands.

I brought the chain down and wrapped it around her wrists and forearms, then up around her upper arms, pulling them closer together. I brought a second chain down from above and carefully threaded it around the other, then around her neck.

"Okay, rise up on the balls of your feet," I said.

This had been her idea, after all. She'd seen a picture of a girl tied up this way. She wanted it done with chains, though.

She rose on the balls of her feet and I lifted the chains higher to hold her in position.

"Now slowly ease down so I see what happens."

She eased down, already breathing heavily in her excitement, and the chains forced her wrists up higher behind her while tightening the one around her neck. She continued to ease down, wincing a bit as her wrists were lifted higher, her breathing getting more ragged as the chain tightened around her throat.

With her heels flat on the floor she couldn't seem to breathe at all. I'd have to be very careful in watching that. Her wrists, though pulled up high didn't seem to be causing her too much pain. At least, she looked far more aroused than in pain.

"All right, up on the balls of your feet and spread your legs."

She did that, though there were limits to how wide she could go without choking herself. I slid the dildo back up inside her, burying it, then I took the Hitachi wand I'd stolen off Evan and pressed it up hard against her sex. I taped the handle around her thigh to hold it in place, then put another piece of

tape across her mouth as I let her close her legs.

She looked down curiously at the wand, maybe not recognizing what it was. But when I plugged it in her eyes jerked wide and her whole body jolted hard. She squealed and twisted and writhed as I grinned at her, watching her lithe body quiver and shake.

I had turned it on low, unlike that bastard boyfriend of mine, and that seemed to avoid much of the discomfort so that it went straight into pleasure. She started to burn up! Her eyes closed and she grunted and moaned and her hips bucked and jerked convulsively.

“Yo, Rory?”

I pretended to be shocked by Evan’s voice. Mia’s look was much more real. I quickly turned off the vibrator but as I heard his footsteps on the stairs I darted to the door and went through, closing it behind me, then went out into the outer room.

I had arranged all of this, of course, though neither of them knew it. I had told Evan to come over and that I’d leave a key in the mailbox. I had said I would be downstairs and that if the stereo was on loudly I might not hear him ringing. Then I’d taken the battery out of the doorbell.

Wouldn’t want Mia to hear it!

“Why aren’t you naked already?” he asked in amusement as he came into the room.

“I don’t usually go around naked just in case you drop by, Mister Evan Kitridge,” I said loudly.

“That’s okay. I can get you naked quickly enough.”

“I refuse,” I said in a very snotty voice which I knew he would see through instantly.

“I wasn’t asking.”

He stripped me naked easily enough, though admittedly my efforts at stopping him were – uhm, halfhearted, at best.

Of course, he still thought I had a thing for chains. I’d certainly done nothing to disabuse him of the idea. Once I was naked, though, I squirmed as much as I could to avoid him tying me up. Which he easily overcame. He wound up forcing my hands up and then back behind my neck, pinned them there, and then wrapped my long hair around them so he could control me with one hand.

“Oh, you just wait until I get loose,” I growled, pretending to try to kick him.

“You’re my sex slave so I don’t need to wait for anything,” he said in amusement.

And then, just like I’d hoped, he marched me towards the closet.

“Uhm, uh, I was busy doing something!” I exclaimed. “You should go upstairs and wait for me!”

I said those much louder than I needed to, wanting Mia to hear.

He just marched me to the closet and then once inside, opened the door to the furnace room.

And of course, the first thing he saw was a wide-eyed Mia staring back at him!

I held my breath waiting to see how she might react. She almost immediately dropped her eyes as her face flushed.

“Holy God!” Evan breathed.

I had little doubt what *his* reaction would be! Sort of like a dog when you throw hamburger on the floor.

I gasped as he kind of twisted me around, easily controlling me with one hand pinning both my wrists and my hair behind my neck.

“You weren’t describing a fantasy after all!” he said in delight.

His eyes flicked back to Mia.

“Hey, isn’t that my Hitachi wand? I wondered where it had gone! You stole it!”

“I only borrowed it!” I gasped.

He moved forward into the room, pushing me along before him. My heart was pounding as I wondered where this would go, and carefully watched Mia to see what she might be feeling. I didn’t have to wonder what Evan was feeling, obviously.

“Hmm,” he said.

I had spread some chains of varying lengths out on the side, together with S-clips, and he grinned

and pushed me against the wall, then picked up one of the longer ones and wrapped it around my wrists, keeping them back behind my neck. Then he pulled the chain sharply down which made me gasp as my arms and shoulders were forced back further.

He brought the chain down along my spine, then pulled it through my thighs and up sharply so that it dug into my pussy and spread my labia apart around it. He ran it up to my belly, held it there with his finger, then brought his other hand down and ran the rest around my waist and back again before clipping it in place.

Then he swung me back around and pushed me to my knees in front of Mia.

“I think you should continue what you were doing before I interrupted you ladies,” he said in delight.

“W-We weren’t doing anything!” I gasped.

He made a rude noise and pushed on the back of my head, pushing me in against Mia’s pussy.

“This thing isn’t going to work if it’s turned off,” he said.

He reached past me and turned the vibrator on – to high, then laughed as Mia squealed and started to dance awkwardly from foot to foot.

“Lick, slave girl!” he ordered.

Mia, of course, said nothing. She was stiff and gulping in air.

“Leave us alone for a couple of minutes,” I said.

“Uh uh, babe. I want to watch.”

“For a couple of minutes.”

I hardened my voice and he knew that meant I wasn’t playing.

He grinned and retreated, leaving me and Mia alone.

I looked up at her uneasily.

“I can make him go away,” I said.

I leaned in a bit more and licked at her clitoris.

She said nothing, only gasped softly.

“And he won’t say anything if I tell him not to.”

I licked her again, dipping my tongue in under the rounded head of the vibrator and sweeping it from side to side even as the vibrator buzzed powerfully.

“Otherwise he’s going to do you like those fantasies of yours,” I warned. “Want me to send him away?”

Then I continued to lick while Mia continued to tremble and gulp in air. I rolled my eyes up at her looking for some kind of signal. She didn’t do or say a thing and I felt a rush of excitement. She couldn’t admit that she wanted this. Even now. But she wasn’t giving any indication she wanted him to go away.

I looked up at her a bit. “Spread your legs, slut!” I growled.

She moaned and shifted her feet a little further apart, even though that forced her arms higher.

I bent my head and started to lick in earnest as she whimpered and moaned and her hips began to grind against me.

I pushed myself to my feet and leaned in to kiss her along the neck, then force her head up and back with mine so I could lock my lips to hers. She kissed back frenziedly and I felt a sense of frustration I couldn’t touch her with my hands. I could, however, rub my breasts against hers as our tongues slid together.

“Hey, I told you to lick her, not kiss her!”

I turned my head as Evan returned and Mia squeaked and dropped her eyes.

“You didn’t say where, bossy.”

He slapped my bottom, then put a heavy hand on my shoulder to force me to my knees.

“That’s where,” he growled.

I started to lick Mia down there again while he watched eagerly. He moved in closer, then

reached out that big hand and combed his fingers through her hair before seizing it and jerking her head up and back. It forced her chin up and he grinned into her face.

“You are one hot, sexy-looking slave girl,” he said. “I bet you’re just waiting for a big cock to slide up inside you too.”

She didn’t say a thing, and he chuckled, releasing her hair and moving behind her. I couldn’t really see what he was doing back there but when my eyes flicked up I saw his hands had come around her chest and were kneading and squeezing her breasts. They slid downward and gripped her hips, jerking them back a bit more, then his cock pushed in between her thighs, hard and thick and naked and very, very angry looking.

I shifted my mouth lower, licking at it and sucking at the head until he pushed it upward and against her soft opening. I watched as it slowly sank up inside her, then inch after inch of shaft followed.

Mia wasn’t a virgin anymore!

I found her clitoris once again, forcing my tongue in between it and the vibrator once more as her body began to jerk back and forth, Evan’s hands working her in against his plunging cock. I could hear her breathing getting more and more ragged as Evan fucked her, then she seemed to lose all self-control.

She started to make wild animal noises which grew more and more frantic as they got louder. Her body thrashed and jerked and writhed in place, and she forced her legs wider so that more of her weight came down on the chain above. That both forced her wrists up painfully high and choked her.

“I can feel her cunt sucking on my cock,” Evan growled, thrusting harder and faster.

His hips slapped remorselessly against her as he drove his cock up into her pussy while I licked hard and fast against her clitoris.

Then his big hands came down and gripped her thighs, lifting her into the air. That served to take the pressure off both her neck and arms and he held her easily in place as he continued to thrust up into her trembling, shaking body.

Now that she was breathing Mia was making more of those dazed, gurgling animal sounds as she had some kind of mental and physical meltdown, then she seemed to sag, virtually unconscious. No, completely unconscious, I realized.

I blinked in surprise and stood up. The chain wasn’t even tight against her neck and she was breathing, so what had made her unconscious?

“I think she passed out,” I said.

To his credit he stopped and then carefully eased her back down, quickly undoing the chains around her neck as well as the ones that forced her wrists up behind her back. He carried her into the other room and I followed.

Even as he set her down on the sofa, though, she was already coming too, moaning and fluttering her eyes.

“I think she just passed out because of how great a cocksman I am,” Evan said proudly.

Which perhaps might be true because when she was done fluttering her eyes they stared at his cock, which was only a foot or so away, stared raptly even as she gulped in air.

Evan snapped his fingers at me and I came around the sofa. He pushed me down onto my knees, then shoved me so I fell back onto my back on the soft carpet. He dragged Mia off the sofa and onto her knees, then pulled her forward, half lifting her until she was straddling my face.

“Sit on this blonde slut’s face, slave girl,” he growled.

Moaning dazedly, Mia sank down as Evan pushed his cock into her open mouth.

“Let’s see if you’re a good little cocksucker,” he said.

She gurgled wetly. I was pretty sure the answer was ‘no’.

I licked at her pussy while the vibrator, still taped to her thigh, continued to buzz. Evan pushed his cock deeper into her mouth, holding her small head between two massive hands as he pumped

slowly in and out.

I was pretty sure Mia had never had a cock in her mouth before so didn't begrudge her the opportunity. Though I was definitely not getting the best of what was happening just then.

Mia yelped in pain as he jerked on her hair, then peeled the tape away from her mouth.

"Suck my balls, slave," I heard him order.

She did that. I had a strange view but it was clear enough up her body to where her mouth was sucking on his testicles even as I licked at her clit.

The vibrator continued to buzz, and Mia started to burn up again as she sucked and licked at his cock and balls and he reached down to fondle her breasts.

"Hot little fuck toy. I wonder how much I can sell you for," he said in his patented phony 'menacing' voice.

She shuddered and ground her hips in and out, making it more difficult to lick her.

Evan laughed and then pulled her away from me, ordering me to my knees. He sat down and gripped each of us by the hair, pulling us in to take turns sucking at his cock and balls. He made me deep throat him while Mia stared, wide-eyed, then had her try. She gagged, though, so he had her suck his balls while I slid my lips up and down the length of his cock.

"Now this is the fuckin' life!" he groaned, holding us both tightly against him. "Two sex slaves working on my cock and balls!"

He held back, though, despite that, and soon stood up, pulling me onto the sofa and having me slump down and spread my legs. He guided Mia in between them, ordering her to suck and lick my clitoris, then drove his cock into her tight little pussy from behind again.

Mia came a second time, trembling so violently I thought she might be having a fit. Then she lost consciousness again! This time it didn't last more than a few seconds, as her body continued to shudder to Evan's hard thrusts. Her eyes fluttered open again and she moaned dazedly as he pushed her face in between my thighs again.

"Lick that pussy, slave slut!"

She did her best, which wasn't all that great. But I was excited enough that my body was soon thrumming with sexual electricity and pressure as I watched Evan fuck her.

After he came he removed the chains from both of us and pulled us into the bedroom, throwing us on the bed. Then he kind of directed us as Mia and I made love in a number of different positions. He had us kneel side by side, then, and took turns fucking us, using his fingers on one girl while fucking the other, then trading off, back and forth.

I wasn't yet completely sure about what Mia thought of this but it was clear Evan was thrilled.

Chapter Seven

Everything Evan did in the way of bondage games was stuff he'd seen on the internet. But he also listened. He was no dummy, even if his job was mostly hard labor type work. He now understood the things I'd said about Mia actually applied to her and weren't just my fantasy.

Of course, seeing her actually passing out from the intensity of the pleasure didn't hurt. He knew how turned on she was by all this stuff. After hours of sex he left, but I could see from his expression his head was swimming with ideas of what to do to and with me and Mia.

Mia hadn't said a word the whole time, just obeyed. But as soon as he was gone she closed her eyes and shook her head wonderingly.

"Oh my God that was incredible!" she moaned.

"I take it you enjoyed your first cock?"

"I loved it! But it wasn't just that. It was... it was... all the kinky stuff!"

"I'm sure Evan will come up with more."

"Evan is so hot! And he's so... uhm, big!"

"Why do you think he's my boyfriend?" I asked, smirking.

"God, I'm sore! But wow! I want more of that! Though... could you tell him to be... I don't know... uhm, meaner?"

"Meaner?"

"I mean like... act like he's a real evil man."

"That's liable to leave you even sorer," I said in amusement. "Including a sore butt from spanking."

"I think that would be incredible!" she said, her eyes shining.

Of course, Evan also wanted to know what her reaction was and what other ideas I might have for turning her on. I was a little jealous, but not much. The novelty of her would wear off, I was sure. But I also brought up her black fantasy, which made him laugh.

"I bet I know a black guy or two who would be delighted to let her live that fantasy out."

"It's kind of racist, though," I said.

"I don't care. And I know damn well none of the black guys I know will care either as long as they get to sink their cocks into that tight little body."

As much as Mia rebelled against her parents and their old-world cultural values, though, it was fairly obvious to me that a lot of those values were behind her sexual explorations. What was turning her on wasn't so much the chains, it was the fantasy behind the chains, the thought of being degraded and humiliated, of being used by evil people who would 'ravish' her senselessly.

And obviously, white and black guys were not the respectable Chinese her parents insisted were the only proper mates for her. So she was, in effect, being degraded by their using her, and wallowing in some kind of inner thrill about letting herself be degraded – by her parents' standards.

She probably knew it on some level. She was studying psychology, after all.

I exchanged texts with Evan about that, each of us trying to figure out what would turn her on the most, what would degrade her the most without going over the line. It was amusing to think of him doing some of the things we talked about.

What I hadn't actually counted on was him doing the same things to me!

The next time we met up was at his place, and he'd apparently decided to invest a considerable amount of money in his kinky games!

I had Mia wear the schoolgirl outfit again and he ordered her to give him a lapdance. Her eyes were alight with excitement from the beginning. And I realized that once again it was the thought of being degraded – of being a stripper, in other words. Or pretending to be one. Imagine how outraged her parents would be if their little princess became a stripper!

She was totally into it from the start, practically on fire with heat as she ground herself against him, stripping off her top and then skirt and straddling him as he fondled her breasts and sucked on her tiny nipples.

She rode his fingers to the edge of orgasm but then he stopped, not allowing her to go over the edge.

With Mia naked, he introduced her to his new shackles. He had these wide, shiny stainless steel shackles he fit around her slim wrists, around her ankles, and then again around her upper arms. He had a matching collar for her neck, and then chains to link them all together behind her back.

He bent her over a table and forced a long butt-plug into her ass, then slid a vibrator up into her pussy and brought a chain down between her legs and around her waist to lock it firmly in place. She squirmed wildly, gasping for breath as he forced her to her knees, then had her suck his cock and balls.

“That’s it, slave. Suck that cock,” he growled down at her, gripping her by the hair. “You know you love it, bitch!”

He pushed her back after a minute, hard enough that she fell, sprawling to her back.

“Bitch! You’re going to have to learn to do a better job,” he growled.

He dropped to his knees, pulled her legs apart, and undid the chain, then gripped her slender ankles, and lifted them up across his shoulders. He pushed himself into her naked little pussy, then leaned over more and more, forcing her legs back further and further, until they were above her head.

As he let more of his weight down her legs bent back more and more, and then her ankles were jammed down past her shoulders, the backs of her feet pressed against the carpet as he started to thrust down into her. She was a petite girl and looked crushed under his weight, but her eyes were glazed as she made wild, desperate animal sounds, gasping and moaning as his big cock speared deep into her quivering body again and again.

And meanwhile, I took a video for her to remember the experience. It was kind of cool. I’d let Evan take videos of me before (deleted right away) and occasionally let him put the camera on a nearby table to record us having sex (also immediately deleted). But I’d never actually used the camera on myself or anyone else like this.

I shifted from side to side to get the best shots, excited myself as I watched Mia getting pounded by my big boyfriend. He brought her ankles in closer to her head, then jammed them back behind it, crossing her ankles together and holding them there with one hand!

His other hand dropped down around her neck and slowly squeezed.

Mia’s eyes flickered and fluttered and then widened, as did her mouth, gasping for breath. Moments later her body trembled and shook and she gave off choked, gurgling cries of pleasure as she came again.

*

Mia was like someone possessed! It was like the seething passion within her could no longer be suppressed and she wanted to experience everything! That included posing in various naked, and often obscene poses while Evan took pictures. Like of her sucking his cock, or her licking my pussy (though you couldn’t see his face or mine).

She posed for pictures of her masturbating with a dildo, and it became real, so Evan switched over to video. I could see her eyes turn glassy as she stared into the camera, ramming the dildo into her body as her fingers rubbed frantically at her clitoris. The orgasm was not feigned and was very loud.

“That’s it porn-star,” Evan said, snapping more pictures of her in obscene poses. “I’m going to

put all these on the internet, you know. Maybe I can sell them to a porn site.”

She shuddered and kept posing.

“Maybe I’ll put your pictures up on those prostitution sites and rent you out to all buyers,” he growled.

“Now, now, you don’t want her getting all mucky,” I said. “She’d obviously be better working in a strip club.”

“You too,” he said with a snort of amusement.

“Ha!”

“I need to get a stripper pole so you can both practice.”

“They do say that’s good exercise,” I said.

I probably shouldn’t have said that...

“You need to get a big black guy in here to pose with her,” I said. “Like, with his cock half buried in her little pussy as you take the picture.”

“Picture, hell. That sounds like a good video to me,” he replied.

He had her suck his cock again, while I took the video. This time he came in her face, then used his cock to smear it all over her forehead, cheeks, nose, lips, and chin.

“When you go home you can smile at your parents and they won’t even know you’ve got my cum all over your face,” he taunted.

After that, we got dressed and I drove her home. She was silent much of the way, looking kind of dazed at what had happened.

“So? You enjoy your first day as a sex slave?” I finally asked.

She took a deep breath and then let it out slowly.

“That was... indescribable,” she said. “It was incredible! I can’t believe how hot I felt, how incredibly turned on it all was!”

“Yeah, you looked pretty hot.”

“Do you think he’ll really find a black guy to... to –.”

“Fuck you? It wouldn’t be difficult.”

She patted her face absently. “You can’t see anything, can you?”

“What? No. Why? You didn’t wash your face?!”

She smirked at me. “I want to smile sweetly at my parents and have them not even know what’s on my skin.”

“You little perve. And you better hope he doesn’t show those pictures and videos to anyone.”

I had suggested she look at them and delete them but Evan told her he was going to build a phony website as if it was a porn site for her. She wanted to see what that looked like.

“He doesn’t know anyone I know,” she said.

I shook my head. I wouldn’t have trusted any guy with videos and pictures of me like that. Imagine if we broke up and he decided to send them around to people I knew!?

Though I have to admit looking at them, especially the videos, always made me hot, and I was always sorry to have to delete them. I would have liked to look back at some of those videos another time but was too paranoid about what he’d do with them. Guys are guys after all!

Still, it would have been cool to see a phony website of me in all my naked glory doing all kinds of sexy stuff. But only if I could be sure no one would hack it and make off with the pictures. I thought Mia was carrying her rebellion against her parents a bit far.

I dropped her off and then went home, and had no sooner gotten in when Evan sent me a text with a link to someplace that sold stripper poles, telling me he had ordered it. I snorted in amusement. I wouldn’t mind swinging around a pole playing a stripper for him if that was what he wanted. Being a stripper had always been a sort of fantasy.

I guess because like Mia I was kind of repressed, you know. Not by my parents, especially but by the whole of society. Society rewarded beauty in every possible way, and every girl was encouraged to

be as hot and sexy as she possibly could. On the other hand, society judged girls badly whenever they did anything sexual unless it was carefully done within a relationship.

That was incredibly hypocritical, of course. And it meant every teenage girl tried her hardest to look sexy, to act sexy, even though the more you looked and acted sexy the more people called you names and looked down on you.

Like I mentioned before, I wear glasses and pull my hair back in a tight tail to apply for office jobs because otherwise, they might not take me seriously. Which is dumb. Anyway, I wanted to be taken seriously most of the time, so I had to be careful about what I wore. It wouldn't do my reputation any good among my friends to be showing off in short skirts and tight or low-cut tops.

At the same time, I wanted to! I mean, I can see what I look like in mirrors naked! I knew how hot my body was. I wanted to show it off! Only, I didn't want all my friends to start calling me a slut or tsking to themselves about how I was 'looking for attention'.

So yeah, I had long fantasized about being a stripper, and done the usual dancing and stripping in front of my mirrors, or in front of a video camera. But while I wasn't as repressed as Mia I was too repressed to try it for real! I'd be so embarrassed my face would burn off!

The next day was a Saturday. The nursery was open long hours on weekends, from Seven AM to Nine PM. That meant there were two shifts. I wound up on the late shift, which was fine with me. I sure didn't want to get up at like five thirty in the morning to go to work! Evan, though, was on the early shift, so we didn't see much of each other.

We texted back and forth often, though. He had a lot to say about Mia, of course, and had a lot of ideas for future stuff Mia and I could do together. He said he was building a great porn site for her, and I cautioned him to make sure no one could hack it.

He didn't text much Saturday night. I figured he was watching a game with his friends or something. And it was busy at work anyway. The next day after getting up I checked my phone again and he'd left a text just telling me to check my email and that he'd emailed me something I should look at on my laptop or a PC, not on the phone.

I shrugged and wandered downstairs to get my milk and cereal. Then I had a shower and got dressed, and only then as I threw myself onto my bed did I open up the laptop and turn it on. There was a link to a web site I clicked on warily, then used the password he'd sent to get in.

What opened was a video of Mia. She was dressed in dress slacks and a white blouse. She was, oddly, wearing glasses. She was in Evan's house, in his kitchen, and it looked like she was... washing dishes? I frowned in confusion.

Then the scene changed to outside his house, only you could only see one window. The camera went right up to the window as if peeking in and watching her moving around.

Obviously, Evan was getting creative. But I was a little apprehensive that he'd obviously been in contact with Mia and then done stuff with her without informing me, and without my being there. We were going to have to talk about that. I didn't mind Mia getting his cock now and then but I hadn't intended him to make a habit of it – especially when I wasn't there!

In the video, the camera moved to a door, and a large, black hand reached out and gripped the doorknob, then turned it, opening the door.

"What the hell is this?" I said softly.

The next scene showed a guy coming through a door. He wasn't holding a camera, though, so I guessed Evan was taking this shot. The guy scurried behind the stairs and peeked out, his eyes very brown behind a black ski mask. He ducked back and then peeled his black shirt up and off before kicking off his shoes and taking his pants off.

Naked, he was very big, very muscular, and very erect! He had a cock I was sure Mia was going to adore!

Then the camera showed Mia in the kitchen. I was thinking they needed some kind of scary music or something here, but maybe he'd put that in later. The camera showed the big black guy, still

wearing the balaclava, but nothing else, moving stealthily into the room behind her.

Then the next shot was from outside the window, showing an oblivious Mia and the black guy sneaking up behind her. A moment later his big hand sweeps up and across her lower face, blocking her mouth. Mia's eyes go wide, and it looks like she squirms as his other arm comes around her and pins her arms to her sides.

The hand comes off her mouth, leaving some kind of tape behind and then the camera switches to inside the house again as he bends her over and slaps her bottom hard before yanking her wrists back behind her and tying them in place.

He spins her around and she looks up at him with those wide eyes as he grips the front of her blouse and tears it wide open.

This was actually starting to turn me on!

She wasn't wearing her white granny bra here, though, but something yellow and lacy. I frowned at the thought my boyfriend had shopped for lingerie for her.

The big black guy swung her around, lifted her up, and then dropped her on her back on the kitchen table. A moment later he grips her pants and tears them violently open before yanking them down her legs. It takes him very little time to strip her naked, then his big hands roamed her body, kneading her breasts, squeezing them hard, even slapping one!

He yanked her legs wide, then dropped to his knees beside the table. I snorted as he started licking her pussy. I didn't think that was the normal procedure when a crazed sex maniac attacked a girl in her house!

Mia wasn't struggling much. In fact, she was starting to writhe and twist around in a way I recognized as being anything but a sign of struggling. Still, I suppose if you didn't know her and thought she was some virginal Chinese girl you might think that was what all that movement was about.

To me, the look in her eyes was starting to resemble that dazed, feverish look she'd had the previous time when Evan was pounding her.

The Black guy stood up and then pulled out his phone and took a picture of her. Then he began to lick and kiss and suck and chew his way up her body until he was feasting on her breasts. Meanwhile, his fingers were pumping in and out of her pussy as she continued to squirm and writhe beneath him.

Evan might well have a talent as a porn camera guy, I thought in amusement. He was getting some good shots.

The guy pulled her off the table and onto her knees, then gripped her hair, ripped the tape off her mouth, and shoved his cock in. She moaned, staring at it wildly as he fucked her mouth. Then she started sucking as he held her small head in two huge hands.

A moment later I gasped as he pushed forward, leaning into her, and his big cock – almost as big as Evan's was – slowly disappeared! All of it! He managed to shove his whole cock down her throat until her lips were wrapped around the base, then held her there as she squirmed and twisted and struggled.

He pulled out slowly, and I watched, entranced, as inch after inch of glistening black cock appeared from between her lips. She coughed and gasped for breath and he lifted her up onto his shoulder and then carried her out of the room.

The next scene showed them in the basement, and he was chaining her wrists to an overhead ring. It looked like she was going to get her fantasy after all. And yes, that was what happened. Sort of. He ordered her to push her butt out and spread her legs and she obeyed. Then he gripped her hips, lifted her up a bit, and shoved his cock deep into her pussy.

She came almost right away, though I supposed if you were a stranger you might think she was making pain noises. Especially when he slid his hand around her neck to choke them off. He forced every inch up inside her and started to fuck hard, and it looked to me like Mia came several more times before he finished.

Chapter Eight

“You really are a pervert,” I texted to Evan.

“Flex” he sent back.

“Are you intending to become a porn director or something?” I asked.

“I dunno. What do they get paid?”

I had to admit I had no idea.

“Mia was okay with all this?”

“That chick was screaming so hard I had to have Alex gag or choke her off or the neighbors would have sent the cops. She’s a real little nympho.”

“Well, you shouldn’t have done that without me there.”

“I didn’t touch her,” he replied.

“Still!” I said.

“You’re just jealous I didn’t make a movie starring you.”

“Ha!”

I was a bit, because it would have been insanely hot to play the victim like that while Evan, in a ski mask, ravished me senselessly!

Maybe we could get Mia to use the camera for something like that...

Anyway, I couldn’t get over to see him until Monday after work. He had texted me that the stripper pole was all set up and he expected me to be practicing that and my lap dancing. I just sent him a smirk. Still, I intended to show him I was a lot sexier than Mia!

And... I was toying with the thought, the breathless, scalding thought, of having a threesome. Not with him and Mia, but with him and that Black guy, Alex! I’d never done that before, and the very thought of it was scary wild! That guy had a body that matched Evan, and a cock almost as big!

I couldn’t not get hot imagining being on all fours sucking one while the other fucked me from behind. That would be insanely sexy! I knew I shouldn’t, of course, that it would be a bit dangerous if anyone found out. But hey, isn’t when you’re young the time to explore dark fantasies?

And since I’d let him fuck Mia he couldn’t object to me fucking another guy!

As soon as I rang the bell the door opened. I stepped inside and he grabbed me, closing the door behind me and then pinning me against his body as he swung us around in front of the hall mirror! He was wearing a ski mask but I knew it was him as he pinned my arms to my sides and held his hand over my mouth.

I instantly felt a huge surge of excitement and adrenaline as he pinned me in place.

“I should have gotten you some cheap clothes from the Salvation Army so I could rip them off,” he said.

He let me go and I felt a moment of both relief and disappointment as he lifted up his ski mask.

“Pervert,” I said.

“You bet. I have something special designed for you.”

“Oh? Do tell.”

“First, you need to take off all your clothes. The video will start with you in the shower.”

I frowned. My hair won’t look as good if it’s all wet.”

“You look sexy as fuck no matter what your hair is doing.”

Which was true and I felt a bit of inner satisfaction at him saying it.

“I don’t know why I humor you,” I said, pretending to be impatient with his perverted games.

But I went along with it and was soon naked in the shower, soaping up. The shower door slid slowly back to reveal him with the camera. The hardest part was pretending like I didn’t notice. I turned my back to the water – and the door, to rinse off. I knew I had a great ass and that would look pretty good on the video.

When I turned around he was supposed to be standing there with a ski mask and nothing else on. I was already wet in more ways than one with anticipation, my nipples hard as little pebbles. I turned around, fighting hard to keep a broad grin off me, then let out a helpless little scream and fell back against the wall.

I didn’t have to make the effort to act shocked when I saw the black guy standing there naked with just a ski mask on! Holy fucking shit! And his cock was hard, too! OMG!

My heart was suddenly pounding a mile a minute, and my face felt hot as he looked me up and down. He reached in and turned the water off as I gulped in air, then moved into the little shower.

Oh, and my boyfriend? He was standing on a chair holding the camera up!

I had my left arm across my breasts and was kind of cupping my pussy with my right, as if to hide myself from his eyes.

The black guy – Alex – raised his big hand and slid it around my neck. Then he started to squeeze. I gasped dazedly, my head starting to throb almost at once, my eyes feeling as if they were bulging. I couldn’t breathe at all! And that trumped my trying to hide my assets! I abandoned them and reached up to grab his wrist, but he was very muscular and powerful.

“Put your hands down at your sides, slut!” he growled.

I wasn’t doing any good trying to dislodge his hand so I dropped my wrists, still feeling incredibly shocked and more than a little scared. But he loosened his grip and I was able to gulp in deep, shuddering breaths as he looked down at me. That eased my fear and I began to feel embarrassed again, a deep, squirming embarrassment that made me try to cover myself again.

He tightened his grip.

“I said keep your hands down, bitch!” he growled.

I gasped, obeying him.

“No, on second thought, put your hands up against the wall above your head. Do it now!”

I obeyed, my heart beating wildly. It suddenly occurred to me, just a fleeting thought that I paid no real attention to, that I could demand he stop, demand Evan stop him. But it was very quick and I paid it almost no attention. I’m not sure why. I was trembling!

“Don’t move those hands!” he growled in a menacing voice.

Then he dropped to his knees in front of me, his big hands forcing my thighs apart. He licked a long, hard lick up the center of my sex and I closed my eyes and moaned helplessly.

His big thumbs spread the lips of my sex and his tongue began to lick hard and fast as Evan moved in to get a better view with the camera.

I was feeling as dazed now as Mia had looked the other day! I was still embarrassed, but a dark heat was rolling through me and I was starting to feel an incredible rush, an arousal I could hardly remember feeling before!

His big hands slid up and squeezed my buttocks, then slid up my sides to roughly fondle my breasts as he licked and sucked at my clitoris. I was still in something of a state of shock, and then suddenly realized I was on the verge of coming!

He stopped and stood up abruptly, then roughly spun me around and yanked my hips back. I cried out at a sharp slap to my wet, naked butt, then again as he gripped my long hair and jerked back on it sharply, forcing my head back.

My hands instinctively shot up and grabbed at his hand.

“Put your hands on the wall, slut!” he growled. “Right fucking now!”

His voice was scary! I pulled my hands away, moaning as I put them against the tiles.

“You’re my sex slave now, white girl. Remember that! I can do anything I want to you. If you resist you’ll be punished. Maybe I’ll string you up by your wrists and whip this pretty white back of yours, huh?”

His big hand caressed my bare back.

“You understand, slut?”

I just moaned and he yanked back on my hair again.

“Say yes master,” he growled.

“Y-Yes, Master!” I gasped, my voice a squeak.

He released my hair and a moment later I felt his cock push between my thighs. I moaned as the fat, round head pushed up along the line of my sex, then rubbed back and forth, back and forth.

“Beg me to fuck you, whore!” he growled.

I gasped as he slapped the back of my head!

“Do it, slave!”

“P-Please fuck me!” I squeaked.

I got another slap, this one sharp and stinging, to my bottom.

“You forgot to call me master, bitch. Try again!”

“Please fuck me, Master!” I moaned.

OMG this was so fucking wild and scary and hot and... and edgy! I could hardly believe I was doing this!

The head of his cock rubbed harder against my clitoris and I shuddered, a flood of heat swamping my mind. I felt the pressure mounting, then felt myself stretched wider and wider as his big cock entered my body and slid slowly up inside.

God! I almost came just from the feel of his penetration!

“Nice and tight,” he growled. “Gonna make you into a good little whore, white girl.”

His big hand slid around to the front of my neck and then jerked me back against his chest, his fingers squeezing enough to make it hard to breathe, but not so much I couldn’t. Then his other hand dropped down between my legs, gripping my thighs as he swung me around to face – the camera Evan was eagerly wielding.

I moaned and shuddered as he ground himself against my buttocks. And when his fingers started to rub my swollen button I lost my mind entirely. The orgasm exploded inside me and ripped a rising, undulating howl of pleasure from my mouth – until he tightened his grip around my neck.

The orgasm made every muscle in my body spasm uncontrollably as I trembled and shook in his grasp.

“That’s it, slut. Dirty little white girl. Come around my cock!” he growled, “That’s what happens to blonde sluts that get a big black cock up inside them!”

God, the orgasm went on and on while he kind of fucked me with very short thrusts, his fingers rubbing skillfully against my clitoris and his fingers almost strangling me until I thought I might faint!

Fortunately, he opened his hand and I gulped in ragged breaths of air. He lifted me up bodily and carried me out of the shower, then bent me over the bathroom counter and jammed his cock balls-deep inside me once more. He gripped my wrists, yanking them back behind my back, and tied them roughly together with some kind of soft cord.

Then he started to absolutely hammer me. It was the roughest any guy had been with me, and while he did it he called me wicked, nasty names, slapped my bottom stingingly, reached under to roughly grope and even slap my breasts, and yanked back on my hair!

It was the roughest sex I’d ever had, and I lost myself to it entirely, almost forgetting Evan, even though he was eagerly moving back and forth to get the best shots. I came again, my body jerking and shaking to the hard pounding he was giving me, my mind swamped with sensory overload and a burning liquid heat.

He yanked me back from the counter and I stumbled and fell to my knees, which was his intention as he shoved me back against the counter. He gripped my head, wrapping my hair around his big fist and then pushed his cock into my mouth and straight down my throat!

I gurgled and nearly gagged, my body trembling and jerking and wriggling helplessly. But I was pinned up against the counter, so couldn't back away. And he and his thick, powerfully built legs were in front of me as he slid his cock deep into my throat. He cursed and leaned in, forcing the last couple of inches into my throat so that my lips were wrapped around the base.

"I bet you love black cock, baby," he growled.

He pulled back a few inches, then buried himself in my mouth and throat again. Then again. Then again. He started fucking my throat, his cock using short strokes, at first, then longer ones as I gurgled wetly, fighting not to choke and trying to draw a little air past his plunging black cock.

My eyes were getting glazed from the wild, rushing, tumbling heat and passion, and even more from the lack of oxygen! He jammed his cock in to the hilt, then ground himself against my face before pulling his big cock fully out of my mouth.

I sucked in deep, ragged breathes of air as he slapped my face.

"You like that cock, slave girl? I bet you love a black cock. Don't you, white girl?"

He slapped my face again, on the other cheek, then again, further dazing me. Then he shoved his cock back into my open mouth and deep into my throat to continue face-fucking me. He pulled out and I gasped for breath again as he came in my face, spattering it with a thick flood of seed.

I couldn't have cared less. All I knew or cared about was I could breathe freely again. I hardly paid any attention to what they were doing, even as they dragged me out of the bathroom and literally carried me downstairs to the basement.

My hair was pulled and my head forced back, then some kind of round ball thing was pushed into my open mouth. My wrists were untied, then carefully tied again, the ropes crisscrossing my crossed wrists again and again and again until they lifted me to my feet. Then the rope went up above me and the two guys pulled hard. I cried out dazedly as I was lifted off my toes to hang freely by my wrists before them.

I moaned weakly, my mind still recovering, just sputtering along as I stared at them standing before me. Then they each grabbed an ankle and pulled them wide apart, spreading my legs apart and tying them off somewhere to the sides.

I groaned and moaned around the ball in my mouth as I felt myself penetrated, and dropped my chin to see Evan pushing a thick, realistic dildo up into my pussy. Alex was behind me and I felt something pushing against my ass, something slippery that forced its way inside me and then pushed up deeper and deeper as I gasped and whimpered and moaned in confusion.

The dildo turned out to be a vibrator, and then the two of them high-fived each other and left me there alone.

My mind was returning to normal now and I stared after them in confusion, then winced at the tightness and pressure on my wrists. I ran through all the wild stuff that had just happened, amazed at it all. I was still wet, or at least, very damp. My hair was still wet, and water droplets trickled slowly down my chest and belly, and back as I hung there.

What the fuck?!

My wrists were soon aching, my arms too. Still, as I looked around me and down along my taut body, I could feel a dark, crackling aura of sexual electricity shimmering along the surface of my skin. This was pretty fucking hot, after all. In fact, everything that had happened so far was hot, outrageous, but scalding!

Even the discomfort was a factor in the dark heat enveloping my mind and body. It was like... like I was a helpless prisoner or something! A sex slave! This was so fucking outrageous and wicked!

I let my mind sink into the role, letting a sense of martyrdom and victimhood settle around me. Poor me! Poor helpless, beautiful maiden being so cruelly treated by evil, lust-crazed men!

The vibrator was making my lower belly quiver in tandem, and making the nerve endings around my pussy feel even more hyper-sensitive than they'd already been.

There wasn't a lot of light in the basement. There was a naked bulb almost above me, but aside from that the rest of the area was mostly in darkness or deep shadow. I moaned pitifully and wallowed in my own mistreatment, my body soon pulsing with sexual hunger and excitement.

How fucking hot was this!?

My breasts were almost painfully taut, my nipples tingling. I was trying to grind my thighs together around the base of the vibrator inside me, trying to bring myself off. Then I noticed something in the semi-darkness. It was a little red light. I froze and stared, trying to make it out. I suddenly realized it was probably some kind of camera! And likely a video camera!

I was definitely going to have to make sure I got the file off it and then erased it!

I heard and saw someone coming down the stairs and moaned anew, wanting Evan ... or Alex to fuck me hard! Both of them crossed the floor from the other side, with Alex holding a leash attached to a wild-eyed Mia! She was wearing some kind of collar, and her arms were bound tightly back behind her!

Evan was holding a camera and moved around me again as Alex grinned at me, then made Mia kneel before me.

"Nasty white girl," he said. "You white supremacist oppressors need to be punished and taught your place in life now. So I've decided to whip you."

I blinked in startled anxiety, gulping as he pulled out some kind of thick-handled thing with a bunch of long, thin laces attached.

"Don't worry slut. It won't mark up that pretty white skin of yours... much."

I knew he was playing to the camera but this still felt dark and nasty and hot!

But I was very wary of that whip thing in his hand as he moved past and stood behind me.

Then Mia leaned in and began to lick delicately at my clitoris. Oh boy, did that ever jerk my attention away! I gasped and moaned at the sudden wild rush of sensations flooding up into my body!

Alex drew his arm back without me really even noticing, then I squealed loudly as he swung the whip forward and the laces swept in and down across my bare back!

It hit with a number of sharp little stings across my upper back. But they were little and I moaned in relief, feeling another flood of excitement sweep through me. He swung the whip again and again and again and the thin strips cut across my back. They... stung. Kind of. I mean, each one individually was no big deal. But there were a lot of them; dozens, so with all of them hitting together there was a solid feeling at each blow, and the rain of stings across my back was starting to turn it warm and pink!

But this just made it seem more realistic, especially as Mia was licking me harder now. The sensations rippling up through my belly were growing more intense as Evan moved around me with his camera and the thin laces continued to snap down on my back.

A sex slave! I moaned dazedly, burning up with a feverish hunger. Then I saw Evan putting his camera on a tripod and abandoning it. He was wearing a ski-mask too, and moved to my other side before picking up another of those whip things!

"Sex slave!" he growled.

He swept his arm out and downward and the long, thin laces swept in and down across my breasts! I squealed loudly, but just as I had before I felt a nearly instant explosion of relief that they really didn't cause the kind of pain they looked like they should.

This was even more outrageous than what Alex was doing! The whip didn't really hurt much, but the impact and the rain of light stings across my breasts were contributing to the dark rush of passion gripping me.

Mia licked harder and faster and I shuddered and trembled and writhed in mid-air. Then another orgasm tore through me, one so powerful it almost knocked me as senseless as Mia had been the other day. I trembled and writhed and gurgled like an animal as my body trembled and shook in wildfire

pleasure. It was a massive orgasm, and it howled through my mind like a hurricane, blasting me nearly senseless!

My body twisted and jerked in paroxysms of mindless animal pleasure as my head rolled and trembled against my own bound arms.

And all through it the thin whips with their multitude of laces lit little stinging fireflies of sensation all across my breasts and back as Mia licked hard and fast at my clitoris!

Chapter Nine

It was kind of cool spinning around the stripper pole. Me and Mia took turns as Alex and Evan judged us and often insulted us. We also gave them lap dances, grinding our naked bodies against them as their hands roamed up and down along our soft skin. It was wicked and nasty but it was turning me and Mia on.

It wasn't the first time we'd done this. We'd done it a couple of other times since that first day Alex had 'whipped' me. The two seemed to have a great deal of mutual fun in tormenting and insulting us in this dirty bondage game. I completely understood why they would. I was more confused about why me and Mia were so turned on by it.

Other than the wicked sex, which was really hot and hard!

I mean, I got why the stripper thing turned me on. I'd been playacting at it in front of my mirror for years. So doing it in front of live people, guys, was really hot. Alex turned me on more than Evan, though I would never have admitted it, simply because Evan was my boyfriend. Stripping in front of him was showing off but not particularly exciting. Doing it in front of a guy I hardly knew was much edgier.

So was giving him a lap dance!

Mia got more excited by being tied up than by doing the stripping and lapdance stuff. For me, it was the reverse. I did find the bondage kinky and exciting, but it wasn't my fantasy. I think she was just getting off on doing stuff her parents would be freaked out by, and probably thought the punishments the guys gave her were justified. For all I knew she even felt less guilt because of them.

I felt no guilt at all, so being punished didn't do that much for me, unless it was something outrageous and incredibly sexy, like when they'd hung me by my wrists and 'whipped' me.

Of course, the lapdances turned the guys on too. I'd sure be disappointed if a guy *wasn't* turned on by me rubbing my naked body all over him! And usually I finished off whoever I was riding by opening their pants and riding their cocks – which I loved doing.

This time though, Alex, who I was straddling, put his hands under my butt and then stood up, lifting me up with him. Then he carried me over to one of the floor support posts. Someone had nailed or screwed some kind of small ledge to it at about waist height, and he sort of sat me on it with my back to the beam.

It wasn't very big or wide, and the edge was digging into my thighs just below my buttocks. Evan came around behind it, though, and reached around it to grip my arms just beneath the shoulders to hold me in place. Then Alex lifted my legs way up and back so my feet were above my head, then behind my head!

Alex strapped them in place to the sides of the beam overhead! Then, as Evan continued to hold my arms back Alex found another strap and strapped my arms to the sides of the beam to hold me in place. A moment later Evan slid a third strap around from the back and across my neck, then pulled it back and cinched it tight enough that I gasped.

I could still breathe fairly easily but it did make me a little nervous, and a little hot. But I couldn't ask any questions because they'd had me do the lap dance with the ball-gag in my mouth. And it was still there.

So I was sort of propped on my tailbone with my legs pulled back and my pussy and ass

obscenely vulnerable. I moaned as Evan pushed a thick vibrator into me, then a dildo down into my butt.

“Suffer, slave girl,” he teased as he turned the vibrator on.

“She needs to suffer more,” Alex said.

He reached in between my thighs and gripped my stiff nipples, then I yowled in sudden consternation and pain as he laughed and drew back.

I stared down at them to see he’d put a couple of clips on them. They really stung! And I couldn’t even complain! The clips were each attached to a little cord, and he pulled them up and attached them somehow to the sides of the ball-gag.

“You just sit there a little bit, sex slave, and we’ll get around to you,” he said.

Well, it wasn’t like I had a choice at this point!

Mia was wearing a metal collar now, along with big metal shackles on her wrists and ankles. They’d locked her wrists to the back of the collar she wore as she gave Evan a lap dance and now they had her kneel in front of Alex, who fed her his big cock.

Evan disappeared for a minute, then returned. Only he wasn’t alone. There was another black guy with her! I gasped, my eyes widening as I stared at him, then jerked my eyes away! OMG, this was so mortifying! To have a strange guy seeing me like this! Like I said I was obscenely displayed!

The third guy quickly stripped, then he and Alex took turns pushing their cocks down Mia’s throat as the Chinese girl moaned dazedly. I could see from her face that while she might be embarrassed she was also burning up with the heat.

The new guy sat down and Mia sucked his cock while Alex mounted her from behind. Evan moved around them taking video as the slender little Asian girl gurgled and gasped helplessly, her lips sliding up and down on the new guy’s cock.

They shifted onto a kind of exercise mat they’d put down, and the new guy lay down as they had Mia straddle him. She sank her pussy down on the guy’s cock and then Alex moved behind her and slowly worked his cock up into her ass.

Evan moved around them taking video, then moved in closer, standing in front of them, then kneeling as he reached out and took her hair, pulling her face forward and down and to the side, then pushed his cock into her mouth.

Mia was going crazy. And they stopped every few minutes to let Evan pull his cock out of her throat so she could scream her way through a wild orgasm. Then they resumed their work, turning her into a wild-eyed nympho slut. She must have come five times while I sort of slumped there dazed and staring.

They left her barely conscious, laughing and high fiving each other as she lay sprawled naked on the mat. Alex came over in front of me, then, leering down at me. He pumped the vibrator in and out of me several times, driving it achingly deep, then pulled it free and replaced it with a dildo which was even thicker!

He worked that into me as Evan tugged on the little cords to pull the clips against my nipples. I moaned and winced, then shuddered as he let his big thumb rub firmly back and forth across my clitoris. I could feel the heat rolling through me as the new guy joined him, leering down at me.

My face was hot and I turned my eyes away, staring down at my own folded-up body as he reached in to squeeze one of my breasts. I thought this was so intense, so hot and kinky! And I continued to be filled with the awareness of my own helplessness. They could do *anything* to me and I couldn’t even complain!

Alex appeared, pulling a panting Mia with him. He had unlocked her wrists and now pushed her in front of me and bent her over.

“Lick, slave girl,” he ordered.

Wearily, still apparently catching her breath from those intense orgasms, Mia began to lick. Then Evan took her wrist and lifted her hand up, straightening her fingers as Alex pulled the dildo out of my

pussy. Evan pushed her fingers into me, first two, then three until she got the idea and started to pump them in and out while she licked.

“Now add another finger,” he said.

I moaned and wriggled in place, panting and whining around the gag in my mouth, my breasts throbbing and my body thrumming with energy. My mind was all wrapped up in the shocking and forbidden nature of the nasty things we were doing, wallowing again in my own mistreatment, my own sense of being a martyred victim of cruel male lust.

I loved the feel of Mia’s tongue against my clitoris after the vibrations, and my body longed to grind itself up against her as her tongue licked harder and faster. She worked a fourth finger into me and I reveled in the thick, full sense of penetration.

It was Evan again who gripped her thumb and pushed it in next to her fingers. I groaned as Mia twisted her hand from side to side, the knuckles rubbing and pushing against the tightness of my opening. It ached, but the ache was meaningless given the fiery lust and hunger filling my mind.

Then the knuckle was slowly pushed forward and after a moment of harsher pain, I felt an easing, for the hand behind it was not that wide now. She was a petite girl, after all. Then I realized, my staring eyes conveying the reality to my disbelieving mind, that she’d gotten her whole hand inside me!

I stared at the last of it disappearing into my body as the lips of my sex closed around her slender wrist!

Evan was taking video and the other two were looking on excitedly as Mia’s hand slid deeper, her fingers wriggling around inside me as more of her wrist slid into me.

Then Alex pushed the vibrator, turned to its highest setting in against my clitoris, and an explosive eruption of sensation overwhelmed my mind. I screamed – or tried to – my body thrashing and shaking as my muscles spasmed again and again. My mind was drowned in pleasure, glorying in it as Mia’s hand moved deeper and deeper.

The eruption was literally stunning, and I lost control of my mind as well as my body, my nerve endings crackling like live electric wires as my body continued to tremble and shake uncontrollably. Alex yanked at the cords hard enough that my nipples burned! But the clips came off, and then he and the other Black guy reached in to squeeze and fondle my breasts, their thumbs stroking against my nipples.

I was losing my mind but didn’t care. I felt Mia drawing her fingers in and back into her palm to form a hard little fist inside me. Then the fist pushed deeper as the lips of my sex swallowed her wrist and then began to gulp down her forearm!

Alex was grinding the vibrator back and forth across my clitoris as he leered down at me and called me a sex slave. I didn’t care, though. I heard him but could hardly process anything as the howling storm of pleasure continued to churn through my mind and body.

I gurgled dazedly as her fist drove down to the absolute bottom of my sex, then twisted and turned from side to side. It pulled back, then pushed forward, then pulled back, and then pushed forward, slowly at first, but moving faster as I went limp, gasping for breath.

Alex pulled the vibrator away and Mia resumed licking my clitoris. I was literally drooling around the ball gag filling my mouth, not having had the presence of mind to swallow my own saliva as the orgasm tore at me. And now I didn’t care as the guys all took pictures and videos of me being fisted.

Alex used the vibrator on me again, taking turns with Mia. The combination drove me out of my mind, and soon he was grinding the vibrator against me as I screamed my way through another massive orgasm. Just watching her arm sliding in and out of me was setting my mind aflame. Never mind the intense sensations coming from my clitoris!

The second orgasm was just... shattering. I lost myself to it, letting go of every bit of thought, or concern or even acknowledgment of who I was and what was happening. I became little more than a sexual animal responding to the stimulation they were providing it.

The world narrowed to that shrieking storm of pleasure, and what happened after just no longer mattered to me anymore. Maybe it should have. Because things were only getting darker and more outrageous. The more I let Evan get away with the more he pushed my boundaries as he explored just what I would let him do to and with me.

The next night he talked me into wearing the sluttiest, shortest, tightest miniskirt I had ever seen, one that barely covered my buttocks. I wore six-inch stiletto heels and a super tight top with an embarrassing amount of cleavage.

I thought it was going to be some sort of kinky thing in his house, but he half dragged me out to the car. At least it was late and no one was around. It was way too revealing an outfit for me to want anyone to see me in it!

“You’re going to be a prostitute,” he said.

“Wh-what!?” I gaped at him.

“I’m going to put you on an empty street corner and then I’m going to drive away. When I drive back you’ll be a prostitute and I’ll offer you money to do what I want.”

“Seriously?” I stared at him, my face scrunched up.

I mean, it sounded so... clichéd!

“I’m going to ask how much you charge to swallow my cock. And you’re going to tell me a nickel.”

“In your dreams,” I sniffed.

“Okay, fifty bucks.”

“Still not enough. If I’m going to put that much effort into being a hooker I want more money.”

“So you tell me fifty for a blow job and a hundred to swallow me to the balls.”

I rolled my eyes.

“What do I get out of this?”

“What would you like out of this?”

“I’d rather have sex.”

“Blow jobs aren’t sex?”

“You know what I mean.”

“Fine. You’ll get a good hard pounding. Does that sound good?”

“Better than just sucking your cock dry.”

“Slut.”

I stuck my tongue out at him.

“This better be an isolated street corner. I don’t want anyone seeing me dressed like this.”

“I know what I’m doing.”

There were only occasional cars along the street we drove to, but he turned down a narrow side street, and that looked completely empty. It had closed storefronts on either side but I looked nervously up at their second-floor windows.

“Do people live up there?”

“Probably just storage.”

He stopped and I very reluctantly got out.

“Don’t take long.”

“I’m just going around the corner.”

True to his word he drove out of sight, leaving me standing anxiously on the sidewalk looking up and down the street while trying to tug the skirt down lower.

I had my heart in my throat as a car came up the street from the other direction, and backed up against the wall of one of the stores. Then as the car pulled over I recognized it as his and stepped forward, relieved.

He slid the passenger window down and I tried to get into his little kinky game, leaning over and acting like a hooker as I showed him my cleavage.

“You looking for a good time, handsome?” I asked.

“I’m looking for a slut who will suck my cock for money,” he said.

“Oh, charming. Well, I could do that.”

“How much, slut?”

This was a little weird but okay.

“Fifty bucks for a regular blowjob and a hundred bucks for deep throat.”

“I want to fuck your slutty face so I’ll pay the hundred,” he said. “And I want to fuck you hard so I’ll give you another hundred too.”

He leaned over and pushed on the door to open it and I stepped back, then climbed in. Almost as soon as I was seated, though, he grabbed me and yanked me up and halfway across the center console. Then he pulled out a gun and pointed it at me.

“If you know what’s good for you, slut, you’ll do as I tell you,” he growled.

I recognized the gun as a pellet gun he had – one that didn’t work, in fact. But I felt a sudden rush of heat at him changing the nature of his little fantasy and making it darker and nastier.

“Undo my pants and pull my cock out, bitch,” he growled.

I gulped and reached for his pants, undoing them and pulling the zipper down. Then I tugged his already erect cock out. I gasped as his hand gripped my hair, pulling me in harder. He jabbed the gun against the side of my head too.

“Do a good job, bitch, if you know what’s good for you,” he growled in a menacing voice.

I started sucking him, bobbing my lips up and down on his cock as he twisted his fingers in my hair. Then he reached his hand down the back of the cheap top I was wearing and undid it so it fell away. I felt his hand curve under me, squeezing and kneading my breast as my lips slid all the way down his cock.

“That’s it, whore. Swallow me to the balls,” he growled, pushing down on my head.

I gurgled and moaned as he roughly squeezed my breasts.

Holy shit! This was insane! But I was getting hotter and hotter at how dark and edgy things were!

I was also becoming light-headed from lack of oxygen, mind you. I pushed against his hips and he let me up. I gulped in air, panting and moaning as his hand groped my breast again before seizing my hair once more.

This time he brought the gun against my mouth and pushed it inside.

“Suck this cock, bitch!” he growled.

I moaned and stared down along the plastic barrel, sucking on it as he pumped it and out. This was so wicked!

“Better not make it come,” he said, leering.

He pulled the gun barrel out of my mouth and then gripped my hair and pulled me back down onto his cock, forcing my lips all the way down its length as I sucked and licked dazedly. He pulled me up by the hair and then pointed the ‘gun’ at my forehead.

“Suck harder, slut!”

He pushed me down onto his cock once more and I gurgled and panted as my lips slid up and down, then I suddenly heard a male voice from behind me!

“Hey, pal, that looks like a hot piece of ass you got there working on your cock,” it said.

I almost had a freaking heart attack before I recognized it as that guy, the one whose name I’d never learned but who had been with Alex the other day.

“She’s pretty hot, all right,” Evan said. “You want a piece of this ass?”

“Wouldn’t mind it. What’s she charge?”

“For you, it’s free,” Evan said.

The door opened and the guy leaned in, his big hand pushing beneath the hem of the skirt and cupping my sex through the little lacy thong I was wearing.

“Get her out of the car. I don’t want her dirtying it up,” Evan said.

He pushed back on me and I felt the Black guy's big hands yanking me back out of the door. I gasped and let out an unsteady yelp as he pulled me to my feet on the other side of the car and turned me to face him. His big hand suddenly encircled my throat and squeezed as he shoved me back against the rear door.

"You better be good, slut," he growled.

His other hand gripped the thin skirt and tore it off me, then did the same to my thong!

My face was red with lack of air but he released my neck and spun me around to face the car.

Evan appeared around the side and they pulled me forward to bend me across the hood of the car.

God! I was outside and naked! Holy shit!

I felt a hard cock pushing against my pussy, a big, thick one, and moaned aloud as it thrust deep.

"Imagine this slut thinking she could charge for sex," Evan said.

"Yeah, bitch should be paying us," the Black guy replied.

I felt my right wrist grabbed and pulled up behind my back. A moment later my left joined it, and as the cock – Evan's – started to thrust into me someone tied my wrists together behind my back. That made it even more wicked, edgy, and kinky, of course, and I whimpered and moaned as Evan jerked back on my hips and rammed his cock into me with wild abandon.

I stared along the hood of the car at the dark storefronts across the street and winced mentally every time I heard a car drive by on the road to our right.

I cried out as my hair was suddenly yanked up and back sharply.

"Tell me you love it, slut," Evan ordered.

"I-I love it!" I gasped.

"Whore," the other guy said in a sneering voice.

"All blondes are whores," Evan said.

"You guys look like you got some nice looking pussy here," another male voice said.

This time it was Alex, and I shuddered anew as he greeted the other two.

"She sure is," Evan said. "Nice and tight, too."

His cock was spearing deep inside me as I gasped for breath and moaned helplessly.

I was becoming more and more aroused, a feverish need filling me as I got into their dark, kinky game. Being naked like this on a public street was doing something to my head! The orgasm exploded and I cried out in helpless, mindless pleasure until a big hand was clamped over my mouth.

"Slut," someone said.

All three laughed and Evan kept thrusting wildly until he came inside me.

"Nice tight pussy," he said.

"I bet we can sell this," Alex said.

"No doubt. There are desperate guys out there willing to do anything for sex," Evan said. "You can have the slut. I'm sure she can make you some money."

He did up his pants as Alex pulled me up and back, my hair wrapped around his fist. The other guy pushed the ball gag into my mouth and I moaned as I accepted it, doing nothing but panting for breath as they fastened it behind me.

Then to my shock Evan got into his car and started the engine. Alex held one of my arms and the other guy held the other as Evan drove away!

I stared after him, my dazed mind filled with confusion.

"Come with us, slut," Alex ordered.

He and the other guy released my arms and then started walking away!

Chapter Ten

Well, what could I do? Stand there naked and gagged by myself!? I looked around anxiously and then hurried after them, my high heels clicking rapidly on the pavement as I hurried to catch up. My head swiveled from side to side, anxiously searching for someone at a window or some other late-night pedestrian.

Thankfully, no one was around but us as we walked a couple of blocks down the quiet street.

Suddenly Alex gripped my arm and pulled me down a dark alley, then into a side door to a low building. He and the other guy led me up a flight of stairs then through another door and down a cheap-looking hallway with a linoleum floor. The other guy unlocked a door and they pushed me inside.

“Well what do you have here?” another male voice asked.

I shuddered and flinched, dropping my eyes as I saw another man in the room. This one was also black, and a complete stranger!

“Found this slut naked on the street,” Alex said. “Figured she was good for something.”

“I can think of a lot of things this bitch would be good for,” the man answered.

Alex gave me a push and I stumbled into the room.

“Give the man a lap dance, slut.”

The other guy laughed and then the second guy, the one who’d been with Alex, gripped my hair and walked me over to where the other man sat on a thickly padded armchair.

“Get on and give him a lapdance, slut,” he growled.

Music started playing and, moaning with indecision I shuffled closer, incredibly embarrassed at being naked like this in front of a stranger! Then again, the other guy had been a stranger when he’d seen me the other day. And so had Alex the time before that. And despite that, my memories of those wild days were filled with heat and excitement.

I awkwardly straddled the stranger, who was an older guy and he reached up and gripped my hips to pull me in and down. I cringed when his hands gripped my breasts and started to squeeze them but then at a slap on my bottom and a barked command I started to grind myself against him.

For about the first minute I felt really awkward and embarrassed. And then a sense of awe and lust started to roll through me. It was one more wicked, shocking escalation into exploring the wild side of sex, and as I ground myself against the stranger he pulled me in and started to suck and chew on my nipples.

I felt other hands, from the other two men, sliding up and down my body in back, sliding down to fondle my buttocks. It was like I was surrounded by big, strong men and their hands were all over me! The man I was grinding myself against got hard rapidly, and I could feel his cock pushing up against me through his pants.

They pulled me off, then, and he unzipped as I was pushed to my knees. The gag was pulled from my mouth then and I gulped in air as I stared at the cock in front of me. I didn’t have to be told what to do as I leaned in and he gripped my hair to guide me down onto his cock. Meanwhile, big hands jerked my thighs apart and then I was slapped on the bottom.

A moment later a cock pushed up into me and I shuddered as my lips slid down to the base of the cock in my mouth and throat. This was beyond insane!

I started to bob slowly up and down as someone fucked me. I didn’t even know who it was!

“Hot little bitch,” someone growled.

“Love this ass.”

“She’s got gorgeous titties.”

Hands groped and roughly fondled my breasts.

“You should feel this slut’s throat wrapped around your cock.”

“I intend to, bro.”

I bobbed up and down on the man’s cock, getting light-headed before he pulled me up by the hair, then forward. I cried out in pain as my hair was pulled, but was forced to kind of crawl up onto the chair, straddling him. Then he pushed the head of his cock into me and I moaned as I sank down.

“Hot slut!” he growled.

I moaned and another slap on my bottom got me to riding up and down as he resumed sucking and chewing and licking at my nipples and breasts. Then I felt someone pushing in behind me, a knee going onto the cushion next to me as hands steadied me.

Then another cock pushed at my ass!

I moaned as Alex moved forward to stand behind and a bit to the right of the chair, then reached in for my hair, bending me forward and to the side as he drove his cock into my mouth.

This was like what they’d done to Mia the other day! And that scene had scalded my eyes as I’d stared! Just like when I’d originally watched her chained up I realized that when I’d watched the three men using her I’d wanted to be her.

And now I was!

I moaned as two cocks moved inside my throbbing abdomen, as a hungry mouth sucked and chewed on my breast and a big hand squeezed the other. Alex’s big cock pumped steadily in my mouth and throat as my glassy eyes stared down its length. Then someone started rubbing my clitoris and my mind was wiped nearly clean by the explosive release of pleasure.

Something like... rapture engulfed my mind and I screamed soundlessly around Alex’s cock as I rode the man below me desperately. They all laughed but I couldn’t have cared less. I was desperate for those sensations, for the feel of a big cock thrusting into me!

Just as I finished coming I felt the cock in my ass sliding out and the weight on the cushion shift as the other guy moved back. But then, oddly, he moved in again and pushed his cock back into my ass.

Alex pulled his cock out, rubbing it against my face.

“Tell me you love black cock, bitch,” he ordered.

I couldn’t tell him anything for long seconds, too busy gulping in air. Plus my mind wasn’t really working. A slap to the face startled me and he repeated the order.

“I-I... I love black cock!” I gasped.

He shifted his grip from my hair to my neck, squeezing his big hand around it.

“You forgot to say master. Try again. Tell me you love black cock and say master.”

“I... I... I love b-black cock, Master!” I gurgled as he loosened his grip.

They all laughed and he shoved his cock back down my throat again. I started sucking dazedly and then he pulled free, filling my mouth with semen. I moaned dazedly, yelping at a slap to the ass, and started riding the guy under me again. Then Alex jerked my mouth forward onto his cock once more and pushed himself down my throat.

“That’s it, slut. You swallow every inch of my meat,” he growled.

Only... it wasn’t Alex’s voice.

I didn’t understand that, at first. Like I said, my mind wasn’t functioning very clearly.

Then someone said to put me on ‘the table’ and I was lifted up and off the guy I had been riding, my body nearly limp in their powerful arms. They dropped me down on my back across a small table and I momentarily stared up at them, realizing as I did, that none of them was Alex. I didn’t know a single guy in this room!

Hands gripped my shoulders and slid me further onto the table so my head fell off the other end.

Then a cock pushed into my open mouth as I felt my legs lifted up and apart. Another cock pushed into my pussy, and seconds later someone began to grind a vibrator against my clitoris.

The shock in my mind faded away under an avalanche of sensation, and before too long it simply didn't matter. I came again, writhing and twisting and screaming silently, a cock filling my throat, as the orgasm shattered my mind.

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Well, being naked and sexually involved with complete strangers had done something to my inhibitions, obviously. Just as they had with Mia. And given that every time that happened I had incredible orgasms the very thought of undressing in front of a guy, even a stranger, filled my mind and body with a sense of lust and anticipation.

Still, it took a few more nasty nights before I let Evan persuade me to go to a strip club on amateur night. My heart was pounding and I was filled with anxiety and tension! Going out on stage was sooo hard! And I felt incredibly awkward as I danced around the pole. But the moment I stripped off my top I felt this deep, delicious sense of heat and excitement!

From then on I danced, just like I'd practiced for Evan and Alex and the other men, turning and spinning around the pole, sliding my tongue along my lower lips, easing my fingers through my hair as I rolled and ground my hips at them.

There were so many of them!

When I let my skirt drop off to prance around in thong and bra my mind filled with incredible heat. And when I dropped my bra my nipples felt so hard they were ready to pop! I could hardly believe I was dancing around on a stage topless!

I swung around the pole again and again, then slipped my thong down and off and was naked. Naked! I made the mistake of pressing myself against the pole, squeezing my arms against my breasts as I slid slowly up and down. My breasts felt sooo swollen! But the worst was when my thighs gripped the pole and my pussy rubbed against it. I mean, it was just a stainless-steel pole, but I almost came right then and there!

I won the contest, and then they had me do lap dances in the back rooms. God, it was so hard not to explode as I ground myself against man after man!

Needless to say, I quit my job at the nursery and went to work as a stripper full-time. The money was incredible, and I reveled in being able to flaunt my body in front of so many men!

Mia, meanwhile, moved in with Alex, which outraged her parents. Then he and Evan made that website they'd been building public and sold memberships. Mia wore nothing all the time except a metal collar and shackles, sometimes joined by chains.

The guys did all kinds of pictures and videos of her, all of them nasty as she groveled before them, licking shoes while guys fucked her and called her a whore. Before long she was making more money than I was! Or, well, Alex and Evan were. Mia hardly even thought about the money. She was too enraptured with being a 'sex slave'.

So she and I both kind of got our secret fantasies. And not only were they filled with heat and excitement they brought us more money than we ever could have gotten in 'respectable' jobs. I haven't decided what I want to do with my life in the future. But for now, I'm taking advantage of my looks and sexual attractiveness and raking in the cash.

Whatever I decide to do in the future that money will be a big boost to my plans. And in the meantime, my life is all about sex and passion. What could be better!?

End

Have complaints, suggestions, or questions? writeargus@gmail.com

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir", and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

The Ladies Gym

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand", then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems to do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In

one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

The Penthouse

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!