

Misanthrope

First Summer



by Elliot Silvestri



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Smashwords Edition

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Also by Elliot Silvestri

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Gretchen's Twins

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

The Milk Thief

Never Too Many Pregos

The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

Summer

“I shouldn’t be doing this,” she said to me.

For my forty-fourth birthday my wife got me a slave. I didn’t want a slave. Not for any high minded moralistic reasons—she and I had played with sex slaves before for a night or a weekend and it was great—but because it was one more thing in my life that I didn’t want to have to be responsible for.

“Come on,” my wife complained. “At least give her a look.”

“I’m sure she’s beautiful,” I replied off-handedly and went back to putting away my welding equipment. It’s funny...when you go to art school you generally don’t expect to become an expert welder. To be honest, I didn’t need to put anything away. I was just avoiding leaving my work shed and going back to the house to meet this new slave.

“She’s from Iowa,” Justinia added. That was not a disincentive. If she’d been from anywhere in the south I would have called the cops and had her removed for trespassing on private property. Midwest I can handle.

“Great,” I replied. “I bet she has big tits, is blonde, and has major daddy and self-esteem issues.”

“Gee, you know my screening techniques so well,” Justinia replied to my sarcasm. “But as a matter of fact she is a B cup, has been through a full psychological screening and has no mental problems, she simply wants to get out of East Bumblefuck, Iowa and earn some money for college.”

“They all do,” I mumbled as I hung up my face shield on the hook next to the door I had installed there two years ago for just that purpose. This was the third time I’d used the hook. Normally the shield goes on the valves on top of the acetylene tanks.

“She is a blonde though. Natural.”

“Uh-huh.”

“I’ve seen the pictures and evidence myself,” Justinia said with confidence. Justinia was a natural blonde. I often told her that was the only reason I married her. Big tits are nice, but blondes are the only thing that will turn my head. Natural blondes. And it wasn’t the only reason I married her; she gives on hell of a blowjob. “And I’ve already paid for the first month. Even if we put her on a plane back to Hollow Armpit, Iowa, we’re in the hole for a month’s pay.”

“How much does a slave go for nowadays?” I asked, mildly curious. My wife’s practice focused on property law and contracts. Slave contracts and price negotiations were just a sideline hobby. She quoted me a figure and I snorted. “She must be a dog,” I sneered.

“Supply and demand,” Justinia told me. “There are lots of girls desperate to get out of tiny towns and make it big in the city. Girls from Alabama and South Carolina are even cheaper, but I knew you wouldn’t put up with that.”

I’m not a nice person. I have my prejudices, chief among them are the uneducated, faux-nice, unsophisticated, shallow, mealy-mouthed obnoxious girls from the southeastern United States. And Southerners in general. Since when did low-class and stupidity become an attractive quality in anyone?

“And she thinks the big city rests here in the foothills of the Catskills?” I asked.

“It’s close enough for her to reach New York City when she’s done her time on the contract.”

“Did you tell her she’s a fool?” I asked.

“No. Of course not. She’s very smart.”

“How smart if she signed this contract?” I asked.

“What measurement do you want?”

I frowned and considered a minute trying to remember what Tina’s firm accepted as proof. “SATs, class rank and score.”

“Sixteen fifty SATs, fifth in her class.”

“Out of what class size? Twenty two?”

“One hundred fifty seven.”

“You got a good deal on her if she’s what you say.”

“It’s a six-month contract with an option to renew twice for six additional months each time.”

I sighed. “Let’s go see her.”

“She’s in the living room.”

I walked slightly in front of my wife just to piss her off a little bit. Then I realized maybe she thought I was eager to see my present, so I slowed down. Stupid marriage dynamics.

Inside the house we found my slave standing in the living room with her eyes downcast and her arms folded behind her back in a pose of submission. She wore a light, white summer dress that fell to mid-thigh. As promised her breasts pushed against the thin material just enough to display them but not in an obscene manner. It was obvious she was wearing a bra, but that didn’t keep her hard nipples from being all-but visible behind the cloth. The dress hid if she was wearing panties or not. On her feet were plain white shoes, no heel, very demure. Her skin was lightly tanned—it was only the end of June, not quite time for long hours of sunbathing—but it also showed she didn’t spray tan or use tanning booths or bed. I hate artificiality.

I estimated she stood at five foot eight, just an inch or so taller than my wife, and her long blond hair was pulled back into a simple ponytail. My wife knew me well. Nothing fancy. Nothing extravagant. Plain. Demure. Hidden promises. Nothing obviously fake. Very little makeup. All white clothing and only a thin gold chain around her neck, pretending to be virginal at least. I was impressed. I shouldn’t have been. My wife knows what I like.

“Macmorris, this is—” but I cut my wife off before she could introduce us properly.

“I don’t need to know her name,” I blurted out. “Is she a virgin?” I asked Justinia, ignoring the other human being in the room.

“No.”

“How old is she?”

“Turned eighteen back in March.”

“Does she have any tattoos or piercings?” I asked.

“No tattoos, just single ear piercings.”

I turned away from my wife and brushed away a few of the stray strands of hair that covered the slave’s left ear, ignoring the fact she was uncomfortable with my sudden movement and touching of her body. She did only have single piercings. “She could have gotten more for her contract,” I said to Justinia. “She’s blank canvas just waiting to be imprinted by a strong master.”

Justinia shrugged. “Supply and demand. There are too many girls like her in the market right now.”

I was impressed at how the slave managed to remain silent during this treatment. Obviously she had been well-instructed in her expectations, most likely by my wife, but there are other intermediaries who specialize in training sex slaves.

“Who kills Macbeth at the end of the play?” I abruptly asked the girl. She looked at me blankly a moment, then glanced to Justinia, then back at me just as I said, “Either you’re stupid or not. Answer the question! I can’t deal with stupid girls.”

“Mac-macduff,” she managed to splutter out. She had no discernible accent and her voice wasn’t obnoxious. This might just work.

“It’s actually just Macduff, but close enough,” I said. Obviously she hadn’t been expecting a quiz on high school literature. Maybe she had come into our house anticipating maybe having to prove she’d do anything to please her new master by getting fucked in the ass or accepting his ejaculate on her face. I wasn’t concerned with her state of mind. “Name one of Picasso’s notable works.”

“Guernica,” she said after a moment’s pause.

“Did you learn that in Spanish class or art class?”

“Spanish,” she answered quickly this time.

“Uh-huh,” I mused. “In the event the American President and Vice-President are killed or are incapable of assuming the duties of their office, who takes over in their stead?”

Maybe it was the phrasing of the question that threw her, but she had to think for ten or fifteen seconds. “The Speaker of the House,” she answered correctly.

“Good. You’re not a dummy. Take off your clothes.” I turned around and looked at my wife. I wondered what I appeared to be to this slave. I was wearing my customary grubby t-shirt, jeans, and work boots. Welding iron makes a mess and I generally shower after finishing my work for the day. Commissioned art pieces don’t make themselves. My wife was in her customary work attire, a business casual suit and heels. “She might just do,” I told Justinia.

“I’m glad you’re pleased.”

I turned back around and the slave had just removed her dress, pulling the straps from her shoulders and dropping it to the floor. When I caught her eye she froze. Her body was nice, the kind of fit body a girl of eighteen could have without having to work out constantly, but also being aware it was incredibly easy to get fat and lazy. There were no blemishes, tattoos, or piercings on her body visible as she stood there in her white bra and panties. “Pick up the dress, fold it, put it on the couch, and remove the rest of your clothes. Believe me: the punishments I mete out are painful and not at all sexy. You need to learn right now I will only ask once.”

She nodded twice, bent down, retrieved the dress, quickly folded it and placed it on the couch. Then she reached behind her back and unhooked her bra. Off that came and was quickly folded and placed atop the dress. Her breasts bounced and moved nicely. They were natural, of course, but were slightly marred by tan lines describing time spent in a bikini. Her nipples were puffy and light pink. No rings through them. Beautiful. A moment later her panties were skinned from her hips and legs. They were folded and placed alongside her bra. She stood upright and folded her arms behind her back forcing her pert breasts forward. Between her legs she had shaved her pubic hair down to a nice triangle about four inches on each side. Once again the promise was kept, she was a natural blonde. Very blonde between the legs. I liked it.

“And the shoes,” I prompted her. Her face flushed red, I’m not sure if the embarrassment came from her failure in stripping or from being naked in front of a stranger. She stepped out of the shoes and placed them on the floor next to the couch. Wise decision.

I circled her once, inspecting her body. There was nothing to object to. Without permission—because I didn’t need permission because I owned her—I reached between her legs and ran my fingers over her labia, inspecting for piercings. She was whole, and cleanly shaven. By now I was positive she had been well-instructed by my wife.

“Satisfied?” Justinia asked me.

“Yes,” I said, circling halfway around my new toy, pausing for a moment as I suddenly brought my hand up and then down on her shapely left buttock leaving a bright pink handprint. She yelped in pain and surprise. “Don’t screw up my instructions again,” I told her. She just nodded in acknowledgment. “Say, yes sir when it’s appropriate,” I instructed her.

“Yes sir,” she said quietly but firmly.

“Good,” I said. “Get used to being naked. You won’t have much need for clothing around here. Do you know how to cook?” I asked.

This question caught her off balance as well. “Uhh, yes.”

“Excellent. Go in the kitchen, look through the refrigerator and pantry, and make me and my wife dinner. If it’s any good, you can eat with us.”

I never understood the logic of having a slave eat out of a bowl on the floor. It was a stupid humiliating technique that was too much the fantasy of someone who never had to deal with a real, live slave in their house. We allowed our slave to eat at our table. The spaghetti and salad dinner she made was simple, but edible. It was nice to look over and see her naked tits as we ate. I doubted she thought her first night of slavery would involve cooking dinner and washing dishes.

After dinner was over and my new slave had cleaned up I showed her to the guest room. There was a brief flare of disappointment in her eyes when she saw her new home was not the dungeon of her dreams. “Don’t worry about it,

sweetheart,” I told her. “Living in a tiny locked cell isn’t nearly as exciting and romantic as it sounds in the dirty novels you stole from your uncle. But I’ll lock the door behind you if you like.” I pushed her in and closed the door then slide the locking hasp into place. She was safe enough, the door could easily be broken down and there was a bathroom attached to the guest suite.

My wife just glared at me. “I give you a slave on your birthday and you don’t want anything to do with her?” she fumed.

“Anything to do with her? I had her make dinner and clean up. That’s something. Besides, I’d rather fuck you on my birthday than her.”

Her cold eyes glared at me. “Don’t think that smooth talking is going to get you out of this.”

Instead of listening to her talk I grabbed her by the elbow, led her to our bedroom, threw her down on the bed and pulled her clothes off. She resisted, which was nice. The struggle made me hard. When I finally managed to yank off her silk panties it was worth the effort. The scent of her sex wafted up to my nose. I wanted to spread her legs and plunge my cock into her, but I also want to taste her drooling pussy. It was a conundrum.

“If I go down on you, will you promise to stop struggling?” I asked her. The fact that I had Justinia pinned to the bed, both her wrists gripped in my fists probably influenced her answer.

“No. I’m going to fight you all the way,” she all but spat at me. I didn’t mind, a little hate sex from time to time was fun.

“Fine. No pussy love for you.” Working all day as a welding artist didn’t make me particularly strong, but I was significantly stronger than my wife. I flipped her over, keeping a firm grip on her arms. She flailed about a bit with her legs, but her efforts were largely ineffective. I pulled off my pants and fell on top of you. “How’d you like it in the ass?” I asked her as I probed between her legs looking for a likely hole to enter.

“Fuck you,” she hissed at me.

I laughed. “Unlikely.” I would have liked to stretch her anus with my cock, but that wasn’t going to happen without some lube. Instead I twisted her arms

behind her back and held her in place. I aimed lower and eventually eased my cock into her wet pussy. “If you didn’t want to be fucked why is your pussy wet?” I asked her.

“Go to hell,” she moaned. There probably was a bit of pain as I started fucking her, but she not doubt liked it otherwise she would have used our safeword. After setting up a rhythm and getting her in the mood I released her arms and allowed her to scratch at the sheets as we fucked. It was my birthday so I didn’t take the time or care to make sure she came. I simply dumped by load into her when I was done. She grunted in surprise. “No love for me?” she asked.

“I’ll stay inside you if you want to jill off,” I offered.

That was good enough for her that night. She pushed a hand down between her legs. I felt her busy fingers as I lay on top of her enjoying the curves of her body beneath mine. Her fingers brought her to a quick satisfying orgasm, or so I assume. When she was done I rolled aside, pulled up the covers and went to bed.

In the morning Justinia was curled up next to me. The alarm clock woke us up. “You need to wake up the slave,” I told her.

She moaned to keep daybreak at bay. “No. You do it.”

“I’m not getting dressed,” told her.

“Fine.”

I went to the guest bedroom door, opened it, and announced, “Get up. Get downstairs. Make breakfast. We have work to do.”

To her credit the girl was downstairs cooking in the nude when I and Justinia came down dressed for the day. We ate breakfast like we had dinner. My wife kissed me goodbye and told me, “Have fun with your toy.” I watched as she finished washing the dishes.

“We have a lot of work to do today. Come on.” I walked out the back door and headed toward my work shed. She hesitated a moment at the door. She was expected to walk across the lawn naked. There was no risk in the exercise; our

house was set so far back from the road no one could see her walking naked. She followed. Inside the shed I ordered her into a pair of boots, heavy gloves, and work apron. Nothing else. I liked watching her naked ass as we welded and bent iron rods for my latest work. She followed directions well and didn't mind getting dirty. She didn't shy away from the welding torch.

"You've been around welders before?" I asked her when we were done. Sometimes an extra pair of hands in the shop was nice. Usually I had to pay a high school kid to help me out, but now I had a slave.

She nodded and took a drink of water from the bottle I gave her. "Yes. My parents owned a farm and I had to help out wherever I was needed."

I finally smiled for her. "Good. I like a girl who knows how to work with her hands." She was dirty, filthy, and sweaty from our labor. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail still. Smudges of soot and dirt were on her face. "Take off your apron," I ordered. She obeyed and I pulled my digital camera from the drawer in the workbench. "You're pretty," I told her as I checked the settings and made sure everything was ready for some pictures. "Does the slave contract cover pictures?" I asked.

My slave swallowed and looked nervous. "Yes. As many as you want."

"I'm an artist," I told her as I lined up her image in the imaging screen. "I'm going to take your picture and post it on the internet. Are you going to tell your friends?" I brought up the camera, didn't wait for an answer, and took her picture. She stood there frozen and shocked I was taking nude pictures of her. Surely she had sexted with her anonymous boyfriend back home?

"No," she finally managed to say. "No one knows I'm doing this."

"Oh?" I asked, uninterested. "Put your right foot forward and tilt your hips a little." She obeyed and I took some more pictures of her, moving around her body. "What does your family think you're doing?"

"An internship before I go to college, with maybe a year's deferment." She followed me with her eyes. Her body was very nice. The tan lines would have to go, of course, but there was material I could work with. "Why do you want to take pictures of me when I'm dirty and sweaty?" she asked.

I moved her next to one of the work benches and bent her over backwards, displaying her tits. She didn't resist. If she had signed a slave contract she had to have a bit of an exhibitionist streak in her. She liked the attention. "You're pretty," I told her as the pictures continued to fill my disk. "Maybe you were the prettiest girl in your school. Maybe with some makeup you could be beautiful, but so what? Beauty is easy to find. You're just another slightly pretty face among hundreds, thousands. You don't stand out. You're almost boring with your bland attractiveness."

Her face fell at my rough evaluation of her appearance.

I continued. "But make you a little bit dirty, a little bit ugly, then you stand out." I paused and repositioned her again, opening her legs to get a good shot of her pussy. I could tell she wanted to close her legs, but managed to overcome her fear and nerves. I moved the camera in close and took a couple of shots of her cunt. I didn't really want them; I just wanted to make her uncomfortable. "What's da Vinci's most famous work?"

"The Mona Lisa."

"Right." I moved in on her face and took some close ups, pressing the camera close to capture the sweat and dirt and her pores and her bright eyes. "And that woman is no beauty."

"So?"

"So she's pretty much ugly. Yet she's memorable the world around. Beauty is easy. Striking is near-impossible." I paused and stepped back. She relaxed a bit. I could smell just the hint of her pussy. She was also aroused a bit. "Masturbate for me."

That caught her off balance. "What?"

"Masturbate for me. I'm sure it's in the contract. You'll be asked to do a lot more than that soon enough."

"Right," she said, remembering her place. One hand traveled down to her crotch, the other went to her tit. I watched as she slowly and steadily played with her pussy and clit while she pinched and pulled on her nipples. She was forced to support her weight against the bench, locking her knees while her orgasm took

over of her body. I was glad she had already learned how to make herself cum. Too many women don't learn to do that until they're into their thirties. As I watched her recover I noticed a tear slinking out of her eye. Fear? Embarrassment? Too many emotions all at once? I really didn't care.

"Very good," I complimented her. "I think we'll have a nice collection of nudes from you in no time at all. You ever had nude pictures up on the internet before? Videos?"

"No," she said. I looked into her eyes and realized she was on the verge of crying. I couldn't help smiling. The worst pain a slave can have is emotional. Bruises, cuts, welts all heal but crushed and abused emotions leave the best scars.

"You'll be proud of what I do with these. You'll be able to brag to your friends about being a secret sex symbol."

"Right," she agreed again. It was an automatic response.

"Go to the house, shower, come back out to the pool," I told her. It was all she could do to not run to the relative safety of her room. Thirty minutes she came back outside, clean and coiffed. Her hair was loose around her head, slightly damp, it was...plainly pretty. The pool Justinia and I had in the back of the house was small, nothing fancy, but just enough to cool off next to during the hottest days of the year. Today was mild, not cold, but possibly a little too cool for swimming. My slave wasn't going swimming, though.

I pointed to the lounge chair. "I don't like tan lines on women," I told her. "You need to even out your skin. Worse than tan lines is a heavy tan. I like pale skin. I'm thinking maybe a half hour in the sun every day until things are set right."

"Okay," she agreed. Nude sunbathing was obviously well within her mindset as a slave.

"Don't get burned either," I warned. "That's just a path to skin cancer." She took her position on the chair, laying back and opening her legs slightly. Her pussy lips were just barely hidden behind her small bush of hair.

"How many boyfriends did you have in high school?" I asked her.

“What? Oh, I don’t know. Maybe three.”

“You had sex with three guys in high school?” I was surprised. “Sounds like you were adventurous.”

“Oh, had sex with?” she questioned. “Um...better make that five.”

I was impressed. “Full on vaginal sex?”

“Yes.”

“Give them all blowjobs too?”

“Yes.”

“You’re sounding like a slut now.”

She shrugged and kept her eyes closed. I felt like I was a shrink and she was my patient, classic Freudian analysis. “It wasn’t unusual in my town.”

“And where was that?”

“Humboldt, Iowa.”

“Did they all go down on you, eat your pussy?”

She scrunched up her face. “Three of them, I think.”

“Sounds like two of them owe you a little something,” I commented. “Anal sex with any of them?”

“No...I haven’t tried that yet.”

“Do you want to?”

Her answer came slowly. “Not really. But I signed the contract. I’ll do it if you want.”

“Not right now,” I told her. “How many girls have you had sex with?”

Her breathing changed slightly, but I sensed she told me the truth when she said,

“None.”

I probed deeper. “Have you ever kissed a girl? Really kissed one? Tongue in her mouth, hands wandering where they shouldn’t be?”

She swallowed hard. Sweat was starting to sheen on her body again. “Yes.”

“How many girls?”

“Just one.”

“Did you love her?” I asked, teasing. Still, she answered.

“I think so. She was a friend for a long time, from grade school. We were both drunk.”

“Probably not as drunk as either of you believed,” I filled in for her. “Are you bi?”

She shrugged. “Maybe a little.”

I chuckled. “Ever go down on a girl?”

“No.”

“Do you want to?”

She licked her lips, her voice changed slightly in timber when she answered. “Yes.”

“I can arrange that.”

I brought her into our bedroom that night as Justinia was laying on the bed reading a novel. Without preamble I said, “I want to watch you and Heidi have sex. Actually, I want to watch her eat your pussy.”

She looked at me with a bit of relief and confusion. “Heidi?” she questioned.

“Yeah, that’s what I’ve named her.”

“That’s not her name.”

“She’s my slave. I can call her whatever I want.”

Justinia rolled her eyes. “Fine. Whatever. And you want to watch a real, live lesbian sex show for your enjoyment?”

“Yes please.” It wasn’t like Justinia hadn’t done the exact same thing for me many times before.

“Okay,” she agreed with a shrug. Justinia kicked back the covers, tossed her book aside, got up on her knees and pulled her nightie over her head. I unconsciously licked my lips at seeing her nude body. True, I did get to see it almost every day, but I still loved seeing her naked tits and pussy. Her body wasn’t as prime as it had been ten years ago, but it was still luscious. “Come here,” she ordered Heidi as she got off the bed. Heidi was naked, of course, and had kept her eyes demurely focused on the floor. She was either a well-trained slave—and I didn’t know where she got her training—or had taken her role to heart because she enjoyed being submissive. Either way I was enjoying those fruits.

Heidi walked with some trepidation over to my wife. True, she had all but admitted she wanted to have a lesbian experience, but the fantasy is all too often completely different from the reality. She stood a just a tad above Justinia, but somehow my wife, naked with her hands on her hips and a firm expression on her face, seemed to tower above my plaything.

“Are you ready for this?” Justinia asked.

Heidi nodded and then managed to breathe out, “Yes.”

“Good, not that it matters.” She took a step forward, placed her hands on Heidi’s hips, leaned in and kissed the younger woman. Their breasts touched and Heidi leaned into the kiss. I could see Justinia’s tongue pushing into Heidi’s mouth. She opened her eyes and looked at me as she kissed my slave. She was toying with me. When their kiss broke Heidi took a half-step back and her knees started to buckle. The same thing happened to me the first time I kissed Justinia. “You okay?” she asked.

“Oh. Wow. I mean, I’ve kissed a girl before, but that was incredible.”

“I’m glad you liked it, but I’d prefer it if you referred to me as a woman.”

“Okay,” Heidi managed to say. Without Justinia half holding her up, she would have fallen to the floor.

“Let’s get in the bed and we’ll see how you do at going down on a woman. You’ve never done that before, have you?”

“No.”

“You’ll be lying down if you do pass out.”

And the two of them got on the bed, Heidi lay next to my wife at first and they exchanged a few mild kisses, then Justinia pushed on Heidi’s shoulders and she started crawling down between my wife’s thighs. I moved over to the side to get a better view.

Heidi was psyching herself up to actually put her face in another woman’s pussy. She kissed Justinia’s tummy and then the edge of her pubic hair and then the insides of her thighs and then the neat triangle of hair that topped Justinia’s mons. Only then had she worked up enough courage to drop her mouth down and actually kiss my wife’s clit. This emboldened her and she snuck lower and pushed her tongue into the tasty cunt where she now dined. Justinia sighed and rested her head back on the pillow. “Keep going,” she told her young lover.

At that point instinct or lust took over and Heidi dove deep into my wife’s pussy. She started putting on all the moves she must have seen in cheap porn videos. My wife tolerated the antics for a minute, but then instructed her. “Put a finger inside me, dear. Stroke upward. Put your tongue on my clit and lick and suck it.”

A little instruction was all our fast learner needed. She was soon worshipping at the font of Sappho like a high priestess. It wasn’t too long before Justinia started shifting her hips and moaning pleasantly and then, without any real warning, Justinia grabbed the girl’s head and pressed it tightly to her cunt. Her eyes squeezed tight and her thighs clamped to Heidi’s head. The signs of orgasm were obvious. A moment later she was released and Justinia looked at her with relief. “You’re a natural. With some practice you’ll be an expert.”

Heidi’s happy face was shining with the praise and the juices from my wife’s cunt. Maybe she was expecting similar praise and reward from me. Instead I

went to the nightstand, removed a three foot dowel from the space between the stand and the wall. Without giving her any indication of what I was doing or time to prepare herself, I brought the dowel down hard on Heidi's upturned buttocks. The make-shift switch laid two tight red lines across Heidi's ass. She screamed in shock and pain, turning around to see the weapon in my hand. Tears were welling up in her eyes. I knew the look in her face. Betrayal. I felt quiet good about myself.

"Do not forget you are a slave, Heidi. I can punish and abuse you at my will. Did you like eating my wife's cunt?"

She sniffed back her tears and nodded. "Yes."

"Good. Stand up and face the wall please." I pointed to where I wanted her to place her body. She tensed up, certain more abuse was about to fall on her body. Instead I just pulled out my camera, got down on one knee, and took several pictures of her lightly enflamed ass. The stripes were quite nice, forming an almost perfect X across her bottom. She endured the humiliation of the pictures without complaint.

"Are you posting pictures of her on the internet?" Justinia asked from her reclining position on the bed.

"Yes."

"And how is she with that?"

"I don't really know. Nervous I bet. I'm going to keep her face in them. I almost wish I had her friends and families email addresses so that they would know what she's actually up to this summer."

Justinia burst out laughing. "Which is while I'll never give you that information," she said, "even if I had it."

"Turn around," I told Heidi. "You'll like watching this."

I then removed my clothes, mounted the bed and my wife. We fucked in the lazy slow way of married couples. It was nice but nothing spectacular. I came deep in her pussy. She had a small orgasm. When we were done I rolled off her and Justinia strolled to the bathroom to clean up. I looked over at Heidi with disdain.

“Go to your room. Remain there until the morning.”

When she came back to the bedroom Justinia said, “You’re uncommonly cruel to the girl.”

“She’s my slave. She deserves it.”

“When are you going to fuck her? She desperately wants to get laid. She’s eighteen and has sold herself into slavery. She must have an unnaturally high sex drive.”

“When the moment is right.”

The next day was much the same. I had Heidi help me in my work shed. I allowed her to sunbathe for half an hour. Already I could see her tan lines start to blend away. I even gave her a treat.

“Do you know what these are?” I asked displaying a pair of leather manacles.

She sat up from her lounge chair and looked at the restraints. “Handcuffs, leather handcuffs.”

“I prefer to call them manacles, but that’s fine.” I tossed them to her. “Put them on. Make sure they’re tight, but not constricting.” These were specially designed by a fellow artist, a leatherworker of course, padded on the inside with a strong D-ring on the outside. Perfect for restraining a sex partner. When the manacles were on I led her across the lawn to an oak tree. Hanging from the tree was a chain that I clipped with a pair of carabineers to her restraints. Up in the tree, bolted to a heavy branch, was a small pulley. I pulled down on the free length of chain. Her arms were steadily raised into the air until they reached their full extension.

“Too high?” I asked her. Her heels were just barely making contact with the ground.

“No.”

“Good.” I pulled the chair a bit more until just the balls of her feet were touching. She didn’t flinch at all when I took a few pictures. I had decided to carry my camera in my pocket at all times now. “You know what this is,” I said displaying another dowel to her. I had placed it there while she had been drowsing in her lounge chair.

“A switch.” Her voice caught in her throat just a bit.

“Very good. What am I going to do with it?”

“Hit me. Leave marks on my body.”

“Correct. Last night I gave you two stripes on your ass. They’ve faded already. Today you’ll get four stripes. Where do you want them?”

She opened her mouth to answer, but no words came out. She swallowed and tried again. “On my...on my ass,” she half stuttered out.

I shook my head. “No. I’ll put two there because they are so beautiful on your bottom. But I’m adding a fifth now for presuming to think you’d get away with such easy treatment.”

Heidi nodded and then managed to say, “Put them on my tummy.”

I considered her request. “Let’s see what I can do.” The first two stripes I laid across her ass in parallel lines intersecting her cleft at a perfect ninety degree angle. She barely whimpered as the blows landed. She liked this treatment.

Then I walked around to her front. “Ready?” I asked.

She bit her lip, raised her head proudly, and grunted out, “Yes.” She tightened the muscles on her stomach to prepare for the blows. Her life in West Armpit, Iowa had physically prepared her for the life of a slave. I could just make out the play of her taut muscles under the skin. I raised my hand, taking careful aim at her belly button and she closed her eyes. Instead of laying the switch across her tummy, I aimed higher and the first blow put a bright red line across both breasts.

An intense scream of pain escaped her lips. “Go ahead and scream,” I told her. “The neighbors are over a mile away and they’ve never seemed to care in the past.”

Heidi anxiously tried to angle her body away from the weapon I wielded, but at the same time tried to make it look like she was simply writhing in pain. I gave her good marks for her effort. Instead of trying to lay more stripes on her body I instead cracked the tip once on each of her nipples. Her cries of pain for each

weren't screams, but resigned whimpers of defeat. It was beautiful to watch.

I added more pictures to my collection. "With your stripes of pain, you're approaching beautiful," I told her.

It was all she could do to nod and acknowledge my words. Tears were streaming out of her eyes and dripping off her cheeks. No sobs though. That was unusual. I stepped close and she tensed up, but I only put my hand between her legs and felt her wetness.

"This arouses you, doesn't it?" I asked her.

Her answer was a heaving, sobbing sigh. "Yes."

"Let me see if I can help you with that." I rubbed her clit and pussy, getting used to her anatomy. Justinia was right. The poor girl was horny and sex-starved. I wondered if she was jilling off in her room at night. Even if she was, it didn't matter. In only three minutes my fingers controlled her body from brain to cunt and an orgasm burst forth in all its exquisiteness. She gushed a tiny bit of girl cum on my fingers. I raised them up to inspect her leavings. "Taste," I ordered her, presenting my fingers to her lips. She licked them willingly, happily.

When she was done I lowered the chain and freed her hands. "Go clean yourself and start dinner. I have a present to show you tonight."

The laptop was waiting for her on the small desk in her room, exactly where I had left it. It only took an instant to start it and pull up the website I had dedicated to her. It took her a moment to understand what she was seeing. When the realization passed through her she raised a hand unconsciously to her mouth and her knees wobbled. That gave me an indefinable thrill. "Don't worry," I told her. "Your name's not on the site. I'll let you peruse the site for a while. When you've looked at all the pictures, feel free to send an email to friends and family telling them about it. The computer has full internet access. Here's my email address. BCC me the email you send out. There will be a reward for every email you send out promoting your site. Come to my bedroom in half an hour."

I walked out. Her eyes were still wide with shock. I hoped behind the shock there was a seed of arousal and pride. She really was a pretty girl.

Justinia was waiting for me in the bedroom with a disappointed look on her face. “You didn’t just do that to her, did you?” she asked.

“Yes, why not?”

“She’s supposed to be your slave,” she pointed out to me, “not a toy that you use to humiliate because you have a cruel streak.”

“That’s part of being a good master, breaking them down and building them up.”

She scoffed. “You’re enjoying humiliating her just a little too much.”

“I can’t have her acting like she has an independent will next week, can I?” I asked.

“Because of the party?” Justinia asked.

“Yes, of course. I want to have a little pride in my slave.”

“Just tell everyone that she’s new to the lifestyle and you’re still breaking her in.”

“I’d rather have complete control over her.”

“You do so at your own peril...and hers.”

“We’ll see.” I laid down to read for a few minutes. Heidi knocked on our door precisely thirty minutes after I had given her the order. She was proving to be a good submissive; she could follow orders. “Enter!” I called out with a smug look on my face. I grinned at Justinia. She just rolled her eyes and kept reading her magazine.

Heidi walked in and stopped just inside the doorway. Her eyes were downcast, as was proper, and her arms folded behind her back, something I never ordered, but it must have been a pose she had happened upon as the proper posture for a submissive. She was naked. I felt my cock twitch slightly at her appearance. I wanted to know what she had done for me.

“Did you finish reviewing the website?” I asked her.

“Yes.”

“Did you email any friend or family member and give them the link to the site?”

She shook her head and was barely able to whisper, “No.”

I sighed and rolled my head back and forth in frustration. “I’m disappointed. Come over here.” I threw my legs over the side of the bed and patted my thigh. When she reached me she was uncertain what to do. “Lay across my lap,” I ordered.

She must have known what was coming. That was fine. That was why she was a slave. That was why she wanted to serve me. Her ass was young and pert, as befitting an eighteen year old girl. The tan lines were still there, covering the most succulent parts of her anatomy, but they were blending away.

“Ready?” I asked her.

She nervously nodded. “Yes.” Her voice was soft and it half-caught in her throat. I rested my hands on her ass and waited patiently. The anticipation was often half the fun. I lifted my right hand and moved my left to the small of her back.

“Ever been spanked before by a boyfriend?” I asked her, keeping my right hand off her skin, hovering above her quivering bottom.

“No.” She started to turn around to look at me.

“Eyes front!” I ordered and she looked back at the wall and headboard of the bed. My wife continued to watch from the other side of the bed. She was intrigued by the little performance going on next to her.

“Not even for fun? Not even once, teasing and playing?”

“No.”

“Have you wanted to be spanked?” I wanted to caress her skin and feel its smoothness. I could just barely make out the play of muscles under the skin and soft fat of her ass. I wondered if she knew how pretty her buns were. The stripes I had given her earlier were fading, but still present.

“Yes,” she quickly admitted.

“I bet,” I said. “It’s a common fantasy. A little spanking, a little violent stimulus to your bottom that excites your body, and even stimulates your pussy and clit through the vibrations. And of course there is there is the whole submissive-dominant dynamic that makes your mind reel with the unknown sexual dynamics. You’ll have it fulfilled soon enough, don’t worry about that.”

“Tonight?” she asked hopefully. It was an impertinent question for a slave. My cock started to harden under her weight and her presence. There was plenty of room for it to grow inside my baggy pajamas.

“No,” I told her. “Tonight will be just about pain. Spanking between a man and woman is usually an act of love and passion. But I like delivering pain. You’ll either get used to it or will start to enjoying it. Either way.”

“Oh.”

“Please don’t speak unless I give you a direct question,” I reminded her.

“Sorry,” she started to say, but I brought my right hand down hard on her left buttock before the word had entirely left her mouth. Her apology ended in a cry of pain. A bright red spot started to spread across her cheek where my hand had landed. She then understood my instructions. I brought my hand down again, this time on the right cheek. She only gave a slight squeak of pain.

“Do you understand now?”

Heidi hesitated a moment, realized this was a question, and then answered.
“Yes.”

“Good.” I then proceeded to rain down a series of hard, stinging slaps to her pert bottom. I took great pleasure in causing her pain. She tried to resist at first, but then the pain was too fast, too much for her to resist. She started crying out at each smack. We were well beyond twenty before she starting squirming trying to get out of the way. But there was no place for her to escape. I moved my left hand from the small of her back to her neck. I squeezed firmly and she understood where exactly she was in the order of things. My next few spansks were slower, more powerful. Her ass had turned a lovely shade of deep red. I half-twisted around and addressed Justinia. “Would you like to take a turn?” I

politely asked her while slightly nodding my head to prompt my wife along.

Willingly she got out of bed, walked around the mattress slowly, and looked down at Heidi's abused ass. "She's suffered so much already," Justinia commented. I could feel a small, silent exhale of breath from Heidi, relieved her torture was all but over. "I suppose a few more couldn't be that much to bear." Justinia added a dozen or so sharp wallops to Heidi's bottom. As each one landed, Heidi whimpered a bit and then, finally, the tears and crying started. I signaled my wife to stop.

"There, was that so hard?" I asked Heidi. "Just a few tears and some sobbing cries. That's all I really wanted." Now that she had started crying she couldn't stop, but she nodded to indicate she understood. "Up on your hands and knees," I said, pushing her from my lap.

She followed my orders willingly, the tears and crying still going on. But that was okay. I stepped out of my pajama bottoms and revealed my erection. Justinia watched with a smirk on her lips. I even pulled off my shirt to feel Heidi's skin on mine.

Her cunt was wet and open. Apparently the girl knew herself well enough to realize exactly the type of personality she was and what turned her on, that is extraordinarily prescient in an eighteen year old girl. I slipped into her easily. She was tight, obviously used before, but wasn't stretched out like a well-used pussy yet. I was inside her before she realized it. The skin of her ass was hot on my stomach as I sank all the way into her depths. There were a series of double sighs and sobs as she tried to regain control of her body and emotions as I fucked her. She needn't have bothered. I was determined to cum as quickly as possible. We fucked for perhaps two minutes before I reached my peak.

Instead of fully enjoying the pleasure of the moment, I pulled out just before erupting and spayed my semen all over her back. It was beautiful. She might have been working up to an orgasm, but that was lost the moment the hot drops of cum decorated her skin instead of exciting her cunt. My dutiful and helpful wife was there and snapped a few quick pictures of my leavings on Heidi's back.

I took a moment to recover. "Very good," I told her. "You learned a lot tonight. You may return to your room." I got off the bed and went to the bathroom to clean up. She was smart, even if beaten and humiliated. By the time I returned to

the bedroom she was gone.

Justinia was looking at me, her lips twisted in a half-amused smile, half-annoyed scowl. “I doubt that’s how she wanted you to fuck her for the first time,” she commented.

“Good. She should get used to receiving the unexpected at my hand if she’s to be my slave.”

The next few weeks settled into a nice routine. I’d work my slave during the morning, have her do a little sun bathing during the afternoon, sometimes I’d tease and torment her, sometimes not. She hated the anticipation. Usually in the afternoon, I’d fuck her. Sometimes I waited for the evening when Justinia would come home from work. Sometimes I watched while my wife had sex with her. And I was careful to never cum insider her pretty pussy. She started to resent the fact that I always pulled out and sprayed my cum on her tits, tummy, or back.

“Master—” she started to ask me one afternoon while I was taking more nude pictures of her. She had become accustomed to that and willingly looked at all the pictures I posted of her on the internet. Naked. Having sex with me. Having sex with Justinia. Masturbating. Dirty. Clean. Swimming. Sunbathing. Documenting the abuse stripes I laid down her delicate skin. She hadn’t yet emailed a friend to brag about her microscopic slice of internet fame, but it would happen soon enough.

“Just use my name, Hillary,” I told her. She sighed and opened her legs a little wider so I could better document the wetness of her pubes and pussy after she had masturbated for me. She also didn’t like I kept changing her name every day.

“Macmorris, when will you fuck me and cum inside me?” she asked, trying to put a note of sweetness in her voice.

“I’ll do that the day you email at least three of your friends informing them about your nude pictures.”

She stiffened. Her reputation was still something of value to her. “Oh.”

“But I do have a present for you today,” I told her. I finished snapping a few

more pictures of her cunt and stood up.

“What is it?” she asked eagerly. Her life had degenerated to such a simple existence that any change in the routine was a thrill.

“Follow,” I ordered her, walking to the work shed. She did so, keeping two paces behind me. I would have preferred she walk in front so I could admire her swaying ass, but that would be unseemly. I couldn’t even get to watch her bouncing tits.

Inside the shed I went to one of my lockers, pulled out a leather collar and showed it to her. It was a semi-custom job. Arminder, a leather working friend, made them for those in the lifestyle. Hillary’s was nothing special. It was black with a D-ring, a buckle with lock to keep the collar in place, and padding on the inside to protect her thin, sensitive skin. Her eyes widened with a thrill of excitement when I displayed it. This was exactly what she was looking for in the life of a slave: a mark that showed she was owned by someone else.

“I know you think that true slaves go through some elaborate ceremony when being given a collar. That’s a load of crap.” I reached up and around her neck. The collar was a nice fit. I buckled it in place and snapped the small security lock shut. The key was already in my pocket. “But the fact is you were mine the moment you signed your contract. This might show off that you belong to me, but who gets to see it?”

I waited expectantly a few moments before she realized it was not a rhetorical question.

“No one,” she answered sadly, “except you and Mistress.”

“Justinia,” I corrected her.

“Justinia.”

“Wrong. You’re forgotten about the internet.”

“Then...everyone in the world.”

“Perhaps an overstatement, but there is that.”

“Thank you,” she told me with complete sincerity.

“Why did I give this to you today?” I asked her.

She thought a moment. “Because you want to show me off?” she said somewhat hopefully.

“No. Because we’re having a party this weekend for other in the lifestyle. We need a way to distinguish the slaves from the owners.”

I could see this excited her to no end. I even got the impression that she wanted to run away and tell her friends, but she restrained herself.

Every month or so we attended or hosted a party for people to display their slaves. Sex games were played. Slaves were shared among trusted friends. Whippings and various bits of torture were inflicted on the slaves who had earned such honors. It wasn’t nearly as depraved as what was in the minds of some of the prudes in the world, but we tried hard.

Slaves had to wear collars so they were easily distinguishable from everyone else. Not everyone in attendance was a master or a slave, some were just interested parties that liked to watch the shows, some were between masters or slaves, and some were just friends. On every slave’s collar a tag hung which followed our traditional color code system. Green tags denoted slaves available for all uses, sex and lashings, to teasing and folding. Any restrictions would be written on the slave’s tag. Red tags were restricted slaves, no touching, no contact, viewing only, they weren’t available to anyone other than their master. Blue tags were for slaves that were acting as servants, assistants and waitresses, but were available for fondling and light abuse with their master’s permission. From Hailey’s collar I hung a green tag with no written restrictions. I didn’t tell her what the tag meant.

There were almost a hundred people in attendance, about a quarter slaves, a quarter masters, and the other half those who came to watch the fun and games. Hailey had started out serving drinks, but when the games started, I kept her close to me. She was nervous at first. She had never been naked in front of so many people before, but after a few minutes she calmed down. Most of the slaves were completely naked, naturally. Many of the masters and mistresses were showing an inordinate amount of skin. Many of the commoners were also half-undressed as well. And she wore her collar, so she wasn’t truly naked.

I had attached a leash to her collar—really just a metal dog chain with a handle—and forced her to heel at the correct times. I led her about the backyard like the toy and possession she was. We had an open air tent set up along with a refreshments table and plenty of chairs. The first event was a wrestling match between two slaves. I wasn't sure of the situation between the two owners of the slaves, but there was some long, complicated history between them. Both slaves were male, one owner was male, the other was female. A few assistant slaves oiled up the two strong slaves, leashes were removed and the two set to wrestling like ancient Greece Olympic athletes amid the cheers of the small crowd.

“Why a wrestling match?” Hailey asked me quietly as she knelt next to my chair.

“Why not?” I asked. She grimaced and turned silent, keeping her eyes slightly downcast but also focused on the pair of grappling men. I don't go for homoeroticism, but I could appreciate what was taking place between them.

“Actually, there's some long story between the owners, this is supposed to settle the squabble. The trick is that there is no winner in the match until one man anally penetrates the other.”

“With a finger or cock?” a now much more interested Hailey asked. I knew she was one to appreciate gay porn.

“Cock. Once penetration is achieved the match isn't over until the top ejaculates in the bottom.” I grinned at the statement. Both men were starting to achieve erections but neither had gained an upper hand in making the other submit.

Hailey watched the action on the small square of plastic tarp under the tent. She started to realize that to the spectator it didn't matter who won, but the pleasure was in the observation. I observed her out of the corner of my eye and her breathing increased at a steady pace. I imagined her breasts swelled in anticipation and her eyes dilated in lust. Eventually one of the wrestlers got the upper hand, twisted his opponent's arm behind his back, and then got control of the other arm, pinning the loser to the ground face down. The crowd cheered. I could see that Hailey wanted to cheer as well, but she restrained herself.

With one man pinned there was some struggle, but eventually the referee stepped in and handed the victor a pair of handcuffs that were then used to restrain the loser. Both men now had erect cocks. The winner took a tube of lube from the

referee and applied it to his conquest's ass. A few strokes of lube on his own cock adequately prepared him and he forced the loser's ass into the air and after a bit of straining, penetrated his anally.

"Oh my," Hailey commented.

"What's wrong?" I asked casually and took a sip of my drink. She'd have to replenish it soon.

"I've never seen two people having sex in front of me before."

"Ah. The excitement of the live action performance. The difference between theater and film. It's much more intense and immediate, isn't it?" I watched the two men fuck. The victor didn't fuck out of passion, but out of a sense of triumph and to prove that he was superior to his conquest. Both were young and nicely muscled. If I were gay, it would have been a perfect performance.

"Are they both gay?" Hailey asked quietly.

I snorted. "I'm not sure, but I'm fairly certain both a straight. Maybe bi. Certainly open to gay sex, wouldn't you say?" I asked her.

"Yes. Obviously."

"They aren't having sex because of uncontrolled passion. The winner is fucking the loser because his mistress told him to. That's the sign of an obedient slave."

She just nodded her head. She thought she understood. The two wrestlers continued to fuck as the owner of the loser crossed the tent and politely shook hands with the lady that owned the victor. I trusted their dispute was now amicably settled and turned my attention to the next event on the schedule. Hailey didn't even know she was participating in this event.

"Who is that with Justinia?" she asked me. I looked across the tent and saw my wife kissing Earnest Banner, the owner of a successful accounting company in the town. I found him and his business dreadfully boring, but Justinia liked his company and his cock well enough.

"Her boyfriend, Ernie," I said using the diminutive of his name that he detested. He had dropped his hand between her legs and was massaging her pussy through

her modest red panties that matched her lacey basque she normally wore to these function.

“Oh...doesn't it bother you another man is...” she trailed off, realizing the absurdity of her question.

“No. Why should it?”

“I'm sorry. It was a silly question.

“I'm glad you realized it. Now go fetch me another drink and a selection of cheese from the table.” I released Hailey from her leash and allowed her to walk to the refreshments table on her own, gloriously naked and barely seen by those around her.

It took her a few minutes to complete the task. I was in no hurry. It would be a few minutes still before the slave market was to take place. I tracked her with my eyes. She gathered what I had requested and along with way spoke with another slave. It took me a few minutes to place the other woman, but eventually the name and position came to me. I had her once while her husband watched. She liked to be spanked while getting fucked from behind. She wasn't as naked as Hailey. In addition to her collar she sported a belly chain and a matching chain that connected the small rings through her nipples. I sighed in annoyance. Naturally she was shaven bare between the legs. Why are so many slaves made to look alike?

When Hailey returned with my drink and cheese I said to her, “I see you were speaking with Diane.”

“Is that her name?” Hailey asked. “The woman with the chain connecting her nipples.”

“Yes. She's a county judge, married to some idiot who runs some investment company that plays with retirees' 401k plans.. She likes to be spanked.”

“She looks like she's fifty years old. Isn't she a little old for this?”

“I think she's closer to sixty, actually. She's been well-preserved. What makes you think she's too old?”

“Just...I thought slaves were supposed to be owned by older people. Slaves are young, masters are older.”

“I don’t know about that. Diane and Travis have been married for about twenty five years; they’re roughly the same age.”

“Oh.” More realizations about the lifestyle continued to reveal themselves to young Hailey. She had a lot to learn, the type of learning that was earned through experience, not reading. “She said you were her master for a while.”

“I took her from Travis at her request for some advanced training. She liked to be spanked. She also liked to be fucked in the ass. I had to break her of those habits. There are other more... powerful...ways to control a slave. I think she enjoyed her time with me.” I smiled to myself, but let Hailey see my satisfaction. “I don’t think I left any permanent marks on her. Travis never complained.”

“She asked about you. And me.”

“What did she want to know?”

“If I was your slave.”

“And you told her yes?”

“I did. She also wanted to know if you expected anyone to actually pay my price. I didn’t understand her question. Are you going to rent me out to some other master?”

“Oh, the open market. No, no rental. Thank you for reminding me. I have to take you to your position. We have an open slave market to raise money for various charities. It’s part of the fun here. I put you in it, of course. Good training and experience for you.” I snapped the leash to her collar and finished my appetizer. Stocks had been set up along the far edge of the tent. It took just a minute to find Hailey’s place, marked only with Master Macmorris’s Property. At the stocks I clipped her collar to the chain and placed her arms in the manacles that were already attached to the heavy wooden frame. Other masters and party goers were inspecting the merchandise. “You wait here,” I told her. “The sales take place in an hour and I want everyone to see you.”

“Are those prices correct, Master?” she asked me, awkwardly twisting her neck

to see the sign posted at the top of the stocks.

“Yes, of course. Why wouldn’t they be?” I unclipped her leash, put it in my pocket and walked away. By now she had read the price list. Spanking: \$5. Flogging: \$10. Oral sex: \$20. Vaginal sex: \$50. Anal sex: \$10,000 (virgin).

Any advertised price could be purchased by any party attendee. Hailey moved her head back and forth and quickly figured out that her prices spanned the full range of what other slaves were offering. While others advertised different services and specialties not found on Hailey’s price list, most started at a hundred dollars for sex, spankings and floggings were typically around twenty. Anal sex usually fell between two hundred and five hundred. No one had any price over a thousand which was the listed price for a particularly beautiful red-headed slave’s service of three at once: oral, anal, and vaginal.

People laughed and pointed at Hailey’s price for anal sex. I had backed far enough away to not hear their comments, but I could see the poor girl with eyes downcast, her cheeks flushed red with embarrassment. I was certain some of the comments were directed at me for my audacity at believing the value of my slave’s anal virginity was ten thousand dollars. I was unconcerned. I could sell her for whatever I pleased. No one had to buy.

Justinia left her boyfriend long enough to tour the slaves on sale, then made her way over to me. “Ten large?” she asked. “There are some here who can afford it, but...really? Are you keeping her ass for yourself? If you don’t want her ass for sale, you don’t have to offer it.”

“You know I don’t particularly care for anal sex,” I commented to her.

“Then why?” she asked me. “I saw tears in her eyes.

I gave Justinia my dead stare of dry disinterest. “Because I want to see what will happen.”

Things unfolded much as I thought they would. A few people paid for the pleasure of spanking Hailey. She didn’t mind the least. Someone decided to stretch the rules and paid for Hailey to spank her slave. There was laughter all around. One partygoer opted to pay for a blowjob which Hailey did with a bit of relish. The fact the cock she was sucking was attached to a rather handsome master possibly had some influence on her performance. Near the end of the

marketplace cycle Hailey had earned less than everyone else. I was perfectly satisfied with her humiliation.

And then that fucker Roy Gardner announced that someone had bought the virginity of Hailey's virgin ass. I shouldn't have been surprised it was Diane's husband Travis. I never liked that asshole, especially after I had spent all that time correcting his wife's behavior and having to deal with her leathery suntanned skin and nipple rings.

There was applause all around. Travis had written a check. He could well afford it. Some widows and orphans would be sleeping well tonight. Hailey was dragged to the center of the tent, to the tarp where the wrestlers had started the party. She was forced down to her hands and knees, open ass to the crowd as they circled around at a respectful distance. I kept my distance, but observed the whole process. Diane helped calm Hailey with soft strokes on her back and half-whispered instructions in her ear. Lube was found; it was easier to find lube at one of our parties than cocaine in a Hollywood producer's office. Hailey's ass was prepared by Diane who then leaned over and fellated her husband until he was erect and ready to go. She applied a good amount of lube to his cock.

There was a look of terror in Hailey's eyes as he pressed the tip of his cock to her asshole.

"Don't tense up," I heard Diane instruct her. I pulled out my camera and started taking pictures, pushing to the front of the crowd to better capture Hailey's look of terror. And then her look of pain as Travis pressed into her body. She cried out beautifully in pain and when her eyes opened back up she spotted me. I said nothing and looked at her a moment before going back to taking pictures.

"Just the head's in," Travis commented. "I'm going deep."

And he pressed in further, stretching Hailey wide open. He wasn't that well-endowed. It didn't hurt her much, if at all. Diane's hand went down to Hailey's pussy to stimulate the girl and help her enjoy the experience. The look of shame, pain, humiliation, and loss on Hailey's face as she watched me watch her get fucked in the ass for the first time all made it worth it.

Travis knew how to properly humiliate a slave. He came inside her, grunting with his orgasm. When he pulled out he wiped his dick on her ass and walked away without a word. Diane followed him. It was Justinia who rushed to pathetic

Hailey's rescue, comforting the abused girl. There was applause from the crowd, congratulating Hailey on her first experience. I'm not certain Hailey heard any of it. She did lift her head and see me with the slightest of smiles on my face. Her head when back to Justinia's bosom with a few muted sobs.

I found Hailey and Justinia in our bedroom after most of the party had been cleaned up and I was ready for bed. They were a beautiful pair together. As always Hailey was naked, Justinia wore a green shortie nightshirt with a pair of red panties peeking out from between her legs and under the hem. Justinia looked at me with a flash of lust in her eyes. I recognized the look. It always promised an exciting time, though not necessarily a good time. "Ready for your reward?" she asked me as Hailey stood up from the bed and stepped over to a respectful distance away.

"Reward? For what?" I asked innocently.

"For raising all that money," she told me. From out of the toy box she had pulled her harness and a smooth, clear Lucite dildo. I recognized the harness and dildo. I couldn't help myself. My cock twitched and started hardening. Justinia did have something special in store for me tonight. "Get undressed," she ordered me.

For just a moment I hesitated, then I started stripping. Hailey watched in silent interest. Justinia did nothing while I took off my clothes. My wife smiled just a bit when I pulled off my boxers and exposed my semi-erect cock. "You have no self-control," she told me.

"It's been a while," I replied. "What's got you so randy? Too much time with your boyfriend?" I teased.

"Maybe I just feel like a change of pace," she answered and then looked over at Hailey. "You'll need to help me with this." Justinia pulled off her nightshirt, completely comfortable with her nudity in front of our slave. She held the harness out to Hailey and stopped to consider her next actions. Hailey was puzzled to be holding a harness and dildo. "Should I take off my underwear?" she asked Hailey. "Traditionally one doesn't wear anything over a harness, but I'm not sure if I want to be penetrated tonight." She looked expectantly at our young charge.

Hailey tried her best for a good response. “I suppose if you definitely don’t want to have sex, you should leave them on.”

Justinia considered the answer for a second, then shook her head. “No. I want to have sex, but I’m not sure I want cock in my pussy tonight. Ah, the hell with it. Take ’em off and we’ll see what happens.”

My slave nodded and knelt in front of Justinia and pulled down her panties, exposing Justinia’s carefully groomed pubic curls. Still on her knees Hailey helped Justinia step into her harness and pull it up around her hips. “Make sure the straps aren’t twisted,” she instructed Hailey. “Don’t tighten them up yet. I need to put the dildo in place.” Slowly it dawned upon Hailey what she was helping with.

“Oh. It’s a strap-on,” she exclaimed finally figuring it out.

“Yes, of course. What did you think was going on?” Justinia asked her.

“Sorry.” She apologized and hung her head. I was getting tired of her constant contrite attitude. “Is that for me?” she asked.

I scoffed. “Not everything is about you,” I told her. I laid down on the bed and waited for my wife. We had done this plenty of times before. We both knew what we wanted. I carefully placed my ass and hips at the edge of the mattress. She stepped over to me and took my rigid cock in her hand. She stroked me a few times.

“You won’t really need this right away,” she told me.

“I know,” I said with a grin on my face. It was all part of the game, part of the ritual.

With a slight turn of her head my wife addressed Hailey. “Get the lube from the nightstand. Put it on Macmorris’s ass and my cock.” She smiled and watched as the girl followed the orders. I lifted my legs up and exposed my ass to the slavegirl. She wasn’t sure if this was the right thing to be doing; I could see it in her eyes. Regardless, she squirted a dose of lube into her hand and carefully applied it to my ass. It was a surprisingly intimate act that I wasn’t really ready for her to perform, but this was my wife’s scene and I let her take charge.

“Make sure to push some inside him,” Justinia instructed her. Only now did Hailey’s squeamishness manifest itself, but then she closed her eyes and powered through the obstructive emotion. Her finger gently penetrated me, making sure the lube was pushed into my rectum, then withdrew to apply more lube to Justinia’s fake cock.

“Very good,” Justinia said. “Now watch, this is something every man should do at least once with the able assistance of a loving partner. I’m sure Mac has told you on many occasions that he doesn’t like anal sex, which is why you didn’t have your ass fucked until today. What he didn’t tell you is that he doesn’t like giving anal sex—something about having his cock in another person’s ass and the scatological implications of all that, he spent too much time in college art philosophy classes—but he certainly enjoys receiving it. At least he enjoys receiving it from me.” Justinia placed the tip of the dildo at the entrance to my rear. I sucked in a deep breath and relaxed. Bracing oneself for anal penetration is just counterproductive.

“This is one of the most loving acts a wife can perform for her husband,” Justinia said as she started to press forward. I slowly let out my breath as the fake cock entered my asshole, exchanging a gas for a solid. It was too much, I was too full, but I kept control of my emotions, my fear, and the small pain and allowed Justinia to pull out and then press in again, this time deeper. I glanced at Hailey. Her eyes were wide with interest and lust.

“Stroke him,” Justinia ordered. My cock had started going soft. That was often a side effect of being pegged. The sensations in my ass stole from my cock and I often lost my erection. I needed constant stimulation to my cock to stay hard when I was being fucked in the ass. “Gently, firmly.”

Hailey took me in hand, her skin was still covered in lube and that made me slick. Her fingers teased and cajoled my cock back up to its proper standing. “Very good,” Justinia complimented her. “Go slow. We don’t want him to cum too soon.”

Justinia continued to fuck me in the ass. The sensation of the dildo slipping out, then filling me back up was both painful and pleasurable. Hailey knew how to give a good handjob. That wasn’t surprising; I’m sure she had given plenty to the boys back in Assend, Iowa. I closed my eyes to enjoy the torment I was receiving. My wife continued to go in and out of me as Hailey played with my

cock and balls. When I reopened my eyes Justinia was watching me with love and amusement in her eyes. “Do you want to cum?” she asked me. Her breasts bounced slightly with each stroke she laid into me. I knew if her harness was properly adjusted the base of the strap-on was stimulating her little clit just in the way she liked. I knew she wanted to cum as well.

“Uh-huh,” was all I could say. I was being over stimulated and needed to cum, but if I admitted too much Justinia would just continue my torture. Unfortunately she knew that my loss of vocal abilities meant I was on the brink and needed to be teased more before cumming.

“Sit on his face, girl,” Justinia ordered my slave.

“What?” Hailey asked. She had been happily giving a handjob and now she was to receive oral attention from her master. It was every slavegirl’s dream come true.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Put your pussy right on his mouth. Make sure to face me. I want you to watch this. A good slave needs a good education.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Hailey climbed on the bed and over my body. Justinia was still standing on the floor, her legs braced against the mattress. After some careful maneuvering Hailey had properly placed her legs and hips bringing her pussy right on top of my mouth. I gripped her hips and immediately set about a eating her cunt with a vigorousness she did not deserve. Generally I don’t like participation in queening, but with a strap-on in my ass I’m pretty amenable to just about any suggestion.

Justinia increased the pace of her thrusts into me. There were now two sets of hands on my cock. I couldn’t see what was happening and I could only hear half of it, but it all felt wonderful.

“Right here,” Justinia said. Hailey’s reply was too soft. “Keep rubbing right here and you can keep a man hard and on edge for hours.”

“Like this?”

“Slower. Watch his response.”

Justinia's thrusting suddenly increase rapidly. My ass started to turn to fire. It was too much stimulation. "Cumming!" she announced with a small cry. I felt a touch of liquid drip over my ass. She gushed when her orgasm was particularly powerful.

"Go ahead."

"More?"

"Make him...?"

"Over his body."

One of the women tightly circled my balls with her hand while the stroking to my cock's shaft increased almost double in pace. I tried to twist away from the abuse, but couldn't with Justinia's strap-on in my ass and Hailey sitting on my face.

Then I came, spraying cum over my stomach and chest. I tried to make it as powerful as possible to shoot the sticky white fluid over Hailey's tits, but I don't think I reached that far. My sphincter clamped down hard on the strap-on. Each contraction of my muscles caused a thrill of pain throughout my groin. The clear dildo pressed hard against my prostate making the orgasm even more powerful.

"Don't get it on you," Justinia told Hailey.

Finally, after too many powerful contractions my orgasm was over. My wife, never one to let an opportunity pass her by, pulled out of my ass, leaving me open and empty. I moaned in mourning for my loss.

"Clean him up," she ordered my slave. Hailey started to get off me, but a sharp rebuke from Justinia stopped her. "No. With your tongue."

"Right." I wished I could have seen the look on Hailey's face to this order. It's one thing to swallow a man's cum after giving him a blowjob, it's something else entirely to lick up that cum. It takes a strong will or a high sex drive. I wasn't yet sure about Justinia's will, but her sex drive was proving adequate. I felt her lean forward and then her tongue was on my skin, lapping up the cooling cum. Her hips lifted up so it was easier for me to breathe. I wasn't sure if she had cum or not. I didn't care. I looked down at my body and watched as she cleaned

it, swallowing my cum as she licked it from my body.

“Did you enjoy that, honey?” Justinia asked me.

“Yes,” I answered her from between Hailey’s legs. “It was a nice end to the day.”

“Did your slave perform up to your expectations?” she asked me. She started loosening the straps to her harness.

Before I answered I gave it more than a moment’s thought. In fact, Hailey had performed beyond every expectation I had for her. She had performed admirably, her hesitations were only because of the newness of the situation or because she didn’t know how to perform a certain task. She had taken to her role and new lifestyle willingly and happily. She was damn near the perfect slave. But I couldn’t let her hear that. “She was...barely adequate,” I finally said. Hailey hesitated at those words. I looked down at her. “Clean off the head of my cock, girl. But gently. I’m still sensitive for a few more minutes.”

Her lips wrapped around my soft meat and carefully removed the remains of my orgasm.

Justinia sighed in frustration. “I was hoping for a better report,” she said.

“I suppose we can keep her for a while longer, to see if she improves. We still have a few months left on her contract before we even have to consider renewal.” Hailey was now done with my cock and I pushed her aside, stood up from the bed, and rummaged through the toy box next to the nightstand. “Ah, here we are.” I pulled out a cat o’ nine tails and gripped it firmly. “Up on your knees,” I ordered her.

Hailey thought this was just to be another routine punishment session. I allowed her to keep that attitude and didn’t display the cat to her. “Hands behind your neck,” I ordered. When she complied I laid two strokes on each of her buttocks. Her body shook slightly with each lash, but she kept control of herself. Strings of red spidered across her pert ass. It was a pretty picture. “Ready for more?” I asked.

“Yes, master.”

I moved behind her and did two quick strokes, allowing the cat to circle around

her torso and laid stripes on her breasts. Small whimpers escaped her lips but she held her position. I didn't give her a chance to recover. Three quick lashes snuck up between her legs and laid down painful whacks on her open pussy. She screamed with each lashing, but kept her legs spread open and suffered the abuse and humiliation.

After I walked back around I saw tears flowing down her cheeks. Her breasts were pink from the lashes. Her pussy was partly hidden by her pubic hair. I reached out and touched her cunt. It was hot—but it was impossible to tell if the heat was from her lust or the lashing. She was wet too. I slipped my middle finger up into her. She sighed with relief.

“Maybe we'll keep her a bit longer.”

Story to continue in Misanthrope: Second Fall.