

LAVENDER'S TALE

By
PAUL BLADES



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CHAPTER ONE

I don't know who will be reading this, but I've been told to put everything down. What happened to me is, was, really, unbelievable, and whoever reads this, if you find it hard to accept as something that could actually happen to someone, remember that there are many hidden, strange things in life and think twice. I will tell my story in all its horrific detail. When you're done, you can decide if I'm telling the truth or not.

Not too long ago, I'm not sure exactly how long for reasons that will be explained later, I was dancer at a club called The Pussycat. The name of the town doesn't matter as I'm sure that nothing will ever happen to the people who brought about my terrible fate. I was one of the hotshot dancers you see collecting a g-string full of paper currency. I was shapely, young, not over 22, and hot as a pistol. I knew it and so did all the chumps that came see me dance. It's no lie.

I had been dancing at The Pussycat for about a week. I didn't stay too long in one place. Just long enough to milk the weirdoes of their money. I was what you would call a headliner. I had a friend of mine back home make up some posters and I would send them ahead to the clubs I was scheduled to dance at so they could build up the audience for when I arrived. You know, "Special Limited Engagement," that sort of thing. I had a picture of me on it showing just enough to avoid an obscenity charge.

My stage name was Lavender. My real one isn't important. I had a pair of 34's that couldn't be beat mounted on a frame that stood 5'3 in high heels. My waist was thin and so my boobs really stood out. I had long legs for so short a girl and a face that told you I wouldn't say no. I liked to wear my straight, reddish brown hair down to the middle of my back since guys really like it when you drape your hair over their belly or their thighs when you suck them off in bed. And dancing, I would make it part of my act, swirling it around and stuff. My lips were puffed up and what they used to call 'bee stung', maybe they still do. I was a real firecracker. All natural, swear to god!

My face maybe looked like it wouldn't say no, but I sure did. Not to everybody, of course, but I said no to jokers trying to stuff one dollar bills in between my hard, round breasts. I never took anything less than a fiver. A lap dance would cost you 250 bucks, and only if I liked you. Most of the girls sidelined as hookers. I did sometimes too, but if you wanted my lips around your crank, it was going to cost you. A blowjob went for 500 bucks. If you wanted to fuck me, you had to lay out a grand. An all nighter was negotiable depending on how hot you made me feel, but never less than \$2500. Don't get the wrong idea. I was a dancer, not a hooker. But \$2500 for a night's work, well, it was hard to turn down. Most guys would come twice, maybe three times, most. You did the job on them as best you could, I didn't want any complainers, and then you got out at the break of dawn. I never swallowed, always made the guy use a condom and never, ever kissed them. That's where I drew the line. Oh, and no anal. If they wanted that they should get a boy.

Boy, did I rake it in! I sent most of my dough home to an investment guy I knew. Over four years, I started out at 17, I had bankrolled about \$250,000. I never spent money on myself unless it was for work. My looks were my meal ticket, you know? I stayed in Motel 6's whenever I could and never, never, went out with any guys from the club, especially the owner or manager. Most of the regular girls, and a few of the itinerants, had to earn their way onto the stage, you know what I mean. Well, I wasn't getting on my knees to any of those middle aged, pot bellied hicks or guidos, not for the 'right' to dance at their clubs and not for money either. I mean, you get a reputation for blowing the management and everybody wants a piece of you. I seen it happen.

No, my reputation in the business was good enough that I didn't have to do stuff like that. Maybe if I had though, what happened to me wouldn't have happened. But, then again, you never know until it's too late.

Dancing at The Pussycat was not on my regular schedule. I was dancing a few towns over and a guy came in one night. He was kinda cute, well built, muscular like. He flashed some green and asked me for a lap dance. He shelled out the 250, seventy-five to management, that was my deal and no exceptions, and we went in the back room for his twelve minutes. Let me tell you, I almost got off myself doing this guy. There was no touching by the clients allowed, but I might've made an exception for him. He was maybe thirty, with black, short, curly hair. Clean shaven, like I like 'em.

I knew that he came when I was rubbing my ass on his cock because he shuddered and moaned just right. When time was up, he had a little spot on his pants in the right place, you know what I mean? He told me that he was a talent scout for this club a couple towns over and they needed somebody hot to fill in for a week or so. Well, my schedule was light. I had planned a little vacation. But business is business and so I told him I would do it. And then I did something that was really stupid. Bobby, that was my manager, booked most of my shows. He got ten percent. It was okay since while I was dancing in Sheboygan, he would be on the phone with titty bars across the country trying to line me up. My going rate was \$2500 a week. They got 10% of my tips and a percentage of my lap dances. The side jobs I split with nobody.

Anyway, I figured why give Bobby money he didn't earn? I mean, I got the spot myself. He had about twenty girls he handled and was making double what most of them were making. Figure it out. And there was an annual fee just to stay on his list.

So, instead of telling Bobby about the gig, I kept it on the QT. It was my vacation time after all. He would figure I was at the beach or something. I didn't tell nobody at the club I was working neither. I didn't want it getting back to Bobby. That was another dumb move.

Anyhow, I showed up at this club and it was kind of a dive. The manager was this big fat guy who, if he fucked you, he had to do it from behind or with you on top because his belly was too big. He had droopy cheeks, slobbery lips and fading hair. We hit it off right away. The first night I got there, and I was already ruing my agreement to dance his dive, he puts the move on me. I tell him no way. He gets pissed off. I tell him to fuck off and left it at that. I always made sure I got paid in advance, cash, cashier's check or money order. Cash was best.

The first couple of nights were kinda good. Not raking it in good but worth my while good. Then it started to slow down. I mean, this was a real hick town and these guys didn't have much dough to begin with. This guy, the manager, starts on my case how I'm a skeevy cunt who chased all his customers away. I know he's full of shit because I talked to some of the regular girls and they said that it was always dead during the middle of the week. So I tell the guy to fuck off again and tell him that if he calls me any more names, he can take his fucking club and shove it up his ass. I didn't have to take that kind of shit from anybody. And I knew what I could do. I had been doing it all over the country, and in some tough towns too. The club looked like shit, his drinks were light and way overpriced and he was an asshole. And some of the regular girls, now don't think I'm being catty, I'm just telling it as it was, were kind of skeevy. It was a recipe for bankruptcy.

On the fifth night I'm there, now remember, I'm booked for two weeks, he starts in again on me. I had refused a lap dance to one of his regulars, a nerdy kind of guy who sat drooling at the bar all night. He just wasn't my type. I was kind of fed up with the place anyway. So, the manager, his bouncers called him Al, tells me I'm a stuck up whore. That was it as far as I was concerned. I never quit a gig before, but this night, after the show was over, I tell the guy that I'm through with his joint. He gets all mad and bug eyed, telling me that I had a contract and all that. Well, I didn't have a contract, our agreement was all oral, and he had paid me in cash. I still had it back at my motel room hidden, taped behind the bed board.

Al says he wants his money back, all of it. I tell him to jump in the motherfucking lake or something like that. I would've given him a pro rata return, but he wanted it all so I figured if giving him back some isn't going to make him happy, why give him anything? I told him he could sue me.

I went straight back to my motel. I decided that I wasn't going to spend another night in that one horse town and so, when I got back to my room, I packed all my things. I got my money stash from behind the bed and was just walking out when the door bursts open. It's two of Al's bouncers. I cursed myself for not locking it. But I wasn't staying overnight and I was going to be in and out, so why bother?

I started to tell these goons that they got a lot of nerve when one of them, the bigger guy of course, slaps me across the face. It hurt like hell. I fell down and gave out a cry. Now I always got a room in the back away from the rent by the hour rooms and that night was no different. I mean this town was dead. There were maybe three cars in front of the place and mine was the only one out back. So it was not likely that anybody heard me yell.

I started to get up from the floor when these guys are all over me. One of them stuffs some rag in my mouth and the other gets my wrists fixed up in a pair of handcuffs. I was pissed, but I was scared too. Al seemed like a real scumbag and one of the girls had said that he was connected, but I figured it was just bullshit. As I lay on the floor with my arms trapped behind me and my mouth full of fabric, I began to become a believer.

My legs were still free and, believe me, my legs were strong after all that dancing. I kicked one of the guys in the balls and he fell over. The other one held me tight and slammed a fist into my thigh. I saw stars. It hurt like a motherfucker! I moaned in pain through my gag. The guy I had kicked had gotten up and he gave me a mighty punch in the other thigh. His anger at being kicked in the pattooties must have given him additional strength since this one hurt more than the first.

"You fucking slut!" he yelled at me. "Wait till we get you down in Al's basement. You're going to be sorry you did that."

And that was when I became really scared. I thought that Al just wanted his money and that the guys would rob me and leave me for the cleaning crew to find all tied up and shit. A trip to Al's basement, wherever that was, clearly meant something different. I decided not to give the two he-men any more cause to make me suffer. I have to say that I might sound calm and collected now as I slowly type this thing out, but I was so scared I thought that I was going to pee. I tried to bargain with the guys, but I couldn't get out but a few murmurs from my filled mouth. I would have given them everything I had and topped it off with a couple of bj's, if you know what I mean.

The guy whose balls I kicked had some rope with him and he criss-crossed my ankles and tied them together. The two guys then lifted me by my arms and dragged me to the door. Before going outside, they looked this way and that to make sure that no one could see them and they then made a beeline for their car, a late model, shiny, black Lincoln. One of the guys opened the trunk with one of those little zappers and they threw me in. I landed on some tire iron or something and it hurt like hell. I tried to shout out a protest at being handled like that, or maybe I was just trying to beg to not be locked up in the dark trunk, I had a fear of little, dark spaces, but they just slammed the lid closed.

A little while later the trunk opens again. It was the guy I kicked in the balls. I was crying and frantic from just a few minutes in there. He says to me "Where are the fucking keys?"

I'm thinking for a moment, "What the fuck is this guy talking about?" But then I realize they want the keys to my car so they can make it disappear. Well, I wasn't going to tell them jack shit. Besides, I was gagged, you know?

So the guy says to me in the meanest, angriest voice I ever heard, "If you don't tell me where the keys are, I'll smash your face to a pulp! And I'll have fun doing it! So where are the fucking keys?"

Now my face was my business, you know? I mean, you could have the best tits in three counties, the most bad ass rear end and the dreamiest legs, but if the upstairs was all messed up it was no sale. My keys were in the pocket of my jeans. Trembling, I admit it, I was no hero, I kind of thrust my hip at him and looked down at my pocket. He got my meaning right away. "You stupid cunt!" he says. He starts to reach into my pocket to get the keys, but the way I'm all scrunched down, the pocket is really tight. And my jeans weren't exactly baggy. I tried to look hot even when I wasn't working. You never knew who would be looking at you.

The guy gets really pissed and he slaps me across the face again like there was anything I could do about it from where I was sitting. "You stupid cunt!" he yells at me again. I don't know why when a guy gets mad at a chick he always calls her a stupid cunt. If my cunt was so stupid, why did I get a grand for an in and out. Twenty minutes, at most, works out to 50 bucks a minute. I bet he never made that kind of money. And these guys are always scrounging around for some koosh, so its kind of stupid to call a broad a stupid cunt when that's all you got on your mind all day.

Anyway, he pries his fingers in my pocket and gives it a big rip. My body kind of jerked when he did that. I was pissed. They were \$250.00 jeans. So I took my legs and I kicked him again, right in the head. I know it must of hurt cause he stood up and started calling me all kinds of names again. He came back and landed one right across my jaw. That's when the lights went out.

I woke up some time later. The car was on the road somewhere. I could feel and hear it moving. The tires made a whirring sound as we toodled down the highway. At first I didn't know where I was and I started to panic. I pulled on my wrists until I could feel them burning and I tried to pull my legs apart. Someone had put some tape over my mouth which I realized when I tried to push the rag they had put in it out with my tongue. I could feel it on my face.

Then I remembered what had happened. It was creepy. No one who cared a shit about me knew where I was. All the other girls had heard me tell Al to go fuck himself and storm out of the club. I had packed all my bags for them so there would be nothing left at the motel to say that I'd been kidnapped. It would be at least another week before anybody started looking for me. Even then, Bobby would just figure I took an extra week's vacation or got hooked up with some sugar daddy. That happened once. So it would be two weeks, maybe three until the alarms went off. A lot could happen to a girl in two or three weeks.

I could feel my body trembling as we went along. I heard this story once where this woman had been tossed in a trunk and she ripped out a wire to the tail light and started tapping SOS's. Someone saw it and called the cops. I thought that was kinda smart. But my hands were locked behind me and I didn't know diddly about wires and lights and stuff anyway. I thought though that maybe if I kicked out one of the tail lights a cop would see the car and stop it. Cops are always looking for some reason to pull you over at 3 A.M., looking for drunk drivers and such.

All of a sudden, though, I had a picture of the guy who had knocked me in the jaw, which still hurt horrible, smashing my face after he heard me kicking out his light. Or maybe the one of the guys was following in my car and would see it. It made sense that they would take my car wherever they were taking me, at least until they figured out how to get rid of it. If I had known what was going to happen to me, I would have done it anyway. Getting my face all punched in would have been nothing compared to what actually happened. But I didn't know and I was too scared. A part of me still believed I could talk my way out of it once I got out of the car and they took the rag outta my mouth. Maybe I would have to let them do me a few times, but that was nothing. I wasn't exactly Snow White, you know what I mean?

So I didn't do anything. I lay there trembling and keeping my eyes closed so I wouldn't see how dark it was in the trunk and how small it was. I always dreaded being tied up and so I tried to pretend like I wasn't. I never let anybody do that to me, not for all the tea in China. Something from when I was a kid, but that's another story.

It took a long time to get where we were going, or at least it seemed a long time, not being able to see the road, being scared shitless and having my eyes closed. Finally the car slowed down and got onto some local road. We drove for another while and then the car went on some kinda road that was all bumpy or something. After another while, I felt the car turn off the road, go over a few more bumps and then stop.

I knew we were in the middle of nowhere. I just hoped we weren't somewhere where they were just going to poke their cocks into me a couple of times and then dump me in a hole. If they did, I wanted it to be quick like a bullet in the back of the head. I didn't want to be strangled. The idea of it made me want to puke. Then I remembered that we were going to Al's basement and I relaxed a bit. They wouldn't bring me all the ways to Al's if they were going to bump me off right away.

The car turned off and I waited for them to open the trunk. It took a while, I remember that. When it did open, before they took me out, they put some kind of cloth bag over my head so I wouldn't see where we was at, I guess. Two strong arms pulled me from the trunk and then I was dragged across a stone driveway. I could hear the little stones crunching as the men walked, and then we went down some stairs. A door opened and I was pulled inside.

The guys shoved me to my knees and the bag was yanked off of my head. I was in some kind of finished basement. The walls were covered with this dark, cheap paneling and the ceiling was low. There was a bar with some stools in front of it and a couch and some easy chairs. Al was sitting at one of them. He had a big glass of scotch or something resting on his belly. There were about three or four other guys too, not including my guys. I started to get real nervous because I started figuring they would all want a piece of my ass before I ever got out of there. I could do it, you know, but it sure wouldn't be pretty.

Al gave me a self satisfied smile. He had that certain look on his face. Placing his drink on a side table, he rose from his chair. He had to put his hands on both arms and push to get his load up. He then walked over to me where I knelt.

"Not such a smartass now," he said in his gravelly, low voice. "I'm going to teach you a little lesson, cunt. Since you wouldn't put out at the club, me and the boys figured you just wanted a little privacy so I had you brought here."

He looked up at the guys who brought me. Both of them were in the room so my hunch about my car had been right. At least it was here. Maybe, I thought, after I give a round of bj's they'll let me go. Not!

Al looked at the beefy bouncers who had brought me there. "So, where's the dough?" he asked them. One of them handed him the envelope I had been keeping it in. I had put it in my purse when I was getting ready to leave the motel room. Al counted it out carefully. It was all there.

He handed the money off to one of his goons and turned back to me. "Now, the way I figure it, you owe me a blowjob, maybe more than one. So we're going to get started at evenin' things up right away."

He nodded to the guys behind me and I felt the tape ripped off of my mouth. I screamed in pain. Then one of them reached into my mouth and pulled out the rag. I sputtered and coughed when it was removed. I was just about to give Al a piece of my mind, like the fool that I was, when something was jammed into my open mouth. It popped in behind my teeth and forced my jaws wide apart. I knew right away what it was. It was a ring gag. Al was going to fuck my mouth and there was nothing I was going to be able to do about it.

The sloppy gangster lowered his zipper and pulled out his wad. It was just a cock, you know, and I had seen lots of those, but something about it made my stomach turn. It was still soft and wrinkly. Al gave the thing a few tugs and it started to fill up with blood. I tried to get up, but one of the guys took my hair in his hand and grabbed it tight. Two guys grabbed my arms on either side of me. I tried to twist and turn my head to avoid being stuffed and I grunted and groaned through my

gag, "...oooo u-er u-er! ...uuuuh ouu! uuuh ooooo!" I mean that's what it must have sounded like. I have to admit that being surrounded by the guy's goons, my hands and feet bound, off in the middle of nowhere, it wasn't really smart to tell the guy "fuck you," or call him a motherfucker, but I was a hot piece of work at the time and had no idea what I was really in for.

"That's good, honey," Al said, laughing. "That's good. I like to see 'em struggle. It gets me all hard."

I looked down at his cock and saw that it was close to rigidity. My twisting and turning became more frantic. All it got me was a sore scalp. Al's cock was hard now and he began to press it forward. I saw it disappear past my spread out upper lip and then felt its heat start to enter my mouth. I pulled my tongue back as far as it would go and futilely tried to jam my jaws together. If I could have, I would've bit the filthy thing off.

Then the cock was inside me. My stomach turned as I tasted its salty surface. Al pushed it all the way to the back of my mouth. I closed my eyes and moaned. The cock was just this huge, obscene presence overwhelming me. I felt abused and violated, helpless to expel the disgusting intruder. His prick pushed my tongue down and entered the beginning of my throat. I coughed and sputtered, not being ready for it. I knew how to take a cock down my throat. I couldn't have charged \$500 for a blow job if I didn't. But his thrust was so rude and forceful that I didn't have time to relax it.

Then Al started to saw his piece back and forth. Tears of humiliation and self pity came to my eyes. I thought that I was going to throw up. The guy who had my hair in his hand felt like he was trying to pull it out at the roots and the hands on my arms pressed into them like they were holding on to a raging bull, making my muscles ache. Al's cock was hot and hard. After a while, I just wanted to get it over with and I tried to lick it with my tongue, but he was jamming it back and forth too fast. Every time he pulled his cock back, he dumped a flood of saliva out of my mouth. I could feel it dripping down my chin and onto my t-shirt. I could hear the men in the room laughing and joking as Al kept at it. He must have gone on for about ten minutes. He grunted and groaned as he plowed my mouth, saying, "Take it bitch! Take my cock you cunt!" over and over.

When I heard him give a deep groan I knew that he was ready to pop. I had heard the same sound a hundred times. Okay, maybe more like three or four hundred. My lips were spread too wide to feel his cock jerking and pulsing, but I felt his hot jism unloading on my tongue and at the back of my mouth.

"Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!" he kept yelling as his load poured into me. I could feel it spilling out over my chin. When he was done he told the guy who had my hair in his hand to tilt my head back. "Swallow it all, you bitch!" he yelled at me. "Swallow my cum like you like it!"

I didn't have any choice. With my head tilted back, it slid to the back of my mouth. I couldn't spit it out. Reluctantly, I swallowed, a sickness coming over me. Who knew where that cock had been? I had tried hard to make sure I didn't get any diseases and now I was taking his white juice right down my throat.

After I had managed to get his spewm down my gullet, he made the guy who had my hair pull my head down again so that he could look into my mouth to make sure all of it was gone. Satisfied, he tucked his pecker back into his pants.

"Okay," he said. "Now that that's out of the way, let's get this cunt stripped and have some fun with her."

Al's boys needed no encouragement. One of them ripped my t-shirt right down the middle. Two guys tore the sleeves in half. I felt myself being lowered to the floor on my back and one of the guys began to undo my belt buckle and unhook my jeans. I was panicked. I wanted to be in control if I had to fuck all of them, but that wasn't the way it was going to be. My legs were still tied together. When they loosened the ropes, I began kicking my feet out desperately trying to ward the many

hands off of my jeans. Two of the guys just grabbed them and held them still while another guy drew my jeans and my panties down over my hips. When he got them down to my knees, he shifted position and sat on my thighs. The other guys tore off my shoes and socks and then pulled the pants off the rest of the way. My t-shirt was totally gone by then, ripped off by I don't know who.

I was totally naked. My bush was trimmed back into a g-string cut, with a little, narrow, reddish brown forest on each side of my twat. I heard somebody say "Put her on the bed!" and the hands around me lifted me in the air and carried me into the next room, writhing and cursing them. There was a double bed in there with a sheet over the mattress and a couple of pillows. They threw me face down on the bed and, while strong hands held me down, someone unlocked the hand cuffs on my wrists. Vice-like hands took their place. I tried desperately to pull my hands away, but I was no match for them.

Now, I was screaming and yelling all of this time. No words were leaving my mouth, just weird syllables, but I was loud. The men around me were grunting and groaning and laughing as they handled me.

I was flipped over onto my back and my hands were pulled out to the top of the bed. I felt another set of handcuffs capture each one. My legs were pulled to the side and hooked into some kind of leg irons on a chain. When they had me secured, they all stood back to admire me.

It was a grisly looking crew. Most of the guys I knew from the club, although I didn't know all their names. A couple of them I hadn't seen before. They were all smiling and laughing at my plight. One of them sat down on the bed next to me and started playing with my tits. I groaned loudly and arched my back trying to get his clammy hands off of me but, of course, there was no way that was happening. His hands were hot and wet with sweat and the feel of them lifting and mashing my boobs made me nauseous.

Al came into the room and stood at the head of the bed. He grinned at me. "This is the bed we use to break in the new hookers. I run a few at the truck stop out on the interstate and a few massage parlors around the county. You'll see that it has some very special features."

Two of the men, one on each side, took hold of the chains that held my feet wide apart and unhooked something from the side of the bed. They began to drag my feet up towards the headboard and I could hear metal sliding on metal like there was some kind of pipe down there or something and a ring was sliding over it. As my feet came north, my knees spread out. I tried to fight it, but like everything else I tried to do, it was useless.

When my legs were spread out and my cunt made easily available, the men hooked the chains onto something on the side of the bed so that they wouldn't slide back down again.

"You see what I mean?" Al said, not really expecting an answer.

I looked at him and tried to set free a string of expletives and curse words, but it sounded stupid. The men all laughed.

"We'll see how tough you are in a couple of days," Al said. "And when the boys get done fucking you, I've got something special in mind. Nobody calls me an asshole in my own club. Or anywhere else for that matter. I've had a hundred bitches like you. What do you think, that your cunt's made out of gold or something?" He looked around at his crew. "Have fun boys. Let me know when you're through."

With that, Al left. There was a discussion about who would go first. The biggest, meanest looking one of them all won that argument. He pulled off his ragged t-shirt and stripped off his blue jeans in a moment. When he climbed onto the bed, he was grinning. Putting his hands on my widespread knees, he pushed them down, spreading my thighs further. It stretched my muscles until they burned and I cried out. Tears were streaming down my face. I kept thinking that Al had something special planned for me and I was scared at what it was. But my main attention was on the brute who was lowering his body over mine.

He put his huge lips on my right teat and started to suck on it hungrily. Despite my revulsion, I felt a little tingle in my cunny as he suckled it. He got tired of that quick and shifted to my other tit, tonguing the nipple and squeezing it hard. He groped it too hard so that it hurt and I moaned with pain. I pulled frantically at my bound hands and legs. It was hard to believe that this was happening to me. A little while ago I was getting ready to blow this town and head for Acapulco or something. I was Lavender, the cock tease of the month. Nobody kissed my tits or fucked my mouth unless I said. And here was a tussle of eager beavers getting ready to plow my bush and there was nothing I could do to even say the word 'no'.

Bruno, or whatever his name was, started to paw at my crotch. My tunnel was dry as a bone and I realized how much it was going to hurt if I didn't get wet right away. I had gotten myself wet for johns before, even ones that I thought were dweebs. My survivor instinct started to take over. I closed my eyes and let my body relax. I thought hot thoughts like how much I liked it when a good looking guy who had paid his freight was drawing his dick back and forth across my clit. Or how I liked to have my pussy licked, especially when some guy paid me so he could do it. Bruno's hands were rough and inept, but I knew I was getting wet when I felt one of his thick fingers slide inside me. I thanked the Lord.

"I think she likes it!" Bruno shouted. He lifted his hand and showed the other guys. Some of them had brought in chairs so they could watch in comfort and some were still standing around. A couple had left the room figuring, I guess, that they would just wait their turn out by the bar.

Bruno turned his attention back to me. He reached down and took hold of his piece. "Here comes my thick, fat cock, honey. You're going to like it."

I felt the meaty head of his prick start to push aside my labia. He entered me slowly, thank god. It took him a long time to get all the way in. I realized that he wasn't bullshitting about his cock. It was big and long.

When he started his motion in me, I sort of started to shift my hips to cooperate. The quicker these guys got off the quicker they would tire of fucking me. I didn't want to get off, I mean that was the last thing on my mind. But having the crowd of men around me was not much different than dancing on stage strutting my stuff, which almost always got me hot. And Bruno's cock was so big and, I have to admit, he knew how to use it. He gave me long, slow strokes of his weapon, dragging it across the top of my 'V', making my clit tingle.

Bruno was much bigger than me and his chin reached up to my forehead. He had propped himself up on one hand and was using the other to massage and pinch my titties. All of a sudden I realize that the guy is getting me hotter and hotter. It's not what I want, but I can't help it. I read somewhere's that you should be a cold fish when you're raped, maybe even piss while they're trying to get inside you. But with so many guys I didn't think that would get me anything but abuse. I had only started to buck my hips to get the guy off, but now I found that I couldn't stop. My cunny was sending messages of want to my brain. "Me want more!" it said over and over.

Despite myself I groaned with pleasure. The boys around the bed gave a cheer. I wanted to stop and not give them more cause to deride me, but Bruno wasn't cooperating. His steel hard rod just kept going back and forth, back and forth, slowly but surely, driving me wild.

I came way before he did. I moaned and growled. My mouth was still gagged and so I made kind of a howling sound. There was another cheer and a lot of laughter. I was too out of it to understand what they were saying, but I knew that they were making jokes and mocking me. I didn't care. All I could think of was my hot koosh and the big bone that was riding it. My pussy sent me heavy, deep contractions of pleasure. Bruno's cock went on and on. He was getting faster and faster. His body tensed and he groaned. His chest was mashing my boobs down and his thighs were smashing against mine. I cried out as my pussy exploded once more. The he came, and my pussy exploded again, while I whined in misery at having my koosh filled with this fucking guy's spunk.

As Bruno slowed his motions, I started to cry. I had given these bastards quite a show and there was more to come. I could feel that my pussy was still hot and could take a lot more. I didn't want to, but when the next guy slid his meat into me, I gave a deep sigh and my eyes glazed over.

I don't know how many times I came. Once I got going it was hard to stop. But, I think, after the third or fourth guy, my pussy was drenched with come and I was exhausted. I had nothing left. The guy whose turn it was just kept pumping his meat into my squishy hole like I was one of those blow up dolls.

I don't know if I was awake when the last guy did me or not. I knew that I passed out at some point. I awoke when somebody was shaking my shoulder. My legs had been drawn back down. The chains had been brought to the middle of the bottom of the bed and my thighs were close against one another. I was stretched out like a hot dog on a fryer. I looked up, groggy. Al was there. He was back for his surprise.

"Wake up cunt," he told me. "I'm going to pay you back for insulting me. Nobody does that. They take what I give and like it. Now, I don't now whether you're going to like this, but I can tell you that I am."

It was then that I realized that Al had a whip in his hand. It was long and thin, kind of like a fishing rod with a leather handle. I was a sitting duck. There was no way I could avoid his blows. A got a terrible sinking feeling inside me.

"...eeeeesae onn," I mumbled. "...eeeeeease!"

Al just smiled. Most of the boys had left the room. I guess they didn't have the stomach to watch Al at work. But a couple of them were still there to enjoy the show.

The first blow struck me right across the breasts. It hurt like hell and I screamed with pain. My back arched and I yanked at the steel that kept my hands and feet confined. He gave me another one across the belly. It was as bad as the first. I moaned and cried and begged him to stop. He struck the top of my thighs and then worked his way back up to my tits. Al was a big guy and I don't think he was holding anything back. I don't think that I was ever so distraught in my life. I writhed and jerked at the chains that held me. I screamed and yelled. My skin was raw wherever he struck me. My tits burned. He hit my nipples dead on and I felt like my body was going to explode.

When he stopped I was a bawling, moaning mess. I looked at him forlornly. There was not a drop of resistance left in my body. I would have done anything he asked just to avoid getting hit again.

"So, Lavender, or whatever you're real fucking name is, did you like my surprise? Eh? Well, I'm not done yet. I told you that this bed had certain special features. You're going to see one of them now."

He signaled to the guys at the bottom of the bed. They bent down and I felt the chains that held my feet to the bed being unhooked. Stepping up on either side of the bed, they brought the chains back and up over my head. There were chains hooked onto the tops of the posts on either corner at the head of the bed and they connected the chains from my ankles to them. My legs were spread above me into a wide 'V'.

I realized that my inner thighs and my pussy were now made vulnerable to Al's whip. If I had panicked before, now I was hysterical. "...eeeeeease! ...eeeeeease! ...oooooonnn! ...oooooonnnnn!" I yelled frantically. My sobs turned into a humiliating blubbling. "Ohhhh, ...od! Ohhhh, ...od!" I cried out in a useless attempt to get my maker to intervene.

Al stepped to the foot of the bed. He tapped the whip lightly over the soft, pale skin of my inner legs and over the sensitive, raw sex between them. All of the abuse that my pussy had taken had made it sore enough. A whip atop it would send me into a raging fire.

Smiling, Al raised the whip and brought it down on the inside of my right thigh. I screamed in pain. Blubbling mangled pleas of desperation, I tried to get him to stop. He went up and down my

two legs, hopping over my sex each time. He was saving that for last. I watched him at work between my outstretched legs and saw that he was really enjoying his work. His face was all red and spittle was emerging from his lips. Then he did it. He brought the whip right down in the middle of my pudenda. A ripping pain coursed through me. It was too painful to be put into words. I stopped my crying, not able to get my breath. He did it three more times. And then I passed out.

CHAPTER TWO

I don't know how long I was out. It was at least a few hours. I could see daylight coming in through the windows in the outer room. Someone had let my feet down and they were chained off to the foot of the bed again. I was lying in a pool of sperm that had run out of my sore pussy. The wounds from my beating still burned, especially on my cunt.

I took stock of my situation and started to cry. I didn't want to, but I just did. I thought I was tough, but what the men had put me through was enough to break anyone down. I cursed them all, especially that dirt bag, Al. I started to wonder how long they would keep me there and what they would do with me once they were finished. No way was I going to become one of Al's whores. Maybe he could pull that shit on one of his local coke addicts, but not me. I had \$250,000 in the bank and friends. I was a big moneymaker for Bobby and I knew that he was definitely connected. He could get me out of this.

One of the things that I had counted on when they had kidnapped me was being able to talk my way out of this mess. So far, though, I hadn't been able to say a word, not any that anyone could understand anyway. I needed desperately to get the gag out of my mouth.

A tall guy with long, brown hair dressed in a blue, denim work shirt and khaki's peeked his head in the room. I guessed that all the other guys had gone and he had been given the task of watching over me. Even rapists and dirt bags have to sleep sometimes. I kind of remembered the guy fucking me, but I wasn't absolutely sure.

When he came into the room, he saw that I was a mess. I could see the disgust in his eyes. There was one good thing about lying in a pile of jism, nobody would want to fuck me until I was cleaned up.

The guy left without saying anything. I could hear a TV in the next room and figured he was going back to his cartoons. I just lay there pondering my fate. One thing that I figured that made me feel better was that there were too many guys who had seen me last night for Al to bump me off. If even one of them got busted and flipped, Al would get the hot seat, this being a death penalty state. If he just held me and fucked me for a few days, he could let me go after warning me about what would happen if I said anything to anyone. It would be my word against his and six or seven other guys. They could say they paid me to party. To the cops, all dancers are hookers anyway. That's what I was thinking, and hoping. I needed to have some hope or I would've gone nuts right there instead of later.

After about an hour, I heard someone coming down the basement stairs. I hadn't noticed them the night before. The steps had a distinctly feminine sound like high heels. I was sure Al didn't wear high heels. It had to be a woman.

I was right. A slightly chubby, merry looking woman, about 45 or so, and wearing a pink and white checkered housedress, her brown hair done in a kind of flip turned the corner and entered my room. "Oh, Jesus," she said when she saw me. She turned as if on a dime and went out to the main room. "Hey, Glenn," she called out. "How many times do I have to tell you guys to put the pad down before you have one of your fuckfests. I must've told Al a hundred times. Now I gotta wash the mattress. Don't you guys think of anything?"

I heard Glenn give the woman back a mumbled reply. What I had heard the woman say dashed my hopes that she represented rescue. It sounded like she was used to Al breaking his whores in down here and would have no qualms about my situation.

She came back into the room. "I'm sorry, honey," she said to me. "I know it's not your fault. You know how men are. They never think about the mess they're making and never clean up."

She went to a closet in the room and pulled out some kind of canvas belt. It had two manacles on it and was about four inches wide. She came over to me.

"Let's just get this on you and I'll take you to the bathroom and get you all washed," she said. She came to the bed and, placing one hand under my back and lifting me, passed the belt under me. When it emerged from the other side, she let me back down and buckled it around my waist. It made a loud 'click' as it closed.

"Don't worry, honey," she said. "I've got a key."

Going up to the head of the bed, she released one of my wrists. She brought it down and started to connect it to one of the manacles on the belt. I tried to resist. I mean, was this lady crazy or something? Didn't she see what the men had done to me? Did she think I was going to cooperate and just go along with whatever she was going to do to me? No way.

"Glen!" the woman called out loudly, holding my wrist in her hand. There was no answer. "Gle-en!" she yelled even louder.

After a moment, Glen stuck his head in the door.

"I need some help here. She's a little skittish. Will you get her wrist into the handcuff on the belt please and then do the other side?"

Glenn shrugged his shoulders and made a little grunting noise. He came over to the bed and took my wrist in his hand. His grip was strong and he quickly had my wrist down by the open manacle. I tried my best to resist, but he was too strong for me. "...ooooo u-er u-er!" I yelled at him through the ring gag. Just fill in the consonants and you'll know what I said. He just kind of laughed. 'Click,' and my wrist was confined. He ambled over to the other side of the bed and did the other wrist. Having had the experience of fighting him and losing, this time I just went along. What was the point?

When my hand was confined in the other manacle, the lady said to him, "Thanks a lot, Glen. I'll have some breakfast down to you in a little while."

She turned to me. "Now I know you're upset, honey, but I have to tell you that if you don't cooperate with me, Al's going to be real mad. I can see he got you all striped up there. I wouldn't push his buttons if I were you. And they got this big zapper thing that I know how to use if I have to. I don't like to do it, but if I have to, I have to. Understand?"

I looked at her forlornly and nodded my head. Now that my hands were locked to the belt, what was I going to do anyway? I'd have to jump into the air to turn a doorknob.

The crazy lady went back to the closet and brought back an 18" chain with a manacle on both ends. She went to the foot of the bed and attached them to my ankles above where the other chains were attached. She then released me from the bed. "Come on, honey," she told me. "We're gonna get you all cleaned up."

She helped me rise to my feet next to the bed and then, taking hold of a ring in the front of the belt, began to pull me out of the room. I had to shuffle my feet because of the chain between my ankles. I was so short of stature that even this lady, who was no more than 5'6" towered over me. She looked like she had strong arms. Even if she undid my bonds, I doubted I could overpower her.

There was a bathroom on the other side of the main room. I looked as we passed by and saw that Glen was watching Sponge Bob, Square Pants. I kinda liked that show. It's funny the things you remember, you know what I mean?

The bathroom had a large, old fashioned tub in it. The lady turned on the water right away. They must've used the bathroom often for Al's victims because there were chains embedded into each side of the tub with handcuffs attached. The chains were about a foot long. The lady had me sit in the tub while the water was filling it. The chains on my ankles clanked against the surface of the tub. When I was sitting she asked me if I was going to cooperate and I nodded yes. One by one, she

released my wrists and clipped them in the handcuffs on either side of the tub. Everything seemed to work on one key, which must have been convenient for them.

“My name’s Gloria,” the lady said to me. “I’m going to take your gag out, but there’s no talking, you understand? If you talk, I’m just going to put it back in, march you back to the bedroom and get the zapper out. Okay? Al doesn’t like the girls to talk and I’m not getting into trouble for your sake. Got it?”

At each of the woman’s rhetorical questions I nodded my head. I desperately wanted to close my mouth. My jaws ached and my mouth was dry as the desert.

As the water started to fill the tub, Gloria unhooked the ring gag from behind my head. It was heaven to have it removed. It actually hurt to close my mouth until I got the kinks worked out. Gloria went to the sink in the vanity and got me a cup of water. As I was drinking she told me, “I used to hate those ring gags. Of course Al don’t use them anymore. I guess I got a little too old and heavy for him, so he doesn’t really bother with that stuff with me. He likes ’em young like you. And he can usually only get off once a day. It’s fine with me. I got plenty to keep me busy.”

It seemed that Gloria was going to take up the slack of me not talking by doubling up on her own inane conversation. I paid it no mind except to note that she was a devoted accomplice of the old scumbag.

When the water started to get high, Gloria turned it off. It was nice and hot, and the lacerations Al had placed on my body the night before burned. That was all right. The chance to get clean was worth it.

Gloria had me stand, which I could do without a problem because of the foot long chain on each wrist. She took a nozzle and attached it to the spigot. Raising the nozzle over my head, which wasn’t hard being I was so short, she turned on the water again and let a stream flow down my head and body. It felt wonderful. She got my hair good and wet. She let the stream of hot water flow over my whole body, running it over my breasts and my belly. She went behind me and did my ass, which, so far, no one had touched. When I was wet all around, Gloria soaped me up from face to knees. She used a sponge and one empty hand. Her dress was short sleeved so she had no problem with that. It was funny when she soaped up my boobs. When I looked at her, she smiled and gave my nipples a little tweak. Once she had done my back, she got out some shampoo and washed my long, straight hair. She had been silent for a while but now began to talk again.

“I used to have long hair like this. I bleached it blond. It was nice, but it was a pain in the ass brushing it and drying it. When I started working for Al, he had me cut it, said it looked too little girlish. Shit, I was only 16. I was a little girl. I did what he said, all the girls did. Funny how things work out, isn’t it. Who would ‘a thought Al would marry a hooker? Him of all people. I didn’t stop working until a few years ago. But I only did special parties, not the street stuff. That’s for you younger girls. You’re real pretty, you should do good.”

I wanted to tell her that I didn’t want to do good, that I wasn’t one of Al’s whores to be. But I didn’t want to have the lady zap me or return me to my bed just yet.

Gloria picked up the shower nozzle once again and washed all of the soap off of me. She put some cream rinse in my hair and washed it out. One thing I was glad about. She had me sit on the edge of the tub and spread my legs. There was an attachment to the hose that looked like an uncut cock. She ran it up against my koosh and washed me out. She had a little bottle of some kind of douche and she sprayed that up in me and then washed that out too. Gloria was a pro.

All my makeup was gone, but Gloria didn’t bother to put any more on me. She did do my fingernails while I soaked in the hot water. I tended to keep them kinda short since when they were long it made it tough to pick up bills from the stage. And she had me lean back in the tub and raise my feet so she could do my toes. She put on a nice candy apple red. It went good with my hair.

The only thing she did to my face was to put some kind of thick lipstick on me. "This'll stop them from cracking honey. All the girls use it or something like it," she said. The color matched my nails so that was all right even though I didn't intend to start giving twenty or thirty blow jobs a day.

When my nails were all dry, Gloria had me step out of the tub. She was careful to release my hands one at a time and then hook them up to my belt right away. Once out, she used a blow drier on my hair and brushed it all out. "You're kinda cute," she told me when she was done. She was behind me and she circled her arms around my chest and took hold of my tits. "And you're well supplied up here." She massaged them brazenly. "Before you go, we'll have a couple sessions, okay? Maybe after lunch. I'll do you till you scream."

I wanted to tell Gloria that she was barking up the wrong tree. But then I figured that having her around was a kind of insurance policy. Al wouldn't want Gloria to go to jail, would he? My life seemed safer with Gloria on my side. I smiled at her.

She released me and then, picking up the ring gag, began to tow me out of the bathroom. I felt good and clean, but I wondered how long that would last. As we were about to step out, she told me, "I'll see if Glen wants a blowjob before I put your gag back in honey. I'm sure that that'll be better all around."

We stepped out into the lounge area. Glen was still watching TV. It was some kind of weird Japanese cartoon.

"I'm all done, Glen," Gloria told him. Glen tore himself away from his cartoon. "Do you want a blowjob, or should I put the gag back in?" she asked.

I realized that to Gloria a blowjob was no big thing. I would've bet she had done ten thousand in her lifetime. Well, it's a big thing when you're being held prisoner by a bunch of sadists. I wanted to suck Glen's cock as much as I wanted to suck Gloria's nest.

"Ah, sure," Glen said. He started to get up from his chair.

"No, stay right there honey, I'll bring her over to you."

Gloria led me to where Glen sat in front of the TV. She put a hand on my shoulder and pushed me down. "Now do a good job, honey," she said. "The sooner you get used to doing it the sooner you can get out and start earning." She went off to change the sheet and clean the mattress in the bedroom.

I knelt in front of Glen and waited for him to take out his prick. He waited for the commercial. I sucked him off as best I could. I liked to use my hands to get the guy all excited, you know, feel his balls and stuff, but with my wrists pinned to my sides, that was out. As I worked his johnson, my eyes started to tear. It had been nice to take a bath but here I was, back in the shit. I would suck Glen off and he would put me back on the bed. I would be chained and ring gagged.

What I had done maybe a few hundred times, compared to Gloria's ten thousand, became sordid and unpleasant. I didn't mind sucking cocks; I kinda liked it. But Glen's cock had gone sour in my mouth. My stomach turned over as I thought of what he and the other men had done to me last night. I didn't know if Glen was one of the guys who had watched Al whip me or not. But he certainly knew that I was going to be and that I might be whipped again tonight or this afternoon, whenever Al came back. He would maybe help them arrange my body so Al could get some good shots in. Or maybe someone else would take a hand at tormenting me. I was no whore being broken in, I was a prisoner being punished for mouthing off to Al and quitting the club. I could do all the blow jobs I wanted, make them the best these hicks ever got, but it would make no difference. Al would let me go, if ever, only when he decided and not before.

Glen's cock was kinda skinny and small and I was able to get the whole thing in my mouth. Not that Glen appreciated it. He was still watching his anime or whatever. When he came, he gave little grunts. I spit his spunk out on the floor.

‘Crack!’ Glenn, who had been mesmerized by the TV, had picked up on my little faux pas immediately. My cheek burned where he had hit me.

“Lick that up, slut!” he yelled. “Do it now!”

I leaned over and started licking the floor. I started to cry. I didn’t want strange men’s spunk in my belly. It looked like I didn’t have a choice. Visions of me emaciated beyond all belief rose up.

When I had finished, making sure I got it all, I didn’t want to get slapped again, Glenn took me by the hair and dragged me into the bedroom. Gloria was washing the mattress.

“I’m not finished yet, honey,” she told him. “Give me another ten minutes or so. I want to use the blow drier on it after I get the stain out.”

She looked at me and the big red splotch on my cheek. “What’d she do, spit it out?”

“Yeah,” Glen answered her. “Right on the floor.”

Gloria gave a little ‘tsk-tsk’. “After I was so nice to her too. Right on my clean floor.” She gave me a death look. “I’m gonna have to punish you for that, honey. When you suck a cock around here you swallow. And don’t spit on my floors neither.”

My gag was sitting on a bureau by the door. Glen picked it up and jammed it into my mouth. “The gag stays in until you learn not to spit,” he said. “Maybe tomorrow we’ll try it again.”

He pulled me over to the foot of the bed and made me kneel down. There was a chain there on the post and he hooked it onto the ring on my belt. My eyes were full of tears, but both he and Gloria ignored them.

When Gloria finished the mattress, she spread a new, clean sheet over it and, after disconnecting my belt from the bedpost, ordered me up onto it. I went to lie down on my back, but she told me, “Not so quick, sweetie. You owe me five sharp ones. Get on your knees and bend over. Unless you want them on your tits.”

I quailed at her threat to my breasts and quickly complied with her order. I mean, here I was all chained up and all, Glen was no more than ten feet away. I couldn’t run, I couldn’t even open a door. What choice did I have? I bent down and presented my ass to the old whore. I couldn’t grit my teeth because of the gag in my mouth, but I tensed my muscles trying to gird myself against the blows to come.

Gloria went over to the closet and brought out a four foot long cane, about an inch and a half around. She looked at me. “You’re going about it all wrong, honey,” she said. “You’re all tensed up. That way it’ll hurt a lot more. Relax.”

I started to cry again. This woman was insane. First she said she was going to beat me and then she told me how to make it not as bad. If she was so concerned, then why beat me at all? It was the principal of the thing, I guess.

I tried to relax my body, but I was too scared. I had never been caned. I was slapped around a couple of times, who hasn’t, but never caned. I heard the ‘whoosh’ of the cane passing through the air and felt a burning fire on my ass. “That’s one,” the woman said.

She gave me three more on my posterior. My rear globes were on fire. I gave a little screech as each blow landed. There was one more to go.

“Raise your ass, honey,” the woman told me. “I want to give you one on the back of your thighs.” The way she said it, it was like she wanted to give me a treat or something.

I didn’t want to do what she said. I thought of the tender skin there. But I had no choice. I raised my ass so that the back of my legs were exposed. I heard the “whoosh” sound of the cane passing through the air and felt it bite into my thighs. “Ohhhhhhhhhhh!” I cried through my gag. That one hurt the most of all. I started to sob. I had to pee again and I was afraid I was going to go right on the bed and get whipped some more.

“Do you have to pee again, honey?” Gloria asked me after she put the cane away. “Getting caned on the ass always made me have to pee,” she said matter of factly. She was a strange woman

indeed. She led me back to the bathroom where I let my water go in the bowl. She wiped me and returned me to the bedroom. I lay back down on the bed and she hooked me up. When she had returned the ankle chain and belt to the closet, she told me that she would be back in a little while with some food.

I hung around on the bed throughout the morning. Gloria came back down eventually and gave me some broth to drink. "You don't want a full stomach, sweetie," she said. Glen didn't bother me. I was left alone until the mid afternoon.

Three of Al's boys came by what I suppose they considered their clubhouse. They said hello to Glen and came in to fuck me right away. I didn't get off this time. The first two, after they had brought the chains on my ankles up to the middle of the bed like last night, used my pussy. The third one climbed over me and put his knees on either side of my shoulders. He presented his stiff cock to the wide 'O' that my lips made and plunged right in. He fucked my face for a good ten minutes or so before he shot his load down my throat.

After that, there were guys in and out. Most of them used me just as I was, my legs spread wide and on my back. A couple of them released my legs and made me kneel on the bed while they took me from behind. It was a position that almost always made me come right away as the cock slid along my clit. It was no different this day. The men enjoyed it and, when they were done, slapped me on the ass in appreciation of my lustful responses to their cranks. Shortly after dusk, a whole crew arrived and I was busy until it was quite dark outside. Gloria had laid a pad underneath my hips and it absorbed the leakage from my pussy. I got off twice then too, although I tried not to. I cried again afterwards. The men paid it no mind as another one climbed up just after the other one got off.

Al poked his head in. "Having fun, bitch," he taunted me. "We'll have some more fun later after I close the club. Too bad you quit. I bet you'd rather be dancing there now then taking two dozen cocks up your twat." He laughed and left.

Gloria came down at one point and gave me a quick rinse in the bath tub. She cleaned my pussy again, changed the pad on the bed and chained me back up. She spooned some soup into me and then left.

That night, it was very late when Al and the bouncers came back from the club. I had fallen asleep. Gloria had cleaned me again and I was kind of fresh. I was tired and my pussy was too. A few of the men had fucked my mouth. Glen was right. I would not spit out their spunk again. I wanted control of my lips rather than have my face used as a fuck toy.

Al came into the bedroom right away when he arrived. I assumed that he had saved his once a day orgasm for me.

"I came to show you another unique feature of our bed, cunt," he said to me. He ordered my ankles released from their confinements and told me to get on my knees and put my head on the mattress. My ankles were again chained to the sides of the bed, spreading them. Two of Al's boys tied ropes to rings in the headboard and led them down to my knees. They ran the ropes around my knees twice and then tied them off.

I was essentially fixed in position. I hated being tied and this was even worse than before. I couldn't see what was going on behind me and I figured that I was tied this way for a special reason. I didn't want to guess what it was but I thought that I knew.

Al had been out of the room, but he came back in. "I see you're all set. Gloria tells me that she gave you five hard ones today. You were very naughty. I'm going to give you five more before the night's out too, and I can swing the cane a lot harder than her. But first we're going to have some fun."

He was undressing as he talked. I tried not to look at his misshapen, oversized body. Everything that had to do with the man disgusted me. Part of me wanted to beg and plead with him not to ass fuck me, but the rest of me knew it would do no good, so why give him the satisfaction.

“Girl’s like you think that their shit don’t stink. You think that because you got a sweet twat and big tits that you’re better than everybody else.” Al was climbing on the bed. I felt the mattress sink because of his weight.

“Well you’re not, slut. You piss and shit just like the rest of us. Someday you’ll be old and wrinkled, begging someone to fuck you, if you live that long. Girls like you don’t take it up the ass. You’re too good for it. I’ll bet you’ve never had a cock up your poop shooter. Tonight we’re going to make up for lost time. From now until the boys decide to go home, you’re going to take it up the ass. And I’m going to be first.”

I started to whine despite myself. I had been wondering why no one had despoiled me there yet and now I knew that it was because they were saving it for Al. He had a big, thick cock and I knew that it was going to hurt like hell. I was disgusted by the practice. My stomach became all tense and butterflyish. I felt him putting some cream on my little ring.

“I’m greasing you up so it’ll be just a little easier to get inside,” Al told me. “It’s not for you. I could give two shits about you,” he said. The goop he was putting on my sphincter was cold. His fingers pressed into the little hole and daubed it all around the entranceway.

“It’s for us,” Al continued. “I don’t want you getting so bloody that we have to stop. And it’s easier on the cock too to have a little lube.”

I really wanted to beg him not to do it now. I tried to move my knees and feet to deny him access to my brown star, but I was fixed solidly in place. My hands twisted and turned in the cuffs that held them bound to the headboard. My saliva was leaking out of my ring gag in front of me onto the mattress. It’s funny what you think about at such times. I remember thinking that Gloria would be pissed.

I felt Al’s hands on my twin rear cheeks. He rubbed them eagerly. “You have a nice ass, Lavender. It’s nice of you to let us use it like this. You’re a real sport.” He laughed raucously. I felt my cheeks being spread and then the poking of his erect cock against my anal opening. I whined and squealed and tried to shake my ass from side to side to frustrate his intent. He just laughed some more.

After a minute, he gave my ass an angry slap. “Ooouuuuuuh!” I yelled. It hurt!

“If you don’t keep your ass still, cunt,” Al said heatedly, “I’m going to give you twenty with the cane and then we’ll try again. How would you like that?”

I whined and ceased my movements. I wouldn’t like that at all. Misery spread through me at my terrible predicament. I felt that somehow I would survive it, but that didn’t make going through with it any easier. And I had no idea how long it would last. It could be days or weeks. I didn’t know. Maybe he would sell me off somewhere, I thought. I had heard about such stuff. And then it dawned on me. That’s what he was going to do. He couldn’t let me go. I wasn’t some local druggie in debt to him for smack or coke, some dancer down on her luck. I had friends, I was known. If I told people that I had been held prisoner and repeatedly raped, they would believe me. So there were only two ways to keep me quiet. One was to kill me. The other was to sell me to someone who could make sure that I never got the chance to speak to the police, ever.

All of this went through my mind in the few seconds between Al’s cruel threat and his resumption of his foray into my bowels. “Oh, god!” I thought. “Don’t let it be true! Please! Please!”

I felt Al’s cock begin to press past the entrance to my inner recesses, to take the last virginity I had left and one I always wanted to keep. He went slowly and the pressure on my anal ring kept increasing. I felt a stab of pain and I moaned. “Ohhhhhhhh! ...eeeeeeas!” I said, breaking my vow not to beg for deliverance. “...eeeeeeae ...onnnn! ...eeeeeease!”

Al had reached some kind of critical mass. His cock didn’t get any thicker than the part that was spreading my delicate tissues now. It burned like hell and I was sobbing uncontrollably. I felt defiled in the worst way. I had taken twenty or so cocks this day, but this was the worst of them all.

I felt the ruthless and callous whoremaster sink into the depths of my bowels. When he was seated fully within, he began to saw his crank back and forth, slowly, at first. His motions became steadily faster and faster and harder and harder. He had his hands on my hips, using them for leverage. I wanted to rock my hips back and forth to speed up his climax, but the way I was tied gave me little ability to do that. "Aaaaaaaaargh!" I screamed in protest. "...ooooooooou ...asssss-erd! ...ooooooooou ...asssss-erd!"

It was not the smartest thing to do to call a guy a bastard when he's got his cock up your ass and he's already said he was going to whip you. But I don't think anyone could understand me. I cried and cried as Al continued to pump away. Gloria said that he could come once a day and it was like he was holding onto it like his last penny. Finally, he roared his pleasure, calling out, "Take my spunk, you whore! Take it up your asshole!" I just bent my head in tears.

Al climbed off the bed when he was done. Someone had brought him a bowl of soapy water and a cloth and he cleaned off his tool. I was still crying, but I heard him distinctly when he told me, "I'm going to go to bed early tonight, bitch. So I'm going to give you my five strokes now. I told whoever's gonna shut out the lights tonight to give you five more before he goes."

"Ohhhhh," I moaned. I tried to relax my ass like Gloria had told me, but it was no use. My little hole burned and it felt like Al's cock was still inside me. "...ohhhhhhhh ...eeeeeease!" I moaned. Al walked past me to the closet and returned. He walked to the other side of the bed so he could use his right hand to good effect. I heard that familiar 'whoosh!' again and a wave of pain shooting through my body. He was right, he did hit harder than Gloria. It felt like someone had dragged a ragged piece of glass across my ass. The next one came right away. 'Whoooooosh!' 'Crack!' I was too overwhelmed to moan or sob. The pain just kept reverberating through me.

He waited now for the impact of the blow to fade. The he hit me again. 'Whoosh!' 'Crack!' I felt like I was going to die. I screamed as loud as I could. I wondered whether my ass had split open from the blows and waited for the sensation of blood streaming along my crack and down over my thighs. It didn't come.

He 'owed' me two more. He took the end of the cane and pushed it into my still distended and loose real entrance. "How's you asshole, slut?" he asked me. "Are you having fun yet?"

The men round him had been silent as they took in my ravishment, first by Al's cock and now by his cane. There were a few laughs at his joke now.

Without warning, Al hit me twice in rapid succession. I yelped and strained at my bindings. "Were my sins so great that I deserve this punishment?" I asked the fates as my backside erupted in a torrid blaze. "Am I that bad that I should have to suffer like this?" It was so unreal. These were regular people who, other than being criminally inclined, walked around just like everybody else. Yet they felt free to abuse me, hold me prisoner this way. And all because I insulted their boss and maybe ripped him off for a couple of thousand. And now that Al was done with me, they were going to line up and fuck my ass until their spunk dripped out like Niagara Falls.

Al came up to where my head lay on the mattress. I had pressed my eyes and mouth into it, trying to silence my tears so not to give these cruel people a source for their amusement. "Good night, whore," Al told me. "I'll see you tomorrow."

The first guy got up behind me right away. He slid right in. When he was done, another climbed aboard. And then another. And then another. I don't know how many men fucked my ass that night, but at the end of it I was groggy and sore. I felt a stream of cum dripping down the crack between my rear cheeks and down my thighs. My anus felt like it was as big as the Holland Tunnel.

Most of the men had gone home. I heard the rest saying their good nights. I remembered Al's instructions that I was to get five more strokes before the last one left.

I didn't even see his face. I didn't want to look. The five strokes were at least as harsh as the one's that Al had given me. I thought that I might expect some mercy due to my sufferings

throughout the night but I was wrong. When the man left, he left me right where I was, kneeling in slime, crying my eyes out. The lights went out. I did not fall asleep until my ass stopped its intense burning, which took some time.

CHAPTER THREE

It went on like this for several days. I think four in total. I had given up all hope that it would end. Some of the men made me come, some did not. It seemed random. Gloria came down a few times and made me suck her hole and then whipped me for doing a lousy job. When she sucked at my koosh, she was true to her word and made me scream with pleasure. Some of the men watched and got a big kick out of it.

She must have cleaned me up more than a dozen times. The only thing she gave me to eat was soup. I felt like my energy was going to give out and I was always hungry. The only supplement I got was the cream from some of the men's cocks.

It was late in the afternoon on what I remember as the fourth day that Gloria came down and told me that I needed to get all cleaned up because I was going to have a visitor. It had been a light afternoon, only about three or four customers for my ravaged holes. I was kneeling on the bed like I had the night when Al had taken my ass. This way my twin portals were equally available.

Gloria released the ropes from my knees and then freed my wrists and ankles. She had put the confining belt around my waist, but did not bother about my legs because it was clear that I was too exhausted to go anywhere. She bathed me efficiently and thoroughly. She did not bother to do my lips or nails.

When we came out, she sat me down on the bed and told me to wait. Like I had any choice. She got a chain from the closet and attached my ankle to the bottom rail of the bed. She left my ever present ring gag on the mattress.

"I'll be right back, sweetie," she said.

True to her word, she was back in about ten minutes. She had brought a tray and a plate of food. Real food. The kind you use a fork to eat with. It was a small steak all cut up so I didn't need a knife, some mashed potatoes and what looked like frozen peas and carrots. I didn't care whether they were frozen or not. I would have eaten them right out of the box.

Gloria sat by me while I ate. I took small bites so as not to overwhelm my stomach. I made sure not to eat too much fat so I wouldn't get sick. I wanted to keep this food down at all costs.

When I was finished, Gloria gave me a glass of cranberry juice to drink. It tasted so good going down. She made me stand up while she changed the sheet. I noticed that she didn't put down a pad. When I looked at her, she told me, "Don't worry. Nobody's going to bother you for the rest of the day. You gotta be fresh and bright for your visitor."

I knew maybe not who my visitor was, but I knew his or her probable purpose. I didn't care though. I would have done anything to get out of that place. It seemed like a living hell. But I didn't know what hell really was until later.

Gloria let me lie down after she was done with the sheet. She put a gag in my mouth, but not the ring gag. It had a long, thick leather prong that went in my mouth and a leather backing that wrapped around my face covering my chin. I didn't care. After she locked my hands to the headboard, I fell right asleep.

I slept for at least four hours. When I woke up it was dark. Usually the basement would be thick with Al's goons, but all I could hear was the TV going in the other room. I lay there quietly enjoying my peace. I had some queasiness about whoever was coming to see me, but what could I do about that? Maybe there would be a better chance to escape with whoever was coming to look at me, I thought. I decided to hope that he bought me.

Gloria came downstairs about a half hour later. She unhooked me from the bed and took me into the bathroom. There she brushed my hair again, put some lipstick and rouge on me and lined my eyes so that I would look pretty. She even applied some rouge to my nipples and a very light coating

of lipstick to my much used love lips. I cooperated as much as I could since it was what I wanted too. If I was pretty, it increased the chances I would get a ticket out of there that night. When she was done making me up, she let me pee and then sprayed me with some perfume.

Instead of the canvas belt, Gloria had a finely polished leather one. She locked my hands in it and brought me into the lounge area. "You kneel here, honey," she said. "This way when he comes in the door he'll see you right away."

One of the guys who had fucked me repeatedly was watching an episode of Dancing with the Stars. I had already seen it.

Al came down some time later. He stopped to take a look at me. "She looks okay," she said to Gloria who had come down with him. It was the first time that I had seen them together. Al looked at his watch. "He should be here any minute," he told his wife. "You go upstairs."

"Now, you take any offer that's reasonable, Al," she said. "We can't have her hanging around here forever, ya know."

"Okay, okay!" Al said, annoyed with his spouse's interference in his affairs.

Gloria turned to go up the stairs. "Good luck, sweetie," she said to me, and smiled.

I knelt on the rug while Al and the other guy watched TV. Al had poured himself a scotch and soda. The other guy had a Coke. I had nothing. I was still wearing my gag, the one that covered my lower face. Gloria had put it back on carefully after she did my lipstick.

It was about ten minutes later that I saw lights flash in the basement windows indicating that a car had pulled up. I had come to recognize that as a sign of more customers. I could see it and hear the car engines even from my perch on my bed.

The guy who was with Al stood up. He had a jacket draped over his chair. When he pulled it off I saw that it covered a leather shoulder holster and a very big gun. I got scared when I saw it. I had almost forgotten that keeping me prisoner and selling me to some slaver was illegal. I had been too anxious to get out of there to remember it. The guy put the holster over his shoulder, buckled it closed and put his jacket on. There was a rap on the door and Al's bodyguard opened it.

I had not known what to expect, maybe a Latin drug lord or a suave gangster type. This guy was neither of those. He was Asian, maybe 40 or so years old. He looked Japanese to me and it turned out that he was. He stood about 5'7" tall and had jet black, short hair. His face was handsome and strong looking. Muscles burst out from his blue and yellow silk shirt. He wore cream colored pants and sharp, black shoes. No glasses. He was carrying a small valise in his left hand.

He looked at me right away. "This the girl?" he asked. Al assured him that it was.

"I need to look at her, examine her," he said. He had a clipped accent and ended all of his words sharply. The English words sounded foreign coming from his mouth. He tended to speak in short, imperative sentences and dropped out verbs, articles and pronouns all the time. I came to know this man well, his name was Saito.

"You can take her into the bedroom," Al told him.

He snapped his fingers and ordered me, "Up! Up!"

I rose hesitantly. I was starting to think that maybe getting sold was not a good idea. He took hold of the ring at the front of my belt and tugged it sharply as if he was in a hurry. I followed him dutifully.

When we went into the bedroom, he closed the door. I got at a good look at him. I came up to his chin in height. He had a domineering presence and carried himself with great authority. He seemed to be in total communion with his body, perfectly balanced like a dancer or something. I felt intimidated to be so naked and alone with him. My stomach had the jitters and I was starting to sweat with fear.

I had imagined that he would have wanted to look at my face first, but he didn't. He left the concealing gag on. He put his valise on the bed and opened it. In it were various tubes, a small, black

case, a notebook and some measuring tape. He also had a speculum, one of those things for looking into your ears and eyes and a stethoscope. I wondered if he was some kind of a doctor.

The first thing he did was take my pulse. He held my wrist in his hand with his three fingers over the pulse area and looked at his watch. "Slow," was all he said. He wrote the results down in the book. He then took hold of my breasts and massaged them. His eyes were pointed at the ceiling as he did it, as if looking at them would distract him from what he was trying to discover. I could have told him right way. All real.

He grabbed the skin around my stomach like he was seeing how fat I was. I had thinned out a little while down in the basement, thanks to Gloria, so I wasn't worried about what he'd find there.

After that, he measured my body all around. He measured my head size, my breasts three different ways, the distance between my belly button to the top of my snatch, the size of my koosh, my thighs, my arms, everything. He wrote all the results down in his little book. He crouched down next to me and put his hands around my thighs, feeling the taut muscles there, then he did the same to my arms. He made me turn around and he ran his fingers along my back, probing here and there. He felt each vertebrae of my back as if checking to see if it was in the proper place. He felt my ass and my shoulders.

I tried to look pleasant and willing for him, something hard to do with half your face hidden away and your wrists fastened to your hips, but he just ignored me. It was if I were some kind of farm animal that he wanted to make sure fit his needs. When he was done measuring my limbs and my tits and feeling me with his hands, he pushed me down on the bed. "Raise knees," he ordered me curtly.

I was becoming more and more wary of what was going on. Suddenly, I became resentful of what he was doing to me, what Al was doing to me. He couldn't sell me! It wasn't right! I didn't want to be someone's slave or someone's whore! I had a life to lead! There was only one reason he would want me to raise my knees and that was to take a good look at my pussy. I had seen the speculum in the bag and wanted no part of it. Whoever this guy was I wanted to get away from him as fast as I could.

Ignoring his order to me, I tried to stand and get by him. He pushed me back down on the bed. His touch was light, but it had great force, surprising me. His hand reached out and he grabbed the muscles of my neck. He gave it a squeeze. Pain shot out from his hand all over. I moaned loudly and tried to squirm away, but he held onto my neck all the tighter.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" Ahhhhhhhhh!" I cried out. My eyes looked up at him pleadingly. His face was as cold as the stone faces of Mt. Rushmore. I started to cry. I had been doing a lot of that lately. My emotional state was understandably precarious. He finally released me. I heard Al's voice. He poked his head in the room. "What the fuck's going on in there?"

"Bad girl," the man said. "Very disobedient. I fix."

"Don't you go marking her all up now," Al said. "I got other buyers you know."

The man looked at him. "You should talk," he said. "Look at marks. Very bad. Very bad."

"Okay! Okay!" Al said. "Just hurry it up, all right?"

"Must take time," the man said. "Pay top dollar."

Al just waved his hand at the man and went back to his TV.

The Japanese man looked back at me. "Raise knees," he said. This time I obeyed him right away.

"Pay top dollar," he had said. I thought the Japanese had trouble with their l's and r's. He had no problem there. It was clear as a bell. "Pay top dollar." He might have the syntax wrong, but he had the pronunciation very clear. The reality of what was happening hit me like a ton of bricks. I was being sold and there was nothing I could do about it. This man could pick me up and break me as if I were a twig. Al had already proved his mastery over me. I was helpless. My stomach turned and I started to sweat all over. I felt dizzy. The man gave me a look and I raised my knees right away.

“Lie back,” he said.

Giving out a sob, I lay myself back. The man pulled on my hips and dragged me over to the edge of the bed, so that my pussy was just about hanging over. He went into the valise and removed the speculum. It was sealed in plastic. He also took out a pair of rubber gloves and put them on his hands. I was somewhat insulted, but then again I had had fifteen or so men fucking me every which way for several days. Who knows what I might have picked up?

I always hated it when the gynecologist used the speculum. At least they used the plastic ones instead of the old steel ones. They must’ve been cold. The plastics were not much better. I always felt like the doctor was looking deeply into my body, right up to my neck. When he used the little light down there I almost expected for it to come out of my mouth.

This guy had a little light too. He knelt down in front of my pussy. Before he put the speculum in and opened it up, stretching my labia, he started to stroke it. He was as good at it as my gyno. He had me lubricated, it seemed, within seconds. A little more and he had my blood rising. I felt my pussy go soft and inviting. He put the speculum in and took a good look, taking his time. My pussy was really stretched and it hurt. I wanted to move so bad, but I was afraid of being punished again. There was a lot of stuff to grab onto down there.

When he was done looking up my koosh, he took some swabs out of a plastic bag and took samples of my fluids. He reached deep down inside me to get them. He also took some swabs of the outside. He had a little plastic case to put each swab in. He wrote on a little label where each one had come from and put it on the case.

After removing the speculum and putting it back in its plastic bag, he ordered me to flip over. “On belly,” he said. I turned over and he spread my legs widely. My waist was right on the edge of the bed. Opening my rear cheeks with one hand, he took a good look at my ass hole. I knew what he would find there. It still burned from the other night. Al had used it again after that night and so had a bunch of the other guys.

“Very bad,” the man said. “Very bad.” I felt humiliated that the guy felt my bung hole was not up to his standards. It wasn’t my fault; that was for sure. I always kept myself really clean. I always wore underwear and not the thongy things you see all the fancy models wearing. I wore cotton and I made sure they were cleaned with bleach and fabric softener before I put them on again. I never kept any pair more than a few months. I mean my ass was clean as a whistle. And I never had a yeast infection in my life. And here he was telling me, or whoever he was talking to, that my ass was, “Very bad!”

I felt him taking some swabs of my rectum. Then he put some lubricant in it and stuck his fingers inside. He felt all around. I mean it was about as gross as you could get. What did he think that I had piles or something?

When he finished, he tore off his rubber gloves and put them in a plastic bag.

He was not finished with me. I hadn’t had this thorough an exam for years. He finally took off my gag. He had me kneeling next to the bed and he was sitting in front of me. Before he removed it he told me sternly, “No talk! Understand? No talk!” He took out his stethoscope and told me to “Breathe hard, very fast.” My lips, which had been hidden by the gag, were trembling as I obeyed him. He listened to my lungs while I breathed deeply. He then listened to my heart. He wrote his notes down on the little chart.

He examined my ears and my eyes, he looked in my mouth and took a few more swabs. He took some of my ears too. He examined my scalp and took swabs of inside my nose. His little black case had a syringe in it and he took some samples of my blood. You know the song where the guy says that he was inspected, detected, selected and rejected? That’s how I felt. But I had neither been selected nor rejected yet. I began to pray that I would be rejected. This guy really scared me.

The last thing he did before reinserting my gag was make me bring up some phlegm and spit into one of his tubes. It was gross.

He put all his stuff back in his valise. I was kneeling on the floor next to him. He had pulled the buckle to my gag really tight as if to emphasize the need to be quiet and it hurt. He then had me stand and he took a long look at my hands. Having met his satisfaction, he ordered me back on the bed. "On knees, head down," he said. When I had complied, he used his hands to spread my thighs. Then he put his hand on my cunt. His hand was hot and emanated strength. His fingers were long. Touching me only with his hand, he began to stroke my sex slowly and deliberately. It didn't take long for my passions to begin to rise. I mean, the guy was sexy, even though he was scary. I would have done a lap dance for him for sure, but I don't think I would have gone anywhere with him after hours.

After a few moments, though, my mind started to revolt again at my treatment. I was determined not to let him make me come. I clasped my hands into fists and I tried to pour out all my anger at Al, at Gloria, all the men who had raped me, this Jap, if you'll excuse the expression. You know, it did me no good. The heat in my slit kept rising higher and higher. I found myself panting. I wanted to shut my legs, but I was too afraid to do it. His fingers were relentless. He seemed to know all about my cunt. I tried and tried and tried to resist it. It was no use. Finally I just gave in. I started to moan and grind my pussy against the guy's hand. I felt my toes curl and I stretched out my hands. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. And then I came. It was explosive, like I hadn't come for days, which, as you know, wasn't the case. My thighs quivered and my belly fluttered. My pussy was jolted by at least a dozen, fierce, ecstasy producing contractions and then rolled off to a series of aftershocks that made me moan again and again.

The man removed his hand from my crotch and told me, without ceremony, "Up! Up!" the same as the first words he said to me. I was a little slow in obeying. My mind was befogged and my heart was still racing. He reached under my ass and caught the end of my pussy between his thumb and his forefinger and gave it a pinch. I screeched in pain. His fingers were only there for a split second. The guy's knowledge of anatomy and his reactions were incredible. Fearful of further pain, I quickly rose to my feet. He took one last, long look at me and said, "Okay, Okay!" just like Al liked to do. He pulled the ring on the front of my belt and led me back into the lounge.

When we were back, he said to me, "Kneel." I obeyed instantly.

He looked at Al. "Must use washroom. Where is it?"

Al kind of lethargically pointed it out. The man gave a slight bow and retreated to it. He closed the door, but I heard him washing his hands. "Well, my pussy used to be clean," I thought sadly.

He came out of the room a few moments later and started to bargain. I can't believe that they talked right in front of me.

"How much," the man asked.

"Sixty-five thousand," Al told him. I was astounded that a human being would cost so little; a race horse costs a lot more.

The Japanese man smiled. "Too high. For sixty thousand I could get three sluts from New York City or Chicago."

"But you want this one," Al replied.

"Too high," the man said. "I'll give you fifty thousand. That's very fair."

"Fifty-five," Al answered him.

"Okay," the man replied.

I was floored. I couldn't believe it, I had just been sold. My heart went into my throat. Just like that I was to become somebody's property.

The Japanese man had some conditions though.

"Here is deal," he said. "I give you five thousand dollars tonight. I want to check out samples I took. Three days. Today Tuesday, if everything works out, I pick girl up on Friday night. Three days."

Al looked at the man. "And what if it don't turn out right?" he asked.

"You keep five thousand. Sell girl to somebody else. Probably for forty thousand or less. I paying top dollar like I said," the man answered him.

Al thought a moment. If the Japanese man was right, he either would make an extra fifteen thousand on me by selling me to the Japanese guy or an extra five by selling me to someone else. The Japanese guy seemed to know what he was talking about.

"How about \$7,500," Al asked.

"No, \$5,000," the Japanese man said, holding his ground.

"Okay," Al answered him.

"More conditions," the Japanese man continued. "No more fucking or sucking. I have things to put on girl to make sure. Who takes care of girl?"

"My wife, Gloria," Al replied, somewhat taken aback. I was sure that he had been looking forwards to three more days of fun with me.

"I'll go get equipment and supplies. You go get wife."

Al nodded stupidly. I wanted to scream out my objections. I could feel the tears pouring down my face. I really didn't want to go with this guy. I wanted to beg and to plead for my freedom. But I hadn't been able to talk since Al's goons had slapped my face four days ago. I think that literally my last real words to anyone was when I called Al a motherfucker. I mean I wanted to talk, but between being gagged and Gloria's threats of being jolted with the zapper, I had kept quiet, unless you include the times I begged not to be whipped. But those were really only half words since I couldn't form them properly in my mouth.

The Japanese guy went outside to his car while Al went upstairs. The bouncer stayed and looked over me. His eyes wandered over my body in a way that made me feel skeezy. Gloria came down with Al just as the guy was returning.

"What's this all about?" Gloria asked. "What do you want me for?"

The Japanese man asked Gloria, "You take care of girl?"

"Sure," Gloria answered him.

"I coming back in three days, Friday. I need you to do what I say with her until then. Okay?"

"Well, that depends," Gloria answered. "What do you want done?"

"Two things very important," Saito told her. "First, no sex with anyone. Not even with you. No one. I give you key, you make sure."

"Key to what?" Gloria asked."

"I show you," Saito replied. "Second, no talking. Very bad. If she talk, you punish her very bad, understand?"

"Okay," Gloria said. "She's been gagged since she got here."

"That good," Saito said. "Please come into bedroom and I show you how to take care of her. Bring bowl of hot water."

All of this sounded horrible to me. Was I never to be able to talk again? Wasn't I a person? Even prisoners in the meanest jails got to talk sometimes. I began to whine. My body was shaking with fear. And what was he going to put on me that needed a key?

Saito turned to me. "Up," he said commandingly. It was different than before. He had an ownership interest in me now, like a lien. My heart was racing at a million miles and hour. I didn't want to get up. I didn't want to find out what the man had in store for me. He reached out his hand, quick as a mouse, and took hold of one of my teats. He gave it a cruel twist. "Mmmmmmmmmmm!" I moaned from the pain. "Up!" he said again.

Tears flowing down my face, I rose to my feet. Using his grip on my tit, he pulled me after him into the bedroom and sat me down on the bed. It hurt like hell. He had a large, black case with him. He opened it and removed a clear plastic bag that had what looked like some kind of rubberized balloon. It was black as night and had a pump attached to it. When I looked at it closer, it looked like a deflated donut. Gloria came in a few moments later with a bowl of hot water.

“Take out gag,” Saito told her. It was strange that he was able to command the woman so easily. Al was scared shit of her.

Gloria did what he said.

My mouth was down turned and my lips trembling. I pressed my lips together. I had figured out that whatever it was that he had pulled out of the bag it was meant for my mouth.

“Open mouth,” Saito said. I tried, I really did, but I was too scared. I knew he would hurt me if I didn’t, but I just couldn’t.

His hand lashed out and slapped me across my face. I was stunned by the blow and my head was turned sideways. I felt blood on my lip. “Very bad,” he said to either me or Gloria, I wasn’t sure. “Needs to be whipped very hard. You whip her?” he asked Gloria.

“Sure,” she said. “But why am I doing all this? What’s it for?”

“Please ask no questions. If you take care of girl like I say for three days I give you thousand dollars. Okay?”

I had turned my head back to my keepers. I saw Gloria’s face break into a smile. I knew that she would get a kick out of whipping me. Saito turned back to me. “Open mouth,” he said. It was funny. Saito’s voice was stern and fear inducing, but he never, ever raised it. He never yelled if you did something wrong or didn’t obey. He just acted. Like just before.

I opened my mouth immediately. The fearsome Japanese man took the balloon out of the bag. I kept my mouth widely open as he had commanded. I didn’t want to get hurt again. Whatever he had to put in me, it was going in sooner or later, that was for sure.

He placed the balloon into my mouth carefully aligning the hole in the middle with my front teeth. He began to pump on the ball. The balloon started taking shape in my mouth. I started to whine. In a few seconds, the whine was all but shut off. This was much more effective than the ring gag or the other one I had been wearing. I tried to close my mouth, but the balloon kept it distended. I felt like there was not a single vacant space in my mouth. It was completely filled. I wondered miserably what the hole was for. I learned very quickly.

After disconnecting the ball from the balloon, Saito took a box of some kind of foodstuff out of his suitcase. It had Japanese writing all over it. He also had a quart sized bowl wrapped in plastic. Saito was fastidiously clean. He placed the bowl on the floor. There was a small measuring cup, in a bag of course. He took it out and shook some of the powder from the box into it, dumped it in the bowl and then filled the measuring cup again. It looked like two cups. He then took the bowl of hot water and filled the measuring cup again and put a cup of hot water into the bowl. He took a plastic spoon out of a packet and began to mix.

The powder was kind of a brownish white. The goop started to thicken right away. I thought, “Oh my god! He’s going to cement my mouth shut!” I couldn’t believe it. I whined, but all that emerged from my mouth was a squeak. I tried to get up from the bed, but Saito took hold of my teat again and, squeezing it between his thumb and forefinger just enough, kept me in place. Holding my nipple tightly with one hand he continued to mix the concoction in his bowl. When he saw that I wasn’t going anywhere, he let my tit go.

Going back into his bag, he removed a funnel and a hose about three feet long. “Watch very carefully,” he told the woman. He took the end of the hose and he brought it to my mouth. He aligned it with the hole in the expanded donut and began to thread it through. The end of the hose was rounded so it wouldn’t catch on anything. I felt it start to slide down my throat and started to choke.

“Swallow,” he ordered me. I started to gag and cough. He pulled the hose back just a little bit and waited until I was calm. He started it again. This time, desperate not to choke on the thing, I started to swallow it. I felt it descend my throat and into my esophagus. The hose kept going and going and going. Finally, the man brought it to a stop. He took a pen from his bag and marked where the hose was in relation to the hole in my mouth. “Put in to here,” he told Gloria. “If she not swallow, no food, okay?”

Gloria looked a bit overwhelmed. I was. He was going to make me eat from a tube. Not only couldn't I talk, I wasn't going to be able to taste my food either. I had cried myself out, but now I felt a heavy weight on my heart. How could anyone treat another human being this way, I thought. He pushed my head back until I was looking at the ceiling and said, “Stay.” He then took the bowl from the floor and stood up. The bowl had a small pouring indentation in its lip. He held the funnel with one hand and began to slowly empty the concoction into it with the other. The hose began to fill. My body shook as I thought of the stuff entering my stomach. I had no idea what was in it. I couldn't taste anything but the rubber donut in my mouth.

It took about five minutes to get all the stuff down. I felt it filling my belly. It was warm but not hot. I looked at Gloria desperately. She was insane, I knew that, but she had been friendly when she thought I was one of Al's whores. Maybe I could convince her to set me free. She had to see that this man was mad. But then again, so was she. My only hope was that I could get her to see my humanity and help me.

When the bowl and the tube were empty, Saito handed the bowl to Gloria and slowly pulled the tube free of my throat. “Be very careful,” he told the woman. “Do not hurt throat.” Gloria looked doubtful.

“Once you do it first time, there will be no problem,” Saito said to her. “Very simple procedure.”

“Okaaaaaay,” Gloria answered. She sounded unconvinced.

The Japanese man had Gloria put the hose into and out of my belly three times to make sure she knew how to do it right and avoid putting it in my air passage. “Girl must swallow, very important,” he said more than once. By the time they were done, Gloria had it down pat and was smiling. I was not.

“Keep hose and funnel very clean. Wash with alcohol. Okay?”

“Sure,” Gloria answered. Saito put the assembly back into its bag.

He looked at me sternly again. “Up!” he ordered me. I don't know whether my distended mouth could exhibit any emotion, but if it could have, I'm sure I would have been wearing a dismal frown. I rose immediately to my feet. The Japanese man rummaged in his case for a moment or two and emerged with what looked like a leather collar connected to two long straps and some kind of metal chain. He then pulled out a thick, leather belt. The first thing he did was free my hands and remove the belt from around my waist. He strapped the new belt around me and buckled it tightly. The buckle was just below my belly button. The belt had no manacles on it and I began to hope that he would let my hands go free. It was a stupid thought.

He circled my neck with the collar and let the straps fall down in front of me and behind. The front strap went between my breasts and hooked into the belt as did the back. He connected them. He told me to turn around. Now was when I found out what was going to happen to my hands. He grabbed my right wrist and brought it high behind my back. I hadn't seen it when he took the leather thing out of the case, but there was a kind of bracelet attached to the strap in the back. He quickly belted my right wrist in it. I moaned as my shoulder muscles strained. When he grabbed my left wrist, I thought for a second of fighting him off, but he was so fast and his grip so tight that I didn't have the chance. He had it behind my back in a trice and buckled it in place below the other one. He took small padlocks from the case and secured the bracelets around my wrists in place. My heart

jumped when I heard them click closed. He adjusted the strap that went down my front, pulling it tighter to compensate for the pressure put on my collar from my hands being connected to the strap behind me.

He spoke to Gloria. "Never unlock unless emergency, okay?"

"Sure," was all Gloria had to say. She looked impressed at the get up. I felt certain that she was going to ask where she could get one.

Before the hard, strange man put the chains on me, he told me to lean over the bed and spread my legs. Fearful of his retribution and already totally helpless in front of him, I did what he told me. My forehead was on the mattress and my legs were spread wide. It was very uncomfortable, but that was the least of my worries.

I heard the man fumbling in his case again and then I heard him removing something from a plastic bag. I wanted to turn and see what it was, but I was too afraid. I knew it had something to do with my spreading my legs. I hoped it wasn't what I thought.

A few seconds later I heard the man explain to Gloria, "Always use salve when inserting. It will lubricate and disinfect. No infections. Clean three times a day. Okay?"

"You want me to put that thing in her twat and take it out three times a day to clean it. Is that what you're telling me?"

"Every eight hours. No mistakes. Please."

"No mistakes," Gloria answered. "I can handle that."

I cringed when I felt the instrument being introduced into my vagina. The man twiddled my clitoris a little bit to get my moisture going and then slid it right inside. It was wide and filled me all the way up. It was long too. I felt my knees go weak. But that wasn't all.

I heard plastic being unwrapped again. "This one three times a day too," he said. "No mistakes. Do enema, three times a day. Then put back in. Got that?"

Gloria laughed. "You want me to give her an enema three times a day? For that you'll have to pay extra. Another \$500."

"No problem," Saito said. "Cereal will clean her out. Very clean bowels. Very good. You should try it."

"No thanks," Gloria said. "I don't want to be shitting all day."

"Once every six months for three days. Make your bowels very clean. Live long time."

"If ya call that living," Gloria answered him.

Meanwhile I was trying to prepare myself for a dildo to be shoved up my ass. Just a few days ago, it had been virginal. Now I was having it stuffed with a plastic cork so no one could use it and so I wouldn't shit all over the bed from the diarrhea I was going to get from the food he was giving me. I wanted to get up and run, but to where?

The plug was cool and slimy when he introduced it to my ass. It felt bigger than the cocks I had been getting up there, but it was hard to tell. My tender ring burned as he put the thing in. I moaned in pain. If they heard me they ignored it.

There was one more thing, the chain. I hadn't seen the dildos, or plugs, or whatever they were before he put them in, so I didn't know that they had little rings on their ends sticking out of my fuckholes. I felt the man hooking up one end of the chain behind me to the belt that went around my waist. He locked it in place. He then threaded the chain through the ring on my anal dildo and then the one in my cunt. He made me stand up and turn around. The chain in the front divided just after it went through the ring in my pussy dildo. It went up the sides of my twat, leaving my clit free. He pulled the two strands of the chain up tightly and hooked them into the front of my belt. Another two locks went into place. He made one more adjustment to the strap in front which made the dildos go into me a little deeper and then he handed Gloria the key to all the locks.

“Only you. No one else,” he said. “If she gets fucked or sucks a cock then no money, not buying of girl. Understand.”

“Oh, I understand all right,” Gloria answered him. She had her hand on one of the ends of the chain and was playing with it. I could feel it vibrate in my pussy and my ass.

I was about as disconsolate as a person could be. If this was how the guy wanted me treated while he made up his mind about me, then what would he do once he owned me outright? I sat down on the bed and started to cry again. I felt the dildo in my ass go deeper inside me. It made me cry all the more.

Saito had one more thing and Gloria, ever helpful Gloria, reminded him of it. “I thought you wanted me to whip her?” she asked. “With what?”

Saito had another trick up his sleeve. He pulled a package out from the case and opened it. A long, rubber implement came popping out. It had a round end and a flat end. It looked fearsome to me. I looked at it and then the man. I wanted to beg and plead with him, but, if I could only get half words out before, I couldn’t get even a smidgeon of a word out now. The rubber donut distended my cheeks and made me all but silent.

There is a feeling of hopelessness you can get which makes everything seem forlorn. It’s a bitter, sad trough to fall into. It seeps into your brain, makes your body tremble and shake feverishly, your throat go dry. That’s how I felt right then. I couldn’t fathom what all this was for. I could see making sure I didn’t have the clap or something like that, but all this get up, the food, the fierce bindings, the mouth filling gag, what did they mean? I was as skilled a whore as they come. I could have fucked this guy’s brains out and might have done it happily. I could suck his balls out of his prick. Guys had paid me as much as \$5,000 to have me for the night. He didn’t even try to fuck me. He didn’t try out my mouth or any of my other skills. I had a nice sultry voice that could make a guy want to cream. What was so important about not talking? Was I really going to have to spend three days like this? It would be hell! I felt like I was in some kind of nightmare that kept on getting worse and worse. The fact is that that’s exactly what I was in and I hadn’t seen nothing yet.

Gloria had asked about how I was to be whipped. Saito was in the process of answering her. He handed her a plastic bottle. “Use oil,” he told her. “Rub over ass, tits, thighs, wherever you want. Let it sink in for five minutes. Then whip her with flat end of whip. Very painful. She’ll scream like the dickens.”

“Like the dickens, huh?” Gloria asked. “You said ten strokes?”

“Ten strokes three times a day,” the cruel man told her.

I screeched when I heard that. I forgot about everything else. I panicked and started to try and beg and plead for mercy. “I’ll be good!” I yelled. “I promise! Please don’t whip me! Please! What have I done? Please! Please!”

The noises I was emitting from my mouth were just that, noises. There wasn’t a coherent word in the bunch. The evil Japanese man just looked at me. “See,” he told Gloria. “Very bad girl. Needs whipping. Three times a day. Ten strokes.”

“Anywhere I want?” Gloria asked.

“Ass, thighs, tits, legs. Not pussy or face. One time, another next, whatever. I show you. She needs whip right away.” To me he said, “Kneel on bed.”

“Ohhhhhhhh! I moaned. “No, please don’t whip me, please! Please!” I tried to say. Nothing intelligible came out.

“You have prod?” Saito asked Gloria while I moaned my unhappiness.

“A what,” Gloria said, scrunching up her face.

“Prod,” Saito returned. “Electric.”

He reached into his case and pulled out a two foot long metal wand. He pulled out the end until it had extended another foot and turned it on. A little red light came on. After a few seconds it turned green.

“Oh, a prod!” Gloria said. “Yeah, we have one, but it’s not as nice as that.”

“Made in Japan,” he said. “You can have this one and give it back on Friday. If girl disobeys, prod her right away.” He turned to me and touched the end of the wand to my breast. A fierce charge flowed down it. My whole body jumped and I screamed. It was one of the most painful things I have ever experienced. I fell to the floor. “On bed,” he told me calmly.

I scrambled to obey. My chest was heaving with my tears. I knelt down and looked at the man forlornly. How could anybody be so cruel, I thought. My tit still burned.

“Head on bed,” Saito ordered me. I bent over exposing my ass to his depredations. I felt so helpless. My arms were irretrievably bound behind my back. I had no voice. Even if I could run from the room and get past the amazingly dexterous Japanese guy, there was Al and his buddy in the next room. And how would I get outside? It was impossible. And now, I was going to get a cruel, harsh beating and there was nothing that I could do about it.

I watched Saito put a rubber glove on his right hand. “Never get on skin,” he said to Gloria. He stepped behind me and I heard him unscrewing the cap to his bottle of oil. “Ohhhhhhhh!” I moaned. I closed my eyes. I tried to make myself relax. It was something I never did get down. I figured out later that Gloria probably liked to get whipped.

I felt the oil spread over my rear cheeks. “Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!” I thought. It started to heat up right away. I whined and moaned. He wanted me whipped like this three times a day! I hoped Gloria could not be so cruel.

The two of them stood there silently as my ass got hotter and hotter. I wondered fearfully what it would feel like on my breasts. The time passed really slowly, especially since they weren’t speaking. After a while I heard Gloria say, “Boy, that’s getting red.”

I moaned again when I heard that. My whole body was shaking. I could not imagine what it was going to feel like to be brutally whipped there.

I sensed Saito moving behind me. “You pull whip back and give it good jerk. The flat end will land on skin every time. No scars, only red. Hurts like hell.”

I steeled myself for the first blow. The Japanese man’s words echoed in my mind. I sensed more movement and heard a faint sound of displaced air. Then a thousand needles pierced my rear cheeks. “Ohhhhhhhh!” Ohhhhhhhhhh!” I moaned into my gag. It emerged as a slight rumble from my stuffed mouth. Again the whip struck me. I shook and convulsed as the pain went through me. “Oh god! Please! Please! Why is this happening?” I cried to myself. I tried to keep my ass in place since I knew that if I moved I would get the prod again. Saito gave me a third and I howled. The pain spread out from the point of impact all over my fiery ass. The worst part was the whip was so silent. At least I could hear the cane and get ready for it. This rubberized thing swept through the air almost noiselessly.

Saito gave me two more and then handed the whip to Gloria. Her first three were bad, but not quite as bad as Saito’s. By her fourth, she had gotten the hang of it. It was almost just as bad. I wanted for her to stop, just for a little while, let me catch my breath, have a respite from pain, but she kept going and gave me my tenth stroke right away. The whip landed across both of my lower rear cheeks. I was so overcome with pain that I could not even scream.

When I finally caught my breath I started sobbing inconsolably. I knew that Gloria and the Japanese man were talking, but I could not hear them. What they were saying became clear when Gloria spread a cream across my ass. It started to cool right away. I was reverently grateful. Slowly, I calmed down. I had survived it. But, by my count, I had nine more whippings to go, three tomorrow,

three Thursday and three Friday. I didn't know how I would be able to take it. I would probably think of nothing else all day.

As I was recovering, Saito was still giving the cruel, crazy whore her instructions. "Make her come three times a day with your hand. Hand only, just her pussy, no tongue."

"No tongue, only my hand, just her pussy." Gloria repeated.

"Bathroom every four hours. Full bath every day. Water every eight hours between meals. Six ounces."

"Okay," she responded. "So let me get this straight. Whipped three times a day, ten strokes each time. Meals three times a day, every eight hours, one cup water, two cups meal. Come three times a day by hand only and bathroom eight times a day. Once a day give her a bath. Okay, I can do that for three days. I'll have to use the alarm to make sure I get up at night, but that's okay."

I felt a tap on my ass and brought my head and body up. I turned to look at Saito. He was tapping me with the electric wand. "Lie down on back," he told me. I complied instantly. He affixed a belt around my lower legs. It had a bracelet on each side which wrapped around each ankle. He pulled the belt tight, the bracelets closed and my legs were drawn together. He put another one around my thighs and pulled it tight. He then ran straps from my ankle bindings to the foot of the bed and from the back of the collar I was wearing to the head. I was completely immobilized. My thighs squeezed the dildo in my pussy, making me even more aware of it. "Like that," he told Gloria.

The old whore laughed. "Snug as a bug in a rug," she said. It was no laughing matter to me. I was totally immobilized. I could maybe move my fingers and my toes a little bit, rock my body a little side to side, but nothing else. My arms started digging into my back right away. Saito lifted my head, doubled up the pillow and shoved it back under. "Get another pillow," he told Gloria. "This is not punishment, but necessary confinement. To learn discipline and to obey."

"Sure, I got a couple in the linen closet upstairs. I'll bring one down right away after you go."

"Okay," Saito answered. He started packing up his stuff, separating out what he was leaving behind for Gloria. "Leave her like this. And leave the light on all the time. Close the door and lock it. No one comes in but you, okay?"

"No one but me. You can bet on it," Gloria answered. "What time are you coming on Friday?" she asked.

"About ten o'clock p.m.," Saito said. "If I come. If not, you can do what you want with her."

"If you come and get her, I'll have to get Al to pick up another one. This is going to be fun."

My body shook as I heard Gloria's expectant joy. I doubted I would get any mercy from her. And I had to lie like this for three days except to get up and piss and shit and eat. It was impossible to believe.

Saito had all his things packed. I wanted to cry out as I saw him getting ready to go. I wanted to beg him to change his mind about me, to change his cruel directions as to my care, to have some human feeling for me. But I could no more communicate with him than I could with Mars. I was a totally silenced, totally immobile person who had three days to wait to find out if I was going to be tossed into the fires of hell. Saito and Gloria were still chatting when they left and closed the door. I heard the dead bolt click shut and then the room went silent.

CHAPTER FOUR

The silence of the room was deafening. I never felt so alone in my life. All I could do was stare either at the wall in front of me or the ceiling. If I tried to turn my head, it pulled on the rope that connected my collar to the head of the bed. I couldn't raise my knees or move my feet. It was horrible. And I was going to be like this for three days!

Since the door to my room was closed, I didn't hear Saito's car pull away. It meant that I probably wouldn't hear it pull up if he came on Friday to get me either. I hoped and prayed that he would find something in all the samples he had taken that would convince him to reject me. On the other hand, though, if he left all this stuff behind that he had put on me and given to Gloria, she would probably keep me like this indefinitely, no matter how much Al and the other guys wanted to fuck me. I could sense her enjoyment of my predicament.

My belief in her delight in being my lordly keeper was reinforced when she came back into the room. I was already starting to go crazy from being so cruelly bound. I hated being confined. That's why I think that I became a dancer, because of the freedom of movement. I liked to be on top when I fucked just for that reason.

Although it was mostly, deadly quiet, I could hear the TV faintly. It was comforting to know that somebody was out there.

I gave a little jump when I heard the lock to my door opened. Gloria came breezing in. She was carrying a pillow, true to her word, and one of the pads that she used when the men were fucking me.

"Hello dearie," she said in a false, sweet voice. She went up undid the chain to the back of my collar. Lifting my head, she shoved the new pillow under it and straightened out the one that was there. When I put my head down, it was definitely better than before on my back. She rechaind my neck to the headboard.

The woman was clearly indifferent to my sufferings. She came to the middle of the bed and put the pad down next to me. "Raise your ass a little if you can, honey," she told me. I obeyed. What else could I do? She shoved the pad under me and then went to the other side of the bed and pulled it the rest of the way through so that my pussy and ass were in the middle of it.

"That's in case you have to pee. Every four hours. Men don't know anything, do they?" she asked rhetorically. "When a girl's gotta go, a girl's gotta go. But that don't mean that you have permission to pee on the bed," she told me. She had the prod in the pocket of her dress. She pulled it out and turned it on. I saw the light go green with great apprehension.

"If you pee without permission, honey, you get one of these." She placed the tip of the prod on my belly and pulled the trigger. My back arched and my stomach tightened like a fist. It was agonizing and I screamed into my gag. Gloria laughed. "This thing works pretty good," she said. "And that was a low setting."

I was astounded at her callous cruelty. Here she was hurting me and I hadn't even done anything. I started to cry again.

"Now you know those tears won't get you anywhere, sweetie," Gloria said. "What's gotta be, gotta be. You don't want me to have to use the zapper again, do you?"

I was so miserable, I wanted to die right there. "Noooooooo!" I wailed from behind my gag. It came out as a little murmur.

Gloria shook her head. "There you go, talking. You know that's a no-no." She put the wand to my tit and pulled the trigger again. My breast felt like it had exploded. The rest of my body shook violently. "Ohhhhhhh!" I cried out.

Gloria laughed. "I hope you don't fall for that trick again," she said. "On the other hand," she smiled, "maybe I do."

My eyes must have reflected my misery. She came up and patted me on the head. "There, there, honey. Three days ain't that long. It'll go by in a jiffy. And to help you pass the time, I got you something."

There was a chair near the door and she must have put the stuff down when she came in without me seeing it. She held one off the things up. It was a battery powered clock with a large face so it could be read from some distance. She also had a small hammer and a nail. She went to the wall opposite my bed and knocked the nail into the wall. She then hung the clock on it. She paused to look at it. In the silence I could hear it go, 'tick, tick, tick, tick'. I was sure that the sound would drive me mad. But that was her idea.

"This way, you can watch the time go by. You'll know exactly when you're getting your whippings, when you can use the bathroom, when you can eat. I bet it'll be fun watching the clock. Almost as good as TV."

When she mentioned that she paused. The sound of the TV came through the door slightly. She seemed to hear it for the first time. "Oh, we can't have that," she said. "I'll have to have the boys turn it off. In fact, I'm going to tell Al that they should all stay away for a few days. I think that you should have absolute silence so you can think about what it's going to be like to be owned by that Japanese fellow. He's kind of scary, you know?"

I knew it very well. It was clear that Gloria was going to make my three days as full of torment as she could. I squirmed in my bindings unconsciously.

You never experience your singleness as a person as much until something happens to your body. I mean, all the other time, you're just like everybody else, more or less. But when something happens to make you different, breaking a leg, or spraining an ankle, something like that, you realize that you're separate from everybody else, an individual trapped in one particular body for life. That feeling came over me then. All that was happening was happening to me, individually. Everybody else was free to go about their business, walk around if they wanted, scratch their balls or their koosh. I couldn't do any of those things. I was trapped. Me. Lavender. Star of the stage, seducer of men. My body, which had produced so much good for me, was now a trap in which I was confined.

It may sound like I'm getting philosophical and all that, but when there's nothing else to do, you do a lot of thinking. Over the next three days I had lots of time to think. The clock kept going, "tick, tick, tick" and the second hand kept moving ever so slowly around it. True to her word, Gloria kept the house virtually silent. Occasionally, I could dimly hear people walking above, but the ceiling was heavily insulated. It was Al's playroom and he didn't want the screams of his victims to be heard upstairs.

But I digress. Gloria's reference to how scary Saito was gave me a deep hole in my chest. She had hit the nail on the head. The guy was creepy beyond all belief. I had heard of guys who liked to torture women to death and I began to wonder fearfully if that was what he was. But then, why would he have done all the tests and shit? It wouldn't make sense if he was just going to kill me. In fact, nothing he did made sense. That was what was so scary.

What was happening to me was both totally unreal and all too real at the same time. I bet that outside the house I was in it looked like a normal house. People who passed it or lived nearby probably looked at it and shrugged their shoulders. Some of them probably knew that it was owned by a gangster, but they could have no idea what really happened inside, that in the basement was a young woman being sold into a cruel slavery, bound to within an inch of her life, condemned to three days of torment.

Gloria just stood there, pensive like.

"I was thinking," she said, "about how to schedule things. I mean the Jap guy said to beat you, feed you and get you off three times a day. He didn't say when. I mean, should they all be done at the same time, and, if so, in what order? Let's start with this," she continued. "It's a little after midnight now. I'll give you your first whipping at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning. After that, I'll feed you and then I'll make you come. I'll give you water and let you relieve yourself at 4 and before you eat. This way, if you pee while I'm whipping you, I'll have another reason to punish you. And if I fed you before I whipped you, you might just toss your cookies, which would defeat the whole purpose. How's all that sound?"

I gave her no answer except for a doleful stare.

"Okay then," she said smiling evilly. "It sounds like a plan. I'm going to bed. I'm so excited, I'll probably spank the monkey before I fall asleep. I'll be back at 4. You just keep your eyes on the clock."

With that she left. I could hear the TV for a minute or so and then it went off. I heard her going up the stairs, walk across the floor above me, and then there was silence. I figured that the house had its bedrooms on the second floor and that she had gone up there. A few minutes later, I heard water rushing through a sanitary pipe somewhere and then silence once more.

The next three days were hell. That night, I don't think I fell asleep at all. My mind raced with fear of what was being done to me. I thought of all the mistakes that I had made, not letting anyone know where I was, not giving Al back his money, taking the fucking job in the first place. My mind kept going back to the face of the Japanese man and wondering what it was going to be like living under his total domination. Why did he want all those medical tests of me? Was I going to be a sex slave, or something else?

I tried to think of ways to escape. Of course I could not come up with any. I tried to pretend that nothing bad was happening to me. That was a bleak failure. I tried not to listen to the clock going, 'tick, tick, tick, tick'. Trying not to listen was worse than listening. I tried to keep my eyes off of the clock so that the time would pass quicker. I closed my eyes, I looked at the ceiling, I tried to look to either side of it, but the clock kept looming in my mind, especially, that big number 8, the time when I would be whipped. When I looked back, maybe twenty seconds or so had gone by. Every once in a while, the house made some noises, like houses do. I knew that it was normal, but alone and all bound up, it was kinda creepy. Most of all, I wished that the light would go out so that I could sleep.

After an eternity, it finally became 4 o'clock. The last half hour was hellacious. It almost felt like the clock had stopped moving. I waited anxiously for my chance to get up and pee and have a glass of water. I looked forward to getting out of bed. I didn't look forward to having that tube shoved down my throat again. My throat was dry from fear and sweating. Having the water in my belly and not be felt as it went down my throat was slight comfort.

At a few minutes after 4, I heard Gloria coming down the stairs. The lock turned in the door and she came in. Despite the fact that she was my chief tormentor, I was glad to see her. What I saw in her hand did not comfort me though. She had the tube and the funnel and a bottle of water, but she also had a bedpan. I didn't want a bedpan, I wanted to get up. I wanted to stretch my legs. I wanted to see something else besides the three walls of my room. I couldn't even see the wall behind me.

Gloria was wearing a worn, pink, terrycloth robe. She had the electric prod in her pocket. She also had a tired look on her face. "This is a pain in the ass," she said.

Pain in the ass? If her getting up at 4 to take care of me was a pain in the ass, think of what it was for me?

She looked at me sleepily. "What'll it be first, water or the bedpan?"

My eyes winced. "Please let me get up," my mind begged. "Please!" Other than my thoughts, I had no answer for her.

Gloria put down what she was carrying and went to the foot of the bed. She released my feet and then told me, "Raise you knees."

I gave a little sob and did what I was told. It did feel good to move my legs, even though it was only for a moment or two.

She grabbed the bedpan and shoved it under my koosh. Its end stuck a little bit inside under my urethra. "Okay," she said, "let 'er rip."

I did need to pee but doing it under these circumstances was hard. I didn't want to miss the opportunity though. There was no telling whether I could make it another four hours. I strained and strained. Finally, a little stream came out. I felt it dribble down my vagina and then come out in a stream.

"Whoa!" Gloria said. "That's a regular river. It's a good thing I came down."

I tried to ignore her commentary. Releasing the stream of water felt good. Slowly, it came to an end and the last few drops dribbled into my slice.

Gloria took the bedpan off of the bed and put it on a dresser near the door. She took a tissue from her pocket and wiped my pussy. She then opened a small travel packet of sanitary wipes and made sure that my pussy was properly cleansed. I was grateful for her extra effort. The last thing I needed while laying here a prisoner was an itchy koosh.

She took my feet and refastened them together and chained them off to the bottom of the bed. She then moved to the head of the bed and undid the chain that connected my collar to the headboard. She doubled up the pillows under my head so that my head was tilted more or less up.

She left the room for a minute, I guess to wash her hands, and then she came back. She grabbed the tube and the funnel in the plastic bag and she took it out. The tube went into the hole in the donut in my mouth and down my throat easily. I cooperated by swallowing it. I wanted my 6 ounces of water.

She let the funnel rest on my chest and went over and got the bottle. Then, lifting the funnel, she poured the water into it slowly. It was all down in about thirty seconds. She put the bottle down and slowly removed the tube. She put the tube and the funnel back into the bag and then readjusted the pillows under my head. Once she had my collar reconnected, she was done. I looked at the clock. It had taken exactly seven minutes.

Tears came to my eyes as I thought of the fact that I would now be alone to suffer for another three hours and fifty three minutes and that at the end of that time, I had a brutal whipping to look forward to.

Gloria had something else to add to my torment. She had brought the hammer and another nail. Walking over to the clock, she put the nail into the wall right next to it. When she was done, she went to the closet and retrieved the whip Saito had given her to use and the bottle of spiced oil that burned so much. The oil was in a clear plastic bag. The handle of the whip had a little hole in it, made specifically, I suppose, so that it could be hung on a nail. Gloria hung the whip up and then pushed the plastic bag against the nail until it broke through. Now the oil hung from the nail as well. I could see both of them as plain as day. I gave a deep sob. My body shivered from fear. There were the implements of my upcoming torture.

"I thought you'd like to keep an eye on the whip and the oil," Gloria said merrily. "It's a kind of reminder of what's going to happen at 8 o'clock this morning." She looked at the clock. "In exactly three hours and fifty one minutes." She laughed and stepped over to me. She ran her hand over my breasts. "And just so you know, I decided I'm going to do your tits first. Okay?"

I was too afraid to even shake my head 'no'. Would that be considered talking? I didn't know and I didn't want to find out. Tears ran out of my eyes. She leaned over and wiped them away with her fingers. "Poor baby," she said. "Well, you never should have disrespected Al in the first place, honey. That was uncalled for. Now look at the mess you've gotten into. Let it be a lesson to ya."

Was she kidding? A lesson to me? How could it be a lesson to me if I was never going to be able to speak again? And what in heaven's name made her think that what was happening to me was an appropriate response to calling somebody a motherfucker? My breathing got faster and my heart started pumping furiously. I wanted to scream. Gloria just patted my head.

"Don't get yourself all worked up, honey," she said. "It won't do you any good. See you in a little while. I'll probably have my breakfast first, so you might hear me moving around a bit upstairs. But you'll know its time for your whipping when you hear me coming down the stairs. Nighty night." She gave me a little kiss on the forehead. When she left, she took the funnel, the bedpan and the bottle with her. I heard her steady trudge up the stairs and then some noises above me. After about thirty seconds it was all quiet again.

If the first four hours was difficult, these next four hours were a hellish torment. Every tick of the clock brought me closer to my doom. I became extremely conscious of my defenseless breasts. I kept having a vision of them gleaming red and burning from the oil. I hadn't seen my ass, but I had felt the oil and heard Gloria's comment, "Boy, that thing's getting red," or something like that. I went into a little fit and tried to yank my legs free, I pulled at the chain to my collar until I almost passed out from loss of air. I arched my body and screamed into my gag. I cried and cried.

Somehow, mercifully, after calming down into a depressed stupor, I eventually fell asleep. When I awoke, it was a quarter after seven. I cursed myself for waking. I tried to console myself that I had another forty-five minutes to go before hell was unleashed on my body, but every tick of the clock told me that that was an illusory comfort. When you were a kid, some things seemed like they would never happen. But Christmas did come, and so did your birthday. It was the same with summer vacation, or, when your old man sent you to your room telling you that he was going to whup you as soon as his show was over. Time eventually passed. It was odd when you thought that it always passed at the exact same tempo: tick, tick, tick. It just seemed longer or shorter. When I slept, I guess two hours had gone by without me even noticing it. The next forty five minutes, spent in agonizing anticipation of a painful interlude, would pass with me noting every second.

At about twenty to eight, I heard somebody moving around upstairs. Gloria was probably having her breakfast. I hadn't heard anything from Al. I guessed that he spent the night with one of his whores somewhere. Gloria didn't seem to mind.

I thought of the witch having some scrambled eggs or toast or grapefruit. Maybe she was drinking coffee. I hadn't had coffee in about a week. I missed it intensely. All I would get was mush. I looked at the clock. 7:42. A whole two minutes had passed. I saw the whip and the plastic bottle of the cursed oil. I trembled. I looked at the clock again, 7:42 and twenty seconds. I thought that I was going to go mad.

By the time the clock reached 7:58, I was about ready to explode. At exactly 8:00, I heard Gloria's footsteps slowly trudging down the stairs.

A chill went through me. Each step sounded like a knell of doom. I think she was deliberately taking her time and making her footsteps loud for my benefit. Eventually, the lock to my door clicked open and the door swung inwards.

"Gooooood morning!" Gloria sang to me. She had a bright and cheery smile on her face. She was wearing a yellow shirtwaist dress. It was buttoned to just above her ample breasts. In her hand was a plastic bag with a bright yellow, dishwasher's rubber glove in it. I moaned with fear.

She shut the door behind her and came over to me. "Ready to get your titties all hot and bothered?" she asked. She leaned over and sucked on the nipple of my left breast. It obediently grew stiff. She knelt on the bed and kissed the other one, leaning over me. She smelled of soap, nice and clean. I gave out a sigh as she sucked at my teat and played with it with her tongue.

“That fella didn’t say anything about playing with your titties,” she said merrily after she released my nipple and got off the bed. “They’re real nice. I’ll bet the guys really like sucking on those. Maybe the Jap’ll like ’em too.”

She looked over at the clock and the whip. “Well, time to get to work,” she said.

Gloria went and got the bottle of oil. She put on her yellow rubber glove and then opened it. She poured a small dollop of the oil on her glove and then wiped it on my left breast. She made sure that my large, firm tit was completely covered. I was trembling and whining the whole time. I knew that nothing could stave off my upcoming torture, but I just couldn’t help myself. She poured another few drops of oil on her glove and then did my other breast. The first one was already getting warm, especially the nipple. When she was done covering the right tit in oil, she pulled back and smiled. “Now we’ll wait five minutes,” she said.

She closed the bottle of oil and put it back in the plastic bag. She took off her glove with her other hand and dropped that in the bag she brought with her and then went and sat down on the chair.

My breasts kept getting hotter and hotter. I couldn’t raise my head so I couldn’t get a good look at them. I could just see the nipples and a little bit around the areolas. They seemed to be getting irritated to me. It sure felt like it. I moaned from the intense discomfort. My stomach was churning and my heart was beating wildly. I knew that in a few moments I would experience the dreadful whip again.

‘Tick, tick, tick,’ went the clock. Gloria was just sitting still watching me. After a while, she glanced at the clock. “Three more minutes,” she announced. It was little comfort to me.

She announced when it was two minutes to go and then one. When the second hand swept by the 9, she watched it until it reached the twelve. “It’s time,” she said.

She took the whip off of the wall and stepped to my left, by the door. There was ample room to swing the whip. “You know, I had to jill myself off all over again this morning just thinking about this,” she told me wistfully. “I’ve never had so much fun in my life. Now I see what Al got out of it all those years.”

She raised the whip. “Well, here it comes!” she called out.

The end of the whip struck my left breast right across the nipple. It felt like someone had bitten it off. My back arched and I screamed. She waited about fifteen seconds and then struck it again. I had the same reaction. This time it hit me right above my teat. It felt like someone had poured molten lead on my boob. She continued at that pace until she had given my left breast five cruel, agony producing slashes with the whip. I was moaning and crying the whole time.

Crossing over to the other side of the bed, she began to work on my right one. It hurt just as much. I was blubbering and screaming and pleading for her to stop. Fortunately for me, she did not discern the difference between my moans and cries and the words I tried to form.

When she was done, my whole body was shaking. I was happy that it was over, but my tits still burned like a smoldering fire. I waited anxiously for her to put the salve on that would cool them off. She hung the whip back up on the nail by the clock and came over to my left side. She had the tube of ointment in her hand. “Do you want me to put out the fire, Lavender,” she asked me sweetly. I could have strangled her. I knew I shouldn’t answer her. “You’ve got to tell, me sweetie,” she went on. “Should I put it on or not?”

I moaned and growled my pain and anger. I whined and cried. Nothing would get her to act. She asked me one more time. “Well, honey, should I put out the fire or not?”

It was too much for me to take. “Please! Please!” I tried to say through the sound deadening mass in my mouth. “Please put it on! Please!”

“Oh,” she said. “There you go talking again. I don’t think I can put it on now. That would be rewarding negative behavior. I’m going upstairs to finish my coffee. When I come back, hopefully

you'll have settled down and we'll get you started in the bathroom. I'll punish you for talking after we wash you up."

She went upstairs for fifteen minutes. My tits were ablaze with pain. Slowly, they cooled off to a tolerable level. I swore that some day I would come back and kill that bitch. She was worse than a witch. She was demonic, cruel, evil. I hated her more than I ever hated anyone before.

She finally came back and released me from the bed. She reminded me that she had the zapper and that I needed to behave. I won't go into the gory details of the bathroom, but suffice it to say, it was a mess. Gloria kept taunting me about how much I stank. Well, it wasn't my fault.

She removed and cleaned the dildos while I knelt on the bathroom floor, my forehead on the tiles. Once they were back in and I was belted back up, she led me back into my room. She sat me down on the straight backed chair and used handcuffs to anchor my ankles to its legs. "Now don't you move while I go get your food," she told me, "or you'll be real sorry."

I was already real sorry, but I didn't want to be any worse sorry. Anyway, my legs and arms were confined. If I got up, I'd have to take the whole chair with me. If there was anything I wanted to get up to do it was to smash the infernal clock.

Gloria returned a few minutes later with my breakfast, such as it was. She got the tube down with no problem and after about ten minutes, the glop was down in my belly. Being force fed is one of the worst feelings in the world. It's a feeling of total powerlessness. One of your most basic functions, one of the fundamental pleasures of life, next to breathing, has been taken away from you. You can't choose what to eat, when to eat or how much to eat. I hope whoever reads this never has to go through it. Or, it goes without saying, all the other stuff too.

Gloria returned the feeding regalia upstairs and when she came back, released my ankles and ordered me back onto the bed. I lay back down atop my bound arms and put my head on the pillow. She connected my collar to the headboard. She had in her hand the little ball that Saito had used yesterday to blow up my gag. She presented it to my mouth, connecting the thin tube to the small nozzle. "Your friend said that your gag would lose air and that I should make sure it stayed nice and full," she explained. I hadn't noticed, but as she said it I realized that my mouth was just a little bit more relaxed. I didn't want it back the way it was and I whined when she started to pump air into it. When she was done, it was bigger than even Saito had made it. I thought that it would rip off my lips and pop out of my mouth. Gloria looked at me, tears streaming down my face. "Maybe that's just a little too much," she said. She fiddled with the nozzle and let a little bit of the air out of the gag. But not too much. It didn't feel like my cheeks were ready to explode, but my mouth was full, I can tell you that.

"Now," Gloria said as she put the bulb away in the dresser drawer, "we've got two things left. I have to give you a blast from the zapper since you talked, and I've got to get you off. Which one should I do first?" She looked at me pensively for a few moments. "Well," she said finally, "I don't think you'll be able to come very easily if you're thinking about getting zapped all the while I do it, so we'll do the zapping first." She smiled as if she had made a great discovery.

The prod was on top of the dresser and she picked it up. "I'll put it on a low setting since I kind of tricked you," she said. I was happy to hear that but was still afraid of the electric prod's effects. She placed it on my belly, just above my sex. "One, two, three," she counted off and then sent a fierce flow of electricity to my body. My legs thrashed and I gave a deep moan as the pain went through me. I cursed my miserable fate.

Gloria put the thing back on the dresser and mounted the bed. She was going to stroke my cunt now. I hadn't decided how to handle this. It was clearly an abuse of my body since I was not consenting to it. Giving in would be just one more surrender to her's and the strange man's control over me. On the other hand, a few moments of pleasure and the relaxing feeling I would get from it would be welcome. I decided to cooperate.

“Let’s see,” Gloria said. “How are we going to do this?” She scooted up on the bed next to me. “The Jap said I could only use my hand. It’d be a lot easier if I could give you a good tongue lapping. I guess I’ll just lie here next to you and let things take their course.”

Gloria instructed me to spread my legs. She lay next to me, draped over my left thigh and started to manipulate my loins. She had a deft touch and knew her way around a cunt. In a brief time, my eyes closed, my mind taking me anywhere but here. I started to feel my lusts burning. Gloria kept varying her attentions, caressing, poking, rubbing, pinching until my pussy was a pool of excitement. I felt my climax coming. My breathing became short and my thighs began to quiver. And then she stopped. I moaned in frustration. “I think we’ll let this last a long time, dearie. I’m having too much fun to let it go too quick.” She smiled at me evilly.

The former whore kept me at the edge of completion for a good ten minutes. I was moaning and writhing as she played with my cunt. I wanted to beg her to finish me off, but kept my mouth silent, if not shut. Finally, she let me go over the top. My back arched and my heels dug into the bed. I moaned as my pussy sent wave after wave of pleasure to me. Gloria squeezed every ounce of ecstasy out of my crevasse. She must have been a great whore, I thought.

Without further ado, Gloria bound my legs up again and put everything away. “See you in a few hours,” she said. She left the whip and the oil hanging by the clock.

And so that’s how it went. There were some variations. I didn’t fall for the trick of answering her question about the cooling salve again. She eventually gave up on it. That’s not to say that she didn’t find other reasons to zap me. Maybe I moved too slow, or didn’t understand something she ordered me to do while she was cleaning me. In any case, the prod got a good workout.

The baths were relaxing, one on Wednesday, one on Thursday and one on Friday at about 8 o’clock after I had been whipped and fed.

The whippings were hell, what can I say. She did the front of my thighs the next time and then, making me turn over, did the backs. Then she started the sequence, ass, tits, front and then back of my thighs all over again. She was methodical if nothing else.

The handjobs were fantastic, especially after my bath. It was weird to be jerked off with the dildo in me. It was like a cock and yet not like one. My pussy convulsed around it when I came but it just didn’t feel the same. The one in my ass was weirder. Sometimes, laying there, I could forget about the intruder in my pussy. But I never forgot about the one up my rectum. I was lying on for Christ’s sakes.

I never slept more than a couple hours at a time. There was just too much anxiety in me. The breaks between my whippings was okay, but then again, it meant that the countdown to agony had begun. I spent a lot of time staring at the walls and ceiling mindlessly.

Sometimes Gloria kept me company. She went on and on about her life as a whore and what it had been like to be Al’s main target of lust for several years. She talked about the whores he ran and how happy she was just to be left alone. A couple of times, she got up on the bed and masturbated right in front of me, sitting on my thighs, her legs spread and her dress pulled up to her waist, saying, “He said I couldn’t have sex with you, but he didn’t say anything about in front of you. You’re just so sexy being all bound up and all. I can’t stand it.” And when Gloria came, believe me, she came. The bed rocked and the walls practically shook. It was something to watch.

Finally, Friday came around. On the one hand, I was looking forward to being liberated from the bed I had laid on for three days and nights, but the thought of the Japanese man coming to get me filled me with dread. Even then, I think I would have preferred staying on as Gloria’s torture toy than going with Saito. He was a frightening figure. Later on, I would have gone back there in a New York minute rather than endure what I endured.

As the day wore on, I cried more and more. The whippings I received, especially the last one at 8 p.m., ten terrible blows to my breasts, were like harbingers of his coming. Even when Gloria got

me off that last time, I was thinking of the stern, commanding Japanese man. I guess that was the whole purpose.

After my bath and sexual interlude with Gloria, which ended about a quarter to nine, I laid on the bed, shaking and crying all the way till ten o'clock. I still didn't know if he was coming for sure. He might have called Al, but Al didn't tell us anything. At least not me. I hadn't seen him nor hair of him since Tuesday evening. He stuck his head in the bedroom while Gloria was stroking my pussy to climax at about 8:40, just to check up on me. I think he was contemplating a good-bye blowjob, but decided he didn't want to risk losing the premium he was getting for selling me to Saito. Gloria told him to, "Get the fuck out!"

I was lying on the bed in my room. Al must've had the TV on, cause I could hear it. I watched the clock. My terror increased with every passing minute as it got close to ten. When it got to 9:58, I started to believe that maybe he wasn't coming. But at 10:01, I heard a deep voice outside my door, the lock open and he and Gloria poured in.

I was so frightened when I saw him that I peed right then and there. They didn't notice it at first. Gloria was telling him what a great job she did and how much fun it was. She told him how she kept the place almost totally quiet so I could spend my time thinking about getting whipped and being sold and all. Saito just nodded. He pulled out some cash from his pocket and counted off fifteen hundreds. He then gave her a couple more as a bonus for doing a great job. He was dressed much the same as he been a few days ago, light pants, silk shirt, black shoes. It looked like he was going to a nightclub.

I was trembling and shaking on the bed. My eyes were fastened on every nuance of his face, trying to predict my future. I still could not believe in the reality of the fact that he had bought me. I had prayed and prayed that he would find something wrong with me, that he would be killed in a car accident or by some other gangsters or something, that maybe one of Al's boys would rat on him and the cops would bust down the door. I had a thousand different scenarios for not having to go with the man. They all went by the boards.

Saito came around to the foot of the bed. He saw the yellow stain on the bed pad. I was shaking and crying as he looked first at it then at me. "Very bad," he said. That seemed to be the worst thing that he could say about anything. "Punishment for that later," he added.

"Jeeze, Lavender," Gloria said. "You know better than that!" It really seemed to miff her. But what can I say? If you've ever been that scared, you know.

"No Lavender, no more," Saito said. "She fuck toy now. No name, just fuck toy."

"Oh," said Gloria. "Whatever you say. She's yours now."

The idea that the guy had taken away my name made my heart sink. I had hoped he would see me as a person, even though a slave, but it seemed that that hope was forlorn.

Saito proceeded to release my legs from the bed while Gloria unhooked the chain from my collar. "Stand," Saito told me. I was bawling my eyes out by now. No way did I want to go with this man. I had no dignity left. I would've done anything to stay. Gloria wiped my pussy with one of her towelettes. Saito took his key and unlocked the chain that held my dildos in. He put on a rubber glove and had me bend over while he took them out. The glove and the dildos went into a plastic bag. I stood back up and he unlocked my wrists from the strap that went down my back. Lowering my arms for the first time in three days was extremely painful and I whined and cried while he slowly eased them to my sides.

Next came the collar and then the belt. The last thing was the gag. He reached up and deflated it and then pulled it from my mouth. It went in another bag.

I was now standing before him as naked as the day I was born. I was still shaking and crying. I looked over to Gloria, my lips trembling, and tried to form a word to beg her to save me. But nothing would come out. I was too scared. For the first time, Gloria seemed to understand what was

happening to me. I was not going off to play sexual games with the guy. He had bad intents towards me, was going to make my life a living hell. It was a cruel, hard future in front of me. Her face softened and she stroked my hair. "It'll be okay, honey. Don't worry."

Her words were not comforting, just the opposite because I knew that they were false.

Saito had a narrow, silver band in his hand. It had a little box on it, about an inch square. He put it up to my neck. I tried to move back to avoid being collared and I fell back onto the bed. His hand dashed out and grabbed my teat and squeezed it hard. I screamed. "Bad fuck toy," he said. "Very bad. More punishment."

He pulled on my teat until I was standing again. His hand was so strong that I thought that he would pull my nipple right off. It was still tender from my beating two hours earlier. I stood, crying bitterly, and waited for the band to be applied to my body, fearing its purpose. He released my tit and wrapped the band around my neck. Its ends clicked into one another and it became tight. He stood back and took a little box from his pants pocket. He pressed a button on the box and I immediately felt a circle of pain go around my neck. My knees weakened and I fell to the floor. I was choking even as the pain went on and on. I tried to scream, but nothing would come out. Finally the pain stopped. I took a deep breath and started to wail. The pain started again. I could not believe it. My voice was cut off and I writhed on the floor. After a few seconds it stopped again. I tried to get some air into my lungs and I determined to remain silent.

"Fuck toy learning," Saito said. "Keep quiet. Make noise, collar go off. Disobey, I push button, collar go off."

I looked up at him with hatred. He looked back and smiled. It was like a veneer had been ripped away and we saw each other for the first time. I decided I would fight him every inch of the way. How little I understood how heavily the odds were stacked against me.

"Come," he said to me. "Stay on hands and knees. People walk. You not people, you a fuck toy. Fuck toy crawl." He did not ask me if I understood like he did all the time with Gloria. He would not try and trick me into talking. He was not a sadist, at least in his own mind. Every ounce of pain and torment he inflicted was for a purpose, a purpose I would only understand much later.

Sobbing and humiliated, I crawled after him from the room. Gloria walked behind him. She had the zipper in her hands. "This is sure one fine machine," she told Saito. "Where can I get one?"

"You keep," Saito said. "I have another."

"Gee, thanks," she said to him. I wondered if the future whores that she and Al trained would be so appreciative.

When I reached the lounge area, Al and his bodyguard were standing there. Al looked self satisfied. He had already been paid. The bodyguard just looked edgy as they always did.

Sitting in front of Al and his protector was what looked like some kind of cage. It was shiny silver with thick round bars along the outer portions. There was about ten inches between each bar, making it easy to see what was inside. Inside was some kind of a contraption. It looked sinister. I knew the cage was for me and I also knew, based on the tortures that he had devised for me so far, it would not be pleasant. I was so scared that I slipped and fell. Saito immediately called to me, "Up! Up!" I hurriedly resumed my crawling posture.

He opened the back of the cage and said only, "In."

His meaning was not unclear. I hesitated for just one moment. The ring around my neck came back to life. "Aaaaauuuuugh!" I managed to get out as I collapsed to the floor again. Because of my yell, the collar went off again. My hands flew to my neck, but I managed to suffer in silence.

"Holy shit," Al said. "I got to get me one of those."

"Not for sale," Saito said. He looked down at me and repeated his commands calmly but imperatively, "Up! In!"

Miserable and terrified, I rose and crawled over to the cage. I saw that the rear door had two steel prongs on it, one above the other and I figured out right away what they were for.

As I got in the cage, which stood maybe three feet high, I saw a little bench down the middle. It was wider at my end then at the other. I assumed I was supposed to rest my torso on it. I got in and slid along it until my breasts were dangling down on either side of it on the narrow end. They just fit inside two circular steel bands that came up to just below the level of the bench on which I rested. I cringed when I saw a thick, leather penis like extension attached to the bars in front of me. I kept my head raised to avoid it. Gloria had doing my long, reddish, brown hair up in a ponytail and it falls to my left and over my shoulder.

Saito shook the cage to get my attention. He knelt down. "Put hands there," he indicated. There was some kind of steel bracelet on either side of the front of the cage down at the bottom near the corners. I put my left hand in one and it immediately closed around it, making a whirring noise. My wrist was held tight as a clam. I began to get really scared.

"Do other hand," Saito ordered.

I complied immediately, although it pained me to do it. The two bracelets held my wrists in vice-like grips. Saito then pointed to two similar bands at the bottom of the rear of the cage near my ankles. Suppressing a sob, knowing how cruelly I would be confined in the steel prison, I moved my left ankle towards the band. As soon as my ankle was inside it, the band closed over it with a mechanical whirring.

"Other side," Saito said.

I gasped and let my right ankle be trapped like the left. I was in the cage to stay, until Saito decided I could get out.

There was this leather thing pointing at me from one of the front bars. I knew that it was next. Saito tapped it with his finger. "Put in mouth," he said

I thought of resisting, but then thought more about the band of silver around my neck. I had felt it enough for one day. I was only kidding myself if I thought that I wasn't going to do whatever this evil man wanted. I lowered my neck and pulled my head back a little so that I could get the end of the gag-like device in my mouth. I let it slide past my lips and then moved forward so that it would be inside me. It went all the way to the back of my throat.

What I had not seen was the wide steel band below the level of the gag. When my neck went forward, it fit right inside of the silvery metal device. Before I knew it, it began to whirl and it closed around my neck. At the same time, the bands around my boobs began to make a noise and those closed too. I could feel my large tits circled tightly. For a moment I panicked. I had never been held in such tight bondage in my life, needless to say. The contraption was so unusual and mechanically perfect that it scared the hell out of me. I wondered what it would do next. The leather filled my mouth, my hands were tightly held as were my ankles. I could not raise my chest up and down without causing agony to my tits. I was as trapped as a creature could be. Like I had been for the last three days, I was completely immobile, even more so. This was precisely the kind of thing that caused me the most fear.

It had been bad enough being bound on the bed, but to be confined in such a small space, unable to move, triggered my worst phobia. "Mmmmmmmmmmm!" I pleaded, too frightened to remember the ban on making noise. I felt the small, silver band around my neck come to life. My body jerked and writhed as a result of the pain, but it had nowhere to go. The pain stopped as fast as it started. My heart was beating like a base drum. I was shaking. The Japanese man crouched down in front of the cage where I could see his face. "No noise," he said. "Stay quiet. You fuck toy. Fuck toy only make noise when being fucked. When toy is not in use, toy is quiet."

I knew why Saito had been so concerned with my water intake. I was crying non stop. How could one person do something this cruel to another, I asked the heavens. Why was this happening to me?

Saito got up and went to the rear of the cage. I heard him making some adjustments. The back end of the cage swung closed. My ass and my pussy were exposed there. He made another adjustment and there was more whirring. I felt an object probe at my rear entrance and another at my pussy. They must have been heavily lubricated since they both slowly slid right in. And I mean in. The one in my pussy I felt go up almost all the way to my cervix. The one in my rear end was deep as well. I heard the back of the cage locked closed. A wave of despair flowed over me.

Saito said good-bye to Al and Gloria like he had just come for a couple of drinks and was going home. He even nodded to the bodyguard. He put his foot near the bottom of the cage towards the rear and stepped on a lever. The cage rose up. It was on wheels! The callous man started to wheel me to the door. My heart was pounding. It was really happening. I was as helpless as a person could be, powerless to alter my fate one iota. I would have done anything to get out of that cage. Unfortunately, Saito never had any problem getting me to do anything anyway. The cage would be my home for a long time.

As Saito wheeled the cage towards the door and I was getting more and more frantic, I heard Gloria call out, "Good-bye, honey," like I was going on some vacation or something. Al said nothing.

My new owner dragged the cage up the five or six steps leading to the ground level, carrying the cage by a handle in the top. I swayed and shook as we rose from the basement. It was dark and cool outside, being totally naked and all. I saw that he had driven a van to pick me up in. It was maroon, a Honda, I think. Saito rolled my cage to the back door of the van and then opened it up. There was a wooden box bolted to the floor just a few feet inside. It had a removable door and Saito opened it. The box was just big enough for my cage to fit inside.

The muscular Japanese man lifted my cage and placed it in the back of the van. He got in after it. I saw a tarp on the floor. Saito went over to it and, after shaking it out, draped it over my cage. The tarp had a slit in the top so that the handle could poke through. I wanted to shriek to high heavens as I was plunged into darkness, but I held my voice. It did produce a new cascade of tears though.

My master and jailer rolled my covered cage forward until it approached the box. There were little tracks for the wheels. Making sure that the cage was aligned properly, he began to slide it into the box. I was terrified. The cage was small enough, but now I was to be transported isolated from the world around me in this tiny prison. I wanted to cry out and protest, but I was too scared to. I heard Saito turn some kind of lever or something on the side of the box. The cage shifted slightly and then clicked into place. He came around to the back and pulled on the cage, making sure that it was anchored properly. There was still some light being reflected into my cage from the bottom, but when he closed the back of the box, it sealed me into utter darkness. And silence. The box was apparently sound proofed. Although I could hardly make a sound because of the gag in my mouth, even the feeble noise I could muster would be trapped inside the box with me.

Suddenly, I became afraid that I would suffocate before we got to our destination. Then I heard a hissing sound, indicating that there was, at least, a flow of fresh air.

I did not hear the back door to the van slam shut. I think if you had set off a firecracker next to my little prison I would not have heard it, the seal on it was so tight. I did feel the van shift slightly as, I assumed, he got into the driver's seat, and then the vibration of the engine as it started. A moment later the van began to move. We backed up a few feet and then Saito turned the van onto the road. I was a totally immobilized prisoner, on the way to my dismal, terrible future.

CHAPTER FIVE

I told you at the beginning that you might not believe me what I told you happened to me. I think that what I've told you so far isn't so far fetched that you couldn't believe it. Maybe Saito was a little strange or the wacky Gloria. I think that you can understand all the reactions that I had to what they did to me and the things that went through my head. That's what I'm supposed to be doing, telling how I felt about everything and getting all the facts straight. Now what I put down about what everybody said might not be exact to the letter, but it was just about right. Al was that much of an asshole and Gloria was that nuts. And Saito, well, believe me, he was that scary.

What I'm going to tell you now, though, will go so far beyond the pale that you will doubt that it ever happened. That's only natural. You might ask, if all these things happened, then how come I'm able to tell you all about it? Well, I'll get to that too. If you haven't the belly for it, then you should just stop reading now.

Maybe it's best that I just tell it to you how it happened and in the right order.

I don't know how long we drove along. It was a long, long time. At first I was really scared, like I've been telling you, but you can only stay scared out of your wits for so long and then you go crazy. I made a conscious effort to calm myself down. What else could I do?

I put out of my mind pretty quick that this guy was going to kill me or something. He paid over fifty grand for me. He said himself he coulda gotten some cheaper girls from Chicago or New York, almost three to one. The second thing was that he made all of them tests. Why would he do that if he was going to kill me, like I said before? And then there was the way that he made Gloria take care of me, she should rot in hell. He told her that he was giving me that stuff that cleaned out your system because it was healthy, gave you a longer life. Well that was virtually proof positive that he wanted me to live a long time.

It was true that he didn't seem at first interested in me for sex. But, then again, he had Gloria get me off nine times in three days, ten if you include the one he did. And he seemed pretty good at it too, like someone who did it a lot. So there was some sex angle to this thing after all.

That's what gave me some hope. The guy was some kind of connoisseur or something, you know, of sex. He called me his fuck toy. Well, I thought, if he wanted a fuck toy, I was his girl. I knew my way around a cock and I knew how to make guys want to do me. All this control stuff he was into, well, that would go by the boards when he saw how I could fuck. Maybe I could get him to fall in love with me. He seemed awful rich if he could blow \$50,000 for a pussy and pay for all of his weird toys. Like the cage I was in. It must've cost a pretty penny to put together. Or the collar I was wearing. I figured that it was some kind of new technology and had to be real expensive because all that new stuff was. If he was real rich and he fell in love with me, I thought, I could probably forget all the misery he caused me. I would want to fuck up old Al and Gloria though. But I would call Bobby for that.

So all this stuff was going through my head. That was on the positive side. On the negative side was he seemed like a cold, cruel bastard. Christ, he had me whipped three times a day for three days just because I didn't like him ordering me around like some kind of slave. The other thing was this keeping quiet business. If I could never talk to him, chat him up, you know, how would he ever develop feelings for me? The way he was treating me was like he didn't think I was human. In fact, that was what he said. He said I was a fuck toy, not a person, that I couldn't walk on two feet like regular people. That didn't seem like the kind of guy who would fall in love with anybody.

Then it occurred to me that he might have wanted me for some weird type of experimentation. He was exactly the mad scientist type, and a foreigner to boot. He wanted to see if I was physically okay to make sure the experiment worked. He was hauling me around in a cage like

some kind of lab rat. Worse than a lab rat since you wouldn't be allowed to treat a lab rat this bad. Now that made me really scared. First because it seemed closest to the truth, explained so many things. Second, because whatever experiments he had in mind must be really awful otherwise he could get government funding or something and use volunteers. People were always volunteering for crap like that, weren't they?

Well, it got to the point that I was really sorry I had started to try and figure out what was going on. I knew that my hunches were pretty good. I had been right about Al selling me. I had been right about that. So I was probably right about this too.

I started to get all scared all over again. Only this time, it wouldn't go away. The miles rolled on and it just kept coming back to me. It had to involve sex somehow. That was why all the fuck toy nonsense and all. But what could it be? Was he going to see if he could drive me mad by using sex, some kind of psychological warfare experiment? Weren't the Japs our allies? I kinda thought they were, if I remembered correctly.

If only I could ask him, I thought. If he was going to do something like that to me, couldn't he just tell me so I wouldn't worry about anything else? I mean I would worry a lot about being driven crazy, but most of the time that's reversible if you can get enough therapy, at least mostly. But the other stuff it could be, which I didn't even want to think about, really made me scared.

Like they say in all those kidnap stories, I used to read them sometimes, I didn't know how long we drove. I expected that we would get where we were going in a couple of hours. But that didn't happen. After every while, I'm sure that Saito had it timed down to a 'T', he would stop the van and come into the back. He rolled my cage back out and let me pee into some kind of bedpan. He did it by petting my quim and saying, "Pee." That's all he said. And he only said it once. That was all I needed. The way he was treating me, if he said pee, I was going to pee or burst my bladder.

There was a little hole inside the cock-like thing that was in my mouth. I didn't know it until he snaked one of those tubes down my throat and gave me some water. It was a strange color so it must have been more than water, some kind of vitamin drink. When he was done, he put the tarp back over my cage, rolled me back into the box, and went on his way.

He did that at least four times, maybe five. I'm not sure. When I was a prisoner at Al's he wanted me to get something to drink and to pee every four hours. So if that held true, he musta drove maybe 16 to 20 hours. I know I couldn't do that, but he seemed like the kind that could. Sixteen hours from where I was could put you in a lot of different parts of the country. Twenty hours and you could go even farther. And if he made it five hours between pee stops instead of four, you could go virtually anywhere. Figure it out.

I figured we weren't going to Canada because he'd have to worry about customs. Even going to Mexico risked being rousted by those Mexican police, although a little bit of dough and I believe you could get them to look the other way for just about anything. Bobby had told me some stories. But this guy didn't seem the Mexican type. And if you were going too use all that latest gizmos, like this guy seemed to like to do, it would be a lot easier to stay in the States where it's easier to get that kinda stuff.

The long and the short of it was that I didn't know where the fuck the guy was taking me, just that it was pretty far from where he got me. That would be smart too. If you were looking to buy a girl to make her some kind of slave, why do it near where you lived?

I slept a lot, I worried a lot, I kinda just drifted between sleeping and not sleeping a lot. It was pretty boring most of the time. Just a note to any of you planning one of these kinds of kidnapping, put a radio or a CD player or something in the box. Your victim will appreciate it, as long as you don't play Barry Manilow and shit like that.

Or you can do what Saito did. Now, I was pretty much pinned like a butterfly to a page. My wrists and arms were held tight as was my neck and even my boobs. With regard to my boobs, they

weren't really held tight as much as kinda firm. The band that went around them was just tight enough so that I couldn't lift them out. It ran real close to my chest. But the tits themselves were free. They hung beneath me and recorded every turn and every bump in the road, swinging back and forth like pendulums. It felt funny because they were the only part of me that was free.

The worst was the things shoved in my various holes. The mouth thing was real bad. It was shaped like a real cock and kinda had the texture of one. Would you want to drive for maybe 20 hours with a cock in your mouth? I didn't either. The prongs in my pussy and ass seemed inoffensive if uncomfortable. But they had the effect of immobilizing my hips, and since the road wasn't always exactly flat, every time we went over a bump I could tell from my lower half. But there was more.

About an hour or so after we got started, the prong in my pussy started to vibrate a little. At first I thought I was imagining it. Then it got stronger and stronger so I knew I wasn't crazy. After a while, maybe five minutes or so, after it got me a little wet, the thing starts moving back and forth like it's fucking me, but real slow. I gave a little groan and the collar around my neck gave me a little shock, so I cut that out. The thing goes for about ten minutes when the one in my ass starts to do the same thing. It vibrates for a little while and then starts the old in and out. When it starts fucking me, the one in my pussy stopped. The thing in my rear hole was driving me crazy. Especially since I was hot already. And then it cut off too. Well, my heart was racing and my juices were flowing. It took a long time before I was able to calm myself down and get back to thinking.

I'm not sure how long it was, but a few hours later, it was after the first time that Saito let me pee, the thing does it again. Now this may sound exciting, but remember, I was on the road for over four hours or so by now, maybe longer depending on the periods of time between my peeing, and the whole dildo action thing had lasted something like twenty minutes. This time, it goes on even longer and I started feeling like I was going to get off. Not that I wanted too. Getting fucked by a machine was not one of my fantasies. As far as I was concerned, it was just another way of abusing me, like having Gloria get me off all those times. But, there was nothing I could do. I was still a little edgy from the first time. I'm used to getting off regular and this thing keeps moving back and forth and vibrating in my puss.

By the time the anal one got going again, I was pretty steamy. The one in my ass kept me going. I didn't know you could get those kind of feelings in your pussy from your ass. I heard some girls talk about it, but I figured they were either weird or bullshitting. But here it was, my breathing was getting heavy, I had the urge to rock my hips, my pulse is getting higher. And then it stopped.

I think it was after the third watering stop, about an hour later, it's hard to tell because I snoozed a lot, the whole thing starts again. Now I'm pissed because I think that it's just another form of torture. My pussy got even hotter and I came just this close to coming when the ass one starts once more. This time it's like the tissue around my rear hole is energized. Every time the dildo scrapes across it, I get this tingle. All of a sudden, I can't believe it, I'm coming. My body jerks around in my little cage, I start to groan, although I was holding it in, afraid my necklace was going to give me a jolt, but it must've turned off because I can't control myself and I gave out this deep, heavy moan as my cunt presses around the thing inside it again and again.

That was the last time it happened, during the trip that is. I realized at once that the thing has taught me something about myself that I didn't know: I can come from getting ass fucked. I found out later that the whole cage was a computer. My pulse rate was measured by one of the bands on my arms, my temperature both through my mouth and my ass. The machine knew when I was getting hot and it knew when I had come.

To get back to the trip, I couldn't hear anything from inside my box, but I could feel the road vibrations underneath me. We seemed to moving fast and straight an awful long time, and that meant we were almost certainly on the Interstate.

As they say in those stories, after a long time, the driving seemed to change. We weren't going so fast and the road got kinda curvy. After that, there was a lot of stop and go. This was where the soundproofing came in. If I could've shouted or groaned loud enough, assuming I could stand getting shocked long enough, somebody on the street might have heard something and told the cops. But since I couldn't hear anything outside, I assumed that the outside couldn't hear me either. So what was the use?

I dozed off again and then we were going up hill. We climbed for a long time which told me maybe the Rockies or Kentucky or some place like that. But to tell the truth, it could've been just about anywhere, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Pennsylvania. See what I mean?

I was sleeping when we finally came to a stop. I woke up right away when we stopped moving. Being kept a prisoner, immobile and silent for a long time makes you sensitive to those things. I knew something was up because the guy didn't come back and give me water. We stopped, there was a pause and then we backed up, turned around and backed up again. And then we came to a stop. My bet was that we had come into a garage. I was right.

It was a while before the guy came back to get me. Maybe he had to piss or something, I don't know or maybe he just wanted to be sure no one was around before he brought me in. Anyway, finally the back of the box opens and he rolls me out. I feel myself being lifted off of the van. The tarp was still over my cage so I couldn't see anything.

I was back to being scared now because whatever the man wanted to do to me, he could start doing it now. Also, I realized that I had no idea where I was and no one else would either. I'd bet that even Al didn't know where this guy came from. My stomach was turning over as I felt my cage being rolled up a ramp and over what seemed to be a transom. I'm in the house or building, or whatever it is now and he's rolling me along.

After a while we stop. I heard a door closing behind me. He was still in the room. The room was carpeted, I could tell by how the cage rolled along. At long last, I thought, I'm going to be freed from my little prison.

Now, all of this retelling of what I was thinking and me getting machine fucked and all that may give you the impression that I was kind of accepting of being a totally immobilized person being take somewhere against her will. Well, think about it, would you be? Most of the time, when I wasn't able to calm myself down or was sleeping, I was crying or recovering from crying or getting ready to cry again. I mean, I've been reduced to some kind of package. I'm completely in the dark and by that I mean I can't see anything at all. All I know about the guy is that he's as cruel as they come and much, much stronger than me. My life, on top of the world about a week ago, is now reduced to shit. I have no property, no rights, and I mean none, and the guy who has me captive seems kinda crazy. I was scared shitless. How would you feel?

My hopes had risen, however that I was finally going to get out of the cage. I was obsessed with the idea of getting some voluntary movement back, at being able to extend my arms and legs and get these offensive things out of my body. Now that he's got me here and as long as I do what he says, I'll be okay, right?

My ideas were dispelled right away. When he pulled off the tarp, I first needed to adjust my eyes to the light. He'd kept them low, probably knowing that I'd been in the dark from anywhere from 16 to 24 hours. He stood there in front of me. I waited for him to say or do something, but he just stared. It gave me the willies. Now that I was in the light, the fact that I'm in a little cage and can't move a single muscle is somehow brought home to me more powerfully. The last time I could see good what was going on around me I was hundreds of miles away from where I am now. All the time I was in the van I knew, of course, that the bars were all around me, but I didn't have to look at them except for those brief times he took me out to give me water and then the light was real dim.

Now, I can see them bright as day. It was almost as bad as being blind as a bat like I was in the van. "Please let me out, please!" I'm thinking. No dice.

Saito finally broke his fascination with my plight and walked past my cage and out of the room. He shut the door. I had no idea where he went or what he was doing. The door was behind me so I couldn't see it. I waited a few minutes, but when he didn't come back right away, I started to cry again.

The room was large, about 20' by 20'. From where my cage was, I could only see the wall in front of me, but I spent lots of time in that room later and so I can describe it easily. There was a queen sized bed head in in the middle of one wall. It dominated the room. It sat on a wooden platform about a foot and a half high. There was no box spring, just a mattress. There were various rings and aides to confinement spread around it. The rug was beige, double pile and so were the walls. There was a set of cabinets along the wall opposite the bed. In the corner just opposite the bed there was a bathroom. It was modern with modern conveniences including a bidet, a shower, a vanity and a sunken tub. There were no windows. Other than that, the room was empty. Except of course, for me, sitting in the middle of it facing a blank wall.

It was more than a half hour before he came back. Instead of being dressed in his nightclub clothes, as I called them, he was wearing a pair of sandals and a kimono, what you'd expect a Japanese guy to wear at home. He came in the door behind me and then crossed in front. He was holding a covered bowl. There was also a hose with a funnel in a clear plastic bag.

As soon as I saw the funnel and the hose, I knew that I was not getting out of my cage soon. Why would he feed me like that if I was getting out? I had calmed down after he left, but I started to cry all over again. He ignored it.

Before he fed me, he rolled my cage into the bathroom. The sunken tub had a ramp to it and, after taking off his sandals, he rolled me right down. Once he had me in the middle, my back to the faucets, he pulled off his kimono and threw it to the side out of the tub.

It was the first time that I saw him naked. He had a well built chest, strong legs and a tight but pleasing ass. There was no hair on his body anywhere, not even around his cock. His cock was thick and, for the moment, not long, but set back amidst his balls. I became very much acquainted with that cock and I can tell you that when hard, it grew to much more than adequate proportions. His black hair on his head was, as I said previously, short, a little more than a crew cut and it lay flat against his head. He had a determined brow, an average sized nose and a strong chin. I mean he was a hunk. In another situation, I would have been wetting my pants to get a crack at him.

Unbeknownst to me, the top and sides of my cage could be disconnected from the rest, as well as the back. He removed the top and placed it on the side of the tub. He removed the back, making sure to ease the occupiers of my intimate places from their caverns carefully, and then the sides. He placed them on the side of the tub as well.

I was still firmly affixed in my cage. It looked like I was going to get a bath, something I didn't object to, although I would have much rather preferred to get out of my cage to take one. The one problem, of course, as you ladies know, was my hair. If it got all wet and was not properly brushed out, it would be a fucking mess. I didn't realize it yet, but that was not going to be a problem.

Saito left the tub area for a few moments and returned with a bar of soap, some shampoo, plastic gloves and something very shiny in his hand that I couldn't see what it was. He put the soap and shampoo to the side of the tub and, after putting the gloves on his hands, stepped behind me. I'm completely available to him since the only part of the cage that was left was the front, where the cock-like thing in my mouth came from. He reached down and took hold of my beautiful, long, auburn hair. He pulled it tight, putting pressure on my neck. I heard a clipping sound behind my head. I realized at once what was happening. Before it could fully register with me, Saito had removed all of my hair up to the base of my neck. I started to moan and cry, but the collar around my

neck burst into action and my body was jolted with electricity. I screamed again and got another blast. The collar had some kind of over ride built into it so I wouldn't kill myself.

When I was able to breathe again, I started to sob. Deep, soulful, silent sobs. Everything that had been done to me had hurt me in one way or another. I had lost all my dignity, all my personal freedom, my most private spaces and functions had been invaded and violated. I suffered all kinds of pain. But no blow was as severe, up to then anyway, and as damaging to me, as the loss of my hair. I cried and cried and cried. Saito just ignored me. He placed the hair carefully on the side of the tub and then turned the tub on. There was a nozzle on the spigot and once the temperature was right, he began to rinse off my body. I pulled and jerked at my confinements in my agony. He just kept about with his business.

Once he had me all wet, he turned off the water and replaced the nozzle with a special attachment. Pulling my cage right in front of the drain, he turned the water on again. I didn't know what he was doing until I felt the nozzle begging at my anal entrance. In a flash it was in and my bowels were filling up with water. The nozzle had a supply of soap on it and he pushed the button, injecting me with a long spurt.

My stomach immediately began to cramp. I knew that I had to expel what was inside me, but, although the water was turned off, the nozzle was still blocking my exit path. The man waited about three or four minutes and then quickly removed his gloved hand. A torrent of waste poured out of me. It ran all over the place. Saito washed it away with the spray from the nozzle and then he slid it back into my butt hole, repeating the procedure. On top of my sorrow for the loss of my pride and joy, I felt humiliated and degraded that the man had taken control over my most private function. He spurted more soap into my bowels and held the nozzle there again for another three minutes. Then shit came flying out again. He washed it away. After doing it a final time, he placed his clean hand under me between my thighs, rubbed my pussy, and said, "Pee." I was already beginning to be trained to his command. As soon as he uttered the word, my water came draining out. After giving the tiles and cage a good rinsing, he changed nozzles again and began to address the washing of my body.

He rinsed my body with the warm water. I was so emotionally drained at this point that I failed to find any comfort in it. Once he wet me down, he took the bar of soap and began to soap me up. He scrubbed my bare back, my thighs, my shoulders and arms. He washed my feet and my pussy. He was especially careful to clean my rear opening. He reached his hands under my chest and massaged my breasts, covering them with suds. Then, to my dismay, he shampooed my now radically shortened hair. After all this, he took his time, carefully rinsing my whole body of soap and the shampoo from my head.

I was so disconsolate that all this passed with hardly a notice. I felt him scrubbing the cage behind me with a strong smelling disinfectant and then pouring it over the tiles near the drain. He washed it all down with a hose. When he finished, he removed the plugs from the back of the cage and washed both of them thoroughly with soap and water. Before he rolled me back into the room with the bed, he replaced the top and rear portions of the cage. The dildos had been covered with a mildly disinfecting lubricant and eased into their respective passages.

He did not dry me off, but left me to air dry. I didn't care. As far as I was concerned, he could have cut my throat right then. A moment later, my attention was brought dramatically back to him and away from my sorrows. He stood in front of me with the button to my collar in his hand. He was still naked. I looked up at him dolefully. As soon as I realized what he was going to do, my whole body cringed. He pressed the button. My body jerked and contorted in its confinements. I gave a scream which increased my unhappiness and prolonged it. When I had calmed down, I looked up at him again. His finger went down once more and my agonies recommenced. I tried not to scream, but the pain was too much. I was sobbing and moaning. I had forgotten all about my hair, which was the

point. When he did it a third time, I realized that I would have to accept his decision and move on. Moody fuck toys would not be tolerated.

He had all of my attention as he prepared my dinner. He uncovered the bowl and then slipped the hose through the tube in my mouth and then down my throat. He picked up the bowl with his free hand and began administering my meal, holding the funnel high over my head. My body protested by shuddering and shaking as the liquid drained down the hose and into my belly. After about ten minutes, I was full up. He removed the tube and put it aside.

Saito went back to the bathroom and retrieved his kimono and his sandals. He had my shorn hair in his hand. He put it down almost reverently on top of one of the cabinets and then turned to me. He was standing by my side and I could only see him by moving my eyes to my left since I could not move my head. When your total universe is defined by one person, you like to keep your eye on them. I knew that he was studying me and coming to some decision. I was praying that it would be to let me out of the cage and sleep on the wonderful looking bed.

He crouched down by me and I felt his hand reach through the wide bars of my metal prison and gently caress my rear cheeks. His hand was warm and surprisingly soft. For all that he had done to me, I welcomed the human contact. He reached his left hand through the bars and began to stroke my breasts, that had been dangling below me, the only part of me free, for the last 20 hours or more. As he delicately pinched and tweaked my nipples, I felt a familiar, unwelcome feeling rising in my loins. A made a small noise of unhappiness, apparently under the radar of the cruel collar I was wearing that had deprived me of speech.

When he moved his right hand to my pussy, I knew that I was lost. My body flinched when he placed his finger on my clit. When he started to rub it in a circular motion, I instinctively tried to bring my thighs together to deny him access.

He began to speak to me saying, for the first time, more than one or two word orders. "I make you come, little fuck toy," he said. "You a dirty, slutty fuck toy who sold body to men. You sell your body, I buy your body. Fuck toy now belong to me."

My mind cringed when I heard his assessment of me. I was a whore. I did sell my body to men. But did I deserve all that had happened to me? Weren't there people who had done a lot worse, like Gloria and Al? Were my sins that bad that I should have all my human rights taken away?

He continued to abuse me as he drove my lusts higher and higher. My breasts felt hot under his hands as he massaged and caressed them. My pussy tingled as he continued to play with my nubbin of pleasure.

"You not a person. You fuck toy now," he continued. "Master play with fuck toy, make it come. Come for master now, fuck toy, come for master."

He was calling himself my master. Did that make me his slave? But weren't slaves people too? Did he mean that I was lower than a slave, something else, a mere animal maybe that he could do with as he liked?

At that moment, he was the only person I knew in the entire world. Everyone that I had known had been swept away. He was my entire universe. It was a frightening, lonely place where I could not so much as say my own name, that is, if I had a name. Because, if he ruled this tiny universe which I now called home, if he was the god who would govern my life from here on out, wasn't he the one to say whether I had a name or not? He called me fuck toy. But it was clear that that was not my name. That was what I was, what I had become or, if not yet become, what he intended to make of me. I sobbed as my dismal future ran through my mind.

My breath was getting heavier, my hips were shaking. My nipples had become hard, like darts. I could feel my heart pumping double time.

"Come, little fuck toy, come for master, come," he urged me. And then I came. I groaned with pleasure and cried from misery all at the same time.

“Good little fuck toy,” he said, in his smooth, deep voice. “Come for master, come.”

I needed no further encouragement. As his fingers continued to massage my clit and his hands squeezed and caressed my rotund breasts, I came a second time and a third. I could feel my pussy clamp down on the intruder within it. My rear entrance contracted in passionate sympathy around the penis-like object inside. I clamped my teeth down on the long, thick wad of spongy leather in my mouth.

He began to slow his caresses once he was sure that I had ridden the crest of my latest orgasm to completion. My breathing gradually began to become calm. Tears were rolling down my face. What kind of life did this man have planned for me, I asked myself miserably. Would he ever let me out of this steel hell he had put me into?

I heard his voice speaking again. “Master sleep now. When master sleep, he put fuck toy away. Tomorrow master will fuck fuck toy long time.”

He stood and fiddled with something on the top of the cage. When he was done, he turned and opened one of the floor level cabinets. It was about three and a half feet tall and wide. He swung my cage around so that my rear was facing it and he pushed me in. Darkness began to surround me once again. “Please, please don’t put me in there, please!” I screamed to him in my mind. I didn’t want to be alone in the dark again. I wanted to be free. I would have done anything to be free. But what bargaining power did I have when he could make me do anything that he wanted at any time without my consent?

I felt the rear of my cage bump up against the back side of the cabinet. He placed his hand on the door to swing it closed. I looked up at him frantically, straining my eyes to see his face. It was a mask of indifference to my agony. Then the door closed. I heard the lock on it click. All light disappeared. I had been put away.

CHAPTER SIX

Saito could not have made clearer to me what my new role in life would be. If I had had the power to end my life at that moment, I would have. When I was a kid, sometimes I would play with my friends or my cousins and we would have a little tussle and one of the bigger girls, and they were almost all bigger than me, would climb on top and smack me or tickle me or give me noogies on my head. I would try and fight them off, but never could. The good thing was though, if I yelled out, “I give! I give!” they would stop. Sometimes not right away, but mostly soon after. I knew that there would be no ‘I give’ here. The cruel Japanese man had even deprived me of the right to surrender to alleviate my suffering. There were no magical words I could use to convince him to end my torment at his hands.

I knelt blubbering in my cage, in the darkness, for a long time. I struggled to cry quietly so not to trigger the fierce jolts of my collar, but I was not successful. Every once in a while, my grief would become so powerful, that I would give out an anguished cry. The collar would give me an immediate, remorseless shock. I would scream and get shocked again. The cycle of screams and zaps would continue for about thirty seconds or so and then would give me a few seconds respite so I could collect myself. If I managed to suppress my vocalization of my misery, the shocks would stop coming. If not, I would be off to the races once again.

Gradually, I brought my sobbing under control. My feelings of utter misery did not diminish, but I began to endure them silently. I felt so alone, I cannot describe it. There was nothing I could do to effect my treatment by the domineering, muscular Asian man, except for the worse. I kept on telling myself that he could not keep me locked up in my cage forever. But then I thought of all the medical stuff he had done and it occurred to me that he could. That might be the whole point, how long could he keep a woman caged up like this before she died? The way he took care of me, a special diet, plenty of water, cleaning me meticulously, meant that he could probably do it for a long time. Unless I got a blood clot or something, suffered a heart attack or caught pneumonia from being still too long, he might be able to keep me caged for years. My muscles would fade away, I would grow pale and listless, but I would be alive.

Then I thought about the words he had said to me while he was hand fucking me. He called me a dirty slut and said I was a whore. Was he some kind of religious nut? Had he taken it upon himself to punish the jezebels of the world? If that was the case, then my treatment would get worse and worse and worse until my mind and body could take no more and I would die.

Needless to say, neither of these scenarios was comforting to me.

There was no way, of course, for me to keep track of time. If the guy went to go sleep, and I had no doubt that he needed it, it might be eight hours before he came and got me, more if he decided to eat breakfast first, or take a shower, or go for a walk. Maybe he had a bunch of girls he was keeping prisoner and he would need to take care of them before me. His little mechanical cage worked so good it seemed to me that he had worked out all the kinks before he got to me, so there must have been poor, unfortunate women who suffered at his hands before I came into his world. I mean, he had what he was doing to me down to a science. He didn’t seem to be making it up as he went along.

My present predicament was worse than when I had been locked in the box in his van in two important ways. First, when I had been doing all my thinking and speculating, I had at least been able to come up with some scenarios where things would turn out all right, like him falling in love with me or something. By now, I knew now that nothing good was going to come out of all this. He didn’t even seem to care what I looked like since he had shorn off my hair in a way that would make it all scraggly and uneven. The second thing was that in the van at least I had the vibrations of the

road and the engine to keep me company, something outside of myself to keep me from feeling so desperately alone. I knew that he was a few feet away from me, that there were probably cars all over the place.

That might not seem like much, but compared to now, it was a lot. My little cabinet was as silent as a tomb. I had no idea where the man had got to, how far away he was. He could've gone off to do his grocery shopping as far as I knew. It didn't look like he slept in the bed in the room outside my little prison. That was just a mattress on a platform with a sheet over it. It didn't look like the kind of bed that a guy like him would sleep in. I imagined his bedroom as this great big space with bamboo and silk all over the place, sliding paper doors like in those geisha houses. I saw in my mind a huge, luxurious bed with smooth, slinky, silk sheets and big fluffy pillows. Maybe he had a girlfriend who he was fucking right now as I knelt here, his prisoner. Al had Gloria to help him in his dirty work, maybe he had a squeeze to help him too. You'd be surprised at how cruel women can be to other women. It gets disguised because we're so good at slipping the knife in when nobody's looking and doing it with a sweet smile. Guys don't know the half of it.

I know I was in the cabinet for hours and hours. All this speculation took place over a long period of time. The rest of the time, I would try to sleep, and I think I might have for a little while, pull at my bindings in futile attempts to escape them, or just cried.

But there was one thing that kind of broke up the monotony. I told you he fiddled with something at the top of my cage before he locked me into the cabinet, remember? I was to learn that that's where the controls were for his mechanical cage. He had programmed in something to keep me entertained.

Like when in the van, I was feeling the tingling in my pussy long before I was aware of it. It started real slow and then worked its way up to moving back and forth and vibrating wildly. Sometimes it just stopped after a few minutes. Other times, it went on for a long time and was joined by the thing in my ass. A few of the times it was the ass thing that started first. It seemed like he wanted me kept in an almost constant state of arousal. Cause, when the thing stopped, my pussy didn't stop there right on the dime. It burned and ached for release. I moaned and tried to pull my legs together to squeeze my koosh, but, of course, I couldn't. And when the buzzer and thrusting thing wasn't happening, my pussy was wishing that it was.

When I heard the cabinet being unlocked after a long, long time, I mean hours and hours, I rejoiced. I would get to see the light and another person. Something would happen to relieve my terrible boredom and maybe, just maybe, the guy would do something to satisfy my intense need for satisfaction.

The light poured in and my cage was pulled out into the room. The guy was dressed in his kimono again, a different one this time, one that was purple and red and had dragons on it. The first thing he did was kneel down in front of my cage and rub my breasts while he looked me in the eye to see if I was still there. I didn't mind his hands on my tits, at least it was some human contact, until he gave my nipples a fierce pinch. It was all of a sudden like and I jumped, as much as I could jump all bound up like that, and tried to scream. My buzzer around my neck went off, of course, and it took a couple minutes for me to calm down so the thing wouldn't zap me any more.

When I finally was able to recover, I saw Saito smiling at me as he looked in my eyes. "Poor little fuck toy must learn to control itself," he said tauntingly. "Get zapped all the time. Maybe I put zapper in fuck toy's slutty pussy and see if fuck toy can learn to be quiet then. Or maybe up fucktoy's ass." All this time, he's still rubbing my tits. His hands are hot and although I want to pull my knockers somewhere where he can't reach them, my skin is absorbing the heat and taking it right to my koosh. The dildo things had really kept me hot, you know what I mean. I was right on edge. As far as wanting the zapper up my twat or in my ass, that was the last thing I wanted and my mind cringed at the thought that he might do that.

He got up after that and ran a tube down my throat. He didn't have my breakfast, but poured some water into me. He then went around my back and stroked my pussy, saying "Pee!" and I filled up his little container like clockwork. He wiped me and then came around front again.

I watched him remove the top of my cage, like he did the day before, and then he carefully removed the front, drawing the leather cock thing out of my mouth. It felt real good to have it free, I tell you, and I thought that maybe this was the beginning of his softening of my conditions. I was wrong again.

He played with the buttons on the top of my cage and the thing started to rise off its base. It keeps rising until my mouth is at the level of just below his waist. I think I know what's happening. When he took off the kimono, revealing his naked body underneath, I know for sure.

The well built man took hold of his cock, which had already started to grow hard in anticipation of his upcoming pleasure, and gave it a couple rubs. "Open mouth, he said almost casually.

I complied right away. "Now I'll get the chance to show him something," I thought.

He brought his cock to my mouth and slid it between my outstretched lips. "Close mouth," he said.

I closed my lips and started giving the cock a hot tongue bath. It wasn't that I wanted to or had been dreaming about his cock or anything, you know. It's because I figure it's my only road to salvation.

To my surprise, he pulled his now stiffened cock from my mouth. I looked up in time to see he had his zapper in his hand and was pressing the button.

"Arrrrrgh!" I screamed as the collar gave me a painful jolt. It again responded to my voice and it zapped me once more. This time I gritted my teeth and bore the pain in silence. Tears came to my eyes.

"Try again, fuck toy," Saito told me coldly. "Listen to master." He rapped me on my head several times with his knuckles painfully. "Fuck toy not think. Fuck toy too stupid to think."

I was stifling an outbreak of sobs. What good was crying getting me anyway? This guy wasn't affected by tears.

"Open mouth," Saito said again. I dutifully spread my lips. He inserted his cock and said, "Close mouth."

We stayed that way for a few moments, his cock as still as the gag I had worn. My body trembled lest I do something to merit another zap. Then, placing his hands on either side of my face, he began to slowly shift his hips back and forth, sliding his cock along the inside of my mouth. I fearfully kept my tongue pressed down on the bottom of my mouth and his piece slipped right over it, back and forth. He pushed it in all the way to the back of my mouth, edging it into my throat and then back again. It was then I felt the things in my pussy and ass come to life again. They started out like before, with a low buzz, and then started moving back and forth.

"This is what a fuck toy does," I remember thinking. "I'm just a thing to stick his cock into." The thick meat was an obscene presence in my mouth. It slid back and forth at a steady, remorseless pace. It was the unsexiest thing I could think of happening to me except for the fact that my cunt was getting serviced by the dildo and it keeps slipping over my clit. My ass is tingling in response to its mechanical fucking too. I've been trained to respond to them, I realize. It didn't take very long, did it? I don't want to come while being mouth fucked like this, but my body wanted to real bad.

Then I heard Saito say, "No come. Fuck toy no come until master come. Fuck toy get whip very bad if it come."

I moaned with unhappiness both at the prospect of delaying my already much delayed gratification and the idea of getting whipped again.

The dildos keep vibrating and fucking me as does me in my mouth. I want him to come so I can so bad, my body is shaking. But I can't do anything to make it happen any faster than he wants it to. My tongue is like a dead weight in my mouth. I feel my lusts rising to the edge of my control point. I tried everything to think of something else, to fool my body into thinking that it's not time to come yet. My breathing got really heavy. My body was tingling all over. I was afraid to make a single sound. After a while, though, I realizing I'm making a high pitched whine kind of steady like, that sounds like steam escaping a tea pot. I try to think the dildos to stop, urging them with my mind to cease their endless fucking.

Then, to my joy, I feel Saito's hips start to move more quickly and his cock pick up its pace in my mouth. My mouth is making squishy noises as it pulls my saliva out over my lips. His hands tightened on my face. All of a sudden his cock stops. I whine cause I thought that he was fucking with me again. But then I feel his cock throbbing against my lips. His warm jism is spilling out onto my tongue. I heard him groan. "Can I come now or not?" I ask myself desperately. He said "Don't come until master comes," not "Come when Master comes." I distinctly remember. So I deal with the torment for a few more moments while he's dumping his load.

"Please! Please! Please!" I scream in my mind. I squiggle my ass the little it can move in agonized frustration. Then he says the magic words that I would hear hundreds of time during the next many months.

"Come, now. Come for master."

My body started to shake as I released the psychic bar I had erected against coming. My orgasm didn't start right away, it needed to build up just a little bit, like a guy diving off of a diving board, stepping back so he could get good leverage. The little guy in my head pauses at the beginning of the board, runs down it slowly, takes one, two, three leisurely jumps to get height and then launches. Bingo.

When my pussy launched I could not restrain myself. I moaned and groaned and huffed and puffed. I could feel my tits pulling on the rings that held them so firm. My arms tried to come closer to my body and my legs wanted to come together, but none of that could happen. I shook, I screamed silently, my mind flooded with pleasure.

All amidst this cyclone of lust, Saito stood there quietly, his cock in my mouth, not moving it an inch. It becomes a strange presence as all the rest of my body seems to be in convulsive motion. I want to squeeze down on the cock in my mouth so bad, but I dared not. I didn't have permission, so I let it lie there like it was taking my temperature or something. His cum is still lying on my tongue since he didn't give me permission to swallow it.

Finally, the dildos, as if they have sensed they had achieved their objective, began to slow inside me. My cunt's convulsions began to fade. My whole body is sweating from the ordeal of my climax. It takes me a few moments to recover. When I have calmed, Saito slowly draws his still hard cock from my mouth. Some of his cum drips out over my chin. "Swallow," he says and I gulp down his slimy load.

I don't know what I expected him to do at this point. What I didn't want was to have to stay in my cage. I see him pick up the front of it and my heart sank. My lips are free and as long as I can stand the zap that I'd get, I can beg him to release me, but I don't have the courage. He clicks the bottom of the front part of the cage into the base. When he extends the set of stainless steel squares toward me, the leather prick sticking out fiendishly, I gave out a sob. "Open," he ordered. I opened my mouth and the leather prong went right in. I heard the click of the cage front hooking into the base like it was a shot to my heart.

Saito then went into the bathroom and I could hear him running the water at the sink. He came out stirring a container. It's my breakfast. Although he could have easily let me eat it from the bowl before he put the gag back in, he has decided to feed me again through the tube in my mouth.

He pushed the rubber hose through it and fed it down into my tummy. Like all the other times, I didn't taste anything but rubber hose. My belly filled up quick and then he pulled it out.

It was clear that he wasn't going to let me out of the cage anytime soon. Whether it's just some kind of test or training for me to undergo, or whether this is how he wants me from now on is unclear. What is clear is that I am going to have to endure it, no matter what, without knowing the answer to my question. In other words, without hope.

I watched him go back into the bathroom and then I heard him pissing into the toilet bowl. It makes a gurgling sound that echoes off the bathroom walls. The sound of him peeing makes me want to pee and I found myself hoping that he would come out and service me. He does, and when he puts the pan under my pussy and strokes it quickly three times with his hand, my liquid comes running out right away. It's humiliating, but he doesn't even have to say the word anymore. My body mechanically followed his instructions.

After he disposed of my piss, he turned the cage around and removed the back and sides. My ass was now facing him. He took out some kind of oil and, after pouring some into his hands, started rubbing it all over my accessible body. He caressed my back languidly, taking his time, massaging each vertebrae, and each muscle. He did my neck and my thighs, inner and outer, my feet, my arms, my neck. By the time he gets to my tits I am boiling all over again. I don't know if it was something in the oil or the food he gave me, but my lusts are rising. I squirm as much as I can in the cage, which, because the dildos are out of my lower accesses, I can do a little bit more. Each caress of my breasts sends me higher and higher into my need. He pinches the hardened nipples lightly, just as a tease, and I moaned just loudly enough for my collar to remind me that that was a no-no. I want to beg the guy to fuck me and I want to get out and kill him all at the same time. I remember that he said before he put me into the cabinet that today we would, "Fuck long time." I wondered what that meant to him. He seemed like just the type of guy who could fuck all day. It was kinda scary, me being all bound up and all.

When he finished with my tits, he came around to my back again and started to rub my pussy. I immediately start rocking my hips and trying to press down on the hand that is bringing me pleasure. "No come till master say," I heard him intone as his thumb entered me and his fingers began to play with my clit.

"Give me your cock, pleassssse!" I moan in my head. A hand job was nice, but there was nothing like a thick cock up my puss to make me happy. I had decided that if he was going to torment me sexually, I would get all the pleasure out of it that I could. Did that make me a slut? I don't know. But what is a slut anyway, you know what I mean?

His hand was expertly raising my sexual heat. His thumb, like a little cock, was driving back and forth in my pouch while the fingers caressed and rubbed my love button. Again, I was ready to come long before he was ready to let me. I bit down hard on the prong in my mouth to prevent my pussy from disobeying him, something that I knew could have grave consequences. Later, when the real tests of self control began, I was punished over and over for failing to hold my self back. Eventually, I learned, physically and mentally, that when around him, I could not come without his permission. Likewise, no matter what condition I was in, all he had to do was stroke my quim and utter the words, "Come for master, Come now," and I was off to the races.

My need got so high that the cage began to shake. I was whining again, the only verbal response I could make that didn't risk an electrical jolt. His hand was rubbing my cunt furiously as if daring me to disobey him. Suddenly, he said the magic words and my pussy began to give me a series of pleasurable anguished contractions. I kind of buzzed around the leather cock in my mouth. My toes curled and my body shuddered again and again. He did not wait for my fires to cool to slide his dick into my pouch. I moaned loudly as it pushed aside my pussy's walls. He must have deactivated my collar because I didn't get zapped. His cock rode me back and forth like a demon. I felt my crisis

approaching again and I whined in frustration wanting to let my self go wild. He kept pumping away with long hard strokes that made the cage shake. He was laying on top of me, his strong, hot chest on my back and his knees pressed into the outside of my thighs. His hands held onto my shoulders tightly. “Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmm!” I moaned into the gag, begging for permission to come. He didn’t have to repeat the rule for me this time. I knew there would be a terrible consequence if I didn’t obey.

He pulled his cock out of me suddenly. I groaned with unhappiness. Then I felt his cock prying at the entrance to my bowels and I realized that he was going to finish off in there. My pussy sang as I felt his cock breach the dainty ring of my ass. He slid in easily. There was no pain since his dildo had well prepared me. I gasped as he began to drag his cock back and forth across the tender tissue. His strokes were slow and long, making me whine and squirm. I felt my orgasm coming and tried desperately to hold it off. This day, he was taking it easy on me. When he sensed I was almost beyond endurance, measured by my squeals and the writhing of my body, he relented. “Come for master,” he said. “Come now.”

My pussy exploded with delight. I had come from being fucked in the ass by his dildo before, but never by a cock. The real thing was incredibly more satisfying. His hands wandered my body encouraging me to pleasure. I expected that he would pop off himself while I was groaning and moaning beneath him, but he did not. He slowed for just a few moments and then began his sawing motions again. It only took a minute or so and my mind was begging for relief once more. I held back so long that I thought my blood vessels were going to pop. Then he said the magic words and I gained relief.

He waited a little longer to begin his moves the third time. My passions were building but had not yet reached their peak. Suddenly, he groaned and I could feel his tuber throbbing against my anal ring as it passed frantically back and forth. I thought that I was done, but, in his ecstasy he called out, “Come for master! Come now!” and, magically, my pussy began to throb and convulse once more.

I was exhausted when he finally pulled out of me. I barely noticed him going off to the bathroom although I did hear the water running as he cleaned his prick of my wastes. When he came back, he poured some more water down the tube in many mouth, reinstalled the sides of the cage and then left.

He was gone a while. Maybe he went for lunch or to take a poop or just to make me lay about and wait for him to do something with me. I had had four shattering orgasms so I could not complain about that, but I felt so used, like a thing, a fuck toy. I had become what he said.

By the time he came back, dressed again in his kimono, I was tired and achy again and anxious to leave my little prison. As he walked past me, I wanted to beg for freedom so much that it made my heart break. He gave me some more water, made me come with his hand, fucked my mouth, my pussy and ass all over again, just like the first time. I came four more times too, although on the last one, I almost blew it and come before he said I could.

After that, he rolled me back down to the tub, washed me, gave me an enema and, after rinsing me, brought me back into the bedroom to feed me. Apparently, we were done for the day, or period, or whatever you want to call it since I didn’t know when time passed outside my little room or my cabinet. He rolled me back to my little prison. I was crying again, miserable that I would have to spend many more hours inside it. He knelt down to the front of my cage and repeated what he had said the last time he entombed me. “Fucktoy dirty slut. You filthy whore. You fuck for money, give blow jobs for money. Now master own you, you take dick in mouth for free, you take dick up ass for free. Dirty slut fuck toy must stay in cage all time.”

I sobbed when he said this and made the most miserable frown you could make with a fake cock in your mouth. I whined when he backed the cage all the way into the cabinet. When the door closed, locking me in darkness, I felt like dying.

And that's how it went. I don't know how many times I was brought in and out of that cabinet. Some times it seemed much longer than other times I was kept in there. Once outside, he never let me out of the cage. On the second time he brought me back out into the light, he released my bindings in the cage one at a time so that he would wash my wrists and ankles. He also released my neck so that I could rise up and expose my belly for cleaning. But the locks were put right back down again.

On the third time I was brought out of my cabinet for a sexual marathon, after he had come in my mouth for the second time and was fucking my cunt, I was unable to hold back my passions. I cried while I came, knowing that he would punish me. It was, I think, part of his plan to make me disobey him because he kept going on and on, thrusting himself in and out of me until I could take no more.

The sides and rear of the cage were already removed. He pulled out of my pussy immediately, not letting me even enjoy the fruits of my sin. "Very bad fuck toy," he told me. "Dirty slut fuck toy need to be punished. Very bad."

He wheeled me to the center of the room and went to the cabinet next to where he stored me. He removed a long, flat, flexible rod from it and a container of the oil that he had Gloria use on me. He had me facing the cabinet so that I could see what he was bringing out. Instead of applying it to merely one part of my body, he rubbed it all over my ass, the backs of my thighs and my back. It started burning right away. I was whining and moaning as loudly as I could without setting off my collar, which, believe me, was not loud at all. I shook in my cage and cried. I knew what the lotion would do and I knew what it would feel like when the whip hit me.

I was moaning and screaming inside after a few minutes. The burning from the lotion was almost unbearable. My fists and my whole body were clenched in an attempt to help me endure the burning sensations on my skin. He was waiting for it to take full effect before starting to whip me, kneeling by the front of my cage and casually playing with my tits. I hated him and every thing he had done to me, and was going to do, with all my might. Rebellion rose up in me. I had been docilely accepting his use of me. I decided that I would not longer, that I would revolt and die if I had to.

When the first lash struck me, however, my resolution passed all away. I would have done anything to escape the lashing I was about to receive and to prevent future ones.

The first lash landed on the small of my back. The fire ran all the way up my spine and all the way around my hips. It was excruciating. He had turned off the noise suppressing collar and I screamed and begged for mercy from my cruelly gagged mouth. He hit me again and again. I don't know how many times. I realized that he had been just waiting for the excuse to punish me so that he could show me how much more agonizing it could be than the ten little strokes Gloria gave me. His strokes were fierce. The pain was agonizing. I almost lost my mind right there and then. I resolved a hundred times over while the pain coursed through me, as stroke after stroke came down all over my back, my rear and the backs of my thighs, that I would never allow my body to disobey him again, that I would do whatever he wanted. I submitted to his virtually majestic power over me. Any thought of rescue, freedom, liberty were all cruelly quashed.

When he was done, Saito carefully applied the salve that reduced the intensity of the burning sensation on my skin. I was so exhausted and defeated that I hardly noticed it when he packed up the sides of my cage and prepared to move me to my cabinet for who knew how long. I looked up at him miserably, hoping to see even a hint of sympathy from him for my plight.

"Fuck toy bad," he said. "Dirty fuck toy stay in cage."

And then he said something that seemed cruel and unkind at the time, but commenced a thought process that was to lead to my doom.

“Fuck toy not even good as dog,” Saito said. “Dog comes out of cage, walks around, eat own food. Not like dirty, slutty fuck toy. Fuck toy bad, be put away long time. Think how fuck toy can be good.”

I moaned miserably, low enough for safety, at the cruel words, and then moaned again at the idea of being locked up in the darkness for ‘long time’. I knew that Saito had kept all his promises so far.

As I knelt once again inside the wooden cabinet, locked inescapably in place, I thought about the man’s words. He was right. I was being treated worse than a dog. No one would do to a dog what he was doing to me. Somewhere in my brain that night was born the idea of what eventually happened to me.

After that time, every time he put me away, he would go on and on about how I was lower than a dog, a mere fuck toy. He cruelly teased me about how much better a life as a dog would be. It didn’t take long for me to understand the road he was leading me down. But even if I wanted to become his dog, some kind of fuck dog, I guessed, how would I ever let him know that? I wasn’t permitted to make a single intelligible sound.

Like before, it sounds like I was doing all this rational thinking and enjoying all these forced orgasms. But my thinking was anything but rational. And although my pussy experienced multiple trips to wahoo! each time he let me out of the cabinet, the fact of being used literally as a toy with no right to object to any act that he decided to perpetrate against me, made me feel low and ashamed.

You woulda thought that my tits and belly were at least protected from the guy’s cruel whip since I was lying with them underneath me, but they weren’t. The next time I came too soon, it was when he was fucking me up the ass for the third time that session, he withdrew, cleaned off his cock and, when he came back, he reinstalled the back part of the cage. Then he removed the front panel and released my hands, neck and breasts from their confinements. Holding onto my bedraggled, foreshortened auburn hair, he pulled me backwards until my back arched and then connected my wrists to the top portion of the rear panel. My tits and my stomach pointed up to the ceiling. He smeared that awful oil on them and, after waiting the recommended five minutes, launched a brutal assault on them with his special flat surfaced whip. He had gagged my mouth with some kind of plug so I wasn’t able to shout out any intelligible words, but what I tried to say ranged from curses on him and all his progeny, suggestions to him to commit certain sodomistic acts on his mother, to pitiable begging for him to stop. My tits were as red as beets when he was done and they burned so much that if he had asked me if I wanted them taken off I would’ve said yes.

When he was done whipping me and had me set down in the cage like I was, my hands, neck and tits all bound up again, he finished doing my ass before putting me away. God help me, when he said, “Come for master,” I came like a railroad train.

My mind was slowly, but surely, rotting away into nothingness. All I had was fear, intense sexual episodes and incredible sorrow and loneliness. The idea of being a dog kept sounding better and better. The one day, after he had made me come a couple times, and I had obediently held my orgasms until he commanded me to have them, his approach changed slightly but significantly.

After calling me the usual names before putting me away, he said that I’d been a good fuck toy. “You good fuck toy today,” he said. If you’ve never been maltreated like I was you won’t know the joy that his praise set off in my heart.

“Maybe I see if you make a good fuck dog,” he mused. “Would you like that, fuck toy?”

Now, he knew I couldn’t respond verbally, but I sure did respond physically. This was the crack in the dam I’d been hoping, praying, waiting for for a long, long time. I didn’t even know how long since I had lost count of the times I was taken out and abused.

I gave him a high pitched, low volume whine and tried to shake my head yes. I felt his hand rub over my hair.

“Maybe I give fuck toy chance,” he said. “Take fuck toy out of cage, let it walk around like little doggie, okay? Maybe next time.”

I tried to smile, a hard thing to do when your mouth’s around a simulated cock. “Please!” my mind begged. He rolled my cage into the cabinet and closed the door.

That ‘rest period’, if you could call it that, was filled with both hope and despair. The hope was that he would finally let me out of the cage. I had had premonitions of dying in it and I can’t tell you what horrible dreams I had been having. The bad part was me thinking that maybe he was just mind fucking me, that he had said it just to make my suffering all that much worse when he changed his mind. There was a second aspect to my despair as well. How low had I sunk that being converted into a fuck dog would seem an advance in status, something to be hoped for? I was a gal who had charged \$500 bucks for a blowjob. It cost at least \$1,000 to put your dick in my pussy, if you were a guy that is, I didn’t do girls. I never sold my asshole, but you can bet that if I did it would’ve cost a lot more than a thousand bucks. By my figuring, this guy owed me well over a hundred grand.

Kneeling in my cage, my thoughts actually went around like this. One of my fantasies was that somehow the police would catch up to this guy and bust the doors down. I would be rescued and be able to sue the guy for millions. He seemed like he was rich and all. Funny how your mind works, isn’t it. I’m sure that, even if I’d been rescued at that point, money would be the last thing on my mind. More like years and years of therapy.

Anyhow, this idea of being a dog keeps filtering into my head. I think he’ll probably make me eat from a bowl and stuff and make me wear a dog collar. He’d want to take me for walks and maybe have me sleep at the foot of his bed like a real dog. From where I knelt, I could deal with that. And the more freedom I could win from him, I thought, the more likely would there be a chance for escape.

When Saito released me from my cabinet, many hours later, my body was shaking with anticipation. He gave no sign, however, that he recalled his last statements to me. He went about the usual routines. He gave me something to drink and then he fucked my mouth, as usual, with the dildo things going wild in me until he let me climax. Then he disappeared for a while, leaving me to contemplate whatever empty portion of the room I had been left facing. When he came back, after what seemed to be about 45 minutes to an hour, he had in his hand a bright red, two inch wide, dog collar with a four foot dog leash attached. I almost peed myself right then.

He crouched down in front of my cage and showed them to me. “Maybe fuck toy learn to be dog. Much better. Hard work. Take time. Now I fuck you. If you good, maybe, take you for walk.”

He had reaffixed my mouth onto the leather prong on the front of the cage and I could not even nod my head to affirm his conditions or express my eagerness to be a good fuck toy.

I think that Saito was determined to make me come without permission so that he could delay my first venture outside of my cage since I had entered it at Al’s what seemed many days ago, but I fought and fought and fought to keep control of myself. Now I had a double incentive to maintain control. One was that “maybe” I would get to go for a walk, and the other was to avoid Saito’s cruel whip.

When he plowed my cunt from behind, he kept going and going and going, just like that little battery rabbit on TV. I thought I would go mad with the need to erupt. Finally, as his own climax began, he said the words that I had been longing to hear, “Come now. Come for master.” I thought I was going to faint. It seemed like all of the blood in my body had rushed to my cunt. It hammered at me hard causing my body to convulse and strain at my bonds. His evil cock kept my climax rolling along for the longest time. I felt like I was going to bite through the leather cock in my mouth.

His rhythmic assault on my crevasse eventually slowed and I was able to recover my sensibilities. I didn’t know at the time, but had suspected, that he was putting something in my food. I had been a lustful wench before, but the fires that he lit in me, even considering the stoking they got

every time I was locked in my cabinet, was far beyond what I had thought was possible. But there was also the fact that my randiness was necessary for my survival. If I had not come when he gave me his little command, "Come for master," I would surely have been beaten. A 'good' fuck toy always comes when ordered to, like some machine you have bought, a wind up doll. And if the doll doesn't work right, you bang its head on the floor until it does.

Saito slowly removed himself from my koosh and then came around to the front of my cage. I could see my moisture glinting on his cock. He crouched down in front of me and stroked my hair. "Good fuck toy, good. Is fuck toy ready to take a little walk? I think I let you out see if you make a good fuck dog, okay?"

My heart leapt at the news. I didn't care, I thought, whether he let me out for a few minutes or for hours. The fact was that I was going to be able to move my legs and arms. I would be able to travel from one point to another. I would be free from my horrible prison.

Saito stood up and started to reassemble the cage. At first I thought that he had lied to me and I started to cry quietly. But he only put on the two sides and the top. When he had, he fiddled with the controls and, open sesame! the bracelets that had kept my wrists and ankles confined whirled open. So did the rings that kept my neck and my tits in place. The gag was still in my mouth, but I could have removed it from my mouth by the simple expedient of moving my head back and raising it up. I was, however, too afraid to move without permission. I was terrified that I would make some misstep that would cause him to change his mind and reconnect me to the cage. My body was trembling and my heart was racing. I looked up at him. He was looking at me. "Out," was all he said.

Trembling, I began to back out of my cage. My eyes were pinned on Saito fearful that he was playing some kind of trick on me. My joints were stiff and it felt unnatural to move them. I placed one naked foot on the soft rug and then let it slide back to give my knee room to follow it. My belly slid off of the little shelf it had spent so much time lying on. Then the other foot came out, touched the rug and slid back. When my second knee touched the rug, I really began to believe for the first time that this was all real and not some hallucination I had dreamed up while locked in my cabinet. I backed up some more and my breasts and head came free of the cage. I placed my hands down on the soft, wonderfully real feeling rug and looked up. I would move no further without permission.

Saito took hold of the cage and rolled it away from me. There was now several feet standing between me and him. My body was shaking and my arms were trembling with the strain of holding my chest and torso up. They had not been used for a long, long time.

He gave me a few moments to acclimate myself to my new found liberty. The door to the rest of the house or whatever kind of building we were in was about fifteen feet behind me. I knew, though, that he had the little gizmo that made my collar go zap, he was much bigger and undoubtedly much faster than me and if I tried to stand, never mind run, I would probably fall right back down to the floor. Then there would be a terrible punishment and an indefinite return to my cage. At that moment, all I wanted to do was revel in my tiny bit of freedom.

When he started towards me, my body flinched, but I did not move. He had the dog collar in his hand and he crouched down next to me and put it around my neck. He was naked and the heat of his body next to me was frightening. It was odd, but I felt more afraid of him now that I was out of the cage than when I was in it. My lips were ungagged and they trembled as he buckled the collar closed. Then I felt him fasten the leash he had brought into the room with him onto the collar.

He stood and pulled the leash taut. "Fuck toy leashed like little doggy now. Must walk like doggy. Come."

He gave my leash a pull and walked towards the bathroom. I followed on my hands and knees. I was so unused to working them though that after a few steps, my arms gave out and I fell face forwards.

"Very bad, fuck toy," he said. "You no walk like dog no can be dog. Try again."

Tears had come to my eyes. I felt like this was my only opportunity to show Saito that I could be a good fuck doggie to him. At that moment, there was nothing in the whole world more important. He turned me and started walking to the other side of the room. It was about 30' from the door to the bathroom to the wall opposite it. As you faced the bathroom, the bed was on the right and the cabinets which served as my home on the left. He walked me towards the wall. This time I managed to go the distance without falling.

"That better, fuck toy," he said. "Now, when you walk you must make sound like doggy. No can be fuck doggie if you no sound like dog. Bark for master! Bark!"

He dragged me back towards the bathroom. My throat was dry from fear. I hadn't talked for maybe two weeks, maybe more. I tried to get a dog like sound out of my mouth, but my voice cracked and it emerged as a garbled approximation of a bark. My eyes were overflowing with tears as I walked the fifteen or so feet to the bathroom entrance. I managed to get two or three barks out during that time, "Yip! Yip! Yip!", one every few feet. At the end of my little walk he pulled the leash taut. I looked up at him fearfully.

"You not make very good dog, fuck toy. I don't know. Maybe next time you do better. Now back in cage."

I was crestfallen that I had failed to meet his standards so that I could be promoted from a lowly fuck toy to a dog! Can you imagine that? Can you imagine how low I had fallen, what this man had done to me in the short time I had been his prisoner? He unleashed me and then removed the collar. I was overwhelmed with sorrow. Looking back, I doubt that there was anything I could have done that first time that was not going to send me right back to my cage. It was all part of his plan of torment for me. But I was not in a position to rationally analyze what he was doing to me. I felt like a little girl who had lost the most important thing in the world to her. It was devastating and a feeling of utter hopelessness pierced my very essence.

Saito rolled the cage towards me. I looked at it forlornly and up at him. It took a particularly, heinously cruel person to force me back into that cage. But that was what he was. He cared not a fig for my feelings. I was not a human being, I was an object, a fuck toy, a thing. Like an animal that had failed to perform a demanded trick, I was being sent back to my natural element.

Seeing no hint of any mercy or human feeling in the strong, Asiatic face, I placed first one hand and then the other inside the cage. I didn't want to be punished for disobedience. If he wanted me in the cage, I was going in, one way or the other. Oddly enough, I wanted most of all at that point, since I was not going to be free, to be returned to my cabinet where I would not have to look at the source of all my misery or hear his taunting voice.

When my body was fully in the cage, without being told, I placed my wrists and ankles in the open holders. As they went in, the cage whirred and they closed, binding me once more. Blubbing and whining, I captured the end of his leather cock with my lips and took it into my mouth. As my head extended, my breasts dropped into the cut outs that had been made for them and my neck slipped into the band underneath it. There was another whirring sound and I was a defenseless, immobile prisoner once more.

Saito crouched down by me. "Poor fuck toy not good enough to be master's fuck dog. That too bad. Maybe you get another chance soon. Maybe not. I see. I going to fuck you now good then put you away. You think long and hard about being fuck dog. Next time maybe you do better."

Saito removed the top and sides to my cage. He brought out the oily lotion he liked to use to get me nice and aroused before he put his cock in me. He rubbed it into my back, my thighs and over my breasts. His hands were hot and the oil was, despite my inconsolable sorrow, soothing. Very soon, he had my body excited. He began to rub my pussy, playing with my clit, running his fingers in and out of my cleft. My lusts kept growing higher and higher. When he was satisfied, when I was

breathing hard and my hips squirming, he got up and mounted me, introducing his cock to my well fucked rear entrance. I moaned as his cock pressed the delicate membranes apart and entered me.

He took a long time fucking me. He sawed his prick back and forth until he felt my lusts near the breaking point and then stopped. Once I had had time to cool down, he started all over again. Soon I was whining and crying, desperate for relief. My need kept growing deeper and deeper. Finally, he gave me the command that unleashed my climax. "Come for master. Come now."

I screamed and moaned as my pussy sent waves of excruciating pleasure to my body. I rocked and squirmed in my confinements. I bit down hard on the gag in my mouth. I could feel his cock pulsing and throbbing against my anal ring as he drove it back and forth while he shot his spewm into me. My orgasm went on and on.

I was panting and out of breath when he finally slid his cock from my ass. He went into the bathroom and washed off his cock and then returned. "You fucking slutty whore," he told me as he wheeled me toward the cabinet. "Much better fuck toy than dog. Maybe if I make you fuck dog big mistake. Maybe you like being fuck toy. I see." He had me half into my little prison. He knelt down and took my dangling breasts in his hands. "Next time I beat you good," he said. "Maybe that what you need to be good fuck dog. I see." He pushed me the rest of the way in and closed the door.

True to his word, Saito whipped me harder than he ever had before the next time that he brought me out of the cabinet. And the two times after that as well. He still fucked me and fed me and washed me. But all I could think about in my dark little prison each time after he put me back was that when I came out I would be whipped again. He alternated between my back and my front. He would put that terrible oil on me, smearing it over my back and rear, or caressing my defenseless breasts with it. He always wore rubber gloves and always dutifully put them into a clear plastic bag when he was finished.

I think it after the fourth time, after whipping my breasts and belly while I screamed and begged for mercy, that he brought out the collar and leash again. I was shaking terribly as I backed out of the cage. My tits were still burning from my beating even though he had put the soothing salve on them afterwards. When I heard the 'click' of the leash being put on the collar, I almost threw up from my terrible anxiety.

He walked me up and down the room several times. I yipped and yapped as loudly as I could as many times as I could. I wanted to be the best fuck dog that anyone had ever seen. When he stopped me, tears were flowing down my face and I was still shaking terribly. I awaited his awful verdict with anguished trepidation. I looked at him and he looked at me.

"You do better this time, fuck toy," he said. "You almost sound like real dog. You almost walk like real dog. I think I take a chance. Next time I begin to train you to be good fuck dog. Okay?"

A feeling of earth shattering relief passed through me. I wanted to go up and kiss his feet. When he ordered me to get back in my cage, I entered it with joy in my heart. I was going to be a fuck dog. Soon I could leave my cage behind forever. As the bands closed around my ankles and wrists, as my neck and tits were recaptured, I reveled in the thought that the next time I came out he would free me again. I would be able to walk on my hands and knees and use my voice. It would be wonderful. My heart was still jumping with joy as he closed the cabinet door and sealed me into darkness again.

I was too excited to sleep. It was several hours before he came for me again. I spent every second in high anxiety, wishing desperately to hear the telltale sound of the lock on my cabinet door opening. When it did, my heart was pounding and my whole body was sweating.

What I saw when I came out startled me. He had fixed up a video camera on a small tripod. The camera was aimed right at me. He opened the top of the cage and removed the front. My mouth was free. He turned the camera on.

“This fuck toy’s last chance to speak,” Saito told me as he knelt behind the camera. “You must tell camera that you want to be a fuck dog. Say it now.”

I hadn’t talked in so long that I had to think about how to do it. I was repulsed by the idea that my desire to be made into a fuck dog would be recorded for posterity. Somehow I knew that he would play it for me again and again as he converted me from a fuck toy to a fuck dog. I also knew that if I refused, I would be beaten and sent back into my cabinet for a long, long time. I didn’t want that at all.

I looked directly into the camera. I wondered what I looked like. I knew that I had to look horrible. My voice came out whiny and piteous. “I want to be a fuck dog,” I said tearfully. “Please make me a fuck dog, master,”

Must speak louder,” Saito said. “Say I want to be master’s fuck dog.”

“I want to be master’s fuck dog,” I returned. My voice was louder, but the frantic desperation was still there.

“Say I want to be Saito’s fuck dog.”

I looked at him. I was astounded to hear his name. Him having a name brought a whole new dimension to things. I was returning to a world where people had names. There was a world out there outside my little torture room!

“I want to be Saito’s fuck dog,” I said loudly. “Please make me your fuck dog master Saito.”

The man laughed. “Very good, fuck toy!” he said. “Very good!”

CHAPTER SEVEN

Thus began my training to become Saito's fuck dog. Before letting me out of my cage, he used my mouth like he always did, waiting until the dildos in my lower holes launched me, with his permission of course, into a raging orgasm after dumping his load on my tongue. His use of my mouth was so mechanical and he always stopped sawing his cock back and forth across my lips instead of enjoying the full benefit of my moist warmth while coming. I had begun to wonder whether his spewm was something that he counted as part of my regular caloric intake. It was like he was administering his juices to me more than getting a blowjob.

And then came the glorious release from my hellish bondage. As before, once I had backed out, I awaited his signal before making any moves. He put my collar and my leash on me and led me into the bathroom. He had me spread my legs over the bidet and said, "Pee." It was wonderful to be able to release my liquids on my own without a little pan under me. I had been pretty good at keeping my liquids in until he brought me out of my cabinet and had only peed in there three or four times. It was hard holding it in for such long periods as he kept locked away. I was beaten badly each time. Once when I had done it, he pulled me out, cleaned me and the cabinet floor off, beat the tar out of me and then shoved me back in, no water, no food, no cock.

After letting my water flow, a wonderful experience, I can tell you, he brought me down to the tub and gave me a thorough washing. I reveled in the warm water flowing over my body and his strong, confident hands soaping me up all over all at one time. Imagine feeling like you were heaven because you got a proper washing. Even the enema felt good since I got to crouch kind of regular and didn't have the shit flowing all down my legs and stuff. After he rinsed me off he brought me back out of the bathroom.

Now I had seen the bed every time I had been brought out of my cabinet and, let me tell you, it had looked like an oasis in the middle of a desert. I had yearned to feel the nice clean sheet on my body, to be able to stretch out on it. It was a good ploy on his part to have it there to make my confinement seem all the worse, as if that were possible, which I guess it was. When he left me alone in the room bound in my cage while he went off and did whatever he did, he often left me in a position where I had to stare at it for an hour or more waiting for him to come back. Even those times that he left me staring at one of the beige colored walls, I was always conscious of the inviting expanse of comfortable mattress at my back.

Well, lo and behold, when we get near the bed, he snaps my leash and says, "Up." I didn't need him to tell me twice. I crawled up onto it right away on my hands and knees. I almost moaned from its soft feel.

Saito unhooked my leash and dropped it on the floor next to the bed. He went to its head and pulled down a chain that had some manacles on it and gave me one of his trademark one word instructions, "Hands."

I pushed my hands forward and brought them together since I knew what he wanted. He circled my wrists with the manacles and clicked them closed.

I didn't want to be chained to the bed, but, as you might expect, I didn't complain. It was nothing compared to the cage. And I had a good idea that I was about to be fucked on a real bed which was a definite step up.

The guy brought out the oil that he used on my body to get me all heated up and he started to apply it. His hands wandered all over my body, my back and the back of my legs, my shoulders. He reached under me and rubbed it into my dangling tits and my belly and the front of my thighs. While he did it, I had my eyes closed enjoying it like I was in seventh heaven.

After he was done, my body was warm and my pussy was wet. He put his hand between my thighs and started to massage my koosh, expert like, like he always did. His other hand was massaging my breasts, stroking them, pinching my nipples and stuff. From time to time, when I started to really heat up, he would take his hand from my pussy and run it across my back and my ass. It felt so good, probably because I was outside of my cage and at that point anything would've felt good, even being kicked in the head.

I got hotter and hotter. His hand in my cunt was relentless, rubbing and twirling over my clit, running his thick fingers in my hole, caressing my thighs and ass. I felt my orgasm coming on and concentrated on holding it in until he said I could have it.

I was panting and squirming, begging in my mind for release when he spoke to me.

"Fuck toy want to come. Fuck toy learning to be fuck dog. Much to learn. When fuck dog come, it barks. Never moan and groan like before. Bark out loud, as loud as it can. That what fuck dog do. You better."

I knew that he was imposing yet another humiliating condition on me, but I wanted to become a fuck dog with all of my being. Fuck dogs were let out of their cages. Fuck dogs got to pee by themselves. Who knew what else fuck dogs got to do, but I wanted to learn, have everything that a fuck dog could have. Sounds stupid, huh? Well let's see what you would do.

I waited and waited and waited for the signal to come. I bit my lip and scrunched my fists together. I could feel my toes curling. I started to give out little whining sounds, "Eeeeeeeeeeeee! Eeeeeeeeeeeee! Eeeeeeeeeeeee!" I knew that if I fucked up he would put me right back in my cage. Then I heard the words I was praying for.

"Come now. Come for master."

My cunt exploded before the sounds of his words faded from my ears. My mind whirled as the pleasure flowed through me. But I remembered what I had been told. "Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. It was a small price to pay for the ecstasy my koosh was giving me. His hands squeezed my tits and my orgasm went on and on. You have to remember, this was my first orgasm outside my cage. It was a celebration of my liberation. I would have recited the Gettysburg Address backwards if I had known it and he had asked.

"Good little fuck toy," he told me as my cunt's convulsions finally began to fade. "Maybe you make good fuck dog. Now I fuck you."

He knelt behind me and slid his hard cock into my soft, mushy cleft. It felt so good. He started humping me right off. I didn't know if I could hump him back or not so I stayed still. His hands were on my hips and my ass was raised high. He leaned over. "Fuck dog hump master good all time. Fuck master back, bring master big pleasure with slutty cunt."

That was all I needed to hear. I began to shift my hips back and forth to match his motions. Needless to say, my lusts rose up right away. I have to give that bastard this much. On that first day he could've made me come without permission a hundred times if he had wanted. I mean I was that hot. But he didn't. Strange to say, he was rarely intentionally cruel just for its own sake. Every time he did something mean or painful to me, he seemed more interested in teaching me some lesson.

So after a short while he tells me to come and I do. "Yip! Yip! Yip!" I yelled as my pussy pulsed on his cock. I felt his come splash into me and my climax kept going. "Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip!" I went on and on.

After that, he laid me on my back and started some serious fucking. By that I mean that he took his time and dragged his cock slowly and expertly across my clit, probing deep into my cunt. His hands roamed my body languidly. I fell into some kind of spell. My initial lusts had been sated and so it wasn't hard to keep myself from coming, but I was on a burn for the longest time. He had my knees under his arms and bent them back, he made me spread my legs wide, he took my ankles

and pushed them up over my head while he plowed my crack. This guy was a pro. He seemed to have the ability to hold on as long as he wanted.

A couple of times, when my body started to quiver and shake, he whispered softly in my ear, "Come now. Come for master," and soft, leisurely, comfortable pulses ran through my hot gorge. I murmured softly as appropriate for my gentle contractions, "Yip. Yip. Yip," as the tremors of my orgasm passed through me.

I don't think he came in my koosh that time, at least I don't remember it. What I do remember is him pulling out of me after one of my mild climaxes and pulling me onto my side facing him. He moved up to the top of the bed and placed his cock near my mouth.

"Fuck dogs suck master good, give good head, suck long time."

I opened my mouth and let him slip his cock into it. My hands were locked above me so I couldn't use them to stroke and caress his cock and balls, but I had my lips and my tongue. Finally, I thought, I could show him what I could do. I tensed my lips along his shaft and swirled my tongue along the head of his thick helmet. He was moving his hips languidly to match my movements. He had his hand on the side of my head and it felt oddly comforting. A few weeks back, I would have felt revulsion and anger at having this prick's dick in my mouth, but now I felt only happiness that I could use my skills to bring him pleasure. I guess it was something he was counting on, what all that abuse had been all about. I was so happy at not being tormented that letting him use my mouth as a depository for his spewm was like paradise.

I could feel his body start to tense before he came. It was just like he had decided it was time to come and that was that. He starts to pump his hips at me harder and harder with both hands on my head. I'm wondering whether I should swallow or let his jism pool up in my mouth like he did before, but he tells me just as he's about to get off, "Fuck dog suck down all master's cum. Drink it like nectar. Special gift from master."

Just then his cock exploded. All his fucking had built up a big load of steam. His spewm just kept coming and coming. Maybe that had been the idea all along. I don't know. I just kept swallowing and swallowing. And it did taste like nectar. It was like a gift from a god, my god, my master. Tears came to my eyes as it jetted into my mouth. Believe it or not, I was happy for the first time in a long, long time.

He lay with his cock in my mouth for a long while when he was done. I just kept mouthing it softly giving him echoes of his climax like I knew how to do. I didn't get paid \$500 for a blowjob for nothing. When he pulled out, he patted me on the head. "Good blowjob from fuck toy. Soon you be real fuck dog. Suck cock all the time."

He released my wrists from their confinements and rose from the bed. I waited while he put my leash back on my collar and let him guide me back to my hands and knees and then off the bed. He left me in the middle of the room while he went into the bathroom and mixed up my meal. He put the bowl down in front of me and said, "Eat." I was more than happy to do it. To be able to eat on my own was a blessing. I dipped my head down and began to slurp up the mush. It had a pasty taste, kind of mediciney, but it tasted delicious to me. It was a ceramic bowl, wide enough so I could get my head into it and use my tongue to lick up every drop. He had a wet cloth in his hand and when I was done he wiped my face clean. I think I actually smiled at him when he did it.

He brought me back to the bathroom for another pee and then washed the spunk off of me that had dripped down my thighs.

When he brought me back into the bedroom, he unclipped my leash and removed my collar. I had a bad feeling when he was doing it. My bad feeling turned out to be right. He rolled my cage back over to me. "In," was all he said. Sadly, I crawled in and affixed myself to the various bindings. Before he closed the rear door to the cage, he caressed my rump and said, "Fuck toy have good lesson today. Make good fuck dog maybe. I see." And then he closed the door, putting the dildos in

the appropriate slots. He wheeled my cage back to the cabinet. Before he put me in, he addressed me again. "You still dirty whore fuck toy. Sell body, very bad, very dirty. Take long time to become fuck dog I think. I see." He pushed my cage back into the cabinet and sealed me into the darkness.

My unhappiness with being back in my lonely, tiny cavern was tempered with the memories of the proper fucking I had gotten and the thought that I was on the road to becoming a fuck dog. I steeled myself for the long wait until I was let out again, promising myself that I would be even a better fuck dog next time. I didn't know what I had to do, but I would do it.

Hours later, after I had a long snooze and then waited interminably for the cabinet door to open, he came back for me. As he rolled me out, he said. "No fuck dog lesson this time. Next time maybe."

I started to cry right away. I had been looking forward to being his fuck dog like a kid looks forward to Christmas. He made me pee and then forced water down my tube into my belly. When he put his cock in my mouth, my face was awash with tears. After a while, he stopped sawing his prick over my lips and pulled himself out. He crouched down and looked at me. "Fuck dog no cry," he said. "Very bad. Maybe you no want to be fuck dog. Need beating. Very bad."

I sobbed as he reinstalled the front of my cage and then removed the sides and back. While he applied the evil ointment to my rump and back, I was blubbering from dismal despair. I howled as he beat me, each lash bringing me a fierce jolt of pain. I squirmed and writhed, desperate to avoid his brutal punishment. The thing was that the way he was whipping me left no permanent marks, just an intense redness of my skin so that he could almost do it as long as he wanted. It seemed to go on forever. The pain never decreased in intensity. He always took his time between blows.

When he was finished, I was a slobbering mess. Without a word, he reattached the sides and back of my cage and rolled me back into the cabinet.

The next time he rolled me out, I made sure not to cry even though all of me wanted to. He took my mouth in the normal way, washed and fed me inside my cage and then fucked my cunt and my ass. He made me come three times.

When he went into the bathroom to wash himself off I assumed that I was going to be put back in my cage. To my surprise, when he put the sides and top back on, he released my bindings. I hadn't noticed, but he had my collar and leash in his hands. I waited for permission and then backed out of the cage. I was trembling with fear and anticipation. I wanted to do whatever he wanted me to do *par excellence*. He walked me up and down the room a few times and then sat down on the bed. He spread his legs and said, "Suck."

I was ecstatic at the chance to pleasure him, to practice being his fuck dog. I crawled between his thighs and, with my hands and knees still on the soft, beige rug, I placed my lips around his crank and went to work. I took my time, giving him all the pleasure I could. I let my tongue swipe across the underside of his cock's fatty head, I pushed his cock all the way back into my throat as far as it would go, burying my nose in his belly. I even gave him a little hum job as I held his cock in my mouth, my lips firm against his pole. I was careful not to let him come until he said so, although I knew that he had incredible control. When he said, "Make come," I redoubled my efforts, pumping my head up and down like a piston. I joyously drank down his spunk as it jetted into me, not losing a single drop.

Afterwards, he put his hand on my head and petted me. "Good blowjob, fuck toy. Almost good as fuck dog. I teach you better soon. Now I make you look more like fuck dog. Maybe that help."

He opened one of the cabinets and brought out a kind of stand. It had a wide band in the middle of two poles. He led me over to it and had me put my head between the band until it was around the area of my neck. There was some kind of handle on the side and he twisted it until it was tight around my neck.

Saito went off into the bathroom which was behind me. I didn't see what he had in his hand until he came back in front of me. It was an electric sheers. I suppressed a sob, knowing that he was going to denude my skull of the rest of my beautiful hair. As he ran the sheers over my head, I kept thinking that it was a small price to pay to become a fuck dog.

When he was done sheering my hair, he went back to the bathroom and brought out a bowl of hot water some soap and a straight razor. He soaped up my head and began to shave. Each stroke of the razor came closer to setting off my tears. I held them back thinking that I would have plenty of time to cry when he put me back in my cabinet.

After a while, he put the razor down in the bowl and leaned back. He smiled. "Now you look more like fuck dog," he said. "I show you."

He picked up the bowl and walked back to the bathroom. I realized that he was going to bring back a mirror and I dreaded seeing what I looked like after all of this time. I hadn't seen myself since Gloria had made me up in the bathroom at Al's the time Saito came to look me over. I really didn't want to look, but I figured I had to or else.

The mirror was big, about three feet square so I got a good look at myself. My eyes were dark and my skin was pale. I looked thinner than I had in a long, long time. I had a forlorn frown on my face. I looked like a sad puppy. I thought that he had shaved off all of my hair on my head, but I saw that he had left little, round tufts on the top off to each side. I guessed that this what he thought a fuck dog should look like. I tried to smile at him, I really did, but my heart was breaking. Seeing myself like that was like a reminder of everything he had done to me. The person who was Lavender looked back at me in the mirror, but I didn't recognize her. I knew that I wasn't Lavender anymore. I was fuck toy. No, not fuck toy, a fuck toy. I had no name. Soon, I hoped, I would be a fuck dog, but not Fuck Dog.

Despite my best efforts, I felt tears flowing down my face. I trembled with the thought I would get another beating. But Saito was sympathetic for once. He rubbed my head.

"Not easy to become fuck dog," he said. "You try hard. Soon. I see. Much to do. Next time I shave pussy. Fuck dog no have pussy hair."

He got up, taking the mirror with him. At that time, I never wanted to see another mirror as long as I lived. When he came back, he had a tube of some kind of salve. He began to spread it over the bald parts of my head. It burned a little as he put it on. He was wearing his rubber gloves.

"This take away hair good. Couple times, no more grow. Good for fuck dog."

Then the tears really started to flow. I bit my lips to stop from sobbing. I was going to be bald for the rest of my life except for the small patches he left me. I supposed, correctly as it turned out, that when he shaved my pussy, he would put the salve on there too.

Saito took no notice of my tears. He put away the salve and released me from the band around my neck. He led me back to my cage and ordered me in. This time, when he wheeled me back into my cabinet, he had nothing to say.

It went on like that for some time. Sometimes he let me out of my cage, sometimes he didn't. Some times he let me pee and washed me like a regular fuck dog and sometimes he washed me while I was in my cage. Sometimes he fucked me on the bed, sometimes he just let me blow him. He shaved my pussy as he promised and each time I was brought out of my cabinet, he put the salve on my head and my pudenda whether he brought me out of the cage or not. Eventually he stopped and I guessed that the damage had now been done.

It seemed like he was letting me out more and more and for longer times too. I began to believe that I was well on the road to fuckdogism. He only beat me a couple of times. One day, after he put on my collar and leash, he led me to the door through which he had been coming and going ever since he had brought me to this room. I watched him punch in the combination to the lock on the door on a little pad on the wall. I was too quick for me to tell what it was. When the door opened, my

heart was beating like a drum. I had a hard time believing that I was going to get to go outside my prison.

When the door opened, I was ecstatic. My efforts at being a good fuck dog were paying off. The door opened to a huge room. The walls were painted a light, pastel blue. The room was in a kind of semicircle and had windows that went from ceiling to floor all around. It was day time. I hadn't thought about what time it really was for a long time. I had no idea how long I had been a prisoner in that room. The light, at first, hurt my eyes. Saito had paused for a few moments to let me take in the view. All around the house was a plush verdant forest. The sky was wonderfully blue and there were a few fluffy clouds drifting along lazily in the sky. The house seemed high up like it was on the top of a hill. Outside the room was a deck that circled the house.

We were standing on a small landing. A gallery ran along to my left, curving to a point I couldn't see. It was four or five steps down to the main floor. The stairs were made of polished stone, like some kind of granite. "Come," Saito said as he tugged gently on my leash. I maneuvered myself down the stairs carefully. The room had a soft, blue rug, a little bit darker than the walls. Plush furniture covered the room, a long, soft light green couch, some easy chairs, a coffee table. There was a bar against the wall. I had been right when I had surmised that Saito was rich. He must have been a millionaire many times over.

I was led into the room. The rug felt good on my hands and my knees. A stand like the one Saito had used to shave my head was in the middle of the room. This one, though, was bolted to the floor. As we turned the bend I could see another platform on the other side on which sat what looked like a dining room table and some chairs made of highly polished maple. I figured the kitchen was just on the other side. For a second, my mouth watered remembering what regular food tasted like.

Saito led me up to the stand and, after removing my leash, locked my neck into the metal band. He gave my ass a little rub and said, "Good little fuck toy. Today we have company."

I cringed when I hear him say that. It was one thing for him to be a witness to my degradation, but the last thing I wanted was another person to see me. Then I remembered the time back at Al's when Gloria told me that I was going to have a visitor. It had been Saito and they had sold me to him. As awful as Saito was, I didn't want to be sold again. Who knew what a new master would impose on me.

I gave a little whine and looked up at Saito forlornly. If that silver ring hadn't still been around my neck I would have begged him not to sell me. But I knew that I would be zapped before I was able to complete a single word and so I only had my eyes with which to beg him. He must have sensed my fear and guessed its source. "No worry, fuck toy. You master's fuck toy. Okay?"

I managed a weak smile.

Saito left me kneeling there on all four while he went up to the dining area and disappeared. He came back with a tray of crackers and cheese. He then went to the bar and returned with some glasses and a bottle of red wine. Whoever his guest was, it looked like it was someone special. He opened the bottle, very professionally I might add, and set it down to breathe. There were some magazines on the table and he picked one up, sat back on the sofa and began to read.

I had nothing to do but kneel there and wait. I was kneeling parallel to the window. Since it curved, I could still see a nice view of the forest outside the house. I could also see the dining area and some more of what I assumed to be the living room. There were colorful Japanese prints on the walls, samurai knights, happy, toiling peasants, beautiful geishas semi-draped with voluminous silk kimonos. There were also flowers all over in fine, fragile vases. I realized that there was no way that Saito kept the place clean and tidy by himself. He had to at least have a cleaning lady if not a housekeeper, somebody who kept all the flowers fresh, bought him groceries, washed his underwear. All the while I was being tortured in my room, locked in my cabinet, being beaten to within an inch of my life, people had been out here in this room, people who were leading regular lives, running a

vacuum cleaner over the rug, doing the dishes, washing the window. Saito probably had regular visitors, all, I presumed, ignorant of what he did as a hobby, although how he explained this thing he had me mounted in, I don't know. Maybe it came apart. Anyway, the unfairness of it all struck me like a ball peen hammer right between the eyes. I felt my eyes fill up with tears. What had started out as a wonderful adventure had become a dreadful reminder of the horrible nightmare I was in.

I knelt there about twenty minutes. After a while, Saito poured himself a glass of wine and began to sip it. I watched him out of the corner of my eye as he brought it to his lips. His face reflected the wonderful taste. I had never been much of a gourmand, but I liked a glass of wine now and then, nothing fancy. I knew that it was doubtful I would ever taste a sip of wine again. I could see the crackers and cheese on the coffee table. The cheese was pungent and deep yellow and I could smell it from where I knelt. I knew that it wasn't for me. Trying to suppress my misery, I cursed Saito for tormenting me like this. I wanted to shout and scream my protests into the elegant, luxurious room. My debasement seemed so incongruous to my surroundings.

Then I hear a doorbell ring. I had not heard a car pull up. Saito looked at the clock on the wall. I hadn't noticed it. How I wished I had a clock in my little cabinet. I had cursed Gloria for putting one in front of me when she held me captive in that bed. But now I wanted one with all of my being, something to remind me that time was passing, some way to measure its flow.

Saito rose from the couch and walked to the dining area. I heard him walk down what sounded like carpeted stairs. A short while later I heard what was unmistakably a woman's voice, happy and carefree. As it came closer I could hear the words it was saying, about how happy she was to see him and what a beautiful day it was for a drive. I heard the footsteps coming closer and closer. I wanted with all my being to run somewhere and hide, but the stand kept me fixed in place. High heels walked along the hard floor of the dining area and then I saw her. She was tall, blond and older than me, maybe 30 or 35. She had long, strawberry blond hair. She was wearing a dark yellow sun dress and a pair of high heeled sandals, Prada. Believe me I know my shoes.

"Ohhhhhh!" the lady exclaimed. "Here she is! I couldn't wait to see her!" She came running down the stairs from the dining area and came into the living room. She stopped a few feet away from me. I looked up at her unhappily. She was very pretty. She had pale, luminous skin. Her lips were colored a soft pink. Her waist was narrow and her breasts filled the bodice of her dress nicely, the tops suggestively peaking out above the neckline.

"Oh, she's so cute," she said, gushing. "Can I touch her?"

"Okay," Saito told her.

She knelt down next to me. I could smell her perfume. She ran her small, soft hand the length of my back and over my ass. I knew that if I resisted or showed any kind of negative reaction to her touch that Saito would punish me very severely. I was on display and anything I did wrong would reflect directly on him.

Although I hated to have the woman touch me, the heat of her hand made my skin sing. I had spent so much time isolated and alone that any physical contact with a human being was welcome to my flesh. She reached down and gently cupped my left breast. I gave an involuntary sigh.

"Oooooouuuu!" she said. "She has nice breasts. You haven't ringed them yet?"

"No," Saito replied. "I don't think I ring this one. Breasts too nice. Maybe. I see."

Saito's statement shocked me. I had had an inkling that I was not the first fuck toy he had had, but now I knew for sure. What did he do with them when he was done with them? Was he getting me ready to sell me, a new, well trained fuck dog? It seemed so horrible to think about. Other young, innocent women had been locked in that little cabinet, had gone through the same torment I was experiencing. How many, I wondered. What it meant was what I suspected. Saito was well experienced in breaking down his prisoners. He had it down to a science. And since he was so

experienced, the chances that I would be able to escape or avoid whatever fate he ultimately had in store for me was close to nil. My body started to shake and I gave out a little sob.

“Ooooooooooh!” the pretty lady said. “I’ve frightened her. Can I make her come?”

“Okay,” Saito replied. “Have some wine first.”

The woman rubbed my head and sat down on the couch next to Saito. “I love what you’ve done with her hair. It really gives her the right look.”

“Thank you,” Saito said.

I closed my eyes to try and block the happy couple out. They engaged in some more banter. I heard them eating the cheese and crackers. The woman had a light laugh, like she hadn’t a care in the world. “How can she sit there and laugh after what Saito has done to me,” I thought miserably. “What if it was her kneeling here, naked and shorn, afraid to make a single sound, about to be as casually sexually assaulted as if she were a dog to pet?”

Their conversation went on for some time. I tried not to look at them. Saito told the women something about being ready for the next stage and I cringed. What could be the next stage? Was he talking about me? Of course he was. Knowing that I was one in a possibly long line of his victims put a whole new light on things. There were three other cabinets up there in my room. Did he have other women in there now? My cabinet was totally sound proof. I wouldn’t have been able to hear their screams of pain. Could Saito sexually service more than one woman at a time like he did me? That seemed impossible. But my own lusts seemed impossible and it was likely that he supplemented his own diet to increase his virility. Or maybe he had some oriental secret, some tantric thing that let him have as many orgasms as he wanted. All of these things were flying through my head.

I heard Saito announce that he was going to get dinner ready and that the lady, I had heard him call her Linda, could play with me now while she waited. He got up and left the room. I watched Linda take a long sip of her wine and put her glass down on the coffee table on top of a coaster. She gave me a warm, playful smile.

My body was shaking when she knelt down next to me. I felt her cotton dress brush up against my side. She ran her hand again across my back and my rump. Her touch was light.

“There, there, now fuck toy,” she said to me in a soft, comforting voice. “You’re going to like this, I know. You are such a pretty little fuck toy. I’m going to be helping take care of you for a little while. We’re going to be great friends.”

The idea of this woman taking care of me was revolting. Wasn’t Saito bad enough? What did they have planned? I was so afraid!

Linda’s hand slid down my rear and caressed the back of my thighs. Her other hand had hold of my breast and she was caressing it lightly.

“Spread your legs, fuck toy,” she said. “You’re not a fuck dog yet, but you have to act like one. A good fuck dog always spreads her legs for her mistress.”

I complied immediately. I didn’t want to be a bad fuck toy. I had no idea how cruel this lovely, blond haired woman could be. Just the fact that she could accept how I was being treated spoke volumes.

When my thighs were apart, Linda glided her hand across my hairless sex. My body flinched slightly as the warmth of her hand made my pussy begin to burn. Her hand shifted breasts and she was twirling my hardened nipple between her fingers. Her other hand was stroking my clit lightly, tenderly, as only a woman can do. I had had some Sapphic sex in my days mostly when I was in high school. There was a tall, thin brown haired girl I had fallen in love with and we used to have overnights, at her house mostly because my house was a dump. When everybody went to bed, we would make love. It was sophomore year. She went away for the summer and when she came back, she had cooled off. She married some accountant or something I heard later.

It did not take long for Linda to have my fires burning bright. Like I said, there was something in my food. My breath was coming heavy and my hips were rotating, encouraging her caresses to my koosh. I felt her put her lips to my skin on my back and kiss me. I know it shouldn't have, given what she was doing to me and all, I mean helping Saito keep me prisoner, but the feel of those soft lips on my skin was a comfort. She snuggled closer to me so that her body was in full contact with mine. I could feel her firm breasts, not as big as mine, but nice enough, press up against me. I was biting my lip, trying not to come. I figured that Saito's rules applied to her as well. She leaned over and whispered in my ear, her voice low and sweet, "Come for mistress. Come now."

My pussy exploded. I tried not to make a sound, but it was impossible to hold it in. I wanted to cry out and moan, but I knew that if Saito heard me, there would be hell to pay. "Yip! Yip! Yip!" I called out unable to hold it in. "Yip! Yip! Yip!" I was ashamed and humiliated at what had seemed right and natural with Saito. I understood why the lady was there. If he was going to sell me off when I was a properly trained fuck dog, I had to be acclimated to performing for other people. Linda was just the first.

"Good fuck toy, good," Linda cooed in my ear. "I'm going to make you come again, fuck toy. Come when you're ready. Don't wait for me."

I cursed her for what she was doing to me, but her hands were all over my body and her lips excited my skin. She started rubbing my clit with some intensity, just as I would have done if I was getting myself off. She had read my bodily needs perfectly. In less than a minute I was off again, "Yip! Yip! Yip!"

I was huffing and puffing from my sexual ordeal when she finally gave me a rest. I was half way between delight and agony. I wanted to ball my eyes out. She rubbed my head with her hand while caressing my swaying breasts. "You're so cute," she said playfully.

I heard Saito call her name and she gave me a kiss on my back and got up. "I'll play with you some more after dinner," she said.

They took their time in eating. I think it was some kind of fish thing, at least that's what it smelled like. They laughed and talked some in Japanese. I could see them from where I knelt and I watched Saito kiss her once or twice and give her breast a little caress. It was darkening outside and I could see an orange glow building in the sky. How I wished I could be outside and see the sunset. How I wished I could free myself from this hell. There were two demons to torment me now, one in a beautiful, comely shell. She was going to fuck me, I knew that. I would have to suck her pussy and kiss her tits. She would make me. And what else, I wondered. What did the next stage mean? Did it mean having sex with her or did it mean something more sinister. I didn't know, but I was afraid to find out.

They took their sweet time eating. I don't know when the last time you spent a couple hours or so in one spot on your hands and knees, but try it sometimes. My neck was crinkled from holding it in one position. Finally they came down with their coffee cups in their hands with that warm glow you get after you've had a good dinner. They popped themselves down on the couch and put their cups and saucers down on the coffee table. Linda went on and on about how delicious the dinner was and what a great cook Saito is. I don't think they were doing it to taunt me, although it did make me pine for just a little taste of some real food. She was talking too natural like. It seemed that they knew each other real well and were just spending some quality time together.

After a while, Linda looked over at me like she just remembered I was there. She smiled. It was a warm, friendly smile that was incongruous to my predicament.

"I'm going to unhook the fuck toy," she said to Saito. "Is that all right?"

"Be my guest," Saito returned.

Linda picked up my leash from the coffee table and came over to me. She fiddled with the band around my neck and it loosened so that my neck was free. She attached the leash to my thick, red, dog collar.

“Walk for me, fuck toy,” she said. “Walk for me like a little doggie. And I want to hear you bark again. It sounded so cute.”

There was a playfulness in her voice that somehow made her request less demeaning. It was like she would get off seeing me march up and down on all fours, yipping like some lap dog because she enjoyed it and not just because it made me feel bad.

She gave my leash a little tug and I followed her lead up and down the living room. It had gotten dark outside and the window just presented a wall of darkness. I knew though that anybody looking in could see us plain as day because of the lights, but they didn’t seem to care. I guessed that we were really isolated.

“Talk for me, fuck toy,” Linda said as I crossed the living room for the second time. I dutifully let out a “Yip! Yip! Yip!” My guts were in a knot. I wasn’t a dog, I was a person, with as much right to freedom as this woman had. But she had the power over me because of Saito and what he had done to me. I wanted to get up and smack her, but she was much bigger than me, and, needless to say, Saito would have been mighty pissed. It would’ve been back in the cabinet for me after a long, harsh beating.

Linda is laughing as she watches me move across the floor. “I can’t get over it,” she tells Saito. “She’s so cute. She’s perfect.”

“I snap her up as soon as I read description of her,” Saito replied.

We had come back to the couch. The woman crouched down next to me and stroked my head. “You’re going to make a wonderful fuck dog,” she told me. “I just know it.” A torrent of sobs lay just under the surface as I felt her hand stroke my bare scalp and the tufts of hair that Saito had left me. All of a sudden, I started thinking that maybe being a fuck dog wasn’t going to be such a good thing after all. Was I going to spend my life on my hands and knees being treated like an animal? I knew it was better than being confined all the time in my cage, but what was my life really going to be like? Obviously, when Saito thought I was trained enough or he got tired of me, I would be sold. Or maybe not. Maybe he had a little graveyard for the fuck dogs he got tired of. For all I knew, maybe there was another fuck dog around right then, locked away for a while. Anyways, you can see how I felt.

Linda pulled me over to the couch and sat down. She reached under her dress and pulled her panties down over her hips and then down her legs and over her elegant Prada sandals. Her legs were long and slender. Her skin looked soft and well cared for.

“I want you to suck my pussy, fuck toy,” she said. “I don’t know if you’ve ever done it, but just do your best. We’ll work on it tomorrow. I just want to see how well you do now,”

My bottom lip trembled as she told me this. I was right about having to suck her pussy, like Gloria made me do. Gloria beat me when I was done because she said I was lousy at it. But it wasn’t that I was lousy, I just didn’t like it. When I did it in high school, that was something else. I was in love then, or thought that I was. That was different. I hadn’t had the impulse to suck a pussy since.

The woman lifted the skirt of her pretty, dark yellow sun dress up to her waist and spread her legs. She shifted her butt a little towards the edge of the sofa to give me easier access to her sexual folds and spread her pale thighs. Her puss was covered with a sparse, reddish blond moss. It was trimmed neatly so that her labia were just jutting out. I looked at Saito who was looking back, obviously measuring my obedience. I turned back and got on with my task.

Keeping my hands on the floor, I let my tongue drift up her smooth love lips. I licked around her clit, for a couple of seconds and then I let my tongue slide back down again. Her pussy was hot. She was obviously aroused as on my second trip up, trailing my tongue in her cleft, I tasted her

moisture and she gave a little sigh. By the third trip up he stiffened clit had emerged from its little hood and I gave it a delicate suckle before slowly heading down again.

Linda's hand gently rested on my head and I heard her sighing and deep breaths as proof that I was getting the thing right at least as far as she was concerned. Her koosh opened up like a blooming flower. Her moisture tasted salty and a little tart, not bad, but not something I hungered for. The aroma of her excitement enveloped me as I worked her slice and the nubbin at its top. Her thighs varied from spreading wide and then, when I had done something that drove her lusts, bringing them together so that her soft skin pressed against my cheeks.

I could feel Saito's eyes burning into me the whole time. Once, when I was tickling Linda's clit with the tip on my tongue, I looked sideways like and saw him staring at me. His face rarely showed any emotion and it didn't then either. I felt like I was some kind of experiment for him and he was watching to see how it turned out.

Linda's sighs were getting deeper and her hips were making little circling motions. I pressed my tongue deep into her and rubbed it along the top of her slippery cavern. "Ohhhhhhhhh," she moaned. "That's nice, fuck toy. Do that again." My face pressed down hard on her koosh, I thrust my tongue as deep as I could and wriggled it around. Her thighs pressed against my cheeks and she grabbed a fistful of my hair. "Ohhhhhhh!" She moaned. "That's it! That's nice, fuck toy! That's nice!"

I continued to tickle her insides for a while and then I came out and seized her clit between my lips and gave it a good, hard suck. She moaned again and I felt her thighs quiver. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" she called out. Her climax was upon her. She thrust her hips against me and she held my head down hard against her loins. "Ohhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhh!" she called out. "Oh, yeah! Suck it harder! Harder!"

I sucked with all my might. She had both hands on my head now and I could feel her body convulsing above me. I had the feeling I would be doing this often. That was okay. It was better than getting whipped.

As she calmed down, she pushed my head away from her puss. I looked up and saw her face all dreamy like. "That was very good, fuck toy," she said. "I think that you've done this before. We're going to have lots of fun together."

Her hand was brushing over my head as she spoke. Then she leaned down and gave my lips a kiss. I was startled by her actions, but I did enjoy the warmth and softness of them. I got a little charge when she slipped her tongue out and brushed it just along the inside of my mouth.

She brought her head back. "Mmmmmmm! You taste good fuck toy," she said. "Now I want you to get up here on the couch and suck Master Saito's cock while I play with your pussy."

With her help, I climbed up on the couch between my two tormentors. Saito was wearing his purple and yellow kimono and he opened it, exposing his already stiffened prick. I leaned over his thigh, my back side to Linda and took it in my mouth. My tongue and lips were still tingling from Linda's koosh. As I pressed my head down, I felt her hand glide over my proffered ass and then delve between my thighs. When she slid her fingers along my moist crevasse, I sighed. Saito had his hand on the back of my head, gently guiding my motions. Linda was sitting on the edge of the couch and, while her right hand caressed my slit, her left played with my breasts or rubbed my back or my belly.

It didn't take long for my lusts to grow to critical proportions. I began to hurry my efforts at Saito's cock, hoping to get him to come quicker. But this guy had the best control I ever seen. He just gives with this occasional soft sigh and lets me keep going.

My body shuddered as my climax came nearer and nearer. Sensing this, Saito took mercy on my and whispered, "Come now. Come for master." I exploded. I had my mouth full of cock and so I couldn't yip like a dog but I did moan and sigh as my pussy sent heavy tremors of delight through me. Saito took my hair in his hand and started to pump my mouth on his cock. "Make master come," he said. I sucked and ran my tongue along his shaft as my head went up and down. My orgasm just

kind of rolled over and started again as I anticipated receiving his spunk. Then it came. It shot into the back of my throat and I began to swallow it as best as I could with my head going up and down like some kind of oil rig. If I was the oil rig, he was the gusher as he pumped a flood of his cum into my mouth.

When his hand slowed, coextensive with the fading of his cock's throbs, I took the time to make sure that I had slurped up all the cum that had dripped from between my lips. Linda's hands were exploring my body, caressing my thighs and my back, massaging my breasts gently, easing me down from my own climaxes.

After a while, Saito guided my head off of his cock. "Good. Little fuck toy," he says. "You make good fuck dog I think."

Call me insane, but his words were pleasing to me. I wanted the liberties that I imagined a fuck dog to have. I wanted to lie in the sun in the living room windows in the afternoons. I wanted to follow my master around the house, explore the other rooms. But what I wanted most was the chance to escape that being a fuck dog might bring me. He had to slip sooner or later, and I would be ready for it. Little did I know that my ability to do anything except exactly what I was told would soon be coming to an end.

"I wash up dishes," Saito said as he rose from the couch. Now there was a man after my own heart. He did his own dishes.

"I'll put the fuck toy away," Linda said brightly. She took my leash and guided me off of the couch. I was unhappy at the prospect of being put back in my cage, but I had known that I would go back sooner or later. I just wanted it to be later.

"Have you fed her yet?" Linda called to Saito who was busy clearing the dishes from the table.

"No. You feed," he replied.

The tall, lovely, blond woman escorted me up the stairs to my jail. She ran her fingers quickly over the numeric pad by the door and the lock clicked open. I dutifully followed her through it, sorry to say goodbye to the outside world. My empty cage sat there waiting for me. I suppressed a sob while we approached it.

Linda removed my leash and my collar. I looked at her forlornly. Too late, I saw that she had my zapper in her hand. I don't know where she got it from, whether Saito had issued her her own or whether somehow he had slipped it to her before she took me away. A dark, determined look came over her face. She pushed the button.

The silver collar around my neck pierced me with pain. I collapsed on the floor. She held it down a long time and then, after letting me recover for about ten seconds, zapped me again. I was crying and sobbing. I couldn't understand why she did it. I hadn't done anything wrong. She had been kind and even pleasant to me up to a short while ago, although I didn't appreciate her calling me fuck toy and all that.

"I wanted you to know, fuck toy," she said to me, "that you have every obligation to obey me that you do Master Saito. You have a long while to go before you can be called a fuck dog and until then, you are just a slutty, little fuck toy. Tomorrow, when I get you out of your cage, I'm going to beat you very hard. It's important that we get off on the right foot. I will bring you pleasure, but you are never to forget what you are and what the results of disobedience will be."

She paused to let this sink in. I trembled when I thought of what she meant by beating me hard. Women are so much more cruel than men, at least as women go. I realized that being in her charge was going to be no picnic.

Tears were flowing down my face and my body was shaking. The cruel woman pointed to the cage. "In," was all she said. As rapidly as I could, I climbed into the dreadful thing. I locked my limbs in place and then my neck and tits, encompassing the leather dildo that jutted from the bars

before me with my mouth. It was a cruel thing to have to fasten myself into place every time I got into the cage. It was like emphasizing my own role in my humiliation and degradation. I didn't have the guts to refuse the order to get in or to lock myself so remorselessly down.

When I was in place, I looked forlornly up at the tall, older, blond woman. Tonight she would be sleeping in a bed, I thought. Tonight she would probably be fucking Saito. They would spend some leisurely hours discussing how best to inflict cruelty on me or whatever their plans were, maybe sip down some brandy or cognac, maybe even have a piece of cheesecake or a little bowl of ice cream for dessert. I would be fed through the ugly back hose. They had a wonderful dinner of fresh cooked fish with wine and all the trimmings. I would be fed mush that I couldn't even taste. The unfairness of it all filled me with a dreadful sorrow.

I waited helplessly as Linda mixed my dinner and then ran the hose through the tube in my mouth to my belly. She smiled slightly, not a mean smile, like you might expect, but a gentle, warm smile, like she believed she was doing something good for me. When she had all the goop in my belly, she removed the hose and took it into the bathroom to clean it. She came back with the bedpan that Saito had been using to have me pee in. She came behind me and stroked my cunt three times like Saito did and then thrust the pan under me. My bladder emptied obediently. After I was done she wiped me thoroughly and then dumped the bedpan in the toilet.

When she emerged from the bathroom, I knew that it was time for me to be put away into my tiny, dark cell. She closed up the cage behind me and wheeled the cage over to the cabinet. Once she had opened the door, she began to roll me in, as always, my rear end in first. Once she had me all the way in, she stooped in front of my cage.

"I want you to think for a long time, while you're waiting for me to take you out of here, about what it means to be a fuck toy and what will happen to you every time that you forget and begin to think that you are a person. You will never be a person again. That part of your life is over forever. If you don't work hard to become a fuck dog, we can leave you in that cage for a long, long time. And then, if you die, we will just get another fuck toy and start all over again."

The woman's harsh words cut through me like a ragged knife. I started to sob. The worst that I had thought was true. I would never be set free. What had I ever done to deserve this? I was only 21 years old. I had had plans. I had a whole life to lead. If what she was saying was true, I could spend years and years as a weird sexual slave until I grew too old to be wanted. And then, they would probably just find a hole for me and dump me in it. As the door closed, I felt it was closing on everything I had ever loved about life. All I had left was the prospect of long, bitter misery.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Well, that night was one of the longest I spent as Saito's prisoner. There were other bad ones as well. I've told you about a couple and you'll hear about some more even worse ones. But that one stands out as being on some kind of dividing line. Saito had said shit about what he intended to do with me, other than turn me into a fuck dog, I mean. This woman, Linda had laid it out real clear. They were never going to let me go. Period. I had learned pretty much to control my crying into little soft sobs, so my collar wouldn't zap me, but that night I lost all control. I cried just like a baby. When my cries got too loud, my collar would go off and I would scream and yell, setting it off again. Thank god the thing had a failsafe trigger on it or I would've died in that cabinet howling away that night.

And then there was the fact that she was going to whip me when she got me out the next morning. Let me tell you that you never get used to being whipped. In fact, the more you get whipped the scarer you get from it and the more it seems to hurt. I was terrified of the whip.

To top it all off was the fact that I now had a visual picture of how Saito lived, and the lady too, while I was crammed into my little steel prison and tucked away into absolute darkness. There was a chasm dividing our lifestyles as wide as the Grand Canyon. And it looked like it would never be crossed by me.

I never tried so hard and so long to free my hands and feet from that cage as that night. I'm surprised I didn't scrape off my skin on my wrists and ankles. I think I went at it for an entire hour, although it's impossible to tell exactly how long. Time is distorted when you're in the position I was in.

I finally dozed off at some point. I woke when the lock to my cabinet was opened. I was having this dream about being buried in a tomb and crying and crying for someone to let me out. This was the kind of dreams I kept having. That and being turned into a dog. Not a woman-dog. A real dog. I remember one were I was home in my house and I was walking around on all fours in the body of a poodle. My sisters and my mom and pop kept walking around talking to each other. I kept on trying to tell them that I wasn't a dog, that I was me. Nobody listened. It ended with my asshole father rolling up a newspaper and chasing me around the house with it.

When the door opened it was the face of Linda I was looking at. She was naked except for this pair of skimpy, black, silk panties. She had great boobs for somebody over thirty. Her nipples were short and fat and her areola were dark and wide. Her hair had been pulled back into a ponytail. I saw a love bite on her neck and realized that my speculation about her and Saito fucking in some big comfy bed while I was trapped in this box was no fantasy.

The blond woman rolled my cage out and wheeled me into the middle of the room. After unhooking the rear to my cage, she had me pee and then she fed me through the tube in my mouth. I was frozen with fear. She had promised me a beating when she came back to get me and I dreaded it. Like I said, I never got used to it.

After she gave me the water, she ordered me out of the cage. Once my wrists and ankles and the rest of me were released, I backed out of my little prison. Linda immediately hooked my collar on me and attached the leash. "Good morning, fuck toy," she says to me in a sweet, syrupy voice. I know she's fucking with me since I know she's going to beat me. I don't say hello back of course, but just stare up at her forlornly.

I felt a tug on my leash and followed her directions to the bed. "Up," she says, and I crawled up onto it. Like Saito, she connected my wrists to manacles at the top and then orders me to my back.

All night long, I had kept on telling myself that I can take this bitch. When the moment of truth came I chickened out. What would I do anyway? The door to the outside was keyed by a combination and, unless I was able to torture it out of her, I would still be in the room. For all I knew,

Saito was outside monitoring what happened in here through some secret camera or something. What I did know was that I probably would get only one chance to escape and that I better be successful at it because otherwise a whole world of shit would come down on me.

Once Saito's girlfriend had me on my back, she unleashed me. She then went to what I had come to think of as 'the cruelty cabinet' and retrieved two long lengths of chain with leather bracelets on the end. She came over to my side and, after dropping one on the floor, begins to attach one to my right ankle.

As she's pulling my ankle up towards a hook in the ceiling just to the right of the bed, she's telling me what she's doing. "I'm going to spread your legs really wide, fuck toy, so I can whip the insides of your thighs. That's where I'm going to start. After that, I'm going to do your breasts and belly."

My leg was now fully extended up and to the side. My ass was lifted up from the bed. She circles around and begins to attach the other ankle. I was in deep anguish about my upcoming torture. I pulled my leg away from her hands reflexively in my panic. She looked up at me and I looked at her pleadingly. I didn't dare to vocalize my supplication to her. I'm whining now and tears are coming to my eyes.

"You see, fuck toy," the woman said as she calmly regained possession of my ankle, "that's just what I was talking about yesterday. I don't think you would have dared pull your ankle away from Master Saito. And you shouldn't do it from me either. I'm going to have to give you extra punishment for that. I think that when we're done here today, you will have learned your lesson."

By the time she finished her little speech to me, she had my ankle bound in the leather bracelet. She pulled it up to the ceiling to the left of the bed, splaying my legs widely into a 'V'. My ass is about three feet off of the bed. It's a good thing she had me pee cause I'd've peed right there if I had had any more in me. I kept thinking, "Why? Why? Why? Why?" as she turned to go back to the cabinet. I moaned with fear when I saw her return with the bottle of hell oil, as I called it, and a whip. It's not Saito's whip, but a long, thin one encased in leather.

The woman put a rubber glove on her hand and, kneeling on the bed between my outstretched legs, poured some of the oil on it. While I'm blubbing because I know what's going to happen within a few seconds, she, smiling, began to spread it over my thighs. She does it right up to the sides of my hairless pudenda and then steps back, putting the rubber glove in a little plastic bag.

My thighs are starting to burn real bad. I know that it will get worse as time goes by. Linda has the whip in her hand. I can see her through my distended thighs. "I know this isn't the whip that Saito uses," Linda said. "But it's the one I prefer. Saito's whip leaves no marks. This one is going to leave dark red lacerations in your flesh. They'll keep burning for a long time and last about a week. I want you to have a reminder on your body of what can happen when you disobey. Besides," she continued, "this one hurts a lot more."

My face was a mask of agony, I'm sure, because that's what I was feeling inside. I know that I'll scream and yell for mercy when she starts on me and I know that that'll cause her to give me more strokes. My mouth is dry and my body is shaking. I twist and turn my wrists in their confinements over my head. The fire along my thighs is burning intently. "Ooooooooouuuuuuu!" I moan before she even starts. I want to form the word, 'please', but my lips just keeps stuttering against each other.

"I'm going to give you ten strokes," she tells me as she bends the supple whip in her two hands, "five on each side. And then I'm going to give you one more right on your pussy for being disobedient. When I finish, I'll take a little break, and then I'll come back to do your tits." She pauses, as if she's forgotten something and then goes back to the cabinet. She returns with a ball gag. The ball is large and red and the belt that holds it in its middle is of polished leather. Putting the whip down on the bed, she walks to the side and kneels down. She smells of some kind of flowery perfume

and clean too, like some luxury soap. Her near naked body is hot next to mine. Her tits are swinging provocatively. When she holds the ball out to me, she says merely, "Open." I spread my lips immediately. The large, squishy, red ball pops into my mouth. Linda raises my head and fastens the belt behind it. I'm grateful since now I can't talk. It's one small amelioration of my distress.

Before she gets up, Linda speaks to me again.

"I'm hoping that we only have to go through this once, fuck toy. I'd rather have you sucking on my cunt right now, or for me to be sucking yours. But if we don't get this cleared up right from the start, we'll have all sorts of problems. So here goes."

My thighs are scorching me now. I can feel my legs shaking. Although my pussy has not been treated with the oil, it seems to be burning in sympathy. Linda rose and stood between my thighs. She gives me this strange kind of smile and then, very quickly, raised the whip behind her head and struck me across my left thigh. "Ooooooooouuuuuuu!" I cried out. "Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!" I'm crying on the inside. She's right. This whip hurts a hell of a lot more than Saito's. It's like ragged glass was drawn across my tender skin. The insides of my thighs were soft and pale white. I look and see a bright red line across them. "Ooooooooouuuuuuu!" I cried again. My voice was loud enough to escape the gag in my mouth. She had apparently turned off the dreaded silver collar around my neck since it didn't go off. As her hand rose again, oddly enough, I noted that she was left handed. Funny the things you remember. I bit down on the gag in my mouth as hard as I could. "Ooooooooouuuuuuu!" I cried again as the whip bit me. A second line had been laid perfectly parallel to the first, with maybe two inches between them. I realized that Linda was no stranger to the whip. Her pattern was to lay a blow, then wait about thirty seconds and then lay the next one. Each time she struck me, her tits would bounce and sway and her ponytail would go flying. I felt like I had gone to hell and that the blond lady was a female demon assigned to torture me. By the fifth blow to my left thigh, I was ready to pass out. Five neatly arranged red lines lay across it, a demonic chevron. Linda paused. I could see the sweat dripping from her forehead and glimmering on her naked breasts.

She then, wordlessly, shifted to the other side. My torso writhed and twisted as she laid into me. My voice was howling my anguish. Let me tell you, it hurt like a motherfucker.

I was blubbering madly when she finished. She let me lay there a while, absorbing what had been done to me. As I'm calming down, I realize that she owes me one more, one right in the middle of my snatch. Saito never whipped my snatch. I knew the flesh was soft and tender there and that being struck by Linda's cruel whip would be astoundingly painful. I couldn't close my legs and I couldn't beg for mercy. All I could do was take it. I closed my eyes and steeled myself. All of a sudden, I heard the 'whoosh!' of the whip passing through the air and a split second later it feels like a two hundred pound hornet has stuck his stinger in my twat. "Ahhhhhhhoooooooooooooooooourgh!" I yell. The gag might just as well not have been in my mouth since the sound of my groan of excruciating pain resounded through the small room. The whip landed right inside the split between my love lips and the tip struck me right on my delicate clit. Ahhhhhhooooooooourgh! Ahhhhhhoooooooooooooooooourgh!" I yell again and again.

I'm screaming away and she's just nonchalantly watching me. There was no expression on her face at all except maybe a sense of satisfaction for having finished a job. Without dropping the whip, she leaned over and picked up the plastic bottle of the 'hell oil' and the plastic bag containing her discarded glove. She returned them to the cabinet of horrors and then turned and spoke to me. "I'll be back in a little while. I'm not going to put the soothing salve on you because you don't deserve it. Just lay back and think about obedience."

After she left, I laid there, my thighs and pussy still burning intently, and thought about it all right. I would obey her as long as I had to. If she took me out to the main part of the house and Saito was not there, that's when I would make my break. I was damned if I would spend a lifetime as her

or Saito's puppy dog, or anyone else's for that matter. When I got out, I thought, these people would pay and pay and pay.

In the meantime, I also had my tit whipping to think about. I cursed to the high heavens in my mind at what these cruel people were doing to me. It wasn't fair; it wasn't right. Somehow, somebody had to save me. How could they just dehumanize someone and sell them off? Who could keep a person as a pet and keep it a secret from the authorities? How could all this really be happening to me?

I had been left with my legs up in the air. My thighs burned for a long time. My pussy felt like it would never be normal again. The memory of the awful pain was like a dagger in my brain. Gradually, the torment subsided some, but not before I cursed the cruel woman a thousand times.

Linda came back after about 45 minutes. She was still naked except for her silky, black panties. My stomach went tight and sour when I saw her. She had the whip in her hand.

Not saying a word, but giving me one of those, 'You better do what the fuck I say and like it,' looks, she released first one ankle and then the other from the ceiling. Then she says in her false, sweet voice, "Please turn over, fuck toy." I wanted to give her a clobber up side the head for each time she called me that. Saito I could take. He was the one with the real power. He had kidnapped me and put me through all of that shit. This lady, or so I thought, was merely riding on his coat tails.

I rolled over anyway since, for now, she had the better of me. She had left the chains attached to my ankles and I felt her pulling them taut towards the end of the bed. When she was done, after releasing my cuffed wrists, she ordered me up on my knees. She left me there and went back to the cabinet where they kept all their torture stuff and came back with a set of handcuffs attached to a long chain.

"Put your hands behind your back, fuck toy," she tells me. I do what she says and I feel my wrists locked into the cuffs. She goes in front of me and pulls the chain through beneath my legs. She keeps pulling and pulling until I have to go down on my back to stop my arms from pulling out of the sockets. She pulled until my hands were stretched under my ass and almost to my knees, and then fastened it to the head of the bed. I'm laying with my legs bent back under me and my arms stretched all out going the other way. My belly and breasts are looking up at the ceiling. I realize that she has me in the optimum position to whip my tits and stomach. In spite of my bravado when she was out of the room, I started to tremble in anticipation of the impending pain.

The blond woman sat down next to me on the bed. Leaning over, she kisses first one of my nipples and then the other, sucking on them gently like a tender lover would. Her hand is rubbing my belly. My mouth is still full of the ball gag, but I want to spit in her face. When she arose, she spoke to me. "I'm going to give you ten more strokes, fuck toy. While I'm doing it, I want you to think of what the consequences would be to you should you ever disobey me again or show any resistance or reticence to obey my commands."

She got up and went and got the awful lotion that Saito used to make my beatings worse. She had another rubber glove and she put it on and dripped some of the oil onto it. I was crying with fear and unhappiness as she spread it over my breast and stomach. It started to burn right away. When she was done, she got up and put the glove and oil back in the cabinet.

I saw her from the side of my eye when she returned to the bed. My tits and tummy were already on fire. She was holding the whip in her left hand and smacking it down lightly in her right. "I'm going to give you three on each breast, fuck toy," she told me, "and then four across the belly. After I'm done, you will suck my pussy and then go back in your cage."

The first blow to my right breast was agonizing. My tits were ablaze anyway and the violence of the whip striking the reddened skin sent a horrid stab of pain through me. I blubbered and cried while she gave me the next two. I'm not ashamed of it. Anyone would have broken down like I did. It was like a pain that I had never experienced before. While Saito's blows from his flat whip

seemed to spread all over the surface of the part of me he was whipping, the whip that Linda was using delved deeply inside me as if the whip had actually penetrated deep under my skin. And it kept burning and burning and burning. My thighs were still aflame from earlier on, although nowhere near what I was feeling on my boobs and my stomach.

My cruel, blond mistress stepped over to the other side of me so she could do my other tit. She gave me three slices of her whip in short order. My big, round globes that I had been so proud of hurt so much that I would gladly have given them up right then and there. At the first stroke to my belly, my back arched and I pulled tightly on the chains that kept me prisoner. Believe me I would have done anything, said anything, agreed to anything rather than get the next three she owed me. She laid them across my taut stomach in a neat row, from my belly button to the tender part just above my snatch. I screamed and moaned piteously at each one.

The only sound in the room when the blond bitch was done was my gurgling, doleful sobs. She came and sat down next to my head and stroked it gently. "There, there, now little fuck toy," she said. "It's all over. There'll be no more whipping as long as you obey me and work hard to become a fuck dog. The next time I come in, we'll spend some time in bed together fucking. Would you like that?"

My eyes were pinned to hers. She had a strange ability to be empathetic and cruel at the same time. I nodded dolefully at her suggestion. Fucking was definitely better than whipping. But I would bide my time and look for a way to escape this hell.

Linda didn't unchain me to get her delight from me. She just stripped off her panties and knelt on either side of my head, facing towards the head of the bed. "Now, do a good job, fuck toy," she said.

She lowered her puss to my mouth. I immediately started to delve my tongue into her already moistened canal. She may have looked cool as a cucumber while she was whipping me, but her cunt told me something else. It was soft and dilated and gushing her fluids.

She kept moving her hips to present a different part of her koosh for me to suck on. When she wanted my tongue deep inside her, she moved up towards my bent knees. Each time that she did, I lapped at her slit like a little puppy dog. When she wanted attention to her clit, she moved back so that the top of her cunt was presented to my mouth and I could lick and tease it. Her hands were on either side of my torso supporting her. She was moaning and groaning.

"Oh, yes, fuck toy," she crooned, "that's the way to do it! More tongue, give me more tongue!" And when I was at her clit, she said, "Suck it hard, fuck toy, suck on it! Yeah! Yeah! Oh, yeah, suck on it good!"

My own pussy was getting hot as well. It was not so much the girl on girl thing, but that her sexual excitement was contagious. I wanted her to put her lips on my quim, which she could've done just by leaning over, but she didn't do it. I moaned in frustration as I kept munching away at her clam.

When she came, she gave out a loud, deep moan. She mashed her pussy against my face and rocked her hips so that it slid back and forth over my lips, chin and nose. She kept coming and coming. I thought she'd never stop. Her seepings were all over my face.

"Ohhhhhh, that was very nice, fuck toy," she said as she continued to slide her puss up and down over my mouth. She rose finally and began to release me from my grotesque position. My shoulders ached from my arms being pulled so far underneath me. My hips were in agony. And my breasts and belly still smarted from her cruel whip and the terrible oil that had been put on them.

Although my limbs had been freed, I knew better than to move without permission. I waited until Linda had clipped my leash back onto my collar and given it a little yank. She led me back to my horrible cage. On her signal, after she had removed my collar, I climbed dutifully in. I cringed as

the bands tightened against my ankles and wrists and when the others went around my breasts and my neck.

The blond woman merrily pushed me over to the cabinet. Before she put me in, she knelt in front of me and, rubbing my partially denuded head, said, "You're so cute, little, fuck toy. When I come back I'm going to give your body a nice thrill." She then pushed me into my cabinet and closed it.

I don't know how long it was before she came again. Needless to say, I was in abject misery. And I hated the idea of losing track of time once more. It had been night when she had put me away after her dinner with Saito. I figured it was morning when she came to get me last time. Maybe about three or four hours had passed during the time that she was whipping me and such. So it might make it late morning or early afternoon, depending on when she first came in, when she put me in the cabinet. But there I lost it. If I was in the cabinet for four more hours, then it could be anywhere from late afternoon to early evening. If it had been longer when she came back this time, it would be later. The problem was, once you got past a half hour or so, the time just seemed to drag on so slow that I had no idea how much had passed. What I thought was two hours could've been three or four or only one. What I thought must have been eight could have been anywhere's from four to ten, depending if I slept and then it could be even more.

I have to say that Linda was true to her word, just like Saito. When she came back, she released me from the cage and let me drink some water and eat from a bowl. She then took me down to the bathtub and, rather than give me a washing with the hose, filled the tub up with hot, soapy water. It felt like heaven to have the water all around me and the use of my body. She was dressed in the same black panties as before, but she cast them aside and joined in with me.

I was not totally free. Before putting me in the tub, she had connected my collar via a chain to a ring in the front part of the tub. The chain was long and gave me a lot of freedom, but I was not free. There was no chance of me leaving the tub and running to the door.

Linda washed my body lovingly. She wouldn't let me do it myself, telling me that fuck toys didn't wash their own bodies. She placed some shampoo in the little tufts of reddish brown hair on my head and then rinsed it off.

The tub was like a little pool and I was able to do a kind of swim across it. At first, the cuts where Linda had whipped me burned in the water, but I soon got over that. Being in the tub made me feel careless and free. If someone had come in they would have seen two women frolicking in the water, only one of them, me that is, with a very strange hairdo.

Linda finally told me to get out and, after she dried me, brought me to the bed. She didn't have to shave my head or my pussy because no hair was growing there anymore. She locked the chain that led to my collar to the headboard and slid onto the sheet next to me. Her body was long and soft. We were facing each other and I had my hands on her hips while she stroked the sides of my face with hers. She then leaned forward and offered me her lips. I opened my mouth and placed my lips on hers. Our hot tongues joined and a wave of pleasure flowed over me. My breasts pushed against hers and our hips met. All of a sudden, I never wanted another woman so much.

We kissed and kissed for the longest time. Her hands wandered my body and mine wandered hers. She broke our kiss and brought her mouth down to my tits, taking my nipples, one after the other, in her mouth and suckling them gently. I moaned with pleasure as her mouth's warmth and the machinations of her tongue enflamed me. My breath was already getting deeper and more urgent when she abandoned my breasts and, dragging her lips and tongue across my belly, slithered between my open thighs. When her mouth found my drenched slice, I gave out a long, deep moan of pleasure. Her tongue worked over it lovingly, dragging through my cleft, tickling my clit. She was almost as good as Gloria, but, hey, Gloria was a professional. Her hands pressed down on my inner thighs on

the places where she had whipped me. Her five fingers, spread wide, fit nicely over the long, red, angry marks. The irony was not lost on me.

The woman who had declared herself my mistress supped at my gate for a long time. She brought me close to orgasm three or four times before relenting. She lifted her head from my loins and whispered, "Come now. Come for Mistress." It was all I needed to hear. I let my passions flow inside me. I felt the crest of the wave of my lusts building to a wonderful crash. As I started to come, I remembered Saito's rule. "Yip! Yip! Yip!" I called out. Amidst my pleasure, I had a bitter reminder of my servitude. "Yip! Yip! Yip!" I went on as Linda kept my pussy churning with delight. Then I forgot how humiliating it was to have to bark like a dog when I came. My mind was overwhelmed with ecstasy. "Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip!" I yelled out unselfconsciously.

As my orgasms waned, Linda rose along my body, brushing her soft, firm breasts against me. We had contact the entire length of our bodies and we just lay there, enjoying our touch for a long time. After a while, I began to run my hands all over her, her hips, her thighs, her breasts. I urged her with my hands onto her belly while I massaged her back, something I used to do for the other girls when I was a dancer. I got a lot of offers of sexual favors in return, most of which I declined.

Linda groaned with satisfaction as I kneaded her back muscles and worried her vertebrae. When I was done with her back, I motioned for her to flip over and I did her front, concentrating on her thighs and shoulders before I began to caress her breasts and delve into her crevasse with my hand. I lay pressed against her side and teased and caressed her koosh until she screamed her delight over and over. Then she did the same to me and, when she made me come with her hand, I yipped and yipped like a little puppy dog.

It was a wonderful time, considering all of the circumstances. You might be asking, why did I do it? Why did I cooperate so fully in the blond woman's exploitation of me? I knew that none of my sexual acts could be considered really voluntary. If I hadn't shown excitement and creativity in pleasuring her, I'm sure she would've whipped me. Nonetheless, it was a divine interlude, making me feel almost human again until, that is, Linda announced it was time for me to go back into my cage.

We frolicked three or four times after that. It wasn't every time she opened my cabinet door. Sometimes she just fed me and let me pee and put me back without explanation. And it wasn't just fucking. Sometimes she made me walk up and down the room yipping like a dog for her amusement. Sometimes she left me tied up grotesquely on the bed for long periods while she went back in the house and did something or other. And what she wanted, she wanted. She told me when to suck her clit or to make her come with my hand. She told me to lay back and spread my legs when she wanted to suck at my juices. I had little say in it and the only sounds that she ever heard from me were slight murmurs and moans while she pleased me or mighty, Yip! Yip! Yip!'s, when I came.

It was on the fourth time we made love on the bed that she decided that we were going into the main house. She attached my leash to my collar and led me to the door. I had just gotten done eating her out for about forty minutes or so and she had come four times. I knew she was groggy and a little distracted. I waited until she got the door open. I gamboled through on my hands and knees and then, suddenly, rose to my feet. I turned and ripped my leash from her hand and gave her a mighty shove backwards. She was bigger than me, like I said, and it took all my effort. But I had desperation on my side and she went flying back into the room. I slammed the door shut.

Now I knew that she could open the door again because she had the combination. What I figured was all I needed was the time it took to get to a door or a window and I was gone. I was pretty fast over short distances and, remember, I had been dancing for four years. I was in good shape and my legs were strong.

I pulled the door shut as I watched her fall to the floor, surprise on her face. I ran along the gallery past the dining area and around the corner. There were the stairs I had heard Linda coming in

that night not so long ago. I ran down them towards the door. I grabbed the handle and pulled. Nothing. It was locked. I looked to see if it was a deadbolt or something and saw the combination thingy next to the door on the wall. "Shit!" I cursed.

It had only taken me a couple of seconds to fly down the stairs and try the door so I figured I still had time to go back up them and try another way out. I got to the top of the stairs and I heard Linda's feet slapping on the marble floor of the gallery. I turned to my left and ducked into a bedroom. It was sumptuous and well appointed, some kind of guest room, too small to be the master bedroom, but I didn't take time to look much. There was a large window by the side of the bed. I examined it quickly and quietly and saw no way to open it.

Let me tell you, my emotions were on the boil. This was my last, best chance to get away. If I fucked up there would be hell to pay. It was also the first time I had been out of someone's control since the night of my kidnapping god knew how many weeks ago. My mind was racing. I can hear Linda yelling, in a sing song voice like this was some kind of game, "Fu-uck toy, where are you? Don't be naughty now! Come to mistress." It was just like she was calling a naughty dog.

There was a large lamp on the bedside table and I swept it off of it. I raised it high over my head. I threw it at the window with all of the force I could muster, using my strong legs to propel it. I had a vision of the window shattering into a thousand pieces and me leaping out of it. There was a loud 'thunk!' and the lamp bounced right back at me. It landed at my feet. I thought, "Safety glass!" Of all the things! Saito had made his house secure from escape. What was I going to do? "There has to be a way out!" I thought, panicking.

I ran outside the door of the bedroom and there was Linda standing at the end of the hall. She has the zapper to my collar in her hand and she's smiling. I screamed, setting off my collar and then screamed again as it zapped me. I fell to the floor and got up to run. Linda must have pressed the button on the zapper since my collar went off again. I screamed again, fell to the floor and tried to roll away. There was a door at the end of the hall and I made a dash for it. I entered it and went to slam the door shut, but Linda, lightning quick, was right behind it and she held it from closing. Slowly but surely she pushed me back as I dug my bare feet into the rug and tried to hold the door from coming open.

She was too strong for me. I flew back and fell to the floor. I jumped immediately back onto my feet. Linda was standing about five feet away from me. She had barely broken a sweat in opening the door. "What are you going to do now, fuck toy?" she asked tauntingly. "All you have to do is get past me. There has to be some way out of the house, some window you can break, some door you can get open. All you need to do is get past me."

She was looming over me, naked as an Amazon and looking just as powerful. My eyes went to the zapper in her hand. She hadn't had it when we were leaving my prison room, so she had to take the time to go back and get it. She must have had a lot of confidence that I wouldn't be able to escape. She looked down at it too.

"Okay," she said confidently. "I don't need this." We were in what I assumed to be the master bedroom. I had not been far off imagining it. There was a huge, four poster bed covered with silken sheets and big, fluffy pillows. Dark stained furniture ran along the walls. The rug was a pastel green and the walls a little darker. I looked at Linda. All I had to do was get past her, she had said. I didn't know if I could do it, but I was going to try. All of the pain and anguish I had experienced at her and Saito's hands rose up within me. I felt like I was drawing power from the recollection of it.

I suddenly ran right at her. I would've screamed in my rage but for the collar around my neck. I was almost on her when she juts out the palm of her left hand. It strikes me right in the chest and I go flying back. I landed on my ass.

“Come on, try again,” she taunted me. “Come on, fuck toy. Don’t you want to be free again? You don’t want to experience the punishments you’re going to get for this little escapade, do you? Come on!”

With a whine of fear and desperation, I ran at her again. This time, she gave me a blow to my belly with her foot. It knocked all the air out of me and I fell back onto the thickly rugged floor. I strained to catch my breath, knowing that Linda is creeping towards me. I see my opportunity. I struck my foot out at her knee. If I had hit it, it would have broken it, I’m sure. She would have gone down in agony, unable to get up. Linda sees my move before I do it. It was like she read it in my face. My leg juts out but it hits only air. Before I know it, the blond witch has given me a deep, almost crippling blow to my thigh with her hand. I groaned with pain and my collar went off, making me scream and writhe on the floor. Linda took the time to give me two more chops to my ribs. They strike me like hammer blows. Before I can react or even yell from the pain, she grabbed my arm and flipped me over, giving me two more chops on the other side. Then she starts to hammer away at me. She hits my back, my belly, my thighs and my ribs again. Her blows are short, quick and hard, like, ‘pop, pop, pop’. I’m trying not to scream, but I’m having a hard time of it.

Finally she relents. I’m sobbing miserably on the floor. All hope of escape for me is gone, probably forever. I am going to face a horrible punishment. Linda has proven her mastery over me. She is as much my overlord as Saito is. She stood poised over me for a few moments. When she saw that I was defeated, she stepped back and retrieved the zapper from the floor. There is sweat over her pale, lithe body. I see muscles in her arms, shoulders and thighs that I had not noticed before. She is pumped up. I try to plead with her.

“Pl.....” is all I get out when my collar springs to life. I squirmed and cried on the floor until it stopped. I looked up again. “Pl.....” I try and get out and another fierce electric shock pierces me. I try one last time, hoping to evoke some mercy. “Ple.....” but that’s as far as I get. My mind shrieks in agony as my collar punishes me for my transgression.

“Fuck toys don’t speak,” Linda said sternly. “You have been a very bad fuck toy. You are going to have to be punished.”

She stepped over to a wooden chest by the foot of the immense bed. She roots around in it for a moment and she brings out this long chain thing. It has four manacles on it. Stooping down over me, she slaps two of the manacles on my ankles. I have no power to resist her. She then takes my wrists one by one and locks them in too. A chain about two feet wide separates my hands. Another chain leads from that to a foot long chain between my ankles. The chain between my ankles and wrists is only about two feet long. If I were to try and stand, I would not be able to get higher than a crouch. Running is out of the question.

“Get on your hands and knees,” the woman barked at me. I was slow to respond, still trying to get over my misery of being recaptured so easily. The woman pressed down on the zapper and a fierce shock goes through my neck. I held in my scream, not wanting to aggravate my torture. I struggled to my hands and knees obediently.

“It was just a matter of time, fuck toy, before you tried an escape. All of you do sooner or later. You got farther than most. But then, you’re a smart little fuck toy, aren’t you. I figured you were biding your time until we came out into the house. I have to say you were very quick and surprised me a little. But let me tell you, without the combination to the keypads, there’s no way out of the house. There’s no telephone and the nearest neighbor is at least three miles away. So what can a little fuck toy do but cry.”

I am crying although I don’t want to be. I want to spit in her eye and tell her to do her worst to me, but I really don’t want her to do her worst. My failed attempt at escape has taken all the hope from me. I want only to obey and avoid pain. My head is pointed to the floor. I don’t even want to see her, my tormentor. “Come,” was all she said.

I followed her as best I could on my hands and knees to my prison. It seemed much a longer distance than when I had run it. I wondered whether that was the last time I would ever be on my feet again. As I crawled awkwardly along the marble floor of the gallery, my chains dragging on the cold stone, I saw the door to my prison looming up ahead. I realized what condemned men must feel when they are taking that last walk and see the door to the execution chamber. Beyond that door lies terror, they must think, and so did I. I never wanted to reach it, but I kept on inexorably approaching it. When I finally reached it, Linda had already typed in the code and the door was open. I crossed the threshold with a heavy heart.

She put me back in my cage right away and rolled me to my cabinet. Before she locked me in, she fiddled with the controls. When she was done, she crouched down in front of me. I knew I was going to receive some pronouncement of my fate. Now, for the first time, I have a real fear of her. She's a demon wrapped in a lithe, beautiful package. In high school they taught us that poem, "Is beauty, truth, is truth, beauty?" That's all I remember about it. But if the guy meant does beauty equal goodness, you had your proof to the contrary right there.

"Those dildos in your pussy and ass aren't just for pleasure," she told me. "They're for punishment too. I've rigged a nice treat for you for the next eight hours or so. And when you come out, I have some very special plans on what to do to you. I hope you understand now the hopelessness of your situation. You're going to become a fuck dog or you're going to die. That's all there is to it. And don't think that you'll only get punishment from me. Saito will be back soon and I'm sure he will be very upset at what you've done."

I took all this in as terror and despair built up in me. I dreaded facing Saito's wrath and I feared whatever plans Linda had for me. As she rolled me into my little, sealed booth, I wanted to beg and cry for forgiveness. No words, came out, of course, and I was immersed again in darkness.

After about ten minutes, probably just a little longer than it took Linda to clean up the room outside and go back into the house, I felt a little electric jolt in my pussy from the dildo implanted there. It didn't hurt so much as give me an immense sense of foreboding. A few second later, the one in my ass gives me one that's a little stronger and lasts a little longer. That one actually crossed the line from surprise to pain. And then my pussy dildo gave me a fierce jolt. My whole body stiffened and I screamed, setting off my collar. It was a one, two punch. Just as I began to recover from my crying and wailing, another cruel jolt comes into my ass. I did a little better on that one in holding back my scream, but it hurt like a motherfucker and I squirmed and writhed in my confinements. "Oh god!" I thought. "How long will I have to endure this?" Linda had said eight hours. Did she really mean it or was she mindfucking me again? Would I be tortured for the whole eight hours or just intermittently?

I got my answers all right. The electric shocks came and went but never stopped for long during the next eight hours. Sometimes they followed each other closer than other times. Sometimes they went through a full cycle of shocks, delivering anguishing jolts to my cunt and ass several times in rapid succession. Other times, the space between them was longer, like maybe by fifteen or thirty seconds and then I would get another.

As to how long she kept me in there, from everything that I could tell, it was the full eight hours. Anyways, it was a long, long time. It was long enough that I finally had to pee right there in my cage, for which I knew I'd get another punishment, and for my belly to get hunger pains. I slept very fitfully, worried that another series of electrical blasts was coming. More than once I was awoken by a fierce stab of pain in my puss or my ass. I was tired and thirsty. I kept on reliving in my mind my escape attempt and its failure, wondering if there was anything else I could have done to win my freedom. I also thought of Linda's harsh words, that I would become a fuck dog or else. What disturbed me about that, besides the obvious, was the question of how would they determine when I had reached fuck dog status. Was there some change in me they were looking for? I knew

they wanted me obedient and compliant and to make little yipping sounds when I came, but what else did they expect? Well, if they wanted total, abject, complete surrender, they had it now. I knew that they would never let me escape. They were too well experienced in their little hobby here of turning women into fuck dogs. Linda had said that I had made it further than the others. How many others had there been? Where were they now? Maybe, just maybe, I thought, once I got to another owner, was sent off to Saito's ultimate customer, my chances at escape might improve.

It was after a pretty harsh series of jolts that my cabinet opened. It was Linda again. She rolled me out without saying anything until she saw that I had peed. "Very bad," fuck toy," she said. "Fuck dogs are housebroken and don't pee when they're not supposed to, no matter what. I'll have to punish you for that too."

My punishment for peeing was ten blows from Saito's favorite whip on my back and rear. She gave them to me while I was still inside my cage. They hurt, but I was really dreading my special punishment for my escape attempt. For that, Linda decided I would be released from my cage.

As I backed out, my back and ass still burning from her whip, tears flowing down my face, I forewent any thought of opposing the strong, martial arts trained woman. I was clearly no match for her in any sense of the word. She hooked my collar and leash to me and led me over to the bed. Ordering me to lie there on my belly, she fixed my hands to the shackles at the head of the bed and placed the red ball gag back in my mouth.

I closed my eyes so I couldn't see her, knowing that my arrangement on the bed was a prelude to her infliction of harm to me. I was trying to steel myself for it. I felt my right leg go up in the air and then my left. My legs had not been spread wide and so I knew that she wasn't going to do my thighs or ass. Besides, that would be nothing special, although it would hurt like hell.

My feet were stuck out so that the bottoms were presented to my mistress. I realized then that her abuse of me was to include battering my defenseless soles. I had never been whipped there, but I had read that it was a savage torment often referred to as the 'bastinado'. They did it to Peter O'Toole in Lawrence of Arabia, I think. He didn't seem like he thought it was a picnic.

I started to moan when the evil lady put the oil on the bottoms of my feet. They start to burn almost right away. It's funny how you're on your feet all day and yet they're so sensitive. In my case, I hadn't been on them at all, except for my escape attempt, for the last several weeks, so I imagined that they were getting soft.

When my feet got red hot and my moaning became pronounced, Linda reared back and gave the bottom of my left foot a vicious smack. She was using the thin whip she had used on me the first day she got me out of my cage. I winced and screamed as the pain shot through me. She hadn't told me how many cuts from the whip she was going to give me and so I had no idea when it would end. She alternated from foot to foot, letting the one she struck cool down before striking it again. Naturally, I howled through the whole thing. And then she did something that was especially cruel. I heard her go back to the cruelty cabinet and come back with something. I managed to get a look by turning my head and peaking over my shoulder. It was a two foot long, leather covered club, about three inches around. I felt the woman take a good hold of my ankle and then whack the bottom of my foot with it. It made a heavy thud. It was like an elephant had stepped on my foot. It hurt so much that I couldn't catch my breath. She hit that foot three more times and then did the other.

I was still moaning from the pain when she moved to my side. She gave my thigh a mighty 'whump!' from the club. It felt worse than when she had punched me there. My outstretched arms were vulnerable too and she struck me in my upper arm. Before she went over to the other side of the bed to do my left side, she whacked me once more with the club in the ribs.

By the time that Linda was done with me, I was in dire pain all over my body. She undid the chain holding my ankle and wrists and ordered me back to my cage. I crept there slowly, moaning

and crying. When I was locked in again, without saying anything more, she rolled me to my cabinet and placed me inside.

It didn't take long for my feet to start to swell up. All over my body was the throbbing pain from damaged tissue. It was the worst thing that had happened to me so far. I moaned and cried and begged God for my death.

Linda didn't leave me in there very long, maybe an hour or two. Just the thought, however, that I was going to have to suffer my physical torments for an unforeseeable amount of time had filled me with despair. I was both relieved that I would not have to suffer alone and terrified that my torment was going to be continued when I saw her face. She rolled me out, had me pee, and then released me from the cage. She put on my dog collar and led me to the bed. My muscles screamed in agony as I moved. To my surprise, she got into bed with me. She was wearing only a pair of beige, silken panties. She lay her body down next to mine and held my head between her hands. Her eyes were soft and warm, her voice gentle as she gently stroked my forehead.

"Has the fuck toy learned her lesson?" my mistress asked me.

Tears came to my eyes and I nodded 'yes'. She put her arms around me and gave me a warm hug.

"You poor dear," she said. "It's hard for you, I know."

It was too much for me. To have garnered sympathy from someone as to my plight, even if it was from one of my tormentors, caused all my pent up sorrow to be released. I threw my hands around her and, nestling my head in her shoulder, began to cry and cry. My whole body was wracked with sobs. Her hands stroked my head and she uttered soothing words to me.

"There, there, fuck toy. You go ahead and cry. It'll make you feel much better. You won't do anything like that again, will you?" This latter was more a statement than a question.

I wanted to say that I wouldn't, that I had surrendered completely to my fate, but I knew better than to speak. I just held her closer and my cascade of tears increased their flow.

"I forgive you, fuck toy," she continued. "I know you want to become the best fuck dog that you can be and I'm going to help you, I promise."

Yes, that was what I wanted. I wanted it because she wanted it, because Saito wanted it. I wanted it because I knew that it was my only road to redemption. I could become a fuck dog or I could die. And I didn't want to die, I wanted to live. "Give me a kiss, fuck toy," Linda said tenderly. She made me raise my head and placed her lips on mine. I opened my lips obediently and she delved her tongue inside. Her body was hot against mine and, despite my pain and sorrow, I felt my juices stirring. Our nipples pressed against each others' and our bellies mated. She hugged me tightly and I reciprocated. I became overwhelmed with emotion as my fires began to burn.

We made passionate love on that bed. Linda made me come many times, caressing my twat with her hand, sucking at my love lips with her mouth. Discarding her meager covering, she lay atop me, pressed her vulva against mine and fucked me like that, our sexes exchanging heat and friction until she told me, "Come for mistress. Come now." My body shuddered with pleasure.

In exchange, I kissed and suckled her breasts, and licked her pleasure button until she called out her lust.

When we were done, I remember taking a little nap. It felt so good to be in her arms. Unlike the prior times we had made love, I had no reservations now about escaping or overcoming her. As odd as it may seem to you, I was grateful that she had forgiven me for my escape attempt and vowed to myself to never give her cause to be angry with me again.

Linda took me to the bathroom and drew us a nice, hot bath. The warm water felt wonderful on my bruises. We languished there for a long time. When we came out, she dried me with a large, fluffy towel and brought me back to the bed. My feet were still throbbing so she brought out a bowl

of cold water and soaked them, reducing the swelling. And then we made love again, cunt to mouth, the two of us, her on top, of course.

After we had exchanged multiple orgasms, the tall, beautiful, blond woman had me kneel on the bed while she put my leash on me. To my surprise, she led me to the door to the house. I waited patiently while she unlocked it using the key pad and followed her dutifully down the short set of granite steps into the living room. Saito was there, calmly reading a magazine on the couch. He looked up and smiled at me.

“Come, fuck toy,” he said in his broken English. “Come to Saito.”

Linda released my leash from my collar and I happily crawled over to where he was sitting, my bruised body aching with each movement. I had already turned black and blue where Linda had pounded me with the club and the evidence of my whippings with the long, thin whip she wielded were still all over my thighs, breasts and belly. He brushed his hand over my head playfully. “You been bad fuck toy, I hear,” he said. His words pierced me. I was sad that I had disappointed him and fearful of more punishment.

“You be good fuck toy now, I guess,” he added.

I tried to convey my non-verbal agreement with his statement as best I could. I nodded my head eagerly until he smiled, something that he rarely did.

“You suck Saito’s cock now, fuck toy,” he ordered.

I wanted nothing more. He was wearing a yellow and red colored kimono and he opened it for me. Spreading his legs, he made his soft cock available for my mouth. Without hesitation, I leaned over and took it between my lips.

One of the fun things I had always enjoyed when sucking cocks was to have the thing go from soft and small to hard and large in my mouth. This is what happened then. My pussy watered with excitement as Saito’s prick gained blood and hardened. Soon, I was delving my lips up and down the shaft, swirling my tongue around it. I pulled my head back and suckled on its fat head. I pressed my lips all the way down to his belly. I was on my hands and knees and used only my mouth to pleasure him, as he liked it. He had his hand on my head, stroking it while he moaned his lust. His hand was hot on my bald skull. After a long while, he muttered, “Make me come,” and I increased my efforts appropriately on his stiff, thick prick to bring his lusts to a boil. He flooded my mouth with his jism and I gratefully received it, drinking down every drop.

I knelt in the living room, mounted in the bracket bolted to the floor while the pair of them ate dinner. Linda had dressed while I was sucking Saito off and she was wearing a black, sleeveless blouse with a matching, swirling skirt that went down below her knees. She had donned red pumps. As usual, she looked lovely.

Even though I couldn’t move, it was nice to be out where I could see things. There was a strong wind blowing outside, apparently prefatory to a storm, and the trees swayed and danced beautifully. I saw a flock of geese flying in a ‘V’ formation. It was summer, probably early June by now. In past years, I had always started the summer months with a week or so at the beach, getting my natural, summer tan. I felt sorry that I had missed it and wondered if I would ever have the chance again. My skin was as pale as Ivory Soap by now, almost pasty. But that was the least of my worries.

I watched the evening sun go down and the dim light turn to darkness. Now, instead of the beautiful, natural surroundings, I can only see my reflection in the glass. I see me kneeling there abjectly on all fours, my weird, humiliating hairdo, the marks of Linda’s abuse all over me. My big, round breasts hung below my torso like udders waiting to be milked. I was repelled by what I saw. And I was scared shitless. I knew that, despite his relative amiability when Linda brought me out, Saito would repay me harshly for my great sin of trying to escape.

I could hear them chatting casually in Japanese as they ate, utensils scraping on plates, glasses being set down on the table. Saito opened a bottle of wine for them to drink and I heard the tell tale 'pop' of a cork being pulled out. Occasionally, they would break out into English, talking about how good the food was or what a nice trip Saito had. What I could see, my dismal, naked, imprisoned form, and what I could hear, two sociable, cultured people enjoying an evening's repast, were so incongruous, I had to fight back my tears.

When dinner was finished, Saito came down and fed me through a hose while Linda cleaned up. Afterwards, he brought me back to my room, mounted me on the bed and gave me a royal fucking. He had a way of fucking that brought me into a mesmerized state, taking his time, giving my cunt long, languorous strokes. His long, thick meat filled my hungry pouch. Each stroke brought me closer to delirium until he finally gave me permission to come. I yipped and moaned and yipped some more as my pussy engaged in wracking convulsions.

He had never eaten my pussy before, but he did it this time. After, as was his custom, he had me lay on my belly, my head turned towards him, while he fucked my mouth for the longest time. I gave his cock dulsatory attentions with my lips and tongue, floating in an unnatural world. He had my wrists fastened behind my back. It felt right and proper that he should use me as he chose. When he came, my mind clouded over with bliss.

Afterwards, he brought me back to my cage. Once he had me locked in, he removed the top and sides, exposing my body. He knelt in front of it, stroking the balls of fur on my head and said, "Fuck toy was very bad. Needs punishment. I whip you now."

Linda had said that Saito would impose his own punishment and I had been half expecting it while the other half of me had hoped that he would forget it. It was terrifying how quickly he could adjust from giving pleasure to giving pain. I quailed in my cage while he retrieved the hated oil. As he spread it on my back and ass, I realized that I understood and accepted the need for my punishment. I needed to have a final expiation of my bad behavior. As the lashes came down, rendering me into a state of agony, I blessed each stroke that brought me closer and closer to forgiveness, even as I screamed and moaned my pain into my thick, mouth filling gag.

Unlike what Linda had done, Saito rubbed the cooling salve into my back and ass when he was finished. After letting me pee, he locked the sides and top of my cage back on. He pushed the cage to the cabinet door, opened it, and rolled me partially in. Crouching down in front of it, he spoke to me.

"You now ready to become fuck dog, I think. Tomorrow, we make you fuck dog. Tonight you have much pleasure," he said soothingly to me. He rubbed my dog-like head once more and, after fiddling with the controls on my cage, pushed me the rest of the way into my little niche. As he did, I exulted in the news that my days as a fuck toy would soon be over. If I had known what was about to happen to me, I'm sure I would have felt a lot differently.

To be continued...