

Punishing Pamela

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Chapter One

Pamela slid the stack of midterm exams to the center of her polished oak desk. She needed to grade them, but first she'd allow herself the luxury of flipping through, picking phrases here and there from the pages of the blue covered exam books. The rookie English teacher couldn't resist a small smile of satisfaction as she gleaned the carefully written essays, noting the precise literary details, the application of technique—evidence of hard studying all the way around.

Talk about a turn around.

The grades were going to be good ones, at last. Certified secondary school teacher Pamela Anne Haley, fresh out of graduate school, had conquered her senior English class. She hated to think of things in such stark, military terms, but it was a fact. There'd been a battle, and she had won. The alternative would have been chaos, no one learning—a completely wasted year.

There were two reasons Pamela had had to fight so hard. For one thing, she was new to the prestigiousIvyDellAcademy, 'fresh meat' as the students—the spoiled scion of the region's wealthiest men and women—liked to call their new instructors.

The second was her age and appearance. Pamela Haley was just twenty-five, blue eyed, and blonde, five-foot-two with a shapely figure not easily disguised, despite her wardrobe of pleated skirts, starchedblouses and modest sweaters. From the first day, thepretty young teacher had been all too

aware of the awkward shifting of the boys in their seats as they attended her lessons, their cheeks reddening as they sought to disguise their irrepressible hard-ons. And then there were the girlfriends, glaring at her, their eyes telegraphing an ill-disguised mixture of hate and jealousy as they wished her dead with every breath.

What they needed to concentrate on was the likes of Shakespeare and Thoreau, men whose works taught a success based not solely on the privilege of one's birth but upon one's own diligence and character. Pamela understood this crucial difference. She'd been born into money, but she'd also suffered, terribly, sinking to a level of poverty and dependency few could understand—not even the handful of lower class scholarship students who came to Ivy Dell on the largesse of its Board of Directors.

Wealth, like physical beauty, was as much a curse as a blessing. This was also something she'd learned the hard way. What a young man, or woman needed, was character, a sense of internal values. It had been a rude awakening when she'd handed back the classes' first round of papers a month ago. More than half the marks had been F's. Only one student had attained a B, the rest were C's and D's.

Mr. Rains, the ruggedly handsome principal—whom Pamela feared was developing a dangerous crush on his new English teacher—had come to the class himself to quell the ensuing riot.

“Miss Haley is your teacher now; you will mind her in all things,” he'd informed them sternly, raking a hand through his sandy brown hair. “And there shall be no whining to your parents about this. The board and I are one, and we have the trust of your fathers and mothers.”

There'd been continued grumbling, and finally he'd said, “Oh, for pity's sake, just do your work; you will be graduated by spring, and then you'll have the fun of torturing your own children by sending them here in twenty years or so.”

Pamela laughed to herself thinking of the principal's quick wit. Taking a deep breath, she settled down to work. She had just uncapped her red flair pen when the knock came at her door. Private teacher offices were one of the privileges of a school like Ivy Dell, though at times, she wished she could have a quieter, more anonymous space to do her work—like a broom closet.

“Come in,” she called, noting by the clock that there were just thirty-one minutes left until her junior seminar on the Romantic poets. And she'd need at least ten of those to review her notes on Keats' ‘Ode to a Grecian Urn.’

“Good morning, Miss Haley,” beamed Trevor Canton, the captain of the school's coveted rowing team. “I hope we're not interrupting anything?”

Pamela pursed her lips. The red-haired Trevor had that cocky look on his face again, the one she'd thought she'd wiped away some weeks earlier. The three others with him, Mandy Crispin, Blake Trombley and Erica Green were looking just as smug, which worried her, because they were all troublemakers from her senior class.

The ringleaders, in fact.

“I was just getting ready to go over your exams,” she informed them. “They look quite good. You've obviously been doing your homework. You should be proud of yourselves.”

Trevor was pulling a manila envelope from his backpack. All four of them wore the school uniform

of blue blazers, the boys with khaki pants and the girls with short navy skirts that showed off their pretty legs.

“Funny you should say that, teacher. We have some more ‘homework’ right here. Maybe it will get us some extra credit.”

“Extra credit,” giggled the tall and slender Mandy, flipping back her silky golden hair. “That’s funny.”

Pamela eyed the group warily. She didn’t care for their tones, or their attitudes. “May I ask what this is about?”

Erica, a shorter girl with dark hair and saucy bangs, had her hands on her curvaceous hips. “Just look in the envelope, Teacher.”

Right on cue, Trevor tossed the manila envelope callously, landing it on top of the pile of exams.

Pamela fingered the edges. They hadn’t bothered to seal it.

“Open it,” commanded muscular Blake, coming up behind the languid Mandy to wrap his arms round her waist in a blatant violation of the school’s physical contact rules. “Now.”

Pam’s heart was racing. Their behavior was way of out bounds. Something was very wrong. Using her plum-colored nails deftly, fingers cold and trembling, she opened the flap. A sick feeling gathered in the pit of her stomach. There were photos inside, glossy black and whites. The blood drained from her face as she saw the subject matter. It was just as she’d feared. Her worst nightmare, come true.

Mandy leaned back against her boyfriend’s powerful chest. Blake—who was both a wrestler and quarterback of the football team—had unbuttoned her blazer and now he was cupping her full breasts blatantly through the silk of her blouse. “What’s the matter?” the five-foot-seven cheerleader and model wanna-be breathed huskily. “Seen a ghost?”

“Look at them, Teacher,” the crew-cut blond Blake told her, taking time out from nuzzling Mandy’s arched neck. “All of them.”

Pamela eyed the photos with a strange, eerie calm. She’d always known her past could come back to haunt her, and yet it was so very long ago...another lifetime. The colorless, raunchily posed female was so young, so vulnerable and these spoiled kids in front of her couldn’t begin to understand the circumstances her earlier self had been through to lead to that place.

“These,” Pam said at last, indicating the lot, “aren’t what they seem.”

“Really?” Erica folded her arms over her generous breasts and turned out her hip insolently. “They ‘seem’ to me like they’re photos of you, performing disgusting sex acts.”

“Ooh,” Mandy pointed shrilly, aiming a two-tone nail, frosted pink and metallic turquoise nail at the picture on top. “That’s my favorite. What’s that on your neck, Miss Haley? A dog collar?”

Pamela spread her palms, trying to cover the horrific evidence, so starkly and literally rendered. “It...it shouldn’t be this way,” she stammered foolishly.

Mandy giggled, her gray blue eyes lit with cruel lust as she let Blake slide his hands up under her blouse.

“Poor Teacher.”

The room was spinning. Pamela was losing control.

It was Trevor who leaned forward to give her a reality check. His mop of red hair spilled over from the top of him as his strong fingers splayed insolently over hers. “Well it is this way, Teach, so deal with it.”

Pamela forced herself to look up into his handsome young face. “I suppose you’ll want to blackmail me,” she said, scarcely believing the sound of the words coming from her mouth. Any second now, she prayed someone would pinch her and she’d wake up, safe at home in her princess four poster bed, her single woman’s bed earned with the sweat of her own hard work.

Erica snorted, answering for the group. “Yea, right. Like we would bother to blackmail you. My allowance is bigger than your whole stinking salary.”

“We will want some things, though,” Trevor interjected, running his fingers over her cheek.

Pamela recoiled. The touch was unwanted, unasked for and outrageous. And yet...it had warmed her strangely.

Trevor winked, reading her ambivalence. “We all get A’s to begin with,” he informed her. “You’ll be doing other stuff for us, too. Personal stuff.”

Pamela swallowed, realizing for the first time that there might be something at stake besides money or even her job. “W-what do you mean—personal stuff?”

“Don’t be naïve,” the highly intelligent and therefore dangerous Erica snapped contemptuously. “We’re all adults in here. All over eighteen. Use your imagination.”

Pamela rose to her feet, the fight in her suddenly coming to the surface. It was a long buried emotion, but one she remembered well from her...other life. “You have no right to talk like this—to, to come in here and accuse me. Take these,” she snatched at the disarrayed photos, trying to push them all at once into the envelope. “And get out of here!”

Erica was the first to put her hands together theatrically. The others followed, initiating a slow, unison applause, as sarcastic as it was daunting.

“Bravo,” the sinewy Trevor grinned, giving a hammy bow. “Good performance.” A moment later he straightened himself, all business. “Now let’s talk reality.” He took the photos from her. The one on top showed a young Pamela Haley—Pamela X in those days—collared and chained on her knees, a man’s cock in her mouth, his hand in her hair, forcing her head into place. “We show these to Rains and you’re history. Here and at any other school in the country. Is that what you want?”

“Maybe it is,” teased Mandy, pushing her behind against Blake’s pelvis as he pawed his way up under her skirt. “Then she can go back to being a whore, or whatever she was before.”

“Not a whore,” Erica shook her head, her button nose wrinkling slightly as she affected a superior, cat-like smile. “Whores don’t do things this low, do they, Teacher? I can’t imagine a mere prostitute being whipped like a dog or prancing around on all fours like a pony.”

Pamela looked at her defiantly, the makings of tears in the corners of her eyes. Little Erica was just a

spoiled child in a woman's body; she didn't know what she was saying, but it hurt nonetheless, more than any of them could ever know. "I hope someday you have to make the choices I did, Erica. Maybe then you'll grow up a little bit."

"Ooh," crooned Mandy. "The Teacher just dissed you good, Erica."

Erica shot her a glance. "Shut up, you stupid little slut. Look at you! Talk about being lower than a whore. Why don't you just lie down and spread it for Blake right here? We all know you're his little pet."

"You're just jealous," Mandy retorted, though it was clear the girl's words had gotten to her. "Blake that's enough!" She tried to slap his hands away from her crotch where he'd hoisted her skirt and was now trying to slide his fingers into the front panel of her plainly visible pink panties.

Satisfied at Mandy's embarrassment, Erica stormed round the side of the desk to confront Pamela. "Now take back what you said about me being immature."

For her silence, the teacher was rewarded with a crisp slap across the face from the furious student. "I said take it back."

Pamela held her smarting cheek, mouth open in shock as she looked up at her abuser. "You...hurt me."

"I'll do a lot worse than that if you don't apologize."

"Better do what she says," Mandy advised, still trying to shake off the amorous quarterback. "Erica's got PMS big time this week; you don't want to piss her off."

Pamela's lip quivered. Erica was a bully, a mean spirited little bitch; she should be put in her place, and yet there was something in those emerald eyes, the way she was looking at her, like she had the right to tell her what to do...like she owned her.

"I'm s-sorry," Pamela whispered, cowering before the eighteen year old. "I didn't mean to...upset you."

"Actually," added Trevor significantly, "you don't want to piss *any* of us off, do you, Miss Haley?"

She shook her head no.

"Screw the 'Miss Haley' crap," snapped Erica. "She's just plain 'Pam' to us now."

"How about 'little doggie slut?'" suggested the flushed, aroused Mandy who had all but surrendered to Blake's roving fingers, which by now had opened two fronts, unbuttoning her blouse and front clasp bra to work her breasts like he was the folds of her pussy. "We could get you your own collar."

Pamela closed her eyes, forcing back the memories. "Please," she said weakly, "there's no need to humiliate me any further. I'll do whatever you say."

"No need to humiliate you?" Erica scoffed. "But that's the name of the game, Sweetheart."

"You belong to us," Blake declared, suddenly thrusting the over-primed Mandy into the arms of Trevor. "You're our plaything now."

All eyes fell on the muscular, square jawed football player. His legs were apart and he was cupping the

swell in his crotch. "You've teased me with that hot little body long enough, Miss Haley. From now on, you'll be taking care of me, and Trevor, too."

"And us, too," the half naked Mandy squirmed away from Trevor to drape herself onto Erica.

"Out from behind that desk, Pammy," said Erica abruptly, jolting Pamela from her numbing shock. "Let's get a closer look at you."

Pamela's legs were shaky. She was pretty sure they wanted to do more than just look at her, and yet she was powerless to resist their call, their firm commands.

"Nervous, Teacher?" grinned Mandy as Pamela faced the four of them, less than a foot from them now.

"Take off your shoes," Trevor told her in a tone which brooked no resistance.

Pamela obeyed, slipping off the beige heels, further reducing herself in height. Trevor towered over her now at nearly six feet. Blake was five ten, and wide shouldered, and even Mandy had several inches on the teacher's five-foot four-inch frame. Only Erica was her equal, though Pam would give anything to avoid the leveling stare of those fiery eyes of hers—every bit as green as her name.

"You've given us a lot of shit this term," Blake noted, his hand still on his crotch, massaging.

Pamela tried to keep her eyes off the tempting swell. The young man was attractive and well built. She'd fantasized about him and she was sure all the other females at school had, too. Mandy was his girlfriend of record this term, though Pamela seriously doubted the empty headed young blonde could satisfy him, despite her killer body.

"I only wanted to make you better students," she observed ironically. "Better human beings."

"Listen to the pretentious little cunt," Erica laughed, "pretending to be all high and mighty. We can see you looking at Blake's dick, Pammy. We know what you really want."

This time it was Mandy's turn to slap her. "Don't look at my boyfriend," she pouted. "You dirty little doggie slut."

"Apologize," commanded Erica to the stunned teacher. "Tell Mandy you're sorry for wanting to suck her boyfriend's dick."

Pamela gasped at the gross distortion of her intent. "But I..."

Mandy raised her hand as if to strike her again. "What did you say, Teacher?"

"I'm sorry," Pamela mouthed hastily, the shameful phrase rolling a little more easily off her lips the second time.

"Not that way, Pammy," Erica interjected with dark glee. "Get down and kiss her feet and then say it."

Pamela looked down at the gray, institutional rug and then at Mandy's shiny black loafers. She felt the panic welling up. So many memories, so many emotions. They hadn't ever given her a choice. Not Lorenzo, the man who'd purchased her as a young woman from her mother's boyfriend, and certainly not any of the clients, the men who paid for the use of her enslaved flesh for a few hours at a time—or a

few days in the case of the more diabolical ones—and yet, she'd eventually felt things from them all. Indeed, she'd learned to orgasm on command, to lay alone at night, to crave the abuse she knew would come with the next opening of the door, the next plundering of her enslaved body.

"You don't know what you're asking of me..."

"We're asking you to cooperate with us," said Trevor reasonably. "We want to help you keep your job and stay out of jail."

Pamela went to her knees. The feel of it made her tingle, the prickling fibers, through the thin skirt, invading her flesh.

"All the way," Erica demanded, the girl's voice coming from far above her now.

"Yes," she whispered to no one in particular as she lowered herself onto her hands and silk-covered elbows. Funny, she thought, that her nipples should be so hard, like little bullets under her conservative, moderately priced blouse and breast-crushing bra. And that little moistness between her legs—that wasn't sweat, not at all like the perspiration forming above her lip or under her arms.

"A nice big kiss," coached Mandy as Pamela's mouth hovered above the girl's brand new, hundred-dollar shoe. "Pretend like it's Mr. Rains you're smooching with."

Trevor and Erica laughed, sounding for the moment like ordinary teens. There were rumors at school, of course, about Pamela and the dashing principal, but so far he'd done little more than flirt with her at the water cooler. Not that she'd mind if the man went further.

Pamela tasted the expensive leather. The sensation sent a shudder down her spine. There was a subtle graininess to the material, a feel and a scent that a girl such as she once was could never forget. There was a time when leather ruled her body, figuratively and literally. To this day, if a man were to touch his belt in a certain way, or if she were to see a woman in some particular sort of leather garment or bracelet that reminded her of constraint, she would feel in her gut indescribable feelings of fear, longing...and desire.

"Say the words, Teacher. Say you're sorry for wanting to suck my boyfriend's dick like a little doggie slut."

Pamela was grateful the girl had repeated Erica's words for her; she would never have remembered them on her own. "I'm sorry," she began, her voice hot and dry. "For wanting to..."

The rest stuck in her throat. If she went any further, in front of her students, she would be completing a terrible circle, showing them they could make her say anything, and likely do anything as well. She needed to jump up, to run to the door and scream for help. She was being harassed, manipulated, and if it went much further, she was going to be raped as well.

"Don't fuck with us, Pammy!" Erica bent down to smack her ass, hard.

"Unnhh," groaned their subjugated teacher, absorbing the shock and heat of the blow. A second followed, just as vicious, and now the words came easy, loosened like off of an ice flow.

"I am sorry, Mandy," she moaned, her cheek to the carpet between the girl's feet, absorbing the throbbing pain, "for wanting to suck your boyfriend's cock...like a...a slut."

“A doggie slut,” corrected Mandy, her voice deceptively sweet.

“The whole thing, again.” This from Erica, who had flipped up the teacher’s skirt and was now pulling her panties down over her pert, pale white buttocks.

“I am sorry, Mandy,” repeated Pamela, mortified, her bare ass exposed for whatever mayhem Erica wished to administer. “For wanting to suck your boyfriend’s cock like a doggie slut.”

She’d said it with gusto, as if she meant it, and at this point Pamela wasn’t sure what she wanted, except that if these kids didn’t leave her be soon, she was going to be dealing with one hell of an unwanted orgasm.

“I—I have a class,” she announced pitifully, “next period.”

Mandy stepped deliberately on the corona of Pamela’s spilt hair, grinding the blonde locks into the carpet. “So?”

Erica, meanwhile, was between Pamela’s legs, shoving a finger into her gaping wet hole from behind. “You on the pill, Pammy?”

“N—no.”

The girl probed her, making her shudder. “You will be by this time tomorrow. Got it?”

“Yes,” she gasped.

“We’ll need a complete sexual history, too,” she heard Trevor say.

Pamela cringed. There was no way, not given the number of men she’d been subjected to—in the dark, blindfolded, in bondage, sometimes five or six or ten a night. For months on end.

“Don’t be a dumb ass,” Erica came unexpectedly to her rescue. “You saw the photos; you think she remembers them all?”

Pamela thrust her buttocks helplessly in the air, wanting, needing more. Erica was fingering her, concentrating on the clitoris.

“Gross,” exclaimed Mandy, sounding more like a little girl than a young woman, “she’s gonna come all over your hand.”

“That’s right, Einstein,” Erica humored the duller witted Mandy. “And after that, she’ll lick it all off.”

Erica’s words, and the implied humiliation of having to taste her own juices was enough to push Pamela over the edge. Her cheek and tits chafing the carpet, she erupted, a fountain of fresh cum soaking the girl’s fingers.

“Get up,” commanded Erica cruelly, giving her no time to absorb the waves of sensation. Pamela got back up to her knees as best she could, the juices of her submission dripping down her legs onto her useless panties bunched at her knees.

Opening her mouth wide as she could, she took in Erica's fingers, treating them like a cock. There was a time when she could deep throat any and all takers, even the mammoth basketball players. The act had revolted her at first, but Lorenzo had cured her of her reticence the first night with the help of a stun gun and a particularly nasty- looking dildo.

"Look at her," Mandy taunted, "she loves it. I bet she'd eat us out just like a little vacuum cleaner."

"She will," said Erica ominously, "or she'll be a very sorry little pet."

"She's our pet, that's right," Mandy picked up on the remark. "A pet teacher instead of a teacher's pet."

"Shut up, Mandy," said Blake. "You're giving me a headache."

"That's enough," Erica pulled her fingers out of the eagerly sucking mouth. "Go get ready for your next class, Teach."

Pamela looked up at her.

"Go on," said Erica, irritated. "Sit down and do your work. We'll watch and make sure you don't cheat. Just like you do for us."

"I...I need to use the bathroom," Pamela said miserably.

Erica grinned, seeing the possibility of some new mischief. "Mandy, go get the wastebasket."

"What for?" the blonde cocked her head.

Erica rolled her green, green eyes. "Girl, you're like a walking blonde joke, do you know that?"

Mandy, who was busy touching her hard nipples idly, as if seeing them for the first time, replied, "Huh? What do you mean, Erica?"

"I know what Erica means. We're gonna make her piss right here," supplied Trevor eagerly. "Right here in front of us."

"Oh, I get it," Mandy clapped. "She'll pee like a doggie for us."

They made Pamela remove her underwear and squat over the gray metal cylinder. She had to hold her skirt high, up and out of the way. For awhile it wouldn't come out, so they made her drink cold coffee from the cup on her desk. They gave her to the count of ten to guzzle it, or they'd pour it down her throat. She knew it would spill that way, so she made sure to get every drop.

The first drips of warm liquid pinged at the bottom of the metal container so loud, Pamela feared they would hear it next door in Mr. Pennington's office, the head of the English department. It was only her imagination, though. The walls were thick, and as she urinated for them it was a certainty that only these four were witnessing her shame. The stream took forever to exhaust itself. They made her look at them in the eyes the whole time, imprinting with every blink that she was lower than them now, a captive, a mere animal subject to their whims.

When it was finally over they let her stand, though she was not permitted any privacy to wipe herself.

They made her spread her legs in front of them and use her own panties to soak up the excess liquid. Afterwards, they made her toss the dirty underwear into the wastebasket. The thin silk garment floated like an island in a shallow yellow sea. Pamela cringed to think what would happen if the custodial staff got hold of this mess. She'd have to get rid of the evidence before the end of the day, but how?

"That's all for now," Erica nodded at the barefoot, humiliated teacher, standing beside a can of her own piss. "We'll let you get ready for your class now."

"Ta-ta, Teach," Mandy blew her a kiss off the end of her fingers as she sashayed past. Blake was right beside her, his hand clasping her asslike she was his personal property. A little stab of jealousy pierced Pamela as she imagined the pair off to have sex, the girl exploring and enjoying the young stud's delicious body, arousing him to her own blissful usage.

"You'll be hearing from us," Trevor gave a little salute at the doorway.

Erica was the last to leave. Pamela could see the wheels spinning; the girl wanted more power over her and she wanted it now. "Give me your bra," she held out her hand, "Pammy."

Pamela opened her mouth to protest, but seeing the girl's eyes, she knew it was no use. Head lowered, she began to unbutton her blouse. Slipping it over her shoulders and down to the floor, she opened the clasp of the brassiere, allowing her tits to spill free. Ashamed and deeply aroused, Pamela turned over the protective covering. Erica watched her, smirking feline-like as the hapless teacher bent to pick it up, her heavy tits bobbing in the process.

Hastily, Pamela refastened the top over her lush bosom.

A sigh passed deep in the teacher's belly as the silk rubbed over her bare nipples. How would she hide them? she thought in desperation. And how would she keep her concentration in such a state of arousal?

"No masturbating," Erica told her, dropping the modest bra into the wet wastebasket. "I know you'll want to, but you can't, not till we say so."

Pamela stood helplessly as Erica took her face in her hands and kissed her hard. The barefoot teacher was the same height as her student and their bodies fit together, close and hot. Pamela felt naked even with her clothes on and as the kiss got hotter and wetter, she had no choice but to yield to the teenager's embrace, offering herself up to Erica's firm young flesh.

Erica waited for the telltale moan, the sign of certain surrender. "Your next class," she reminded the teacher, reaching round to smack her skirt-clad ass with terrifying familiarity and possessiveness. "You don't want to be unprepared. I'd have to punish you for that."

Pamela's crotch jellied at the mention of punishment. It was a tiny orgasm, a reflex left over from a time when her body, and its myriad responses belonged not to herself but to a man—many men, to whom she was beholden and upon whom her very life depended. Back then, even the sight of a crop, whip or cane would make her shatter, as surely as the sight of a penis that she knew would have its way with her.

"No masturbating," Erica repeated, giving the woman's nipples a quick, tantalizing squeeze through the blouse.

Pamela threw back her head. When she recovered herself a moment later, the girl was gone.

Mr. Rains caught up to Pamela outside the women's faculty bathroom half an hour after the dismissal bell.

"Emptying your own trash?" he remarked, noting the shiny, clean wastebasket in her hand.

Pamela flushed crimson. "I—I had an ink spill, from a pen. I didn't want to trouble the custodians."

Tom Rains nodded soberly. "I admire that kind of dedication, Miss Haley. Not to mention your obvious sense of team spirit."

Pam held the metal against her chest, trying to hide the explosive nipples. The rubbing, however, only made her more excited. "Thank you, Mr. Rains. If I could just get past you..."

Now it was the dimpled principal's turn to blush. "I'm in your way," he exclaimed. "How rude of me."

Pamela whisked past him as soon as he'd stepped back. She was terrified he'd smell her heat, the sexual jungle stickiness cloying within her unpantied crotch. "Not at all, Mr. Rains, not at all."

"Miss Haley?" he blurted, calling after her hastily swaying buttocks. "Pamela?"

She whirled about, stunned to hear her first name come from the man's lips. "Mr. Rains?" she whispered down the empty corridor.

"I would like to see you," he said, closing the gap between them with several decisive steps. "Outside of school. It isn't exactly regulation behavior. In fact, it's not allowed, but I want to anyway—to see you, that is."

Pamela swallowed hard. The suit and tie principal seemed like a different man, his jaw decisive, his eyes firm and fixed. Was he picking up on her heat, the surge in female hormones brought on by the degrading treatment she'd been subjected to earlier in the day? Had he sensed the new status she now held with her senior students? If so, it was her responsibility to think for both of them. "Mr. Rains, I don't think that..."

He quelled her objections with a kiss. The sudden force of his action seemed to stun him as much as it did her. "Tonight," he said, releasing her breathless. "I'll pick you up at eight."

"Yes," she sighed. "Mr. Rains."

Pamela floated all the way back to her office. She'd almost managed to forget her newfound tormentors when she saw one of them sitting on the edge of her desk.

"You sure took your damn time," Blake observed curtly, arms folded over his massive chest.

Pamela bit her lip. She'd been about to reflexively chastise him for his use of profanity. "What do you want?" she asked instead, noting he'd tossed his jacket and school tie over her sofa and rolled up his starched white sleeves. "It's late. I want to go home."

Blake bounced to his feet, khakis tented. "Mandy had cheerleading practice," he leered. "Which makes this your responsibility."

'This' referred to the young man's thickly pulsing erection, which he pulled now through the fly of his bright red boxers, having first yanked down the pant zipper.

Without waiting to be told, she went to him, on her knees.

"I don't like to be kept waiting," he told her, guiding her blonde head immediately onto his stiff, throbbing prick. "Remember that, for next time."

Pamela went through every dress in her closet. It was a humble wardrobe, very different from what she'd grown up with. Different, too, from what Lorenzo had allowed her at the House of Bliss—his combination whorehouse, strip club and slave prison. Though in the case of those outfits, she'd put on what she was told. Like herself, the sexy costumes were Lorenzo's property, in many cases more valuable than she was herself, as fact as he was fond of reminding her of frequently. She lived in fear of staining or ruining one and was always relieved on that score to be stripped naked for a fucking or a beating.

Pamela decided to go for something classic; a sleeveless black dress, scoop necked, with a matching top, which she thought to be more appropriate for a schoolteacher. Pamela had no idea where Mr. Rains would take her, though for both of their sakes, she hoped it would be as far away from the school as possible.

Checking herself in the mirror, she gave final approval to her look: Hair brushed back, partially pinned with a velvet bow, minimal makeup, nude stockings and medium height shoes to match the sequined midnight black purse. It was a flexible ensemble, equipped to rise to any occasion.

Underwear had been a challenge. Her body was still woefully in need and while Pamela was entirely sure Erica could never enforce her ludicrous decree concerning masturbation, she'd nonetheless eschewed giving herself any satisfaction.

Just putting on a bra had been agony. She needed a man's hands on those tits. Or nipple clamps and maybe a flogger to lash them into attentive submission. That had been her world once upon a time, before she'd made good her escape from Lorenzo's web. With the help of an angel of a man. A cop to whom she owed everything, including her life.

Pamela squeezed her legs. It occurred to her now that there was another kind of relief available to her in the form of Tom Rains. The little bitch Erica hadn't said a thing about her not enjoying sex, only self-stimulation. If Tom were to satisfy her, she'd be in perfect compliance. Her breathing quickened a little as she thought how dependent she was now. Tom could choose to have her, or not. Just as Blake or

any of the others could choose to use her as they wished.

Licking her lips, Pamela rubbed the tips of her nipples, safely ensconced beneath the bolero jacket, dress and a fresh bra. Nipple touching, too, quite happily, had gone unmentioned as a pleasure she could not indulge herself in. Sealing shut her eyes, she thought of the gorgeous quarterback, the commanding young Blake. He'd lorded over her like a general in her office after school, making it clear without uttering a word exactly what she was to do to give him pleasure.

Irresistibly, she'd been drawn to his crotch, to the magnificent specimen of manhood between his muscular thighs. "Mandy won't do this, but you will...as often as I want," he'd said, giving a delicious little moan as she kissed the tip of him, sliding the hardness down the length of her tongue the way she'd been trained by Lorenzo. Blake had been pleased with her, of course. Pamela had learned fellatio on the cocks of strong, masterful men, males who had no compunction in beating a woman to improve her performance, not to mention withholding from her the basic necessities of food and water as incentive.

"Oh, yeah," he'd grunted as he poured himself down her throat, his league-leading fingertips entangling themselves in her hair. "You're fucking good. Better than the fucking whores down in Mexico."

Pamela had swallowed every drop and as he rose to zip himself, she stayed there at his feet. He'd been gone fifteen minutes before she finally rallied herself enough to collect her things to go home.

The sound of her own doorbell interrupted Pamela's reverie. She'd been close to coming just then, without even touching her magic places. Counting the steps to the doorway, she tried to clear her head. Mathematics was the one thing she'd always relied on to tamp her sexual desires. Back in high school, when she'd been a blonde hottie like Mandy, she'd relied on the technique quite heavily to protect her honor from the myriad of panting boys who dated her and tried to bed her.

Combined with her extraordinary will and her propensity for screaming, the little mental exercises had kept her virginity safe—even from Hal, her mother's last and most vicious male consort. Unfortunately, putting off the hulking ex-marine turned gold digger had cost her something far dearer than her virginity: namely her freedom.

It was Rains outside the door. The way the peephole distorted his body, she got a magnified eyeful of his cock beneath his trousers. The vision gave her ideas, naughty ideas that were making her forget all about dinner.

"Mr. Rains," she opened the door sheepishly, knowing she was blushing like a schoolgirl. "You're early."

"Am I?" He checked his watch conscientiously. "Ten to the hour. Yes, I see. If you need me to come back..."

"No," she grabbed his arm. "I don't."

He looked at her curiously.

"Let's just go," she hustled him out and pulled the door closed behind her, locking away the temptation of seducing him on the spot.

He followed her down the walk to his car, a late model sedan, sensibly black.

"You should call me Tom," he decided, opening the passenger door for her.

"Tom," she agreed, pulling the dress down to cover as much of her thighs as possible.

"We're going to Donelli's," he announced, sliding his well-maintained body behind the wheel. "If that's all right with you."

He'd named a restaurant in the city, a good forty miles from town via the expressway. "Yes," she nodded, relieved. "That would be fine."

They rode in silence and soon she was sipping the red wine, daintily nibbling at calamari in the quiet, dark restaurant.

He'd asked her about her background, pre-empting the discussion with, "I don't mean to pry." Tom looked as if he really didn't. "It's just that I've felt...drawn to you. You're a riddle, Miss Haley—Pamela. Forgive me, but you're not what you seem. You claim to be from a poor background, but I've been around enough rich people to know the difference. There's blue in your blood, I'm sure of it."

Pamela felt the familiar knot in her stomach. If anyone were to guess she was the daughter of Carol Renfrew and the late Jack Renfrew, the publishing magnate, she wouldn't get a moment's rest. Far better for them to think she was just plain Pamela Haley, no possible relation to the heiress Pamela Haley Renfrew, missing for over seven years and presumed dead.

"My mother was a maid, for a widow in Boston," she explained, employing a well-rehearsed ruse. "I spent a good deal of time around the old woman. It amused her to treat me as a sort of grandchild. There were certain habits and mannerisms I acquired; that's probably what you're picking up on."

"Yes," he nodded, looking none too convinced. "Of course."

"And what about you?" she inquired, emboldened by the Chianti burning in her belly. "Are you everything you seem to be?"

He angled his lips, boyishly. "Oh, I don't think there are any great mysteries where I'm concerned. More wine?"

Pamela held out her glass for a refill. She was charmed by his choice of dining locale, and by the fact that he'd changed his work suit for the occasion, donning a fresh shirt, tie and blazer. Unless she missed her guess, there was a fresh layer of cologne as well. She liked the fragrance: rugged and outdoorsy, but not overpowering. He'd shaved again, too.

"You know how to rescue a damsel in distress," she flirted, watching the dark red liquid gurgle round the edges of the rounded crystal goblet as he topped off her glass.

He arched a brow, taking the remark much too seriously. "Distress? What sort of distress?"

Pamela retracted the sloshing goblet, swallowing hastily. The correct term for it was blackmail, the extorting of money or forcing of behavioral changes through an implied intent to release information potentially harmful to a person, either legally or socially. Pamela smiled wryly as she imagined herself lecturing her students, compelling them to write the dictionary definition of the word for the next exam. Now it was she herself who would be compelled—by the four who'd come forward today and maybe

others, too.

A chill passed down her spine as she tried to imagine what they would want from her, what they would take. Blake had already made use of her mouth and given indication he would do so again...often. He'd told her, in fact, that he didn't like to be kept waiting, and that she'd have to be more prompt in servicing him in the future. Erica, for her part, had alluded to punishment, and Pamela had no doubt the clever and cruel young woman would be merciless. She'd thought nothing already of striking her teacher on the cheek, or even spanking her as she lay helplessly at their feet.

And then there was Mandy with her hormones and unpredictable, brooding Trevor, perhaps the most frightening of all. Yes, Pamela was in for it, all right. Everything she had learned about adolescent psychology indicated the little gang of four would escalate now that their behavior had gone unchecked. Mandy would imitate Erica more and more and the boys would turn sadistic as well.

The most disconcerting part was how Pamela herself had responded to the torture—particularly to her treatment by Erica. Pamela had been ready after just one kiss, to strip and submit herself to the eighteen-year-old's childish whims, despite her superiority in age and education. With Blake there'd been sheer lust, the need to serve his manhood, but with her it was deeper.

Like when Lorenzo had first put his collar on her, only more subtle and profound. If anything, she should have been immune by now. She'd sunk to the depths of whoredom, of sexual slavery and risen again to the surface. Nick Malloy, the stoical, kindly detective had done that—stealing her freedom, winning her independence of heart and mind, and ultimately insuring there would be no more Lorenzos in her life. With his influence she'd been able to say no to the dehumanizing exploitation of her body and—ironically—even to Nick's own heartfelt marriage proposal.

"I need my space," she'd touched his ruddy cheek, tears in her eyes after their one and only time of love making. "You've given me the wings; now I need to fly."

Honestly, she'd never find a man as good and strong and noble as Detective Alloy. From his smoothly shaven head to his rock hard biceps and those precious dimples, he was like a wall, a fortress to keep her safe. And he'd be in her heart. Always.

"I guess I was just using a metaphor," she offered at last to her date, the man seemingly intent on her every word, if not on her ripe flesh. "'Distress' being an inevitable description of the human condition."

"Hmm," said Tom, holding his cards close to the vest for the moment.

Pamela guzzled the Chianti. She was thinking about the principal's large, capable hands and how they would feel on her body. If he wanted to, he could have his way with her, and not by strength alone. Tom Rains was, after all, her superior, and if he desired, he could press that advantage, sexually. If she wished to keep her job, new as she was, she would have little choice but to submit to the man's lusts—whatever he might desire of her.

"Riddles," Tom grumbled good-naturedly. "You English teachers always talk in riddles."

I want you to rape me, thought Pamela. *Was that a riddle?*

Erica's other command flashed into her consciousness. Pamela was supposed to be taking birth control pills, by mid-day tomorrow. Presumably, this meant they intended to use her for intercourse by the afternoon. In effect, then, she would be the complete sexual slave of Blake, Erica, Mandy and Trevor.

And anyone else with whom they opted to share her.

"I'll need the morning off," she announced without preamble. "I have...an appointment."

Tom reached forward, capturing one of her skittish hands in his. "Pamela, if there's something wrong, let me help you."

Her heart was pounding like a rabbit's. She didn't want him holding her hand, but she was powerless to resist. Pamela feared that her very softness, her inability to fight back would only encourage him to want things from her, and even, perhaps, to act on those desires, regardless of her own feelings.

"I don't want to be raped," she blurted, pulling her sweat-drenched hand free of its relatively benign captivity.

Tom furrowed his brow at the *non-sequitor*. "Of course you don't." He leaned forward, on high alert. "Is someone threatening you, Pamela? One of the students?"

"I—I'm sorry, Tom, I have to go." She was on her feet, backing away. By the time he got up after her, Pamela was halfway across the floor. He pursued her, calling her name. At the door, she broke into a trot and he had to run after her.

"Pamela, wait!" he cried, seizing her by the shoulder as she ducked into an alley. The narrow passageway was dark and dank, the only light coming from the moon, a silvery glow that lit her face and his. "For heaven's sake," he breathed, spinning her about. "What's gotten into you?"

He had her by the upper arms. She was squirming but he wouldn't let her go. She'd lost one of her shoes and there was a tear in her stockings. The careful hairdo was ruined and she felt scared, alone and very aroused.

"I hate you!" she cried, quite irrationally. When she tried to knee him in the groin, he blocked it easily, turning his hip.

"Pamela, you've got to get a grip on yourself. You're scaring me."

Tom's voice sounded far away. Hollow. Pamela's mind was elsewhere, back seven years ago, on her final night of freedom. It was her birthday. She was just eighteen, lying in her bed alone and very drunk on the champagne Hal had plied her with earlier in the night. Up to now she'd avoided his advances, but she was an adult now, and he wasn't going to take no for an answer. Letting himself in her room, he threw himself on her.

"What are you doing?" she'd squealed, wriggling free of the man's lecherous embrace. A vicious kick to the crotch had bought her time. Foolishly, she'd run from the mansion out to the stables; exactly the sort of place he'd hoped to get her alone. It was pitch black when he caught up to her. Practically drooling, the forty five year old locked the door behind him.

Pamela wore nothing but a nightie. Huddling in the corner, barefoot, without a scrap of underwear, she knew she was at the mercy of her mother's lover.

"You don't want to fuck me, you little bitch?" he'd grunted, the pain from her attack still very much evident on his face as he brandished the riding crop. "Fine. We can do other things. Nice, nasty things."

Pamela could feel it all as if it were fresh: the man's whip on her skin, the way he'd torn the mockery of silk, throwing her naked at his feet, the way he'd made her masturbate for him in between blows, confusing and unraveling her, making her beg for all of it. The punishment. The humiliation. He gave her it all—except for the penetration she was so desperately craving.

"You'll get that soon enough," he'd grinned, limiting himself to her mouth for his own relief. "It'll be a stranger that has your virginity now. You won't even know his name. I promise you that much."

Pamela felt the lump in her throat, palpable as the man's throbbing organ. She could almost taste Hal's long ago semen. The alley, the cold air, the vulnerability, all of it was bringing back the memories. The fear. The desire. The sweet, sweet pain.

"Take me," she hissed to the bewildered principal, "right here in the alley. Right now...on the stinking wet cardboard...use me...use my hot little body. You know you want to; everyone does. I'll be on the pill by tomorrow; what will it matter?"

"That's enough," he said flatly.

She grabbed his crotch. "Is it?"

Tom swatted away her hand and gathered her up in his arms. "I'm taking you home, Pamela. Or the hospital, better still."

"Impotent bastard," she spat, hating him for his calmness, his presence of mind when she was so out of control. "Let go of me!"

"It's home," he persisted. "Or the ER. For a tranquilizer."

"The hospital, then," she challenged, a different part of her mind taking over—backward, primitive and terrified. "Then we'll see how you deal with a kidnapping charge when I tell the cops that you raped me!"

Tom ignored her, inducing her to call him the worst names she could think of. He had to put her in the backseat, on her belly. "It's for your own good," he told her, wrapping his tie around her wrists to secure them behind her back.

She continued to scream and curse as he put the car in drive and headed for the highway. They were halfway to the emergency room when she realized the full nature of her predicament. Any minute now, an army of doctors and social workers would be probing at her, guessing her secrets in some cold, sterile hospital room. She'd be unable to withhold it all and beforelong they'd know the truth, about the four students, and about the pictures that would ruin her life. Her carefully rebuilt existence, free of pleasure and pain, free of the excess stings of wealth and poverty both.

"Tom, stop the car."

Silence.

"Tom, I'm all right," she persisted, putting as much reason in her voice as she could manage. "It was the wine. I must be allergic. Just drop me home, I'll be okay. I swear it. Give me the morning off; I'll be back to normal by fourth period. Tom? Please?"

He frowned, looking up into the rear view mirror. "I'm very fond of you," he told her, quite out of the blue. "You do realize that, don't you?"

Pamela sat herself upright, trying to appear as normal as possible, despite the fact that she was barefoot, her hands tied behind her back. "Yes," she smiled, almost shyly, wriggling forward to offer herself over the seat. "I do. And thank you, Tom, for everything."

He accepted the kiss on the cheek and promptly turned the car, away from the hospital and towards her house.

Chapter Two

The two girls were waiting for Pamela in her office when she arrived the next morning. It was half past eleven and she was clutching the birth control pills hidden in her purse. She wasn't sure how they'd gotten in, unless yesterday they had taken the spare office key she kept in a mug on her desk.

"Did you do as you were told?" asked Erica, her feet planted and crossed on the solid oak desktop, her sexy body reclined behind it in the leather chair.

Pamela looked at the haphazard piles on the floor. The girls had been going through the contents of her drawers. "Yes," she replied. "I did."

"Who's the chick in the pictures?" asked Mandy, sprawled on the leather sofa, looking at the tiny photo album Pamela had kept from childhood.

"That's my mother. Those are very precious to me, Amanda, I'd appreciate it if..."

Mandy narrowed her gaze menacingly. Applying her long nails, she plucked the photo in question from the sleeve of the miniature album and promptly tore it in half. "Don't tell me what to do, Teacher."

Pamela felt her heart breaking as the two halves fluttered to the floor, her mother's delicate smile torn asunder.

"Empty your purse on the desk, Pammy," Erica instructed.

Pamela obeyed, spilling out the tiny case of pills along with her wallet, keys, lipstick, hairbrush and various other items.

Erica, whose pleated skirt rode halfway up her shapely thighs, touched the birth control pills with her left heel. "You take one yet?"

"Yes," Pamela whispered, blinking away tears.

Erica regarded her with a cold, penetrating stare. Pamela hated to look in the girl's harsh jade eyes and yet for some reason she was terrified to look away. "The principal took you out for dinner last night,

didn't he?"

Pamela's mouth gaped. After a moment, she shook her head, yes.

"Did he fuck you?"

She shook her head.

"Did you want him to?"

Pamela hesitated. "No," she lied.

A smile crept over Erica's darkly painted lips. Like a thin, black snake. "Are you wearing underwear?" she changed the subject.

"Yes."

"Ooh," crooned the childish Mandy, still flipping through the album, "that's a very bad Teacher!"

"Shut up," Erica snapped. "I'll do the talking. Did anyone tell you that you could cover your tits and cunt with underwear today, Pammy?"

Pamela felt a clenching between her legs. "No, they didn't."

Erica regarded her, stripping the teacher with her eyes. Pamela was wearing a plaid jumper today over a white T-shirt, with sensible sandals. It was still warm for October and she hadn't bothered with a coat.

"Take off your clothes, Pammy."

The words brought the reality of Pamela's situation rushing back into her consciousness. So far today she'd been in a kind of daze, going about her business, visiting the birth control clinic and hurrying in to school as though nothing had happened. It had been like this since last night, when Tom laid her down in her bed, covering her with the quilt and kissing her forehead with his strong, gentle lips.

"Get some rest," Tom had told her, his voice a soothing elixir on her burning ears and mind. She'd slept like an enchanted princess and by dawn she'd hoped that it had all been a dream; her outburst after dinner, the horrible meeting with her four problem students, the way she'd been made to perform oral sex on the quarterback. She was sure, in fact, that once she'd gotten the pills and brought them to school, she would find her office empty and her students normal. Then she'd throw away the pills and have a good laugh over the whole thing.

Erica's voice shattered her pale illusions once and for all.

"Do I need to have Mandy help you strip, Pammy? Is that what you'd like—to have your clothes torn off your cringing body?"

Pamela jolted, her hands moving quickly to the large, colorful buttons on her jumper. "No...I can manage."

"Address us as 'ma'am' from now on," instructed Erica.

“Yes,” Pamela pulled the jumper over her head. “Ma’am.”

The T-shirt came off next and then the sandals.

“That’s far enough,” Erica stopped her. “Put your hands on your head, and don’t move until I tell you. Back straight, tits out.”

Pamela, wearing nothing but white bra and panties, watched with growing alarm as Mandy rose from the leather sofa and took the pair of steel scissors from Erica’s hand.

“Scared, Teacher?” grinned Mandy, holding the pointed instrument an inch from her face.

“Yes, Ma’am,” she replied honestly.

“You should be,” the girl agreed, touching the sharp tip to Pamela’s cheek.

The teacher shivered at the cold touch. Her pulse had quickened; she was at Mandy’s mercy—and Erica’s. Slowly, the closed scissors slid across her cheek to her lips.

“Open,” Mandy leered.

Pamela parted her lips to receive the pointed tip.

“Suck on it, Teach,” Mandy demanded, her blue eyes lit with a cruel delight.

The shuddering, wide-eyed Pamela orally caressed the scissors, gently dabbing with her tongue and lips.

“Harder.”

She obeyed, taking it as deep as she dared. A line of terror and desire ran down through her body, through her breasts and to her cunt. She felt that her life hung in the balance. Like a cock, Pamela sucked the instrument, knowing at any minute it could wreak havoc on her helpless flesh.

“Enough,” Erica commanded. “Cut off the bitch’s underwear.”

Mandy’s lips curled in anticipation. Removing the scissor from the teacher’s mouth, she ran it down her chin, making her throw back her head to avoid being stabbed. For a splitsecond she held it at the woman’s jugular, then began to trace a line down, just hard enough to prick the skin but not enough to make her bleed. Pamela’s throat tingled, her chest heaved. The blades, still closed, made their way to her left breast, pressing it dead center.

Mandy watched the nipple surge to attention underneath the material. “You like that don’t you, doggie slut”

“N -no,” she ventured, but when the point was pressed harder she reversed herself. “Yes, ma’am,” she cried, ashamed of herself. “I do.”

“I thought so.” Mandy snipped the shoulder straps, one by one. Pamela felt her breasts spilling forward against the silk cups. A line of perspiration trickled down her forehead and over her lips. She licked at the salt, then bit her lower lip. Her teenage tormentor was pulling the right cup away, cutting a small circle in the center of the silk. When the cups snapped back there was an oval shaped hole, exposing Pamela’s

nipple.

She whimpered as the girl menaced the tiny, naked nub.

“Did you enjoy sucking my boyfriend’s cock?” the girl asked softly, sweetly.

“I—I can’t,” she stammered. “Don’t make me...”

Mandy seized the teacher’s hair, pulling her head back, hard. “I asked you a question, doggie slut.”

“Yes,” Pamela replied, the scissor at her throat once more. “I enjoyed...sucking him.”

“Would you like him to fuck your pussy, too?”

“Yes,” she cried. “Ohh, yes, ma’am.”

Mandy released her, moving the scissor down to the teacher’s belly button. “I’ll bet you would, doggie slut. Why don’t you beg me to cut the panties off your cringing body and fuck you with a dildo?”

“I—I beg you to...” Her voice trailed off into a frightened aroused gasp as Mandy slipped the scissors down under the waistband of her silk underwear.

“Yes?”

“C—cut my panties...and...fuckme...”

“If you insist.” Licking her lips, Mandy made the first incision, a vertical cut across the front panel. Several more followed at various angles, until Pamela’s golden tuft was fully exposed.

“A hairy pussy is disgusting,” Mandy told her, pushing the scissor just inside her opening. “From now on you’ll keep it shaved.”

Pamela parted her legs to relieve the pressure. “Yes, ma’am.”

Mandy grabbed a handful of damp gold curls. Looking Pamela in the eye, she closed the scissors, making a clean snip over her mound. The teacher whimpered for mercy. It went on like this for several minutes, until Pamela’s pubis was roughly, if not closely denuded. At last Mandy held up her hand, the palm covered in sheared yellow fur.

“Thank me for trimming your disgusting, hairy pussy, Teacher.”

“Thank you,” Pamela gasped, grateful the girl hadn’t hurt her, “for trimming my disgusting, hairy pussy.”

“Shave it by tomorrow,” Erica instructed, from her place of command.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“You got the scissors all yucky,” Mandy observed.

Knowing what was expected, Pamela opened her mouth so that by the time they reached her lips, she was ready to clean the juices from the sharp blades. She trembled as she did so, stunned at how close to

orgasm she now was.

“Turn around,” said Mandy.

Pamela did so, exposing her equally vulnerable backside.

“You have a fat ass,” Mandy taunted. Pamela closed her eyes. It wasn’t objectively true, but the remark stung nonetheless.

“I don’t know why Blake would want to fuck a fat old whore like you,” she pulled the waistband of the teacher’s panties out a good six inches.

Pamela said nothing. The blade poked her briefly between her cheeks, startling her. Mandy was cutting a hole in the rear panel, to expose her buttocks.

“That’s better,” the girl smacked her effectively naked ass.

The blade ran up Pamela’s spine now, and stopped at the clasp of her bra. The scissors bore down hard on the connecting material, and in a fewseconds the bra was history, the cups fluttering to the floor. Pamela shuddered. She was bare-breasted now, virtually naked.

“Look at me,” Erica commanded.

Pamela complied, careful to keep her hands on her head.

“If you don’t want this to happen again, don’t wear bras or panties to school anymore. Your tits and cunt and ass are to be available under your clothes at all times. Is that understood?”

Pamela’s senses reeled. The girl couldn’t possibly ask her to do such a thing.

“Answer her,” Mandy rubbed the rounded handle of the scissors against Pamela’s clitoris. “Now.”

Pamela, unable to resist, felt herself melting into forced orgasm. “Yes, Ma’am,” she moaned. “I understand.”

“Are you coming? How dare you!” Erica snarled.

“She did come,” Mandy confirmed, removing the source of stimulation. “She’s a very bad girl.”

“Get over here and bend over the desk,” Erica said crossly, “ass in the air.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Mandy, get that yardstick from the corner.”

Pamela laid her head on the center of the desktop, her hands still on her head. The surface was cool and liquid smooth on her cheek and squashed breasts. Despite the orgasm, Pamela was still aroused, more than she’d been in years. She needed to be fucked. Badly.

“You must be punished, teacher.” Mandy tapped Pamela’s ass and thighs with the wooden device. “For wearing underwear. Doggie sluts don’t get to have nice bras and panties, do they?”

Pamela whimpered her submission. “No, Ma’am.”

“Bad teacher!” Mandy leveled the thin, cruel strip of wood, laying a line of fire over her delicate, round cheeks.

“Nnn,” exhaled the teacher as the yardstick bit down on her flesh.

“Again,” said Erica.

The second blow was harder than the first, and lower down, across the backs of Pamela’s thighs. She cried out this time, her voice a piteous yelp.

“Be quiet,” Mandy hit her again, “or we’ll have to gag your nasty mouth with something filthy.”

“...like Mandy’s panties,” teased the still seated Erica. “She’s too stupid to wear pads, aren’t you, Mandy?”

The yardstick slammed home; Pamela grunted, swallowing her pain as best she could.

“That’s not very true, Erica,” pouted Mandy, taking out her frustration on the helpless teacher with another solid blow.

“No more,” Pamela begged, her body writhing and twitching uncontrollably. “Please; I won’t wear underwear again, I promise.”

Mandy leaned over the desk, raking her nails down the teacher’s back—just hard enough to make her cringe. “You better not,” she nibbled at her earlobe, “or the next time it’ll be the dress I cut off your doggie slut body.”

“Make her come again,” Erica coached.

Pamela moaned as Mandy snaked a finger into her vacant, sopping wet sex. Humiliated, she began to buck against the invading digit.

“Beg for it,” ordered Mandy. “Beg for an orgasm.”

“I need to come,” Pamela confessed. “Please, let me come.”

“Do it then! Come on my finger!”

“Yes,” she cried. “Ma’am.”

The climax was explosive and lengthy. Pamela was transported from her humble office into some higher orbit, for the moment forgetting her torments and woes. It was like the old days, back when she could be made to explode at the merest touch or glance, back when she was whore and slave, a creature of a different race, scarcely human, and yet very much female.

She was still subsiding when Erica broke into the void. “Come on, Mandy; I’m bored. Let’s get out of here.”

Mandy wiped her soiled hand on Pamela's hair. "We'll be seeing you later, Teach."

Pamela remained prostrate over her desk for several minutes after the girls had left. She could scarce believe it had really happened—that a pair of teenage girls had been able to so thoroughly dominate her. Stripping her of clothes and dignity, even her sexual privacy. Her legs were shaky as she rose. Her thighs were drenched, and her hair was matted with come. She had no underwear and her nipples were throbbing. How would she get through the rest of the day like this, let alone the rest of the year?

The knock on the door roused her from her self-pity. "Just a minute," she called out as nonchalantly as possible. Desperately, she grabbed at the wet wipes on her desk, cleaning herself off as best she could. The jumper and T-shirt slipped back over her head easily, though she felt thoroughly naked beneath the cotton material. Grabbing for her sandals, she ran to the door, donning them on the way.

"Sorry," she blurted, opening it wide. "I was in the middle of grading some..."

It was Tom, frowning heavily. The sight of him, so handsome and so obviously concerned for her well being caused her to lose her train of thought for a moment.

"...exams," she finished meekly.

He looked her up and down now, worried, not judgmental. "Pamela, you and I need to talk."

"No," she countered impulsively, "we need to kiss."

Her lips were on his, her sensitized sex-soaked body clinging to his, hard and hot. She needed him bad. Right here, in her office, on her couch, her desk, or maybe even the floor.

Tom's eyes went wide, but he didn't push her away. It was her hands, reaching behind his back that closed her own door. "Take me," she whispered, her tongue at his ear, wetly nibbling.

The muscular young principal helped her wrap her legs round his waist. No words were exchanged as he backed her up to the desk, the same one she'd just been beaten over. This time it was her ass pressed down on the cool surface and not her tits and cunt. If he was surprised by the lack of panties under her raised dress, he made no comment. Together their hands worked at the opening of his trousers. The man's cock was large and healthy looking. She slipped it missile-like into her waiting silo, hot and ready. Their clothes still in place, they slammed into one another, a collision of sheer lust. Tom shuddered, his hands possessive on the teacher's buttocks. She bit into his shoulder, tasting the polyester of his suit jacket. They both knew it wouldn't be long, a few strokes more and...

Climax, for both of them, incredible and together and with almost no preamble. She breathed his name hotly while he grunted hers. His emission poured into her, spurt after spurt. Her nipples burned through the jumper, pressing his strong chest. Pamela wanted more time, wanted to be naked and at the man's mercy, over his lap or on the floor at his feet. She feared she would want that always now, that she would never be able to accept equality again. It was as if she were Lorenzo's slave bitch all over, only now it was worse because she was older and her imagination was that much more on fire.

"This... isn't..." Tom couldn't finish the sentence. She knew as he pulled out of her that he hadn't intended to use her, that this was unprecedented; he was a gentleman and it was her honor he cared about and her well being, not the ramifications for his own job.

"Tom," she clutched at him, "it's okay."

“No.” He shook his head, burying the cock back in his trousers. “Please, don’t say anything.”

She let him go; another slam of the door, another perfunctory having of her sex, with her left alone, subdued, challenged and ... changed. Some whore she was, she laughed to herself—becoming emotionally overwrought with every encounter. Worse still, what kind of teacher was she, fucking students and administration alike.

Pamela checked the clock. Time to get ready for senior seminar. Nodoubt it would be an interesting class today. The first thing she needed to do was finish grading the midterm exams. The task would be a bit easier now, given the four automatic ‘A’s she’d be issuing.

She was just about to sit in her chair when she saw the vibrator. It was small and silver, the battery operated kind. A remote control type, though there was no unit. Erica or Mandy must have left it. There was a note, which indicated she was to put the device inside herself before class.

A dark chill passed down the teacher’s spine as she imagined herself in front of a roomful of seniors, her pussy invaded by a buzzing bullet, the controls to which, she was quite sure would lie in Erica’s hands or one of the others.

Sure enough, no sooner did she walk into the classroom a short while later than she saw the two boys in the back of the room, Erica between them. She gave a wink, holding up the remote switch to the tiny device lodged deeply between her legs.

“Hi, Teacher.” This from Mandy, in the front row. Pamela swallowed hard as the girl spread her legs, revealing a bare, yellow haired cunt under her navy blue skirt, evident to the teacher alone. “Ready for our lesson?”

Pamela’s knees nearly gave out. “Yes,” she replied, biting her lip as Erica turned the vibrator on. “Yes, of course.”

The next forty-five minutes were sheer torture as Erica kept her in a constant state of arousal, forcing her to lecture stoically all the while she was burning to tear into her crotch, to open herself for sex, at the hands of Blake, Trevor or any of the other eighteen-year-old boys in the class.

Seeing Blake and Trevor blowing kisses and surreptitiously caress themselves from the back row was no help either. Nor was the sight of Mandy’s blatantly spread crotch, dripping with honey.

“So you think Romeo and Juliet were sexually active?” Erica interrupted at one point, turning the device on to high.

“We don’t know, but from the play, we have to assume so,” Pamela gasped, leaning against the blackboard, trying to keep her eyes glued on the back wall.

The orgasm came like a roiling wave. Pamela was helpless to stop it, unable even to react to its effects. She only prayed the dripping juices would not show.

“Did Romeo have a big dick, then?” chirped Mandy, drawing horrified reactions from her classmates, those uninitiated into their little game.

“Teacher, did you hear what she said?” exclaimed Randy Middleton, a gorgeous basketball player

whom Pamela would like to be with right now, spreading for his huge cock, her bare ass on the linoleum, cushioning his studly body.

"It's...it's all right," she offered lamely, not daring to anger the bratty little Mandy or her friends. "She's just...expressing herself."

Erica smiled smugly, making her come again.

"Are you okay, Miss Hayes?" Rita Clark wanted to know.

"I'm fine," she forced a smile, continuing with her lecture. Pamela was terrified she'd reveal herself, or be forced to run from the classroom screaming like a banshee. When the period bell finally rang, she was ready to fall to her knees in thanksgiving. But there was to be more, much more.

"Close the door," Erica had told Trevor after the others had left. It was down to the four students from hell and Pamela herself. "Over the desk, face down" commanded Erica of the teacher. Blake and Trevor took turns with her, mounting the teacher's prone body, quickly and impersonally ejaculating inside her available hole, having first removed the bullet shaped vibrator.

The two girls, sitting side by side, their hands in one another's laps did little more than watch. Pamela had noticed a subtle shift in the group's interaction; the two athletes seemed bolder now, the girls more passive in their presence.

"Let's go," said Blake, snapping his fingers for Mandy when they were done.

Mandy jumped obediently to her feet, Erica in tow. The girls blew their teacher a scorching pair of kisses on their way out.

"Sorry," said Blake, noting that Pamela had been left hanging, her satisfaction just out of reach. "Better luck next time."

"Wear something tight tomorrow," Trevor commanded, popping his head back through the doorway.

It was then she'd noticed how wet she was. The sex juices had soaked through her jumper. Would she be able to get cleaned up in time for her next class?

Five hours later, after leading after school English club and attending a mandatory evening parent's meeting, a very drained and exhausted Pamela Haley found herself driving home. Her thighs were still sticking together and she was still hopelessly soaked underneath her dress. She only hoped no one had noticed the state she was in; flustered and aroused and ready to fuck anything that moved.

She'd been lucky to make it through the day. Thank God Tom had been too busy with the superintendent all afternoon to pay her any attention. The harder she'd tried, it seemed, not to think about what the teenagers had done to her, the more she aroused herself. It was almost as if they were taking

control of her body, using it against her like some kind of machine, a nasty sex machine over which she had no power.

What she needed now was a hot bath and an early trip to bed. Maybe a good night's sleep would clear her mind and help her decide how to handle her situation. For starters, she'd get those kids out her mind, and the stupid pictures they'd gotten from god knew where.

Long buried images. Images of her naked, youthful self, servile, sexing like an animal for strange men, ones whose names she hadn't even known and never would know, despite their having done the most intimate things with her. Yes, she'd been driven out of her mind back then, nearly lost. But hadn't she escaped? And couldn't she do so again, a million times more easily now that she was older than her opponents, the one with the true power and control?

Ofcourse she could, and in fact, she would.

Pamela was in a much better frame of mind by the time she pulled onto her quiet residential street. Things were never as bad as they seemed, she thought, in spite of their apparent gravity.

Then she saw the strange car in her driveway.

It was a late model import, luxury all the way, complete with tinted windows and chrome trim. No one she knew would drive such a vehicle. Her first thought was to turn around and fetch the police. But that would only bring attention to herself, to the disgraceful way she'd soaked her clothing. There could be uncomfortable questions and more than likely she'd end up being the one in trouble.

On second thought, it might be best to handle the situation on her own. Grabbing the can of mace from the glove box, Pamela steeled herself for a confrontation. She knew a burglar or rapist would never announce his presence so blatantly, but still there was something disconcerting about the whole situation.

"Hey, there, sweetheart," crooned a voice as soon as she opened the front door.

Pamela froze in place, her arm outthrust, at the ready with the can. "Who's there? Show yourself," she demanded boldly of her darkened living room.

"I'm disappointed you don't recognize my voice...Honey Snatch."

The hair on Pamela's neck stood on end. *Lorenzo*.

"Why don't you put on a light, Honey Snatch, and let's get a look at you?"

Honey Snatch. The name she loathed so much. It was he, all right.

Pamela flicked the switch on the wall, needing to confirm her worst fears. Lorenzo grinned at her, his lanky body slouched arrogantly on her easy chair. He'd turned it to face the door, obviously wanting to heighten the drama.

"Look at you," he murmured approvingly, "all grown up now."

Pamela straightened herself proudly. "Breaking and entering is a crime," she reminded him.

"So is prostitution. Not to mention half the kinky shit you used to do for me on a nightly basis."

Pamela regarded him in the way one would a species of vermin—warily and with contempt. The weasel hadn't changed a bit, she thought. His long dark hair was slicked back, tied into a ponytail, an odd compliment to the razor thin mustache, bony cheeks and ears that stuck out when he smiled. In black jeans and snakeskinboots he was trying to affect a tough guy look, though there wasn't enough wear and tear on the leather jacket or the red turtleneck to justify it.

"I don't know how you found me again, and I don't care," she managed, the thinnest veneer of bravado masking plunging terror. "I just want you out of my house. I'm going to take a shower, Lorenzo. Be gone by the time I come out."

Lorenzo smirked. "That's not very polite Honey Snatch. Do I need to take you over my knee?"

A wave of weakness overcame her. She had to get away; had to block him out somehow.

"Fuck you," she replied, walking briskly past him on her way to the bathroom.

She was trembling by the time she got there, but he didn't have to know that. Hot water. She needed hot water. And soap to scrub herself clean, herbody and her whole life besides.

It had taken so long after getting away from this man to see herself as something other than a sex toy, a doll that men liked to make laugh and cry in equal measures. And now it was all coming back to her—the cruel work begun by Trevor, Blake, Mandy and Erica a day ago now being finished by this ghost, this demonic apparition, risen from the graveyard of her long repressed past.

Wash. She had to wash. To the point of bleeding, if that's what it took.

"Boo," said Lorenzo, sliding open the shower door.

Pamela screamed as the man climbed in with her, buck-naked.

He grabbed her wrist. "Don't go getting all shy on me now," he told her, as though it were all some game.

"You're hurting me," she protested.

"That is the idea." He spun her round effortlessly, pressing her face first against the tile. With her arm pinned high up on her back, Pamela was completely helpless.

"You like that?" he whispered, pushinghimself into her, making a sandwich of her.

Pamela whimpered. Her tits were pinned, the nipples flattened on the smooth surface. Her thighs, moist and needful, suctioned themselves. "Lorenzo, I can't do this anymore," she gasped.

He jammed a finger up into her eager cunt. "You can, Honey Snatch and you will."

Pamela shuddered. He hadn't lost his touch, his ability to turn her into a horny slut in zero to sixty. "I...oh, god..."

He was going to make her come, right here on his hand.

“Palms on the wall,” he commanded, releasing her suddenly.

Pamela obeyed, anticipating his hard cock.

“You shouldn’t have left me, baby,” he crooned, nibbling at her earlobe with his expensively capped teeth.

Events flashed through her mind. Hazy. Desperate images.

“I...I had to go with Nick...he...he wanted a better life for me...”

Lorenzo was at her ass, lathering the narrow channel with soap. “I’ll bet he did. The mother fucker stole my property, that’s all I know.”

Pamela felt something hard, familiar. “Lorenzo, don’t...”

“Remember this, Honey Snatch?”

The dildo went in hard and fast. She hadn’t known he’d even had it on his person.

“Don’t,” came her retort. “Or...or I’ll scream rape.”

It was a laughable threat and they both knew it. For despite the pain and shock of what was being done to her, Pamela was thrusting out her ass to receive the invader—just as she’d been trained to all those years ago.

A slave can’t beraped, Lorenzo had been fond of telling her—and showing her—throughout her lengthy indoctrination, because unlike a free person, a slave cannot help wanting, inviting whatever is done to her.

Like putty in his hands, Pamela began to mewl. “L—Lorenzo,” she croaked, making a last ditch defense against utter subjugation. “It’s too...too much.”

“On the contrary,” he reached round with his free hand to capture her breast in a vise grip. “You want more, don’t you? Beg for it, Honey Snatch. Beg to take it all the way, like you used to. For me.”

Pamela screamed into the wet tile, her protest flattening against the cold, unyielding surface. He was pushing her hard, making sure she was in pain. And yet there was his other hand now, in the other opening, giving equal parts of bliss and exquisite pain.

It wasn’t fair. Never had been, to be a woman around men like this.

“D - deeper,” came Pamela’s concurrence at last, the words spoken into the steamy mist like those of some other person, an unreal woman whose name and existence had lain long forgotten in her subconscious. “I need it...deeper...all the way.”

Lorenzo laughed, as always the consummate bastard, the total mind fucker she’d remembered. “Fight me,” he put her off, spurning her attempt to submit. “I want you to fight me.”

Deeper and deeper went the shaft, her groans of pain interspersed with telltale female moans punctuating a dance of dark surrender, point and counter point, her trying to push it out, only to suck it deeper in, all the way to the hilt. Pamela had wanted to resist harder, really she had, but he was flicking

her clitoris, the way he knew always drove her over the top.

Humiliated, the water pounding her invaded flesh, she gave him what he wanted. He held her in place for a long time, making her climax again and again. Like a slut, like the little slave she'd always been for him.

"That's more like it," he nodded, turning her around at last. "Now let's get you down on your knees and then we'll start talking about your new job...working for me."

"Yes," Pamela replied, unable to hold anything back from the man. "Yes, sir."

"Master," he corrected.

The tile was hard on Pamela's bare knees. From up above, the shower water rushed like an avalanche down on her humbled body. "Yes, Master," she pronounced, opening her mouth wide enough to take Lorenzo's waiting dick.

"Just like old times," he guided her pretty mouth onto him, finding that spot he so loved at the back of her throat. "Isn't it, Honey Snatch?"

Pamela couldn't answer, of course. She was too busy trying not to gag; after all, she might be punished if she did.

"Guess who?"

Mandy started, the large hands having caught her unaware, wrapping themselves firmly round her eyes. "Blake, you scared me."

The quarterback slid his golden fingers down to his girlfriend's neck and across the sheer fabric that covered her bosom. "So?"

Mandy squirmed. She was sitting at her desk, attempting to study in short shorts, a half T-shirt, no bra, her hair up in a banana clip. "I thought you had to study for world history?"

Blake slapped down her interfering hands, trapping them under his on the surface of her algebra book. "I needed a little study break," he nuzzled her neck.

"Bullshit, Blake; you want sex and you know it."

"You must be psychic." Before she could resist, he had both his palms on her belly, fingers tingling up under the hem of the shirt to her bare breasts.

"Blake, no. It's past nine, anyway—boys aren't even supposed to be in here now."

"But I'm not just a boy, am I?" he teased, massaging her firm ripe globes. "I'm your boy. And you're my girl aren't you?"

“One of them,” she managed, interjecting just enough acidity.

“What did you say?” Blake was at her nipples, holding them fast.

“Hey,” she squealed, “don’t!”

The quarterback treated the cheerleader to a dose of very grownup sexual pain. Mandy threw back her head and moaned. Releasing her a few seconds later, he had her full attention.

“You don’t say no to me, Mandy, got it?”

He was looking down into her eyes, his face hard and cold. Despite her fear and distress, or maybe because of it, Mandy felt a flood between her legs. “G—got it,” she nodded.

Blake pulled out her chair. “Get up, Mandy.”

She did so, her breath rapid. From the look in his eyes, she knew something had changed. He’d always been sort of bossy and she knew he took advantage of her sometimes for sex, but this was different. Could it be the experience of having the submissive teacher was affecting him more than anyone realized?

“Blake, baby,” she told him huskily, “I want you.”

He stopped her at arm’s length. “We’re doing anal tonight,” he said harshly, his hand gripping the neck of her shirt.

Mandy swallowed. “But I’ve never...”

The shirt tore in his hands. “Take off the shorts, Mandy and get on the bed on all fours.”

She looked at him, glassy eyed. He was holding the scraps of her top and now he was wanting the bottoms, too.

“Do it, Mandy. Now.”

The willowy blonde melted. Blake wasn’t asking her, he was telling her and if she didn’t obey, there was no telling what he might do. Without taking her eyes off him, she opened the button and unzipped the skimpy shorts. They fell at her trim ankles, leaving nothing but the panties. Light blue and soaking wet.

“Those, too,” he answered the unasked question.

Mandy skinned down the sheer material and slipped them over her ankles one by one.

“I’ll take those. We can use them for a gag.”

Her cheeks flushed red as she handed her underwear to her boyfriend. “Blake,” she croaked, surprised at herself for finding the strength to speak. “That little cunt Cindy is at the library. I don’t know when she’ll be back.”

Blake slapped her across the face. “I don’t give a fuck about your new roommate, and I sure as shit

don't want to hear you bitching anymore. Now open wide."

Mandy parted her lips to receive the sex-soaked panties. He thrust the material between her teeth, pushing it against the roof of her mouth. "Bite down," he commanded.

She looked at him longingly with puppy dog eyes.

"Don't start with me. Get on the bed, like I told you."

Mandy was dispatched with a firm slap on her bare ass. The flesh still stung as she put herself in position, on hands and knees, her buttocks high in the air.

He's going to take me, she thought. My boyfriend's going to use my ass for his pleasure.

"The way we've been bossing Pamela around has got me thinking," Blake ran his hand down her shivering back. "Me and Trevor both. We figure we can push the envelope...with her and you girls, too."

Mandy whimpered into her gag, a complete prisoner on her own bed. He was rubbing something on her, and in her. Cool and slippery. Some kind of ointment.

"I don't expect you to answer," he chuckled, widening the passage with his slathered fingers. "Just give in to it."

God, she needed him in her pussy. But no, she couldn't think like that. She needed to get him out of here. Cindy was due back, and if the stuck-up little redhead bitch found her like this Mandy would be mortified.

"Mmmph," she shook her head frantically, trying to spit out the panties.

Blake moved into position, pulling down his pants and underwear. "You're going to enjoy this, baby. I had a whore this way in Tijuana last Spring break. She went totally bonkers."

Mandy was glad she couldn't talk or she'd be tempted to point out that prostitutes are paid to pretend they like anything.

"Ready, baby?"

Blake's helmet pressed at her perfect ass cheeks. Oh, God, he was starting. A few grunts, and he was breeching the opening, pushing himself hard and deep. Mandy balled her fists. She felt pain at first, a distressing fullness like she'd explode, but as he maneuvered himself deeper, she sensed the beginnings of something else.

Pleasure.

"Mmm," he moaned, reaching round for her freely hanging tits.

The sensation sent Mandy into orbit; him squeezing her breasts while his prick pierced its way down her canal. She'd never known anything like this, not with him or either of the other two boyfriends she'd given her body to before.

She was coming before he'd made it all the way in. Her own hand had snaked into her cunt and he

didn't seem to mind. He was occupied, getting himself off. Grunting like a wild man, drooling on her bare back, he plowed at her cheerleader's body, taking his pleasure.

Mandy came again, feeling like a totally used little sex object, a waiting sperm receptacle. Blake pulled himself out just before, spraying himself across her ass and back.

"Oh, yeah," he was saying, "take my spunk you littleho, take it all over your slutty body."

Cindy walked in just as he was ejaculating. Mandy could hear the door, but was powerless to prevent her roommate witnessing the scene. Blake, if he'd heard her, was indifferent. He was coming on his girlfriend's body—the dream of every young man, to be sure.

"Whoops, guess I should have knocked," called Cindy cheerily, the tone of her voice indicating that shewas loving every minute of it. "Then again this is my room, too, isn't it?"

Blake got up to face her. "You must be Cindy. I've heard so much about you. You're a transfer from Dandridge, right? Don't move!" he added harshly to Mandy who was making overtures toward getting up from her place of shame.

Mandy cried out a muffled scream of exasperation into her gag. At the same time she was feeling aroused all over again to know that this girl she hated so much and who hated her was enjoying her complete humiliation. Mandy had tried to change rooms, after her old room mate had dropped out and been replaced by this little freakazoid, but the dorm warden wouldn't allow it, claiming the girls needed a lesson in dealing with people different from themselves.

Cindy was different all right. The way she looked at the other girls, with those leering looks, and the way she unbuttoned her shirt so low when no one was looking and hiked her skirts in Mandy's presence, there was no doubt she was a lesbian.

"Yes; it's nice to meet you, too, Trevor. And hey," she added sarcastically. "It's so great to see the real you, Mandy." Cindy chortled the words, drinking in the sight of her roommate, in ass resplendent submission.

"Is it true you're into chicks?" Blake wanted to know, cutting through the bull shit as usual.

"As a matter of fact, I am."

"You can have Mandy if you want. All night. She'll do whatever you tell her. Won't you, baby?"

Mandy closed her eyes. Cindy had come over and bent down to pet her head, stroking her mangled, yellow hairlike she was some kind of pet. More than once in the past three weeks since her arrival, Mandy had caught the girl spying on her in the shower, or watching her sleep. There was nodoubt what she wanted.

"Thanks, Blake, you're all right for a guy." She nibbled at Mandy's earlobe, biting it just hard enough. "I'm going to fuck you six ways from Sunday, sweetie," the secret lesbian assured the subservient young woman.

"I gotta go study," Blake announced. "You two have fun."

Mandy lifted her head in protest only to have Cindy grab her hair in a single, violently clenched fist.

“Did I say you could move, cunt?”

Tears pooled in Mandy’s gray blue eyes. Her nostrils—the only source of air given her stuffed mouth—flared wildly. This wasn’t happening. Cindy wouldn’t dare treat her like this.

“See you in the morning, baby.” Blake delivered a goodbye swat, inducing a whimper from the girl. “I’m expecting you to cooperate totally with whatever Cindy wants, got it?”

A few seconds after Mandy nodded gloomily, she heard the door close.

“Let’s get you in the bathroom, cunt,” Cindy said now, pulling her painfully to her feet. “We’ll get all that male stink off of you, then we can have some girl fun.”

Chapter Three

Pamela lingered miserably over her coffee in the faculty room. She’d never dreaded her job so much, or her life. First period was the freshmen, still innocent of the ways of sex, but she was sure they would see written all over her face what she’d been undergoing, what she was becoming. Tugging at the tight skirt—worn at Trevor’s command—Pamela tried to hide her legs. The plastic chair was making her sweat, reminding her of the dampness between her thighs. Last night had blown her mind. With arrogant simplicity, Lorenzo had reestablished ownership over her body. Wracking her with orgasms, interspersed with hard lashes from his thick belt, he’d pulled her back to the past, back to the place of naïve, whorish slavery that had been her earlier life with the man.

A shiver thrilled down her spine as she recalled all that had passed between them in the dark night. Suffice to say, she called Lorenzo master comfortably now, and this morning, when he’d finally announced his departure, she’d willingly abased herself, kissing him goodbye, her sensuous lips on the toes of his boots.

“You’ll be working for me again,” he’d informed her. “Your new status as a teacher will make for some interesting business prospects. You’ll be staying here, keeping your job. But you’re mine again; don’t you forget that.”

One final embrace, her nude body in his arms, tortured for want of yet another captive orgasm, and he was gone, leaving her devastated on her own doorstep. She’d dressed shivering, knowing that with the new day, came yet another new form of slavery, namely her captivity to her wicked students. The very ones who’d demanded she wear tight clothes and who had forbidden her underwear and who’d put her on the pill and who had no doubt stayed up very late last night dreaming of new tortures for their little prize, their living sex doll.

“Pamela, are you all right?” Tom Rains stood in the doorway.

“Yes,” she said, squirming under his gaze in her skintight blouse, which she prayed covered her naked tits adequately. “I’m fine.”

Tom frowned. They were alone. “I called you last night. Three times. I’ve needed to talk to you very badly, to explain things, about what happened between us yesterday, I mean.”

She swallowed hard. Indeed he had called, and having to listen to his sweet messages of apology while being forced to serve the depravities of her old master and pimp had been agony. "I—I didn't feel well last night, I'm sorry that I wasn't up to taking any calls."

Tom was looming, his palms on the small round table. "How about dinner again tonight?" He was saying it like it was some prescription she needed filled, though the desire in his eyes, the obvious concern on his face all but burned a hole in her clothes at several key points.

"So sorry, Tom, I—I just can't."

The frown deepened. "Bullshit," he replied, quite out of character.

"Excuse me. I have to go." She rose abruptly and tried to slip past him. Pamela got as far as his arms. The kiss was hard and punishing.

"I should take you," he said breathless, "right here on the table."

She fought her way free. A hot, disciplinary fuck was what she wanted more than anything but she couldn't let him see her state of dress, or the welts on her naked backside from where Lorenzo had beaten her.

He'd called it a Welcome Home present, to remind her she was his property once more. But Pamela belonged to Erica and Mandy as well, and to Trevor and Blake.

"My—my class," she sputtered by way of apology and reason for her escape.

He let her go, his fists clenched, the vein at his temple throbbing. And then there was the cock in his trousers, a swollen cock that Pamela wanted to be on her knees sucking more than anything in the world.

"Dinner," he reiterated. "At eight."

She sighed and nodded, forcing a smile. "That would be lovely."

Unless Lorenzo has other plans for me, she thought, for my mouth and cunt and ass, that is.

First and second periods passed uneventfully. Though Pamela remembered not a word of her lectures, she assumed she'd performed adequately in her guise as the supposedly stone cold, no-nonsense Miss Haley. As a reward, she intended to bury her head on her desk for a quick nap during prep period, after washing down half a bottle of aspirin.

No such luck; the pair of them was waiting for her in her office, looking like they belonged there more than she did. At this point who could argue?

"Well, look what the cat dragged in," said Erica, speaking for the pair of girls.

"A little slut whore, is what," Mandy answered, making sure the insult couldn't possibly be missed. "A dog slut cunt whore."

Pamela straightened herself, attempting to rally some modicum of dignity and authority. "Girls, it's been a terrible morning, if you don't mind..."

“What did you say?” Mandy practically sprang from the sofa to stand an inch from the teacher’s face.

Pamela’s lip trembled as she tried to maintain eye contact. It was taking every bit of her strength to stand up to the spoiled, beautiful girl. “There are limits, Mandy; you have to know that.”

Mandy moved so fast that Pam had no chance to react.

“No there aren’t,” the girl smiled cruelly, her fingers thrust hard up under the skirt and into the teacher’s already liquid pussy.

“Ow! That hurts!” she squealed.

“Noshit—slave!”

“You have to the count of ten to be naked, Pammy,” Erica supplied from her place of leisurely observation on the edge of the desk. “Or else.”

“Naked,” Mandy nodded, “like a good doggie slut.”

Pamela’s fingers went numb as she stripped off the flimsy garments—the tight blouse and skirt, with nothing underneath. Mandy noticed the marks right away, just as she feared.

“Ooh. Teacher’s been beaten,” she whistled. “Real good, too.”

“Let me see.” Erica pushed her way forward and twisted the woman around. Pamela’s blouse and skirt were at her feet now and she was utterly vulnerable except for her shoes, a pair of wispy high heels. Ironically, she felt more nude with these than if she’d been barefoot.

“Who did this?” Mandy demanded, running her fingers over the thick, red lines.

“A man,” she answered, not thinking the details would matter. “A man from long ago. Someone dead to me who rose from his grave.”

“That pimp,” nodded Erica. “The one called Lorenzo.”

The girl’s accurate reply caught her off guard. “But how do you know him?” she gasped.

Mandy spun the unprepared teacher round and cuffed her in reply, the back of her hand like lightning across the pink skin of Pamela’s cheek. “Stupid bitch! Whodo you think we got the pictures from? He’s the dude the private detective tracked down for us.”

“We knew there was something in your closet, some skeleton,” explained Erica. “We just weren’t sure what it was. That Lorenzo scumbag was more than we could have possibly hopedfor . And you say he’s found you again?”

“He showed up last night,” Pamela admitted, lowering her eyes in shame.

“Must have bribed the PI we hired,” Erica speculated. “To give him your address.”

Both girls were within inches of Pamela now, intimidating, arousing.

“You know you have to be punished for all this, right?” Erica’s hand was on the teacher’s breast, caressing it, her voice deceptively gentle.

Pamela shook her head, her gaze intent on her own feet.

Mandy grabbed her cheeks between her fingers, forcing eye contact. “Don’t play stupid. Don’t tell me you don’t know what you’ve started?”

“Blake fucked Mandy in the ass last night,” Erica informed her. “Like he owned it. Where do you think he got that idea from?”

Pamela maintained a judicious, wary silence. Anything she said now would only be used against her.

Mandy bore down viciously, twisting Pamela’s earlobe between two sharp nails. “Answer me.”

The girl’s grip brought the teacher to her knees, flush, naked and broken on her own rug. “I—I don’t know,” she winced.

Mandy squeezed hard enough to make her see stars. “I don’t know, *ma’am*,” she corrected.

Pamela’s eyes brimmed with tears. It hurt. Badly. “I...I really don’t know,” she answered, voice wavering. “Ma’am.”

“What you’ve started, TeacherBitch, is a lot of trouble,” said Erica. “Blake and Trev have both totally weirded out on us. They wouldn’t even talk to us in the hall before. Blake just pushed Mandy against the lockers, tongue fucked her about a minute and off they went. We don’t even know where they are right now. They were supposed to meet us here.”

Mandy’s lips curled in satisfaction, her lovely, cold eyes absorbing the teacher’s pain and misery. “Whatever Blake does to me from now on,” she decided. “The same is going to happen to you, or worse.”

“Worse,” Erica weighed in, her hand in Pamela’s hair, bowing her neck till the woman’s eyes were skyward. “And remember, girls can do things to each other boys would never think of.”

“Nasty things,” echoed Mandy, working the zipper of her skirt.

Erica promptly followed. The girls wore sheer panties underneath, their respective golden and raven colored thatches plainly visible through the light silk. Erica made the first move, shoving the teacher’s head forward, putting her in proper position, nose level with the sex of her classmate.

“Eat me,” Mandy beamed, skinning down her girlish underwear.

The kneeling Pamela hesitated, just for a split second, long enough to give Erica an excuse to pull her hair straight up, severely testing the roots. “Do it,” she commanded, “or you’ll be licking out her asshole instead.”

Pamela’s eyes brimmed with tears. She’d never tasted a woman’s love juices before, not even during her long and brutal captivity. Lorenzo had considered such couplings distasteful and he’d turned

down some hefty fees in his quest to keep Pamela a “pure man’s bitch,” as he put it.

But the girls owned her now, in more ways than one. Closing her eyes, squinting hard, she pressed into the opening. Mandy’s juices were already active, the bittersweet tang saturating her timid tongue on impact.

“Mmm,” purred Mandy, taking over control of Pam’s head from Erica. “That’s a good doggie slut. Now make me come, or we’ll beat your ass.”

Pamela tried to draw a breath. The girl was smothering her. A moment later she felt a tap on her back, hard and rough. She stiffened. Erica must have fetched the ruler.

“Mandy, why don’t you tell Pammy what you had to do last night—after that bastard Blake was done with you.”

Mandy held the squirming teacher fast by her head, making her take her air in gasps through the curling, matted golden hairs that filled her view, filled her world. “You mean after he took me in the ass and came all over me? That’s when Cindy showed up, my freaky roommate. Blake told her she could do whatever she wanted to me, all night long. First, she took me in the bathroom. I had to hold my hands over my head while she scrubbed me down with a long handled brush. I had to spread for her and bend, like some kind of fucking animal. She said she wanted to get the come off me, cause it was, like, diseased or something. She’s a lesbian, you know. Then she wanted to butt fuck me with a dildo. She did that, for an hour. I had to suck it, too, and take it in my pussy. I hate Cindy, but there was nothing I could do.”

Pamela felt Mandy’s powerful arousal, the husky tone of her voice, the copious flow of sex. Despite her seeming disgust, Mandy was turned on just thinking about it. Pam knew the feeling well, the deliciously wicked need to submit. In her case, the mere memory of such experiences had left her cold for the prospect of most ‘normal’ sex acts.

“Come on doggie slut, come on...”

Erica slapped the stick down on Pamela’s exposed buttocks. Just hard enough to sting and humiliate her. Pamela remembered now the cane that had been used on her by the Overseer, the mysterious auctioneer to whom Hal had brought her after the infamous night in the barn.

After finishing with her mouth, spurring down her throat with his seed, Hal had hog tied her hand and foot with some available rope from the tack room and carried her over his shoulder to the Rolls Royce. She’d never dreamed of riding in the trunk of the family car, but Hal was quite insistent. The oily rag in her mouth was a particularly nauseating and devious finishing touch to her complete degradation.

“Wish you’d fucked me now, don’t you?” he grinned sadistically, just before slamming down the metal trunk on her prone, sweat soaked and abused body.

She’d pleaded with her eyes, but it was too late. Some time later, they’d arrived in a parking garage. From there she was wrapped crudely in a rug and taken by van to another location, eventually being let out in a dimly lit smoke filled room. The black hooded, shirtless Overseer was waiting for her, the cane already in hand. In her state of shock, she thought it was part of some resurrected vaudeville routine.

“A special treat tonight, gentlemen... a genuine virgin. What am I bid? Shall we say two thousand for openers?”

The Overseer, wearing a black vest over his barrel chest and a pair of crimson pantaloons with low boots, had taken his time and liberty with her, playing her up to the crowd, to the unseen murmuring faces, the glaring swirl of eyeballs, in the midst of which, from time to time came hand signals, indicating amounts of money to be paid for possession of her person—body and soul.

It may have only been a few short minutes, but for young Pamela, it seemed a lifetime, a million years under the hot lights, barefoot and bare-assed on the wooden stage, her body poked and prodded, bearing the fresh marks of her whipping.

“You can see she takes a beating,” quipped the Overseer, putting his hands all over her. “And she’s young and fresh as a daisy. Who wouldn’t want to tame and own this little tart? Who wouldn’t want this ass? This quim.”

Quim. An odd word, one she learned later to be British slang for a woman’s vagina. The day she learned that word in a graduate school class, she had to excuse herself to the bathroom to vomit, the memory of that hand inside her so vivid and life-like. The Overseer was a Briton, that’s all she knew from that night; that and the fact that she had been sold to an agent of the notorious slave runner and whoremonger Lorenzo.

“Mandy, are you going to come or not?” Erica called out now to the ever-distracted blonde girl who was supposed to be directing Pamela in her pussy licking. “Maybe you need something to focus your attention.”

However, it was then that Mandy screamed aloud as the first wave of pain hit her. Erica was using the ruler on her now, too, adding a new wrinkle to their game. Pam cringed, praying no one would hear and intervene. Caught like this, she’d be fired for sure, her career over in one fell swoop. Luckily the girls were both eighteen or she would end up facing jail time as well.

“Hey! Cut it out, Erica, that hurts!”

Erica smacked her again. “It’s time to orgasm, bitch. I want a turn, too.”

The rough treatment was just what the doctor ordered. Mandy’s come flooded Pam’s cheeks instantly and dripped down her neck onto her breasts. How Pamela wished someone were satisfying her cunt, too—preferably a man, with a hard, beautiful cock, like Tom...or Nick.

Pamela shuddered at the thought of the laconic police officer; the man who’d loved her and whom she’d rejected so casually. Would he help her after all this time? Would he rescue her from Lorenzo’s clutches, yet again—not to mention from her teen tormentors?

“My turn,” Erica prompted, poking the still quivering Mandy in the ribs.

“But my next class,” Pamela moaned, straining to keep her mind fixed on her reality. “I’ll be late.”

Erica licked her lips, catlike as she slithered out of her tiny little panties. “We set your schedule now, Pammy.”

Mandy took possession of the yardstick as Pamela crawled to her second mistress to give the requisite tonguing.

“Eat up,” encouraged the cheerleader, with a savage blow to Pamela’s exposed and defenseless lower back, “and maybe I’ll tell you the rest of my story about last night.”

Pamela shivered at the thought...she was in over her head and she knew it.

Lorenzo was waiting for Blake and Trevor outside the fast food establishment where the pair had just chowed down a dozen mini-burgers apiece. “Hello, boys,” the slick haired pimp greeted the two young men, his slim buttocks pressed casually on the front fender of Blake’s mint condition 1967 Mustang convertible, autumn gold with matching wheel covers.

The pair stopped in their tracks, their lazy conversation fizzling to cold silence. Blake, who routinely bench pressed 240 pounds, spoke first.

“I don’t know who think you are, mister, but you got about ten seconds to get the fuck off my car before I waste you.”

Trevor, no slouch in the muscle department added, with a grin, “Save me a piece, Dude; I feel like working out some aggression of my own.”

“Maybe you ought to hear me out first,” Lorenzo suggested. “I might have something you boys need.”

Blake was on him first. “Fuck that,” he said, grabbing the slender man by the collar of his red silk shirt, lifting him onto the toes of his pointed leather boots.

“Yea,” Trevor poked the pimp in the chest with a spring-loaded index finger.

“Cause the day a shit heel like you has something we need is the day I cut my balls off and sell them for science.”

“I got money.”

Blake slugged him in the chest hard. “We’re rich already, dick wad.”

Lorenzo remained graceful, even on all fours at their feet. “How about pussy?”

Trevor moved to kick him with a well-placed work boot to the ribs. “Got all we need of that, too.”

“Not the kind I can get,” he said, just in the nick of time. “I’m talking slave pussy.”

Trevor halted, his leg hanging in mid air. “What?”

“Slave pussy.” He repeated, making motions to rise, tentative and respectful. “May I?”

Blake yanked him upright like a scarecrow. “Spit it out, asshole, or you’ll be spitting teeth.”

Lorenzo eyed the cocked fist with seeming indifference. "Pamela Haley, your teacher, belongs to me," he told them. "I'm the one who trained her. I own dozens like her. The best sex you could ever imagine. No limits. And you can have your pick of my stable."

The boys exchanged a glance.

"What's in it for you?" Trevor wanted to know.

Lorenzo's lip inclined in a sly smirk. "I'm looking to expand, boys. And you're just the ones to help me out." He gave them a generous wink. "Ever thought of becoming pimps, my young friends?"

Two minutes later, they were in the Mustang, Blake behind the wheel, and Lorenzo in the passenger seat. Trevor was in the back, perched on the edge of the white leather seat, listening intently. The pimp's idea, devious and illegal as it was, had strong appeal to the boys. Because as rich as they were, the only thing they couldn't buy enough of was trouble.

"Eighteen-year-old hotties are a goldmine, veritable cash cows," Lorenzo explained as they cruised the main street heading out of town. They were going to miss their next class, not to mention their appointment with Erica and Mandy in Miss Haley's office, but neither one gave a shit right now.

They were bitches; let them wait.

"Think about it, gentlemen. Tight, young pussy, upper class, fresh meat, available to a distinguished class of gentlemen at outrageous prices. And you call all the shots. A harem all your own... I bet that's something your daddies didn't teach you at the country club."

Blake eyed him, just now making the connection. "You're the pimp the private detective we hired managed to track down, aren't you? The one who had those old pictures of our bitch teacher."

He made a little bow, full of flourish. "The one and only."

Trevor scooted forward, enough so that he was practically on the shift column. "Back to the coed prostitution thing. Are you seriously saying we could get Ivy Dell girls to turn tricks?"

"Yes, but we're only interested in the ones over eighteen."

"There's no way," Blake shook his head, laughing. "It's a sweet idea, but, like, there's no way they'd let us sell their bodies—not even the sluts."

Lorenzo shrugged with calculated indifference, just enough to entice. "I suppose you know them better than me. Although," he added a moment later, "any female can be trained."

"Trained?" echoed both boys in unison, dark lust thick in their voices.

"Like dogs. Rewards, punishments." He paused a second before pronouncing the last word. "Beatings."

Trevor guffawed, nervously. "That's crazy."

The pimp said nothing.

"I'll tell you what, though," Blake thought aloud. "Last night I made Mandy take it from behind. And after that I left her for Cindy to fuck around with and she never even balked."

"Dude!" Trevor slapped his friend on the shoulder. "You gave your girlfriend to the biggest lesbo on campus and you didn't invite me?"

"Didn't even watch it myself, Trev. I had to work on my abs—two thousand crunches in the gym."

Trevor laughed. "You missed hot lesbo sex for a workout? What a dumb ass."

"What are you talking about?" Blake shot back. "You've been hot for Erica's cooze for months, and you haven't done shit about it."

Lorenzo saw his opening. "I can make her come crawling. What'd you say her name was? Erica?"

"Yeah." Trevor was all business now, the boyish antics gone. "Erica Green is her name. Like the color of her eyes. But what exactly are you saying?"

"I'm saying, my young friend, that with a little effort, the great and splendid Erica Green can be converted into the bitch of your loins—a cringing, humbled little slut, desirous of nothing more than to service yours or any other cock you direct her to with open cunt, mouth and ass."

Trevor sat in wide-eyed silence.

"What about Mandy?" Blake wanted to know. "Could you make her be my slave?"

Lorenzo's lips curled, his beady eyes lit with sincerity. "Just like she was born for it, my noble young hero of the gridiron. Just like she was born for it."

"Bullshit," said Trevor, though his expression indicated he wanted to believe it more than anything.

"One night," Lorenzo held up a finger. "Give me one night. You two and your girls, and see if I'm bullshitting you."

"Tomorrow's Friday," Blake decided impulsively. "Why not then? That gives you one day to talk Erica into going, Trev. I can have Mandy's ass there in a heartbeat. Which leaves you," he said to the pimp. "You got one day to set it all up."

"Piece of cake."

"Better be," Blake warned, "or we go back to plan A—us beating the shit out of you and leaving your worthless ass for dead."

"Boys," he leaned back, hands behind his head. "When I get done with your girls, you'll be kissing my ass, not kicking it. And six months from now, when you're both bona fide pimps with your own stable of little, obedient bitches, you'll be ready to put me up for sainthood."

"I still say he's full of shit," Trevor grumbled.

Blake grinned in the rear view. "You're scared of Erica, aren't you? You don't think you could

make her obey you.”

“Fuck you,” Trevor snarled. “I can handle that bitch any day of the week. All I’m saying is, what proof have we got this guy isn’t just a nut case?”

“That’s true,” reasoned Blake, who hated having to use his mind this much in one day. “We don’t have proof.”

Lorenzo pulled a trio of cigars from his shirt pocket and passed them around. “What would you boys say to a little demonstration, tonight? Call it a free sample—check out my wares; if you like what you see, we do business, if not, hell, I’ll kick my own ass and call it a day.”

Trevor and Blake took the thick brown *Cubanos* off the man’s hands.

“What do you say, boys?” he flipped open a garish silver lighter. “Up for a little road trip?”

Blake gave Trevor a significant glare, followed by a high five.

“Road trip,” they both piped up in unison.

Lorenzo puts his hands behind his head as Blake pressed the accelerator to the red. “We’re gonna get along famously,” he puffed. “Mark my words.”

Pamela wasn’t sure whether to be relieved or terrified to get the message. Lorenzo had no plans for her till ten. At that time, she was to be ready, wearing something sexy at the door, a model piece of ass, compliant, obedient and dripping wet between her legs.

“Don’t fuck this up, Honey Snatch,” the electronic voice on her answering machine rasped. “This guy’s a big customer of mine...you don’t bend over backwards for him and you’re going to be one sorry little girl, *comprende*?”

Ten o’clock was a long time away, she reasoned, peeling off the mockery of an outfit to bare her tingling pink flesh. More than enough time to run away from home, take a good long nap or...go out with Tom Rains again. She dreaded seeing him, precisely because she knew how kind he was going to be, how much he was going to assure her that it was all his fault, that he never meant to take her like that, like an animal on her desk, his dick pumping her at full speed, just the way he wanted to, without regard for her feelings.

How would she ever explain that this is what she’d come of age with, what a part of her still wanted in fact; to be had, to be put onto the end of a man’s dick like a play toy? How could she tell him where she’d been in her life and how hard she’d worked to escape, and how, even all these years later, she wasn’t fully free? Clearly she was still a captive to that past, or else the Dreaded Foursome would never have taken away her will so easily. Nor would Lorenzo have reclaimed her without a fight.

If only she had worked harder these past seven years to find a good man. A man like Nick had

been. Or like Tom Rains was now. If she'd had a real relationship in her life—a man who valued her and treasured her as an equal—she could have stood up for herself, had some support when the time came to resist her natural inclination to submit as she was doing now.

The sad truth was, most good, deferential men left her cold. She didn't want to be in charge, she didn't want to ease their consciences, to be their mothers and counselors and best friends. She wanted to be a woman, in the hands of a strong, uncompromising male. A man who wouldn't take no for an answer, who wouldn't necessarily listen to all her whining and complaining. A man who would take her over his lap if she needed it and—at least on occasion—tell her what to do in no uncertain terms.

Such men were to be found, but only in the dangerous corners, the subterranean bars and biker hangouts, or maybe at ship's piers or army barracks—all places a literature student didn't and shouldn't frequent. And so, she kept to her illusions, her story characters, dreaming of swashbuckling pirates all the while pretending she was satisfied with the pale dream of equality, of a fifty-fifty relationship.

Going out with Tom tonight was foolhardy and she knew it. She was risking her job and if either he or Lorenzo were to discover each other's existence—never mind what might happen if Erica and the others got involved—Pamela was liable to end up jobless, homeless and maybe even imprisoned.

But that was her nature, wasn't it? Not knowing how to say no to any man. Other than Nick, that is. So here she was, getting ready to dine with Tom at eight, praying she'd make it home by ten to turn her first trick for Lorenzo inaugurating their renewed relationship as pimp and whore, master and slave.

Pamela changed clothes five times for her dinner date. It was difficult to find just the right ensemble. She slithered in and out of tight jeans, a trio of skirts and even the slinky bride's maid's dress she'd worn for the wedding of her old college room mate Rebecca last year. The slinky pink number brought back memories, forcing her to stop and pleasure herself as she re-envisioned Becky's cousin Collin, a swarthy cocky nineteen-year-old with the body of an Adonis who'd cornered her at the reception, eventually nailing her in the coat room.

It had started on the dance floor, with the young man coming at her with relentless charm, not to mention a pair of wickedly roving hands. He made Pamela weak all over and when he put his hands on her ass during a slow dance and whispered in her ear what he wanted to do to her, the newly graduated teacher found herself melting like butter.

"Come on," he tugged at her hand as the band shifted to a noisy polka. Her heart thumping like a little rabbit, she scampered after him, her high heels clicking on the parquet floor.

"Take off your panties," he told her, locking the coatroom door behind them and shedding his jacket and shirt.

Pamela's eyes never left his rapidly appearing torso as she slipped down the silky little covering.

He came to her bare-chested, clasping her against him, molding her breasts to his gorgeous pecs. She was light as a feather as he lifted her onto one of the tables, having scattered the piled hangers to the far corners of the room.

"You're going to come for me," he told her matter-of-factly as she raised her hips, helping him to bunch the sleek dress up to her waist.

"Yes," she whispered, mesmerized by his powerful words, his unbelievable confidence.

The touch of his finger made her moan on contact.

“Omi...god,” she sank her teeth into his shoulder as he manipulated her clitoris, relentlessly working her to the breaking point.

“Now,” he’d commanded her, and she’d obeyed, collapsing against him, shivering with come.

“Good girl,” he stroked her cheek. His condescending manner—coming from one younger than herself was an aphrodisiac in itself. Not that she needed it. Collin pierced her slick canal in one easy thrust. Pamela wrapped her legs around his buttocks immediately, locking her feet, which were still shod in the glossy red heels.

“Fuck me,” she begged, dragging the words out into extra syllables.

The young man flashed her that cocky smile that took her straight to heaven. His thrusts were long, deep and punishing. He had to put his hand over her mouth to stifle the screams. She climaxed again, not once, but three more times, the third coinciding with his hot, copious explosion into her totally surrendered vagina.

“Call me?” she watched him dress, too weak to move from the table.

He touched her chin, drawing him in for one final kiss. Pamela was moaning all over again by the time he released her.

“Sorry, babe,” he crooned at the door by way of goodbye. “But I don’t think so.”

Pamela got herself good and drunk and told herself she didn’t care, not even later, when she saw him repeat the routine with a buxom brunette. She too had stars in her eyes as he dragged her past on his way back to the infamous coatroom.

That was the last tryst she’d enjoyed with a man, until yesterday. In one day, she’d made love more times—or rather been fucked more times—than she had in the last four years together.

Pamela eventually settled on a casual denim skirt and a loose fitting tank top. These were roomy enough, she reasoned to disguise her lack of bra and panties.

No doubt, Erica would ask her tomorrow if she’d been obedient to the teen’s various commands. Technically, she only had to keep her sexual parts uncovered during school, but since she’d made herself come in violation of another one of the rules, she was hoping to garner a little extra credit by absolutely adhering to the no underwear policy. Pamela did not want them angry with her, especially Erica, with those eyes of hers and that mysterious power she had to make the teacher feel cheap and whorish.

Pamela had never known a woman do that to her before and she hoped it was not going to be a trend; a sign she was slipping not only back into past routines, but into even worse, more servile behavior.

Walking to the bathroom, she could see now that her cunt was going to be a problem. It was moistening with every movement, with every thought. Back when she had been Lorenzo’s slave slut, juicing was an almost constant reality. Nothing had shamed her more than the way her body would so helplessly respond to the touches, the pinches, even the beatings administered by the men. If ever anything proved

that some women were born to be slaves, it was the conduct of Honey Snatch.

Pamela had despised that name, from the first moment it had fallen off of Lorenzo's lips. She was chained at the time, her arms overhead, naked on tiptoes in one of the glass viewing booths at his infamous Dragon's Lair as it was called. The whip was flaying at her skin, kissing, caressing, teasing and claiming her like a lover. It was only her second night and she was still a virgin.

"Pity you can't smell that, gentlemen," he'd inhaled deeply, addressing the invisible group of men seated on the other side of the two-way mirror. "I'll be taking sealed bids on it all night... virgin, unpierced honey snatch, pure silk to the touch... in fact, that's what we'll call her... Honey Snatch."

Lorenzo worked her clit like the sadistic expert he was, matching the flicks of his finger to the rhythm of the whip being wielded by his assistant. Thus was she taught the difference between a female prisoner and a femaleslave. The prisoner may cry out, object to her mistreatment, but the slave must learn to beg for abuse, to surrender her very sexuality for the amusement of her masters. Hanging in her bonds, the juices running down her quivering legs, the lash firing her nerves again and again even as Lorenzo's manipulations continued to plunder her soul, she thought of the men who were bidding, and how much they would pay her new master to be her first. The first to fuck and take and tame her, but hardly the last. How ironic—that this should mean everything to these men, and nothing at all to her. For young Pamela it would be the beginning of an endless hell—a hell spiked cruelly with shades of paradise.

The doorbell ringing broke Pamela's reverie. She had to pull herself back to the present. The feel of the whip and the chains had been so real. She had to feel her wrists to convince herself she was not still bearing the shackles. Another touch to her throat confirmed the lack of the leather collar, the one she'd been given to mark her as property. The one that Lorenzo could at any time choose to put back on her.

"I'm sorry," Pamela blurted, answering the door out of breath. "I shouldn't have kept you waiting."

Tom Rains beheld the flustered girl. "I only rang once. Look at you; you're sweating like a race horse."

"I—I know," she stammered, pulling the door closed behind her, a repeat of her performance at the beginning of their last date. "Can we go—please—but somewhere more quiet this time, where we can really talk? I have a lot to tell you, Tom. More than you can possibly imagine."

Her heart was in her throat, waiting for his response. Would he reject her already, just from the look on her face, not to mention this renewed round of strange behavior.

"We'll go anywhere you want," he reached out at last, his fingers brushing the matted hair back from her eyes.

She nearly dissolved on the spot. My god, she thought, I am not going to make it through this night.

Chapter Four

Lorenzo told them to park the car behind the club, in the special lot. "The owner is a buddy of mine," the pimp explained, climbing out of the pristine Mustang. "You guys are gonna get the VIP treatment, trust

me.”

Blake pulled the keys from the ignition, pocketing the platinum key ring in his khakis. He’d been having regrets about their little road trip ever since they’d exited into the bad section of town, and now looking around this burnt out neighborhood with its dilapidated warehouses, he was pretty sure they were going to die before they ever made it home. “We can get that just fine on our own, dude,” he covered his fear with bravado. “Don’t we, Trev? Maybe we ought to waste this guy after all.”

“Yeah,” Trevor replied, his voice cracking just a little bit. “You gotta do a whole more than show us some skank ghetto strippers, old timer.”

“Fuck,” Blake muttered, reluctant to surrender his vehicle. “You sure my shit is safe here?”

Lorenzo inclined his head towards a battered battleship gray metal door at the read of the three-story brick building. “You kidding me?” he coozied up to Blake, making the young man cringe. “This is the safest fucking place on earth. Trust me. Behind those doors is more firepower than the 82ndAirborne.”

“This is a dive,” snorted Trevor. “Come on, Blake, let’s just blow.”

“Yeah,” agreed Blake, tugging at his sweat stained white school shirt. “We’re not dressed right, anyway.”

“Don’t worry about it. Anything goes in there...Fiveminutes,” pressed Lorenzo, “give me that long. After that, I guarantee I’ll have to drag you boys out of there with a crowbar.”

Blake muttered under his breath, but he was committed by now. “Come, on,” he told Trev. “Let’s get this over with.”

Trevor pulled the solid pewter flask from his pocket. “At least we won’t have to go in sober.”

Blake continued to swig at the whiskey as they walked over the damp, sorry ass blacktop. The liquor burned his throat pleasantly, steeling his nerves and steadying his shaking body. “Fuck it,” he scowled as they passed the dumpster. “What a shit hole!”

“Ambience,” insisted the irrepressible pimp. “It’s all part of the ambiance. “You’ll see soon enough.”

Lorenzo employed a complicated knock to get in, prompting Trevor to ask if it was some kind of freaking clubhouse for kids. When the door finally opened, though, it was hardly a kid who answered.

“Hey, Al, what do you say?” Lorenzo grinned, giving a fake punch to the gut of the six-foot-five muscle man.

The stone-faced giant barely nodded, his eyes glued on the two high school kids.

“It’sokay, Al, these guys are with me. They’re cool, believe me.”

Trevor was about ready to piss his pants. The mountain-sized man was holding some kind of machine gun. He was sobig, the thing looked like a child’s toy in his hand.

“So, Al, how’s the floor tonight? Any fresh meat?”

“Got a shipment,” Al told the pimp, employing the absolute minimum by way of facial expressions or lip movements. “This afternoon. From Russia.”

Lorenzo elbowed Blake who was trying to stand as close as possible to the pimp without looking like a pussy in front of Trevor. “Russian virgins...you’re in luck.”

Al stepped aside now, letting the trio pass. They were in a kitchen, dark and unoccupied.

“That dude’s like Lurch on steroids,” muttered Trevor sotto voce as they followed the giant through the rows of pots and pans.

Blake didn’t answer. He was busy wiping his palms on his pants legs. Maybe they’d been a little short sighted, trusting the sleazebag pimp like this. People turned up dead all the time, especially rich white kids. His heart began to pound as he heard the music. There was a swinging door with a tiny circular window at the end of the kitchen. On the other side of it were lights and colors and, from the sounds of it, a lot of people.

“After you, gentlemen,” Lorenzo grinned as Al turned back around to cover the back door again.

“No funny business, dude,” Blake narrowed his eyes at the pimp. “My dad is the biggest lawyer in the city; anything happens to me and you can kiss your ass goodbye.”

“I’ll bear that in mind,” Lorenzo replied dryly, pushing open the red, leather-upholstered portal. It was a doorway, literally, to another world.

Trevor was the first to speak. “Holy shit,” he exclaimed, voicing exactly what Blake was thinking.

The place was incredible. Three stories high, with catwalks and balconies running around the edge of the mammoth, open space. Everywhere the eye traveled, there were women, nude or nearly nude, performing and on display. Some hung in cages, their bodies gyrating to the funky electronic beat: a mix of reggae, salsa, rock and some shit Blake could only characterize as techno tribal. There were three different stages, the first on the main floor, where a petite blonde was writhing on top of a mechanical bronco wearing nothing but a g-string. The thing wasn’t set to go too fast, just enough to make her sweat, tits jiggling as she clung for dear life. She had incentive, because right behind her was a man with a bullwhip, slashing her every time it looked as if she might fall.

Men were watching, looking amused, sipping drinks at small tables, wearing expensive suits and looking like high rollers all the way around. On the second stage, which was suspended on all four sides by steel cables like a chandelier just about at the level of the second floor, Blake could just make out a squatting brunette, pleasuring herself with a large, very black dildo.

The third stage, more like a holding tank, was glass encased and built into the back wall near the ceiling. Inside it three women were wrestling each other, waist deep in a yellowish, goopy substance.

“That’s creamed corn,” Lorenzo explained, seeing the young man’s interest. “They’ll be at it for hours. And trust me, the girls play to win.”

“What the . . .?” Trevor was the first to spot the man over the tank, leaning over a railing set against the wall. Trevor stopped dead in his tracks. The man was opening his fly and taking out a very healthy-sized willie. Without batting an eyelash, as if he was standing at a urinal in the men’s room, he began to let

loose his stream, right into the goop where the girls were grappling and tossing one another.

“The bouncers are going to trash him,” Trevor predicted.

“Yeah, I want to see this,” said Blake eagerly, who’d stopped himself to see.

“Actually, he’s within his rights,” Lorenzo countered. “That little arena happens to double as a urinal. It’s especially fun when they use the corn; it’s a nice mixture. There’s also mud night, garbage night and pudding night. Sometimes we don’t add anything, but it takes a while to fill up that way.”

Blake swallowed. “You mean the girls...”

“...entertain the customers by cat fighting in a tank of piss?” Lorenzo completed his thought. “Absolutely. And you should see the crowd go wild when one of the sluts gets nailed by a stream of it—right between the eyes or on the top of her head.”

Lorenzo put his arms on the shoulders of the stunned young men. “Didn’t I tell you this was no ordinary club? Come on, you ain’t seen nothing yet.”

Blake and Trevor let themselves be led across the bustling, action packed floor. Close up, they could see the workings of what in some ways looked like an ordinary strip club. Men sat at their tables, with their drinks, admiring the women, while the women while the females themselves, scantily clad bustled about to serve them. The difference was in how the servers seemed to be acting and how the men were treating them.

Fondling and groping seemed to be the order of the day, as was taking a girl over one’s knee. One man had a buxom blonde down on her knees, his hands tightly yanking her hair as he lectured her about some mistake in his order. Tears in her eyes, she begged forgiveness, even as he began to stuff the wrongly prepared mushroom appetizers into her mouth, faster than she could chew.

A Black man in a white turtleneck knit shirt and nearly the size of Al, intervened, though it was the girl who was in trouble, not the customer. Taking her over his shoulder, he carried her off the floor, presumably for some secret punishment.

“There she is,” Lorenzo exclaimed, recognizing a grass skirt covered ass, long sexy legs and a mane of tightly braided jet-black hair that hung well past the girl’s waist. She was smooth and lightly tanned, with a ring of flowers around her head and another circling her slim ankle.

With the music and carryings on, she hadn’t heard him approach. Lorenzo greeted her with a firmly placed hand on her buttock, his fingers digging into the sweet places beneath her mockery of a garment. “I’d know that crack anywhere, Lita.”

Lita offered no resistance, backing her ass up for easier access. “Mmm,” she sighed. Master Lorenzo, is that you?”

Lorenzo pivoted the female on his impaling finger, pulling her naked torso against him. Lita opened her mouth for his tongue, indicating with her movements and sighs that she was his for the taking.

“Lita,” he released her at last. “This is Trevor and Blake. They’re a couple of junior partners of mine. I’m taking them under my wing, so to speak.”

The lovely bare-breasted girl, her face a mixture of Polynesian and European moved swiftly to kneel at the boys' feet. Blake felt a tug in his crotch—as if he weren't having enough trouble fighting back an erection in this super charged atmosphere.

"Lita greets you," she put her delicate lips to Blake's sneaker. "Master."

"Holy shit," Trevor said, mostly out of nerves as the girl repeated the gesture on his boots.

"Lita," Lorenzo, drew her attention. "Is Maki around?"

"Yes, Master Lorenzo." She rose swiftly and gracefully to her feet. "I will try and find him. Would masters like to wait for him at a table?"

"Good idea, Lita. Why don't you lead the way?"

Lita moved deftly across the carpeted floor, padding on bare feet. Blake was doing his best to keep his cool, but he was definitely on sensory overload. The blonde on the main stage had been taken off the mechanical bronco and was being fitted to a new machine that had just been rolled out. It resembled a stationary bicycle, except that there were straps to hold her ankles and wrists in place. Atfirst he thought it was broken, but then he realized the seat had been deliberately removed and replaced with a vibrating shaft.

"No," the naked girl cried. "Please, no."

The men ignored her, lifting her into place over the cruel shaft. A roar went up from the crowd as the device was turned on. There were wires attached from it to a light bulb and in order to avoid being whipped, the girl had to keep the light lit. That meant generating power, which meant peddling, pushing the shaft in and out of her cunt like a piston.

She was crying, and begging, all the while obviously having a tremendous orgasm.

"Faster," the man snapped the whip against herpretty straining ass, drawing laughter from the audience. "Earn your keep, slut."

Lita led them into the glass elevator, where a little Asian woman was tied on her knees, her arms bent tight behind her back, her neck angled back painfully from the knot that was binding her hair to the ropes binding her ankles. Her mouth was held open by a kind of metal ring, attached to leather straps that ran round her head. There was rope all up and down her torso, coils of it wrapped tightly round her small breasts, distorting them into swollen red apples. She was alert, her soft brown eyes regarding the men as they entered the small enclosure.

Trevor pointed out the sign, on the wall behind her. "Oral Relief," it said simply, as if she were some mere convenience, like a towel rack or a shoeshine stand.

"There's nothing going on here the girls themselvesdon't want," Lorenzo said, answering the questions in their eyes. "Beg for, actually."

"That girl on that bike thing didn't look too happy," observed Trevor.

"That's training," shrugged the pimp, checking the shine on one of his garish gold rings. "You have to get at a female's true submissive nature. You have to take away her choices, punish her, conquer her, till

she knows, absolutely without a doubt that you're the master and she's the slave."

"Slavery's illegal," Blake pointed out, as the doors slipped quietly open.

"Tell that to your dick," Lorenzo quipped, urging Lita forward with a smack to her gorgeous, totally fuckable ass.

Lita led them to a reserved table on one of the third floor balconies. It was right up front and they could see everything very clearly now. The brunette with the dildo was below them on the platform, thrashing and rolling on the corrugated steel platform, making herself come over and over. Blake was afraid she might fall, but then he noticed the silver cable attached to her leather collar. She might go over the edge, but she wouldn't hit the bottom.

From this view he could follow the corn wrestling more closely, as well. There were four girls now, two black and two white. They were tearing and biting at each other. One ebony beauty had a white girl's tit between her tightly clamped teeth. The athletic blonde was trying to break free, digging her hand into her opponent's crotch. The second white girl was trying to upend the black girl by tackling her at the waist. She was up to her waist in the thick yellow soup, the second black girl on her back, trying to tear out her long, disgustingly coated auburn hair. Three men were lined up at the rail, making a sport of shooting their streams onto the comely wrestlers.

"You said they play to win," Blake asked, curious. "What's the prize?"

"A lot of cash," Trevor quipped. "It's gotta be."

Lorenzo shook his head, signaling for a server. "These girls aren't allowed money. They compete for more humble things—things appropriate to women of their station. Lita, here," he snapped his fingers. "It's been 'way too long since I've had my hands on those tits of yours."

Blake watched as the girl knelt beside him, arching her back to offer up her perfect, pear-shaped tits. "Such as?"

"Oh, it varies," he massaged a moan from the submissive female, manipulating her nipples to hard nubs. "Small treats—a cookie or an apple, an extra hour out of their cage. Sometimes, if it's a really hot match, they'll even cut up a little steak or veal in their food bowls."

"Bowls?!" Trevor's eyes were bugging—the pressure behind them looking about as intense as what Blake was feeling on his cock.

Lorenzo took the table knife from his setting. "They're slaves; what else would you expect?" he scorned, employing the cold hard metal to tease Lita to distraction.

"May I serve you, Masters?" chimed the tall and lovely waitress, her straight, glossy hair set just so over her shoulders, her ripe, perfect body clad in silk bra and panties, black with garters and high heels.

Blake looked her up and down. She had the figure of a swimsuit model and a thick accent. Where the hell did they get these girls, anyway?

Lorenzo glanced up, briefly interrupting his sweet torture of the slave Lita, who had bent herself back, head to the floor, allowing the man to flick her clit with the flat of the merciless blade. "You're new," he observed. "How long have you been here, honey?"

“Three days, Master,” she bowed. “From Slovakia.”

Lita was whimpering. “I beg to come, Master. Please may your slave come?”

Lorenzo ignored her. “Slovakia, huh? How you liking it so far?”

“Very much. I am going to be a movie star,” her eyes lit up. “Master.”

It’s clear the woman had no clue, thought Blake. From the looks of this place the only movies she’d be in would be triple X.

“Sure you are,” Lorenzo abandoned the begging slave. “Either of you boys got a pen on you? Good,” he nodded as Trevor handed him one. “Come here,” he snapped his fingers at the black-haired knockout.

He made Lita get up now, unsatisfied, so the new girl could take her place. Instead of making her kneel, though, he had her bend over and touch her toes.

“M-master,” the broken, tearful Lita called piteously.

“That will be all, Lita. You’re dismissed.”

“Y-yes, Master.”

Blake watched her walk away, aroused, defeated and thoroughly conquered... just like Lorenzo had said a woman should be. Licking his lips, Blake imagined what the girl’s silky hole would feel like to his agonized and needful cock right about now.

“I don’t trust her to remember,” Lorenzo explained, having pulled down the Slovakian girl’s panties so he could write on her pure white ass. “I want a rum and cola. How about you boys?”

The girl squealed as Lorenzo made the first incision, pressing the point down hard to transfer the ink. “Damn cheap pen!”

“Vodka and tonic. Just a splash,” Blake managed, parroting his father’s standard drink.

“A lot of letters in that,” chuckled Lorenzo, making her squirm. “What about you, Trev?”

“Sex,” he grinned, looking like he was getting in the spirit. “Sex on the Beach.”

Lorenzo had taken up most of both cheeks by the time he’d added his own drink and thrown in a couple of appetizers. For good measure he wrote across her toned, flat belly, “Order behind,” with an arrow pointing across her hip

“Behind,” he chuckled, sending the girl off with a ritual swat. “Get it?”

The girl stumbled forward, the panties still gathered at her thighs.

Blake’s attention was momentarily diverted by the wrestling. One of the corn and piss covered blondes was squealing her head off as the two black women held her fast between them, putting her head

directly under the flow of a particularly large arc of urine. He looked for the second white girl to rescue her, but she was face up, floating unconscious in the sickening fluid.

“Ooh, that’s a tough break,” Lorenzo whistled. “The goldilocks twins look like they’re going down for the count already. Maki doesn’t like it when the matches go that short. It may be a night out for those two.”

“A night out?” Trevor inquired, clearly hanging on the man’s every word.

“If Maki isn’t pleased with one of his girls, he puts her out the back door; as is. She has to fend for herself till he decides to let her back in.”

Blake tried to picture the pretty young white girls, naked, their bodies filthy and disgusting, smelling like piss, forced to defend themselves in this burnt out neighborhood.

“A lot of times they get picked up by some neighborhood pimp,” Lorenzo explained, “or maybe a crack dealer looking to have a little entertainment in one of his houses. Twenty-four hours a day, tied down to a stinking mattress, your holes stuffed non-stop: that’s what that gig will get you. If the girl is smart, though, she’ll find a good hiding place. Like the dumpster. That also takes care of her nutrition problems, too.”

Blake’s head was swimming. Could a woman really be desperate enough to do that? To crawl naked, or near naked into a stinking garbage receptacle, sleeping there, eating thrown out slop, hoping the garbage truck didn’t come before her cruel owners decide to let her back in to her life of misery and abuse.

It made him sick and yet it excited him, too, to think that a woman could be degraded that much, that a man or men could have total and absolute power over her, forcing her to do anything, to say anything, no limits whatsoever. What if he took Mandy’s clothes away and humbled her? What if she had to spend a night outside and got hungry and desperate enough to beg or even to rummage through garbage for edible scraps? And what if when he finally rescued her, she knew forever more she would have to please and obey him totally and without question or he might do it to her again?

“I have to go to the bathroom.” He rose hastily, excusing himself, the semen in his cock on the verge of surging free.

“Don’t be long,” Lorenzo counseled. “The feature acts are due up next.”

Blake grit his teeth. If this were all preliminary, what would the main show be like? “I won’t,” he forced a smile. “Don’t worry.”

The diner was off the interstate, part of a large, sprawling complex of gas stations, hourly motels, showers and souvenir stands. It was a twenty-four-hour-a-day place, fluorescent lighted, peopled by an endless stream of tired truckers and overwrought tourists. It was hardly Tom Rains’ first choice of a place to have an intimate conversation, but Pamela was insistent

"I don't want to be alone," she explained, justifying her sudden reversal on wanting to go to a quiet place.

He felt that he was a cad, treating her to such paltry fare, especially in light of what he'd done to her—disgracing and practically raping her—but she seemed ecstatic over her chicken fried steak and iced tea. He let her eat in peace, watching her devour the meal like she hadn't seen food in a week. For his part, he picked at the open-faced roast beef sandwich on sponge bread wishing it were something, anything else.

Mostly he wanted to be holding Pamela in his arms, comforting her, making it all better. But she was so edgy tonight, and he could hardly get near her. That was his fault, too. It was a miracle she'd even agreed to meet him. Truthfully, if she wished to, she could pursue the matter legally, hitting him with a harassment charge.

"Pamela," he finally broke the silence. "We have to put our relationship back on the right footing—and by relationship, I mean our professional association."

Pamela looked up, swallowing a mouthful. Tom tried to maintain eye contact. Her obvious lack of a bra was driving him crazy.

"Tom," she drew a deep breath, tenting her nipples. "You were right about me all along."

"Oh?" He wanted to tear her shirt off her body, he wanted to put her over his knee, he wanted to love her and punish her and...

"I'm not what I seem, Tom. I'm not Pamela Haley. I'm Pamela Haley Renfrew."

It took a moment for the name to register. "*The* Pamela Renfrew?"

"The one and only," she nodded soberly. "America's darling, missing heiress. The story of the year seven years ago."

He paused to let it all sink in. "So you weren't..."

"Murdered? No," she smiled grimly. "Obviously not. Though I was abducted, and that's where the complicated part comes in. I was sold as a sex slave, Tom. For two years I was a piece of property, used and abused for the pleasure of whatever men my master chose to give me to."

Tom felt the blood drain from his face. This pretty, sexy woman across from him, so together and poised, so elegant and refined had been made into a...a...the word wouldn't even form in his mind. "My god," he whispered fiercely, taking her hand. "You poor thing. It must have been horrible."

Pamela snatched it back. "It doesn't work like that, Tom." Her head was down, glaring at her plate. "He did things to me—Lorenzo, my master—he got inside my head, he..."

"He what?" Tom blurted, wanting her to say it, whatever it was so they could deal with it and move on. "Did he brainwash you? Is that it? Because you can get counseling, if you haven't already thought of it."

She laughed, the sound dry and humorless. "You don't get counseling for this sort of thing. Not in the

world we live in. The truth is, he made me enjoy it.” Her blue eyes were back on his, moist and open. “That’s right, Tom, I grew to need it, to love it, even. The worse I was abused, the harder I came.”

The blood pounded in the principal’s head. For some reason he could not get the images out of his head, of sexy, bright eyed Pamela, her younger self, loving abuse, enjoying her service as a sex slave, doing things on command. Fucking and sucking and...and whatever else one did to a slave. Anything and everything. Whips, chains, beatings, deprivation, humiliation, total power over her every movement, her every thought and breath. It was almost more than he could bear, it made him want to get up and run away, or else to reach across and shake her up, to put some sense in her head, her pretty little slave’s head.

“But you got away,” he insisted, breaking the train of his wicked thoughts. “You—you’re different now. Something had to have changed.”

She couldn’t hold up to his penetrating, expectant eyes. He could see that she wanted to please him, more than anything, but she was like a reed, bending in the wind. “I—I—yes...” she shook her head, perplexed. “I mean...”

“No. Not another word,” he put his finger over her lips. “You don’t owe me any explanations. It’s all in the past, that’s all that matters. We move forward now.”

“Yes,” she replied, smiling for him. “We move forward.”

Tom stifled his frown. He wasn’t at all convinced that she was convinced. But what more could she be hiding? Everyone had things in their pasts they regretted, things they had done that if they could do all over, they’d make it go another way, take another road. In his case, he would have hopped a train or flown a plane or dug a tunnel to China to have avoided being at Old Man Watkin’s barn, the night of the 31st of October, 1984—Halloween—at half past eleven as the boys first began to gather around their willing victim.

They were eighteen at the time, seniors in high school. Sex was a dream for most of them, an option available to only the lucky few. Not many kids were sexually active in those days. Danielle Moore was one of them. She had a reputation for playing with the boys, anytime, anywhere. Her father was a drunkard on disability. Her body was petite and curvy, and she had outstanding breasts and pretty brown eyes. Tom’s buddies Hank and Will were the ones who went to get her, offering her a night of fun in the abandoned barn; a chance to blow her previous stunts out of the water, setting a personal record for number of fucks in one night.

There were about a dozen guys when the pickup pulled up with the girl inside. Danielle had on jeans and a t-shirt, covered by a denim jacket. “Let’s get it on,” she challenged, taking one look at the horny, drooling young men.

They took her inside where she disrobed. Hank and Will told her to do it good and slow and it seemed to excite her when they started barking orders, telling her how to pose herself.

Her eyes were smoldering by the time she was down to her bra and panties. It was cold in the barn and her skin was covered in goose pimples. “You got a blanket or something to do this on?” she asked.

“No, bitch,” Hank told her, something shifting in his voice. “We don’t.”

“We’re gonna do you on the ground,” rasped Will, picking up on the power exchange. “On the hay. Is

that a problem?"

"No," Danielle licked her lips, soft and sexy. "It's not."

"Let's tie her," one of the boys whispered somewhere in the back.

Danielle looked like she was going to swoon. Tom felt sorry for her, because she seemed so alone and so cold, but he couldn't deny his throbbing cock. He wanted to take her—moreover he wanted to see how far they could push her first.

"Give me the bra, slut," Hank held out his hand.

Danielle reached behind her back, unsnapping the cotton bra and bearing her proud but vulnerable young breasts. Just eighteen years old, but already held and squeezed by so many.

Hank stayed where he was, making her come forward. She did so meekly, her bare feet swishing over the hay. Hank snatched the white garment from her hand.

"Turn around," he said gruffly. "Hands behind your back."

The girl gave a little shudder as he cinched her wrists tight, imprisoning her with her own undergarment. How small she seemed now, how pale.

"Take a good look," Hank spun her back around to face the barn full of boys. They'd all opened their flies, Tom included and started stroking their thick, pulsing cocks. "You're gonna satisfy each one of those dicks—over and over and over. Shit, I can come four times a night just by myself. How about the rest of you?"

Numbers were shouted out, some real, some fanciful, each representing a small fraction of the number of times Danielle would actually offer up her body before the night was over.

"Who's first?" Will wanted to know.

"Let the slut choose!" someone suggested.

"Good idea." Hank shoved Danielle to her knees. "Crawl to the dick you want in you first."

"How can she choose without a taste test?"

There was laughter now, followed by a chant, "Taste test! Taste test!"

"Go on," Hank shoved her forward onto her face. "Lick them all, then choose."

Danielle had to struggle back to her knees. There were pieces of hay stuck to her chest and in her hair and she was flushed with excitement. The nipples were engorged, and for the first time in his young life, Tommy Rains was looking at a female in deep sexual arousal. Taking his place in the line, ramrod straight, a pornographic review of soldiers facing the excited girl, he waited for his caress.

Danielle took her time, reverencing each spear of flesh. She was licking like she knew what she was doing, which re-enforced in everyone's mind what a slut she was. Each young man groaned for her and none of them wanted to let her go. But Hank was insistent that she keep moving. The testosterone was

pumping so thick by the time she got to the end, Tom was half afraid they would rush on her and tear her to pieces.

“You,” said the bound girl, looking at Tom. “I want you first.”

There were howls round the moonlit, wood slatted barn as Tom was given manly slaps and good-natured pokes and jibes in the ribs. Hank, who was more than a little jealous, pushed Danielle down to the ground with his boot, pressing her back down hard into the hay. “Go kiss his feet then, you little whore!”

A couple of the boys balked at the rough treatment, but Hank told them to shut up, that the bitch was his to do with what he wanted.

Tiny, lithe Danielle was forced to wriggle, propelling herself as best she could with her feet and shoulder along the barn floor. Tom’s mouth was dry. He was glued to the spot. He shook his head, knowing it was wrong but at the same time he was mesmerized by the sight of the bound helpless girl, so sexy and desirable, forced to abase herself like this in front of all these males, like an animal...like a slave.

He couldn’t feel the little lapping tongue through the top of his dusty shoe, but he could see her down there. His cock hurt so bad he wanted to explode.

“Suck him off now, Danielle. Swallow his cum.”

Danielle got back up on her knees, her body slick with sweat, her skin covered in hay and dust as she sought to obey Hank’s orders.

“Take it deep, cunt,” Hank coached, his hands working at his belt to remove it from the loops.

It seemed strange to Tom that the girl should be subjugating herself to him while obeying Hank. It was like being in a dream. A kind of fog was hanging over the place as he steadied himself on her frail shoulders. Danielle was sucking him in earnest, her red lipped mouth like a vacuum hose as she sought to bring him to fulfillment. She had a long night ahead...a dozen or more dicks, times two, maybethree and she didn’t need to waste time.

Tom clenched his teeth, shuddering. He’d never been in a girl’s mouth, much less filled it with hisjism and he was scared to death. Naked, tied Danielle wasn’t going anywhere, and when the time came she deep throated him, pulling him to the hilt.

He cried out to the rafters, his voice stirring a family of bats in the upper loft of the long neglected structure.

“Drink it, bitch, every drop,” Hank said cruelly, rubbing in the fact that Danielle had lost her say in the matter, her freedom for the night.

Giving her no time to rest, he grabbed her by the back of her hair. “Pick another one, slut. Pick another dick.”

The boys were circling round her. Tom staggered back, sick to his stomach. He vomited outside, under the cold, silent stars. Inside he could hear the chanting, “Go, go,go.” Daring to look in through the open doorway a few minutes later he saw Danielle was on her back now, Billy Turner on top of her,

pummeling away with his cock. Her legs were wide apart on either side of him, and her hands were still bound behind her back. Billy was grunting, practically frothing at the mouth as he readied himself to shoot off. A line of saliva ran from the corner of his mouth down to her defenseless tits.

“Oh, yeah,” he growled, his hands squeezing her breasts, his ass shaking in the air. “That’s it, whore. Take it, you little cunt.”

Danielle took the load in silence. Nor did she react a moment later when Hank short-circuited her right to choose, calling for Ralph Embery to take Billy’s place of domination over her body.

Two more followed with Danielle totally passive and then Hank intervened, sounding pissed. “She ain’t reacting enough. “I’d say this meat needs tenderizing.”

There was a hook from the ceiling, a left over from the barn’s beef cattle days. Jury-rigging some ropes, they tied her arms over her head, stringing her up on tiptoes. Hank had been dying to use his belt and now he had his chance. Danielle moved beautifully under the leather, like she was born to kiss it with her soft skin. Hank strapped her thoroughly, front and rear, inducing closed eyed gyrations and piteous, aroused moans that made Tom hard all over again.

He was ashamed of himself; he knew he should be trying to intervene, or else go for the sheriff, but there was just something so right, so perfect about seeing her like this. He knew he could never have sex with her or touch her after this, but he couldn’t walk away, either. He told himself he was there to protect her, to make sure they didn’t go too far. But how much was too far—for him or her? Letting her take a thorough belt beating that left her skin red and welted? Seeing her put on all fours in the dust so two of them at a time could fuck her from front and back? Watching her service penis after penis, taking wad after wad into her stomach and cunt and even her tight little asshole? Or what about seeing them circle up round her when they were all finally done two hours later so they could drain their excess fluid, bathing her prone, near lifeless body in hot, steamy urine?

“Now you know,” said Hank to her as the boys pulled their clothes back together. “What we do with little sluts who like fucking too much.”

“You still here?” Will laughed, passing Tom at the doorway. “Good, you can drive her home.”

Which is exactly what Tom did, helping the exhausted, sexually sated girl to her feet and back out to the well where she could clean up. The water was like ice and she whimpered as he sponged her down. She looked so good to him, like a wet little rag doll standing there on the grass under the stars, he just had to have her. Danielle put up no resistance as he lowered her freshly scrubbed body for one final fuck. He emptied himself satisfyingly, delivering a most copious load of semen. She wasn’t screaming and writhing anymore the way she had when they’d used her fresh from her whipping, wet and eager, but he felt a closeness, a bond he couldn’t put into words.

They didn’t exchange a word the whole way back over the dirt road to the rusty, beat up trailer she lived in with her father and two younger brothers. It was well after four in the morning by this point and he could hear the father screaming the minute she opened the creaking screen door. A single cry from the girl told him the man was hitting her. He got a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach, knowing her and the others were responsible for whatever trouble she was getting into. For a split second he thought of trying to help, but instead he just drove off into the frosty night and never spoke to her again.

The next day she came in with a black eye from her old man and told everyone she’d fallen down some stairs. Two days later, the trailer was gone; the father had moved away, taking the daughter in tow.

It had taken Tom the better part of two years to shake the gnawing guilt and even then he was reluctant as hell to ever go near a woman again. Other than a few blind dates and well-meaning mismatches, which never seemed to lead to anything, he'd led the life of a monk.

And now here he was, a mature man, sitting across from a girl who'd been through hell, a girl not so very different from Danielle, in temper and experience, not to mention the intelligent determination behind her every female eyes.

"Tom," Pamela exclaimed, looking genuinely puzzled. "Why are you crying?"

"I don't know. Maybe I saw a ghost."

"If I'm making you unhappy..." She looked ready to bolt.

"No." His hand over hers stilled her instantly. He'd come down hard on her, almost a slap. She was straight backed now, alert.

"I don't want you to go," he said fiercely.

"You can't want me to stay, either," she sniffled. "You don't know what I'm like." The tear thing seemed to be catching. "I haven't scratched the surface of how bad I am, how treacherous. I should tell you more...until you hate me. Or maybe you can just drop me somewhere."

"I won't hear of it." Tom was on his feet, grabbing the bill. "I know all I need to know. And if I want to take you somewhere right now and neck like a teenager. That's my prerogative."

The surprise and joy on her face seemed genuine enough. Tom had little trouble leading the woman out to the parking lot and to his car. It had rained while they were inside and as his feet sprang through the shallow puddles, he felt ten years younger.

"Things are going to change," he promised, clenching her little hand tightly in his. "I can feel it."

Chapter Five

Blake groaned heavily, shifting like a beached whale in his thickly cushioned seat. The pony-tailed slave at his feet was busily suctioning herself, trying to bring his flagging erection back to life. He and Trevor and Lorenzo were at a table in a private room, having just enjoyed the underground club's version of a lap dance. It had started out conventionally enough, except that when he'd been fully aroused by the big-titted blonde, she was obliged to take out his dick and sit on it. He'd ridden her for a solid five minutes, thanking his lucky stars he hadn't jerked off in the bathroom the way he had wanted to. As it turned out there were girls in there, too, toilet slaves who were responsible for his every need. He'd run back to the table, just in time to be led back here, to the VIP room.

"Some fucking place, huh?" groaned a very satisfied Trevor beside him, his own dick in the mouth of a chocolate-skinned woman with tiny, high-tipped breasts and a totally spankable ass.

Blake put up his hand for a high five. Sated by sex and the liquor, his movements were in slow

motion. Trev met his palm, nearly missing the skin to skin.

"I think I'm gonna live here," Trev decided. A few minutes ago, he'd been shooting himself inside the ass of a little Indian girl whose only clothing had consisted of a locked steel collar and pair of nipple clamps.

"So..." gloated Lorenzo, sitting across from them, nude from the waist down, enjoying the sensation of twin tongues on his cock and balls from a pair of very alabaster-skinned, nearly white-haired blondes with a series of nasty stripes and bruises across their sexy little buttocks. "You gentlemen still think I'm full of shit?"

"What is this you say?" exclaimed Maki, the owner, a short, squat, bald-headed Buddha of a guy, whose nickname was a shortened version of Makahiro. "Have these young puppies have beendoubting you—the one and only Lorenzo the Magnificent?"

Maki wore a bright blue silk shirt, high collared and a pair of purple pantaloons. He'd abstained from any of the sex but had spent his time watching the girls' every move. The way they feared him was obvious; Blake had no doubt that behind his easily induced, uproarious laughter and great generosity as a host, there lurked a brutal heart, capable of terrorizing any female.

"My reputation," the mild-mannered pimp sighed, "does not precede me, it seems."

"You boys are looking at a legend," Maki pointed at Lorenzo with a sausage-like finger. "He was importing and training slaves when the rest of the world was still marching for women's rights. His stable is the best anywhere, and his club," he stretched his arms. "Humbles mine entirely. All this, is but a shadow of what he has accomplished."

"But what exactly is all this?" Trevor complained suddenly. "I mean what do we really know about how to get girls to do all this? This isn't real. It's probably all drugs or some kind of mind control."

Maki looked at Lorenzo and the pair began to laugh, hard and strong, pounding the table with their hands, the vibration vigorous enough to displace the two blonde cocksuckers working on Lorenzo.

"I told you," Trev leaned over to Blake. "They're all on drugs—heroin probably."

"On the contrary," Maki beamed. "We are high on life. Bring the Russians!" he bellowed, clapping his hands over his head.

A string of five girls was led in by two of the huge, muscle bound bouncers. They were young and pretty, wearing simple printdresses, heels and inexpensive jewelry. They wore blindfolds and their wrists were handcuffed, one to the other. The guards escorted them to the middle of the tiny stage in the center of the rounded, windowless room. There were carpets on the floors walls and ceilings, all of which was bright red. According to Lorenzo it was sound proofed to absorb screams.

In this place, unlike on the main floor, there were no limits to what could be done to the girls, which was another reason they tried so hard in here.

"Yuri," said Maki to one of the guards, a crew-cut blonde with a perfectly straight jaw-line. "Translate for me."

"Da," the man acknowledged.

“Ladies,” Maki said as he templed his fingers on his generous belly, composing his thoughts. “Let me begin by welcoming you to America.”

The Russian rattled off the words in the expressive, guttural tongue of his mother country.

“Can you tell me what you were led to expect here?” Maki asked now.

The girls reply meekly, indicating everything from acting to modeling to marrying a genuine American millionaire.

“Impressive,” said Maki, pausing a moment for effect. “And I suppose I could help you with that, in exchange, perhaps for some small services?”

The girls nodded vigorously as soon as the translation came through. They may have been naïve on the other side of the world, but they were seeing the score now. Without some kind of patron, they could wind up in serious trouble or dead.

A few moments of pleasantries passed, and then Maki settled down to business. “Very well. Here is what I expect. All of you, each of five, will take off your clothes and kneel, with your heads to the floor. After that, you will be raped and then we will talk about your new lives in America.”

There was a time delay as Yuri conveyed the meaning.

The five girls gasped in horror and began to beg in Russian.

“Please, no hurt,” one of them cried in English. “No us hurt.”

“Off with the blindfolds!”

What the girls saw when the blinders were removed were the kneeling slaves, serving at the table, and the pair of girls in the back, hanging spread eagle on X crosses, the whips to beat them clenched conveniently between their teeth.

Two of the Russian girls tried to run, quite irrationally, since the room was escape-proof, while the remaining three fell to their knees in supplication. At a nod from Maki one of the guards restored order with a few judicious slashes of a riding crop through their clothes. Quite quickly, he had them on their knees and quiet.

“This is your life now,” Maki began his lecture, laying out the stark reality of their new slavery. “You have no rights, no passports, no valuables, and in a moment, no clothes. You are strangers in a strange land and you will henceforth be valued for only one thing—your ability to please men with your bodies. You will learn to fuck and suck and crawl on command, you will call every free man master and at the merest snap of his fingers, you will lay for him, offering yourself totally. You will be subject to beatings if you do not obey and even if you do, just because it may please a man to see you writhe and cry under the whip like the helpless little animals that you are. I say animals and I mean that, my soon-to-be-slaves, for as of this moment, you are no longer considered people. If and when you eat it will be from a master’s hand or from a dish or simply from the floor. You will learn to appreciate small kindnesses, begging for scraps, whimpering in pleasure at the prospect of a mattress to sleep on instead of a cage. I will see to your training personally. You will be taught to respond on command, to react with split-second precision. It is called conditioning and it is exactly what is used to train animals.”

The girls grew ashen as the words took form in their language. They were breathing harder, too.

“Pain and pleasure,” Maki persisted, enjoying their distress, “bestowed by the hands of your masters. They say that the female grows to enjoy it, that she craves it in her heart; perhaps she is designed that way, and that is why she is smaller and more sensuous, emotionally needy, made to be penetrated and taken; such a temptation to the male, wouldn’t you say? Do you ever fantasize of such things? In the towns and cities you come from? I’ll wager you have and that at some level you knew it would come to this, the moment you agreed to put your lives in the hands of strange men, to be shipped halfway round the world on the flimsiest of promises.”

Several shook their heads no as these last words filtered through. Tears streamed down their faces. Blake felt so sorry for them, but he was also itching to see them nude, and maybe to try them out. He had to push the thought back, though; to have sex with girls like these under these conditions would be rape, just as Maki had said.

Or would it?

“That one,” Maki pointed to the curvy little brunette on the end, barely five foot high in stocking feet. “Bring her to me.”

The pleading girl was detached from her chain sisters and dragged by the wrist to Maki.

“Have pity, sir,” the girl pleaded through the translator.

At a signal from Maki the woman was slapped hard across the face.

“You do not speak unless spoken to. That is rule number one. Do you understand?”

“Da,” she said softly a moment later.

“Rule number two is obedience. You do what you are told by the men who own you. Do you understand?”

“Da,” she nodded, her eyes wide and wary.

“Good. You will now remove your clothes, crawl to me and kiss the head of my prick.” Maki’s hand massaged the swell beneath his silk pantaloons in anticipation.

Horror flooded her eyes as Yuri gave her the command in Russian. Gone was her easy acquiescence. She was trying to appeal directly to Yuri now, trying in vain to sway the man.

Three times in rapid succession, Yuri struck her across the face. His hand was primed for another blow when she relented. Blake had to push off the girl sucking him or he’d have wasted it, so hot was the sight of the Russian girl, under obvious duress, surrendering her pathetic garments, item by item. She was shy and tearful but there was an excitement in her, too, perhaps for being made to do something so demeaning and outrageous.

“Leave the shoes,” Maki commanded once she’d unhooked the bra and slid down her pink panties. “Now turn for me, slowly. Hands over your head. I will enjoy owning you,” he said simply as she revealed her small, lean body, her tits surprisingly large and bulging, the ass cheeks undulating just slightly,

the neatly trimmed pussy just showing itself between her creamy thighs.

“Enough, little one. Crawl to me now.”

The Russian looked down at the floor. It was obvious she was not used to such treatment. Even more obvious was the fact that she would obey so as not to be hurt again, but also because she was curious. Was it a turn on, Blake wondered, to be naked in a roomful of the opposite sex, knowing you are being evaluated for one thing only?

Yuri barked something in Russian and slapped her ass, encouraging her not to dawdle. The pretty young woman blushed at the remark and promptly began to lower herself. It was sexier with the shoes on, watching her hunker down in anticipation of the humiliation to come. Blake’s heart pounded with each little movement as the wide-eyed, amazed little Russian crawled to the feet of her new master.

At first she could not look up at his prick, could not even raise her head. Maki and Yuri let her linger like this for a few moments, her head down, his crotch so very close, her hair hanging forward in defeat. Blake sensed instinctively what they were doing. They wanted her to submit on her own, to subjugate herself before having to be disciplined again. The tension in her body was obvious. Blake was even willing to bet she was wet.

The next part was like sweet slow motion. The dark head of hair coming up, the eyes closed, the millimeters of distance closed as the old girl dies and a new one is born. Her sister slaves gasped in shock as she completed the act, kissing the silken crotch of the man who just moments ago had blithely announced that he was going to chain and beat and prostitute them, treating them like filthy animals for the rest of their lives.

The Russian was breathing heavily. The kiss was expanding and now it was clear the girl wanted sexual attention. Longingly she looked into his eyes conveying that she was his for the taking.

Maki was unimpressed. “This one is too frigid. Chain her in the basement till she’s ready to be raped.” he snapped his fingers. “And bring me the next.”

“Please,” she exclaimed. “Rape me now! Please, now!”

After the brunette was dragged away to her fate crying and wailing, Yuri presented Maki with a willowy blonde, her long curly yellow hair hanging down to the middle of her back. This one had the advantage of seeing what had happened to the other one; without a word being said, she reached for the hem of her short low cut dress. Her eyes were wild, conveying a steamy mix of fear, lust and weak-kneed desire as she pulled it over her head.

“These could be your girlfriends doing this,” Lorenzo reminded the boys now, encouraging them to survey the panorama of captive beauty around them.

Blake was at the brink, watching the blonde strip to bra and panties. He couldn’t wait on a piece of Russian pussy any longer. But where would he put his penis to ejaculate?

“Stop.” Maki raised his hand, just as the girl was unfastening her bra strap. “Rule number three. Don’t think for yourself. Did I tell you to undress—did I tell you anything at all?”

The girl’s mouth gaped. She knew she’d been tricked. “Forgive me,” she begged too late.

“Rule number four,” he held out his palm to receive the whip. “Expect punishment.”

“Across the master’s lap,” Yuri told her, pinioning back her arm to thrust her forward. “Now.”

The Russian girl blubbered as she assumed the position. At first she squirmed, but as soon as Maki pulled down her panties bearing her snow-white globes she became suddenly still.

“For a first offense,” he tapped her with the riding crop. “Five blows.”

Blake jolted at the sound of the whistling followed by the smooth crack of leather on flesh.

“It’s as much psychological as physical,” remarked Lorenzo for the young men’s benefits. “At this point they are just wrapping their little minds around the idea that someone would dare beat them like a horse or a dog. Once it sinks in, they’ll fight a bit and then surrender for real. Trustme, a freshly whipped girl is very, very hot to trot. It’s like nature’s aphrodisiac.”

The Russian was sobbing, trying unsuccessfully to protect herself with her hands. For her trouble, she earned two more penalty blows. Seeing the sexy stripes, bright and red on her ass was more than he could handle.

Noting his dilemma, Maki ordered a nearby slave to crouch in front of him. Happily, he spilled himself on her tits and face and neck.

“You sold us,” Trevor conceded officially. “Just tell us what to do and we’ll do it.”

“Show up here tomorrow night, boys. And have your girls with you. It’s that simple.”

Blake stared at his spunk all over the face of the crouching girl. She’d sit there forever if she were told to do so. He could feel the renewed surging in his loins yet again. The power. The total pleasure of ownership. And why shouldn’t he want that? Why shouldn’t he want the sexy Mandy like this? Naked and available to himself or whoever he might give her to? Sure, he was dominant over her now to a certain extent, but she was still uncomfortably free. Free to date other guys, to have sex with them, even to refuse him, perish the thought. Yea, he needed to do this, just as much as Trevor did with Erica.

“We’ll be here,” Blake spoke for the two of them. “Count on it.”

Pamela’s heart was pounding as they turned onto her street. It was already quarter after ten, which meant she was fifteen minutes late for her trick, her first trick back on the job with Lorenzo. The one he’d said she better not screw up. Tom had been good about cutting short their time, accepting her excuse of a headache and agreeing to take her home relatively early. The truth was she’d had a marvelous time. After their candid talk in the diner, he’d taken her to a nearby park to finish their discussion.

However, not a lot of talking had taken place. Instead, they’d necked like teenagers. Pamela had been randy and ready, more than willing to give herself once more to the sexy principal. But, Tom had been a gentleman, and had insisted on nothing more than passionate kissing. If he’d noticed her lack of

underwear, he hadn't said so. Her lips still burned from his kisses. She could almost feel in her chest where her heart had touched his; and his hands on her back, so gentle, not demanding, not lusty, but almost reverent.

"You're so beautiful," he'd looked into her misty blue eyes. He'd said it like as if it wasn't only her external beauty he was referring to, but what was underneath as well. All that emotion frightened her a little bit. The sex would have made it easier—if he had given some ultimatum, told her what to do or how to please him.

And yet he seemed happy just to be with her.

"It's all right," he'd taken her hand when she'd blubbered her apology about needing to go home. "I'm not going anywhere. We have time."

Time. The one thing she needed more than anything. A time machine, maybe, to roll back the clock. Teeth on edge, she braced herself as the driveway came into view.

Empty.

Thank God. The man was a no-show. It would have been a disaster otherwise—trying to explain a strange car to the ever-valiant Tom, who would no doubt want to go in and beat up the intruder. Not to mention what she'd face from Lorenzo if this VIP John had gone complaining to him about a no-show whore.

"I had a wonderful time," she beamed. "Thank you, Tom. Thank you for everything."

Tom accepted the kiss on his cheek with amusement. "Hey," he laughed, "when I said we'd take our time, I didn't mean quite that slow."

He gave her a soul kiss now, molding her lips and heartbeat to his. The depth of his passion caught her by surprise. It was unlike anything she'd ever felt before in her life. Not just physical desire, but something else, too. A yearning, a need that she didn't even have words for much less a physical act to correspond.

"I—I need to go." Pamela was practically panting, trying desperately to pull herself back out of those deep brown eyes of his.

The slanted smile on his face indicated that he was at least partially aware of his effect on her. "You look like the proverbial deer," he smoothed her cheek with his finger, "caught in the headlights."

Pamela laughed in spite of herself. "It's cause you're my boss, and I don't want to be insubordinate" she teased, amazed at how comfortable she was beginning to feel with this man.

"Indeed," he arched an eyebrow. "That's an advantage I may press one of these days."

"You mean again," she added, her lips trembling slightly at the reference to their prior intimacy, short but spectacular. For a moment the possibility hung in the air of a second go round, but something seemed to be holding him back—and maybe her, too.

"Better get to bed," he shooed. "School comes early and I hear the principal at your school is a bear about punctuality."

“A wolf,” she corrected slyly.

“Good night,” he kissed her hand. “Fair princess.”

“Good night,” she bowed. “My prince.”

Pamela floated to the front door. She was hearing violins in her head, seeing fireworks—all those girlish things she thought she’d left so long ago, back on the other side of that one cruel night with Hal that had changed her life forever, making her into a different kind of creature. The sort of woman whom a man did not court or show kindness.

“Well, well,” called a male voice through the crack in the door, the sound of it dark and distinguished as well as eerily calm and collected. “The Prodigal Daughter returns...at long last.”

Pamela froze, her hand on the knob.

“Don’t just stand there, girl. You’ve kept me waiting long enough as it is.”

Dazed, she closed the door, her knees ready to buckle, a thousand questions in her mind, and only one possible answer. Lorenzo’s VIP John, the man to whom she owed her total obedience and submission for the night, had somehow snuck into her house.

“Have fun did we?” the man on her sofa wanted to know. “Out on a date were we?”

His silver hair was cut short, styled in a way that indicated great wealth. The suit, a tailored Italian pinstripe, would go for at least two thousand. For some reason she cringed looking at the shoes. Pure leather. Italian. One loafer over the other, his legs crossed, arrogantly, powerfully. The gold watch on his wrist alone would match her annual salary. He wasn’t half bad looking, trim and in good shape for a man of fifty or so, except that she knew what he was underneath and what he was here for.

“How...how did you get in my house?”

He tugged idly at the French cuffs, clearly enjoying her terror and confusion. “I was given the key. I took the liberty of parking in the garage. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Just tell me what you want from me,” she said mechanically. “So we can get it over with.”

The intruder cocked his head, curious. “Bold, aren’t we...for a slave. Lorenzo wasn’t trying to deceive me, then. You really have lost your conditioning. Yes,” he studied her. “It’s true. From the looks of you, you’re nearly virginal again.”

Pamela straightened herself, mustering her pride. She was on the verge of tears but refused to let it show. “I’m my own person now, if that’s what you mean.”

“Do you know how much I paid for the privilege of hurting you tonight, Miss Pamela Haley...or should I say, Miss Renfrew?”

“No,” she replied curtly, her eyes focusing past him onto the Van Gogh print on the far wall. “I couldn’t begin to imagine.”

“You will look at me when I’m addressing you, girl.”

Pamela trembled. The suddenshifts in his tone, from polite to bordering on menacing, was unnerving her worse than would have a beating. There was something about being called a girl in such a condescending, overpowering manner that had always made her feel weak and worthless, like something under a man’s shoe.

“Since you won’t guess, I shall have to tell you. Your pretty little ass was worth a million dollars to me, Pamela. Can you believe that? Call me a sentimentalist,” he sighed.

Pamela stiffened. Had this man had her before? There was no telling, in the dark, so many cocks, so many hands, fucking and using and taking her for hours at a time, positioning and moving and penetrating her, like a doll, a pleasure toy without feelings, without limits. And her, adding her own scent and liquid to the others, coming for them as they came for her.

“Show it to me,” he said abruptly, making her jolt. “Show me the flesh I’ve purchased at such dear cost.”

Pamela pulled the tank top over her head. The cool air hit her naked breasts, tantalizing her already erect nipples. It was the worst kind of signal to send this man, making it look as if she were wanting the very abuse he planned to heap on her.

“So you’re a teacher now,” he continued conversationally, as though she weren’t in the process of revealing bare panty-less crotch.

“Yes.”

“English literature, no?”

She nodded.

“The shoes as well, if you please.”

Pamela kicked off the flats and stood for him, nude in her own living room.

“I could have had you in my dungeon,” he explained. “But I prefer to do it here, in your own environs. There will be an after effect, of course. It won’t be possible to look at your house, your rooms, the floor, the carpet, even the ceiling in quite the same way again—not after what is going to happen here tonight.”

The room was beginning to spin. Pamela longed to lie down, to kneel, to crawl, anything rather than stand here and be subjected to this cruel discourse.

“We’ll begin in the bedroom. I will rape you on your own bed, and once that is out of the way, we’ll get down to business. I noticed the mechanism for your automatic garage door—the metal brackets along the ceiling. We’ll be able to chain you to them quite easily. You even have a sawhorse in there; how thoughtful of you. Can you imagine yourself, Pamela, tied over that rough, splintering wood, your ass and cunt and backside completely exposed to the assortment of instruments I have at my disposal? What will it be, my dear? The rattan cane? A paddle, perhaps? The bullwhip, maybe? Or have you something else in mind? A savaging with the dildo, perchance? A good old-fashioned ass fucking? Which will you beg for? Which will hurt the least, or contrarily, which will you desire most?” He was reaching into his pocket

now, the motion sending waves of panic through her body.

She had to get control of herself. If he were to gain the upper hand at this early juncture, she would never make it through the night.

“Put these on,” he tossed the clamps, gleaming silver and connected by a long chain.

Pamela caught the nipple clamps in midair. They were the screw on kind, with tiny serrated edges that trapped the nipple on either side, squeezing it like a vise. She shuddered at the touch of her own fingers upon the gleaming metal. So many memories...the hours, days of endurance under the pinching, gnawing sexual pain. Expertly she fit them to herself, capturing mercilessly the already engorged nubs. The chain hung down between her breasts, reminding her of other things.

“Tighten them.”

She gave each a twist. Enough to make herself wince.

“Tighter,” he insisted.

Pamela was loath to give herself pain, and yet if she did not, the man would do worse to her, she was sure.

“Enough,” he said at last, having forced two extra turns from her. “Now finger yourself. Mix the pain with desire.”

The blonde teacher was breathing thick and fast. The blood was rushing to her head, the almost forgotten rush of physical agony. Using her nails, she dragged her fingernails down her trembling belly, on their way relentlessly to her already dripping snatch.

“Bring yourself off,” he told her, his own voice darkening a shade.

Her eyelids were heavy. She looked at him, openly panting, legs spread wide, doing his dirty, disgusting bidding. One flick of her clit and she was shivering, ready to pop.

“Come,” he pressed. “Come now.”

“Yes,” she hissed, caught up in his web, his devious design for her undoing. “Master.”

She hadn't expected to use the word, anymore than she'd planned on squirting upon orgasm. The fluid came like a sudden summer shower, spurting across the room, staining the carpet, drenching her legs and toes. It had been so long since she'd climaxed like that. In truth, it had never happened to her in freedom; only in captivity.

Pamela fell to her knees, unable to sustain herself. The waves of orgasm were receding but now she felt the agony in her breasts, twice as strong, twice as hard. She wanted to tear off the clamps, but she knew that would bring a pain all their own. “Please,” she whimpered. “Master.”

The man showed no mercy, no signs of relenting. “Tighten the clamps again, Pamela.”

It was in that moment she knew herself truly to be his slave and him to be her master. What a moment ago was a mere word was now reality. Pamela bit her lip against the pain. What a wimp she was

now, unused to torture. She'd have endured this easily in the old days, even begged for more as a sign of her usefulness as a good cunt and whore.

"You've grown soft, Pamela," he seemed to read her mind. "You need discipline. This teaching business, it's done you a disservice. Tell me," he said, re-crossing his legs, "which are your favorite poets? I'm partial to Lord Byron myself."

"T-Tennyson," she stammered, falling onto all fours.

"Ah, yes," he mused. "'The sailor home from the sea...' True words of nobility. But those are male sentiments, Pamela, male aspirations. You are a female, are you not?"

Pamela's wet yellow hair hung to the floor. "Y-yes, Master."

"Females are designed to comfort the male. They are ornaments, objects of pleasure. Baubles for the returning warrior. Are they not, Pamela?"

"Y-yes, Master," she replied, in no position to argue.

"Crawl to your bed now, Pamela, and wait for me, on all fours. As you wait, I want you to think about what is going to happen there; I am going to rape you, Pamela, but not before you beg me to."

"Yes," she repeated for the third time. "Master."

It was all she could do to remain on hands and knees as she moved. Her tits swung low, every movement bringing them to swelling, reddening torture. She'd never felt the carpet on her palms and knees, had never known what it was like to be a slave here. Eye level with the electrical outlets, everything out of reach. Refrigerator, the furniture, even the toilet if she did not happen to have permission to void.

Just like with Lorenzo. For months after Nick had affected her escape, she'd been afraid to simply sit on a chair or take a meal for herself, so thorough was her training.

The kindly detective used to joke with her about her calling him at work to ask if she could make coffee or take a cookie from the jar. She'd been like a little child all over again, which is probably why he'd waited so long to make love to her. He was more like a father than anything, strong and stern, a big teddy bear that would never let anything bad come near her again. He'd been a teacher, too, the one and only man in her life to equip her for freedom.

"I'm not going to control your life," he would lecture on his way to work every morning. "Once I'm out that door, you can go where you want. Run off to Spain, join the circus...even go crawling back to Lorenzo, if that's what you really want. It's up to you. In here you're safe, but eventually, you'll be ready to leave the nest."

For days at a time she would sit in the middle of the parquet floor in the bedroom, wearing only the pretty white nightgown he'd gotten her, just thinking of all the possibilities while sunlight poured through the window onto her face and bare feet, her legs drawn up as she thought about all the things she might do. Make a sandwich. Watch a television program. See a movie.

It took a while to break all the bad habits. To stop herself scrubbing on hands and knees all day, cooking a seven-course dinner and greeting him naked, on her knees head to the floor at the end of his

shift.

“You’re free,” the burly cop would chide good naturedly, unhitching the shoulder holster of his mammoth sized weapon. “And if you don’t stop pestering me, I’m gonna toss you out on your ass.”

Eventually things sorted themselves out. Pamela stopped jumping at every click of a light switch and fantasizing about Nick tying her, beating her and fucking her every night. She found some books on his shelf. Shakespeare. Plato. And the Romantic poets. Tennyson. Keats. Shelley.

“I want to go to school,” she’d told him one day.

He set it up for her, far away in a place Lorenzo would never find her. Then he got her seed money, helped her pick out an apartment.

“I guess this is goodbye,” he said as he was about to drop her off.

“I guess so,” she’d whispered, across the passenger seat of his unmarked cruiser, the sadness almost too great to bear.

“Good luck, kid,” he’d crooned.

That’s when she’d kissed him. Thrown herself at him really. There was so much built up heat between them they almost didn’t make it up the stairs. He took her on the floor, in the middle of the pile of donated clothes and household goods. His hands intertwined with hers, his strong muscular body enveloping her, she’d shown her thankfulness, giving him the full pleasures of her whore’s body. For that night, though he never made a single request of her, she was his slave, his own property, a little slut for him to do with as he wished. For her own part, she’d never known such orgasms—the bliss of freedom mixed with that familiar old feeling of captivity, of obligation to this man who had saved her life.

“Marry me,” he’d said the next morning, over juice and coffee at a diner across the street.

His request left her at a loss for words, so totally wanting to say yes, feeling like she should, and yet in the back of her mind, despite the puppy dog face in front of her, there were all those speeches of his, ringing loud and clear.

Be free. Choose your own destiny.

“Oh, Nick,” she’d breathed, the tears welling up. “I—I’m sorry, but...”

He didn’t wait for her to finish. Brushing off the finger she’d put to his cheek, he grabbed the check. “That’s all right,” he stood gruffly, his every emotion once more hid behind his tough cop exterior. “It’s better this way.”

That was the last she ever saw of him. Except for the checks he sent in the mail. Five hundred dollars a month, all the way through school. She’d written him a couple of times, most recently when she’d gotten the prestigious job at Ivy Dell, but he hadn’t ever responded. She’d never had the guts to call him. Maybe one day—even soon—she would.

But what would she say? Would she beg for his help? Ask him to take her back? Or would she tell him how wrong he was, that she wasn’t meant for freedom, but for captivity, at the hands of a relentless, even sadistic master.

“Have you been thinking?” the silver haired man broke the silence, his silky, raspy voice, his foreboding presence at the doorway.

Pamela clenched at the spread with her small fingers, balling them. She was facing away from him, utterly unprotected, totally submissive and waiting for him to fuck her, hurt her, play with her, whatever he wanted to do. Rape her was what he’d said...but not till she asked.

For the moment he seemed to be enjoying playing with her mind.

“How many times have you made love in this bed, Pamela?”

“Never,” she whispered, exhaling the lonely secret.

The crop bit viciously into her ass, as horrible as it was unexpected.

“Never, Master,” she corrected herself quickly.

He rewarded her with a caress down the length of her slit. “Good girl. And have you ever masturbated in this bed?”

Dozens of times...hundreds.

“I’m waiting for an answer,” he struck her again.

“I-I...yes, I’ve masturbated,” she replied frantically.

“And what do you fantasize about?” He ran his hand over the welts, long and throbbing. “While your fingers are stuffed in your nasty little hole?”

The rubbing was worse than the whip itself. Pamela feared she might pass out. “Please,” she moaned. “No more...I’ll tell you...I think about men, strong men, men who can—who can...”

Pamela screamed as he whipped the under soles of her feet and the crack of her pussy in rapid succession. “Out with it you recalcitrant bitch!”

“Men who can take me,” she cried. “Who are strong enough to use me for their pleasure.”

“You’re a natural slave,” he softened his tone. “Tell me more and we’ll see if we can make some of those dreams come true.”

She shook her head, determined to fight this invasion—a raping more deep than anything he could do to her body. But when he stuck a pair of fingers up inside her, working her to a needful froth, she found herself unable to resist answering. In a low moan, like she was all alone or writing in her diary, she began her confession.

“I wish for a pirate or a dark prince,” she sighed, the pain in her still clamped nipple and freshly whipped ass receding before the needs of her cunt, “who will sweep me off my feet and take me to an island. I would be reluctant at first, but he would lay down the law. He’d make a switch, from a tree branch, and he’d use it to correct and tame me. I’d have to take my clothes off and serve him naked. Cooking his meals, washing his feet, warming his bed. If I disobeyed or acted like a brat, he would take

me over his knee, or tie me up to a tree. He'd be very firm with me and I would love and fear him, his hands, his cock, his steel gray eyes, his will of iron. He would make his complete creature, and I would kneel at his feet and acknowledge him as my lord and master."

"How touching. Now let's talk about the reality." He was over her now, having swiftly penetrated with his cock. "You've already been a slave and you know what it's like. No fantasy islands, no handsome rogues."

"No," she agreed, groaning as he filled her, once and for all stamping his mark and ending the mind games. "It's...not like...a fantasy."

He pulled back on her hair, bringing fresh tears to her eyes. "Most men have no interest in a woman's pleasure. Did you know that? Did you figure that out in your time with Lorenzo? They are not like romance book heroes. They want relief for their cocks and entertainment. And above all, power. The thrill of being able to spill themselves into any cunt they fancy. Isn't that right?"

Pamela cried out for the suddenly withdrawn cock. "I...oh, yes...but please, Master, please fuck me..."

"You see?" He thrust himself once more to the hilt. "I have demonstrated my power. "When you laid eyes on me a short while ago you were filled with loathing and now you are begging to be taken, just as I predicted."

"I...I am a slut, Master, only a slave," Pamela moaned.

"But not always so. Once you were free. A virgin in every sense of the word. Tell me about that. About your first time."

He was stroking her, riding her hard, his hands clamped on her hips. Pamela was yielding beneath him utterly subservient, ready to scream her slavery, to cream it in the wildness of orgasmic bliss. But he was holding her back. Wanting her to talk first.

She tried to put herself there, back long ago, when her slavery was brand new, when she'd arrived the next morning after the auction, having been freshly purchased for Lorenzo's aptly named Dragon's Lair.

"You can't possibly be serious," the downtrodden young woman had stood her ground against the man assigned to attend to her intake. "I will not stay here and you will not make me."

Pamela had been scared and tired and more than a little in shock, having been abducted, stripped, sold likelivestock and then orally sodomized by at least a dozen of the Overseer's minions. A belly full of sperm, nothing more than a blanket to cover herself with, she was still a spitfire, with eighteen years of privilege and spoiling under her belt.

The man, tall and lanky with a hawkish nose, had slapped her across the face hard enough to draw blood at the corner of her mouth. As she was trying to recover herself he grabbed the blanket she'd been able to keep for the van ride over. "It'll be a cold day in July till you get any covering again, bitch," he snarled.

A minute later she was on her knees, sucking him off by way of apology for her impudent behavior. Cowed for the moment, she was led to her room where she was prepared for her first encounter. A pair

of slaves helped her wash and perfume herself. The perfume and rouge were cheap and gaudy, something the debutante would never have stooped to using. She balked at having her pussy perfumed, but they held her down and did it anyway. The girls were naked like her, with leather collars and straps round their wrists and ankles. As they explained it, clothes were not for the slave's convenience, but the pleasure of the masters. Thus any garments they did receive would be provocative and skimpy rather than practical.

"You will be expected to perform," the one girl explained as they put her in bed.

At first, she didn't understand.

"Your cunt," the other one laid hands on her. "It's been sold for the night. You are going to lose your virginity."

She'd looked at them in horror. "But I'm not in love," she'd protested foolishly.

The girls laughed gently, doing their best to soothe her. Pamela didn't want their lips on her breasts, their hands at the portal to her womanhood, but she couldn't resist it either.

"Now you're ready," whispered the one girl, her long black hair fanned out across Pamela's tits as she bent to feed the girl her own come from off her fingertips.

The other, a shorthaired blonde, very thin but pretty, put the blindfold on her. "You won't be able to see him," she explained. "Only feel him."

Feel him... the very words cut through her like a knife. For agonizing minutes, or maybe hours, she laid there, awaiting the man who would take away her girlhood and make her a woman... a slave.

"I never saw him," Pamela whispered now to the man who had paid a million dollars to abuse her in her own home, her own bed. "There was a mask over my eyes the whole time."

"And his voice?"

"He never spoke either."

"What was he like... as a lover. "

The term struck Pamela as highly ironic under the circumstances. "He made me wait... it was excruciating. For the longest time he was just standing there breathing. I called out to him, telling him I knew someone was there and would he please announce his presence? He never did. I started crying. Finally, he took my wrists and chained them to the sides of the bed. It was a relief to be constrained, to be getting on with the thing. Harshly, very harshly, then, he pulled my legs apart. After shackling my ankles he grabbed my sex, making me scream. I guess he wanted me to know it was his. Then he backed off and started teasing me, licking and caressing my nipples and kissing me. I was gushing by now, though I didn't want to be. He could smell me, I was sure of it and it was almost as if I were asking for it.

"Next he began to use his toys and props, driving me half mad, running ice cubes along my thighs, passing feathers ever so lightly over my nipples and my mound. I started bucking my hips, trying to lift myself."

"You were desperate," said the man, nibbling now at her ear, pouring the words directly into her

brain. "You wanted nothing in the world but to be fucked. To be blown apart, never to even touch the earth in one piece again..."

"...to die, even. What did I have to lose? Eighteen, a life of hellish slavery ahead of me, blindfolded and raped..."

"But not yet. He hasn't entered you."

"No, he hasn't. But he wants to."

"How do you know that?"

"I feel his erection, along my thigh. And his leg, completely hairless. He's naked from the waist down, but I feel the fabric of his shirt. And the buttons. It's a tuxedo shirt."

"He's mounting you."

"Yes...I'm screaming for him to hurry up, and he slaps me."

"You're not allowed to speak."

"No...I'm a slave, I have to obey. I'm...an object, only."

"A hole."

"To be filled..."

"The size of his cock, and so on. What was it like?" he urged her on.

Pamela shifted under her load, the press of his body, his clamps, and his words. "I'd never felt one before...it seemed to me like a spear, it hurt at first, like nothing I'd ever imagined..."

"You cried out."

"For my mother, yes." Pamela felt the hair on the back of her neck raise. He'd seemed so familiar with the story, so easily able to interface with her in its telling.

"For Carol," he whispered, his voice suddenly changing in pitch. "Help me, Mommy. Mommy where are you? Wake up ...are you drunk again?"

Pamela's body froze in sudden recognition. He was mimicking her, using her exact words. And the scent—that over-clean soapy smell, mixed with some sort of spiced aftershave. "You!" she cried. "It was you!"

How could she have forgotten? Had she been raped that many times, had she sunk so far as to forget such a thing?

"You're not going anywhere, my sweet." His hands had reached round to seize her nipples. Her world was ripped apart with the pain. "I paid a pretty penny for this little reunion and I intend to enjoy it. Beg for it, Pamela. Beg me to fill your hole with my hot come. Beg for me to torture and fuck you all night long."

Pamela was slipping from reality, drifting into that place slaves and submissives sometimes go. It was a place she'd known well, a landscape she'd traversed and marked and ultimately conquered. It was to this same place, ironically, she went to find her strength and wit for poetry.

"Do it," she hissed, sounding more master than slave. "Fuck and beat me, make me come, come in my hole, whip me in my garage, make me crawl in my house, humiliate me, make me your slave, leave me licking your shoes in the morning, like a puppy, a whipped cur, leave me begging for more, my hot slit dripping, my ass teasing for another beating... *just one more, master, please just one more.*"

"You've changed," he slammed himself hard. "You're not my little Pamela any longer."

"I am..." she protested. "I am..."

"Pamela," he exploded. "And not Pamela."

She took his ejaculation, falling face first onto the comforter afterwards. "Permission," she groaned, though it was already too late, "to come, Master."

Chapter Six

"What the fuck are you looking at?" demanded the lithe and slinky wet Erica Green as she emerged from the pool in her black bikini.

Trevor, who'd been watching her swim laps for an hour, cleared his throat. For some reason, this had all seemed easier in his head. "There's something I wanted to talk to you about, Erica."

The girl's tits jiggled provocatively under the scant covering as she grabbed the towel off the metal rail. "If it's about Pammy, I don't feel like playing with her today. Frankly, it's getting to be a bore; we've already screwed her, what's the point anymore?"

"It's not about that," he stuffed his hands self-consciously in the pockets of his khakis. "It's something... personal."

She eyed his crotch. "Yeah, I'll bet it is."

Damn, but this little bitch drove him crazy. He wanted her so bad it hurt and she seemed to want him, too, if what Mandy and some of the others had leaked to him was true, so why was she always either ignoring him or treating him like shit?

"I want to talk to you, Erica, now."

She thrust out a hip. With her glistening hair and skin, the tight black Lycra clinging to her racy, well-kept curves, she was far and away the hottest thing Trevor had laid eyes on. Hotter even than the girls in his magazines, hotter even than the twenty two year old bimbo his divorced father was dating.

"Yeah? You plan on making me?"

Here it is, Trevor thought. The moment of truth .

“Yes,” he puffed out his chest. “I do.”

She gave him a funny look, as if trying to figure if he was for real or not. Deciding he wasn't, she said, “In your dreams, Canoe Boy, now why don't you go and beat off in the boy's locker room and tell yourself how tough and macho you are. Maybe someday, you'll actually believe it. Now if you'll excuse me...”

He didn't.

She squealed for him to let go of her arm, but he held her fast. “I don't like it when you call me Canoe Boy. It's a rowing team, and we've been sectional champs two years running.”

“Big whoop!” she squirmed. “Now let go of me, or I'll...”

Trevor stopped her lips with his own . Erica's eyes went wide, but she didn't resist. Not that he would have let her. The kiss was long overdue, and there was nothing going to stop it now. At first she was stiff in his arms, but as he found his way into her mouth with his tongue she began to soften up. Putting back her head, she slid closed her eyes, allowing his hands free roam over her perfect body. Trevor took his time, enjoying the fulfillment of many a late night fantasy. She felt good, her smooth back, the curve of her hip, the firm ass cheeks.

She gave a little start as he clenched them, squeezing possessively. He thought she might fight that, but she only ended up kissing him all the more passionately, thrusting herself against him, offering her hard pelvis, her high peaked breasts, the nipples hardened to tiny bullets.

“Are you on the pill?” he wanted to know as soon as he released her.

She looked at him with awe. “Y-yes.”

“Good.” He took her hand, clamping it hard. “You're coming with me, then.”

His first having of her was fast and brutal, an explosive, animalistic coupling over a picnic bench in the park. Erica, still in her bikini, her hair a tangled mess was bent over the weather beaten wood, her breasts squashed cruelly, her legs jammed apart. He hadn't even let her get her shoes, which meant her bare feet were planted firmly in the dirt. She was moaning, coming over and over as Trevor rammed himself home. He kept her down the whole time, to their mutual delight, his hand on her back, just below the strap of the bikini top.

The fact that they'd played hooky from school and that they were out here in the open with the potential for being caught only made it more exciting. It was like fuel to the fire of their mutual lust, their mutual discovery of a common sexual heat and need: Trevor's to dominate, and the proud, troublesome Erica's to submit.

“You were wonderful,” she murmured as he withdrew, having expended himself fully and satisfyingly. “The best lover I've ever had.”

The notion of comparisons troubled him. From here on in, he would be the only standard she'd have, and as for pleasure, she'd be too busy giving it to hand out grades either to himself or any of the

boys he chose to share her body with.

“On your knees,” he smacked her ass as soon as he withdrew. “Clean me off.”

Erica obeyed, humbling herself in the dirt, the tiny bikini bottom still hanging from one ankle. “This is only the beginning,” he stroked her damp rat’s nest of a hairdo possessively. “I intend to make this relationship...special.”

“I hope so,” she cooed, plaintively licking the cum, hers and his from his flaccid penis.

The touch of her lips, so obedient and respectful began to stir him all over again. Sensing the coming hard on, he took her head and pushed it over his cock, wanting the feel of it swelling in her gently sucking mouth.

Erica was as eager as she was compliant. Looking down on her, already half his slave, he was overcome with the desire to seize and punish her. She gave a little moan into his crotch as he grabbed her tits, kneading the flesh through the sexy little top. She arched her back, giving him better access even as she sucked him deeper, more greedily.

“No,” he told her when she tried to bring him off. “Not like that.”

He made her take down her top and hold up her tits so he could come on them. There was plenty of spunk to go around and he made sure not to spare her hair or face either. She was nibbling at her lower lip looking at him with such desire as he soiled her that he thought he would come double just from the sight of her. God, what had taken him this long to claim the girl? She’d obviously been begging for this all along.

“May I go to the girls’ room and clean up?” she asked humbly as they walked back to his Jeep, the bikini back on, but doing little to conceal the story of what had just been done to her ripe young body.

“No,” he told her, making her ride like that, her chest and face covered in his slick white gel, her feet and knees black with dirt. He could see her bosom rising and falling. She kept looking down at herself, at the marks, the deep red impressions from the slats of the picnic table where she’d laid across with her bare belly. It was like a brand now, along with the red marks on her knees.

Cars were slowing down next to them and it was clear Erica was making quite an impression. Twice he caught her trying to fold her arms over her chest or otherwise cover herself. Finally, as punishment, he took them out on the interstate where he made her grab the back of the seat rest with her hands and spread her legs wide. This drew ravenous stares and even a few horn blasts from passing truckers who had a bird’s eye view. To keep her on edge, Trevor would lean over periodically and play with her defenseless body. Erica would thrash her head and moan but she brooked no interference as he wriggled his finger under the waistband of the little bottom over and over.

Each time she would have to lick the finger clean, often under the sight of passing motorists. At one point he told her to play with herself. When she balked, he reached over and pinched her nipple hard, the way he’d seen it done at the club.

“Are you ready to cooperate?” he asked, refusing to let go till she relented.

“Yes, yes,” she cried. “I will, I promise.”

“Rule number two,” he quoted Maki. “You do what you’re told by the man who owns you...or else you’ll be punished. That’s rule number three...or maybe it’s four.”

“What’s rule number one?”

He reached into her swimsuit and grabbed her by her pussy hairs. “Rule number one is you don’t speak unless spoken to. Understood?”

“Y-yes,” she gasped, the raw pain written all over her face.

Trevor released her, wiping his hand on her thigh. “Good. Now take off your top.”

Erica looked at him miserably, her mouth open, half twisted into an objection. He gave her a few moments to struggle internally then turned to her decisively. “You were given an order...girl.”

She lowered her head in defeat. He watched out of the corner of his eye as the tiny trembling hands reached behind the beautifully arched back, releasing the catch. Shaking out her hair, she tugged it loose, slowly, reluctantly, but in the end, with total obedience.

“Throw it out,” he told her as she offered him the top. “You won’t need it where we’re going.”

Erica’s mouth hung open. Evidently he’d come up against a new level of resistance in the girl. Impatient, he snatched it from her and tossed it out the open side of the Jeep. “That will cost you the bottoms, too.”

“Trevor, no!”

He slowed the vehicle to a stop on the shoulder. “Get out.”

“What?!”

“Out!” he commanded, pointing. “If you’re not ready to go to the next step, I don’t want you in my vehicle.”

“Okay!” she squealed as he started shoving, “I’ll do it.”

“You have five seconds.”

She wriggled out from the Lycra frantically, exposing her sopping wet bush. Without being told, she threw the bikini bottoms out onto the asphalt.

He enjoyed the sight of her now, bare-assed on the seat, totally miserable and obviously aroused. “You’re dripping on the seat,” he pointed out. “When we get where we’re going, you’ll be licking it all off.”

The look was priceless, as was the joy of sharing the rest of the drive with his naked new girlfriend, horny and exposed and totally dependant on him from this point forth for everything.

“We have an appointment tonight. But I want to drive for a while first. Why don’t you put back the seat and get some sleep,” he teased.

She pouted for several miles, then, in a distinctly meek voice told him she was hungry.

Trevor motioned to his resurrected hard on. "You want food, you have to earn it."

Erica gave an indignant but non-verbal protest. Closing her eyes, she indicated she was not yet that hungry. Some time later, however, after dark, he felt her nose nudging at his lap. He moved his arm, allowing her to earn the food she so desperately wanted.

"How about a burger?" he offered after she'd pleased him vigorously and with a vengeance, ultimately swallowing him down like mother's milk.

"Yes. Thank you," she whispered, answering the question he'd asked and nothing more.

"I think you should call me sir," he decided as she cleaned him with her tongue and put him back reverently into his pants.

Her voice was uneven, but she never wavered. "Yes...sir."

Trevor leaned back and smiled, feeling like the king of the world. "What do you say, babe? Drive thru or eat in?"

The nude girl trembled visibly, the prospects of either event clearly terrifying her in her present state. "I-I don't know, sir."

He laughed, mussing her hair. "Don't worry. I'll make it painless for you...relatively."

"Thank you, sir."

Yes, Trevor thought, speed-dialing Blake on the cell. It was good to be the sir. Very good, indeed.

"Hey, amigo," he rasped, deciding to crow a bit. "Guess who I'm riding with right now...hot, naked, and filled with two of my best loads already? Oh, yea," he looked over at the red faced girl. "It's her all right, and she's every bit the hot piece of ass we imagined. You'll have to try her out later. Sucks like a champ, too. How's everything on your end? What?! Wow. Guess I beat you to the punch, for once! Sure, see you, tonight. Excellent. Later, bro."

Trevor patted her thigh, enjoying the fact he could that or anything else he wanted to Erica from now on without permission. "That was Blake, Sweetheart. He and Mandy are going to be joining us tonight...as soon as he gets a couple of things ironed out."

Erica looked at him, concern for her friend written all over her face.

"That's right, baby," he treated himself to a propriety caress of her left breast. "Mandy the Golden Girl is about to get a dose of the same medicine I just gave you. Now why don't you just lean back in that seat and give me something good to listen to?"

"Yes," she reclined the seat, digging her fingers hungrily into her pussy. "Sir."

If Mandy hadn't seen it with her own eyes she wouldn't have believed it. There, right in her own dorm room, was her boyfriend getting a blowjob from another girl. And not just any girl, but Brianna Baxley, the obnoxious brunette cheerleading captain, as well as her chief rival on campus.

"B-Blake..." She could hardly spit out his name, she was so totally blown away. It can't be real, it can't be happening, she thought. Not to her, not to the only daughter of Wade and Allison Crispin of the Newford, Rhode Island Crispins. "Wha—what's—what's...?"

"Hi, Mandy. We've been expecting you."

Her mouth was still hanging open. A minute ago everything had been cool, she'd been coming back from math class thinking how hot she was going to look going out tonight in her calfskin boots, suede skirt and off the shoulder midriff blouse, and now here she was seeing the end of the world: Brianna, in her cheerleading clothes, that slutty ponytailed head bobbing on her boyfriend's knob, happy as can be.

"Brianna, you total bitch! Get up!"

Blake held her head in place. "Not till she's done, Mandy. By the way, you're going to be skipping cheerleading practice today. We have somewhere to go tonight."

"I hate you, Blake! I fucking hate you!"

Blake was smirking, looking like the cat that ate the canary. "Okay, Bree, that's enough."

The brunette detached herself under duress. "Blake, what's wrong baby? You said it was cool with Mandy. You said you guys were through."

"He said what?!"

"Cool it, Mandy," Blake warned. "And you—get out, now."

"What's the matter, Bree?" Mandy hissed at her crestfallen rival. "Cock got your tongue?"

"Y-you said you and me were gonna go steady now," said Bree. "You said we were here to humiliate Mandy."

"And that's exactly what I've done, Brianna," Blake folded his arms, his wet, saliva covered cock still hanging out of the fly of his jeans fully erect. "To both of you."

Brianna broke into tears, running from the room. Mandy slammed the door in her face, shouting, "Good riddance, bitch!"

Now to deal with Blake.

Flipping back her yellow curls, she tried to make the best of things. "Blake, I know you're a guy and guys have needs, but..."

"You have five seconds to get over here and take Brianna's place," he interrupted, "or I'm going to take you over my knee."

Mandy laughed in disbelief. "I did not just hear that."

It was one thing to play sex games late at night, but this was daylight, and if there was anybody who needed to be sucking up it was the cocky quarterback, not her.

"I'm eighteen, Blake Trombley," she put her hands on her hips. "Not even my Daddy can spank me anymore."

"I can and I will. And that's only the beginning. I went somewhere last night, Mandy, and I saw some things, about how it ought to be between us. Me as a male, you as a female. It's the next logical step, after Pamela and all."

The blonde stared blankly. "Next step?"

"Sexual slavery," he spelt it out in black and white. "You, the female, are the property of me, the male."

Mandy's heart was thumping like a rabbit's. She'd read some stories like that and fantasized, and yes, it did turn her on when Blake got all crude and macho with her, but this—this was something else. "Is this a joke, Blake?"

"No, Mandy, it's not a joke." He was being patient with her, but also a little bit smug. Maybe a lot smug. "It's very, very real. You'll see for yourself soon enough. Trev and I already have. We've seen girls who do what they're told, who live to please men, whose total lives are under control. What they eat, what they wear—shit, whether they get to wear clothes at all—all of it decided by their masters."

Amanda Crispin took a step back, defensively hugging herself as she thought of her new outfit she wanted to wear tonight. "That's not funny, Blake, not about the clothes."

"Don't worry, babe. As long as you look hot, I'll be happy. We'll go through your out of school wardrobe; it'll be okay. I haven't decided if you'll be wearing underwear or not. We'll see how it goes. It'll be more convenient without, especially when you start turning tricks."

Mandy collapsed against her dorm room door. This was like a nightmare—one of those dreams inside a dream where you keep thinking you've woken up but you haven't. "You're scaring me, Blake. Please stop."

Her weakness only seemed to egg him on. "That's right, Mandy, we're gonna play a new game, you me, Trev and Erica. We're gonna sell your bodies and you're gonna put out, for whoever we say." His eyes began to glaze over. He was stroking his cock, getting off on his threats and her increasingly frightened reaction. "Don't try to run," he shook his head, looking like he was in a trance. "I can see you're thinking about it. But that's not gonna happen and we both know it. This is what you want, too, Mandy. I can see it in you. I can tell when I get rough with you—it makes you twice as wet. Twice as hot. We're alike, you and me. We need this shit. Don't make it harder on yourself. If you walk out now, I'll only track you down. Or maybe I won't. Maybe I'll take on Brianna. She'd make me a good little lap dog, don't you think? Then I can just tell everyone how frigid you are, and what a lousy lay. And meanwhile, it'll be Brianna I'm having—Brianna moaning under my hand, my whip. Brianna, begging me to tie her and chain her, and train her. That's right, Sweetheart, that's what I'm going to do. Train a

female to be my little collared bitch, my pretty poodle—fucking and prancing on command. Go on, Mandy, run. Kiss your reputation goodbye, kiss me goodbye. Kiss your one chance to see the dark side goodbye. Out, Mandy now!”

Mandy’s head whirled with confusion. She didn’t want this, it made her scared inside, but she didn’t want to lose Blake. She wanted to please him, and if that meant being his good little pet...well, maybe that was okay. And she was wet now and hot, too, just like he’d said. And if she left, she’d be all alone, no one would like her, not if the quarterback dumped her and if that happened, then she might as well go back home to some sucky public school.

“Wait, Blake, I don’t want to go!”

“I don’t have time. I’m going to come now, on my own. You and me are through.”

She looked in horror as he took one of her Special Kitty pillows to shoot into. “Don’t do that, Blake. Use me—come inside me. Please? I still want to be your girl.”

“I don’t want you, Mandy, you’re too much work. You’re not any use to me.”

“I—I am useful. Please, there must be some way...”

“Prove it to me then, Amanda. Take my load on your body.”

She swallowed hard. The door was holding her up.

“On your tits, Mandy, and your face, all over. Take my jism on your nude body as a sign of good faith and I’ll let you still be my girl.”

Having a boy come on her was gross; something whores did. But she loved Blake and she wanted to make him happy. If this was how he wanted her...

“I’ll give you to the count of ten. Otherwise, I’ll jerk it off in your pillow and walk out that door, forever.”

Amanda yanked off her school jacket and tore at the buttons to her blouse. He was up to three already. There wasn’t time to remove the skirt; she’d have to pray it didn’t get ruined. “Wait, I need more time,” she grappled with her lace bra.

“You have to crawl,” he said, reaching six.

She fell to hands and knees, topless. Scooting as fast as she could, she took up her place between his legs.

“Ten,” he announced, tossing the pillow over his shoulder.

Mandy’s mouth watered at the sight of the monster cock she loved so well. It was going to be difficult for her not to suck it or take it inside her.

“Beg for it,” said Trevor, wrapping his fingers round the shaft. “Beg to be my cum slut. Beg for me to fuck your tits and come all over you.”

“I—I beg you, Blake...”

“Hold your tits together,” he interrupted. “Show me how I can fuck them and then tell me.”

Mandy obliged, proffering herself. “I beg to be your cum slut,” she whispered, feeling more conviction with every syllable. “Please, Blake, use me, make me your whore... mark me with your hot spunk... on my breasts, my face... shove your dick in my cleavage... do it, please...”

Leaning forward, he inserted the warm, pulsing piece of meat, so harsh and grainy compared to smoothly feminine bosom.

“Oh, yeah,” he growled, already at the point of no return. “That’s it my little bitch. Get ready. I’m going to... spray... all over.”

Blake’s face was red. The veins were sticking out. He looked like a man possessed as he took the thing and let loose. The spray was hot and plentiful. Mandy had no idea there was so much of it in a single orgasm. It was like a sperm bath. Holding her tits up for him, she let him decorate her. He wanted it everywhere, her hair and face, her cheeks, her mouth. There was so much of the stuff; gobs of it lofting in her direction, soiling and staining her.

The whole time he just groaned in happiness, totally oblivious to her pleasure, like he was just using her as a blow up sex doll, a grown up fashion doll.

“My skirt,” she yelped when he’d pulled himself free and she’d come to her senses.

“No,” he grabbed her wrist, still lording over the kneeling come-soaked girl. “Don’t touch it. Any of it. It stays where I put it. Just put your blouse back on—no bra. It’s time for our little social engagement.”

Mandy’s lip trembled. “But... someone might... see me.”

“And if they do,” he yanked back her head to look her more fully in the eye, “then what they’ll see is that you belong to me. That I can do whatever I want to you.”

“N-no,” she wailed, seeing her social status flash before her eyes.

“Touch your cunt,” he demanded, “and tell me I’m wrong.”

Mandy slid her hand down. She had no choice. Under her skirt and beneath her panties, it was wet, wetter than she’d ever been in her life. “Oh, God,” she moaned. “Fuck me, Blake, please.”

He stuffed her mouth over his cock. “Make it hard first. And hurry up. We don’t want to be late... it will only make your punishment worse.”

Mandy shivered in her subjugation. She was terrified, horrified... and profoundly excited.

In her heart she couldn’t wait for tonight, whatever it might hold in store.

It was the end of the school day, and Pamela was beginning to think her life had turned around, returning itself to something normal, spectacular, even, if you counted Tom. For starters, she'd awakened and made it to school without hearing a word from Lorenzo. She was sore and welted and she wasn't going to sit down comfortably anytime soon, but she'd been able to enjoy her breakfast in peace. It surprised her, actually, how strong she felt. Re-encountering the mysterious man who'd taken her virginity, far from shattering her will, had bolstered it. She saw now that she was no longer a naive girl, and he was no more than a man, a mortal with sexual lusts and aberrations, but not a demon or god. In a way, he'd lain to rest an old ghost by putting a human face on an ancient trauma.

Yes, he'd subjected her to his will all over again; giving her pain she'd not soon forget. Even putting on a bra had hurt this morning and when she saw the whip marks in the mirror she had begun to spasm, needing a cock all over again. But he hadn't destroyed her spirit. She'd met him, thrust for thrust, given as good as she got. Not a child whore anymore, a shy eighteen-year-old, but a grown woman.

It had even occurred to Pamela that maybe Lorenzo would relent now, that he even he would see she was no longer the simple, naïve submissive she had been. Her lusts—and she had them aplenty—were more complicated than that now, darker and more intricate. Pamela's Pollyanna notion was only re-enforced by the lack of contact during school. No phone calls all morning, no pages.

She hadn't seen her student tormentors, either. All four had missed their class and not one of them had showed up in her office all day long. It might be that they'd gotten bored or distracted. Maybe that was too optimistic, but even if they did show up, Pamela had another hope now: namely that she could stand up to them, as she had to the silver haired man and as she intended to with Lorenzo.

After all, she was a grown woman. If she were to turn on her sexuality, and not merely lie back passively, she would blow them all out of the water, send them running with their tails between their legs. It made her laugh to think of it as she sat now in her office chair, hiking up the hem of her button down dress, simple and demure, underneath which, she was entirely naked.

Propping her feet up on the edge of the solid oak surface, she dipped her fingers between her thighs, having undone the first few buttons. Sex was something she used to crave, and she was starting to again. Closing her eyes, leaning back deliciously, she began to fantasize, running through her mind all the sexiest things she could think of. First and foremost there was Tom Rains, whose company she was going to be enjoying again tonight. She'd wanted to see him earlier, but they had to be careful at school, keeping up appearances of professionalism. A sly wink and a close brush in the faculty lounge were all she'd gotten from the man since last night but it was more than enough to keep her motor revved all day.

Having his hands on her body was what she craved most right now, and as she touched herself she imagined it was him, enjoying her flesh, taking his fill of her, wanting her naked and hot and wet, underneath him, or on top or any other possible way they could be in sexual contact. His hands would be firm and she would yield to him at once. She would want him, his lips to kiss her and tease her and to give her orders, too. She wanted that most certainly—to be commanded by this good man whom she knew she could trust not only with her body but her heart as well.

The liquid began to flow as she imagined him taking her, putting her to his pleasure. He might well use the whip on her naked ass to bring her in line. He might tell her to crawl, command her into position for penetration and if she squirmed too much, or simply for his own pleasure, he might tie her down, putting her into sexual bondage. He need only give the word, snap his fingers and she would surrender. Gladly would she feel his rope burns, the plunging of his ravenous cock, and even the agonizing sting of

his instruments of discipline.

A little moan echoed as she hooked the heels of her shoes onto the lip of the desk, sliding them wider for easier access. Greedily, she pushed and tugged at her clitoris, not caring that the juices were pouring out, that her door wasn't locked, that anyone might walk in any second.

"Knock, knock," cooed the voice, cruel and taunting.

She froze in mid-stroke. Opening her eyes, she bid them focus on the face she least wanted to see in the world. Clamping her legs together, trapping her own hand, she went on the immediate offensive. "This is private property, Lorenzo. You're trespassing."

"So's that," he inclined his head in the direction of her hastily shielded crotch. "And I'll thank you to take your hand out of my cunt right now."

"I'll call the police," she put her hand on the receiver.

"And tell them what?" he plopped himself comfortably on her sofa. "That you're having a little tiff with your pimp?"

"You're not my pimp. And this isn't a tiff. We're through, Lorenzo. I'm not going to be your little slut anymore. I've grown up; that scared little girl of a woman is gone, forever. I didn't know that yesterday, but I do now. I first saw you and I was overwhelmed, now I'm awake."

"I agree," he shook his head, surprisingly. "The Pamela I knew is gone. And you're correct, we will not be working together any longer."

She cocked her head. "There's a catch. There has to be."

Lorenzo crossed his skinny legs, brushing something off the knee of his shiny gray trousers. With the yellow shirt, purple leather jacket and boots he was an eyesore to say the least. If anyone had seen him come in, she'd be ruined as a teacher. No matter what, she had to get the man out quickly and quietly. Even if it meant promising him something later on or—perish the thought—employing her own body as a persuader.

"Not a catch; just a decision I've come to. To protect my interests, you understand."

"What interests, Lorenzo. Stop beating around the bush."

"Ironical choice of words...bush, wouldn't you say?"

She frowned at his stupid, hollow grin. "I'll pay you money if you want. You can sleep with me, too. But we can't let anyone see you here."

"Don't bother, Honey Snatch," he interrupted her pro forma unbuttoning of the top of her dress. "You're damaged goods. Last night cost me a cool million; that's right, Mr. Big was singularly unimpressed. Said you were mocking him or some such shit. Which means I have one option: Cut my losses."

Pamela felt the panic well in her throat. "What are you talking about?"

He stretched out his arms on the back of the sofa, his rings gleaming in the light. "I'm going to sell you," he smiled, prepared to savor her reaction. "To the highest bidder."

She was on her feet. "No. That's not happening to me. Not again."

"It is, Pamela. And I'm going to enjoy every minute of it. The whole nine yards. The nudity, the sweat, the burning lights, the auctioneer calling out your personal details, your every blemish..."

She braced herself, palms on the edge of the desk. It was so vivid, so real. The perspiration pouring off her skin, the Overseer violating her, poking and prodding every orifice to the laughter of the men, their faces hidden in the dark. The calling of the bids as she was assayed, moved every which way, put into every pose that could possibly suggest sex.

"A virgin," he'd proclaimed, "no experience, but look at this ass. See how it takes a whipping? And who wouldn't want in either of these two holes...or better yet both at once?"

More laughter as he double penetrates her, making her rise on tiptoes, spinning her to face them so they can see how she responds, how she obviously loves it and was born for it.

"Five hundred!" a man calls. Then six and seven and eight and nine...

"I'll fight you, Lorenzo," Pamela promised, forcing back the memory. "You won't take me down easily."

"I guess I could threaten you," he shrugged indifferently. "But I'll wager that wouldn't make any difference. There is one thing, though, that I bet would change your mind."

Pamela felt a flood of dread.

"That's right," he read her mind, just like he'd always been able to do in the old days. "I know all about your little lover boy, Principal Tom. Did you think you'd get away with that? I've been watching you like a hawk, you stupid cunt. We have pictures and everything. We can ruin you both, and while I'm sure you'd let your own career go, I don't think you want to drag him down. And that's only the beginning. We'll see to it he ends up in jail, too. Planted drugs, whatever it takes. And in case you think I don't have the balls to pull it off—and it's true, I don't—I've enlisted a little help this time from my old friend Makahiro. Remember him, Honey Snatch?"

Pamela felt an icy grip at the back of her neck. Remember him? He'd been single handedly the most frightening man she'd ever had the misfortune of slaving for. He'd never pushed her past her own breaking point, but she'd never doubted that he could. Maki was hardcore, a real life gangster who happened to like the flesh trade on the side. Lorenzo, by contrast was just a two-bit flesh peddler, a step ahead of the grave.

"I—I don't want Tom hurt," she confirmed.

"Then you need to cooperate, don't you...slave?"

"Yes," Pamela hung her head. "Master."

"Cheer up," Lorenzo pulled out a cigar in strict violation of Ivy Dell's no smoking policy. "You know you love this shit...there's no way a girl like you will ever be happy free. You're a natural slut, born to kiss and lick her chains...and any cock that's put in front of her."

“I’ll need some time to put my affairs in order.”

“Sorry, babe. I put you on the list for tonight at Maki’s place. I’m not taking any chances on you running out on me again. And just so this Tom Rains asshole doesn’t turn out to be another Nick Malloy, you and me are gonna pay a little visit to your principal’s office. By the time you’re done in there, he won’t want to touch you with a ten foot pole.”

Lorenzo made her walk with him side by side down the hallway. She had to put her arm around him and every time they passed one of the other teachers who happened to be staying after school, he would clamp his hand firmly on her ass. Pamela turned beat red as she drew stares and even a few incensed gasps. This treatment was bad enough, but she was thankful at least that it wasn’t happening during school hours.

“Don’t bother knocking,” Lorenzo reached round her for the knob. “You know he’s in there.”

“Pamela.” Tom was on his feet. His look of distinct pleasure turned quickly to confusion and then distress as he saw her longhaired, brightly arrayed companion. “I don’t believe I’ve had the pleasure,” he said cautiously. “Mister...”

“It’s true,” Lorenzo nodded. “You haven’t had the pleasure.”

“This is...Larry,” Pamela supplied quickly. “We’re old...” She fished for the right words.

“We’re gonna get married,” Lorenzo trumpeted, his arm still tightly cinched around her waist. “I’ve known little Pammy here since she was eighteen.”

“Pamela, is that true?”

He leaned into her, conveying the not so subtle threat. “Tell him...darling.”

“Yes,” she forced a cheerful countenance. “We do go back that far, and yes...we are getting married.”

The pain was evident on the handsome face. “I see. Well, in that case...” he ran his hand through his hair, glaring down at the papers on his desk. “I suppose things are changed...I do wish you’d told me, Pamela.”

“She’s kind of shy, Tom. Say, you got a light on you? My cigar’s burned out.”

“Pamela,” Tom appealed. “Surely this is some kind of joke?”

“No, Tom,” she steeled herself. “I’m going off with Lorenzo...he’s the first man I ever lived with, the one who knows me best. I’ll be quitting, Tom. As of today.”

“Quitting?” Now he looked doubly struck. “But...but you’re the best English teacher we’ve got. We have the highest hopes for you.”

“Pamela has bigger fish to fry,” Lorenzo grabbed her, turning her for a kiss. “She wants to make babies. Don’t you, honey?”

Pamela had no choice but to accept the man's advances, his tongue plowing her mouth, his hands kneading her ass cheeks through the cotton dress like dough. Without any underwear on, she was getting dangerously heated. Any fragment of self-will she had was about to vanish in the haze of her quickly dissolving teaching career.

"In fact, little Pamela will be carrying my baby any day now, won't you, Sugar Plum?"

Lorenzo was behind her, his arms wrapped round her belly. He was forcing Pamela to face Tom, giving her no escape. "Yes," she whispered hotly, repeating the outrageous lie. "I will...I want to."

"And when you stop and think about it, Tom," he ran his hands up her ribcage, cupping her breasts outrageously. "Pam here is too pretty to be a teacher, don't you agree? I mean who could concentrate around this?"

Pamela's head went back on the pimp's shoulder in response to the crude caress. She didn't want to shame herself like this, nor did she want to hurt Tom, but she couldn't help it. Besides, if she tried to fight her desires now, she'd only get Tom in more trouble later on.

"Oh, God," she moaned, leaning into him, needing his hands, his tight, hard body.

"You see, Tom? A woman like this was designed for one purpose and one purpose only: between the sheets. Isn't that right, Pammy?"

She was running her hands up under the hem of her own dress, wanting to bare her crotch, to show Tom how bad she was. "It's true," she breathed. "I'm a slut...I've always been a slut."

"Pamela, for heaven's sake!" The croaking Tom had found his voice, a dozen emotions raging across his face. For a second she thought he might try to grab her, maybe to molest her himself, or else to attack the weak and easily beatable pimp.

"Tell him, Pammy. Tell him what you are, Honey Snatch."

"A...slave slut," she fingered herself. "A horny...fuckable little Honey Snatch slave slut."

"That's quite enough, Pamela," Tom said, brittle as ice. "You need to go."

"No, Tom. She needs to come. Don't you, my little Honey Snatch?"

Her dress was bunched at her waist. She had both hands in deep, the juice running down both thighs. "Yes," she confirmed, her eyes burning on Tom's. "I need it bad. I need Lorenzo's dick deep inside me."

"What else?" Lorenzo began to tear at her buttons, wanting at her tits. "What else do you want?"

Pamela collapsed against him, the orgasm rolling over her. "I want...to be whipped and beaten...I want to be your slave, Lorenzo. Please, Master, keep me," she broke free, the room spinning around her. "I'll be better, I promise...Honey Snatch promises...please don't sell her tonight."

Pamela found herself on her knees in front of Lorenzo, this simple act for Tom's sake having been transformed into a very real plea for her own future. She hadn't intended it to go this way, it was just that when a man's hands were on her, she couldn't help but want to belong to him, to serve him totally. It was

this utter faithlessness, this complete inability to rule her own loins that made her truly a slut...a woman fit only for the lowest form of slavery.

"I am leaving this office," Tom stepped over the backs of her legs. "I will be back in two minutes with the school security officer. If you are still here, I will have the both of you arrested for public indecency."

Pamela started at the sound of the slamming door. It was the first time she'd ever seen Tom Rains angry.

"Don't think I didn't catch your little ploy," growled Lorenzo, pulling her up by her ear. "You better hope he didn't pick up on it, either, or you'll both be very sorry."

The former teacher, Pamela Hayes, transformed once more into the slave Honey Snatch, whimpered under his savage lobe twisting.

"Master, please, I didn't try any ploy, I swear!"

"Liar!" He slapped her coldly. "What else do you call blabbing about your being sold? You think he won't try to find you now?"

"He...he won't," she promised, tears welling up. "Please, just leave him alone. You have me...I'm your little Honey Snatch again. You can use me...I'll be good...I'll make you money...in the House...on the street, even, if that's where you want me...I won't be a problem, I swear...I'll work my ass off for fifty dollar tricks...I'll hustle, I'll be twice the slave for you I ever was...just give the word, I'll crawl after you, Master, out of this building, naked, on all fours, back to the Lair, and I'll never, ever try to get away again...take me now...make me heel you like a little dog...humiliate me in front of everyone."

Lorenzo had his hand outlike he wanted to hit her again. "Aw, fuck it," he muttered. "I don't have time for this shit. In a few hours, you won't be my problem anymore. And you better fetch a decent price tonight, cause the auction's at Maki's place and no matter who buys you, you're spending tonight with him and his boys, got it?"

"Y-yes, Master." Her throat was bone dry. The man was going to turn her over to Maki. In just a few short hours, she would be sold, her body put on the auction block, like a piece of meat, a living, breathing, female piece of meat...and if she didn't clear enough profit, you could bet Makahiro would take the rest out of her hide before the formal transfer of sale tomorrow morning.

Not a pretty picture. The only consolation was the knowledge Tom would be all right. She'd miss him more than anything, but wherever she went, she would never have to worry for him again. Will he worry for me? She wondered. Pushing back the thought, not wanting to blubber in front of Lorenzo, Pamela concentrated on buttoning herself up for the trip to the man's car.

It was going to be a long night, she inhaled deeply, and there was no point in losing her cool...yet.

Chapter Seven

"We go in through the back door," Trevor explained as they pulled around the corner.

"I'm scared," whispered the unclad Erica, getting an eyeful of the burnt out neighborhood and the ominous looking brick warehouse with the neon signs on it.

"It'll be okay," Trevor said, reaching across the seat and taking her hand. "You'll be with me the whole time."

She leaned across to kiss him, her bare punished breasts rubbing against his shirt. In just a few short hours this boy—this man—had made her feel things no one else had ever come close to touching. He had taken something from her, something precious, and in exchange, he was giving her love and mastery, a reason for living.

"Tell me I'm your girl, Trev. Tell me you won't ever leave me."

He wrapped his fingers round her face, circling her throat. "You're mine, Erica. I wouldn't have brought you here if you weren't."

"I—I want to be good," she offered him her moist eyes. "I want to please you."

His hands strayed between her naked thighs. She parted them immediately and widely with a shudder.

"You do, baby, you do," her lover rasped. "And it's going to please me even more to see you in there...to see you trained."

"I—I'll be your slave," she said the words, dark and forbidden.

"I'll be your master." His hand moved along her slit, bringing her instantly to a fresh orgasm. She was too weak afterwards to walk, so he carried her, across the dismal parking lot, past the filthy dumpster to the windowless door. Trev pounded it with his foot. It opened with a creak, revealing a very scary looking bald man with a goatee. His eyes were beady and he had some kind of a big gun.

"Al," Trev palled with him. "How's it hangin'?"

Erica clung to her boyfriend, burying her face against the giant's glare.

"They're waiting for you," the big man said, his voice like a low roar. "In the back room."

"You're gonna see some things, Erica," Trev warned as he carried her proudly through the kitchen, like the prize trophy she was. "Don't be scared, though. Those girls have a lot more experience than you do. And they're there by their choice. You won't have to do that kind of stuff right off."

"That kind of stuff", as Erica got a wide-eyed view of the mammoth, multi-tiered club, proved to be pure S&M kink with a capital "K". Everywhere she turned her eyes, she saw subjugated females. Young, pretty women, just like her. Up on crosses, submitting to whippings, tied down for penetration, performing on stages to small groups of largely indifferent men. It was like a strip club turned nightmare, with the serving girls nude and on their knees and the dancers offering no resistance to whatever fondling the reaching hands wanted to deliver.

There was even a holding tank of some kind, way high up, inside of which two nude girls were going at each other, biting and scratching each other's breasts, hip deep in some kind of gooey mess while above them, on the balcony, men were making a sport of pissing on them.

Something about a third girl, about to be tossed in, kicking and screaming looked familiar.

Erica gasped, trying to see more clearly. "Stop!" she cried to Trevor over the music, trying to halt his relentless progress across the huge club floor. "Up there! Look!"

Trevor followed her eyes to where the thin blonde was struggling, the two men holding her arms just now shoving her over the edge of the platform. She screamed on the way down, landing face first. The other two girls jumped on her at once.

Trevor's face had turned white.

Erica spoke what they were both thinking. "Trev, that was Mandy!"

Amanda Crispin gasped for air. The thick goop was choking her. She had to surface, but there were hands holding her down. One, two, three, she counted and finally they let her up, the other two girls in the slop pit.

"Please, no!" Mandy wailed, her world turned to a disgusting horror. "My hair."

The black girl, her brown skin barely distinguishable under the thin layer of scum, yanked back Mandy's ruined curls. "You're not winning tonight, you little bitch, got it?"

The brunette, who was similarly coated in the scum, delivered a hard slap. "Submit now, cunt, and we won't kill you."

"Hey," called out one of the guards, poking the brunette in the ass with a long stick from above. "Play nice, girls, or you'll all end up in solitary."

"Over here," the black girl pointed to the other, grinning.

They each took an arm, wading Mandy over towards the balcony where a man was unzipping.

"This can't be happening!" cried Mandy, her legs buried up to her pussy in the foul-smelling mixture of what looked like creamed corn, kitchen garbage and urine.

"It is, bitch!" the shorthaired muscular African American growled, "so deal with it."

The man laughed, drunk, as he took aim. He missed at first, but finally he lined up his sights, landing his spray on the blonde's forehead. She clamped her mouth shut and held her breath. Maybe when she opened them, this would all be over. She'd be back with Blake in the car, playing just with him, being his little bitch slut like they had on the ride over.

They shouldn't have come here, Mandy thought. Blake hadn't known what he was doing. He was in over his head from the start. She hadn't meant to get herself in trouble, but why on earth should she be

expected to suck a man's dick she'd only just met? Especially not a fat guy with crossed eyes. Pissing him off had been a mistake, though, and Mandy had been promptly stripped and thrown in the pit for a little "lesson in humility," as the man put it. Well, Mandy was plenty humble already and she didn't need to be urinated on to prove it.

"Come on, bitches!" someone called out from one of the balcony tables. "Mix it up."

"Yeah, this routine is getting old!"

"Make them get each other off!" Someone suggested.

"That's it!"

The guards agreed and the brunette was poked and prodded till she got on her knees, submerging herself to eat out Mandy's pussy. She had to keep resurfacing, but each time, Mandy was closer to orgasm. The black girl was holding Mandy's arms back, as a dozen or more men raced to get in the action, raining down sheets of beer and hard liquor piss on the stationary trio.

Mandy moaned out in surrender, her face and hair and tits covered in the yellow rain. Torrents of it, pouring down her torso. The men were laughing at her, leering; she wasn't a little hottie now, a delicious dick tease, she was an animal, pissed on and forced fucked, stripped of her clothes and thrown into a vat of liquid garbage.

Over and over she came, letting go of waves of pent up wicked, darkly irresistible pleasure. "Blake," she called his name over and over. "Where are you, Blake?"

"Relax, kid," Lorenzo slapped Blake's bouncing knee. "Your little cheerleader friend's gonna be just fine. Here, have a cigar."

Blake wiped the sweat from his upper lip. "Yeah, yeah, I know it's cool... I was just thinking, it's been a while, right? And I wasn't sure exactly where she was going and all."

"Your female showed disrespect," Maki explained, a thin smile on his face. "Surely you do not wish to allow such a thing?"

"No," Blake forced a grin, trying to be one of the guys, "it's just..."

"Take the cigar, kid," Lorenzo urged. "It'll occupy your mouth a lot more effectively."

Blake took the thick cigar with a trembling hand. This Maki guy was giving him the creeps. Sure, it had started out sexy and all, making his girlfriend strip in front of the long robed foreign dude with the big belly, showing off her hot, naked body and how obedient she was to him, but when the guy wanted her to blow him, well that was going a little far. Somehow the whole thing had seemed a lot cooler last night when it was girls he didn't know getting treated like this.

He'd wanted to stop them taking her away, especially when she started screaming, but Lorenzo had urged him not to interfere, for everybody's sakes. And that was making him wonder if this Maki wasn't some kind of gangster, and not just a black market sex peddler. The way his guards kept standing there, hands real close to the bulges in their jackets wasn't making him feel any better, either.

"Candy," said Maki quite pleasantly to one of the seemingly endless array of naked sex slaves kneeling about him. "Attend to young Mr. Trombley's penis if you please."

The tiny auburn haired girl leaned forward onto all fours and crawled to him as if she were a puppy. Blake opened his fly almost by rote giving her the straining hard on. It just seemed like he couldn't get enough of this shit—girls and women totally helpless and at his beck-and-call for whatever he wanted to do to them. So long as Mandy wasn't being hurt, he could pretty much spend his whole life in a place like this, just like Trevor had said.

Speaking of which, he sure wished his friend would get here already.

"Open," Lorenzo put the cigar in his mouth and lit it.

Blake took a puff, the girl's warm mouth mellowing him nicely. "How about an ashtray?" he asked boldly, trying to play the part of international pimp and slave trader.

"But of course," Maki snapped his fingers inducing a fresh slave, a short-haired red head, maybe nineteen, with the body of a ballerina to scoot across the floor and position herself by his side. It took a moment of looking at her, squatting, head back and mouth open before Blake understood. The girl herself was the ashtray. She was to remain beside him as he flicked his ashes directly into her proffered mouth.

A surge of desire flooded him as he relished in that power. This pretty, sexy girl, covered in tattoos, nipples pierced, probably a runaway and before that a daddy's princess in some suburb, was completely owned. Her entire life—what happened to it, no matter how much she might be abused—was out of her control. And she was his, right now if he wanted her. He could spill his semen in her gaping mouth, her cunt, her ass, or over her perfectly still face. In the mean time, she would take the refuse from the end of his cigar. A human ashtray.

Impulsively, he reached down, between her legs. The men were grinning at him when he straightened up. "I was just checking." He wiped the wetness off on his napkin, fighting a wave of embarrassment.

They were still laughing at him when Trev and Erica came in. Erica was in Trev's arms, looking like a total mess, bawling her head off.

"Trev... Erica," he exclaimed. "Dudes, what's up?"

"Dude, we just saw Mandy out there, in some kind of slush tank, covered in..." Trev made a face. "Man, it's a mess."

Blake was halfway to his feet when Lorenzo pulled the gun on him. It was silver, very shiny and very deadly. "How about if you sit back down, *dude*?"

Blake looked at the grinning pimp and felt his world dropping from under him. If not for his hard on, the quarterback would be pissing his pants.

Lorenzo cocked the trigger and Blake began to beg. "I don't want to die. Please, I don't want to die."

Maki and Lorenzo exchanged glances, hard and severe. Seconds ticked by, years of Blake's life flashing by. Then, out of the blue, the two of them started laughing.

"Sorry, kid," Lorenzo finally exclaimed setting the gun on the table. "I was just playing with you."

Blake managed a weak retort. "Yeah, yeah. Good one, Lorenzo. Good one."

"She needs to stop crying," said Maki to Trevor, indicating the naked Erica cowering in his arms. "We haven't even done anything to her yet."

"She's—she's scared," said Trevor.

"Calm her down, now," reiterated their heavy-set host. "Or I will have her whipped."

"Erica," Trev shook her. "You gotta calm down."

"Get her worked up a little," suggested Lorenzo. "It's a known fact they can't cry when they're in heat."

"Very true. Activate the monitors," Maki snapped his fingers. "Let's give them some incentive."

The curtains on one wall were pulled away to reveal a wall of cameras.

"Enlarge seven," he instructed.

Mandy appeared in the gruel tank, coated and looking miserable, her head being dunked over and over by her two opponents. From above them, rich, golden sprinkles of piss showered them.

"I will have those two sluts drown your little classmate," Maki folded his hands contentedly over his lap, calmly eying Trevor. "Unless you bring your female to orgasm in the next five minutes."

Trevor looked like he was going to pass out.

"It's all right," said the much stronger Erica. "Put me down; let me lay for you."

He set her soiled body on the carpet. Her breath was thick and fast. "We have to," she told him, a weird light in her eyes. "We have to have sex. And I have to come... for my Master."

Trevor licked his lips, his eyes darting back and forth between the screen and the squirming, needful girl at his feet.

"Fuck me," she was begging. "Please... Master."

Blake gripped the arms of his chair. The redhead was sucking him off again and he dared not try to rise lest he upset Maki and Lorenzo again. He wasn't even sure he wanted to, anyway. Blake felt dirty, like a traitor, but it was so damned hot, pumping himself in this warm receptacle, knowing the whole thing was being set up by Lorenzo and this bastard Maki so they could get their collective rocks off.

"Take it," Blake hissed to the ex-ballerina. "Swallow it, slut!"

Erica was screaming out, too, as Trevor fell on her. "Yes, Master, please!"

"I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you!" he was crying.

"Yes, yes, oh, God, yes," she was answering, her orgasm timing itself uncannily with the two boys. "Oh, my Master, god, yes!"

"Very good," nodded Maki a few moments later when all three teens had composed themselves. "Now it's time for the main attraction. Go and get the blonde," he ordered. "So they can say goodbye."

It was Blake who spoke up first. "Um, could you run that part about goodbye on us again?"

"There is an auction tonight," said Maki, matter-of-factly. "And we are selling your girlfriends. Ahmet," he called for a swarthy man in a purple muscle shirt. "See that the girls are given a few minutes alone with their boyfriends before they are taken downstairs. Use my private chamber."

Ahmet nodded, grabbing Trevor first, then Erica. Blake looked at Lorenzo, who winked.

"You didn't really think I was gonna cut you in on my action did you...college boys? You rich kids always get me. You think you deserve it all. Well this time, it's the little guy finishes first."

"Wait," cried Erica, "I don't understand what's happening!"

"No?" Lorenzo acted surprised. "Well, maybe you should ask your boyfriend and his chum here. They're the ones who led you right into my trap."

Blake was yanked from his seat and dragged away with the others. For some reason all he could think about was trying not to piss his pants. The fact that his girlfriend was going to be a sex slave for real hadn't quite registered.

It finally hit him when Mandy was brought into the silent bedroom a short while later where the three of them were sitting miserably on the mammoth, plushly decorated bed.

"Oh, Blake," she cried, throwing her wet, freshly scrubbed body into his arms. "I'm so glad to see you. It's gonna be all right, now isn't it? You promised nothing bad would happen, right?"

"Sure, baby," he accepted her nude embrace, hearing his voice like a distant stranger's. "Everything's gonna be just fine...like I said."

Mandy looked over his shoulder now to where Erica was whimpering, her head on Trevor's chest.

"What's going on?" the blonde blinked. "Did I miss something?"

The ripping was symbolic. An old slaver's tradition. Pamela could easily have had her clothes removed conventionally, or else been ordered to take them off herself. She was in no position to resist, after all, but Maki was a stickler about these things. Standing barefoot on the concrete floor of the club

basement, her arms out like a scarecrow, she underwent the ceremonial cutting. There were two of the matrons, strong solid women, barely five foot high, Russians out of the old Soviet era.

They made a special point of terrorizing her with the knives ahead of time, passing them over her flesh, just light enough to avoid cutting her skin. She tried to keep her composure—they wanted her to beg for mercy—but when they began to cut away at her hips, moving toward her unprotected sex, she began to gasp, very slightly.

The one in front, silver gray hair gleaming and wearing a leather chauffeur's type jacket, grinned at the smell of the girl's raw fear. Button by button, she cut the dress open, then pressed the blade at her unprotected belly.

"Tonightman buy you," came the woman's broken English, quite redundantly in Pamela's opinion. "He own your cunt; you not teacher anymore. Spread legs now...slave whore."

Pamela obeyed and was rewarded with the knife between her legs.

"You no bring enough money at auction, you pay tonight. Understand?"

She nodded, understanding full well the pain that would be in store.

"Slut," the woman scorned, spitting on her face.

Pamela dared not break position. Behind her, the other woman was cutting the garment from the middle of the neck to her ass. A total of five more agonizing cuts, none drawing a drop of blood, would be made before the garment would fall away.

Naked at last, she stood for their inspection.

"Hands on head," said the silver one, the only one who seemed to have a voice. "And bend."

As she obeyed, the second woman took a grease pencil to Pamela's left buttock, inscribing a number. It tickled; she counted five digits, with one dash.

"Up," the matron yanked her by the hair.

Another number—likely the same one—was written on her left breast. The nipple, just below, ached terribly as the pencil impressed her soft flesh. She thought of the silver haired man, the one Lorenzo called Mr. Big, with his nipple clamps. Would her new master do that to her? He would if he wanted—that was all that mattered.

"You are not name now," she matron grabbed her crotch, making her inhale sharply. "You are number. 567-E3. Say it."

Pamela repeated the digits, her only identification in the world. If and when she had a name again, even one as demeaning and humiliating as Honey Snatch would be up to her new owner—the highest bidder for her flesh at tonight's auction.

"You are proud bitch," commented the matron. "Tonight, I tame you good."

Pamela offered no resistance as she was fingered, her clitoris taken for a test drive.

“After sale,” the woman stood on tiptoes to run her tongue over the outside of Pamela’s mouth and across to her cheek. “You will be sopping wet...you will beg for fuck...”

It was true, she would. It had happened before to her and she’d seen it in other girls at the handful of auctions she’d witnessed since her sale to Lorenzo seven years earlier. There was something about the lights, the sheer power, the raging testosterone, all that bare, available female flesh. Pamela doubted any woman could resist creaming and laying for the nearest man in such an environment, nor could he imagine any man not taking the woman he wanted if she were so offered.

Pamela was made to bend down so a collar could be affixed to her throat. It was a simple pet collar, black with silver studs. There was a lead chain attached. They didn’t bother to lock it; where would a girl go, nude and locked in one of the most notorious slaving houses in the state?

Giving her back a firm shove, the silent matron urged her forward while the silver one tugged at the leash. They were taking her to the holding cage, which was more like a cell in one way, because you could stand in it and there was room for eight or nine girls. It was still a cage, though, with straw on the floor and dishes for water and waste. Relieved to be alone, Pamela sank down against the bars and closed her eyes. The matrons locked the door and left. The next sound she expected to hear was the handler coming to take her upstage. Instead she heard the frightened cries of two young women. Familiar cries.

“Oh my God,” she gasped. “Erica! Mandy! How did you get here?”

“M-Miss Haley?!” wailed Mandy practically jumping into her arms.

“Oh, Miss Haley,” chimed Erica, nude like her friend and collared with a number on her shapely breast. “We’re so glad to see you.”

Pamela was tempted to comment on how all of a sudden they were treating her respectfully again, but she refrained. Whatever had brought these girls to this point was more than enough payback for their earlier sins.

“Miss Haley, please, you have to help us!” Mandy was grabbing at her, her eyes lit like a five-year-old.

“Oh, sweetie,” she brushed the hair from the girl’s eyes, her heart filling with compassion. “I wish I could; but I’m a slave now, just like you.”

The girls looked at her and then at each other, blinking, like it hadn’t dawned on them for a minute that their teacher was also nude, numbered and collared for auction.

“Oh, Miss Haley,” exclaimed Erica, grasping more quickly the true nature and irony of the situation. “I’m so sorry—we had no idea, we were only playing around. We didn’t know anyone would get hurt!”

“T-the boys,” Mandy was hyperventilating, “They brought us here, and...and then a man took us and he...he wants to sell us. Can he do that, Miss Haley?”

“Get a grip,” Erica snapped, slapping her across the face to bring her to her senses. “Slavery happens every day in this country. Doesn’t it Miss Haley?”

“Yes,” she sighed it does. “It happened to me seven years ago. I was your age. That’s where all those pictures came from.”

Mandy swallowed hard, the wheels turning in her calmed down head. “What’s it like, Miss Haley? Do you really have to do whatever a man says...even in the bedroom?”

So lovely, thought Pamela, and so naïve. How did she break it to the girl that she’d be lucky to ever even have a bedroom again and that more likely she would be serving her masters on some cold floor, her own naked flesh providing the cushion for whoever happens to hold the deed to her well-plowed cunt, tits and ass?

“You are going to be property, Mandy,” she decided to bring the girl up to speed as best she could. “All of us are. Men will look at our nude bodies, assess our value, try to guess from poses we strike and so on what it will be like to have sex with us, and then they will make bids, just like at an animal auction. Whoever is willing to pay the most will get to keep us, whichever one he buys.”

“W-will our masters marry us?”

Erica snorted at her friend’s pervasive bloneness. “Jeezus, girl. Does anything at all go on under that yellow hair of yours?”

“Shut up,” Mandy taunted. “You don’t know either.”

Erica thought for a moment and then looked at the teacher. “Well,” she asked, indicating in fact she did not know. “Do they?”

“Most likely, no. Some have wives, girlfriends. They may own many slaves and even if they have only one, they won’t be likely to want to give that kind of power to us. We’ll be more like pets than anything. They’ll feed and clothe us as they see fit, and do what they want with our bodies.”

“Even rape?” gulped Mandy.

Pamela thought of the silver-haired man and all the others who’d brought her to bliss even as they tortured and scorned her. “Slaves can’t really be raped...for the most part, because they learn to desire it. At least that was the way it was in my case. It’s a complicated thing, Mandy. Women, some women, have desires ... submissive desires.”

“I do,” Erica said boldly. “Trevor dominated me today; he took me hard, he made me do whatever he wanted. Things I didn’t want at first, but then I did, because it made me feel so hot.”

“Blake does that to me, too,” Mandy offered, trying to be helpful.

Pamela embraced both girls, thinking of Tom. “You poor dears,” she lamented. “It should never have come to this. You should have the chance to be love slaves, submissive girlfriends, astronauts, whatever you want. Not this.”

“I hope my master is very strong,” Erica decided. “I hope he’s smart and handsome and I want him to put me in my place right away.”

“I want mine to be handsome, too...and popular,” added Mandy.

Pamela smiled; they were clueless, as most eighteen-year-olds were. Herself included. Maybe it was better that way, she thought as the matrons came to retrieve them.

“You are going in sequence. Is theme,” explained the silver-haired woman, pushing the naked females out one after the other. “American Beauty Roses. I think is foolishness, but no one ask Talya her opinion.”

The one called Talya herded them up the stairs, two flights of them to the main floor. The snap of riding crops to their bare, numbered asses encouraged alacrity. When Mandy stumbled, the other two picked her up immediately.

“Move it!” Talya carped. “Lazy American Beauty Sluts. Men wait for you!”

Trevor was fighting his erection. Blake, sitting beside him was doing the same. As a joke—or rather what passed in Maki’s sick mind as a joke—the two young men had been tied next to each other, their hands secured to the armrests of a pair of solid cherry wood chairs. They were nude from the waist down. A young slender Mexican woman with jet-black hair on her head and a brand on her thigh was given the task of keeping the eighteen-year-olds hard. It was a fine line the lovely little slave walked; if they flagged, she would be whipped, but if they came she would be whipped all the harder.

Trevor liked the girl’s eyes and her pouting lips. Supposedly she had been sold into slavery in Chihuahua State on her eighteenth birthday to pay her family’s debts. She’d served in a brothel, chained by the ankle to a metal cot for two years before being sent to El Norte as part of a consignment. Lorenzo said she was twenty-three now, which meant she’d known nothing but cock sucking, penetration and beatings for five years. The years had told on her and she might well have been thirty, despite the excellent condition of her slave body.

Would Erica look like that one day? He didn’t want to think of it. As the night wore on, though, he knew the time was approaching. Slave after slave had been offered up for sale, Asians, Europeans, Africans, even a pair of Polynesian twins captured on a rare pirating expedition to the South Seas. He half hoped Mandy would come out first, before Erica, though he knew that would devastate Blake.

Whatever happened, they had to hold on, and not give Maki and Lorenzo any satisfaction.

“And now,” announced the auctioneer, a hooded British dude in a black vest that revealed an aging, but still formidable chest. “Our piece d’resistance. Gentlemen, the House is proud to present, the American Beauty Rose series... genuine specimens of Middle American, pristine, femininity, with a smattering of raunchy sexuality. First up, a delightful eighteen-year-old, dark haired, sweetly cradled, a hundred ten pounds of prime meat.”

Trevor grabbed the edge of the armrest as the naked Erica was shoved out onto the stage. From his vantage point, front and center, he could see it all, though under those torching lights, he didn’t think she could see anything at all.

Trevor cringed to see her collared as the rest of them had been. They’d put a number on her tit and

ass, too. The idea overwhelmed him that someone had done that to her, putting his filthy hands on her, molesting her with a grease pencil. Maybe they'd fucked her, too. What difference did it make, though? She was a barefoot slave girl about to be sold on the auction block.

Erica tried to run, but the Overseer snagged her easily by the back of her long hair. Unable to wrest herself free with her hands, she had no choice but to stumble backward and stand right where he wanted her.

Pulling her close, he dipped a hand between her legs—firm and brutal. The thumb was stroking her to pleasure, but the hooked fingers were keeping her on the brink of pain. “You do as I tell you,” he told her loud enough for Trevor to hear. “Or I will whip you till you bleed, right here on this stage.”

There was a bullwhip in his other hand, coiled like a snake. He had high leather boots and a pair of tight leather breeches, like a modern day Samurai.

Erica, overwhelmed by fear as well as by the sensations of the thumb on her clit, became instantly docile. “Yes,” Trevor heard her say, the voice hardly sounding like her own. “Master.”

“Hands behind your head, 456-L8,” he addressed her by the number written across her left breast—a duplicate of the one on her firm ass cheek. “Don’t move them till I say so.”

Erica complied without hesitation.

“Back arched,” he tapped her with the handle of the bullwhip.

Her breasts were instantly stretched and presented, as was her taut belly.

“Legs apart.”

Again, Trevor’s classmate obeyed without question. He could see already on her face, in her breathing...this was turning her on.

“Firm as rubber,” the Overseer toyed with Erica’s breasts, introducing her to the buyers. “Brings back memories, doesn’t she, gentlemen? Your first screw... Who was she, friends? The girl next store you had behind your Dad’s shed, or was it in the back of his Oldsmobile—the prom queen, maybe, her legs up on the seat wide as the Red Sea, her panties already on the rear view mirror as a trophy?”

Erica sucked in her gut as he ran the whip handle down her sculpted belly. Her breaths were ragged; she looked more than ready to be taken. He’d never seen her or any girl look so good, not even a centerfold. It was as if this Overseer, this old man was bringing out her true nature, her hidden slave self. Trevor got angry thinking of it—how he wasn’t going to be enjoying all that sexiness. Instead, she’d be going to Mexico, Pakistan—anywhere on the globe.

“The pussy’s used,” he stopped the leather handle at the entrance to her slit. “I won’t lie to you gentleman. But consider the passion, the youth...not to mention the opportunity to break her into slavery.”

Erica welcomed the whip handle like a lost lover. Almost at once, subtly, her pelvis began to move against it. She was moaning, very softly and her eyes were closing. In and out he went, in and out, the depth, the pressure varying with each thrust. The Overseer was playing her, like a violin.

“Have I a bid, gentlemen?”

“Five hundred!” called a man in the back row.

“Five,” the Overseer shook his head, removing the whip handle from the writhing girl. “Such a shame for a rare piece like this... eighteen and never been chained, whipped, or taught to crawl properly at a man’s feet.”

“Six.”

“Seven!”

“Eight.”

The Overseer smiled as he pushed the black leather against Erica’s lips. Predictably. Falling right into his nefarious plans, she opened her mouth like a bird, her eyes tight shut, taking in the leather device, licking and sucking it clean of her own sex juice.

“And an anal virgin, as I understand it...”

Nine was followed rapidly by a thousand and then eleven and twelve hundred. When he made her lie on the floor and display herself, the whipsnapping and teasing her extremities, it was like the floor of the stock market. Thirteen, fourteen, all the way up to eighteen hundred dollars.

Nearly two thousand dollars for the body of the girl he loved, for the right to have and keep her forever on whatever terms the man might dictate. No strings attached, no divorce, no rights whatsoever. Trevor was scared for her, indignant... and jealous as hell.

The little Mexican whore was on him again, licking him until he thought he was going to explode. He looked at her, teeth gritted, trying to scare her off. Her face had no expression, she was obeying Maki, her master and she would continue to do so till either he told her to stop or she dropped dead from trying.

“Hey, man, be strong... for Erica,” Blake was leaning over telling him to keep his cool. “Don’t diss her by shooting off a load... not while she’s up there suffering.”

It was too late; Erica was on all fours, crawling, the whip handle protruding from her cunt, like a tail, the Overseer’s boot driving her round the stage, accompanied by howls of laughter. Closing his eyes in shame, he ejaculated, feeling like the lowest scum for getting off on the total degradation of his own girlfriend.

“I can’t wait till it’s Mandy writhing up there on her belly like a total slut!” he cried taking out his anger at Blake. “Then we’ll see how together you are.”

A few minutes later, Erica was led away; her young body having fetched a whopping twenty-one hundred dollars. She was too weak to stand; they simply clipped a leash on to her collar and led her away on all fours. Trevor hadn’t even seen who bought her. At present he was feeling doubly miserable, because now the Mexican was being whipped and forced to make him hard all over again, the crop biting her brown flesh viciously as she bobbed her head in pain.

“Aw, hell,” he heard Blake exclaim.

Mandy had come out, looking totally bewildered in her birthday suit. She was trying to shake out her long mane of golden hair and get her bearings. There were men out there, and she was a blonde. What more needed to be said?

The Overseer, seeing the opportunity for a little fun and maybe a way to turn a bigger profit, encouraged her to strike a seductive pose. "I'm not sure we've ever had a girl as pretty as this," he deadpanned. "She could be a centerfold, don't you think, gentlemen?"

The room was oddly silent.

Mandy played right into it, trying to copy some silly cheesecake poses she must have seen on TV. There was no doubt the girl was sexy, but Trevor had a feeling she was about to get her comeuppance.

The Overseer urged her on as she looked over her shoulder for support. Backing up, he put his hands together, encouraging applause.

It came reluctantly, skeptically. These men had probably seen hundreds of girls like this—heck, half the girls in this club were as pretty or prettier than Mandy.

"Hey, Blake, dude," he leaned over. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean that."

"It's all right, man."

"I know you can stay strong, Blake. You're not a wuss like me."

"You're not a wuss, Trev."

Trevor felt the love for his friend well up in his throat. "Represent, Blake."

"Represent, Trev."

Both boys had their eyes glued on the girl. Mandy never even saw it coming. She was blowing kisses, looking like a goddess, teasing with her hands over her golden bush when the tip of the whip struck, dead center on her back.

The crack was audible. The Overseer must have been an expert, because he'd snapped it back just in time. While Mandy was hurting, it was only a sting and not the devastating blow it could have been.

"Ow!" she cried. "What was that for?"

He whipped her breasts as soon as she turned. Mandy cowered now, covering herself.

"Get down on your belly," the Overseer told her. "Crawl over here and lick my boots clean."

Mandy hesitated till he raised his arm again. She gave a little cry and began to lower herself to the dirty wooden floor.

"This one's eighteen, too," explained the Overseer to the unseen crowd as the sobbing girl came to him wriggling like a worm. "A true Golden Girl, spoiled, too beautiful for her own good and begging for the right master."

“One thousand!” boomed a deep voice from a table in the far corner.

“I hear a thousand...before I take any more bids, may we have the Horse, please?”

Mandy was busy bathing the Overseer's boots with her small tongue, her hair fanned about them like a splendid golden blanket. Trevor watched in horror mixed with awe as the device was wheeled out. He could see the strain in Blake's face and body. The Horse was no ordinary saw horse, but a pummel, mounded on legs with a dildo in the center, and straps, clearly meant to hold a girl. There was also something on the bottom that looked like an encased motor.

Two men lifted Mandy like a rag doll by either arm, carrying her, feet dangling. Without ado, they deposited her, smack dab onto the dildo. By the time she realized what was happening it was too late.

“Please, no,” she cried, but they were already strapping down her ankles oneither side and fitting her waist with the thick leather belt. Nextthey applied the cuffs to either wrist, at her side, so that she was completely imprisoned.

The true devilishness of the apparatus wasn't apparentill they turned it on. In order to stay upright, Mandy had to clench her legs and rock up and down on the moving pummel. In effect she was being forced to masturbate, at whatever speed they wanted her to.

“Oh, God,” she cried. “Stop!”

“Behold, gentlemen,” he featured the perfect blonde, hertits and belly and wildly arrayed hair mesmerizing the crowd. “Less than a minute and already the young lady is undulating and writhing better than any hooker or stripper...and all with just a tiny kiss of the whip. Imagine this lot number after a month of heavy discipline, humbled and broken as you know she deserves...as she herself desires...serving your every whim, gliding her mouth over your manhood for some small treat, an extra tidbit in her bowl...putting out for you like a dream of submission in hopes of a pat on the head, a chance to sleep in bed with you even if just for an hour...or groveling at your feet, imploring you not to beat her as is her due for the poor and indifferent job she has done in tending to some small task, such as polishing your shoes or washing your underwear...”

“Two thousand!” a man stood dramatically, his face heavily shadowed.

“Two thousand five hundred!” countered another.

Mandy, at the whim of the mechanical Horse, was coming over andover and over . Her face was a totally entrancing mix of lust and joy and distress...the most beautiful look Trevor had ever seen on a woman, of any age.

The bids persisted, but Trevor tuned them out. He didn't want to come again, because the little slave would be beaten a second time, but he couldn't help it. He groaned as his hot, wet ejaculation spilled into the servile, velvety mouth. Dimly he heard the word, “sold,” the amount, three thousand and something.

“You've done it this time, Maria,” growled one of the guards.

The Mexican girl made no protest as she was dragged away by the hair, her body bent forward at the man's waist. Blake was coming, too, his cock totally unattended. He looked miserable, because he was just shooting into the airand also because that was his girlfriend up there, fucking a mechanical horse,

drawing bids twice as high as Erica had gotten.

Maki quickly ordered a slave to intercept the spray. Thrusting herself over his crotch, she caught as much as she could. Most of it landed on her, a fact over which she seemed relieved.

“Blake,” Trev said, barely finding his voice. “I’m sorry, man...I didn’t mean to...not again.”

“It’s okay, dude,” he replied softly as they watched a man carry the barely conscience Mandy off the stage on his shoulder, the whip marks on her back and the scrawled number plainly visible on her ass. “Me, neither.”

“Blake?”

“Yeah, Trev?”

“I think I love Erica. What about you?”

“Yeah,” he thought, finding a small, sad smile. “I love Amanda, too.”

“Shitty time to figure that one out, huh?” Trevor mused.

“Man, if that isn’t the understatement of the year, I don’t know what is.”

They were both managing a chuckle just as the Overseer announced the finale. Their ears perked up when they heard it was a former English teacher, from a local private school, a blonde who’d escaped slavery once in her life only to fall back into it...this time forever.

“Blake, you don’t think...”

“No,” Blake shook his head. “There’s no way...”

Pamela supposed she should be flattered, having been reserved for the final spot of the evening. That made her the most desirable piece of meat on the market tonight. Objectively, that wasn’t true. Any number of girls were younger and prettier and more desirable, her two former students among them. But the women didn’t make these choices; men did, masters who had different agendas. Different ideas about what made women worth owning, and how much money they might fetch on a given night. That was the part of Pamela’s slavery that had always most deeply aroused her; the knowledge that men were with her only because of the value they saw in her body. She was worth so much to possess an hour, and when a man paid his money he wanted everything. She was a product. A service. A soft and cuddly bit of entertainment, somewhere between a video game and a really good rub down or sauna. Sometimes when a man came inside her, with that look on his face, totally self absorbed and self fulfilled, like she was nothing more than a hole, she would nearly turn herself inside out with a climax of her own. Towards the end, she’d gotten that feeling before they so much as touched her; across the room she could orgasm, with or without clothes on just knowing that a man was appraising her, parceling her up, thinking what he’d do to her, piece by piece...breasts and ass and nipples and toes and fingers...even the insides of

her mouth and sandpaper tongue.

For the finale, the House had prepared something special. A little play scene, complete with costumes. Pamela was dressed as a teacher, in a modified version of classroom attire. The tweed skirt was mockingly short, of course, barely covering her crotch. It was made for a younger woman, clearly, as was the blouse, which barely stretched across Pamela's healthy, naked tits. She could barely breathe and she was afraid the buttons might pop at any moment.

The shoes were her only other garment. They were stilettos, ridiculously high and painful to walk in. In case she had the bright idea to take them off, there was a tiny padlock on each of the ankle straps. There was also a very feminine choker, with a heart-shaped lock, made of gold.

"Perfect," beamed the garishly addressed, spike haired attendant, a very gay designer hired by Maki to do costumes and interior design. "Just one more little touch and...voila."

Pamela felt her nipples stiffen as the man flicked open yet another of the overly strained buttons. Her breasts were more than half visible now and for some reason she felt more naked in this get up than if she'd been able to go on stage nude.

"You're gonna be great," he slipped the glasses on her and checked the banana clip in her hair. "A big hit. Now, go, shoo! Shoo!"

His pats to her ass were gentle, sisterly. A far cry from the possessive, demeaning touches of a heterosexual man, of which the audience was certainly to be filled tonight.

The stage was well set up, with a teacher's desk and several small chairs facing it, simulating a classroom. She'd been told to stand in front of the desk, which she did now, holding her body as still as possible so as to keep her body adequately clothed.

The audience saw the Overseer before she did. They were laughing and cheering and when she turned she saw the hooded man pantomiming something, the whip in his hand. It couldn't possibly be him, she thought, not after all these years.

"Ring, ring," he cried, holding up his hands. "School's in session, eh, gentlemen?"

The hair on the back of her neck went up. The voice, the British inflection, there was no mistaking it. But how he had gotten here, seven years later and clear across the country from where she'd been originally sold?

"Good evening, Miss Renfrew," he greeted her with a bow.

Pamela's knees buckled. Of all the things she'd had to face today, this was the hardest by far. To be sold by the same man, again. Humiliated by him, again... stripped of liberty and dignity... sold into bondage where she would be forever robbed of the right to live and work as she chose, to dress according to taste, to refuse any cock presented for entry into her bodily orifices, to control even her own orgasms, when and how she would have them.

"You of all people should know," the Overseer whispered, as he strode past her theatrically to assume one of the empty student chairs, "why it would be a very bad idea not to follow my lead tonight...to the letter."

“Teacher, teacher,” sighed, the Overseer loudly, putting his hands behind his head. “Whatever shall we do, today? I know...how about some maths? Shall we give that a go?”

Maths instead of math. A British variation in his speech patterns of the sort that had marked him in her mind all these years.

The Overseer took out a pencil from his vest pocket with a flourish. “See, I’m all ready.”

He dropped it, quite deliberately.

“Oops. Look at that. Teacher, will you bend over right here and get my pencil?”

The men were laughing. It was obvious from his pointing that she was to stand in perfect position to be molested as she stooped to retrieve it. Sure enough, the Overseer invaded her with a flurry of fingers as soon as the skirt had ridden above her unprotected ass.

“Teacher...” he affected a little boy’s voice as she handed him the pencil. “Why are you all wet...in your hooey?”

Pamela looked at him pleadingly; she had no idea what to say.

“Oops,” he helped her along. “I dropped it again.”

Three times he made her repeat the gesture, showing her cunt and ass to the audience again and again. With each bend, the fingers stayed a little longer.

“I need help,” he announced the fourth time she gave the pencil back. “Will you look at my work? Closer,” he made her bend forward. “Closer.”

Now he had access to her straining tits, precariously covered by the skin-tight, vastly undersized blouse.

Obviously she was not allowed to interfere as he unbuttoned her and took them out, one by one. “Ooh, Teacher,” he continued his Vaudevillian performance amid a volley of appreciative chuckles. “You have big melons!”

Pamela braced her palms on the desk. It wasn’t a game for her. First he’d worked up her cunt and now he was fingering her nipples. She needed relief and fast. Slowly, eyes closed, she began to push out her rear, the cool air hitting her crack as the skirt rode indecently higher.

“Teacher,” he acted astonished. “Are you trying to seduce me?”

“N—no,” she shuddered, meaning it.

“You are, Teacher. And I need to punish you for it. Lay over your desk, Teacher, right now.”

He left her breasts exposed so that she’d have to press them directly on the cold metal surface. It was the same with her cunt, as he helped her lift the barely there skirt prior to pushing her pelvis against the desk’s aluminum edge.

“You will not move,” he placed her palms apart and over head, sliding them to the far end so as to

stretch her torso to the max. “Until I release you.”

The Overseer turned now to the audience, which had a splendid view of the woman’s naked posterior. “There you have it,” he pinched her cheek on either side of her ID number, better emphasizing the greasy black inscription. “Lotnumber 567-E3. Have I an opening bid of one thousand...for this marvel of womanly flesh, this bundle of contradictions, at once woman and child, slave and free? Trained on the end of the best dicks in the business before her interesting but ultimately ineffectual insurrection?”

“One thousand,” obliged one of the men, more out of curiosity to see more of the show than any real passion for this as yet untried flesh before them.

The Overseer rubbed the paddle over the imprisoned ass. The audience went very quiet, sensing something new was afoot.

“Lot 576-E3,” said the Overseer. “In your heart, do you know yourself to be a slave?”

“Yes, Master.”

What point in denying it now? What other category could define her behavior before this man, the one she ought to hate and fight and despise and yet to whom she was submitting at every turn?

“You tried to escape once...you sought to break the bond, making a mockery of my good faith sale of your flesh. And now, after seven years you are back—having been hunted down by your rightful owner. What should be done to you in light of all this?”

“I should be punished.”

The comic atmosphere had shifted to high drama. Every breath was hanging on the Overseer’s next move.

“567-E3—for that is what your name is, not Pamela Renfrew or Pamela Hayes or anything else but your number—I now pronounce my sentence upon your bonded ass.” He paused for effect. Pamela could almost hear the drum roll. “A paddling,” he began, “accompanied by forced orgasm...”

So far so good; nothing she couldn’t handle.

“And a branding! To be done by the man who purchases her!”

Pamela’s heart seized in her chest. This was this one thing that had so far kept her from feeling completely lost in her bondage—the fact that her flesh had in no way been permanently altered. Now...after this, she would never have a prayer of freedom.

The iron was wheeled out and the rack. Bidding had already begun, like the buzzing of so many insects. Pamela was still in shock as they tore the clothes from her cringing body. It wasn’t till they began strapping her into the metal frame that she began to react.

“I—I can’t bear it,” she said to them.

“A punishment branding, gentlemen,” the Overseer intoned dramatically. “How long since we’ve seen one of those...and for attempted escape no less? The historical value alone, the visceral impact, ought to be worth, what...two, three...ten...”

“Ten thousand!” roared a man.

“And this is only the beginning, my friends...you know what is in store after that—she would become your brand girl, the lowest and most complete of slaves...and think of the experience she brings as well as the subsequent years of defiance still to be beaten out of her...”

“Fifteen thousand!”

“Shall I show you the mark?” he taunted them, holding up the red-hot poker. “A scripted ‘S’ in a feminine, delicately stylized font, in a bold, masculine circle.”

“Sixteen thousand,” called another as the Overseer replaced the iron with a hiss into the fire.

“Sixteen. Do I hear seventeen?”

Silence.

“What?” he snatched up the poker again. “Shall I do it myself, then?”

“Seventeen.”

The Overseer paused to strategically caress, taking his fill of the split beaver created by the V shaped ironframe which bent Pamela’s middle, consigning wrists and ankles to separate shackles, her ass pointing to the sky.

“Eighteen,” came the response to her wet shuddering, her slut-like response all the more incredible for the amount of pain she was about to receive.

Pamela lost herself in orgasm, the waves of heat from the nearby fire fanning her internal flames. Again, the numbers dissolved into a cacophony, endless and droning, punctuated by the single word she most dreaded...and most desired.

“Sold!”

There was a shuffling of footsteps, the motion of men around her, unhurried, completely patronizing and lordly. I’m about to be marked she thought, on my naked ass, given a mark for life, which none of these men shall ever have to wear, but which shall distinguish me, no matter where I go or what I do as their inferior, an animal, deserving of any abuse, lucky, in fact, to receive such abuse.

“567-E3,” pronounced the Overseer now like it was a wedding service. “I now so order this sentence upon you, by a jury of your masters, at the hand of your new owner...”

Pamela smelled the soap and aftershave a split second before the odor of her own searing flesh. She was able, for just a moment to focus, seeing the man’s shoes.

It was ironic, she thought, slipping gloriously into slave’s bliss, the ecstasy of the brand, after all these years.

“Welcome home,” said Mr. Big. “You’ve been missed, I assure you.”

*** The End

Alternate Ending

Pamela smelled the familiar soap and aftershave a split second before the invasion. They came from every direction at once, heavily armed, shouting, "Police!" and "Down! Down!" Some of them even slid on cables from the balcony. It was one of these who knocked the branding iron from the hand of the one called Mr. Big.

"Sir," called another of the helmeted, burly SWAT officers, "she's over here."

"Thanks, men," said Nick Malloy, making his way to the bound and naked prisoner.

"Is it...you?" she gasped, thinking it was all a dream.

"Who else?" Nick grinned, unhooking the straps.

"Pamela, sweetheart, are you all right?"

"Tom?" she cried. "I'm here, Tom."

Tom Rains was the first to hold her as they released her from her bonds. She wept in shock and joy as they embraced, Tom kissing her forehead over and over.

"You have this man to thank," said burly Nick, wearing an FBI jacket. "He got us the information we needed to make the bust."

"But...how?" Pamela wanted to know.

"I found Nick's name in your personnel file," Tom explained. "After you came in with that Lorenzo cretin I decided to do some checking. Nick is listed as your next of kin, so I gave him a call and he did the rest."

"We're neighbors again," Nick grinned, pointing to the logo. "My promotion to the Feds put me about ten miles away from your school. I just didn't want you to know where I was."

"You tracked me here, though. Where did you get that information?"

Tom nodded, clearly enjoying his new role as amateur detective. "I went to your house...just to see what I could find. There was a matchbook for this very club."

"I don't know who was stupider," said Nick. "Lorenzo for dropping it or Makahiro for making them up in the first place."

"They're both going away for a long time, Honey," Tom encouraged. "For kidnapping, prostitution,

and a whole lot more. Isn't that right, Agent Malloy?"

The bald-headed Nick nodded in agreement. "We've been waiting a long time to get these two, believe me. Having probable cause that you and the girls were here was all the ammo we needed to get a warrant. And trust me, we're gonna find everything now."

"Miss Haley!" squealed Mandy, running to her, the police blanket trailing behind her. "We got rescued! Can you believe it?"

"I knew it all along," said Erica, right behind her, similarly clad.

"I'm just glad you're safe, girls," she accepted their embrace, along with a spare blanket to wrap around her own naked body. "But what about Trevor and Blake? What will happen to them?"

Tom and Nick exchanged glances.

"I'm thinking public service," said Nick.

"What do you girls say?" Tom wanted to know.

The girls spoke almost in unison, revealing the day's events had not entirely tamped out their youthful enthusiasm. "We want to give them another chance! Please?"

The boys were brought out, looking whiter than ghosts and more than a little chagrined. The girls ran to them, giving them eager kisses.

"We forgive you," Mandy spoke for them both.

"Can we go now?" asked Mandy, all four teens facing Nick and Tom.

The look in the girls' eyes indicated that while they were happy to be free of white slavery, they were more than happy to go back under their boyfriend's thumbs.

"Go," Nick stuck a thumb over his shoulder. "And don't look back."

Tom cleared his throat. "I guess that leaves you and me, Pamela."

"I'm gonna tend to loose ends," winked Nick, pointing over his shoulder.

Pamela watched him leave. A few moments later, in the midst of the silence between her and Tom, she saw Lorenzo and Maki being led away, the latter with two pairs of cuffs to hold his huge arms behind his back.

"It's not kidnapping!" Lorenzo was shouting. "She's my slave, she came of her own free will. Honey Snatch," he turned seeing her. "Kiss my boot. Now!"

The man looked so pathetic holding out his foot like he was doing the hokey pokey, even more so when Nick grabbed him by the collar lifting him off his feet.

"Listen, Tom," Pamela spoke up first. "I don't want to complicate your life. You have a career. You're an important man; people look up to you..."

He took her chin in his hand. “You don’t complicate my life, Pamela Hayes Renfrew...you complete it. I’ll have no arguments from you. You are going to marry me, do you hear?”

Pamela looked at him through the tears. She gave the only answer she could. “Yes,” she whispered, burying her head against his chest. “Master.”

The End

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