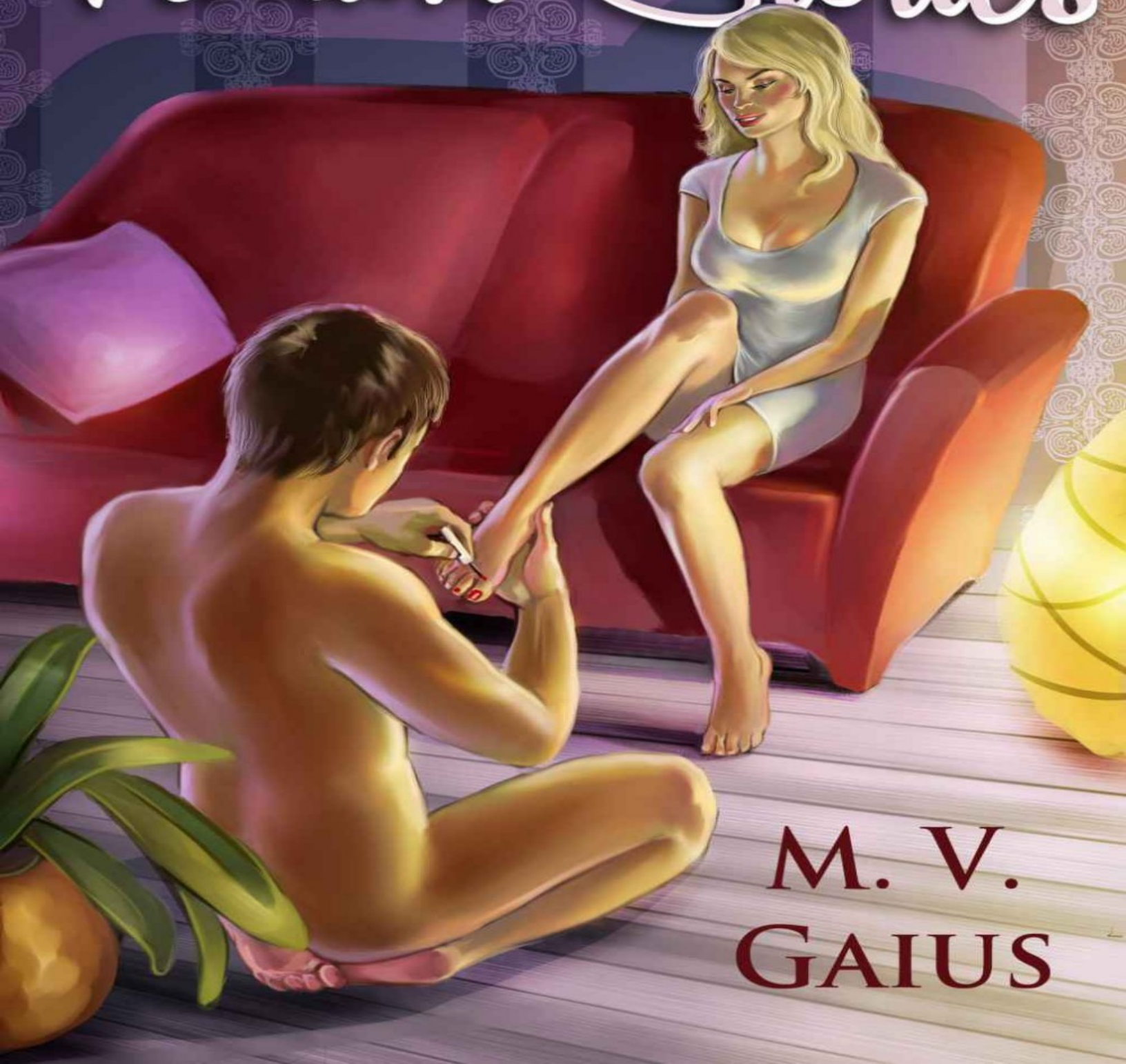


# SERVICING THE DEBT

and other

# Femdom Stories



M. V.  
GAIUS

# **Servicing the Debt and other Femdom Stories**

M. V. Gaius

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Servicing the Debt and other Femdom Stories is a hot compilation of ten sizzling tales; chocked full of CFNM, Foot Fetish scenes and tons of tease and denial thrown in for good measure.

Servicing the Debt - Losing his job, girlfriend and car is just the beginning of the problems for Bob as he finds he has a very deep debt to pay to his gorgeous landlord.

Plea Bargain - Sam thought his luck had finally turned when he plea bargained into an experimental new program in lieu of prison. He would soon find out that there is no free lunch.

Canadian Doubles - A Loudmouth tennis star is taught a very humiliating lesson on the courts by two beauties.

The Art Exhibit - Dating a wild and beautiful Jamaican artist has some interesting consequences for Jake when he becomes part of her new art project.

The Scapegoat - Paying for the crimes of his frat, Joe gets a large dose of private justice painfully applied by some very pissed off sorority girls.

Command Performance - Super sexy Bridget and her equally hot friends have the whole summer ahead of them. When her equally hot new step-brother Thomas catches her eye and falls into her well laid trap, both she and he are in for the summer of their lives.

Slave to Gina- Nicky Panagoplous is a small time thief with incredibly bad luck. When he picks the ultimate wrong house to rob, it ends with his complete enslavement to the beautiful Gina.

Milking Superman - When the spunk of the man of steel is discovered to have some amazing healing properties, the superhero finds himself in a most humiliating predicament as he is perpetually harvested

The Albanian's Revenge - A young handsome Serbian soldier learns a valuable lesson in humility and the power of women when he is captured by a village of beautiful and angry Albanians.

The Countess - Bored Countess Katerina has it all; beauty, wealth, intelligence and absolute power over her subjects. When she discovers that she now owns a new handsome slave on one of her innumerable estates she sets out to finally create the perfect lover to satisfy her insatiable desires on her own terms.



## Servicing the Debt

There was a certain humor to my situation. Sometimes it seems that when things start to go wrong, everything goes wrong. As I watched the repossession company tow my car away I just shook my head and thought to myself “Well, its official now, I am totally, completely and absolutely fucked!”

I certainly was on a roll! Three weeks earlier my longtime girlfriend announced to me that she felt our relationship was just “too superficial” and unceremoniously dumped me. Two months prior to that I lost my job as a graphics artist and even though I had been looking every day for work, I was still unemployed. With no income, slowly but surely my meager savings ran out and I was already three months behind in my rent and now, no car! Without a car, how in the hell was I going to find a job. Without a job, how was I going to get back my car! Without a car or a job how was I going to find another woman? Yes, no doubt about it, I was fucked big now. “Well”, I said to myself with a certain Scarlett O’Hara logic, “I will think about that tomorrow, for tomorrow is another day”.

As I quietly snuck into my boarding house, I prayed that Gina (the owner) would not see me. She had been hounding me for the back rent every day and I optimistically figured if I could just stall her a little while longer, maybe something would come up to turn my situation around. As I silently tip-toed up the stairs to my room I did run into Victoria and Samantha, the other two tenants in the huge Victorian we all shared. As usual, they politely said hello and coolly went about their business.

When I first moved in I had imagined all sorts of erotic possibilities with my delightful and quite gorgeous housemates but sadly none of them came true. It had such promise too, one single reasonably attractive twenty-something guy living in a big old house with three gorgeous curvy women; I thought for sure something sexual would turn up eventually as it seemed like the plot line of a porn movie already. Well, two years had passed since I moved in and the only erotic incident I had to report was “accidentally” walking in on Gina

as she was showering one morning. Boy was she pissed that day but the sight of her sudsy curves played as the backdrop to many jack-off sessions for the next few years!

Opening the door to my room I began to drink the last six pack of beer I had in my little refrigerator. Drinking may not be the answer, but it sure did get my mind off of my troubles for a while and made me at least forget the question. As had become a sad nightly ritual I dozed off into a drunken stupor laying on my bed pondering the fucktacular clown show that my life had now become.

The next morning I was abruptly awakened to the sound of violent pounding on my bedroom door, the incredibly loud noise not helping my throbbing headache at all.

“BOB!” Gina yelled “This is Gina, and I want to know what you are going to do about your back rent TODAY!”. I probably don’t have to tell you but her shrieking and pounding did not particularly soothe the tremendous hangover I was experiencing.

“Gina, Just a little more time, I promise.” I feebly answered through the door.

“I am getting very impatient Bob, I know you lost your job, and your car, so I don’t mind telling you that your prospects for getting my money do not look very bright!”

Well, I certainly couldn’t argue with her logic there as my future looked quite bleak. I made up a story about a hot job prospect I had that afternoon which miraculously seemed to temporarily satisfy her and to my relief I heard her walk down the hall. My hot prospect was a cashiers job at McDonalds, so things had truly reached rock bottom!

“All those years in college and it has come to this”, I thought to myself as I wrapped myself in a towel and walked down the hall to the bathroom to shower. As I passed the staircase I saw Gina, Samantha and Victoria all discussing something at the bottom of the stairs and as I passed, as if on cue, they all gave me a dirty, condescending look.



I was so ashamed, not by being seen by them in my towel, we had all seen one another walking around the house in towels before, but I was ashamed by the fact that I knew they all were discussing me and my rent situation. Although I had enjoyed living here for the past few years, I also had to admit that these three women, beautiful or not, were pretty cold.

They seemingly barely tolerated my existence around the house, and even though I think I am fairly attractive, they had shown no interest in me whatsoever since I moved in. I was just the upstairs tenant, who now was behind in the rent and obviously a hopeless loser fuckup. As I stepped into the shower I tried to think of ways I might be able to get out of this hopeless situation and could not think of one.

It was a long shower as I luxuriated in the hot water trying to think, but my mind kept drawing up a total blank. Well, I thought to myself as I turned off the water, let me go get ready for my exciting career in the fast food industry. Drying off, I wrapped the towel back around myself and padded back down the hall to my room.

When I opened the door my heart sank and my mouth flew open in shock. Everything I owned was gone! My TV, my refrigerator, all of my clothes, all gone. Even my bed was missing as the room was completely bare! Hearing snickering behind me, I spun around to see Gina standing in the hall with her arms crossed over her chest. Looking extremely pissed, yet hot as ever, despite my concern that we had had an intruder she seemed amused, not concerned.

“GINA! I HAVE BEEN ROBBED, CALL THE POLICE!” I screamed hysterically.

“No, you have not been robbed” she said coolly as she casually whipped out a packet of papers from her pocket.

Looking me squarely in the eyes she began to read the contents of the contract she was holding. “In the event that the Lessee, that’s you,” she said pointing at my chest “Fails to pay the amount of rent agreed to in the contract by the 5th day of the month, the Lessor, (that’s me), has the right to put up for sale any contents of the

Lessees domicile with the balance of the proceeds from the sale after deduction for back rent and/or damages going to the Lessee.”

I just stood there with my mouth hanging wide open and stared at her in disbelief, my mind racing as I tried to understand what was happening. Seeing my confusion, Gina quickly cleared up the situation.

“In other words BOB I sold all of your stuff to pay off your debt!” she yelled as an evil grin came across her face.

“YOU BITCH! GET MY STUFF BACK NOW!!” I screamed but stopped when she slapped me hard right across the face.

Her voice crackling with anger and dripping with malice she said “Listen Bob, don’t get uppity with me or I will throw you out right now!”

As I looked down at myself, completely naked and wearing only a towel, and having no money or recourse, I tried to control my rage.

Following my eyes with her to my towel, she grinned. “Oh, and by the way, that towel you have on belongs to me, remember?” she said as she ripped it off, leaving me completely naked and standing alone in an equally naked and bare room.

With a smug look of total victory she walked back down the stairs, casually throwing the towel over her left shoulder. As I stood there nude and shocked, I tried to understand what was happening; my stomach was churning as I was completely dumbfounded. Three months ago I had a girlfriend, a nice car, a good job and money in the bank. Today, I was reduced to literally nothing, not even a single sock! My mind raced as I tried to think of a way to convince Gina to get my stuff back as I certainly could not get back on track NAKED. Hurriedly I ran down the stairs and met her in the kitchen, desperately trying to cover myself with my hands.

“Please give me a break Gina! You really can’t do this to me, please!” I begged as I fell to her feet, trying anything to get her to listen to reason. I was so desperate the embarrassment of being naked in front of her did not dissuade me from prostrating myself in

front of her, kneeling on the kitchen floor with my hands grasping her bare calf.

“Oh for God’s sake take it like a man! You shouldn’t of overextended yourself, so DON’T BLAME ME for your fuckup!” she snapped, obviously unmoved by my begging. This was like some sort of nightmare I could not wake up from and my humiliation was not over yet. At that very moment Samantha and Victoria walked into the kitchen and burst out laughing. What a sight this must have been, a grown man, naked and kneeling and hysterically begging at Gina’s feet.

As they walked into the room I vainly tried to cover myself with my hands as my face burned with shame. Victoria said nothing but just started to laugh even louder at my predicament as her roommate Samantha just giggled uncontrollably. Holding an envelope in her hand she just waved it back and forth in the air as she snickered, trying very hard to speak through her snorts.

“Bad news Bob, you are still \$420 short!”

Hearing this my heart sank and I could not look them in the eyes I was so humiliated.

“Can you believe it Gina? The salvation army only gave us 20 cents for each pair of his underwear!” Victoria replied as she passed the envelope of cash to our landlord. This last comment was too much for them and all three girls began to scream with laughter.

“Wh-what do you want from me?” I muttered, the realization of my desperate situation finally sinking in.

“Well, I tell you what Bob, you have five minutes to get out!” Gina said pointing at the door. I was panic stricken. What in the hell was I going to do, naked, and now homeless! Again, humiliating myself further I fell to my knees and began to beg again. As I knelt there pleading with them Victoria finally spoke up.

“You know, if you kick him out now you will never get your money back.” she said pointing at Gina.

“You have a good point.” she replied as she looked back down at the floor into my face. “Ok Bob, here is the deal. I will let you work off

your debt.” Turning to the other two girls she winked and said “You know, it might be kind of be nice to have a cute little naked house boy around don’t you think?”. Barely being able to restrain themselves from giggling, they both agreed as they nodded.

So, that was the deal. I was to be paid 10 dollars a day to clean, cook and do whatever else they wanted me to do and out of that 10 dollars 3 went to pay for the food they would give me. I was not allowed to buy anything until the debt was paid which meant that for the duration of my servitude I was to remain stark naked. Since I had no money, car or clothes I had no alternative but to agree to their terms and essentially became a prisoner in the house. Gina agreed and added that if I paid off my debt they would all go and retrieve some of my belongings assuming they had not sold.

For the next 60 days I was to be completely at their mercy and the first week they worked me like a dog. I cleaned out the basement and the attic, painted the living room and retiled the bathroom. To my dismay, the way their work schedules worked out one of them was always in the house supervising me so I never had any rest.

Victoria was the worst of the three to work for. Blisteringly hot with her thick hips, big D cups, long red hair and even longer legs, I always was semi-hard when around her before my descent into slavery, only now my arousal was on full display. When she told me it got her off to see me scrubbing and cleaning the floors with a toothbrush nude it only made me hornier. Working around these women in the nude, although completely humiliating and degrading, also caused me to be in an almost nonstop state of arousal and this was not unnoticed by my three jailers.

They knew this too and used this knowledge to torment me further. One night Gina sat down to watch TV and ordered me to kneel down in front of her and give her a nice slow foot massage followed by a pedicure. It took over three hours, and as I had her beautiful feet in my hands the entire time, I was completely uncovered and trying very hard to will my cock soft.

It was a losing battle as Gina was gorgeous. As she casually lounged on the couch in just her long oversized grey t-shirt, her long

blonde hair cascading over her shoulders while her breasts swung free in their obvious bra-less state, I was struggling against an irresistible force growing in my groin.

The sounds of her light moans of approval at my work on her feet only made my struggle to control my cock more difficult as I continued with her massage. As my fingers caressed her soles after her pedicure, working the sweet almond oil deeply into the skin, she “accidentally” reached out with her free foot and lightly stroked my balls with her delicious toes. That was it for me and nature could no longer be denied. Winking seductively at me when my shocked eyes met hers my intense and instantaneous throbbing erection then alerted her to my life long foot fetish which gave her and the other two a new weapon. Seeing my erection, and the smoldering look of abject lust on my face, she raised her freshly painted toes to my mouth and smiled.

“Why don’t you BLOW them dry?”

As those words left her mouth it took all I could muster not to pop those babies in my mouth and suck all night.

Armed with this new knowledge of my secret pervy nature, Gina told the other girls and I was done. Victoria now demanded that I give her a pedicure every morning as she prepared for work and Samantha, not to be outdone, commanded me massage her feet and calves when she got home from riding her motorcycle. It is a wonder I could still function with all of that blood constantly diverted from my brain to my cock at this non-stop assault on my pervy desires.

The girls also began to get bolder as the weeks drug on. As I would walk by, one of them would reach out and catch me by my balls in their hands. Helpless to stop them they would stroke the shaft of my penis and flick their tongues over the top of my swollen glands enjoying seeing me get as hard as possible on command. Even though I knew they would not finish me, I had no choice but to let them continue to taunt and tease my throbbing member as I stood there ramrod still as I was fondled.

Gina always got a big thrill out of bringing my to the edge of orgasm and then abruptly ordering me to do some odd job. Laughing at my

humiliating position they would follow me around the house and continue to stroke and prod me, thus keeping me hard for hours on end. Luckily I had at least some time alone to relieve this constant tension that was filling my testicles as of course they never finished me off.

Two weeks into my servitude, my last vestige of privacy, and thus my last hope for release was removed. As I was showering and jacking off furiously, Gina ripped open the shower curtain.

“Do that on your own time!” she screamed. “I am not paying you to get your sperm all over my tub so, from now on you will not be allowed to ever be out of our sight.”

From that day on I was forced to bathe while someone was in the room with me and even when I had to go to the bathroom, I was forced to keep the door cracked open, and if I was longer than five minutes, one of the girls would come to investigate. My degradation was complete as I now had zero privacy!

Nighttime was the worst. To prevent me from jacking off as they were sleeping, the girls took turns keeping me in their room for the night. Chained to a cot at the end of the bed and let out in the morning, Victoria was the cruelest as she loved to play with me when I was tied up and helpless, bringing me just to the edge over and over and laughing as I begged for her not to stop.

She was a stunning beauty with perfect breasts and very long beautiful legs and with her knowledge of my love of feet, she was now merciless. As I struggled against my bondage she would do a seductive little strip tease ending with her rubbing her naked clit up and down my stomach while dangling her nipples just out of the reach of my tongue. As my helpless cock smacked against her ass while she straddled my stomach, she would laugh maniacally telling me how much she loved getting me so hard and desperate and then leaving me hanging. She was the ultimate cock-tease and I was so horny I thought sometimes I would literally burst out my seed spontaneously just by being in her presence.

Gina used her knowledge of my fetish to great effect, and tied me to the bottom of her bed while she slept with her feet in my helpless

lap, her delectable toes purposefully shifting up against my defenseless and exposed cock all night as I could do nothing but hopelessly moan. Every night that I spent in her room she would wear a little see through teddy and silken pantyhose and the feel of those silk encased feet massaging my nipples and tantalizing my balls almost made me weep with frustration.

Nights with Samantha were equally alluring and even rougher. She would not chain me to the cot but would have me tied spread-eagled in her bed. After blindfolding me she would tease and stroke me until I whimpered, my light moans of begging like music to her ears. Laying in the dark, I could feel her silky long brunette locks dragged up and down my body as the lacy fabric of her moist panties teased my thigh. As I lay there completely exposed she would strip off, and then drip honey all over my chest, thighs and crotch before slowly beginning to lick it off. Being blindfolded, I bucked and struggled, desperate to see those gorgeous globes dangling over my face, but to no avail, she left me completely in the dark.

When she finally would finish licking up the honey and I would inevitably and pathetically beg for her to finish me, she would seductively yawn and fall asleep with her nose nuzzled in between my penis and my balls and her toes in my mouth, which of course I eagerly sucked. By the end of week two I thought I was about to lose my mind as all I could remember from the last few weeks of this torment was being constantly horny and perpetually hard.

Eventually teasing moved up the scale, and every night one of the girls would have me slowly eat them to one orgasm after another as I laid chained in frustrated bondage. Despite being horny and frustrated this new development was welcome, as I burned for each of them and the taste of their sweet nectar was like wine on my tongue. Finally on the last night Gina said "Bob, tomorrow is your big day, you will have paid off your debt by then!"

The girls looked at each other disappointedly, but I was licking my lips in anticipation. I still did not know what I would do or where I would go, but at least I would get my stuff back and more importantly I would finally be allowed to cum! The last four weeks had been complete hell! Going all this time without having an orgasm, coupled



with the fact that I was naked all of the time and relentlessly teased and tormented most of the day and night, I could think of nothing but sexual release. Gina was almost tender with me as she chained me to the cot on the final night.

“Good night Bob, I certainly will miss your talented tongue!” she said as she gently laid the deepest French kiss on me I had ever received. My hands instinctively reached for her but were thwarted by the handcuffs and as I laid back down in frustration Gina’s bedroom door opened and in walked Samantha and Victoria, completely NAKED! The sight of these beauties before my starving eyes made all of the tortures of the prior weeks worth the wait.

My already stiff cock became even stiffer as they entered and Gina smirked as she climbed onto my chest and thrust her sopping wet pussy on my eager waiting mouth. As she lowered her dripping snatch onto my tongue, I began to flick my tongue rapidly over her clit as she gushed onto my face. As I enthusiastically wormed my tongue in and out of her love canal I felt Victoria mount me.

“MY GOD!” I screamed out in a gurgle, my mouth full of Gina’s delicious pie, as I realized that they were finally going to allow me to have an orgasm and like a wet dream come true, with ALL of them at once. Now it appeared my luck had FINALLY turned as this was the ultimate of all ultimate experiences. Within minutes I shot load after hot load of cum deep up into Victoria as my aching balls sighed in relief as they mercifully emptied. It felt like I had released a gallon of spunk when all of a sudden all of the girls leapt off of me.

“What! What is the matter!” I asked innocently, desperate to have this dream continue.

“Oh, that’s going cost you!” Victoria said mischievously as she looked over at Gina and Samantha and winked. “Hmmm, normally I won’t let a guy do that until he has taken me out to a nice restaurant and we have seen a good Broadway show or something.”

Gina, now understanding Victoria’s plan said “You are right. I think you have been had. How much would a date like that cost normally?”

Samantha, already laughing at the situation added “About 120 dollars for the dinner and 200 for good seats at a decent show.”

Gina, interrupting said "Yeah, and normally the guy would buy you some sort of token of his affection right?"

Victoria nodded in agreement. "Well" continued Gina "That would be another 100 dollars easy."

Victoria, now with an evil glint in her eyes stared down into my desperate eyes and said "I guess you are back in hock with us again! Let's see 120 for dinner plus 200 for the show and 100 for the gift will be 420 dollars."

Samantha broke in and said "Boy that number seems strangely familiar. Hmmm, \$420 at 7 dollars a day will be...."

"OH NO!" I screamed as I did the math in my head "NOT ANOTHER 60 DAYS OF THIS!" My protestations were immediately drowned out by the sounds of three women simultaneously breaking into an uncontrolled hysterical laughing fit as my term of slavery servicing the debt just got extended.

## Plea Bargain

I still can't believe I had been so stupid. As part of my fraternity initiation, my task was to break into the Alpha Omega Psi sorority house, take some pictures of the girls naked in the shower and then return to the frat house by morning. Sadly, not only did I not get any pictures, and therefore was not allowed to join the frat, but I was caught and charged with breaking and entering. Typically, when my so called "brothers" heard of my fate, they quickly disassociated themselves from me and denied everything so that now here I was in court possibly facing two years in jail. Yep, things were fucked up without a doubt!

My heart was already pumping fast but grew even faster when Darla, the head of Alpha Omega Psi, walked past me while I sat in the defendants chair and whispered in my ear, "I bet you are going to be REALLY POPULAR in jail FUCKER". I couldn't believe the intense glint of evil in her eye as she sat down in the front row of the gallery and continued to bore her angry eyes into me.

Hearing this as a reminder of my soon to be fate, I quickly turned to my court appointed lawyer and began to beg him for new options. "Listen Sam" I pleaded, "I can't go to jail. You know what they will do to me in there!!!" My eyes began to well with tears as I envisaged my virgin ass being violated by some big bruiser with a taste for twenty year old white boys.

"Sam, don't worry, I think we may be in luck. This judge was a fraternity brother of mine, so he understands the deal. You won't get off Scot free, but, it is highly likely you won't serve any jail time, so cheer up." We both got quiet as the judge entered the room.

"Hear-ye, Hear-ye" bellowed the bailiff "All rise for Judge Stevens".

"Please be seated" Judge Stevens opened as he read the details of my file on his desk.

“I have reviewed the case, and it is my opinion that this was obviously part of a stupid college prank and not some act of a true criminal. It would be a egregious miscarriage of justice to send this young man to prison for two years and mark him as a felon for life for what is most likely an isolated incident of youthful indiscretion.”

A wave of relief overcame me as I heard those comforting words from the judge. As I glanced around the courtroom, all eyes were on the judge except Darla’s who was glowering at me with a look of such rage it sent cold shivers down my spine. Quickly, I turned back to the Judge.

“It is not however my intent to let this incident go unpunished though.” he continued.

Hearing this my heart stopped.

“Would the lawyers for the defendant, the prosecuting attorney as well as the representatives of the victims please meet me in chambers.”

“What’s going on Bob?!?” I whispered to my lawyer, completely confused.

“A plea bargain I have worked out, so now just sit here and shut up and say nothing. If they go for it, you will not only not go to jail, but all charges will be dropped, so you must trust me, OK?”

“OK!” I exclaimed. “This was great!” My stomach finally stopping its boil for the first time in weeks. Perhaps now this long nightmare would finally end on a positive note after all and the prospect of avoiding prison AND a criminal record was fantastic. As I saw Darla disappear from the court and head towards the Judge’s office I wondered what possible deal would satisfy her but I put my faith in my lawyer. Bob was good and very convincing so I was sure it was a good deal he worked out for me. The continued icy death stare in her eyes of Darla however did make me wonder how they would ever get her to agree to drop the charges.

For the next two hours I waited and sweated and waited and sweated as the lawyers battled it out in the Judge’s office. Around

two o'clock everyone came back inside.

"Well ladies and gentlemen, we have an agreement." Judge Stevens announced. "Will the defendant please rise."

Nervously I rose to my feet and although I still didn't know what the agreement was, by the smug look on Bob's face I was convinced that it didn't include jail.

"Samuel Franklin, in exchange for the plaintiffs dropping all charges against you, it has been decided that you will be turned over to state for an experimental program called "Community Victim Restitution". Under this program, you will be the first test case as it is truly experimental but seems highly appropriate for this situation. The term of your sentence is six months and at the end of your time your record will be expunged and the charges dropped based on the report of the board. If they do not provide a satisfactory report on your behavior however you will be remanded over to state custody for prison for the remaining eighteen months of your prior sentence and your criminal record will stand."

Clearing his throat and looking very sternly into my eyes he continued. "I would then highly encourage you to make the best of your restitution so you can receive a good report. You are hereby released on your own recognizance until Monday morning. You will be instructed by the Bailiff as to where you are to report for your punishment. Do you have any questions?"

I had many of course, but after looking at my lawyer who was beaming with a big smile, I just shook my head no.

As the court cleared, I took my lawyer's arm and asked him how this worked. He explained that this new system was passed by the state legislature specifically to offer an alternative to prison for non-violent offenders like me. During my "imprisonment" I would still be allowed to attend classes or work, but otherwise I would be completely under the control and supervision of my appointed CVR board.

The board was restricted in what they could demand or do to me, but otherwise the state would not interfere. The system was designed to be a community based program meant to satisfy the victims of crimes where an arrangement could be made that did not

have to involve the state. The beauty was the criminal could offer direct restitution to the victim and therefore justice was served at a considerable savings to all involved.

During my time of “imprisonment” he explained, I would not be allowed to leave their residence, except to attend classes or for medical emergencies and at the end of this six month period, I would be brought back with the plaintiff’s to hear the results of their report. Seeing my growing concern, Bob spoke.

“Listen Sam” my lawyer whispered. “This is truly a great deal and after a little crappy six months of nonsense, you will be totally free and without a record! You still get to go to class so you won’t get thrown out of college and before you know it all of this ugliness will be in your past. This is as good a deal as you will ever get, so don’t blow it!”

Seeing me relax a bit and nod, he continued. “You need to make sure they give you a good report as otherwise you will have to go to jail to serve out the rest of a two year sentence. I STRONGLY ADVISE you to do whatever they say during this time as your freedom depends on whether they are satisfied with your punishment or not. The judge has given them instructions on what is, and what is not, acceptable punishment so don’t worry, it won’t be so bad, OK?”

My head was swimming now as this all was very new. It certainly was a relief not to have to go to jail, but I was a bit apprehensive about giving myself over to some nameless CVR board. Looking at Bob, I finally asked the obvious question.

“So Bob, just exactly who makes up my CVR board anyway?”

Grinning, he pointed across the courtroom. As my eyes followed his finger, I felt my blood run cold as they came to rest on Darla and the rest of her sorority sisters giggling at the back of the court.

“What? THEM?” I blanched, but after Bob just nodded and then led me to the bailiff to receive my instructions I grew very nervous but knew I had no choice. These girls were furious with me so God knows WHAT they might do; but the idea of being marked as a felon for life after being gang raped in a prison shower quickly made me

accept the arrangement. Reading the letter from the Judge, I saw that I was instructed to report to their house tomorrow morning at 8:00 A.M.

I slept very little that night, but as instructed I knocked on their door at 8:00 A.M. sharp. Darla opened the door, took my bag and told me to go into the living room for “prisoner orientation”. Entering the room my stomach was churning again as all of twelve of the girls from the sorority were there, and none of them looked happy.

Darla broke the silence. “For the duration, you will answer to the your prison number which has been assigned to you. It should be easy as you are prisoner number one! You will address each member of this sorority as Mistress So & So, and will be subordinate to them at all times.”

So far it did not seem so bad, but as she continued, my concerns grew.

“Your head is never to be above the head of any member of this sorority in order to show the true wormlike status you deserve. If we stand you kneel, if we sit you grovel on the ground, got it?”

Meekly I nodded my head as she continued with the rules.

“You are to be given one uniform to be worn in the house, and one uniform to be worn outside the house, nothing else, so you BETTER take care of it. Saturdays are wash day, and you will launder your own uniforms, as well as all the clothes of all of the sisters. You will prepare all of our meals, keep the house spotless and perform any and all tasks demanded of you INSTANTANEOUS AND WITHOUT HESITATION OR COMPLAINT!”

Her fury rising as she spoke, I looked down at the ground, trying to look as compliant as possible. It was obvious she was still furious and so humiliation was to be part of my punishment. As she continued, it became painfully obvious just how deep my humiliation was to become.

“You will wear this dog collar at all times as a symbol of your degradation. Failure to follow any instructions, or the breaking of any rules will be met with appropriate penalties. Any questions?”



I shook my head no.

“GOOD, Now STRIP!” she commanded.

This was not unexpected, but it was still quite humiliating. Slowly I shed my shirt, shoes, socks and pants before finally standing before them clad only in my boxers. Darla, obviously perturbed at my attempts at modesty, grabbed a rather ominous looking paddle from the fireplace mantle and cracked my ass hard.

“We are not off to a good start here Number One!” she screamed as she flicked the waistband of my shorts with her long nails. “When I said Strip, I meant totally! Now get on with it!”

To the obvious amusement of the girls I slowly lowered my boxers to the floor. Being forced to strip down in front of a room full of attractive college women had the predicted reaction and caused me to develop an enormous erection, which only humiliated me further. Vainly trying to shield my nakedness from them I covered my crotch with my hands and I stood before them bare ass naked as the day I was born.

CRACK! Another whack on the ass forced me to drop my hands to my side.

“Now, put your hands on your head and spread your legs!” Darla barked.

Completely red from head to toe I sadly complied. I was now completely exposed to them with my cock standing stiffly at attention adding further humiliation to an already humiliating situation as the taunts began. As I stood there throbbing and naked, the comments flew like mad with especial attacks made against my manhood in order to embarrass me.

“Hey Darla, it looks like Number One is enjoying his punishment?” called one.

“Is that a dick or an acorn?” called another.

“I guess we will have to pull out our magnifying glass to inspect THIS one!”

“OK Susan, that is a good idea, now start the examination!” Darla instructed laughing wildly as the sisters continued pelting me with rude comments.

Susan, a stunning brunette with very lickable breasts that despite my situation I could not help leering out approached me with a knowing smirk on her face.

“Bend over and touch your toes Number One!” she commanded.

I complied, even though I realized my anus was gaping and totally exposed for their view. The few muted giggles and whispers I heard caused me to shut my eyes even tighter in shame as I reflexively clinched up. Feeling the gorgeous girl’s hand on my bare back caused me to flinch, but grow even harder .

Smirking, Susan then began to shine a flashlight up my ass, and tug, probe and prod my exposed asshole, while running her long nails over my dangling and helpless balls and cock.

“He’s free from contraband!” Susan announced as the pent up laughter burst from every female lip in the room.

“Stand up Number One and put your uniform on”

As I turned and saw my uniform dangling from Susan’s slender fingers, I was horrified. Looking on in disbelief my eyes saw what had to be the skimpiest thong I had ever seen. Looking up and around the room at the girls, the glowering smirks on their faces told me I had no choice but to wear it, and so for the next ten minutes I struggled into it, trying desperately to fit my genitals into its brief material. In a strange way, this was more humiliating than being naked as the thong was about three sizes too small, and for a second I thought the material would burst open as I jammed my junk inside.

As I stood there in my ridiculous get up, Darla handed me a mop and a sponge and guided me to the kitchen. For the next 10 hours I scrubbed, cleaned, dusted, and vacuumed every inch of the house and generally worked like a dog. By the end of the day I was exhausted, but despite my fatigue, I prepared dinner as directed and went into the kitchen to eat alone as they enjoyed the meal together

in the dining room. After they ate, the entire sorority retired to the great room and as I was finishing up the dishes, I heard Darla call for me.

“Number One, you are needed downstairs!”

The room was large and comfortable, filled with multiple couches, a teak bar and a large flat screen TV. Now that dinner was over, the girls were all seated and watching a “Real Housewives” marathon, and every chair was filled. Being “in for the night” all had changed into more casual wear, and most were just lounging in long oversized t-shirts or just robes. Crawling on my knees inside, I thought for sure my thong would snap at the sight of such beauty. Despite knowing that these girls meant me great harm, I could not help but be aroused as acres of firm young coed legs and feet that were now were displayed before me.

“OK Number One! You have a busy night ahead of you.” Darla cried out as she threw a bottle of massage oil to me. Catching it, I knew what to do, and crawled over to her first, figuring that the happier I made the President of the Sorority, perhaps that good Karma would flow down to the others.

For the next four hours I gave all of them foot and leg massages until my hands ached. All those lovely coed feet and legs kept me perpetually aroused, and this did not go unnoticed by the girls. My tiny thong was truly maxed out, and seeing my obvious arousal the girls began flirtatiously torturing me as I massaged their legs by rubbing their toes across my tight tight speedos. By the time I was finished and finally was ready to turn in I was horny beyond belief.

After all the girls were in bed, I went downstairs to the “bed” they constructed for me in the living room. This bed was simply a pillow and a blanket on the cold hard wood floor. After I was convinced they were asleep, and desperately needing relief, I reached down between my legs and pulled off my speedo.

All the pent up sexual frustration of the day had kept me hard for the last 6 hours and I needed release, and I needed it bad, so as quietly as possible I began to masturbate. Oiling my rod up with the massage oil, I closed my eyes and began to pump, imagining that

instead of my palm it was the gorgeous mouth of Darla or the stunning cleavage of Susan that I was slamming into. Panting and sweating, I grunted quietly as I whacked away into the night.

Just as I was reaching the point of no return, the lights suddenly came on and all of the girls ran into the room. I was so startled I leapt to my feet without thinking put on quite a display. There I was, completely naked with a raging hard-on and still stroking away as I drooled pre-cum onto the floor.

“GET YOUR GODDAMN HANDS OFF OF OUR PROPERTY!” screamed Darla.

Like being awakened from a dream, I realized what I was doing and quickly stopped, still trying to shield my crime from them.

“So” chimed Susan “You want to get off do you? Well, since this is your “prison”, and as such, I think you should have the experience of getting off in prison just to make sure that your penance is complete.”

Unsure of just exactly she was talking about, I was alarmed as all of the girls rushed me and dragged me into the kitchen. I did not struggle, since I knew I was completely at their mercy and certainly did not want to endanger the plea bargain agreement.

When I was thrown face down on the kitchen table however, I did attempt to get away, but it was no use. Outnumbered twelve to one, it was no contest. I was quickly handcuffed face down on the table with my feet and wrists cuffed to each table leg. In this position I was completely helpless, and totally exposed.

Susan then giggled as she brought in eight or nine pillows and placed them under my stomach causing my back to arch and my anus to be stretched even more wide open and gaping.

“Get ready for your deflowering Number One!” Darla gleamed as she walked to the head of the table and held up the largest most evil looking dildo I had ever seen. Seeing it, I gulped and automatically tried to close my legs and protect my ass but it was no use, I was tied down too tightly. Seeing my struggles to protect my anal virginity caused much giggling from my “audience”.

“Open your mouth!” she commanded as she shoved the dildo down my throat. As I lay there and gagged, she told me I had better lubricate it up good if I knew what was good for me. Too frightened to be humiliated, I sucked at the black phallus like a wild starving calf desperately trying to wet the surface as much as possible.

After a few minutes, Darla snatched the dildo from my lips and waved it in front of my face. It was at least twelve inches long and 4 inches in diameter and my hole, acting on its own power, began to pucker in a defensive posture.

Despite the fear growing in my stomach, my cock remained as hard as ever as it dangled over the side of the kitchen table. Walking around to my ass, Darla ran her fingers down my back and laughed as I shivered at her touch. When she stood behind me, dildo in her hand, she reached out and grabbed my helpless balls hard before smacking my hard throbbing cock.

Watching it sway, she laughed. “Well, it seems MY cock puts YOURS to shame! Anyway, we all decided that we didn’t want you to miss out on any experience you would have had if you had actually gone to jail so OPEN WIDE!” And with that, Darla shoved eleven of the twelve inches up my ass.

As I was reamed I screamed like a banshee in pain and humiliation, begging pitifully for them to take it out.

“What’s this?” I heard Susan ask as the girls were inspecting the dildo in my ass. Being behind me, I tried in vain to turn to see what they were looking at but could see nothing. When I heard the switch click and felt the dildo begin to pump in and out, I realized what they were looking at. They had hooked the dildo up to a pneumatic pump that now was beginning to speed up as the seconds ticked by. This diabolical device was raping my ass and although I was crying in the most intense pain I had ever experienced, the constant ramming of the dildo on my prostrate eventually caused me to blow my load all over the floor under my cock to the obvious delight of all the girls.

“See there” Darla cooed “Getting off in jail ain’t so bad”.

I couldn’t look her in the face, my eyes filled with tears of pain, my face red with shame at being brought off by a dildo up my ass that

was continuing to plunge into me.

“Please, PLEASE take it out...” I begged pitifully as Darla laughed at my predicament.

“Good night Number One, and sleep tight. You have a BUSY BUSY day tomorrow.” she giggled as she and the other girls left the kitchen and turned off the lights, leaving me to be tortured for the remainder of the night. As I heard the whirring of the pump, and felt the constant plunging of the dildo into my ass I knew it was going to be a very long six months.

## Canadian Doubles

Bill was a star. All through high school he had constantly won every tennis match he had ever played, and when he received a full scholarship to UCLA to play on the tennis team he couldn't have been more pleased. His talent however somewhat warped his personality and he was thoughtless, arrogant and rude. Despite these qualities his rugged athletic good looks always assured him of a steady supply of ample pussy and this too contributed to an ego that could choke a horse. Bill however was about to receive the most valuable tennis lesson he would ever take.

Every day at 1:00 PM, Bill would head down to the courts, fire up the ball cannon and practice his backhand. This was his weak suit and he knew it and if he wished to stay on the team, and thus keep his lucrative scholarship, he knew he had to work on this weakness.

He had his whole future planned out. First graduate, then hopefully get into the rankings, and make the US Open, and who knows maybe even Wimbledon. Ah, the dreams he had; covered in endorsements and hot Scandinavian lingerie models, it was perfect. Even if he didn't succeed this well, it was not hard to imagine a comfy life for himself as a country club pro, teaching tennis lessons to hot rich MILFS and thoroughly enjoying himself with lots of bored rich hot trophy wife tail. Yes, the future looked bright.

This particular day Bill, dressed only in his shirt, shorts, no socks, (jock of course) and shoes, headed down to the courts to begin his practice. He was furious when he saw that all the courts were taken and he would have to wait. Today was the inter-sorority tournament and all four courts were full up.

There were also at least 20 or 30 other girls in the bleachers cheering their teammates on and he was the only guy there. Now normally being surrounded by all this co-ed loveliness, would have greatly pleased Bill, but today he was especially focused as he had a few major tournaments coming up and he had to get some practice time in. His last match had gone bad and he had lost badly so he



definitely needed and wanted to practice. Seeing the lineup and the large number of girls playing, Bill fumed as he sat down and decided to wait out the tournament.

After about an hour he grew very impatient and began to yell out disparaging comments to the sorority players.

“MY GOD! What kind of serve is that!” he sneered as Veronica shot a ball into the net.

“HA! You women are pathetic! Why don’t you get off the courts and let some real players practice!” he yelled again as she missed the next shot.

Hearing the rolling heckles coming from the stands was enough for Veronica. It was bad enough that she was losing the game, but being harassed by some asshole was really infuriating her. The other girls in attendance also were annoyed as Bill, even for him, was being a GIANT dick.

“OK Big shot!” she yelled back. “If you think you are so good, why don’t you come down here and play some of us. Or don’t you think you can handle it?” she taunted.

The crowd grew silent at Veronica’s taunt as they were all completely annoyed that Bill was ruining their tournament, and all hoped that maybe now he would shut up and leave.

“Right!” he yelled back. “I could beat all of you combined! You bitches SUCK! Why don’t you all just pack up and go home so some real players can use the court! Just hurry up and lose so I can practice!”

Veronica, now absolutely livid carped back “What are you afraid of stud? Afraid a group of women will outplay your sorry ass! Mother fuckers like you are all the same. All talk and no action, I doubt you even know how to swing a racket!” With this last comment all the girls started laughing.

Bill, now having his male pride aroused, grabbed his racket and walked down to the court.

“Ok BITCH you’re on! This is a little beneath my skill level, but I think I can slum today” he responded snidely.

At this comment the crowd erupted into long OOOOOOOOOOs.

“So, you really think you can beat us all do you? Care to bet on that?” she replied.

Bill was intrigued now. Back in his high school days he had won a lot of money sharking and he figured these rich bitches would be ripe for the plucking.

“Ok, I’m game. What do you say, \$50 bucks a game and to show I am truly magnanimous, we will play Canadian Doubles! I will play youyou’re your opponent here and will be glad to remove any extra cash you have.”

Veronica fumed at his arrogance. “You really think you are that good eh? OK, we will take that bet. I frankly can’t wait to humiliate your sorry ass all over this court, and let’s up it a bit. In addition to losing your money, you will then have to LEAVE this court and NEVER return while we are around EVER. We are ALL sick of hearing your mouth, so you leaving will be our gift to the crowd.”

Now Bill fumed but grinned. He was going to take this bet and up it too, as obviously this girl had NO idea how good a player he was. Looking at Veronica and her opponent (and now partner) Lynette, he licked his lips. They were stunningly gorgeous, and since they were making bets and obviously pissed, perhaps he could turn this into an afternoon to remember.

“Well, you are talking some REAL shit now girl! I say we up it more. I say if you win, you get the money and I will leave the court for you and your pitiful squad whenever you want it. But if I win, you and your gorgeous friend there get to come back to my dorm room and give me a special prize!”

The ooos of the crowd got louder now as the tension escalated. When Veronica uttered her next words the ooos turned to gasps, and Lynette herself looked on in horror as she had not expected to get caught up in THIS level of stakes.

“OK, I got one better Stud! I say that each game the winner gets to have the loser remove an article of clothing, winners choice. Not only

are you going to lose your money and have to leave but I am going to show your lily white hide to the crowd. I am afraid you might get a little sunburned playing naked all afternoon, but that is my bet, assuming you are MAN enough to take it.” All the girls went wild when this suggestion was made.

Bill’s mind raced. He knew he was good and also was completely confident that he would never get stripped. These girls were terrible and he would be able to easily defeat them and have their gorgeous naked bodies stripped before his eyes. The idea of having two girls totally stark naked in front of him was too tempting so he eagerly agreed.

The other girls sensed that there may be trouble as they saw Lynette begin to whisper protests to Veronica. She calmly whispered something in her ear which seemed to quiet her down.

“One thing” Veronica interrupted as Bill took his place “What if someone is already naked and loses?”

Bill chuckled to himself. “Well perhaps she should have to pay a penalty!”

Smirking, Veronica smiled. “Agreed! So, those who lose and are already naked have to pay a penalty. Now we will play 3 sets of 3 games, right?”

After shaking hands Bill nodded in expectant victory as he took his stance while Veronica and Lynette took their places.

Bill’s serves were fantastic and he easily won the first game, firing his shots hard and fast, they never had a chance.

“OK Girls, lose the tops!” Bill yelled with glee confident that they would not get caught as the campus security guards NEVER monitored the back tennis courts.

All the girls who had gathered to watch the game moaned with disappointment as it now became apparent that their friends were going to be humiliated in front of them, and it was going to be much worse being humiliated by a giant asshole like Bill.

The second game too went his way and he confidently ordered the removals of their bras. Lynette’s face flushed four shades of red as

she shyly revealed two healthy 36 Cs. Veronica, with no shame at all, quickly unhooked her bra and flashed her quite impressive rack to Bill both to his and the crowd's shock.

Now in heaven as he gazed at their impressive and gorgeous breasts, glistening with sweat and bouncing wildly as they ran after his volleys it was like a wet dream. This particular day was absolutely scorching and the heat coming up off the concrete was like playing on a skillet, the heat radiating like an inferno off of the court and adding to the beautiful spectacle of these sweat dripping beauties. Bill did not think about one ramification of playing against four sets of bouncing naked boobs, and his concentration was so off by the erotic diversion that Lynette and Veronica easily beat him the next game.

Waiting patiently for their demand for an article of his clothing he was not worried at all. Nothing they could take would show anything so it was just a temporary pause on his continued stripping of the girls. He already was mentally preparing for the next game and trying to plan how he could avoid getting distracted by their female charms. Gritting his teeth, he willed himself to concentrate so that those gorgeous jiggling tits would not distract him enough to keep him from winning.

"Lose the shoes Bill!" Veronica squealed as the crowd gasped in astonishment.

Everyone had the exact same question running through their mind simultaneously; what on EARTH was she doing? Bill had a similar thought going through his head, especially in light of how he had their breasts exposed as soon as possible, but looking into her oddly serene face the gleam in her eye gave him a sudden sinking sick feeling in his stomach. After he dutifully removed his shoes and his bare soles hit the pavement, he knew instantly what she was doing.

To the increasing amusement of the crowd, he comically started jumping around madly in a desperate attempt to try not to burn his feet, but it was no use, the court was literally melting in the summer sun.

“Stop dancing and start playing shoeless boy!” Veronica taunted as Bill tried valiantly to look confident despite his flesh literally frying.

The next game they played was the worst he had ever played in his whole tennis career. With the combination of his burning soles and the continued delightful yet dangerous distraction of the bouncing tits on display, he was a goner. Veronica and Lynette easily won the next game.

Bill hopped nervously, trying not to scorch his feet as he awaited his fate and perpetually lifting his now blistering soles up in the air as he waited for what he knew was coming.

“Shorts PLEASE !” She commanded as the crowd went wild. Bill was a bit hesitant, but relented as his face turned as red as his soles. Humiliated that his naked ass was now going to be displayed for at least 20 college women, he openly regretted wearing the jock cut open entirely in the back today. Hearing the loud catcalls and hoots from the crowd as his white ass was uncovered only pissed him off now and increased his desire to strip these girls bare assed naked.

His embarrassment now totally focused him on his game and his will stiffened as he vowed not to lose again. His concentration improved, the next game went much better for Bill, and he barely squeaked out a victory despite his barefoot torment. When he now called for their shoes a collective moan went up from the audience.

Lynette and Veronica both winked at each other as they tossed their tennies to the crowd. The socks they were wearing were padded, and although not as effective as tennis shoes, they did prevent their feet from being burned like Bill. Now unshod, the game continued.

Bill was now completely demoralized as they played better than they had all day and obviously were not suffering on their feet like he was. Constantly roasting he played like shit and missed at least three serves he should have made and lost. Now it was serious as he stood on the court and the crowd cheered as the girls easily stripped him of his shirt. Now clad only in his jock he was almost completely naked in front of a crowd of women. The thought of losing now occurred to him and he grew very worried as up until now he had not thought it even remotely possible.

The crowd, as well as Veronica and Lynette, whistled appreciatively as he reluctantly stripped down to just his tiny open assed jockstrap. Veronica licked her lips as she gazed at his fine muscular body and tight dimpled ass come into view, made even sexier as he was dripping in sweat and looking adorable deliciously tiny and embarrassing jockstrap. Despite being a total asshat, she thought, he was certainly “doable” and she grew moist as she thought of the REST of his delicious bits that would soon be revealed and dangling and jiggling for all to see.

Being reduced to near nudity, and now worried about losing rather than winning, caused Bill to panic and in his panic played even worse.

This last game was the moment of truth, and although close, Bill missed his last return serve and now stood in dumbfounded horror as he watched the ball whizz out of the reach of his racket. The realization of his situation came crashing in on him as he heard Veronica call out in a sing songy tone “Jock strap time, Jock strap time!”

Every girl in the crowd now was on their feet cheering like crazy as Bill stood with his hand in front of his crotch and blushed. Slowly trying to preserve some dignity he covered his dick with his hand as he lowered his jock to the ground and kicked it over onto the growing pile of clothes. Now naked and humiliated he trembled with rage. His rage only grew when he heard Veronica speak her next words.

“Bill, we still have three more games to play. Do you want to know what your penalty is if you lose them all?”

Bill opened his mouth in shock as he had been concentrating so hard on the game he had completely forgotten about the penalty. His face burning with shame he meekly stared down at the ground as he knew his embarrassing day was not over yet. He still had not completely revealed his goods to the girls as he gripped his junk with his hands. Realizing he was going to have to continue to play while naked, he knew he would be flopping all over everywhere soon.

“If you lose one more game, you oil that baby up and stroke for the crowd in order to “earn” your clothes back.”

The crowd went nuts now as Bill just stood open mouthed as he listened. Getting ready to protest, Veronica cut him off.

“Lose two more and we throw away your clothes and you will have to streak back to the dorm stark ass naked. If you lose three more, you will have your hands tied behind your back while you enjoy your nude romp!”

The crowd went crazy as the penalties were read out but Bill, horrified at the prospects, was determined not to lose anymore.

Luckily for him, he won the next game. Trying to cover his dick made it much closer than it should have been, but he just barely squeaked by. Bill smiled now as he heard the crowd groaning. He felt the tide was now finally turning and with a smug look on his face he ordered the girls out of their socks. Now THEY would suffer under the same conditions he was.

Hearing his command, Lynette turned to Veronica with a horrified glance as both girls knew they were in real trouble now. IN a straight game, they were no match for his skills so their plan was now backfiring and backfiring SPECTACULARLY. Without their socks it was their turn to toast their tootsies on the turf.

Bill chuckled to himself as he watched them hop wildly over the hot pavement as now it was their turn to suffer. The next game was easily his and he enjoyed seeing them wriggle out of their skirts as their faces grew red. Both girls had on white thong panties, and were sweating so profusely their nicely trimmed bushes were quite visible through the now sheer material. One more game to go and they would be naked!

The last game was quite fierce. First the girls won a point and then Bill won a point, going back and forth, it was tense. Finally it was all tied when Veronica shot the ball right into the net and Bill leapt for joy. Temporarily forgetting about his nudity, the crowd enjoyed watching his long cock and heavy balls swinging wildly as he performed his victory dance as he no longer covered himself with his hands. Victory, although pyrrhic, was his as he demanded that the girls now lose their panties.



Slowly Veronica and Lynette peeled their sopping thongs to their ankles and kicked them to the side. Looking at their completely naked bodies he was entranced as their firm round asses came into view, he felt himself start to grow hard as they were astonishingly beautiful, now naked before his ravenous eyes.

Bill was completely mesmerized by the erotic sight and clapped as they were uncovered, but the crowd, obviously disappointed with the outcome, booed. As they stood before Bill in all their nude gorgeous glory he began wildly Grinning as he now had totally regained his confidence.

His smile growing, as was his cock, and since EVERYONE was now naked, he suggested they play one more game. If he lost, he would pay the penalties they had spelled out for him, but if they lost they would both agree to be his slave for the weekend. He was totally smitten with both of them as they were stunners, and little Bill was thinking for big Bill now as he made this lopsided bet.

Licking his lips he felt his balls jingle in his hands at the thought of having two nubile young naked coeds servicing his every whim for two full days and his perverted imagination was already on hyperdrive. Oh he had such plans for them, and in his mind they were already playing out. He would take that gorgeous top heavy Veronica and flip her over onto her stomach and ram his fat cock in and out her all night as he would pump into her sweet sweet pussy until she passed out. Lynette, and her equally unbelievable rack, would certainly look delicious on her knees, heavy hangers swinging, gobbling up his thick cock between her two full lips. Yes, despite the TINY risk of possibly losing, the porn movie running in his head compelled him forward. Besides, now that they were on equal "footing" so to speak, victory was certainly assured.

Lynette and Veronica on the other hand were visibly nervous the game having taken an obvious recent ugly turn. Embarrassed to be exposed in front of the ENTIRE audience, even if they were all women, was still humiliating. Seeing Bill smirk, looking as hot as a bonfire, licking his lips and staring back at them only seemed to make Veronica angrier.

Lynette was not convinced, but as Veronica whispered something into her ear she grinned. Bill could see them conferring and hoped and prayed they would agree, desperate to have both of them as his sole erotic property. It had been a VERY humiliating game, but if it could end it in a delightful threesome with these two, well, his embarrassment would be vindicated.

Veronica oddly winked up at the crowd but then approached the net. Somehow seeing her walking with her left hand over her breasts while her right hand hid her bush made her look even sexier to Bill. To his great surprise, and total delight, they agreed but only if they would get something equal from HIM if THEY won. So entranced by her gorgeous nude body he wasn't thinking straight anymore, his mind not able to get the image of she and her friend future fighting over his cock out of his head. Entranced and drooling, he nodded without even hearing the conditions.

As he walked back to his position he was shocked when he saw the naked Veronica turn and begin to announce the conditions to the crowd. They, like he, would learn EXACTLY what he had just agreed to now.

"OK, it is decided. We will play ONE more game in this battle of the sexes, winner take all. If BILL wins, Lynette and I will willingly go to his dorm room and do whatever perverted activities he wishes for the WHOLE weekend. IF however WE win, then he not only will put on his lubed up wanker show for us ladies, but he will then be tied up and drug home afterwards NAKED back to our dorm to act as OUR slave! What do you think ladies, do you think that is a good tradeoff?"

Bill gulped as he heard her speak, but still was not nervous YET. The girls had the first serve and the game began.

It was a TRUE battle, and as the stakes were so high, it was quite a show as their large breasts and his swinging cock and balls were bouncing all over the court as neither side even attempted to cover themselves anymore, each using every possible advantage they could to win. Despite his superior skills, testosterone worked against Bill and he kept getting harder as they played as the sight of these

two sweaty beauties flopping and jiggling all over the place was too compelling to ignore. Distracted constantly, he missed quite a few shots he normally would have made and again the score was tied.

As he was running to return Veronica's serve, right as he was lunging for the crucial shot, one of the girls in the audience (one of Veronica's roommates and the girl who she winked at) flashed her makeup mirror at him and temporarily blinded him. As he was bending to return the volley, he lost sight of the ball in the glare and completely missed it. Hearing the whiff of his racket and the deafening squeals from the stands told him it was over, he had LOST, having successfully snatched defeat from the jaws of victory!

Veronica, now completely overjoyed at her victory, hopped over the net and rushed at Bill. Although she still thought he was a jerk, she was honestly seriously attracted to him now, and knowing that he was now to jack off for her entertainment made her gush her honey like a firehose.

His body was hard and muscled and she eagerly awaited the devilish torments she had in store for him as he slaved away as their dorm slave. With a wicked gleam in her eye she tossed him some sunscreen.

"Time for stage one Big Boy! Start a stroking!" she cackled.

Bill was horrified as the reality of his situation was finally sinking in. Looking up into the stands the ear splitting roar from the girls added to his humiliation as they began to chant.

"Jack off! Jack OFF! JACK OFF!"

Looking over to Lynette and Veronica, sadly already getting dressed he gulped as he saw the snide smirk on Veronica's face as she formed her fist into a ball and began pumping the air mimicking the stroking action he was to begin.

Closing his eyes tight, and trying to block out the laughter of the women, he uncupped his cock and let it all hang out. He had been fighting a hard-on for hours, and now he was at full staff. Blushing he took his right hand and poured the lotion onto the head and began to

work it into his skin. His humiliation was total as he began to slowly stroke, each pump of his shaft cheered on by the girls.

He got harder and harder as his machinations continued, to the obvious amusement of all of the girls witnessing this humiliating ordeal and who all now called out words of “encouragement”.

“Choke that chicken faster loser!!

“Yeah baby, oil that snake up good!!! WOOOHOO!”

“I hope someone is filming this show as I have never seen a guy work his weasel in public before!”

“How do you TWEET a video?”

Bill closed his eyes tighter hearing their taunts. Somehow NOT seeing their faces helped him imagine that this was not actually happening and perhaps in his mind he could try to imagine that he was still alone in his room when he had to jack off for his display instead of standing stark naked in the middle of a large group of attractive and now shrieking and laughing coeds.

He knew that this humiliating show he was performing would be buzzing up to youtube, facebook and twitter in just seconds and his shame would be forever recorded, but his brain was in its most basic mode now. Despite the most humiliating time of his young life, he was beyond horny and as his bare toes dug into the tennis court, and his stroking got faster and faster he prepared to blast off feeling the thick hot sap of his rise in his trunk. As his toes curled farther and his moans grew louder and he began to shake as he felt ready to erupt, suddenly four female hands grabbed each of his arms and pulled his hands off of his junk.

Moaning like a beached seal as he approached his impending rocket launch, just as he was about to hose down the burning clay with his spooge Veronica shouted for him to stop and his hands were ripped off of his oily angry meat sword. His poor penis, denied stimulation at the very last second just twitched and throbbed in impotent desperation as he struggled.

Confused, Bill grunted and popped opened his eyes as Veronica whispered icily into his ear. “You will cum when I say you can cum,

but NOT NOW!"

With Lynette and another girl holding his arms down, she removed one of her shoelaces and promptly tied his hands behind his back. Satisfied he was secure, with her other shoelace she tied Bill's engorged cock and balls in a loop, leaving a dangling string hanging in front of his body as his "lead".

Now leashed, Bill had no choice but to follow the victorious Veronica as she led him, naked and bound out through the crowd as they began their long naked walk of shame towards the girl's dorm. As they wandered through the throng, he was amazed at how the girls took every opportunity to grab his balls or stroke his ass as he walked amongst them. He was thoroughly humiliated, but at the same time totally hard and insanely aroused by the dozens of soft feminine fingers stroking every inch of his flesh.

As they walked across campus, pausing often to make sure that no cops were around to stop their nude parade, Bill tried to shield his nakedness behind Veronica as he was pulled along like a toy. Lynette, following close behind, occasionally reaching between his legs to squeeze his tortured balls and cause him to cry out a little yelp. Each whimper of his protest obviously amused both girls immensely and it took quite a while to finally reach their dorm.

Finally, after it seemed every girl on campus had seen him parade naked as he was dragged by his dick, they finally climbed up the stairs of Veronica and Lynette's dormitory hall and he was led into their floor. Horny and throbbing wildly now he struggled with his bonds as they made their way towards their room.

Veronica tugged a little on his cock leash, causing the knot to tighten a bit as he squirmed, effectively causing Bill to stop any thoughts he might have had of trying to escape. Reaching their room, they entered.

Then the most amazing thing happened. Veronica and Lynette, who had fought so hard to conceal their nakedness from him all day now willingly stripped. Again their female charms were laid before him, and when the gorgeous Veronica laid back on her bed and spread

her legs Bill thought he must be dreaming as her warm dripping snatch came fully into view.

Roughly Veronica tugged on his leash again and grabbed the back of his head, guiding it to her warm cave. Instinctively knowing what to do, and being overwhelmed by the sight and smell of her intoxicating aroused aroma, Bill began delicately kissing his way up her inner thigh towards her flooding cooch. Veronica sighed as she grabbed his head and pulled him into her tightly, sighing deeply as she felt his tongue begin to lap at her lathering lips. Lynette, watching and squirming also sighed as she could not WAIT for her turn under the Bill-O-Matic, but knew she would get their turn as they had him for the whole two long days.

“Lick it up good Boy, you have a lot of work to do this weekend!” she cooed as Bill began munching away with even more enormous gusto.

## The Art exhibit

Jake loved dating Alexis. Sexy and wild, her coco brown skin, delicious curves and incredibly tasty and ample booty mixed and blended with her crazy Jamaican ways always kept him constantly off balance but definitely kept life interesting. Their sex life was an unending carnival and she made sure they kept pushing the envelope of their passion further and further, well out of his comfort zone.

Once while at the beach she stole his trunks while they were swimming and ran back to their room to lock them away, leaving him naked and stranded in the surf. Returning to join him in the water, she grinned as she said she would not retrieve them until he properly serviced her under the water right in full view of hundreds of people on the shore. After almost drowning several times, he finally earned his trunks back but only after having to beg and being forced to make a very humiliating dash after her. She thought it would be funny to play keep away in front of some very shocked families on the beach so he put on quite a show.

Another time she insisted on having sex out on the balcony of their hotel overlooking Times Square on New Year's Eve on the 23<sup>rd</sup> floor. Always the exhibitionist she loved playing on the edge, getting hotter and hotter the more likely they would be caught. That incident was sexier in theory than in practice as being 5 below zero that night, and Jake having his left ass cheek frozen to the metal railing did not lead to his best PERFORMANCE. Giggling at his begging to go back inside, Alexis playfully locked him out and did not let him back into the warm hotel room until she saw him edge himself five times on the open balcony. Luckily for him their room was high enough and the crowd distracted enough by other activities he wasn't noticed by the police and therefore didn't get arrested for lewd and lascivious behavior. As he could be seen naked, just not THAT clearly from the street, it prevented his arrest but clearly it was enough to be very embarrassing as quite a few female hoots and hollers cheered him on as he pumped.

The final straw though was the week prior when she again insisted on adding an element of danger to their love making sessions. Creeping up onto the roof of their Greenwich Village apartment building, she whipped out a pair of handcuffs and bound him down tight to the fire escape railing.

To make it even more exciting for her, to Jake's horror she threw all of their clothes (and his key) down into the side alley and said she would not retrieve them until she was COMPLETELY satisfied . Placing that juicy booty on his face she announced that they could only go back to her apartment when he had licked her to at least ten toe curlers, and being a very vocal woman, each one was loudly announced.

In fact, she was so loud the neighbors called the police as they were convinced a murder was in progress on the roof. They were both almost arrested for indecent exposure when the cops popped up (guns drawn) to investigate the moans and howls of either pleasure or pain. Each escapade they engaged in only inspired Alexis to move the goal further down the field to satisfy her constant need for excitement, and there seemed to be no end in sight to her increasing appetite for adventure. Jake, despite loving her deeply, was rapidly finding her appetites too much for his system to handle.

He loved the wildness and definitely was very sexually attracted to her as she was beyond gorgeous, but frankly he was getting tired of some of her more outrageous stunts. After they almost got arrested the prior week, he felt he had had enough and decided that their lifestyle needed some "adjusting". Confronting her about it he stated that he definitely wanted to keep seeing her but wanted to have a more conventional sex life, more like "normal" people. Nodding sadly Alexis seemed disappointed but understood and said she would try to "tone it down".

The problem was she was too avant guard for him, and after unsuccessfully attempting the new arrangement for a week, and after some crying and stinging accusations by her, she suggested that maybe they should just break up. Jake was devastated of course, but accepted as he agreed that perhaps they were not



compatible after all. They were just too different, he was mild and she was DEFINITELY wild.

He would certainly miss her wild ways and definitely that gorgeous body, but eventually he was positive he would be either imprisoned or injured by one of her stunts so thought it best they part now on relatively good terms. As they kissed and he walked back to his own apartment, he wondered if he would be able to resist her incredible sexual magnetism enough to stay away forever.

About 2 later weeks he had his answer as he called her at her studio. For fourteen days he could not get her out of his mind, and decided that despite the hassles of seeing a wild girl like Alexis, he had to have her back. The images of her thick hips, gorgeous big ass and suckable dark brow nipples drove him wild and his whole body (some more than others) ached for her. Mustering up his courage, and his gonads writing checks his ass could not cash, he asked if they could get back together, and as a sweetener he added. "On your terms baby, whatever you want."

She was wild and dangerous normally, but Jake thought she seemed surprisingly coy on the phone. She too loved Jake and loved having him in her life, but his leaving still stung. He was a stabilizing influence on her as he was YING to her YANG. His tall cut body, handsome, rugged and panty wetting boyish face and even better, his quite impressive cock, were not bad either and in the prior two weeks she had missed every inch of him.

Despite her romantic feelings for him, she was still pissed that he had rejected her and wanted to teach him a lesson. She would get him back into her life but DEFINITELY on HER terms not his.

Feigning having her feelings hurt by his earlier rejection she said that if he was serious about getting back together he should meet her at the 809 Gallery where her new art exhibit was preparing to open the next night. She was working late to prepare the last of the installations so they would be completely alone.

Jake eagerly agreed and knowing her inclinations was already throbbing as he KNEW this was going to lead to some spectacularly wild and raucous sex. Thirty minutes later he was standing in the

gallery, alone and already semi-hard as he gazed at her recently created statues.

The exhibit was all Alexis's and he was quite impressed and very proud of his talented and gorgeous girlfriend. She was a very talented artist and as you would expect, her specialty was very provocative and sexually explicit art.

Jake found himself getting even harder as he looked at her new collection; filled with naked bodies of countless attractive couples caught in compromising positions having intercourse. Already in his mind's eye he had her down on the floor and he was plowing away into her warm wet cave like the art that surrounded them illustrated in such beautiful and graphic ways.

Hearing her footsteps behind him, when he turned around to compliment her show, his jaw dropped open as she stood completely naked before him. Tall with long luscious legs and a definite curvy and full womanly figure, she pushed every button in Jake's erotic tool box. When she grabbed him by the neck and pointed to the floor, he knew exactly what to do. They had played many times with female domination games and they both enjoyed it.

Within seconds Jake was stark naked and kneeling on the floor kissing her beautiful feet, which he loved to do at every opportunity. Her lightly wet ebony soles were delicious and he just grunted appreciatively as she stroked his head with her long catlike nails.

She was especially aggressive tonight he thought as she threw him roughly to the floor and planted that savory ass right onto his eager face. He loved nothing better than licking and pleasing her, and the sweet taste of her honey got him as hard as if he were drinking liquid viagra.

For the next hour she rode and rode his talented tongue to one ear splitting shrieking orgasm after another before finally rolling off of his dripping and saturated mouth and whispering into his ear.

"I suppose you want your turn now don't you Jake."

Jake nodded his pussy soaked and glazed face quite enthusiastically and was helpless before her as she grabbed his

balls and lifted him to his feet. Putting a blindfold on him made him very disoriented, but he was so horny at this point he would have followed her anywhere. Before he knew it she had guided him back into the main darkened exhibit hall and tied his ankles and wrists to a wooden frame. Jake smiled and grew even harder thinking this was just another of Alexis's sexual stunts.

Once restrained she admired her handiwork. He was bound tight and wide on the X frame and every inch of his gorgeous body was exposed completely to her view. Bending over she cupped his balls with one hand and lightly licked the tip of his cock, enjoying the salty taste of his pre-cum on her tongue.

"So Jake you ready for me to rock your world?" she asked.

He could only moan a yes now as he was literally shaking with desire.

"Well, you know I am wild, and love my sex spicy. It hurt my feelings when you left, but I am so glad you are back." She said as she grinned, watching his cock grow even harder as she continued speaking.

"BUT, You will have to be punished though for your transgressions."

Thinking it was still part of their role play Jake answered "Yes Mistress, Yes, punish me!"

"I am glad you agree." She purred as she ran her nails up his throbbing shaft and watched him quiver under her touch. "As I think we shall play the waiting game now. You remember the waiting game don't you?"

He did, and although he wanted nothing more than to get loose and plow into those gorgeous coco globes of hers, he tensed his body as he prepared for her assault. They had played this game many times before and he both loved and hated it. Alexis was the master of the tease, and as they had been together a long time, she knew every inch of his body better than he did. Even better, she knew exactly how to get his pot boiling without causing it to boil over.

For the next two hours Jake learned the meaning of the word frustration as Alexis proceeded to edge him right to the brink

countless times before stopping. Running her nails over his erect nipples, she loved swirling her hot tongue over his purple throbbing glans in little tiny circles until he whimpered. Eventually he could take no more as his balls throbbed in her palms and his whole body shook. He was SOOOOO close to orgasm he could taste it and now begged pitifully like a baby.

“Please Alexis PLEASE!” he cracked, his voice hoarse as his bare toes gripped the hard wooden floors as he teetered on the precipice of his cum flood. “Please let me loose, I just want nothing more than to have sex with you baby! PLEASE!”

Grinning, she released her grip from his veiny hard cock and giggled as she took off his blindfold.

“Me too baby, ME TOO. In fact, I can’t wait until we have sex tomorrow night after my opening.”

Jake looked puzzled as he thought he misheard, struggling as he tried to thrust his erection into the air, desperate for the feel of her body on his flesh.

“Tomorrow? Well, I mean, I thought we were going to have sex now babe, come on, don’t leave me hanging.”

Still thinking it was a joke he batted his eyes and attempted to put on his best sad puppy dog face.

Grinning, Alexis started to redress. “No, tomorrow it will be and I am sure you will be quite stirred up by then, as will I. You see, you are going to be part of my opening night exhibit. I have decided to entitle you “Denied Lust”” .

As she stepped towards him she opened her purse and removed a small bag of powder and blew it in his face. Jake coughed as he inhaled the contents but soon found that he was completely paralyzed, unable to move a muscle or even close his eyes.

Returning the bag to her purse she smiled. “You see Jake, this is zombie powder just delivered from Kingston. The Zombie effect is not permanent, but it definitely will keep you nice and still for the next 24 hours so I hope you are comfy where you are standing. My

cousin brought some back from Jamaica just last week and I instantly thought of you when she gave it to me.”

Grinning as she saw that his rod was just as hard paralyzed as it was before, she tickled the head with her pinky.

“You will still feel everything of course, but just won’t be able to move. When you called I decided that for my “performance art” piece, you would be the obvious candidate to star in this provocative piece. To make it even better, I decided to make it interactive with the attendees.”

Jake, still struggling to move watched in terror as she brought forth a large fishbowl of feathers and then brought one out.

“Each gallery patron will receive a feather and will be encouraged to stroke and tease my living “statue” for as long as they want. I know how ticklish you are, and I also know how worked up you can get, I just can’t wait until I release you tomorrow night after the show. I bet you will be ready to shoot a gallon for me once the powder wears off.”

Kissing his paralyzed face, Alexis could feel the desperation emanating off of Jake’s face like a red hot radiator. He could do nothing of course as he was paralyzed and helpless to escape the strokes of the feather she was now running over his balls as she talked.

“Nighty Night Jakey, sleep well for your big debut tomorrow.” She giggled as she turned off the lights and closed up the Gallery for the night.

## The Scapegoat

The last thing Joe remembered was chatting up some hot new freshman girl at his Fraternity House's party and then nothing, total darkness. Now, God knows how much later, he was very disoriented and groggily waking up, his head and the rest of his body aching in pain. Gradually waking he started to panic as he now realized that he appeared to be bent over a table with his wrists chained to the sides in some strange unknown environment, face down and quite helpless.

Struggling to stand, he failed as he was secured pretty tightly. When he realized he was also completely naked, he really started to sweat, wondering what kind of perverted crazy stunt was being perpetuated on him. His fraternity was pretty famous for outrageous pranks so he assumed he was now a victim rather than normally being one of the perpetrators and there was nothing to do but wait until whoever did this to him came forward.

After about an hour the distinct sound of high heels coming down the steps alerted Joe that his solitude was about to end. His face blushed as he realized that whatever else happened, he was going to be exposed to some unknown woman or women.

As more steps could be heard his cock twitched and he struggled a bit more in his bonds, wanting to hide his nakedness as much as possible. The feel of a soft feminine hand on his bare ass caused his whole body to jerk and he struggled to turn around to see who his tormentors were. His chained wrists prevented his free movement, so for now his captors would have to remain unknown.

From the sounds he heard, it was apparent that a small crowd of 7 or 8 people were now standing behind him. Squeezing his eyes shut, wishing he had some way to cover himself, he realized that he must be quite a spectacle tied wide open with his ass exposed and his testicles and dick hanging free. Little did he realize at the time that naked exposure was going to be the LEAST of his worries.

Carla broke the silence. "Good Morning Joe, I am so glad you could join us."

"Who is this, what is this all about" Joe answered rather angrily, struggling again with his chains to the amusement of the crowd.

"You will have lot of time to find out WHO we are, but let's just say we are your worst nightmare. For years your frat has been the center of countless sexual assaults on young women on this campus, but that all ends tonight. You guys fucked the wrong coed this time."

Joe said nothing but listened carefully trying to discern the identity of the phantom voice, but also to figure out what she was talking about. It was true that the fraternity he belonged to had a bad reputation that was largely deserved. The parties they gave were always epic, but many of the guys, including Joe, often took advantage of the naive young freshmen girls who attended. Fresh meat, as they were referred to by the frat brothers, these girls were easy targets. So young and excited to be attending their first college party and not prepared for the ways of the world, they made for easy pickings. Two drinks and they were quite receptive to the most garish of frat boy charms, three and you usually could get a hand down their panties, four and you could usually get them naked and five had them passed out. It was not uncommon for two sometimes three of these freshmen girls to be passed around like souvenirs once unconscious and be to be fucked by several frat boys repeatedly over the course of an evening.

Complaints had been lodged against the frat in the past over this piggish behavior, but a strong "good old boy" network and the general trend of victims being too humiliated to expose themselves to ridicule kept this scam going on for a long time. Joe was a perpetrator of this crime along with the rest of his frat brothers, but was not any more or less piggish than the others. If this was some sort of revenge for a tryst (he called it a tryst, the girls call it rape) gone bad, why was he chosen.

"I see your little dick brain is working hard trying to figure out which girl you raped might be exacting revenge right now" Carla hissed as she slowly ran her fingernails up and over his exposed ass.

“This is group justice, not just for YOUR crimes but from your whole FRAT and YOU have been selected to be the scape goat for all your brothers deeds, as well as your own. You see, that little hot redhead from last week, the one you all got drunk and then passed around naked like a trophy, well her dad happens to be the chief of police and she is a sorority sister of ours. “

Joe gulped as he definitely remembered the girl and also remembered that he also had taken advantage of her when she was passed out. The fear of knowing he was caught in this situation caused his balls to try to retract up into his body. He jumped as Carla reached between his legs and squeezed and yanked his balls down hard.

“That’s right, I can tell from your balls shrinking that you DO remember her. Well, we all got together and confronted your frat president yesterday. The deal we offered was easy and they eagerly took it. We told him that either he disbands the fraternity and give us ONE brother to pay for the sins of the entire house, or we press charges against the whole group. No doubt if we did they ALL would end up in jail with some big tattooed gang members dick up their asses for the next 20 years so the choice was easy. He was smart and they all agreed to close down the fraternity and provide a scapegoat. Sadly for you, the frat made YOU the scapegoat.”

Joe began to wildly thrash knowing he had been setup. As he struggled he distinctly heard at least 7 or 8 female voices laughing at his pitiful display, thrashing and groaning in a desperate bid to escape. After about 10 minutes of fruitless effort he calmed down and grew still.

“That display was adorable Joe, but you really should save your energy, since you are going to REALLY need it. So, here is the deal. Your frat house is gone now, dissolving tomorrow. You will remain here in our Sorority basement as our prisoner while our justice is meted out. Each girl that was abused by you or any of your brothers that are still on campus will have the right to exact her revenge for at least one week on your sorry ass. Being that you and your brothers were very active this may take a while, probably at least the rest of



the semester. Once the debt is paid, assuming you are still a man and still alive, you will be released.”

Giggling as his struggles increased she continued. “ If you think you can get away, you can’t. Part of the agreement with your frat brothers was that any trouble from you and they will testify against you in court when we bring charges against YOU for all of the crimes of the whole house. I bet you would get this sweet ass torn up in prison, so really, having this private punishment is your best option. You are pretty fucked, so just get used to it. Just like you told me, just lay back and learn to love it baby!.”

Joe said nothing, his mind racing trying to think of ways to possibly escape, but his heart sank as he realized his options were limited. He certainly did not want to go to prison, so perhaps being punished by a couple of sorority girls wouldn’t be the worst thing after all.

His relief quickly evaporated when he felt some hot sticky lube applied to his ass but it was not immediately apparent what was happening but there was definitely sinister tone in the room alerting him to trouble. Seeing him twitch as the lube dripped down his ass crack, Carla chuckled to herself as she removed the strap-on from its case.

It was HUGE and as she closed the leather straps holding it to her waist, the other girls in the basement could barely suppress their giggles at the sight of it. Joe could not see any of this and desperately tried to turn around and see what was causing this stir at his ass.

As the first tip of the strap-on hit the edge of his virgin hole his curiosity turned to horror as he winced, preparing his body as best he could for the rectal assault. Once the full length of it was inside him, his cock immediately shot cum on the floor as the giant anal invader slammed into his prostate gland and forced his seed from his balls in a giant wet glop.

The release was not pleasurable at all, only humiliating and painful, and as he would learn soon enough would grow even worse once his semen was emptied from his testicles and he shot out forced blanks. His face being slammed hard onto the table by the force of

her thrusts, Carla vigorously applied her justice behind him in a frenzy of rage. Joe could not speak, only able to scream loudly in pain as the huge dildo ripped through his tight tunnel and he was violated to the core of his manhood. Tears streaming down his face as he was plowed, he realized it was going to be a very very long semester as his piteous howls he cried were covered by the sounds of female laughter.

## Command Performance

This afternoon, like so many other lazy sweltering summer afternoons over the past few years; Bridget, Jamie, Laura and Cassandra lay around Bridget's parent's pool, baking in the sun, and working on their perpetual tan. The girls, for the last couple of years, always spent every minute they could at Bridget's new house, especially on long hot days such as today. The girls were especially animated this afternoon as today was the first day of their summer break and all of them were quivering with excitement at the prospects of a long fun filled vacation.

The giant Olympic sized pool, and always stocked liquor cabinet of Bridget's new stepdad made this THE place to hang out and it was a rare day when the house was not filled with all her friends. Now that they had all gone off to College the prior fall, and this was their first summer back, they saw no reason to change the tradition.

All of them liked nothing more than sitting by the shimmering pool in their skimpy bikinis, catching some rays and enjoying a few pitchers of margaritas as they lazed the day away, not a care in the world. Sometimes Bridget and her friends would make their way up to the country club, if they were feeling especially bored or spiteful, just to charge up the juices of some oversexed preppy boys. Today though they wanted to just hang around the house and soak in the great weather, free booze and start the summer off right.

Bridget and her friends were also all stunning, and not a man's head would not turn, nor little head not start to throb when they came around. All having just turned twenty they were quite the erotic vision; long legs, firm breasts and tight asses, they all were every man's wet dream come to life. When they were all together they behaved the worst though as they liked nothing more than to keep all those horny boys jumping at the club. Their reputation among the preps was notorious as they each were incorrigible cock-teases individually and definitely over the top when together.

Bridget especially enjoyed nothing more than getting some hard bodied, rich, young college doofus all hot and horny, have him buy her drinks all night before leaving him high and dry. Despite her reputation though she never was want for willing victims since she was beyond gorgeous. As she and her friends lounged around the pool, each regaling the group with their own plans for the summer, the sound of the lawn mower fired up and reminded each of them of the other benefit of visiting Bridget's house, her hot step brother Thomas.

Thomas's father (her new stepdad) was very rich, and Bridget's mother was quite fortunate that after her bitter divorce to her real father she had found love again. It also certainly didn't hurt at all that that her new love was loaded and now she and her daughter were set for life. Suddenly able to easily afford college, as her new wealthy stepfather paid for everything, their lives had dramatically improved materially; including this giant house with the pool along with the membership to the country club. As a side benefit to this new arrangement, the deal also came with her new step-brother.

Bridget thought Thomas was sizzingly hot, but thought it slightly creepy to act upon it. She certainly did not mind looking at him often as he was very easy on the eyes. A few years older than her, he was most definitely a hottie. Tall and very fit, he worked out constantly and kept his body lean, deliciously muscled and quite cut. Many a night she frigged herself to sleep as she dreamt of feeling how his hard cock would feel in her womanhood, but these were just dreams. He too was home for the summer but unlike her, he was not having a tenth of the fun as she was.

Ironically where she was doted on and spoiled extravagantly by her new step-dad, he constantly rode his own son's ass, who he thought was nothing but a giant fuckup. Thomas certainly did nothing to disprove the stereotype as he was constantly in trouble; drinking and driving, failing out of classes, getting fired from part time jobs, smoking weed, the works. He was smart, rich and handsome but it appeared, not very lucky otherwise. Poor hot Thomas was a total doofus, but certainly a hot doofus she thought.

Just a few weeks earlier he had wrecked his Dad's new Porsche and that was the last straw. Forced to "work it off" this summer around the house, Thomas was trapped. Given the size of the estate, this was a big and unending job so any summer plans he had had were now just as wrecked as that car. Stuck at home with no transportation and forced to work off his debt, he knew he had a long boring summer ahead of him. His dad riding his ass constantly certainly did not make things any easier.

As the blazing afternoon wore lazily on, the thick hot air caused everyone to sweat as the early June sun bore down on the estate. Thomas came around and started mowing the grass around the pool (the gardener, as well as the rest of the servants, had been given a three month vacation at THOMAS'S expense). As soon as he came into view he was instantly noticed by Bridget and her friends. Each of them looked on very appreciatively as he was shirtless and wearing very loose shorts and tennis shoes but nothing else. The hot June afternoon already had worked its magic on him as he was drenched in sweat, the rivulets on perspiration wetting his hairy chest down and making him even more appealing to the girls.

'God Bridget, your brother is FUCKING HOT!' giggled Jamie, as the other girls giggled and vigorously nodded their assent.

"He is my STEP brother you idiots and yes I GUESS he is hot, but it still seems a bit wrong". Bridget snapped back, feeling self-conscious about leering after her "brother" even if they were NOT blood related.

"OH come on Bridget" Jamie continued "It is not like he is REALLY your brother, he is just your step brother." Sighing she added "Christ almighty, if I had a hottie like that waltzing around the house half naked I would be putting the moves on him in five minutes."

The others giggled their agreement as Cassandra announced "Surely you gals have noticed that Thomas is checking us all out. Just look at him, he can barely keep his eyes off of us."

It was true, he was looking. How could he help but look? The girls were beyond beautiful, and given that they were at a private home their bathing suits were chosen to achieve MAXIMUM sun exposure

with a MINIMUM of tan lines, so he was being treated to quite a delicious display of female flesh not normally so delectably presented.

Thomas, in addition to being a giant fuckup, and despite his good looks and wealth, was surprisingly a total washout with women; always getting tongue tied when around some pretty coed. Continuously stealing glances at the acres of nubile sweaty young female flesh lounging around the pool, he was already hard and hopelessly hooked. He sighed as he knew he could look but certainly not touch as he would never in a million years approach any of Bridget's gorgeous friends. He could not help but stare, and to his embarrassment and mixed feelings the girl that was getting him the hottest was his STEP-SISTER! Try as he might, he could not stop sneaking peeks at her long gorgeous legs and barely covered tits and within minutes he was painfully erect.

Bridget blushed as she felt his eyes on her and noticed his obvious bulge, both excited but also a bit disturbed by the idea of her Step Brother getting a woody by her. It was true, he was checking them out and knowing this her friends just giggled harder and started to hit more provocative poses just for his benefit. It was obvious that Thomas was becoming quite distracted by the feast displayed before him and as Laura stretched out her long legs and wriggled her toes, the sound of the lawnmower running over a flower bed broke the silence. It was obvious he was hopelessly horny now, and from the destruction that he had just wrought on the flower bed, he appeared to be thoroughly enjoying their show.

The girls all laughed, and looked at one another as the sounds of flowers meeting a violent and untimely death pierced the air. Seeing the apocalypse being brought down on the garden, Laura laughed and was the one to make the suggestion.

"Look Bridget, since your brother is trapped here all summer, I think we have a golden opportunity here to have an even MORE spectacular summer than normal."

"Oh, just exactly what did you have in mind?" Bridget replied as the other girls all sat up in their lounge chairs to listen.

“Well, it is obvious that your brother is enjoying looking at us, so why don’t we use this to our advantage. I say that if we put our heads together, we can have turn that boy into our own private servant for the whole summer. Just think of it, that hot brother of yours attending us half naked all day every day. Your parents are NEVER home, so this could be the best summer of our lives if we work it right.”

Laughing Cassandra called out “Half naked, hell, why not have dear brother FULL ON NAKED!”

“HE IS NOT MY BROTHER!” Bridget angrily interrupted as she snapped, but then suddenly smiled as a thought entered her head. “It is an intriguing prospect though. He is in such deep shit with my step-dad right now he is practically a servant already! He knows he is on thin ice with him so maybe we can use this to our advantage.”

As they chatted, she kept glancing over at Thomas who was pulling up weeds while sneaking glances as he toiled and sweated. As she stretched her legs out and wiggled her toes in a stretch she saw him close his eyes and openly sigh.

“BINGO!” she grinned as she instantly thought of a plan. Listening to her idea, the other girls howled in laughter and could not wait for night to come.

Thomas could not hear them, but continued to look on longingly at their gorgeous curves and shamefully he had to admit, their tasty toes. These delights just made him throb even harder in his loose shorts so much so he had to pause to adjust himself often and thus was making slow progress on the weeding. Little did he know then that this was going to be the hardest summer of his life.

That night at dinner, Bridget took a long time getting ready, picking out JUST the right outfit to snare her prey. Grinning, she admired herself in her selection and within minutes she walked down the stairs towards her little trap. Dressed in just a small thin spaghetti strap white sundress, no bra or panties and barefoot her look had been chosen for maximum erotic impact, especially for a little foot freak like her step-brother. It had taken her hours to pick the right look, but from the open mouthed gaze on Thomas’s face as he saw her, it was obvious she had chosen well. It was also painfully

apparent that he was definitely getting MASSIVELY turned on by her when she bounced down the stairs and he first saw her, his eyes instantly drawn to her bare toes before they wandered up to soak in the rest of her beautiful curves. The tent that formed in his shorts definitely telegraphed to Bridget that her choice of outfits was well chosen.

Thomas, still wearing only the shorts he had on earlier in the day had not had a chance to take a shower yet as he had endless chores to complete. To teach him a lesson, his dad had let the estate staff take the summer off so he was going to be VERY busy performing their duties. As she sat across from him at the dining room table, his eyes greedily looked her up and down, his gaze glued to her chest. He was trying to be subtle but helplessly he was drawn to stare at her ample cleavage.

Prior to her sitting he also was drawn to her adorable feet and her delicious painted toes. He often would jack off and fantasize about having those puppies in his mouth while his cock slid in and out of her tight, wet hole and tonight she looked like his dream come to life. He was a foot man no doubt, and hers were glorious and begged for worship. This was his stepsister, so he knew it was wrong, but he couldn't help it as he sat there drooling.

He was shocked back to reality instantly as his dad came into the room and scowled, asking about the destroyed flower bed. Feeling the hot gaze of his angry father on his face, he instantly turned away from Bridget to look at his plate. JESUS, his Dad would KILL HIM if he knew he was perving on his step-sister so he tried hard to be less obvious but could not look away as his eyes slowly rose to drink her in. Glancing over to Bridget though, who sexily winked back to meet his gaze, he couldn't help feeling that she was taking advantage of this situation.

When they all were finally seated at dinner, his stepmom looked at Thomas with a slight air of disgust, saying it didn't seem proper for him to be eating at the table shirtless and only in his shorts.

Apologizing he said he would go change after dinner, but was hungry after mowing the grass all day and had not had a chance to take a shower yet. As this conversation continued, Thomas almost leapt out



of his seat and hit the ceiling as he felt his step sister slowly snake her barefoot up his leg and began to rub his bare inner thigh under the table.

Coughing, he tried to look cool, but his cock, which had been hard before was now about to tear out of his shorts with this new development . When he looked back at Bridget and she gave him another playful wink his face flushed. Thomas's mind now raced with all sorts of erotic thoughts as he tried desperately to maintain his composure as he felt her toes start wriggling their way into the leg of his shorts to find their way to their target. Slowly and deliberately she burrowed up his open pant leg until she found what she came for. When she did and then began to stroke his cock and tickle his balls with her delicious toes under the grey thin fabric of his shorts he was done for. Thomas was going crazy with lust, sweating profusely but stoically continued eating as if nothing was happening as the assault on his manhood continued under the table.

He knew his step-sister and her friends were cock-teases and he (and his friends) had been on the receiving end of their games many times before. At first when his Dad got remarried and he suddenly found himself with a hot step-sister he thought he had won the lottery. When he also discovered that she had a bunch of beautiful friends who liked to lounge around their pool in their g-strings, he thought it was the mega-jackpot lottery. He quickly discovered what many guys before him already had learned that no amount of effort (especially from a gameless doofus like him) would ever break into their walled compounds. Because of this, he tried to avoid getting caught in her trap, which she always seemed to like to lay. Despite this though, he could not help but leer as she was smokin!

When dinner was mercifully over he raced up the stairs to take his shower, and half thought he should make it a COLD one. Not only was he very hot and sweaty, but after Bridget's endless foot tease at dinner, he was even more obscenely hard and needed to take care of that situation right away. Thinking about her toes in his lap, he planned on pounding one out and going to bed. He already had his jackoff fantasy written in his mind, and she and her friends would be the stars of his mental movie. As he stripped off in the bathroom and

pulled back the shower curtain he almost yelled out as he discovered Bridget was already standing in the tub, just as alluring in her sundress and looking incredibly hot and quite aroused.

As she gazed down at his exposed throbbing cock, she asked "Is that for me BRO?" and giggled as he quickly scrambled to grab a towel and cover himself. He was getting pissed now as he knew he was just being played with, but when she whispered the next words into his ear as she ran her fingers over his bulging towel, he gulped.

"Now Thomas, I know you need some relief for this monster you are packing, but I do NOT want you to waste it in the shower. Come to my room after you bathe, NAKED AND HARD. I want to see you pop off in person. "

Thomas gulped even harder and blinked twice. Was this a dream? Could this really be happening? When she reached under his towel and lightly squeezed his balls, he was snapped into reality and could barely breathe.

"And I tell you what bro. If you give me a good performance, I will perform for YOU TOO. "

Thomas almost came right there as he quickly nodded his ascent, and she went back to her room. After she left he took the fastest shower in his life and wrapped his towel around himself again. As he padded down the hall, he looked twice to make sure his parents weren't around and quietly opened the door to her room.

It was completely dark inside except for a bright spotlight shining right on her bed. She sat to the side in a chair with both her delectable feet up on the arms and her legs spread very wide. From his angle he could see half way up her sundress and watch her hands lazily stroke her own inner thighs. Seeing this wet dream come to life he did the impossible and got even harder.

"Ok Thomas, here is the deal" Bridget started. "You get up on the bed, lose that towel and stroke off, but not like you normally would alone in your room, I want you to close your eyes and imagine you are pounding into my pussy." Sighing deeply she breathily continued "God, this makes me hot! So, you keep stroking and pounding for my

show and when I say stop, you stop. If I like your performance, maybe we can turn that fantasy into a reality”.

Thomas, barely restraining his raging hormones, leapt on the bed and got onto his knees. Quickly stripping off his towel, he was completely naked before her.

Bridget smiled and had to admit she was getting very wet now. Her step-brother was UBER hot and his six pack abs were quivering as his full long hard cock smacked up to meet them. She had stolen glances of him naked before in the shower, but this was the first time she was able to linger her gaze on his nude body, and it was quite the sight. Smirking she told him to turn around and face the wall and start wanking. Now he could not see her at all, but she had the spectacular view of his dimpled muscled ass flexing as he began furiously pumping into his own hand.

Slightly blushing, he formed a small O with his left hand, and despite being slightly embarrassed, began to pump with wild abandon as she instructed him HOW she wanted him to perform. Having him jack off this way, pumping into his stationary hand made it easier to imagine that it was Bridget and her hot friends he was nailing instead of his palm.

As he stroked, she called out encouraging words from the corner which only caused him to get closer and closer to blastoff. Instructing him to move to the left or the right so she could get a clearer view of his action, she finally settled on him face down on her bed with his ass high in the air as he desperately humped himself and allowed all his naughty bits to be seen in their full bouncy glory. Finally after about 10 minutes he cried out and said he was about to shoot at which time she commanded him to stop and turn to face her. His cock drooling and his face all red, he did as she asked and at that moment the overhead light came on and flooded the dark room with bright harsh light.

The look on Thomas's face was priceless as his eyes adjusted. Kneeling completely naked on his step sisters bed, his hard cock throbbing and twitching for release in his hand, he now discovered he had been setup. There in front of him was his step sister, but also

all of her hot friends from earlier in the day. They could barely restrain their laughter as they pointed at him as he desperately grabbed one of her stuffed animals and held in front of himself to cover up.

“No covering up BRO!” commanded Bridget. “We want our property PROPERLY displayed!” Continuing she added “We got it all on Laura’s phone and with one flick of her hand she will upload it to her Facebook account. I imagine you won’t want all of the girls at college knowing what a pervert you are, will you?”

Thomas grew red with shame, but realized he was trapped and shook his head no. Next she ordered him to uncover himself and place his hands on his head and he reluctantly did as commanded.

Laura then spoke up. “Thomas, I tell you what, we are going to make this easy on you. Vacation just began, and we were already getting bored so we decided YOU are going to be our entertainment for the summer. Each day you can entertain us and after that show, I can tell you boy, you are MOST entertaining.”

Bridget interjected and smirked “We discussed amongst ourselves some rules for you and here they are:”

“Everyday we will come over to the pool and you will act as our naked servant. Getting us drinks, making us lunch, massaging our feet, anything we say. You wont have to strip until our parents leave, as this is to be our little secret, but the rest of the time you will remain completely starkers. If you are good, we might even stroke you with our feet.” Seeing him suddenly throb at that suggestion she added “Obviously you like that idea, you perve!

Your cock belongs to us now and is not to be touched by you without our permission, so no jacking off on your own time!

With that, Laura leapt up on the bed and reached out and tickled his balls with her big toe while Thomas groaned in frustration. Joining Laura and her other friends who now climbed onto the bed, Bridget took his throbbing long hard cock in her hand and stretched it out. Thinking he was about to get lucky, his hopes plummeted as he saw

her take out a permanent purple magic marker and write “Our Property” on his dick.

Looking deeply into his half closed eyes as she continued to hold his penis she said “We will check each day and that mark better still be visible. It is water resistant, but it can be “scrubbed off” with some effort so be careful when you wash your dick. We will reapply your TAT each night, so if it goes away before September, you are going to be quite the star on the internet, UNDERSTAND?”

Thomas gulped as he nodded, realizing his situation was getting worse and worse.

“And finally, you are to perform your special show each night for all of us before we remark you. Maybe if you are good we might even let you shoot one off by the end of the summer, but it sure gets us all wet watching your display. So go on, get back on the bed and restart the show!”

Thomas reluctantly got back on his knees and grabbed his dick and started pumping, only this time he was facing them and it was humiliating. For two hours they made him bring himself right to the edge of orgasm, before telling him to stop at the last minute. The girls all were VERY experienced with the male anatomy, so each watched his body carefully for the tell-tale signs of when he was going to spew, and expertly knew the exact moment to halt the festivities. Watching for his toes to curl, or his balls to start to retract, Thomas was forced to be his own personal cocktease, and after groaning and begging for hours, they finally all kissed him on the cheek and sent him back to his room, hard and unspent .

Falling into his bed exhausted, and staring down at his hard cock mocking him between his legs, the words “OUR PROPERTY” prominently emblazoned on the shaft, he realized this was going to be a very long, humiliating and frustrating summer. Wanting desperately to toss one off, he did not for fear of them posting his shameful display on the internet. Laying on his back, he drifted off to a fitful sleep.

Waking the next morning, Thomas at first thought the whole incident must have been a delicious erotic dream. Whipping back the sheets, the sight of his “mark” quickly made him realize this was no dream. Putting his shorts and shoes back on, he sighed as he again had a very busy day ahead of him, and prepared to go have some breakfast before starting his daily gardening duties.

As he walked downstairs, his heart stopped as he heard the giggles and laughter of girls coming from the kitchen all talking to his father and step mother.

“Well, look who FINALLY got up!” his dad glowered as he looked at his fuckup son. Hair disheveled, shirtless again, he looked like he had a rough night, which of course he truly had.

Turning to Bridget, her step-dad laughed. “So Bridget, are you and your friends going to supervise Thomas today? After the devastation he wrought in the garden, I think he needs an overseer.”

Giggling, Bridget smiled. “Sure DAD, I bet we will all keep Tommy here very focused on his duties today!” Hearing this, her friends all laughed as Thomas began to break into a cold sweat.

“Good! He NEEDS it!” Her step-dad cried as he glowered at Thomas. Smacking his head, he smiled. “Oh, I almost forgot, I have some big news.”

Bridget looked up surprised as did Thomas as their dad spoke. “For the next three months you kids are going to have the house all to yourselves. Your mother and I have to go out west on a business trip and decided to just go ahead and turn it into a full vacation. We are really looking forward to it and are going to fly out to the house in California after the meeting.”

Her eyes twinkling in delight, Bridget stared into the increasingly horrified face of her step brother as their father kept talking. Her friends also were enthralled and started murmuring amongst themselves.

Still pissed at his son, he looked only at Bridget and her friends as he spoke. “We won’t be back until September so I hope you gals won’t get too bored here in this big old house for three months. If you

want I can fly you and your friends out to join us in a few weeks, but you can always go to the club if you want to while we are gone.”

Hearing these words Bridget’s face lit up as Thomas’s fell. “Oh Dad, don’t worry about us girls. I am SURE we will find SOMETHING to entertain us while you are gone. College has been such a drag frankly, very exhausting, I think a nice quiet summer at home will be just the ticket to prepare us all for a new semester in the fall.”

Grinning she looked at her step-brother and licked her lips as the other girls twittered in delight at the prospect of having the run of the estate for three months.

Thomas said nothing but quickly ate his breakfast and ran out into the yard to continue his work. His dad was obviously still furious with him, and would barely make eye contact. His mind racing with the ramifications of being alone in the house with Bridget and her friends, he tried to focus on his work rather than future trouble. Being early, he decided this was the best time to clean the pool, so he headed down to the deck right after he quickly finished his breakfast.

Two hours later he saw his Dad and Step-Mom step into the limo to head to the airport, and he waved as he fought the urge to run after them and beg them to stay. Bridget and her friends were standing there in the driveway waving too as the black car began to pull away.

“See you in September Honey!” Bridget’s mom called out as the car sped down the long driveway and out the front gate. She and her husband were going to have a great vacation, THREE MONTHS, and seeing how happy her daughter was in such a fine house, she had no worries at all.

Watching the limo pull away and then hearing the whirr of the gate closing, Thomas jumped as he felt a female hand touch his shoulder while another grabbed the waistband of his shorts.

“I think it is time to lose these now Bro!” Bridget snickered as her friends all laughed.

Seeing his red face and obviously humiliated expression, she giggled as he slowly lowered his shorts to the ground, leaving him only in his underwear.

“No, no Tommy boy. We want the WHOLE McGill. Underwear AND shoes, you are to be totally starkers for the duration!” Laura called out to the amusement of the others.

“But just think Tommy!” Bridget kidded. “You wont have much laundry to do this summer, at least much of your OWN laundry.”

Cupping himself with his hands, he followed the laughing girls back up to the main house as he contemplated his nude fate. The estate was miles from town and never had any visitors, other than ones directly invited, so they were pretty isolated and therefore could do almost anything they wanted. As they entered the main hall, Bridget and her friends all scampered upstairs and told Thomas to go make some Mimosas and meet them at the pool in twenty minutes.

Knowing they had such damning film of him he was quite compliant and as directed, twenty minutes later he walked down to the deck with a large full pitcher of Mimosas and several glasses. The sight that greeted his eyes almost had him drop the tray.

Now that the parents were away, the girls were even more scantily clothed, deciding on going topless to work on a more “all over” tan. Seeing them from about fifty feet away, obviously with those luscious melons all growing hot and sweaty in the sun, begging for his tongue to flick off those beads, sadly they covered up once he got close.

“No No Tommy boy!” Bridget teased as she pulled her towel up to cover her chest. “These are NOT for your viewing pleasure.....”

His heart sank as they covered up, having momentarily thought this was going to turn into to the best summer of his life, hanging out with a bunch of hot college girls only to have it denied. It soared again when she finished her long pause with the addition of a promising word.

“YET!”

Visibly panting and drooling now as he salivated over their hot moist curvy bodies, all sadly with their tops back on but still looking as hot as ever, little Tommy started making a ruckus. Being naked while also carrying the tray of drinks with both hands made it impossible to cover his nudity so he was fully on display. Seeing Bridget and her friends so alluringly displayed the inevitable happened and his



already insanely hard erection began to wave proudly in the morning wind and was quite hard to ignore. The sight of Thomas throbbing and wagging his giant wanker created quite a stir with the girls.

“Well Well!” Cassandra chimed in as she leaned over and blew lightly over his purple cockhead as he came near her lounge chair.

“SOMEONE seems quite delighted to see us!”

Thomas said nothing, figuring correctly that the more he went along with their demands the easier they would go on him. Pouring each of them drinks, and being taunted by each as he poured, he now turned to leave as he thought it time to go back to his endless chores. The estate and grounds were huge, and since his father had let the whole staff go for the summer to teach him a lesson, it was going to require massive work just to maintain things.

He was stopped by some very loud whistles as each of the girls admired his rippling marbled ass almost as much as his long thick erection. Thomas was a gym rat and it showed. Every inch of him was literally cut deep in muscle frame and his ass was no exception. Deep dimples were imbedded in each cheek and he exhaled deeply as Cassandra reached out and grabbed a handful.

“Bridget, I think before your brother goes back to his REGULAR duties, he should perform some special services down here.”

Intrigued, Bridget sat up and asked what she had in mind.

“Well, before he came down here, we were all taking our sunbath au naturel, and it sure would help if we could get some nice firm hands to rub the suntan lotion into our skin.”

Giggling, Bridget agreed, but on one condition. Thomas would oil them all up thoroughly, as well as give them a nice poolside massage, but he had to do it blindfolded.

“I mean, I don’t think perves like my Step-Brother have EARNED the right to see us naked yet, do you?”

They all agreed, and Thomas, to his great disappointment reluctantly felt a towel suddenly be wrapped around his eyes. Now denied his sight, he seemed to get even harder as the THOUGHT of the girl’s bodies in his mind’s eye continued to arouse him. Wondering how he

was going to perform this duty without being able to see he suddenly inhaled deeply as he felt a pair of unknown feminine hands grip his cock head and drag him over to a lounge chair.

Being blindfolded he could not tell who was gripping him but he moaned lightly as the delicate fingers teased his shaft and he was dragged into position.

Reaching the lounge chair, another pair of hands reached to his shoulders and pushed him down indicating he was to kneel. Once in place, a bottle of suntan lotion was silently placed into his now quivering hands and as he started to lather up palms, he felt several pairs of hands begin to tease his chest, balls and ass. Knowing their new "slave" could not see them, and thus they were anonymous, brought out a much bolder side to the girls. Thomas would certainly have shot his load had he been able to see now as they all quickly stripped off completely.

Ironically the denial of seeing their bodies made him even harder as he began to rub the lotion into the mystery calves beneath him. He grew harder and harder as the soft pliable female flesh felt warm in his hands, and as he stroked the legs of the mystery recipient she cooed in obvious delight.

The patio around the pool was silent as Bridget and her friends watched Thomas begin massaging Laura. They would all have their turn under his skilled hands, and seeing him throbbing and bobbing in the air, and blindfolded made him seem all the hotter. As he rubbed higher and higher up her leg, he stopped when he got to her ass as he realized she was naked when his hands gripped her bare cheek.

The little whimper of his mystery client told him to continue and as he now took both hands to lovingly knead the fleshy mounds beneath him, he quivered as he heard her sigh. It took forty minutes to massage her ass and back and as her sighs and moans of pleasure grew louder, Thomas adjusted his technique to make her sighs louder.

Now hearing her flip over, he was guided to the bottom of the lounge chair. Knowing that one of the girls was displayed before him,

completely naked, but hidden from his view was driving him crazy as he listened carefully for any clue as to WHO he was working on. Now at the foot of the chair, he flinched but whimpered slightly as he felt a foot slowly drag up his inner thigh and begin to tease his testicles.

Working up his cock, the foot continued to drag up his stomach, teasing and stroking each “pack” of his six pack before landing on his face. Unable to control himself Thomas instantly sighed loudly as he kissed the sole and began to lick his way up her instep. His mystery client appeared to like this, as did he, as he was now leaking like a faucet.

Thomas massaged Laura’s front even more diligently and lovingly than he had her back. Over time, he kept adjusting his “technique” to maximize the sounds of her approval, and kissed each inch of her flesh before applying the oil and massaging her. Lovingly sucking each toe into his mouth he blushed as he felt himself quiver and leak harder, knowing he must look like quite the sight, but not caring. He was hornier than he had ever been in his life, and the feel, taste and smell of the gorgeous girl beneath him drove him insane with lust. If only the sense of sight could be added it would be perfect.

Bridget and the others watched on intensely as Laura moaned and squirmed beneath the talented tongue and hand of her step-brother. This was no doubt the most erotic thing she had EVER seen in her life, and she gushed as she anticipated having her turn in the chair. Seeing him bent over her friend, lightly massaging her inner thighs and then her full breasts made her wet as a hurricane, and she could feel her own nipples grow hard as diamonds. Unable to control herself, she ran her toes up his thighs and in-between his legs, slowly stroking his hard meat with her feet as he slavishly worked.

This went on for hours and each girl had their turn with Thomas. For hours his hands stroked, teased and massaged full breasts, quivering thighs, delicious soles, and luscious legs and by the end the sexual tension around the pool was as thick as porridge.

Thomas was lightheaded as he had never been more aroused in his life. Told to stand up, after a few moments he felt the blindfold

removed and he smiled as he opened his eyes.

His smile faded when he saw they were all back in their bikinis and giggling at him standing before them hard and throbbing. Bridget approached and boldly grabbed his cock and pulled it down from its raised angle.

“Yep, he is still marked! Words are a bit warped as he OBVIOUSLY enjoyed that last chore, but they are still there.”

Letting go, he snapped back up as they all laughed. “So BRO, I guess you should get back to your REGULAR chores. We will call you for lunch.”

Thomas said nothing but went back to his duties finding it very hard to concentrate as the memories of what had just happened kept him hard and drooling for the rest of the day. He vacuumed the house today and at noon prepared the girls lunch and took it to them at the pool. Other than some approving whistles and a few gropes the teasing was light and he went back to cleaning. Spending the whole day naked kept him perpetually hard as his nudity and the images and feel of the bodies of the four beauties continued to play over and over in his head.

By dinner time he had finally gotten relatively soft, but it was short lived. After cleaning the dishes, he heard his step-sister call to him from the entertainment room and he knew his day was far from over. With butterflies in his stomach, he stepped inside and saw them all lounging on the leather couches quite lazily, now clad only in T-shirts, panties and nightgowns. Obviously they were in for the night and it was apparent that Bridget’s friends were going to be perpetual guests for the rest of the summer.

“OK, its SHOWTIME!” Bridget announced as she pointed to the space in front of the tv and he stood before them.

“Now, for tonight’s command performance, I want you to make it even more sexy for us. You got us all quite worked up this morning with your sexy massage, so we want to see how hard you can get yourself with those same talented hands.” Tossing the suntan lotion to him, he caught it and already started blushing.

He was obviously very aroused and even though they were not naked like he was, they all looked delicious. Bridget was sitting cross-legged on the couch in just her College T-shirt and he could see just a peek of her frilly pink panties from under the hem.

Laura was also desperately alluring, her full heavy hanging breasts stretching her thin nightshirt to the absolute breaking point, the fabric puckering around each tantalizing curve of her cleavage and sides of her curves. Cassandra and Jamie looked equally delicious in their nightwear and all glared with intense lust at him as he walked into the room. Each girl had thoroughly enjoyed his attentions today, and looked forward to many repeats over the next few months. Standing stark nude before them, Thomas blushed as he cupped himself, waiting for his instructions.

“Honestly, are you still trying to hide that meat from us?” Laura laughed. “I mean, we all got quite a view today, and will EVERYDAY until September, so hands off!”

Obedying Thomas dropped his hands to his side, and as expected, he was hard as nails.

“There, isn’t that better? Little Tommy just wants to come out to play.” Cassandra laughed as he throbbed before them.

Bridget interrupted. “Ok, for tonight’s command performance, we are going to reward you Thomas. You were QUITE good at massage so, I want you to edge yourself four times. If you make it sexy enough for us, who knows, you may get a treat!”

Thomas smiled as he heard her words, and despite the humiliation, began to stroke off for his audience. Rubbing his hands slowly up and down his shaft he lightly teased his cockhead with his left hand, as his right flicked and teased his own nipple to full erection. He tried hard to be as “sexy” as possible but it was hard to keep from tossing off too fast. His balls were aching for release as it had been several days since his tormenting tease punishment had begun and the urge to just fap up a storm and hose down the room with his spooge as quickly as possible was very strong. He fought that urge back, and with great willpower kept his strokes slow and as “sexy” as he could. Soon enough though, the familiar sensation of his sap rising

relentlessly up his shaft caused his body to start to flutter and his toes to curl.

Seeing this Bridget cried out “STOP!!!”

“Well girls, what do you think? Was Thomas SEXY enough?”

They all giggled, and nodded and Thomas’s smile grew VERY wide as Bridget ordered him to come close to the couch and kneel before them. FINALLY he thought, the payoff for this whole nightmare was in sight. The past couple of days had been simultaneously the most humiliating but also the most arousing of his life, and if it now was going to end in a FIVESOME, well, this embarrassing display was a TINY price to pay for such a rich reward.

As his step-sister commanded him, he was MORE than compliant thinking that the ultimate prize was within his grasp. Ordered to oil his cock and balls up to the maximum before putting his hands on his head he grinned. To his incredible delight all four girls now placed their feet on his body.

“We noticed what a FOOT perve you are, so while you were working this afternoon, we decided you needed a treat.” Bridget explained as they all began to stroke and tease every inch of him with their toes. First Cassandra had her toes in his mouth while she and Laura batted his balls back and forth between their soles. Finally after an hour of stroking and teasing, licking and sucking they all stopped. Once all friction was removed Thomas wobbled as he was just inches from a cum explosion and he was dizzy with lust.

Bridget, inspecting his cock again, giggled as she pulled it down flat into her palm while simultaneously cupping his vibrating blue balls in her other hand. “Oh MY, we have obviously been quite vigorous this evening. Your TAT has been worn off.”

Laughing, she pulled out her magic marker and relabeled his rod and released him grinning as she could smell the desperate longing seeping out of his pores.

“There we go Thomas. All fixed up and good as new. Now, it is very late so we are all going to bed.” For emphasis she teasingly ran her

pinky up and down his shaft. "Remember, we are going to check your mark in the morning, so don't get any wandering hands tonight!"

The girls all howled at this and Thomas just gulped. He was so hard, so desperate, he would have done anything to shoot at that moment. He felt his balls swinging heavily between his legs as he had thought for sure he was going to get some relief tonight, but it was not to be.

Plopping down onto his bed he just stared blankly up at the ceiling in resigned frustration, desperately fighting the natural male urge to jack off like crazy to release his load. The sounds of the giggling girls from the next room, all discussing HIM made him even harder as he heard them all chatting about his body. He knew that it was going to be a long summer, but he would just have to grin and bare it. Despite being hornier and more frustrated than he had ever been in his life, he still held out hope that the holy grail, the thing that all red blooded men crave more than anything else; a full on orgy, might be his if he kept playing along. This and the fear of having his shameful movie uploaded kept him in check and he drifted off to sleep, his dreams adding to his torment as he imagined ramming his hard cock deep and hard into Bridget and all of her friends.

Hours later, right in the very heart of the stillness of the night, he woke. Thinking he was still dreaming he jerked when he felt the warmth of a body laying next to him in his bed. Popping his eyes open, he gasped as he realized that he was blindfolded and even more shocking, when he tried to reach up to take it off, he also found he was tied down.

Thomas was helpless as he was staked out wide on his bed, tied to each of the bedposts with four of his dad's silk ties. Saying nothing, he felt the bed depress as others climbed up. Being blindfolded he could not know WHO his captors were, but he knew there were more than one. As two sets of teasing fingers began to rake down his chest and stomach towards his crotch he moaned.

Being blindfolded, and with the mystery girls being silent, his other senses were heightened to the extreme. He could feel on each side of his stomach four erect nipples and on his legs, smoother, silky soft legs and feet began to rub up and down his calves. As he opened

his mouth to speak, he felt the mystery girl climb up onto his chest and he promptly groaned yet again, but otherwise remained silent, The feel of her naked body against his made him literally radiate lust and the teasing tendrils of her long hair draped down over his never softening cock and tickled. Right above his face obviously was hovering a gorgeous ass, and the smell of her arousal had him drooling. Lifting his head up, his nose touched her pussy and he growled. With his tongue, now hot and dripping, he slowly ran it up her slit, grinning to himself as the sounds of her obvious approval told him he was performing well.

For the rest of the night the two mystery girls rode his face, their orgasms coming fast and easy as they flooded his eager mouth with their nectar. Thomas racked his brain trying to discover who they were, but, the taste of their delicious womanhood, and his cum denied addled brain made his detective skills quite degraded. Finally, just before dawn they both knelt down and placed two big wet kisses on his cockhead before slipping out his door. Sighing deeply, he fell back asleep.

At 8:30 he woke again, only this time he was no longer bound and his blindfold was off.

“Get up TOMMY BOY! You have MUCH work to do again today!” Laughed Bridget and the other girls as they all stood around his bed. This day, and for the rest of the summer, the pattern continued. Nude blindfolded massages by the pool in the morning. Naked waiter service at lunch and dinner followed by some sort of “SHOW” at night.

As the summer progressed, the girls kept upping their demands for his service. First he was just required to edge himself in the TV room, but eventually it escalated to his performing increasingly elaborate sexy dance routines for them. To his further embarrassment, the guest list kept growing as additional sisters and friends were called and invited to stay, all immensely enjoying the command performance each night.

The highlight of each evening was the dance routine Thomas would perform for the increasingly large group of young women.



Rhythmically challenged for years, by late August, Thomas could have easily filled in as an extra at a Chippendales show. As Bridget's house guests had grown from three to twelve, as each girl invited more and more of her close friends to partake of such an opportunity, she grew increasingly aroused by her step brother.

The sight of his rather large package swinging in time to the music, or the feel of his strong hands as he massaged her feet, or the wet hot sensation of his loving tongue and mouth on her hot aching sex as he slaved away at night as a bound pussy licking machine were driving her wild. She and the other girls were masters of the cocktease, and having their own blackmailed naked slaveboy all summer was like an erotic dream come true. Finally though she and the others decided that he had earned a proper reward and they were going to give it to him tonight. They all were going to have to leave for college the next day so tonight was the night for his big FINAL show.

The last day had progressed like normal, only today it was just the original four at the house. Poor Thomas was a total dripping quivering mess having been denied release all summer. Bridget was impressed at his stamina and started to feel guilty at tormenting him for so long. Having been kept perpetually on the edge all summer, and having not shot once, his balls were a deep purple and the girls all agreed they wanted desperately to see them empty.

Thomas sadly had given up on ever getting any of them into his bed to get him off, and had resigned himself to the consolation prize of having his adoring face sat on by some mystery girl each night. He, like them, would be off to college in the morning so he would finally release soon enough if only, sadly, in his hand. After his sexy dance after dinner he nearly shot his wad when Bridget grabbed him by the balls and led him up to their parents room.

It was enormous, almost the size of a full scale apartment, and in the middle of the room was a giant extra large triple king sized bed. As she drug her step-brother inside, she felt him get even harder when she opened the door and they saw inside. There, waiting on the bed were Cassandra, Laura and Jamie, already in their sexiest nighties and all looking at Thomas with starving lust filled wide eyes.

Smiling to himself he sighed as he was easily manipulated into the center of the bed and tied down with four more ties. He was used to this routine as each night all summer he performed his bound cunnilingus act on some willing writhing woman on his face. Shivering in anticipation, he was stretched wide and again blindfolded. Bridget, winking at her three friends spoke.

“Well Girls, it is sad that summer is over, but I have to admit TOMMY boy here has made it quite memorable. Now, since he has been such a good sport, I say we give him a happy ending to this summer that he won’t ever forget!”

They all agreed and slowly and deliberately licked and sucked every inch of him for the next twenty minutes. Thomas was shaking like a leaf in a tornado as the feel of four sets of hot lips ran up and down his shaft and he moaned in gratitude. He knew now the whole nude humiliating summer had been worth it, and as he received a four-way blowjob, he prepared to fire off a cum geyser that might just burst out the ceiling tiles.

Suddenly everything stopped, as the girls giggled. They were still dressed but were about to get naked, but not before one last long tease. Laura whispered into Thomas’s ear as he quivered.

“Don’t worry Tommy Boy, we are going to finish you off now. But before you plow into each one of us, I would like to cover this gorgeous cock of yours up in whipped cream and lick you clean, over and over until you beg for me to stop! Once you are at maximum arousal and cannot stand another second, each one of us are going to saddle up on this horsecock of yours and ride off into the sunset! You like that idea Thomas?”

Hearing this Thomas could only moan, and thrust hopelessly in the air as he felt them all crawl off the bed and run down the stairs to the kitchen. Blindfolded, hard, tied and horny, he could do nothing but wait, dry humping the air like mad as his junk swayed wildly in the void and his mind prepared for the best sexual experience of his life.

Bridget and the others were laughing in kitchen looking for the whipped cream when suddenly they all shot up as they heard the front door slam.

“HEY We’re back!”

“HOLY FUCK IT’S MY PARENTS!!!!” Bridget cried in panic as she had completely forgotten they were coming back tonight.

As her stepdad stepped into the kitchen and saw Bridget and her three gorgeous friends, all in their rather revealing nightgowns, standing in front of the refrigerator he felt his own cock stir as it was a VERY enticing sight. The natural male reaction to such a delightful display was automatic, and he shook his head to try and clear the image from his mind.

As he got ready to open his mouth and tell them to go put something more appropriate on, the whole house shook with the vibrations of his wife’s scream coming from upstairs.

“THOMAS!!!!!! WHAT IN THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING!!!!!!”

## Slave to Gina

Nicky was a small time petty thief and not a particularly successful one. Mostly dealing with small jobs that barely paid the bills, his heists generally raked in a few hundred here an occasional thousand there, nothing spectacular. Certainly none were large enough to get him out of the huge financial hole he found himself and he was always on the lookout for one big score to finally set himself up in a better position. He had almost given up on ever finding the elusive perfect target until he stumbled on Gina's huge "security system free" mansion way out in isolation on Long Island. For a B&E man it was like a wet dream, way off the beaten path, no neighbors in sight, no security system of any kind, nothing, just a big old sloppy wet dream just waiting for someone to come in and pick it clean.

Primarily his speciality was breaking and entering, and Gina's house seemed like the perfect candidate to finally make the big score he always dreamed of. Being in a wooded area, it had the perfect camouflage surrounding it and he had staked out the estate for weeks. If he could pull it off it appeared so lavish the haul might even let him retire entirely from just this one job alone. Obviously the owner was astonishingly loaded as the house was fucking huge, well over 18,000 square feet, and dripping in signs of extreme wealth. The outside of the villa was constructed of all imported Italian marble and the grounds were immaculately maintained; sculptured gardens, well kept shaped boxwoods, bronze fountains, the works.

Casing the joint for weeks, Nicky was delighted that there appeared to be no pesky dogs around to cause problems, and even better, other than Gina (who Nicky thought quite hot from his observations) no one else appeared to live there. Servants came and went throughout the day but were pretty regular so they would be easy to avoid. From his hiding place in the woods he watched the house intensely through his binoculars, looking for the security system he knew just HAD to be there, but also inventorying everything he was going to steal. Each day he came back his smile grew wider as his

inventory list got longer as Gina loved to leave all of her curtains open and thus he could see almost everything inside.

He was obviously going to make a mint here as he noticed lots of jewelry around Gina's lovely neck as well as tons of electronics, gold and fine art everywhere. This, he hoped, would be the big score that would finally give him enough money to finally get out of debt and go legitimate. With the money he would make maybe he could even open up a pizza shop or something and finally turn his life around. He was not a "bad" person at his core, just a complete fuckup and his life of crime was the result of many bad choices he had made over the years. Each night he salivated at the fantastic items he viewed through Gina's windows, already planning his new and crime free life that their theft would provide.

Over the several weeks that he had cased house he also had to admit that he had gotten quite smitten with the owner, Gina. She was smolderingly hot and he got very acquainted with her looks by his studies. From his position in the woods he could see everything through the windows, and because the house was so isolated, she NEVER pulled ANY of the shades down. His whole scheme almost ended one night when he nearly fell out of his tree as he saw Gina slowly strip down in her bedroom and prepare to take her bath.

Her long luscious legs and gorgeous top heavy figure were pushing all of his erogenous buttons at once as he was treated to this unexpected show by the dark haired beauty. Unable to believe his luck he found he was able to stare directly into her bathroom and see her lower that fantastic round ass into the tub, which was overflowing with bubbles. Unconsciously Nicky began to stroke his hard cock through his jeans as he enjoyed watching her bathe and put on this inadvertent private show just for him. When she lifted her soapy toes up out of the water and began to lazily wash her inner thigh, he thought for sure he would shoot his load right into his denium.

As he fantasized about Gina, he imagined an alternative reality for himself. In this created reality instead of him being a small time loser and thief with no girlfriend, an old crappy car and no day job; he was a successful businessman who owned this huge house. Each night,

as Nicky continued to dream, he would come home from work to this huge mansion and his gorgeous wife would meet him.

Every night in his fantasy she met him at the door naked and on her knees wearing only a smile before completing her welcome with an expertly performed blowjob. After she finished her oral hello, they would then go inside to have steaks (he loved steak) and then afterwards run upstairs to fuck. Once finished and laying peacefully in-between Gina's impressive cleavage he would flip on the controller to watch the Giants always win on one of those huge flat-screens he had been inventorying. Obviously Nicky had a good imagination!

As he snapped back to reality, he planned out his scheme for execution the next day. It was Wednesday, and that was the one day of the week that Gina was out of the house all day. The maid only came on Mondays and Thursdays, and the Gardeners Tuesdays and Fridays, so he would have all day to do what he needed to do. He really wondered what Gina did on Wednesdays as it was obvious that she didn't work outside of the house any of the rest of the week and was obviously quite wealthy.

"Must be a Trust Fund Babe" he thought to himself.

He also wondered why she almost never went out. Being SUPER HOT and Super Rich, he figured she would be out partying like Paris Hilton or some other rich bimbo at some super exclusive club every night but no, Gina stayed home almost constantly. It was only on Wednesdays that she left the house and when she did she left promptly at 9 am before returning sharply at 6 pm like clockwork.

As he watched her black mercedes roll out of the long driveway and turn onto the main road, he got his bag and jumped down from his hiding place in the woods. All of his tools were in the bag; lock pick, glass cutter, crow bar, all the accoutrements of his trade. Going around to the back of the house he spied what he was looking for, the back door to the kitchen with the large plane glass window. He took out his cutter and suction cup and within seconds he was inside the house.

He didn't particularly feel rushed as he knew that since it was just 9:20 he had all day to work so he could take his time. The first place he went to was Gina's bedroom, a place he had long studied through the open window and also a location, in his imagination at least, of many erotic imaginary escapades.

Nicky was a thief no doubt, but in a weird way, he was a polite thief. When he robbed a house he tried hard not to be randomly destructive but only stole what he came for while leaving the other items and the rest of the house as undamaged as possible. As he began to open various drawers looking for jewelry he grinned as he stumbled over Gina's underwear drawer. Nicky lightly ran his fingers over the panties, all silky and slick feeling against his powerful hands and as he fondled the fabric he felt himself harden a bit in his jeans. Shaking himself back to reality, he refocused on the job at hand.

Rooting around the bedroom he finally discovered the cache of those jewels he had been spying and it was a haul beyond his wildest dreams. Opening the cabinet in her walk in closet his eyes gleamed as he spied the countless Diamond earrings, pearl necklaces, Ruby rings, and emeralds come into view.

Thinking to himself "Jesus, this girl obviously loves her Jewelry" he began stuffing his bag with the colorful baubles while calculating his profits in his head. Being that he had stolen Jewelry a few times in the past he estimated that there was at least 200-300 thousand dollars worth of jewels here so this job was going to set him up for quite some time.

As he prepared to move on to the next room he noticed a big black album under her bed that was obviously meant to stay hidden. Curiosity overcoming him, he reached down and snagged it and lifted it up to his eyes to read. His eyes grew wide and his smile almost cracked his face as he read the words.

On the cover, in pure gold, was printed "Private Photos".

"Holy fuck I hit the Jackpot!" Nicky thought as he began slowly flipping through the book and realized these were all nude photos of Gina that she had taken of herself on her tri-pod.

She was obviously quite the talented photographer, as the art all over the house had indicated, and now that he had her private stash, he realized just how good a photographer she was. His mouth watered over each shot of her as he slowly thumbed his way through the book.

She was even more gorgeous up close, and now that he did not have to look at her body through his binoculars from a distance, but able to see her artistic nude self photography show off her gorgeous form perfectly, he drooled. With spectacular tits to die for and a pussy that craved the feel of his face planting in her lap, he found himself getting extremely hard as he flipped through the pages. She was spectacular, and the erotic sights had him savoring and drooling over every private image as his imagination went crazy with the porn movie he was directing in his mind. When he got to the last page of photos he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his back and then everything went black.

Time passed, and how much time was not immediately obvious to Nicky as he groggily awoke, but it must have been a while as it was night now. His back still throbbed in burning agony from the stun gun that Gina had hit him with that morning and his head remained in a fog. As he slowly began to regain consciousness he quickly realized he was in serious trouble as he was now naked and handcuffed behind his back to the leg of an incredibly heavy iron table in the kitchen. As he looked down at his exposed cock and balls he noticed a stainless steel device had been placed on the base of his package. To his alarm this was obviously no normal device. It had glowing lights all over the top of its silvery rings and felt slightly warm on his exposed scrotum. As could be imagined, seeing this, he grew very worried and started to profusely sweat.

When he saw Gina enter the room his worry rapidly turned to panic as he realized he had been caught red handed, the fog finally lifting completely from his mind. Pulling up a chair over him she bent down to speak and giggled as she saw him struggle to get loose from the manacles around the heavy iron table leg.

“Welcome to the world of the living sleepy head” she smirked. “Or shall we be more formal, welcome, Nicky Panagopolus, former petty



thief living at 766 Stuart Avenue, Apt C Brooklyn New York!”

Nicky really panicked now. How did she know his name and address? He had no ID on him as he may not be bright, but he certainly is not THAT stupid. Smiling, Gina continued.

“It only seems fair that since I know your name you learn mine, since we are going to spend a LOT OF TIME together from now on. My name is Gina Caporette.”

Nicky’s face froze and instantly betrayed his fear and Gina grinned as she saw that he obviously recognized her name. Gina Caporette was the only daughter of the late head of the Mafia in New York, Tony Caporette. The Caporette family ran all of the other mob families in New York and it was well known that after Tony died he had left his entire vast empire to his only daughter. No one had ever seen her as it was well known that she was intensely private, but, in criminal circles her name was still feared as she had the ultimate power in the New York underworld.

Nicky felt sick and suddenly lightheaded as he realized that he had been incredibly stupid and cursed with such unbelievable shitty bad luck to choose HER house to rob. Seeing this unguarded security free estate out on Long Island seemed like such a plum, just ripe for picking, but now it all made sense. What fucking moron on earth would rob HER, unless of course that fucking moron was named Nick Panagoplous. His blood running cold, he knew it was just a matter of time before he would be taking up residence in his new home at the bottom of the East River.

“Oh, Nicky Nicky Nicky” Gina cooed as she ran her stocking clad foot up his bare chest seeing him tremble. “If I had wanted to kill you, you would already be dead, trust me.”

“I see you recognize who I am so you must know just how much shit you are in. Well Nicky, this might be your lucky day, or unlucky day, it is up to you. I am not going to kill you, but, your life is going to change pretty dramatically from now on.”

Hearing these words he finally started breathing again. He was convinced he was chained up naked just so he could be tortured for

a while before being killed, but now there appeared to be hope. That hope faded fast though as she continued to speak.”

“While you were out, I made a few calls, and you have now been “disappeared”. No one is going to miss old fuckup low rent petty thief Nicky, trust me. Nope, your old life is over now. Your apartment has been emptied and all of your belongings have been sold off, including that crappy car of yours. You now have NOTHING! Not even a pair of boxer shorts to call you own!” As she spoke she ran her gaze down his chest to his crotch and the sinister looking device attached.

Nicky gulped as he realized he was 100% totally fucked, he was alive, but still fucked. That car, and the stuff in his apartment was everything he had in the world so when she said he had nothing, he really DID have NOTHING.

Smiling at his increasing panic, Gina continued to rub her stocking foot over his handsome tattooed bare chest as she watched his mind race and weigh his dwindling options. His brain was in overdrive as he desperately tried to think of a way out of this situation, but as she kept stroking him with her stockinged foot, and her toes walked down his body to his caged meat, he grew insanely hard. It was highly arousing to have woman of his dreams, and now nightmares, start to up her torment as her stocking toes began to play with his balls.

As she continued, she ran her foot down his chest and over his balls, flicking the steel ring of his device with her toes and watching him start to get hard and flinch.

“I bet you are wondering what THIS is aren’t you?” she said as she ran her large toe around the steel ring again for emphasis. “Well, this is my insurance policy. You see Nicky, it was fortuitous for me that you picked the wrong house, as I was getting a bit lonely here.”

Hearing this Nick could not believe his ears. How on earth could a woman like her be lonely as she was an absolute Goddess. Thinking it through though, he felt slightly sick as her next words were spoken.

“I have exotic tastes, VERY EXOTIC, and you are going to be quite the amusement for me. I am rich, as you know, and because of my

“business” I could have any guy I want, but what I REALLY want is a slave.”

Nicky continued his silence realizing that the less he said the better, but his cock reacted to that last statement and began to harden even more. Gina smiled as she saw it start to grow again and placed her toes right over the head and began to swirl them around the top. The feeling of her silk stockings on his swollen glans caused him to shift and squirm, growing hornier and hornier as she continued to stroke.

“I don’t want a FAKE slave, all oh “Mistress So and So Beat me like a worm crap”. That fake bullshit makes me nauseous. No Nicky, what I want a real bonified slave. Someone who REALLY is here against his will and trapped into my service and your foolish stunt has provided me with just that opportunity. The steel band around your balls are tied to the security system in the house, the one you never could find by the way, and I can zap you into a eunuch in about 45 second merely at the touch of a button. I assume that you understand what it means to your manhood if you try to escape, so I assume I won’t have any problems from you now will I?”

Nicky quickly shook his head no indicating he would comply.

“It won’t be such a bad life for you as it is quite obvious you find me attractive” Gina laughed as it was now apparent that Nicky had a full on erection as she continued to run her silky toes up and down his exposed shaft.

“And if you serve me well, I may even reward you with an opportunity to shoot your spunk out every couple of months or so” she cackled noticing the horror in Nicky’s face as the words “couple of months” came out of her mouth.

“Each morning you will prepare my bath and make my breakfast. Each afternoon you will clean my house and do my laundry. I am going to save a FORTUNE on servants!. You won’t have much laundry to do for yourself since I burned all of your clothes. Each evening you will worship my body and keep me 100% fully satisfied if you know what is good for you. Think that is such a bad deal Nicky?”

As she explained the new setup to Nicky, she continued rubbing her gorgeous feet all over his stomach, penis and balls. He was going

crazy by the feel of her silky feet on his flesh and he vigorously nodded his agreement. This was going to be a good gig, and she wouldn't have any trouble from him as he was hooked.

"Good, I figured you would see it my way. Now, show me you understand by thanking my toes, which have obviously gotten you quite hard."

As she lifted her foot up to his mouth, his head spinning in lust, Nicky closed his eyes and passionately kissed them. His new life as her slave was just beginning.

## Milking Superman

Olga Strinofsky was very concerned. As CEO of Oil of Mandalay, she was a very rich and powerful woman her company raking in millions of dollars in profits for years. Her anti-aging cream for decades had been the standard “go-to” treatment for treating wrinkles, sunspots, cottage cheese thighs, crows feet, laugh lines, cellulite and blemishes of all kinds that plague women who constantly fear the loss of their youthful beauty. Her Company, worth multi-billions in sales had lately however started to see a decline in sales recently and this trend worried her greatly.

Competition in the beauty products industry is fierce and recently some of the newer companies in the business had developed products that, to her great chagrin, worked even better than hers did. Oil of Mandalay was losing its edge, and Olga knew it and the knowledge was eating her alive. Despite spending millions in research and development, she was rapidly coming to the conclusion that they had finally hit the brick wall.

The field of anti-aging creme had reached the natural end of improvement, and now that all of her competitors had essentially broken the code on her product through reverse engineering, it was just going to be a slow erosion of market share and profits for years to come. Her face tightened as she realized that she was going to have to explain to her board that the days of 75% profit margins and endless demand for their brand was coming to an end, and she did not relish giving that news.

As she sat stewing over this development, reviewing the latest sales results and putting the final touches on her presentation to the board, her phone rang. It was her assistant announcing that Veronica Taylor was on the phone and that she wanted to have a meeting set up.

“Veronica Taylor? The supermodel? What would she want to meet with me about personally?” Olga asked her assistant.

“Perhaps she wants to endorse our brand? It certainly would be a boon for the image to get HER on board!” her assistant answered.

“You may be right, put her through” Olga answered, puzzled that Veronica, a multi-millionaire in her own right would be making these sort of pitches herself. Surely her agent usually would handle something like this.

As the line rang, Olga grinned with a twinge of excitement as she was very curious to hear what the elusive supermodel had to say. She did not take many calls as a rule as she was constantly barraged with people peddling something, but she decided to take this one and that was a very RARE event. No one ever got to talk to Olga Strinofsky on the first try unless they were an exceptionally important person.

Veronica Taylor however, fabulously successful for 20 years would be just that person. Painfully beautiful, she was stunning in the extreme was the highest paid most successful model in history. Perfect figure (especially for those who like women top heavy) she had the same 44-28-38 figure she had since she had been a teenager. Her Long shimmering black hair that shone in the light appeared to be made of pure spun silk. Especially interesting to Olga was her skin, as it was absolutely FLAWLESS! Not a sunspot, freckle or wrinkle appeared anywhere on her body she resembled a computer generated model, perfect in every way.

She commanded whatever price she wanted from any advertiser and, as one would expect, always had every multiple available billionaires, movie-stars or indiscreet politicians groveling for her affection. Every woman envied her and every man desired her and ironically she only grew more alluring as she grew older. The list of her former lovers was long and read like a who’s who directory. It was even rumored that she was the secret girlfriend of the man of steel himself, Superman.

When Olga picked up the phone she listened intensely to Veronica and what she had to say but had more questions created by the conversation than were answered by it. She was extremely vague in what she was proposing, but what it appeared to be was a joint venture, NOT an endorsement deal. Fearing that Veronica had gone daffy, she went along with her plans as you certainly would not want to piss HER off, especially if you were in the cosmetics industry.

She asked, and Olga agreed (simply because of Veronica's stature) that they should meet at Veronica's Penthouse Apartment that evening to discuss details, adding that she did not want anything said on the phone or put in writing as she did not want the exposure. The cynical CEO was intrigued when she said that what she was going to present would be worth multi-billions to both of them.

Hearing this Olga's eyebrows raised. Despite her suspicions she was intrigued even though she thought it was probably just the rantings of a beautiful yet silly supermodel. The hearing of the word billions though, was just enough to whet Olga's interest so at 7:00 PM that evening she found herself in the elevator to the Penthouse.

After some initial small talk and pleasantries, Olga asked the obvious question. What exactly was she proposing that could possibly make both of them multiple billions of dollars.

Veronica looked around the room nervously as though she was afraid someone would overhear what she was about to say. Olga herself was getting a little uncomfortable at this paranoia since Veronica was in her OWN APARTMENT and surely should not be THIS nervous.

"Well Olga" the beautiful supermodel began. "You know that I have some pretty famous boyfriends." Olga nodded as that certainly was not a secret.

"Well, I have discovered something about one of them that, if we do this right, will make us both the richest women on earth, but, is kind of on the er shall we say, illegal side."

Olga grinned nervously but nodded, definitely intrigued at what Veronica was going to propose and anxious for her to get on with it.

Veronica continued now, getting more comfortable and more open as she talked.

"Superman has been my boyfriend for about 5 years now, and, well, he plays a part in this."

Olga was frustrated now, so far she had not heard anything that seemed to be a way to make money or was anything that everyone on earth didn't already know. Her dalliance with the Man of Steel was

hardly a secret, and pictures of them were constantly showing up on TMZ, Entertainment Tonight or any number of BRAVO shows. Finally in frustration Olga yelled out “Just say it!!!!” and caught herself before she lost her cool.

For the next hour Veronica laid out her plan in surprising detail, her intelligence only surpassed by her beauty. She explained how she met Superman and how they eventually became intimate and blushed as she started to have to become more graphic about the details. Olga was most curious about this as she, like every other woman on the planet, had consistent erotic fantasies about Superman and often wondered just exactly what kind of lover he would be, especially in light of his nickname “The Man of Steel”.

And from what Veronica described, that was an accurate moniker. Of the more interesting tidbits about the sex life of Superman Olga learned was the fact that Veronica only could give him a hand-job; no blowjob or allowing him to shoot inside her could ever be possible.

Veronica described how the first time he shot his load at her home it blew out the side of her penthouse apartment and completely destroyed a neighboring apartment building, the force of his ejaculation having the same force of a tidal wave. It was clear, Superman has super spunk!!!

Olga also learned from Veronica that, despite being able to leap tall buildings in a single bound, Superman was also a man, and like most men he had a kinky side. The Superhero was completely pussy whipped by the most gorgeous supermodel in the world and she had him wrapped around her little finger like a spring. It turns out that Superman had a bit of a submissive side, definitely fitting the stereotype of a wolf in the streets but a lamb in the sheets type.

Veronica giggled as she described the first time that Superman made one of his kinkier requests and asked her to tie him up and dominate him. Now, you can imagine that most of these scenes played out in real life are fantasies, but with Superman how exactly could you “tie him up?” Veronica then relayed the secret. Superman, secret perve that he was, had stored away a little kryptonite. Not enough to hurt him, but enough to restrain him.



“Olga, I can’t describe to you the power it was having him all strapped down in those Kryptonite chains and riding his MAN OF STEEL!. Jesus, you can’t imagine how hard he was and I tormented him all night, teasing him, having him lick and suck my toes, riding his face (and boy does he have a super tongue!). You can use your imagination on what it feels like to have your man be able to vibrate his tongue over your clit at the speed of sound. Pure heaven! When I finally got off of him and gave him a hand-job he literally blew out half of my apartment with his sperm. It got EVERYWHERE and it cost almost 100,000 dollars to repair the damage to my walls.”

Laughing at the memory she continued. “Superman was a super-sweetie about it though and repaid me, but that is when I discovered something which is why I am talking to you today.”

“After he left and I was surveying the damage, some of his “emissions” that he had dripped on the floor when I was teasing him got on my hand. Instantly it began to tingle and glow and within a few minutes it was like my hand had gotten 10 years younger. You may not realize this, but I am almost 40 years old, and rapidly coming to the end of my money making days as a supermodel. I have gotten quite fond of this lifestyle I live, so, I thought maybe there was something here I could work with.”

Olga grew wet hearing this story, either from the image of the man of steel tied up and teased all night or from hearing of the healing power of his super-spooge, but for either reason she was gushing.

“Next time he came over and I had him all restrained and teased, I placed a little plate under him and collected his leaking pre-cum to test out later. His actual sperm that he generates when he shoots is TOO powerful, and is actually like lava when it shoots out and is kind of dangerous. Pre-cum however is different and can be handled safely. After he left I couldn’t wait to run into the bathroom and try it out. I spread it over my just forming crows feet and even on my little spare tire I was beginning to form. Olga darling, it worked like a charm.”

Leaning in close, Victoria showed her skin, which looked as flawless as ever, appearing no older than 22, 23 tops. Continuing she spoke.

“The crows feet instantly disappeared and cleared up and my skin looked like a 20 year old’s again. Even better, once I applied it to my spare tire, it burned a little, but within 5 minutes the small amount of fat had burned away. It was like doing 1000 sit ups a day for a year in 10 minutes!!!”

Olga’s mind raced with the possibilities. Marketing a product like this would make her billions, and not just single billions, it could be hundreds of billions. With this product she could have Bill Gates as her butler and Warren Buffet as her cook she would be so rich. Her mouth literally salivating at the thought of those billions of dollars just waiting to be harvested she began to openly drool. Veronica could see that Olga was intrigued so got to the point.

“So my dear, my proposal is this, I need your engineers to come up with a milking machine, one that can keep him on the edge of cumming but not take him over. The force of his sperm shooting is so strong it will destroy any machine or bonds he is trapped in, so it will have to be calibrated very carefully. I will get Superman all hot, bothered and restrained, and once he is in a position where he is helpless, I will call you and you can pick him up.”

Olga listened intently, but had many many questions. Besides the obvious danger of trapping Superman and the grief he could wield on her and her company if he ever got loose, a few dribbles here and there wouldn’t be enough to do anything. When she expressed this concern to Veronica, she was shocked by her reply.

“Oh Olga, you don’t realize, but since you haven’t had sex with Superman you couldn’t know. His metabolism is completely different than normal men. He “dribbles”, as you say, pre-cum at a rate of 15 gallons an hour. When he actually SHOOTs, it kind of is like a firehouse getting loose in your house, quite erotic but a total mess. What you don’t grasp is, he is really different than normal men and will never wear out or empty. He will just drain and drain pre-cum for as long as we have him restrained. Additionally, since his body is impervious to pain or damage (other than Kryptonite) he never sleeps, eats or you know, those OTHER eliminations.. He can be set up to just go on and on and on for as long as we want; 24 hours a

day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year, pumping out pure sperm gold for us to grow incredibly rich harvesting.”

Olga interrupted. “You sure he can’t get loose from those bonds. You have tested them?”

Veronica winked. “Oh I tested them alright. I gave him a blowjob on and off for 4 hours the other night and he was definitely struggling and squirming desperately to get away. I am SURE if he could have burst out of those bonds he would have grabbed that big old super dick and hosed down the whole neighborhood with a cum deluge that would have to be classified as a category 5 he was so worked up.”

“Well Then” Olga grinned. “You have me almost convinced, but there is just one last concern. Won’t people get suspicious when the most famous man on the planet goes missing? Won’t people look for him”.

Veronica grinned again having thought this out too. “Would it REALLY be that weird if some Alien life force, with the strength of a God, who has only been on this planet for 30 years or so suddenly decided to go home? I think that is what most people will think. They will think he returned to his home planet and won’t look for him. No one would suspect him being kidnapped, since, Who could “kidnap” Superman anyway?.”

Olga’s grin got bigger and bigger as she imagined the money she would make from this. This would be the one process that NO one could copy and since it would be her company and her’s alone that would have the “secret” sales would never decline as there would be no competition. Her mouth forming into a big grin, she vowed that if they could pull this off she was going to be sure that her little super secret was going to be locked up, and milked constantly, FOREVER.

The last question Veronica fully anticipated, the price. Saying she would deliver Superman, completely bound in Kryptonite, naked and helpless for eternal milking for 50 percent of the profits.

Olga had to admit it was fair, although she hated giving up that much money. But, she thought, 50 percent of 300 billion is still 150 billion so it was certainly worth making this deal. They agreed that after 3

weeks, the gorgeous supermodel would work her wiles and get Superman bound up and ready for delivery.

The big night arrived and Veronica got the go ahead from Olga and her team that the machine was ready. Everything was prepared so she texted Superman on his private number, and literally within seconds he was at her door. She had been playing especially hard to get over the past week knowing this would only drive the man of steel wilder with desire and make her plan that much easier to execute. When he flew onto her balcony, his eyes almost bugged out of his head when he laid eyes on her.

Veronica, always beautiful, was spectacular tonight as she had spent days planning her trap. She wore an outfit perfectly aligned to push every pervy button in his Krypton head, both his big and little one. She wore a leather teddy with black fishnet stockings that connected through gold chain to garters. Seeing the woman of his dreams so deliciously arrayed, he could feel his cock already tenting vividly in his familiar red shorts. Veronica just glared at him with the exact right amount of lust and disdain that she KNEW drove him wild.

From behind her back she held a riding crop and placed it under Superman's chin.

"STRIP SLAVE! and show respect to your Goddess" she commanded. In a flash he was completely naked and on his knees before her. When she lifted her foot out to him and he gently took it in his hand and began to lightly kiss the top of her foot and suck her toes through her fishnet hose, she could not help but gush and with surprising gentleness she ran her fingers through his hair as he worshiped her.

Ordering him into her bedroom even the man of steel's eyes bugged out as he saw the amazing contraption. The kryptonite shackles they had played with before were now all attached to a chair and appeared to be part of an overall machine. Normally he would have been far more suspicious but horniness got the better of him as she whispered in his ear.

Running her hands down his firm tight chest as she stood behind him she purred.

“You like Superslave?”

He just grunted his approval as she continued.

“I had this designed just for you. I want to FUCK you Superslut, I want to feel that hard amazing cock in my body. I am going to ride you and ride you over and over until you literally weep in frustration, because I am NOT going to get you off easy. You will worship every inch of my body until I am fully satisfied, and once in this machine you will be TOTALLY under my control!”

As she spoke she continuously ran her hands all over his body. She had to admit, he was sexy, in fact the sexiest man on earth. PERFECT body, long thick cock, full swollen (and now throbbing) balls, tight dimpled ass; he was the one man on earth that could get her motor going instantly and he was all hers. Seeing his reflection in the mirror as he closed his eyes she knew he was falling hard into her trap.

He was helpless before her beauty as she grabbed him by his erect and steel hard cock and led him to the shackles. Foolishly closing his eyes in bliss, he sighed as he felt the kryptonite manacles applied to his wrists and then his legs were raised and also attached to the same shackle, thus spreading him in a humiliating completely open position. In this position he was completely exposed and helpless, his amazing super package dangling right out in the open for Veronica to torment at will with his anus also completely unprotected and widely exposed.

Standing back to admire, Veronica smiled, and felt herself flood her leather teddy with her honey. This was the hottest thing she had ever seen. His whole body was perfectly displayed to her gaze, every inch of him exposed to her. The man of steel was obviously enjoying this “role-play” and shook with desire as she glared at him. Feeling his eyes boring into her with unbridled and untamable passion, she winked as she unhooked the straps to her Teddy and began to slowly strip.

Superman was moaning now as Veronica slowly revealed her astonishing body to him. Despite wanting to be bound, he could not help but struggle against the Kryptonite shackles as he wanted to take her and fuck her into the void.

Seeing him struggle, she giggled. "Well now, it seems like you are superfrustrated! You definitely want to get out of those shackles don't you?"

He could only moan and nod as she dropped her leather teddy to the floor and sat down on the bed. God she was gorgeous, her full perfect large and perky breasts begging to have his aching tongue worship her hard nipples. He groaned as he saw her stomach and thighs, wanting to lick and kiss each inch of her forever. When she arched her foot and began to slowly unroll her stockings down her perfect legs his struggles began again.

Seeing his reaction gave Veronica the charge of her life. She was very turned on by his body, but even more by the fact that here before her, bound perfectly was the most powerful force on earth and he wanted only her. Reaching out with her perfectly polished right toe she began to tickle and tease his left ball as she watched him moan and began to leak.

"PLEASE VERONICA, PLEASE!!!! I WAITED FOR WEEKS FOR YOU!!! DENYING MYSELF AND SELF EDGNG EACH NIGHT JUST LIKE YOU TEXTED ME!!!" he whimpered as she continued her toe tease. Now walking up his amazingly hard shaft, she gripped his cockhead firmly between her toes and began to slowly scratch his dick slit, the sounds of his whimpering and begging making her even hotter and wet.

Now completely naked, she basked in the waves of hot lust that flowed off his body as he stared out her with a insatiable starving hunger. Kneeling now before him as he was so perfectly displayed she brought her mouth inches away from his balls and lightly blew her hot breath over his testicles. His instant thrashing and more moaning caused her to gasp. Bringing her finger up, she just barely touched the underside of his shaft as she slowly ran it up and down,

while with her other finger she ringed his exposed asshole, which quivered and puckered under her skin.

“GOD Veronica, you are driving me CRAZY!!!” he begged as his whole body shuddered as her long slow tease continued.

“It is time you eat me slave, and eat me like you have never eaten me before!” she barked as she began to climb up his body, dragging her wet slit up his shaft and stomach as she prepared to mount his face.

His cock was throbbing like mad now and precum was flowing off of him like an open faucet. Being in such a vulnerable position got him even harder as having submissive fantasies while being the strongest man on earth can sometimes be a challenge. When she climbed onto his face and shoved her sweet pussy to his mouth, he knew exactly what to do. With supersonic speed and the ability to sense her bodily responses through her skin he caused Veronica instantly to explode out a toe curling orgasm and within minutes he brought her four more in a constant pleasurable flow.

As the spasms from her incredible orgasm subsided, she reached out and grabbed his head hard and pulled him into her pussy tight, while reaching above with her other hand switching the machine on. Suddenly the contraption roared to life, and when the vacuum tube raised up from the seat and affixed itself over his cock a krypton incrustated strap-on simultaneously rose up and began to thrust into his ass. Overwhelmed by these triple sensations Superman yelled out in a mixture of pleasure and frustration.

The suction pump started to suck his massive tool and he got pulled closer and closer to the edge of sweet orgasm but groaned as it slowed right at the moment of no return. The engineers had done well with the device and programmed the sensors to know right when he was about to shoot so the stroking would slow until all his cock did was drool. The Krypton strap-on thrusting into his ass and tickling his prostrate caused him to moan even louder. As the man of steel was anally violated his shakes grew more violent and his drooling pre-cum increased its stream. He whimpered and rocked, unable to escape the krypton bonds and enjoying the most beautiful

woman in the world vigorously riding his face as his cock was sucked and his ass was pegged.

After an hour of this treatment Veronica finally rolled off of his now glazed face, completely spent, unable to cum anymore. Still chained in the chair, he was covered in sweat and quivering as he thought for sure she would release him now but to his surprise the machine stayed on. When Superman looked down at her, all sweaty and spent, legs shaking from her orgasmic ordeal he grinned like a kid as he knew she was very satisfied and so now he expected HIS turn.

“Veronica” Superman cooed. “I think I am ready to release now. This teasing is driving me crazy and my balls feel like they are about to blow up. Please release me sweet Goddess. Please jack me off. “

Shaking in a post orgasmic glow and to Superman’s disappointment now she winked as she began putting her robe on and spoke as she hissed into his ear.

“I am sorry Superman, but that won’t be possible” she whispered.

“You have to stay in the machine for a bit longer. We aren’t nearly finished with your milking yet.”

Laughing nervously, he added. “OK, so how does the milking end?”

“When you are out of pre-cum boy!” she sighed as she lazily ran her long nails over his now purple testicles and watched the tube continue to pump.

**“BUT VERONICA! YOU KNOW ABOUT MY POWERS, I WON’T EVER EMPTY!”**

Looking as handsome as ever, somehow made sexier by his frantic attempts to escape, she leaned down and kissed each ball.

“Well then, it seems like you may be here a while.”

“But, if you are a good boy, and take your milking well, I may stroke you off from time to time.”

When ten technicians from Olga’s company now entered the room It finally dawned on Superman that he was in real trouble and had been setup. When he studied the machine he realized not only



would it never shutoff, but because of the kryptonite bonds, he was completely helpless to escape and for once in his life panic finally set in. The constant sucking of the tube and probing of the strap-on was driving him crazy, but the pressure was NOT enough to bring him to full orgasm, just enough to keep him drooling pre-cum in a perpetual strong unending stream. When he saw two strangers take away the first two 5 gallon containers away, he realized he was now only a cow, a sperm cow. He had been a total fool.

Gone from the most powerful man in the world to a simple beast of burde with no hope of escape or possibility of release was hard to reconcile and his thoughts were a whirl. He could only hope that Veronica would eventually take mercy on him and let him go, or at least let him cum, but he had no power over anything anymore. As he groaned and shuddered as he felt another batch of his harvest leak out of his tortured balls, Veronica lifted one of her fishnet clad feet to his lips. His eyes welling with tears of frustration, he couldn't help himself as he began to lovingly kiss them. His conversion from super hero to super slave was now complete.

## The Albanian's Revenge

Constantine was a new recruit in the Serb army and excited by the new opportunity in front of him, his young future looking very bright. Only 19 years old and fresh out of basic training he was largely ignorant of the atrocities his countrymen had been responsible for in the past, growing up in a very patriotic and jingoistic household. His father had been in the Serbian Army as had his Grandfather and Great-Grandfather and so on so it was only natural that he would sign up for his turn in the family tradition. Being incredibly proud of his heritage he knew nothing of the world other than through very tinted lenses, largely ignorant of the war atrocities that took place before he was born. His ignorance however was about to come to an abrupt and shocking end.

He was a handsome boy. Standing 6'4" tall with a perfectly built physique, he was quite the heartbreaker at his high school back in Belgrade. His dark olive complexion and deep brown eyes made many a Serbian maid wet at night as they fantasized about his body. Although he could have had any woman he wanted, he was painfully shy and as of yet was inexperienced in the ways of the female form. He kept this shameful little secret to himself, not wanting to be razzed by his fellow recruits as being labeled a virgin would be a moniker that he would never live down.

It was not as if he didn't have plenty of opportunities, but he was so painfully awkward around women, just the thought of being naked in front of a one had him blushing like an embarrassed schoolgirl. For six months he and the other lads of his village trained relentlessly; forty mile hikes in full gear, endless pushups, constant sleep deprivation. Now complete his newly sculpted body was even hotter than it was when he had joined.

With his training complete, he looked forward to his first mission. Straight out of basic training he and his buddies were loaded on a personnel carrier and shipped off to Kosovo where the war from twenty years earlier never really ended, only going off the front page.

The conflict had been raging since he was born but being the patriotic sort, he joined up to do his part.

Only hours into his first mission, and somewhere just across the border he heard the explosion before everything went black. When he awoke he was alone.

“W-Where am I?” he cried out as he tried to adjust his eyes to the bright light shining in his face.

“Shut up War Criminal!” was the reply. It was an angry voice, but distinctly female. The old lands of Yugoslavia being the hodgepodge of ethnic rivalries he distinctly made out the accent. ALBANIAN!

Constantine was very afraid now and his young body instantly became drenched in cold sweat. All through school his teachers had taught him of the evil ways of the Albanians and it was this group, he was convinced, who not only destroyed Yugoslavia but meant to kill all Serbs. Realizing that he was now their captive, his stomach dropped as he nearly peed on himself, only his great shame at such a thing happening and his iron willpower preventing a humiliating display.

“On your feet Serbian scum!” the voice ordered.

As he scrambled to his feet his eyes finally adjusted to the light and he discovered he was alone in some sort of town hall. His hands were tied behind his back and he had a few cuts and bruises on his arms but otherwise he was OK.

As he surveyed the room he noticed that the auditorium was filled with only women, dark alluring and beautiful Albanian women, and seeing this a great sense of relief washed over him. Surely a group of women could do him no REAL harm, his chauvinistic attitude giving him a false sense of optimism.

“What should we do with him Miska?” an attractive dark haired young girl called out.

“Such a pretty one” she answered. Miska was obviously the leader of the group and continued to speak. “Would be such a pity if he met the fate of all of the others.”

“Where is my unit?” Constantine yelled out, suddenly discovering a hidden reservoir of courage. “What have you done with them?”

“They are all dead!” Miska answered matter of factly, her nonchalant response to the death of his buddies chilling Constantine to the bone.

“You killed them!” he cried out as the fear returned and now he was really scared.

“No we didn’t. They were killed in the accident that, amazingly, you survived. We Albanians don’t kill indiscriminately as do you Serbians.”

Although he was completely helpless, and in a very dangerous position, his upbringing kicked in and Constantine’s national pride was hurt.

“You LIE! Serbians do not kill unless provoked.”

“Oh?” Miska answered. “Look around you. Notice anything strange in this room?”

Constantine stared into the room again, afraid to open his mouth as he realized an outburst like he had just had could end up getting him killed. Seeing his hesitation at speaking she spoke.

“Notice that all the men are gone? Serbians did that! Last year soldiers from YOUR country came and killed all of the men in this village, and raped most of the women. Now my daughters are doomed to a life either as a prostitute or as a spinster as no Albanian man would have them now!” Miska screamed, so overcome with emotion she broke down in sobs.

Constantine’s mind could not handle the tale that was being told as this flew in the face of everything he had ever been taught. Part of him feared it was true, but the conscious part of his brain switched into complete denial. His emotions building, despite the danger of his situation he screamed.

“IMPOSSIBLE! Serbia would never commit such atrocities! You Albanians are liars and always have been! YOU LI....”

His rant was cut short as a rag was stuffed into his mouth to quiet him. Seeing him struggle to get loose, Miska continued.

“So, tomorrow we will take you to the town square and decide your fate then. Think about what your country has done and tell me why we should not kill you.” As the rag was taken from his mouth and before he could answer pain shot through his body as he was hit hard on the back of his head and knocked out.

As dawn broke Constantine struggled awake. As he grew conscious he discovered to his horror that now he was standing in the middle of the town square, wrists and ankles bound to an X shaped wooden frame. As he tested his bonds he discovered also that he was completely helpless, unable to move more than a centimeter in any direction. As the day began, the town square began to fill up with residents and Constantine was amazed that such a small village had so many women without a man in sight. He was mortified to think to himself that he found so many of them attractive but being a red blooded male it was hard to ignore their beauty.

Being a poor village these girls were shabbily, yet unintentionally erotically dressed in simple peasant dresses and all barefoot. Farm life made them all very fit and his cock twitched as he surveyed the delightful large breasts that so many of them were sporting. He was conflicted as his male urges reacted naturally to the sight of so many young attractive women, yet the rational part of his brain wanted to hate them. These were ENEMY women, how could he be thinking this about them?

After an hour or so, the square was now completely filled with women of all ages, without a single man in sight. Many, if not most, of the women were visibly shaking in rage at the sight of such a young Serbian army recruit tied up in their village, and taunts and invectives were quickly hurled. Some of the younger ones though looked at him rather lustily, but still with a foreign and hate-filled look in their eyes.

“What should be done with him?” Miska asked the crowd.

Many called for his execution and Constantine really began cold sweating now. Others called for him to be held hostage. The crowd

bantered many things back and forth until one woman spoke up.  
“Make him repay us for the crimes against us!”

This provoked much consternation. What did she mean repay? How could he repay? The crowd asked as they whipped themselves up into a fury. Calming the crowd, the mystery woman spoke.

“Since Serbia deprived our young women of the joys of meaningful womanhood, perhaps this young man, who I have seen you all lusting after, could repay the girls of this village.”

A nervous laughter went up from the crowd. “Are you serious?” Miska asked.

“Quite” the old woman responded. “We are an isolated village, are we not?”

The crowd agreed.

“And the likelihood of our daughters finding suitable mates is now gone due to their violation and shame and the murder of all of the young men in town.”

They again nodded their heads in agreement.

“Well then, why not make this young Serb boy act as stud to our village. He will live out his days as slave of this community, his freedom forfeit for the crimes of his countryman. Each girl will get him one week of the year to do with as she pleases. In many ways this may be a blessing in disguise as none of our daughters will ever have a man, why not take THIS man to be their personal bitch for life!.”

The crowd roared with approval as it did seem wasteful to simply kill the handsome Serb as it was obvious that his dark good looks had awoken the natural feminine desires in the young village girls.

Constantine, turned white as snow as the enormity of what was happening hit him and although his brain wanted to resist, his more natural reaction was clearly evident in his pants as he was now VERY hard at the thought.

Seeing the tent in his uniform, Miska grinned. “Lets begin by getting a good look at our new property.” She cackled as she approached

him with a knife.

Hopeless as it was Constantine struggled valiantly to maintain his modesty but it was no use. Relentlessly, Miska and a few of the others cut away his shirt and removed his boots and socks, slowly stripping him naked before the increasingly animated and cheering crowd. As they continued, one of the more attractive girls in the village came up to his stocks and ran her nails down Constantine's chest as she reached for his buckle.

Although humiliated beyond belief, he was tremendously aroused now and it clearly showed. Again they made short work of his belt and cut away his trousers and now he stood before them clad only in his briefs. The wind roaring through the town square chilled his body as it enveloped his nearly naked body and the women stood back to display him to the crowd.

"Well now, that is some FINE Serbian MEAT!" one voice yelled out.

"Yeah, I will have my ass on that face every minute it is MY week!" another called out.

All stood and admired the blushing Serb as he stood there nearly naked. With great fanfare, Miska and the attractive young girl showed the knife to the cheering crowd and pulled the fabric of his briefs out tight. Two little snips were made and his briefs were cut away and thrown to the crowd.

Now naked as the day he was born, tied, helpless, naked and to his great chagrin, his face turned beet red. The young beautiful women went crazy as he was revealed as most had not seen a fully grown naked man before in their lives. The fact that Constantine was well hung was instantly commented on and his face burned in shame as he desperately tried to close his legs to hide himself.

"Well, Well" Miska chuckled as she snapped his cock back and forth like a pendulum. "It seems our little Servile Serb is raring to go".

Constantine, his face flushed with shame, drooped his head in abject humiliation. Having never been naked in front of even ONE woman before, to have his first experience be his shameful stripping in front of an entire village was beyond humiliating. He closed his

eyes tight and hoped that this was the worst of it, but as he heard Miska speak, he feared this was only the beginning of his shame.

“But first we must give him the Albanian purity test!” She announced to the crowds obvious delight.

Constantine lifted his head up quickly now as curiosity now overshadowed shame as the primary emotion he felt. Seeing the look on his face, Miska grinned as she knew he had no idea what was being referred to. Grabbing his chin and holding it up to the crowd she loudly explained to him what was coming.

“Every time an young Albanian woman is preparing for her wedding night, the sacred female elders of the village are sent to her home to administer this test to her. Now, since you are lower than any woman, and you are to be essentially the bride to the village, you must be tested as were they.”

His brow still furrowed as he still could not imagine what they were going to do his face was blank until he saw the object in question. Made of ivory and obviously very old, the purity tester was brought forward and Constantine was horrified at the prospect of it being used on him. It was shaped in the form of a man’s penis and the ancient model had obviously been a very well endowed man since the cock measured 15” long and at least 8” wide.

“NOOOOOOOOO!” Constantine screamed as three beautiful girls bring it closer to him, giggling uncontrollably as they prepared for his anal invasion.

Roughly he was unchained from the X frame and pulled forward and strapped over a saw horse. His legs were further widened and his arms were chained down tight rendering him completely immobile. He tried with all his might to keep his ass cheeks closed, but it was no use, he was completely under their control.

To his further shame they turned his widely spread ass to the crowd and one girl on each side spread his cheeks to the maximum they would stretch. Miska stepped forward and dipped her hands into a large barrel of animal fat that had been brought up on stage and unceremoniously, she slapped a good handful square onto his anus, as she whispered into his ear.



“You will thank me for this lubrication one day!”

He heard gasps from the audience, so he knew it was almost time and he bit down hard as he tried to prepare. As the phallus entered him he screamed in a mixture of terror and pain louder than he had ever yelled in his life as the hard ivory reamed his ass. Never had he felt so violated and degraded, but to his horror his cock, now hard as steel exploded with the biggest release of sperm of his life as his ass was completely filled and his prostate was rammed. Now spent and wracked with pain, Constantine collapsed, whimpering and sweating. The last thing he remembered hearing before he blacked out were the words “HE PASSED!”

When he awoke he found himself still naked but now chained to some peasants bed. As he looked down his chest he noticed that his balls and dick had been tethered by another chain to the headboard, so he was pretty much incapable of getting away. He did not experience any pain from this, but wondered as to the purpose of this additional bondage. As he struggled to get free, in walked the painfully beautiful peasant girl Luna, the same girl who he had noticed in the crowd and one of the two who had helped with his “purity test”.

Although still frightened by his captivity, he was obviously excited by her body as she was achingly beautiful. She wore only a loose fitting linen shirt which prominently displayed her ample breasts and her long dark hair was now taken down and swirled around her ample curves, hanging down below her knees. Most alluring however was the look on her face as she eyed him. She had that same intense stare a dog gets when you cook steak, and Constantine knew this was directed squarely at him.

As she sat on the end of her bed and looked at her naked bound prisoner, she slipped her shirt off and finally revealed her astounding and amazing breasts. Despite his ordeal, and the fact he was a POW, he could not help but grow hard at this sight and his smoky lust filled eyes and obvious erection made her smile.

“Want to lick?” she giggled as she lifted a toe to his mouth.

Constantine, raised in a society where men were thought to be superior to women could not bring himself to kiss it, even though deep down in his reptilian brain he wanted nothing else but to suck on that delicious foot until he came just from the taste. Pride overcoming lust, he shook his head no.

“As I thought?” she cackled. “I have been assigned to break you and by God by the end of the week you will be licking my feet and eating my pussy on command, you Serbian DOG!”

“HA!” Constantine yelled defiantly but shaky as he knew he was doomed.

His words were cut short as she gripped his quickly hardening cock with her hands and leaned forward on the bed to hover over his cock. Slowly she ran her tongue around the head, sending electric shock waves of pleasure through his body listening intensely to his reactions so as to NOT accidentally allow him release. As she nibbled on his member she also slowly ran her nail up and down the center of his ball sack, driving him wild.

Constantine, now thrashing with pleasure, struggled desperately against his bonds as he felt himself getting ready to shoot. Just as he was about to reach the point of no return, she stopped and laughed as she sat back up on the bottom of the bed.

“Frustrating isn’t it?” she giggled as she got up. “I will be back in five minutes.” She yelled as she left the gasping Constantine reeling on the brink.

Luna continued her teasing well into the night, teasing for an hour, then taking a fifteen minute break before starting back over again. Finally around dawn the strain really began to show on her prisoner and he was reduced to a continuous moaning shaking mess as he begged.

“Please Luna! Please let me cum!” he screamed in a pathetic plea for release, having slowly been transformed over the night from proud Serbian soldier to abject slave.

Confident of final victory Luna brought her foot to his mouth.

“You know what to do!”

Mindless of the degradation, Constantine slaked his tongue over each toe in a frenzy, licking sucking and kissing like a wildman. As she again undressed she held her moist pussy just out of his mouth's reach.

"Beg me to let you eat me and I will release you from your torment" she smirked as Constantine, eyes flooding with tears wept his pleading.

For an hour he blubbered and begged, pleading and moaning until finally she laughed.

"Ok, you convinced me!" and with that she lowered her hot moist dripping sex on his waiting mouth. As he hungrily devoured her, she slowly lathered his cock up and released it from its tethered prison. Slowly, not wanting him to cum too fast she began her manual manipulations. She would not release him today, only keep him teetering on the edge as she "trained" him for village service. She would not release him tomorrow either, nor all week nor often really as the longer he was denied, the better he served the village.

Constantine was ecstatic though, not knowing of the perpetually teased and denied future before him, too busy thoroughly enjoying the sweet ripe taste of the first woman he had ever had tasted. He had never eaten pussy before, nor had anyone he knew, but now as her glorious sweet honey poured into his throat he was in heaven. In Serbia, such a thing was unheard of, but yet here he was eagerly slurping the moist naughty bits of his new Albanian mistress and Constantine knew then and there his life was changed forever.

## The Countess

Katerina was one of the most beautiful and rich noblewomen in Russia. The single female offspring of the powerful Count Orloff, Katerina learned her lessons in nobility well from her father. Her father, the Count, was at first disappointed in not having a male heir, but eventually accepted that fate had other plans for his line. Realizing that this beautiful daughter was the only child he would ever have, he devoted all of his energies into transforming this beautiful girl into just as powerful and formidable adult as he would have with a son.

Katerina's family had enormous estates all over Russia and were one of, if not the most, wealthy nobles in 18<sup>th</sup> century Czarist Russia. Over hundreds of years, through fortunate marriages and ruthless business practices, the Orloff family had amassed a fortune only surpassed by the Czar himself. Under their direct control lived innumerable numbers of nameless serfs on hundreds of thousands of acres, all completely subject to the slightest whim of their ruling masters.

Entire regions of the vast country were under their direct ownership, and the family employed thousands of Cossacks for security to oversee the millions of serfs that tilled their lands. While the Countess held the highest rank society could grant, at the lowest opposite end of the social scale were slaves. Below even serfs, who were tied to the land but not considered property, slaves owned nothing, not even their own bodies. The slave caste was created primarily as punishment for serfs that got out of line and was such a heinous fate that rarely in all of the history of the great frozen lands of Russia had there ever been even a hint of rebellion, the threat of slavery being a powerful motivation for good behavior on the faceless millions.

Her father the Count ran his estates with an iron fist, and the family prospered greatly under his brutal rule. All of the serfs that were tied to him trembled in fear when his coach approached and that fear

extended to his daughter when he was not present. Everyone in the whole empire knew that Katerina was the apple of her father's eye and as such, she was greatly feared. One word from her and any of her peasants could have their lives forfeited just from the nod of her alluring head.

Count Orloff certainly had spared no expense on his beautiful daughter Katerina, knowing she would one day inherit his empire. Educated abroad, she was brilliant, speaking 7 languages fluently and having a brain for both science and arithmetic, she could easily match wits with any man in the royal court. In addition to being fabulously rich and incredibly intelligent, Katerina was widely acknowledged as the most beautiful woman in Russia, her body much lusted after by all who saw her.

Every noble family in St. Petersburg with unwed male heirs attempted to connect their sons to her, and she was always relentlessly pursued by a host of would be lotharios and social climbing parents. Despite being the toast of St. Petersburg, the young Countess was hopelessly bored with these dim noblemen and their slightly effeminate ways as her tastes definitely were more "earthy". No man really could ever hope to meet up to her standards, and certainly none excited her sexually, so court life for her was a pure drudgery, but she grinned and bore it as her duty dictated.

When the Count finally died, Katerina, at the tender age of 24 inherited his title (becoming a full Countess) and his uncountable vast wealth. Now the richest AND most beautiful woman in Russia, the desperate other noble families foisted their hapless unmarried sons on her relentlessly day and night, hounding her almost to insanity with their constant requests and presents of affection. She tried hard to fit in to the courtly life of St. Petersburg, with the Imperial Balls, nights at the ballet and fabulous feasts and parties, but it all just bored her to tears. These girly men, most wearing more jewelry and perfume than herself, simply disgusted her and she dreamed of finding something that would finally scratch her itch that would never be satisfied.

The Countess grew increasingly frustrated and constrained by her role in high society. Despite all of the huge advantages she had, she

was at her core deeply unhappy and quite restless with her day to day life. The reason was simple as among the many fine qualities the beauty inherited from her powerful father one was his unbridled and insatiable lust. Her father was notorious for his insatiable sexual appetites, and many a young girl fell under his seductive charms, even well into his 80s. Katerina was no different and her appetites were just as strong as his, but being 18<sup>th</sup> century Russia and she being a woman, this was a problem. Men were instantly under her spell once they were in her presence and not just because of her beauty, which was substantial. Her devilish appetites coupled with her razor sharp wit gave her an aura of eroticism that intoxicated almost any man lucky to be in her presence.

When the young Countess did finally occasionally give in to some handsome young nobleman, she always came away disappointed by the experience. They always wore out far earlier than she did and thus left her wet, hot and unspilled, her hot boiling nectar staying locked inside her lovely body.

It normally would start well enough as once she had the object of her affection back in one of her palaces she loved nothing more than running her delicate hands over their firm taunt bodies, especially once their frilly overly feminine court-wear had been removed. Sadly though, it was usually wham, bam and over before it even got started as none lasted long enough to bring her pot to boil. They also almost ALWAYS seemed more concerned with satisfying their own sexual needs than hers, all having grown up as typical pampered and spoiled noblemen in the very male centric culture of 18<sup>th</sup> century Russia.

Few to none had learned the french art of cunnilingus, and fewer still even knew what a clitoris was. When she would try and guide the young man on how to please her, once she indicated that he was to kiss her moist pussy most were highly resistant to the idea and only reluctantly submitted after Katerina withheld her charms until they took their rightful place under her blue blooded ass.

These nobleman also thought, as even many non-noblemen foolishly do, that their dick was the end all and be all of sex. Once

they had stripped naked and presented their goods to her, they expected that she would become awed with their manliness and submit to their desires. Years of fucking maids, servants and peasant girls had ruined them for dealing with someone of their own class or higher. Katerina would roll her eyes at their ham handed methods of seduction and always yawned defiantly in their faces when they failed to excite her. Occasionally one of them may give her an orgasm, sometimes 2, but this seemed to only be a preface for them to coax her into servicing them.

What she craved most was a man that would serve her only, who would be so insane with lust for her body that nothing else mattered but her satisfaction and happiness. After a few years of toying with these silly young Barons, Counts and Earls in Saint Petersburg, she realized that her desires would never be satisfied by the likes of these silly frilly girly men and would have to look elsewhere for sexual fulfillment like her father had.

Every summer, Katerina, like her father before her, would go on a grand tour of her estates. She always looked forward to this tour all year as it was a way to finally escape the stifling atmosphere of court etiquette of St. Petersburg and enjoy the fresh air of the vast Russian countryside. Additionally, she had to admit, she yearned all year to get away from the mind numbing boredom of her gilded life. Another big side benefit to her annual trip was that it gave her the opportunity to occasionally view some of her more handsome male subjects working on her vast estates. These men were REAL men, not at all like the girly poofs back in St. Petersburg and her silken expensive and imported panties would grow quite wet when some particularly hot specimen caught her eye.

Often as her elaborate gilded carriage rolled by one of the hundreds of farms in her domain she would spend the day peaking through her curtain and grin when she would spy some beautiful Russian Boy at work. The object of her desire was almost always shirtless, toiling in the fields, muscles rippling, sweat pouring down his back, hair uncoifed and face scruffy and she would grow damp as she imagined his rough hands ripping her clothes off and taking her like an animal.

These young men were far more exciting to her than the fancified dandies she normally consorted with, and though she never thought of acting on it, she certainly enjoyed the view. Many a lazy summer evening in one of her hundreds of elaborate Dachas, thinking of these hard young men, toiling away in the fields, toiling for HER, she would slip one of her delicate fingers into her silk panties and sigh as she found her magical spot as she drifted to sleep. The wetness that gushed out of her as she fantasized about these serfs, so hard and manly, and so inappropriate for someone of her status, would cause her to tingle with lust fantasizing about them. The taboo nature of such a coupling making it only that much more sexually exciting for her.

This particular hot summer morning was glorious as Katerina boarded her carriage for the next leg of her journey. Not a cloud could be seen in the sky, the weather was unbearably hot and from the looks of things, it was going to be even hotter as the day wore on. Her grand tour of her estates had set out from St. Petersburg in May and slowly worked its way through her considerable holdings. Now in Late July, they were approaching the Ural Mountains, and the final few villages she owned.

This was the furthest eastern extent of her duchy, and after today , she would swing south and tour her southern domains before returning to St. Petersburg by mid September, just in time for the social season to start up. Katerina sighed at the thought of another boring frozen endless winter in St. Petersburg and as the hot summer sun beamed through the window of her coach, she smiled as it sizzled on her face, wishing to drink up as much of this glorious heat as she could. When her coach pulled into the final remote village square, at first it went unnoticed. As she peered out the window, she knocked on the roof of her carriage to alert the driver since she saw something that immediately caught her attention.

At the far end of the village square a small crowd had gathered, and was obviously quite agitated. A young man, no older than 22 was imprisoned in a stockade right in the center of the mob. As her eyes focused, they became quite wide as she took in the whole scene. He was imprisoned in the stocks, but this was unlike anything she had



ever witnessed before in any of her earlier travels. He was completely naked and due to the intense heat of the day, sweat poured off of him in rivers.

His head and hands were firmly trapped in the stocks and chains were attached to his feet to spread him painfully wide. His cock and balls were obscenely exposed and were the source of the crowds jeers and laughing. As she looked closer, she could see that his cock was also imprisoned in a chastity cage. It was obvious that he was quite large in that department as it barely fit into it's cramped little steel prison, and despite this obviously humiliating experience, it stood proudly erect for all to see.

His body was perfect and pushed every one of her sexual buttons at once. Every ripple of his muscled body flexing and twitching as he struggled to close his legs to hide his shame from his neighbors. Looking at his eyes, she could see they burned with hatred as he glared at the Cossack overseeing this punishment.

The crowd was so focused on this erotic scene playing out before them, none had noticed her carriage's arrival in the village. Finally, the Countess emerged from her carriage and proudly walked over to the mob, her sudden presence in their midst causing panic. When the serfs caught sight of their Mistress, all dropped to their knees and stared at the ground in total subjugation. The Cossack in charge of this village removed his hat and bowed his head instantly as a sign of respect.

"I apologize your highness that you had to witness this" the Cossack said, his voice cracking with obvious nerves.

"I thought you were coming tomorrow, so please forgive me for exposing your royal highness to this disgusting display".

"Arise dear sir" she proudly announced as she held out her hand for the Cossack to kiss.

"I am not offended at all sir, as I take great interest in the management of my estates. What may I ask did this young man do to deserve this rather extreme and" her voice cracking in a giggle "humiliating punishment?"

“Oh he is a wily one, your ladyship. He is a loner, as his parents died a few years ago and he used to be a serf on one of your plots of land.”

“What do you mean Used to be?” the Countess asked.

“Well” the Cossack continued “He has forfeited his rights as serfs, and after his “shaming” today he will be sent to work as a slave in your copper mines in Siberia”.

“Oh?” her eyebrow raising “What did he do to earn that rather dark fate?” the Countess asked.

“He has been quite a troublemaker for years. All of the families in the village had complained to me about him and many a day I had to take the knout to his back, but obviously it did not make an impression. He appears to be quite the ladies man, and he has seduced several of the villagers daughters and taken their purity. If this wasn’t enough of a crime, he also stole several of your pigs and sold them to another village and as your highness surely knows, a crime of this nature has to be dealt with severely. And as such, all of his property has been forfeited, his house, his farm, all of his clothes even. He has nothing, and after today, he will not even own his body anymore as he will be forever branded a slave.”

The Countess felt the familiar tingle in her loins as she heard the Cossack describing the “crimes” of this young man. The idea that he now was her complete property enthralled her even more, and she felt her silken panties grow warm and moist as she considered the terrific possibilities. As she listened to his crimes being recited, she took her time studying him, and he was EXACTLY her physical type. Every inch of his body was quivering in rippling muscles and his cock and balls were enormous, easily the most impressive package she had ever seen. It was no accident that he was so successful seducing these peasant girls as he was an absolute astonishing specimen of pure raw masculine beauty. As her glance lusted up and down his astonishing body, from his full pecs and six pack abs, to his thick cock and balls and simply astonishing dimpled hard ass, she finally rested her gaze on his caged cock.

“So noble Cossack, what is the shaming punishment you are referring to, and why, if I may ask has his male member been so caged?”

The Cossack blushed as he realized he was going to have to discuss this with his noble overlord and it was definitely not a subject to discuss with a noblewoman, especially one as beautiful and powerful as Katerina. Gritting his teeth, he mustered her courage and spoke.

“The shaming consists of being stripped publicly and placed in these stocks. This public nudity serves to not only humiliate the prisoner, but also to serve as a warning to others to obey our laws. The chastity belt was added as a special punishment for him since, I am embarrassed to say this your Ladyship, so I apologize if it offends you, but, several of the girls in the village were coming out at night and, well, uh, taking care of his, er, manly needs during his shaming”

The Countess, to the great relief of the Cossack instantly and loudly laughed out loud. “My, My, he must be quite the stud if the girls can’t keep their hands off of him, even when imprisoned like this”.

As the Countess spoke, she stared into the face of the imprisoned man. His face was crimson in humiliation, but his eyes spoke of anger and hatred despite their sexy dark pupils and chiseled manly face. Oh, how she would enjoy breaking him to her will in her own palace dungeon. As she brazenly ran her eyes over his exposed body, a plan was hatched in her head as she continued to listen to the Cossack.

“Yes My Lady, it was quite a problem. As you can see, the other village families were quite distressed that their daughters virtue was being stolen by this man. As a punishment to him, and to protect the girls of the village, I felt it best that his offending member also be imprisoned”

“Good thinking Cossack” the countess continued as she now circled the young man, running her riding crop over his nipples and ass. When they touched his exposed balls, dangling so helpless before her, she saw his whole body jump.

“How long does the shaming last, before he is shipped off to Siberia?”

“One month My Lady, he has already been imprisoned for 3 and a half weeks, so on Friday I had arranged for him to be shipped to your mines.”

“Yes” interrupted the Countess. “About that, I think I will have him sent to my Palace in Saint Petersburg instead. These sorts of crimes must be dealt with severely, and I will see to it he suffers appropriately. This sort of behavior, if we mollycoddle it will only spread.”

The Cossack quickly agreed and bowed his head, relieved that the Countess was not angry with him for inflicting such a depraved sight on her noble eyes. Discussions were had, and it was decided that his shaming would continue for an additional month, as it was obvious that he needed MUCH more shaming punishment, and after such time, he would be sent to her in St. Petersburg by a special coach she would send for him.

The Countess continued to run her riding crop over the young man, especially over his imprisoned cock as she inspected her new property. The look on his face; his eyes closing, his mouth slightly open, the slight moan that emitted from his throat confirmed what she thought. She knew that not only was this humiliating for him, but, having his cock locked up and denied any sexual contact for almost a month was causing him great torment. Hearing that his chastity and shaming was now extended only made him harder. Obviously this rogue needed sex often, as the number of his peasant girl conquests indicated, and being denied such release was as much of a punishment as being sold into slavery was.

For the next month the Countess masturbated every night thinking of her slave suffering, nude and belted in that faraway village awaiting his eventual delivery into her clutches. Exposed completely naked and without the ability to masturbate himself his seed continued to back up in his balls and her pussy flooded with her own hot juices as she imagined the unspent cum boiling in her slave's balls desperate

to erupt out. She could hardly wait until he was brought to her, and she spent the month making preparations for her new plaything inside her palace.

The Countess, being insanely rich, sent her most trusted servants out to hire six of best prostitutes in St. Petersburg to work as “maids” in her Palace just for this assignment. Chosen not only for their beauty, but also their discretion, once they were recruited she called them all into her private chambers to personally explain why they were here.

They were hired for their intense beauty and famous sexual prowess and were to have only one client from now on. Explaining the fee they would earn the beautiful girls tittered wildly as they all realized they would earn more money in a month than they usually would earn in a year and would therefore be well compensated for their work. They were to keep this one client, who was to remain naked, caged and chained, aroused to absolute insanity at all times. His cock was NEVER to get soft and he was to be stroked, teased, licked and rubbed day and night over and over until she said to stop. Being that she hired six of them, they could work in shifts so he would NEVER have any rest.

Each morning their “client” would be taken to her private bathroom and chained to the ceiling. After he was properly restrained, his chastity belt will be removed and they will wash him thoroughly from top to bottom. During his bath he of course will become intensely aroused as his cock feels the sweet taste of freedom and this is when they will tease him the most intensely, bringing him to the edge of release, but never over.

The rest of the time he is in the palace he is to remain permanently in chastity and is to be under their complete control, ordered to service them as they keep him perpetually aroused. They will teach him the ways of pleasuring women, and, will teach him how to please and worship a woman’s body completely. These daily lessons will hone his skills to perfection and create the ultimate lover for any woman. Being that they were all especially skilled in the arts of love, the Countess knew that if THEY trained him to service a woman’s

erotic needs, and they were satisfied by him, then he would truly be the master of the art of pleasing the pussy.

The prostitutes, hearing this amazing assignment, instantly dropped to their knees and thanked the Countess profusely for choosing them. This was a dream for them, not only free from having to service brutish Noble thugs, but, being serviced themselves while being handsomely compensated for the work. They worried about what their “client” would be like, as he must have truly done something horrible to deserve such a punishment, and all expected him to be ugly, or fat or somehow unpalatable in some way. When the Countess sensed their concern, and assured them that he would no doubt be the most attractive man they had ever been with, they all grinned in utter delight.

One of the Prostitutes, suspicious of such bounty coming so easy, knew there must be a catch. Meekly approaching the Countess she asked permission to ask her a question. Katerina was amused, but not offended by her curiosity as a suspicious mind is an obvious sign of intelligence, and she definitely respected that quality. The beautiful prostitute asked what the Countess planned on getting out of this arrangement, as it seems to her that this was more of a treat for them than for her.

Grinning and nodding, Katerina then explained her plan and knowing that they were discreet, she had no problem being frank. As her glorious plan was revealed, the girls all giggled at the infinite erotic possibilities and each found themselves getting soaking wet just thinking about it. The plan depended on the new slave realizing that he only had one possibility of ever achieving an orgasm and that would be if the Countess was truly and totally satisfied. Given his obvious insatiable sex drive, made infinitely worse by his perpetual chastity, and the endless teasing from the beautiful maids, that knowledge would no doubt make her pleasure his sole focus in life and thus create the ultimate lover for her amusement.

He would be brought to her every night after his teasing all day and would be tasked with pleasing the Countess. She would keep a jar of 365 marbles in her bed chambers. If the slave pleased his Mistress that night, she would remove a marble from the jar for one year. If

the marble was black she would allow him to release his seed. If it was white, he would remain aroused but unfulfilled and re-caged.

If he did not please her for any reason, she would add 5 white marbles to the jar. As there were only going to be 12 black marbles in the entire jar and the rest would be white, on average the slave would be allowed to cum maybe once a month, assuming no additional white marbles were added. Being forced to rely only on her satisfaction as the focus of his arousal and potential relief, he would finally be turned into the super attentive the lover she so craved.

Finally, the month of his shaming ended, and the peasant mob gathered in the village square to bid goodbye to their naked prisoner. To the massive irritation of the Cossack in charge, several large breasted and quite lovely peasant girls openly wept as they watched their “boyfriend” about to be branded. After today he would no longer be a serf, or even considered a human. He would be permanently branded as a slave and would be merely a piece of property, no different than a old cow or a new saddle, able to be bought and sold at will.

As the glowering Cossack raised the branding iron to the quivering face of his prisoner, the wagon the Countess had sent from St. Petersburg arrived. The coachmen, seeing what was about to happen jumped down from his seat and yelled, glad that he had arrived in time.

“STOP! The Countess does not want his face marred!” he yelled in relief as he would no doubt be scourged unmercifully if he returned with a deformed slave.

A collective sigh of relief went up from the females in the crowd, and the prisoner, shaking and groaning in pain, slumped in obvious relief. His whole body was as tense as a clock wire as he had prepared to have his left cheek branded. All slaves are branded to show their new degraded status and to prevent them ever being able to escape, their shameful scar on the left cheek of their face forever alerting all to their ultimate degradation and lowly status. His hopes rose that perhaps that beautiful noblewoman that had inspected him last

month had given him a last minute reprieve. His hopes were dashed however when the coachmen continued to speak.

“No, his face is to be spared! The Countess likes the looks of this one as he is!”

Hearing this the Cossack grew even angrier. How was it that this piece of goat dung was able to have so many women under his spell, from the gorgeous peasant girls of his village to the incredibly sophisticated and beautiful Countess Orloff. Having salivated at the thought of branding this fucker’s face for weeks, he shook in rage as he was denied his revenge right at the moment of completion. Thinking deeply, he suddenly grinned.

“Yes, of course your honor. I as her humble servant must follow her wishes, but as you know, the law states that ALL slaves are to be branded on the left cheek, no exceptions.”

The coachman grinned back as he understood exactly what the Cossack was saying as the law was clear in this matter. He MUST be branded, and if it was not to be in the left cheek of his face, the obvious second choice was staring them in the face as the white unprotected ass of the prisoner trembled in the wind.

“Well sir!” he grinned. “I suggest you brand his OTHER left cheek. That way the law AND our Mistress are both satisfied.”

With great relish and malicious delight the Cossack jammed the glowing hot brand into the unprotected left ass cheek of his prisoner. The sizzling sound of roasting flesh echoed through the village as the female admirers wept and the new slave howled in pain. Slumping down in the stocks he hung limp, broken and in terrible agony as the searing of his flesh added to the torments he already was suffering from his daily beatings and his exposure while standing in the stocks for months.

When the Cossack opened the stocks he instantly fell to the ground moaning. Seeing this, the Cossack gleefully kicked him over onto his stomach, the red scar of the letter S still sizzling on his left ass cheek. Grabbing his wrists he was quickly cuffed behind his back and tossed into the wagon for his long painful journey to the Countess’ winter palace.



A week later they arrived and as the wagon pulled into the courtyard of the palace the entire female staff of the Countess quivered in curious excitement. Word had spread quickly about this new slave and all were very anxious to see what he looked like. Obviously if the noble Katerina had taken a fancy to this lowly slave he must be a real looker.

Peeking out a high window overlooking the courtyard, the six new “maids” all grinned as the new palace slave was thrown out of the wagon onto the stone driveway. He was a true hunk of delicious man-meat and they all salivated to get to work as soon as possible as soon as they saw him. The mystery of the Countess’ interest in this man was further cleared up as the coachman forced him to his feet.

He was still completely naked (and caged) and with his hands cuffed behind his back his WHOLE delicious package was on full display.

“WOOF!” Andrea giggled as she saw him led by a chain around his neck to the servants entrance, her colleagues giggling their agreement at her assessment. Her eyes lazily drunk in his form and she was VERY pleased. Tall, dark, panty wettingly handsome, he was a true dream-boy and thinking that she was now going to be paid to have this incredible masculine vision service her own pussy made her want to pinch herself as it seemed simply unbelievable. Scrambling down the stairs, they practically fell down the flight as they rushed to meet him in the stockroom.

Thrown unceremoniously into the stone receiving area of the palace, like any other delivery of corn or new hat from Paris, the new slave’s mind was blank. The last month had been horrific, and now that he had been delivered to St. Petersburg, the largest city he had EVER seen, he was worried. Who knew what horrors would NOW be applied to his body. What new tortures were in his future. Hearing multiple footsteps coming down the stone stairs, he shuddered and wished more than anything he could cover himself as his caged shame was prominently on display.

As the owners of the footsteps came into view, his face turned instantly red and he tried to duck behind a sack of flower to hide

himself. There before him were six of the most beautiful women he had ever seen in his life, and here he was naked, caged in chastity and handcuffed behind his back. The girlish giggles and smirks only added to his humiliation as Andrea stepped forward.

“Come on out now. Let us get a good look at the new acquisition of the Countess!”

Meekly he came out and face them, his face burning red as there was no way to cover his nudity.

“Well well now! OBVIOUSLY the Countess has impeccable taste.” Andrea purred as she and the others came over to look more closely at him. Walking around his body they probed and prodded him as the owner of a new horse would inspect his purchase. When Andrea saw the dark S that had scabbed on his ass, she ran her fingers over it and growled.

“Mmmmmmm, I bet THAT hurt!” she whispered. Reaching around the front of his body, her long delicate fingers lifted his cock cage and played with the lock. “Such a shame that all that delicious meat is all bound up! Well, before we go and see your new owner, you need to understand the new reality you live in.”

Closing his eyes, he submitted to his inspection and his stomach churned as he felt himself get hard, unable to resist his urges as the beauties stroked and poked every inch of his body as they spoke. They quickly explained what was going to happen to him in his new home, and his cock twitched and throbbed in its steel prison as he heard his fate. Perpetually teased and tormented each day, so close to release but so far away, part of him thought that the copper mine might have been a better fate. He quickly changed his mind as his eyes continued to feast on the glorious cleavage of his tormentors and realizing that there was no hope of escape, he slumped and nodded as he was ushered in to see the Countess.

Entering her private receiving parlor, Katerina looked at him with intense lust in her eyes. He was even MORE handsome then she had remembered, and now in her own home she could look at him shamelessly in full, drinking in every inch of his beautiful hard male body with no fear of breaking protocol required of a noblewoman of

her class. As she studied him, he stared blankly at the floor in front of her waiting for any instructions she might give. Watching her gaze, and seeing her beautiful foot peeking out from under her gorgeous gown and flexing her toes in her sandals, he instinctively knew what she wanted him to do and he fell prostrate before her, gently kissing her ankle that she stretched out to him.

Smiling widely she sighed deeply at this gesture, knowing that her plan was already working as he seemed quite anxious to please her. "Maybe life in St. Petersburg will be interesting now!" she thought to herself as she prepared to address her new property.

"Tell me slave, what is your name?"

"Ivan my lady"

"Well Ivan, you have been very naughty and must be punished and are now my property. If however you learn to please me, and perform your duties well, this may be a better prison for you than my copper mines would be."

"Yes my Lady" Ivan replied, as he continued to kiss her foot and lick her toes as the Countess had slipped off her shoe.

Katerina smiled an evil smile and sat down in her enormous oak chair as she ran her other foot over his chastity cage.

Ivan kissed the Countess's feet as he groveled naked before her, hoping against hope that he could find some end to his punishment and thinking that a show of humility would help his situation.

Relieved to finally be free of his "shaming" punishment in the village, he prayed that finally he would be allowed to release his seed as he lovingly kissed the foot of his new Mistress. Incredibly aroused by his long denial, and his introduction to the gorgeous "maids" assigned to him, just the feel of any part of a woman on his lips made him shake with desire.

For the past months he had been strapped naked in a stockade imprisoned in a chastity cage and it was a terrible grueling ordeal. Exposed to the elements day and night, he was filthy and knew his scent was offensive. He hoped that his odor would not offend this noblewoman as his life was literally in her hands. His cock, still

constrained in the cage, wept pre-cum freely as he feasted his eyes on Katerina's beauty and as he looked up at her as she lifted his face from the floor with her big toe.

Now able to see her up close, he was instantly smitten as she was truly the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her gorgeous bejeweled gown fit tight and highlighted her obviously incredible curvy body beneath the thick silk fabric. Her ample and incredible cleavage spilled out of the top of her bodice and looked so inviting, just begging to have him bury his face in her milky white valley. She was dripping in diamonds and rubies and her face was the face of an angel, framed by long flowing lustrous black locks. He had been denied release so long, his hormones were on overcharge as he saw this heavenly vision as he tried to put the horrors of the past few months out of his mind.

His shaming had been horrible. Not only exposed helpless to the elements, rained on at night, broiled by the hot summer sun in the day, the worst of it was the fact that his sexual urges were not allowed any relief and drove him nearly mad with lust. Each night, several of his former girlfriends in the village would bring him food and drink and would attend to the wounds from his daily beatings, but what he wanted most of all was relief from the constant ache in his balls.

At first they tried to remove the cage but could not pick the lock, and were too afraid to try and cut it off. Eventually they tried to lick or stroke him through the cage to relieve his manly urges, but this only served to make him even hornier, and because of the constriction, he could never cum this way. Their efforts to free him or give him relief only added to his torments, and despite being hopeless they all tried every night for his whole shaming. Eventually, his terrible ordeal ended with his branding on his ass and his long bumpy ride in a cart to St. Petersburg. Seeing the maids gave him hope, and seeing the Countess made him for the first time in months think that he may feel joy once again.

The Countess said little to Ivan, but obviously appreciated his display of submission as he laid at her feet. Sniffing the air, her slight disdainful smirk turned to a frown.

“Sheeeeeew, Ivan, you are quite RIPE! You are not fit to be in my company right now, but, you will be.” Pulling a silken cord behind her the “maids” entered.

“Servants, as you can see our new property is quite filthy. Please prepare him for our use.”

Seeing Ivan prostrate on the floor and looking as delicious as ever, they smiled as they approached, knowing what was coming next. As he looked up, a wicked smile crossed his lips as he saw the same six beauties return, all looking at him now with obviously aroused faces. Grabbed by the elbows, he was lifted to his feet and shuffled out a side door.

Walking him down a beautiful marble hallway, his knees buckled as he had not regained his strength and was still unused to standing up straight after so many months in the stocks. As he entered the Countesses bathroom, he blinked in disbelief. Being an ignorant serf from deep in the countryside, he had never seen such luxury. Gold basins held water in a large circular tub in the center of the room. Shelves surrounded the tub with luxurious towels of the finest fluffiest cotton as well as various soaps and sponges from all over the world. As he was led into the tub, he noticed a pair of shackles hanging down from the ceiling and wondered why such things would be in place like this.

As his hands were uncuffed from behind his back and led into the dangling shackles he had his answer. Ivan, still felt humiliated, as apart from the chastity cage (which offered little to hide his nudity) he was now completely naked in front of 6 strange and beautiful women. Another servant entered the room carrying a small golden box. One of the maids grinned as she opened the box and produced a silver key, holding it up before Ivan’s face. Once she grabbed the lock on his cage, he felt his hopes soar as he hoped that now, finally, he would be free of this infernal imprisonment on his manhood.

His brain instantly overflowed with hundreds of images of all the pent up lustful thoughts that had been filling his mind for months. Having a strong sex drive and being forced into naked chastity for months had not stopped his libido, but only bottled it. Now “free” everything

came rushing out in a glorious vision in his mind of what he wanted to do to these glorious women before him.

First he imagined plunging his cock into the ample round and glorious ass of the beautiful Countess, hearing her squeals of delight as he plumbed her inner depths and felt her warm silky pussy gobble his cock. Further images of his cock and balls being lovingly devoured and sucked by all 6 of these gorgeous women as they fought over who should service him next. His smile got wider and wider as the cage was finally removed and his cock leapt out like a spring being released from a great pressure.

Andrea, the leader of the women, giggled as it slapped her in the face as it escaped, so happy to be free. The girls seeing this all now started to disrobe, and his cock now bounced and quivered as it slapped his stomach, so hard he thought it would burst in two. Once all were naked, they joined Ivan in the empty tub and began to pour warm water all over him as well as themselves.

“My my Ivan, you are one FILTHY FILTHY BOY!” Andrea giggled as she poured the pitcher over his head. Ivan moaned in pleasure as the warm water touched his skin as he had been relentlessly tortured and exposed for so long, these sensations felt like pure heaven.

The girls were stunning, and he did not know where to look first. Six pairs of gorgeous breasts surrounded him now and 6 pairs of hands began soaping up his quivering body. For so long his flesh had only felt the pain of the knout or the ache of the stocks, but now it experienced the tantalizing sensations of soft feminine fingers gently brushing his skin. They ran soft sponges over his nipples and between his ass, giggling as they obviously approved of his form. As they took his cock in their hands, they all soaped his hard cock and aching balls with their silky wet hands and Ivan groaned uncontrollably, twitching and thrashing, desperate for release.

Peeling back his foreskin, Andrea winked as she looked into his half closed eyes and listened to his uncontrollably growling. He was so hard in her hand she grew wet as she felt his shaft pulse. Gently soaping her fingers she circled the crown of his deep purple head and massaged the sweet oils into his tight hot skin, making sure

every crease and crevice was thoroughly washed. As she soaped and massaged his shaft, the other maids washed his ass, inner thigh, nipples and the rest of him.

Poor Ivan was whimpering as these sensations all flooded into his brain at once, short circuiting his rational brain, he was only a raw exposed nerve now. Andrea, working diligently on his penis held both of his testicles in her other hand and felt them quiver and boil as she stroked him. His long denied release was slowly being coaxed out, and she smiled as she knew this was her mandate.

As Ivan felt the cum rising in his cock, his toes began to curl and his balls began to tighten and pull up into his body. The girls, all incredibly skilled prostitutes, instantly recognized the telltale signs of an imminent spew and made sure to tease him right to the edge but not over. At the absolute last minute they all stepped back from their prisoner and took their hands off of him, ceasing all contact at once.

Ivan screamed in desperation and thrashed like a madman in his chains, his cock bobbing comically as it waved impotently in the air. His mouth was open in a perpetual wail of begging, but to no avail, the "maids" had their instructions. He was sooooo close, but sadly not close enough and after a few minutes of impotent shaking and copious pre-cum drooling, he dropped his head to his chest in total defeat. Andrea, the lead girl, gingerly took his chin in her hand, kissed him deeply and motioned to the other girls to come forward again. He almost began to weep as he felt the hated chastity cage reapplied thus sealing his manhood away.

They all took turns drying Ivan as they explained his new situation to him. He was a slave, with no rights, and no where to run even if he could get free. He was the property of the Countess, and IF he ever wanted to release his sperm again, he would have to satisfy her needs as she alone held the power to free him or not.

They also explained the marbles, 12 black and 350 white and how any hope of temporary sexual relief depended on his earning a marble and hoping it was black. Ivan was angered by his new circumstances, but resigned to his fate as he saw no alternative. When they further giggled and told him that he was to be teased like

this each morning and then trained in the ways of servicing women and being THEIR slave all day, his eyes turned red with frustration, but he bit his tongue. There were worse fates he knew, such as being encased in this cage while working in some forsaken copper mine in Siberia never to feel the touch of a woman again, but his cock was so hard and the teasing by them was so intense the pain in his balls was excruciating.

Ivan was just beginning his transformation into a proper slave as he knew his fate was completely in the hand of both the beautiful maids and the gorgeous Countess. Unshackling his wrists from the ceiling, the girls led him into an adjoining bedroom and all jumped onto the bed, forcing him to kneel on the floor before them.

Looking at his gorgeous hard body, they all purred. So used to having to service old dried up men or girlish young fops, the sight of his muscular peasant body, and the waves of intense lustful heat that radiated off of his body got them all hosing down the sheets with their juices. Andrea winked at him and bid him come to the edge of the bed, placing her naked sole on his face and smiling. Without a word of explanation, he instantly began to kiss her sole as his first lesson began.

His training with the girls was both the most erotic and most pleasurable experience of his young life, but it was also the most sexually frustrating torment imaginable. He was an eager student, and the girls all were most pleased to have such a handsome protege to not only teach how to please women (practicing on them of course) but also to tease, torment and enjoy his gorgeous body.

Andrea especially salivated at the thought of all that youthful energy, and boiling cum, backing up in his balls and driving him crazy with lust. As she stroked his head as he eagerly licked her pussy to yet another expertly executed orgasm, she reflected on what a good deal she and the other girls had gotten from the Countess. Now instead of having to serve hundreds of men, most of whom turned her stomach, she had one client, and HE had to serve her. It was like a dream come true.



Ivan learned all of the best tricks to please women from true experts in the subject. He learned how to use his hands to expertly massage and seduce their nubile curvy bodies with utmost skill. He learned how to use his mouth in all the right places on their bodies; their pussies of course, but also their toes, the soft flesh of their inner thighs, the back of their knees and the nape of their necks. Each morning after their bath he spent hours on each of their gorgeous bodies, licking lightly and kissing each inch of them softly. Trained to listen to their reactions so as to provide the most pleasure, each servant was given hundreds of toe curling orgasms by him each day.

They taught him how to lightly kiss and stroke the back of their knees, the soft flesh of her inner thigh, taking hours to slowly bring their arousal to a soft boil, flooding their love caves with their hot honey. He learned of the joys of giving his Mistress a sensuous long foot massage, followed by expertly applied kisses to her toes, licking the soles of her feet, kissing her ankle as he listened to satisfied purrs of pleasure erupting from his "client". Ivan learned well and in addition to studying and mastering the arts of pleasing women, he became completely drunk with lust, his mind unable to focus on anything else but the pleasure of his gorgeous female captors. His constant arousal from being surrounded by, and pleasuring so many acres of firm beautiful female flesh turned his mind to mush as the lust built in his balls and turned them almost black with desperation.

His shockingly strong insane lust was focused like a laser on one target, the Countess. He lived for nothing more than pleasing her, giving her pleasure, tasting her juices, massaging her thighs, kissing her feet and every second of the day was spent imagining and preparing for his precious time with her. His transformation from proud yet troubled Serf to absolute Slave was continuing and speeding up as the weeks passed. His constant horniness and complete lack of release had shattered his natural stubborn will and made him completely malleable and at the mercy of women.

Each night, after the relentless teasing of the servants of the Countess, Ivan was led again, naked to her bedchamber. He was to await her return kneeling with his eyes down. As he waited for her arrival, he could not help but stare at his throbbing and imprisoned

cock, so helpless and full of need. Dangling between his legs was the source of his torment and drive to serve, staring up at him from between his legs BEGGING for release. Some nights he would wait for hours and the Countess would never show. Some nights she would immediately enter and put him to work, it was never consistent.

After a month of training one night the Countess arrived from a long day of hunting in the country, and saying nothing, snapped her fingers as she entered the room. Ivan desperately scrambled to remove her boots, kissing each inch of her glorious legs and feet as his hands trembled and her boots were removed. The Countess just sighed in pleasure as he slowly stripped her, casually running her fingers through his hair while growing wetter and hotter than ever as she could feel the caged arousal radiating off of him like a roaring fire.

Once he had removed all of her clothing, she instructed him to bathe her, to which she giggled when she saw Ivan eagerly leap to his feet to prepare her bath.

“Such a dutiful slave!” she giggled as she watched his tight young ass scramble into her adjoining bath and fill the tub.

Joining her naked in the tub he gently soaped up her glorious breasts and stomach, her long kissable legs and lastly her fantastic ass, so tempting he could barely see straight, his hands trembling in desire. The Countess lazily enjoyed her bath as he worked on her, casually running her soapy toes over his imprisoned cock as he lovingly washed her body. Her desire increased exponentially as she saw him turn to look at her face and she saw the glaze in Ivan’s eyes. The eyes that looked back at her had the stare of unbridled longing and almost frightening harsh level lust and desperation. Lust for her, and her alone. Finally, she stood and left the bath laying down on her bed and lazily spreading her legs. This was the signal, and Ivan pounced.

Like a starving man finally being granted a morsel of food, he attacked the warm wet pussy of the Countess with a shower of wet

kisses and light nibbles. The Countess made no effort to do anything other than to lay back and enjoy his ministrations.

All night she had him greedily lick her to no less than 20 orgasms, each one exciting her more than the last. By the end of the evening, he was absolutely panting and desperate, his face coated in her nectar, his balls desperate for the potential for release. Completely sated, the time had arrived and she pulled her velvet cord, summoning her gorgeous servants, the jar of marbles and box with the key to be brought in.

Andrea, as she had done each night before, blindfolded Ivan and tied him to the end of the bed. The key to the chastity belt was summoned, and the Countess herself removed it, snickering uncontrollably as the cramped prisoner leapt free from inside. After so much cunnilingus, she craved Ivan's cock inside her, and every night this ritual was enacted and was the favorite part of her day.

After he was released, his throbbing and erect cock bobbed and dangled in desperation, throbbing wildly in mid-air as every female eye trained on each vein pulsing on his purple flesh. The Countess enjoyed giving it at least one long and excruciatingly slow lick before spreading her legs before him. She was now positioned for Ivan to enter her and her servants were stationed on either side of him, ready to quickly pull him out if he got too close to the point of no return.

They had teased Ivan so much over the past few weeks, they knew his body better than he did himself and they could tell when he was getting close. They stood ready to "remove" him from the Countess' pussy if he was about to release before he was allowed. His orgasm was to be determined by fate, and as they did every night, after the marble was removed from the jar, it was given to the Countess.

Once comfortably positioned, the Countess nodded and Ivan began wildly pumping. This was both heaven and hell for him as her silky wet pussy enveloped his cock as he rammed into her, sending waves of pleasure throughout all his body. His desire and lust, so long denied caused him to act like a wild animal; thrusting, pounding, pumping like a wild man. This drove the Countess wild as well, and

she easily came over and over as her crazed slave pounded into her, insane with lust.

Finally, the girls noticed Ivan was getting close, and whispered to their Mistress it was time for the revealing and handed her the jar of marbles. Reaching inside, she picked one out blindly and as she did every night, she held it up. If it was white, he was immediately yanked out of the Countess, and his cock would be iced and returned to its prison. If black, he would be allowed to shoot his load into the Countess. Tonight was no different, and the time for her choosing had arrived.

He begged incoherently as he plunged relentlessly into her silky hole. Begging desperately for release, his rhythm growing faster and harder, the Countess was overcome herself, and squirted her juices all over his fevered cock as her nails dug into his ass.

“Please my Lady, Please I will do anything to serve you” he begged.

The Countess, almost blacking out in pleasure, offered him a chance to show his devotion as she gripped the unrevealed marble in her hand and moaned.

“YES YES my dear slave!” she panted as every inch of her pussy was plowed by his manhood. “If you truly want to serve me, you will allow me to keep this marble as your personal gift to me!!!!”

“Yes, Yes, anything Mistress! PLEASE!!!!”

After this final outburst, tears welled in the noble icy blue eyes of the Countess. The satisfaction she had so desired her entire life was finally here. She was completely sated as every inch of her womanhood was filled and perfectly saturated in complete adoration and pleasure. After he begged to do anything to serve her, the Countess nodded to the girls and they quickly removed Ivan from her pussy as he moaned loudly in a pitiful wail.

Frankly, she could take no more as her silky cave burned with exhaustion, having been relentless serviced and filled for the past 5 hours. Sweat pouring down her beautiful face, she opened her hand and lifted up the marble and showed it to Ivan as the maids removed his blindfold.

It had been black!

An evil smile crept upon her lips as she tossed it onto the floor and all eyes watched as it rolled towards a small hole in the floor. The sound it made as it dropped out of sight caused Ivan's stomach to drop. One of his precious rare orgasms had now been tossed away, and it had been freely given to her for absolutely nothing in return. His face burned with shame as his cock twitched and throbbed, so close to cumming but not close enough as he realized he would now have even fewer opportunities for release in the future. As the girls scampered off to get the ice, he dropped his head to the floor and whimpered, sadly dry humping the empty air as he groaned. His conversion to slavery was now total and complete.

As he struggled to understand the transformation he had just undergone, the Countess, in a moment of tenderness lifted her gorgeous foot to his mouth. Feeling her soft flesh on his face he instinctually, and robotically, kissed it, his eyes closed in utter bliss as he was now completely her property; mind, body and soul.

Thank you for reading my book and I hope you enjoyed it. If you did, I also hope you review it!

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