

## **Taming a Tempest**

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## **Taming a Tempest**

### **Chapter 1**

Tempest looked around the room again. Now there were only two. She looked back at Alaine, the only other occupant of the room and saw her friend staring back at her with terror-filled eyes. What was going on here?

Both women had been immobilized, as had been their four friends. They were gagged and hog-tied with their arms and legs bound together behind their backs. Then, one by one, the women had been taken from the room to who only knew what terrible fate. Now, only Tempest and Alaine were in the room but Tempest feared that they too would eventually be carted away.

Tempest could tell that they were no longer on the ship. The six college friends had planned a mini-reunion and selected a Caribbean cruise for their vacation. Tempest had trouble adjusting to the constant vibrations of the ship and the gentle movement of the floor on her first day at sea but eventually did become accustomed to it. Now, neither of those was present. The floor did not vibrate and it was motionless. She didn't know where they were but she knew that they were on land somewhere.

They were both in their sleep attire, as were the four who had already been taken away. They had partied on the ship the evening before and had gambled in the ship's casino and then they had gone to bed. They were sleeping in three adjoining cabins and all were asleep soon after getting back to their rooms.

Thankfully, Tempest had worn pajamas that night. Poor Alaine had worn a short nightie which had ridden up to bunch around her waist, leaving her completely exposed from there down. Tempest knew that Alaine must be dying of embarrassment.

"Lot number five," she heard a male voice say. "That one over there." Tempest turned her head and saw two men walking toward Alaine. Alaine struggled and tried to shriek around the ball that had been stuffed in her mouth, but it was useless. She couldn't move because of the way she had been trussed up and all that came out of her mouth was muffled grunts and groans. Tempest watched in despair as the men lifted Alaine and carried her from the room. Based on how often the men had been coming, she knew that she only had less than thirty minutes until they returned for her.

The six of them had been very close in college. They were like sisters. They had gone their separate ways since graduation and this reunion was long overdue. Tempest had gone on to law school and, at the age of twenty six, was an attorney in a prestigious law firm for two years already.

In fact, all six of them were twenty six. It was one of the things that they had in common. Another thing in common was that they were each strikingly beautiful, although each in her own way. Tempest had long black hair and a svelte, sylphlike body, adorned by large, firm breasts. Alaine had long red hair that she wore like a curled flowing mane. She was the shortest of the six at five feet two inches and had earned the nickname Leprechaun. Her body, though, was unlike that of any leprechaun. It was an amazing collection of curves and hills and valleys. And, while her breasts were not as large as Tempest's, the 36C orbs looked huge on her small frame.

Elke and Carrie were the two blondes and were both tall. Elke was the Norse goddess of the group. Her long, almost platinum, blonde hair and her statuesque

frame made her look like she just stepped out of a Nordic myth. Carrie's broad shoulders and confident look gave her the appearance of an Amazon warrior. Both had well endowed chests.

Kim was the least chesty of the women but, with her slender frame, it worked well for her. Despite having 34B breasts, she was extremely well proportioned. It gave her a streamlined, sleek look that usually had men's heads craning to get a better view of her. And her long auburn hair looked like fine silk.

Tammy had brown hair that she seemed to keep in a perpetual ponytail. Her chest, which was normally a size 36C, had developed in recent months to 38D. She was currently seven months pregnant and had a constant glow about her these days.

They had all chosen different career paths once they left college. Tempest was the lawyer. Alaine was in medical school and had another year until she graduated as a doctor. Kim was an elementary school teacher. Elke was a management consultant. Carrie worked in marketing for a pharmaceutical company. And Tammy worked for a multinational nonprofit, although she planned to take a leave of absence to focus on her upcoming baby.

Tempest struggled against her bindings again, trying to get loose. She knew that it was an exercise in futility. She had tried many times since waking up in this room, hours earlier. But she had to try.

They must have been drugged, thought Tempest. How else could they have all been kidnapped like that? But they all felt fine before they went to bed. Maybe they had been drugged while they were sleeping. But how had the kidnappers smuggled them off the ship? And why? What did they want with the six women? And who were they?

Tempest tensed as she heard first steps. She felt a chill rush through her body as she heard the creaky door opening and knew that they were coming for her. It was predictable.

"Last one," said one of the males. Then, without any more conversation, they lifted Tempest and carried her out of the room and down the hall.

"Another one for processing," said the same male as they carried her into a second room. They placed her on a low rectangular table that was about two feet off the floor. She tried to look around the room but was facing a corner and could not see anything but wall.

"Can you put her on the stand before you go?" a female voice asked.

"Sure thing," the second male answered. "And I think I'll stick around to watch for a bit with this one." Tempest's wrists were detached from her ankles and then her wrists were untied and she was lifted by her upper arms and dragged across the room. She tried to struggle but her arms were numb from being bound so severely for so long. Her wrists were placed in cuffs which were, in turn, attached to two corners of a square wooden frame. For the first time, she could see around the room and gasped at what she saw.

Alaine was in an identical wood frame and still had that terrified look in her eyes. She no longer had to worry about her nightgown bunching up around her waist, though. She was completely naked! Not only that, but she was getting more naked. A woman was kneeling between Alaine's legs and was shaving off all of her pubic hair!

Elke was also in the room. She was in a similar frame, although the frame had been rotated so that she was horizontal. Her bindings must have been very tight because her body was taut with hardly any sagging in the middle. Two women were with her with one standing on each side of her. They appeared to be applying makeup. The other three friends were gone.

The door opened again and a male poked his head in. "We're ready for number four."

"Almost there," said the woman who was rouging Elke's nipples. "Give us one minute." She finished painting the nipples which, by now, were quite stiff from all of the attention. She moved to the side and spread Elke's labia with her fingers. Tempest cringed as she saw another woman touching her friend so intimately. Then she opened her eyes wide in surprise as she watched the woman apply rouge to Elke's clitoris, making it bright red and prominent.

"Let's start processing," a woman said as she stepped in front of Tempest. She was carrying a pair of shears and Tempest froze in fear. The woman raised the shears and, with three practiced cuts, turned Tempest's pajama top into rags, letting it fall to the floor. Tempest blushed furiously at being so exposed. Two more snips left the bottoms on the floor also and left Tempest completely naked. As soon as the bottoms were off, the two women grasped her ankles and pulled them to the bottom corners of the frame, cuffing them, and leaving her tightly stretched and totally vulnerable.

"I could tell she'd be nice one. Catch of the day," said the male who had remained behind. He got up from his chair and walked slowly around the bound girl.

"Yeah," said the woman who had just stripped her, "she'll make someone a fine pet."

Tempest's head was spinning. What was going on? They kept talking about processing. What did that mean? What was she being processed for? Now they were talking about being a pet. What was that all about?

The other woman pulled a hose over to Tempest and then wet her down completely. Thankfully, the water was warm but it was still an indignity that she did not need. A bucket of soapy water was set down in front of her and one woman pulled out a stiff bristled brush and started rubbing it all over her naked body. The other woman stood on a stool behind her and massaged shampoo into her long raven locks.

The brush was harsh and Tempest winced several times as it abraded against her tender flesh. She looked down in disbelief as it scraped across one sensitive nipple and then the other. Once every inch of her skin had been abused, the water was turned back on and she was hosed down a second time, rinsing her.

One woman grabbed a towel as the woman on the stool reached for a hair dryer. They spent the next five minutes drying her before the woman on the stool started combing out her hair. She did this for over ten minutes, leaving it silky and shiny.

While her hair was being combed, the other woman occupied herself with taking measurements. She had a clipboard and measuring tape and recorded numerous statistics. Some statistics, like bust size, inseam, waist and hips were normal, although Tempest had never been measured before while in this position. Others were new to her. The distance between the nipples, the distance between nipples and clit, and the circumference of a breast at the base were new measurements to her. The woman set the tape measure aside and brought out calipers for other unusual measurements: the diameter of a nipple, the thickness of the septum, and the width of her clit.

Tempest looked around again. Elke was gone. Apparently processing was complete for her and Tempest wondered what the next step was. Alaine was still in the room and now was horizontal, receiving her own makeup. The woman who had been working on Alaine was standing in front of Tempest, getting ready to go to work.

Tempest shook her head furiously and grunted some protests around the gag. She did not want to be shaved. She kept her pubic hair trimmed sexily but she had no desire for the bald look. She struggled in her bindings.

The woman just looked up at her and smiled. "If you keep jumping around like that, who knows what this blade will snip off? But it doesn't matter to me. I get paid the same regardless of what I remove."

Tempest looked down at the woman and pleaded with her eyes. But she saw no signs of sympathy being returned in her direction. She knew that she would be bald soon. Her meticulously trimmed pubic hair was lathered up, which was bad enough in and of itself. No woman had ever touched her there. The razor made several scrapes over her mound and then she felt her labia being tugged outward to let the blade remove any stray hairs. Her face burned with shame as her genitals were touched and fondled by this stranger. It was humiliating beyond belief.

She gasped when the woman finished and she felt the frame being rotated. She found herself staring at the floor and gasped as the stool was placed under her hips, propping her bottom up into the air. Why were they doing this to her? She had not seen any of her friends in this position.

The shaving woman stepped between her legs and, with the help of the lather and the blade, removed any unsightly hairs that resided between her bottom cheeks. The woman moved and Tempest felt someone else step between her tightly stretched legs. This was horrible!

She felt a damp cloth wipe over the space between her sex and her little pucker. As soon as it was removed, she felt cold there, followed by a stinging sensation. Then, for the next five minutes, she felt a series of little pinpricks on the sensitive flesh there. She shrieked into her gag as she realized they were giving her a tattoo. It was all so cruel! They were permanently marring her perfect body!

She did not know what was being tattooed on her perineum. Even she had known, she probably would not have understood the significance. When the woman was finished, '0914CF' was permanently inked into the girl's flesh.

The frame was flipped again and Tempest was staring at the ceiling. It took two women to exchange gags but they were very efficient and skilled. The ball was removed from the bound woman's mouth and immediately, a tool was inserted. It had two rubber pads that fit behind the girl's front teeth. When one woman squeezed the handles together, the pads were separated and it pried Tempest's mouth open wide. With one woman prying the mouth open, the other went to work, fitting what looked like a dental brace into Tempest's mouth. The mechanical device was fitted over her teeth and screws clamped down on the molars, holding it firmly in place. The woman reached in and gripped the captive's tongue, positioning it so that it fit into the clamp in front. Then she closed the clamp, capturing the tongue painfully in its teeth. A bar was placed across her tongue and secured to the device, completely immobilizing the tongue. Finally, the prying tool

was removed and a wrench was used to ratchet the gag open until Tempest's lips were spread wide and her jaw was painfully open.

One of the women produced a hypodermic needle which caused Tempest to stiffen when she saw it. "This won't hurt," she said. "It will just relax your face so you look calm and beautiful." Then, she injected whatever was in the syringe in three spots above the girl's lips and three spots below. Within a minute, Tempest had no feeling and no control over her facial muscles. Then, the beauticians went to work.

The two women discussed their subject. One wanted only minimal highlights applied while the other thought that a heavier application would make her look less innocent and more sexually appealing. It was very frustrating to Tempest to listen to all of this going on and not be able to comment herself. On top of that, she was still naked! The sooner they stopped debating, the sooner this would be over and she could get dressed!

In the end, the minimalist won and she started to work on the face. She started by painting the stretched lips a pale shade of pink. When the color dried, she applied the gloss. She waited for that to dry before she moved on to the next part of her living canvas.

The other woman worked lower. She started by rolling Tempest's nipples back and forth with her fingers to stiffen them. Much to her chagrin, Tempest felt the little buds reacting as if on command and she felt totally humiliated again at the intimate touching of her body. Rouge was applied to the nipples, making them match the recently painted lips.

"She's unbelievably wet," observed the woman after she finished with the nipples. She had moved lower on the body and was stroking Tempest's labia, opening them. Tempest groaned with despair. "There's at least something about this that she likes."

"No there isn't," Tempest wanted to shout. But all that came out of her tortured mouth was something that sounded like "Oh Ay Ing"

The woman folded back the little hood and flicked the bound girl's clit, sending unwanted thrills through Tempest's body. This was infuriating! Once the clit had stiffened to the woman's satisfaction, she dabbed it with a cotton ball to dry it and then painted it to match the lips and nipples. As a final indignity, the woman swabbed down the labia with cotton to remove the copious amounts of Tempest's juices and then painted them pink too.

The woman at her head had applied a little bit of eyeliner but, other than that, had relied on Tempest's natural colorings. She selected some wide gold hoops

and attached them to Tempest's pierced ears and then declared that they were finished. The frame was rotated upright at last. The two women then coated her body in oil until she had a fine satiny shine to her. The final step was the insertion of the wrench into Tempest's mouth again. They turned the wrench and her mouth started to close, relieving the horrible strain on her jaw. They didn't remove the infuriating gag. They simply adjusted it until her mouth was closed and her lips touched. Nobody would know that she was even wearing a gag but she would be unable to open her mouth.

"Now, we'll just give you a pretty smile." One of the women used her fingers to position the paralyzed and numb lips to her satisfaction. "Perfect!" she announced. The two women stepped back to admire their work.

"You were right," said one. "She didn't need much. She looks simply delicious like this."

"Yes," replied the other. "I might even make a go at this one. She's beyond perfect."

They were releasing her hands and binding them with leather cuffs when the door opened again. "Is she ready yet?" asked the male.

"She's good to go," said the facial beautician.

"Good," replied the male. "They're ready for her now."

"She's all yours," said the nipple painter.

## **Chapter 2**

Tempest was terrified as she was led from the room. What was going to happen? Was she about to be raped? It was down the hall they went again. The male opened the very last door at the end of the hall and bright light flooded from it. The male pushed her through.

Tempest heard the applause and thought she would die. From the sounds of the clapping, there must have been at least twenty people in the room. "I'm going to be gang raped!" she lamented to herself. She trembled from the prospect of so many men abusing her body.

A man inside the room pulled her forward. She was on a stage that was illuminated by bright floodlights. He led her to the center of the stage where a four foot pole protruded from the floor. She was backed against the pole and her cuffs were clipped to the pole. She had some modest freedom of movement but not much. She could not turn her back to the audience, which she very much wanted to do. It held her, facing forward, with her arms pulled back behind her, leaving her completely on display.

"The five items that you have seen so far tonight have all been beautiful," said the announcer. "But, as is our custom, we always save the best for last." The announcer was standing beside her with his eyes hungrily roaming over her naked flesh.

"Number six is a true beauty," he continued. "During processing, we always conduct a thorough inspection. There have been no enhancements of any kind on this girl and, I'm sure that you will all agree that none are needed. She is all natural and all gorgeous; not a scar or blemish anywhere."

The announcer reached out and lifted Tempest's right breast in his palm. Tempest tried to back away from the unwanted touch but the bindings held her in place. "38D," he declared as he started bouncing the breast. "And just look how firm it is."

Tempest looked around the room but she could not make out any of the audience. The lights were just too bright. What she did see, however, frightened her again. Around the room were several large wide screen televisions and all of them showed her being fondled. This was being filmed! If this ever got into the wrong hands, her career could be ruined!

She could always sue the people who were doing this once she was released. She knew a lot about lawsuits. But she also knew that the image on the screen would be the defense lawyer's number one piece of evidence to get the case dismissed. The woman in the video was obviously naked and obviously bound. But she was also apparently consenting to the activities. Sure, she blushed and she furrowed her brow. She even backed away once, or at least she tried to. But she never once voiced a protest or complaint. Her mouth remained closed. And, as Tempest looked at the close-up of her face when the camera panned in, she realized that there was no evidence that her mouth was clamped shut. It just looked like she chose not to speak. This made it look like she was consenting to this treatment and that she was just playing some kind of bondage game for the benefit of the cameras. But the worst part was that, not only was her mouth closed and not voicing complaints, but it had a faint smile across the lips. It actually looked like she was enjoying this.

The camera panned out again and then panned in on the breast that was still being bounced in the announcer's hand. She saw the painted nipple and had to admit that it looked erotic. She had always been proud of her breasts. They were perfectly formed and firm and full. Her college friends joked that hers were the breasts that every porn star tried to achieve through surgery but never quite attained. She earned the nickname 'Porn Queen' among the five of her friends,

which embarrassed her to no end. Now her perfect breasts were being recorded and shown to all in the room.

Once again, she wondered what had happened to her friends. She looked around the room again to find them but, once again, the lights frustrated her efforts. She was worried for herself but she was even more worried about them.

The announcer finally released the bouncing breast. "Let's travel south," he said into the microphone. Tempest watched in horror as she watched the screen, seeing his palm glide down her belly as she felt it against her naked flesh. Finally, it got to her mound.

"Open up, sweetie," the announcer said as he pried his fingers between her thighs. She shook her head and, once again, furrowed her brow. Two women approached from the sides of the stage and gripped her ankles, pulling them apart, leaving her even more exposed than before.

Tempest had to finally close her eyes as the most recent images appeared on the screen. They showed her sex with its painted petals and painted clit, glistening with evidence of her arousal. And the effect of the artificial coloring was to make it look like she was in heat. She was looking at what appeared to be the sex of a wanton slut. "Oh god, this is horrible!" she thought.

The announcer kept up a play by play commentary into the microphone through all of this, extolling the virtues of the toned flesh and firm muscles. He pushed his fingers into her sex, causing her to suck in her breath. She opened her eyes as she felt the fingers retreating, only to groan at what she saw on the huge televisions. There was a glistening finger and a very wet pussy. Stretching between the two was a string of female juices making Tempest want to cry at the indignity and humiliation.

Thankfully, the announcer finished the guided tour of her body. He held the microphone to his lips again. "Let's get down to business. Lot number six is open for bids. Bidding will start at 100."

"Oh god!" she thought. "They are auctioning off the right to rape me!" Then she thought again. That might not be so bad. At least then I'd only be raped by one instead of dozens. But then she was furious at the starting price. She did not know what a prostitute cost, but she figured it was much more than a hundred dollars. She felt insulted.

The floodlights dimmed and she was illuminated by a pair of spotlights. The bidding was opened and then quickly ran up to 300. She looked up at one of the screens to see how the change of lighting affected her appearance but the screens

had changed. They were now split screens with her image on the left side and a bunch of statistics on the right.

"Current bid: 325,000 British Pounds" was the first number she saw.

"Oh my god!" she thought. The last number she had heard shouted was 325. She wasn't being sold for a fuck! This wasn't a one-nighter! This was for keeps! Nobody would pay that amount unless it was permanent. She did not remember how much a pound was worth but, to the best of her recollection, it was worth more than a dollar. She was being sold for over \$325,000. An icy chill raced down her spine.

"Let's see how she marks," she heard the announcer say. Two men came out onto the stage and stood on neither side of her, slightly behind her. Each one reached out and cupped the lower swells of the closest breast, lifting them slightly. The bidding had slowed and the auctioneer planned to elevate it to a new level.

The auctioneer walked to a table and picked up a thin cane which he swung through the air, making a whistling sound. He walked back to her and held the mike back up to his lips. "Only one demonstration stripe tonight. To further explore how this beauty marks, you will have to buy her."

Without any further fanfare, he raised the cane and then brought it down swiftly, striking the twin orbs across the soft, sensitive upper swells. The pain was excruciating. Tempest felt as if her breasts had just been severed from her chest. She was afraid to look down, worried that her breasts truly had been sliced off by the wicked blow. Instead, she looked back up at the monitors. Through her tear-filled eyes, she saw an angry red welt across the upper swells of each breast and felt the burning on her chest.

She looked at the statistics again and saw that her price had reached 450,000. She looked at the next statistic which said "Logged on: 373." The one below it read "Registered bidders: 401."

She just stared at the screen in disbelief. She was being auctioned off over the internet as well as to the people in the room with her. People from around the world were witnessing her nudity and her fate. She could end up being owned any place on the globe. Another chill shot down her spine.

"525," she heard. The bidding was slowing down again. She wanted to scream at the indignity that was thrust upon her but her mouth remained clamped shut. In the end, the final price was 600,000. She was released from the pole and led off the stage.

### **Chapter 3**

"This is 0914CF," said the man who delivered her to an office down the hall from the auction room.

"Verify," said the woman behind the desk. The man accommodated by bending Tempest forward over the desk and kicking her ankles wide apart. Then he crouched down and read the newly inscribed numbers.

"Zero," he said.

"Nine."

"One."

"Four."

"Charlie."

"Frank."

Each digit in the tattoo had a precise meaning. It was a serial number that had been developed by an international slavery ring. The "09" meant that Tempest had become a slave in 2009. The "14C" meant that she was the fourteenth person to be enslaved that year in the Caribbean region. The "F" indicated that she was female. The organization maintained an extensive database on all registered slaves that assisted them in slave retrievals, if a slave were to be stolen or escaped, and in aftermarket sales, when an owner grew tired of a particular slave.

The database also contained extensive information about the owners which helped the organization notify potential buyers of the availability of slaves. Once the organization had obtained ownership of the six college friends and been able to assess them, they had used this database to notify the people who were most likely to be interested in them.

Tempest was mortified at what they did with her but now, she also felt defeated. She seemed to be able to exercise no control whatsoever over things that happened. It was just awful.

"Verified," the woman said. "Attach her there and I will complete the transaction."

Tempest was confused. Complete the transaction? Was this the woman who had bought her? The woman sat at a computer and typed out a few keystrokes and then waited.

The woman looked more like a secretary than a slave owner, although she had never met a slave owner so she was not sure what one was supposed to look like. The woman looked fiftyish with hints of gray starting to appear in her brown

hair. She was a bit on the frumpy side and wore glasses that were about ten years out of style.

"Let's begin now," the frumpy secretary began after the male left. "We need to validate the database. Tempest Allegra Papadakis. Such a beautiful name. How did your parents come to name you Tempest?"

Tempest just glared at the woman.

"Oh, I forgot," said the woman. "You can't speak. Well, not to worry. The drug will wear off in the next thirty minutes. And the gag will be removed soon enough. It's such a beautiful name. Can you verify that it's your name by nodding your head?"

Tempest refused to verify anything. She was not about to play along with whatever this game was. She just stood defiantly, attached to the pole in front of the woman's desk.

The woman sighed. "Yes. Occasionally this happens. I always hate it when it does. The obstinate girls always regret their lack of cooperation but by then it's too late. The brothels are much less discriminating and don't require a pedigree. It's only the upper class owners that want their slaves to be validated."

The woman remained silent for several moments and then she spoke again. "Shall I notify your buyer that your pedigree could not be verified and that you have been shipped to Bangkok?"

Tempest trembled at the question. She always liked to have choices and prided herself on making the right decision. But these were not real choices. It was lose one way or lose the other. There was no positive outcome. She finally shook her head. She did not know what lay ahead of her when the transaction was completed but she hoped that it would be better than a Thailand brothel.

"Good girl," said the woman. "So do you verify that you are Tempest Allegra Papadakis?" Tempest nodded.

"Our records indicate that you were born February 24, 1983. Is that correct?" Again, Tempest nodded. She felt defeated.

"Okay, good. We are doing well so far. For the rest of this, I will just state a fact and you will nod if it is correct or shake your head if it is not. At the end, the drug should have worn off and we can correct the data."

"Current address is 181A Southwyck Avenue, Winnetka, Illinois." Tempest nodded.

"Previous employer: Seymour, Allison and Pease." Tempest tensed at that one. So far, they could have gotten everything from her passport. How did they learn her employer? Plus, that was her current employer; not her previous employer. She shook her head.

"Oh," said the woman. "You did not work at Seymour, Allison and Pease?" Tempest nodded.

"Does that mean that you did work there?" asked the woman. Again, Tempest nodded.

"Okay," said the woman. "Then that makes it your previous employer. You do not work there any longer." Tempest felt filled with dread at the words.

"Graduated Magna Cum Laude in 2005 from Gulf States University with a Bachelor of Arts in History." Tempest nodded again. How did they know this?

"Graduated in 2007 from Tivoli University with a Juris Doctor." Again, Tempest nodded.

"Father is Theodore Papadakis. Mother is Maria Papadakis, nee Gregorio." Tempest nodded. This was becoming too scary to her. It was like she had been captured and was being held by the CIA.

The woman went through dozens of other facts, all of which Tempest confirmed. It was unbelievable that they had so much information about her. Had she been targeted? Had she been responsible for her friends being captured and enslaved by leading them into a trap? The interview ended and the frumpy secretary thanked her for cooperating. Then she touched a button on her desk and two men entered the room. They led her to her next destination.

It was a large room. Eight poles were arranged in a circle. Four of her friends were already attached to four of the poles. She was attached to a fifth one. She looked slowly from face to face. Each of them was beautiful but each of them looked totally dejected and defeated.

One of them was missing. All of them were there except Carrie. Did that mean that she had already been collected by her buyer or did that mean that she refused to verify information and was on her way to Bangkok? There was no way to ask. They were each effectively silenced by their gags.

She looked back at each one of them and again lamented what she had apparently gotten them into. They were all so loving and so kind and so beautiful. None of them deserved this. She winced as she noticed that each of them had been struck with the cane to demonstrate how she marked.

Elke had marks identical to her own with welts across the tops of her breasts. Kim bore her stripes perfectly through the middle of her breasts, across the nipples. That must have really hurt, thought Tempest. Alaine received her stripes to the undersides of her breasts and Tempest winced at the thought of that. She knew how sensitive that flesh was.

Connie's stripes were across her thighs. To Tempest, that seemed more humane, although she knew that it must have hurt terribly. But poor Tammy was the one she felt sorry for. Her stripe stretched right across her pregnant belly. Not only was she punished but so was her unborn child!

Tempest was miserable. She could clearly see that her friends were miserable. None of them deserved anything remotely like this. It wasn't fair at all. And Tempest was now convinced that she had been the cause.

Based on what she had learned tonight during the ordeal, she wondered if she would ever see any of her friends again. She doubted it.

#### **Chapter 4**

They just looked at one another as they stood in the circle. None of them could speak because of their identical gags but their eyes spoke volumes. Each of them let the others know how much they loved them and how scared they were.

After the five of them had been reunited for about ten minutes, the door opened. It was just a single male who entered this time. He walked to Kim and detached her from her pole. Then he led her out of the room. Not a single sound was uttered.

It was almost another thirty minutes before the door opened again. Tempest glanced at the door and saw the same male. She turned her head and closed her eyes, not wanting to witness another one of her friends being led away into slavery. She reluctantly opened her eyes after awhile to see which of her friends had been taken away.

Her eyes opened wide in surprise at what she saw. She closed them again and shook her head before slowly opening, thinking that she had been hallucinating. But when she opened them again, she saw the same thing. Kate Winthrop was standing in front of her and smiling at her.

"Hello, Tempest dear," Kate said. "This is quite a fix you have gotten yourself into."

The expression on Tempest's face went from disbelief to confusion to relief. With Kate here, she realized that her ordeal was over. She was going home after all.

Kate Winthrop was a senior partner at Seymour, Allen and Pease. At thirty nine, she was the youngest senior partner by over a decade. She had been the youngest person ever to become partner in the firm and widely viewed as a brilliant and highly driven attorney.

Tempest nodded her head quickly in response to Kate's words and tried to reply verbally but was frustrated by the gag. Kate smiled as she saw the captive woman's response and reached out to stroke her fingers over the girl's cheek.

"Tempest, dear," she continued, "I am not here to rescue you. You have been sold. You are owned. What's done is done."

Tempest's expression changed back to confusion as she listened. Why was she here then? How did she know how to find her? Kate answered those questions when she next spoke, being able to anticipate the swirl of questions that must be going through the young attorney's mind.

"When I heard two days ago about six new girls being offered for sale in the Caribbean office, I thought it might be you and your friends. I remembered that you were going on a cruise with five college friends."

Tempest noticed that Kim had been brought back into the room. She furrowed her brow as Kate's words sank in and new questions formed in her brain. Two days ago? They were only kidnapped last night. Or had they been kidnapped earlier and kept sedated? And how would Kate have heard about that anyways? It wasn't the kind of thing that you would advertise in a newspaper.

"So I came as quickly as I could," Kate continued. "I did not want you to fall into the wrong hands. I tried to get them to release you but they refused. You were prime quality merchandise in their eyes. All six of you were prime as far as they were concerned but you were the pick of the litter."

"I am not here to rescue you," she repeated. "I bought you. You are my property now."

Tempest sucked in her breath as she heard the words. Kate bought her? Kate paid 600,000 pounds for her? What did all of this mean?

"Are these other girls your college friends?" Kate asked as she glanced around the room. Tempest nodded in response. Kate then took a tour of the other bound and naked girls as Tempest watched.

Kate started with Kim. Tempest watched in disbelief as Kate traced a finger across the angry red welts across the center of Kim's breasts, causing the girl to wince as her nipples were touched. Kate placed her palms over the breasts and squeezed, eliciting a groan from Kim. Then, to Tempest's horror, Kate slid a hand

down Kim's taut belly and insinuated a finger into the girl's sex. She left it in there and wiggled it around until Kim started moaning. Then she withdrew it and popped it into her mouth, closing her eyes as if savoring the taste.

"Delicious, girl," she pronounced. "You will be making someone very happy."

Tempest had heard the rumors back in the office but had dismissed them as just slurs propagated by jealous colleagues. During Kate's meteoric rise in the firm, she had passed more tenured lawyers on her way to senior partner. Tempest always attributed the rumors to those who had been passed over in favor of the beautiful, young, blonde attorney.

The rumors were basically all variations on the same theme. It was whispered that Kate Winthrop had exotic sexual interests. In some of the rumors, she was lesbian. In others, she was into domination and submission with her being the mistress. In still others, she was said to have owned slaves.

Tempest did know that Kate had twice defended people who were accused of participating in white slavery. Both times, her clients had been acquitted. Tempest assumed that the rumor about her owning slaves came from the two successful outcomes being twisted by jealous competitors.

Kate moved on to Alaine. Again, she started by tracing the angry red lines on the lower swells of the girl's breasts. Then Tempest watched as Kate bounced the beautiful breasts in her palms, eliciting a grimace each time the welts came in contact with the hands.

Tempest looked closer at Kate to determine whether or not the rumors could be true. The senior partner was certainly dressed as if she could be a dominant. The black leather pants hugged her hips tightly, showing off the feminine curves of the woman. The long-sleeved black leather top laced together in the front, leaving a stripe of bare flesh from neck to navel and revealing the inner swells of two sizeable and obviously firm breasts. The black stiletto boots completed the outfit and made Kate look truly dominant.

Kate inserted a finger into Alaine, causing the girl to blush. Again, she left it in there and played with the girl until she started to moan. She tasted the girl before moving on to Tammy.

Kate traced the welt across the bulging belly and then placed her palms on each side of the belly, caressing slowly up and down. "You went for a pretty penny today, girl. And now I can see why. You are beautiful."

Then she reached up and lifted the full breasts in her palms. She leaned down and sucked one of Tammy's nipples into her mouth, pulsing it in and out for several minutes before releasing it. "No milk yet. But soon. Your owner plans to keep you on her dairy farm." She finished with the probing and tasting of Tammy's sex. Then she moved on to Elke.

Tempest watched as Kate toyed with the Norse goddess' firm, bountiful breasts, bouncing them and suckling on the nipples. There was no doubt in Tempest's mind at this point that the rumors were true. They were all true! Kate finally moved back to Tempest.

"You should be able to move your lips by now." Tempest nodded. "Show me," said Kate. Tempest wiggled her lips obediently. The drug had worn off.

"Good girl. Now let's talk about what happens next."

Tempest was not sure that she wanted to learn more. The past twenty four hours had been a nightmare and every hour that went by seemed to make things worse. Now, she learned, the woman who she had admired and respected at work was turning out to be a demonic criminal.

"Look at me, girl," Kate said. Tempest had closed her eyes to try to shut out all of the insanity but Kate would not put up with that. "Open your eyes, Tempest. Now!"

Reluctantly, Tempest opened her eyes. Her head had been bowed in resignation so, when her eyes finally opened, she was looking down at the deep valley that was Kate's cleavage. She shook her head quickly and then looked up into Kate's eyes.

"You are now 0914CF," Kate started. "You are a serial number. You are property. You are my asset."

Tempest shuddered as she listened to the cold words coming from someone who had been kind to her previously. Kate lifted her hands and splayed her fingers, raising Tempest's breasts and letting her thumbs strum back and forth across the painted nipples.

"I will return you to Chicago but you will live with me. I always keep my property near me. Do you understand?"

Tempest shook her head, causing Kate to chuckle. Kate leaned forward and kissed the bound girl's cheek. "No, of course you don't understand. None of this makes any kind of sense at all to you right now."

"Let me explain some things to you," Kate continued. "I will bring you back to my home when I think you are ready. You will have to demonstrate that you are ready, though, before that can happen."

"But don't ever waste your time dreaming of escape or rescue. While you were sleeping, you and each of your friends received a capsule implanted in your bodies. In one half of the capsule is a chip. The chip has two functions. The most important is the GPS feature. It will show us within three feet where you are anywhere on the globe. If you escape, it is only a matter of time before you are found and returned. After all, you are 0914CF now and you belong to me."

Tempest shuddered again as she listened to the serious tone of the woman standing before her, holding her breasts. Kate paused as she felt the shudder and leaned down, kissing the ample swells of each breast.

"The chip also has another purpose. It activates the other half of the capsule which contains a poison that will kill you in less than a second. The chip can be instructed to do that in one of four ways. If you are not found within twenty four hours of escaping, the organization's command center will activate the chip. It will appear that you died of a massive brain hemorrhage.

Tempest tensed but that did not deter Kate from her intimate fondling of the generous breasts. "If you come within ten feet of a police station or court house anywhere on the globe, it will be activated."

Tempest opened her eyes wide in fear. "Don't worry. You can drive by one and not activate it. You will be far enough away. And your days of practicing law are over so you don't need to worry about court houses."

Again, Tempest felt a chill race down her spine as she learned about the end of her career. "If you ever talk on a telephone again, the chip will be activated. That is to avoid the temptation of calling for help."

"Finally, there is this." Kate pulled a little remote control device out of her top. It had been resting above her left breast beneath the black leather. She flipped open the cover to reveal a red button. "If I feel that you are ever a threat to my safety or if I simply ever grow tired of you, all I have to do is to push down on this button."

She placed her thumb on top of the red button and Tempest gasped, trembling with fear. Kate released a breast and gripped Tempest's chin, staring into her eyes. "Do we understand each other?" Tempest nodded quickly.

"Good girl," Kate tugged the chin forward and kissed Tempest on the lips. Again, the captive tensed. She had kissed girlfriends before but it always been a

chaste hello or goodbye kiss. This one was anything but chaste as Kate rubbed her lips back and forth across Tempest's and then stuck out her tongue to lick along the length of the bound girl's lips. For the first time, Tempest was glad she was wearing a gag. At least it prevented the tongue from insinuating itself into her mouth.

The hand released its grip and resumed its position holding a breast. Kate leaned down and kissed the full upper swell of each mound. Then she sucked the left nipple into her mouth. Tempest felt the tongue fluttering over the little nubbin and then felt the teeth gripping it and rolling it back and forth. She looked around the room at her friends with an agonized expression on her face and saw them staring back at her with equally agonized looks. Finally, Kate released the nipple and blew on it, watching the bud stiffen even more before she spoke again.

"Tempest, dear, these are magnificent. You have no idea how long I have yearned to own these; ever since you interned for us three years ago. But I want you to know that I had nothing to do with your capture and sale. That was purely the luck of the draw. I was notified of the sale of six pieces of merchandise and thought that you might be one of the lots, but I did not arrange it. I did not notify anyone that you were going to be on that ship. Hell, I did not even know what ship you were going to be on. They selected you and obtained you purely by chance and purely for business purposes."

Tempest felt incredibly uneasy about the language that Kate was using. She referred to Tempest as "merchandise" and as a "lot" as if the girl truly was nothing more than a piece of property. She used words like "obtain" and "sale" which also implied that she was merely an asset or belonging. She watched in horror as Kate lowered her head to the other breast and sucked that nipple into her mouth and toyed with it with her tongue and teeth.

"Now, I'm going to remove that gag," said Kate, once she released the stiff bud from her lips. "You are not to speak unless spoken to. And the only words I want to hear from those beautiful lips of yours are "Yes, Mistress" and "Yes, Please" unless the question that I ask implies that information is to be provided. Are you clear on that?"

Reluctantly, Tempest nodded her head. "Good girl." Kate released the breasts and went to a table, returning with the wrench. She slipped it between Tempest's lips and cranked it, opening the bound girl's jaw half way. She removed the bar and then released the clamp that had been cruelly imprisoning the captive's tongue. Then, she used the wrench to release the brace from the molars and, with a well practiced move, slid the gag out of the mouth. Tempest wondered how many other times she had performed this same task.

Tempest stretched her jaw once the horrid device had been removed. She wanted to scream at Kate. She wanted to reason with her. She wanted to beg for her freedom. But she also wanted to eventually escape. She remembered the warning so she remained silent.

Kate ran her finger lightly back and forth across Tempest's lips. "Do you understand that these belong to me?"

Tempest tensed at the question. She knew that she was only allowed one of two phrases in response to questions yet it was so distasteful to her to utter them. She paused and Kate allowed her the time to adjust. Kate knew that her new girl's mind must be in turmoil. Tempest trembled and closed her eyes out of shame before answering.

"Yes, Mistress."

Kate smiled and leaned forward, kissing Tempest again. Tempest opened her eyes and glanced around. Her four friends were staring at her, shocked at her apparent surrender. Kate reached out to claim Tempest's breasts again, lifting the heavy orbs with her splayed fingers.

"Do you accept that these are now my property?"

Again, Tempest was torn. She looked down, seeing her breasts held by the woman who she used to consider a friend. Again, she wanted to resist. But, in the end, she decided to fight another day. She took a deep breath and looked up into Kate's eyes.

"Yes, Mistress."

Just then, the door opened and another leather clad woman walked in. "Hi, Kate. Nice catch you have there."

"Thanks, Julia. Which one did you buy?"

"The redhead. I wanted to get to meet her before I leave and have her shipped home." All five of the naked women gasped at those words. This was too unbelievable! First they were kidnapped. Then they were stripped. Then they were sold. And if that wasn't enough abuse, now they learned that they could be shipped somewhere like they were a parcel.

"Oh, she's a beauty," commented Kate. "Hell, they all are. This is the best collection that has ever been offered."

"Yeah, I agree," said Julia. "I had a hard time making up my mind. Oh, I have to tell you. There's quite a commotion outside at the settlement desk. It seems

that one of the buyers is short on funds. She's trying to scrape enough together right now."

"Oh my," said Kate. "Not good."

"You know what that means, don't you?" asked Julia.

Kate laughed. "Of course I know what that means. I drafted the membership agreement."

"Oh, I keep forgetting. Well, if someone comes up with the price, they get a two-fer."

"Who is it?" asked Kate.

"I don't know her name. She's French. And she's pretty cute too."

"Which one did she buy?"

"The blonde," said Julia, pointing to Elke.

"Hmm," pondered Kate. Then she turned back to Tempest. "You might have a slave sister or two."

Each member had to sign an agreement before joining and being allowed to participate in the auctions. One of the rules stated that transactions needed to be completed within one hour of the end of an auction. Failure to successfully complete a transaction resulted in the forfeiture of freedom for the would-be buyer.

This could play out in one of two ways. First, if someone was willing to buy the girl that the would-be buyer had won the bidding on, that person would get the girl and the would-be buyer. Hence, the two-fer. The second way that it could play out is that the girl and the bidder would be held over until the next auction and then sold. The organization much preferred the first outcome, however. It helped with the cash flow and meant that valuable merchandise would not have to sit on the shelf as inventory, collecting dust.

Julia walked past each of the new slaves, caressing and pinching and probing the naked flesh as she went. She would have bought the whole lot of them if she could have. They were all spectacular. Even the one who was pregnant was stunning. Julia did not much care for what pregnancy did to a woman's body, but even with the bulging belly, this one was striking. She finally reached Alaine and started her close up inspection.

"I think I'll go back and check out the French princess," said Kate. "Don't let my girl get away."

Julia laughed, seeing Tempest was securely bound to her pole. "I'll make sure she doesn't move. Do you mind if I look her over more closely while you're gone?"

"Be my guest," said Kate over her shoulder as she disappeared through the door.

Julia came back to Tempest and ran her hands down the girl's sides, enjoying the silkiness of the soft, warm flesh. She ran her palms over the hips and reached behind, grasping a firm buttock in each hand. "You certainly had a lot of admirers out there, little one. And if I had not just bought one of your friends, I would have been one more bidding for you."

Tempest decided that she had better remain silent. She was seething at the way she was being treated. And being called little one did not improve her mood; especially since she was at least six inches taller than the woman who had just called her that. The groping did not help her attitude either. It was all just so infuriating.

Tempest was not finished suffering, however. She felt fingers at her sex and cringed as they parted her folds. She did not think that she could ever get used to this kind of intimate fondling at the hands of another. When Julia pushed a finger into her sex, she raised up on her tiptoes to try to escape the probing but the finger just moved with her.

The door opened and a man and woman entered. They appeared to be in their early forties. "You picked a nice one," the man said.

"Oh, she's not mine. The redhead over there belongs to me. I'm just sampling this one before Kate takes her away."

"She's a beauty too," said the woman. "We bought this one." Tempest looked over and saw that they had purchased Kim. "She's going to be a starter slave for our children. We'll probably bring her back here for resale in a few years when they head off for college."

"You have a beauty also. I'm sure your kids will have lots of fun with her."

"This is insanity!" thought Tempest. Six women had just had their lives and careers and hopes and aspirations taken away from them. And these other people were milling about checking out the merchandise and chatting nonchalantly as if they were at a neighborhood bake sale. "Damn!" thought Tempest. "Now even I'm using the word merchandise."

Kate came back in for a moment. "I'm having Tempest delivered to my room. I put in a bid on the little Frenchie and the blonde. She has another ten minutes to cover her offer and I'm going to stick around to see how it turns out."

"Okay," said Julia as she was slowly sawing her finger in and out of Tempest's sex, which was very wet at this point because of all of the touching and stimulation. "Good luck."

Kate disappeared and, eventually, Julia went back to appraising her own girl. Tempest watched as poor Alaine suffered the same indignities she had been putting up with. A man showed up to collect Tempest and he led her off. She was delivered to Kate's room where he bound her to an identical pole in the middle of the sitting room.

## **Chapter 5**

The French woman was unable to arrange for the 300,000 pounds. She never even came close. It appeared that her account had recently been emptied, which did not sit well with the organization. With five minutes remaining until the deadline, she ran, hoping that she could escape her fate. It was foolish on her part. There really was nowhere to run on the small island. She was brought back and stripped.

Kate made a quick inspection of the former mistress. She was a pretty little thing and young to be trying to buy such an expensive slave. Kate estimated her age to be about that of Tempest's. Kate had seen her in the auction and had noticed how beautiful she was. Aside from her beauty, though, she appeared to be nothing but bad attitude. Kate realized that this girl would be fun to break but she would require a lot of time and that would take time away from her time with Tempest. She knew what she would do with Monique.

Elke was another matter. She was stunningly beautiful and Kate would have easily purchased her if Tempest hadn't also been offered in the sale. Should she keep Elke or sell her?

Keeping her was very tempting. Having two slaves as beautiful as Tempest and Elke would make her the envy of everyone in the organization. It would also provide her with endless hours of fun and pleasure once she got them trained. Their tongues could work together on her body to take her to places she had only dreamed about. She could have them perform together and enjoy watching their delightful erotic shows.

"Have Monique registered and marked," Kate told the woman at the settlement desk. She heard Monique gasp and then start sobbing. "Hold her until the next sale and offer her with the others. I'll pay her kenneling fees until then."

The French woman was pleading for mercy as two men dragged her down the hall to get her tattoo.

"Have this one delivered to my room," she continued. She would keep Elke, at least for the time being. Maybe it would help Tempest to transition to her new status if there was a familiar face nearby going through the same thing. She could always dispose of the extra slave at some point in the future. There was usually at least one auction per month in each of the regions.

The sale of the French woman should cover some of the money she had spent this day. She still could not believe that she had spent almost a million and a half dollars, although Elke should have gone for a much higher price. The only thing that suppressed her price was the presence of Tempest on the program. Everyone had seen her pictures and wanted to buy her.

With nobody like Tempest on the block to compete with, Kate hoped that the French girl would go for close to a half million. Then, if she decided to sell Elke, she could recoup most of what she had spent for Tempest. She might even come out a head under the right circumstances. She had spent a lot but she thought that it had been a wise investment in assets.

Kate stayed at the settlement desk until the funds had been successfully transferred. Then she went to meet the head of the Caribbean office. As long as she was down here, she might as well get some business done. It might even save her a trip later. There were no titles in this slaver's organization and there was no organization chart. If there was a chart, it would have shown her as General Counsel. She was the legal brain of the organization.

While Kate was meeting with the head of the branch office, Elke was delivered. The male screwed a second pole into the floor in front of Tempest and Elke was attached to it, facing the already installed girl. They were very close together. In fact, their breasts were less than an inch apart.

"This is horrible!" exclaimed Tempest once the male had left. Elke made some sounds but her efforts were frustrated by her gag.

"Oh, they left that stinking gag in you! You can't talk. That's okay. I'll talk for both of us."

"We were bought by Kate. I know her from work back in Chicago. We have to do whatever we have to do to convince her that we accept our new lives as slaves so she will take us home soon. We will escape once we get there."

"We also have to find out what happened to the other four. Once we get free, we can try to find them and free them." Tempest chattered on and on and Elke nodded at what she said.

"Oh, I'm just so happy that at least we are together." Tempest leaned forward to try to kiss her friend but could not reach. Their breasts did touch in the process, however, and Tempest moved her chest back and forth, brushing her nipples across Elke's lower swells as the only sign of affection that she could muster.

Elke was surprised at the intimate touching by her friend. While Elke considered herself to be bisexual, she knew that Tempest was definitely not. She was an avowed heterosexual, which made the touching that much more remarkable. Tempest was four inches shorter than the six foot blonde so the stiff nipples raked lightly across the lower curves of Elke's full breasts. She arched her back to push her chest out, making it more accessible and, hopefully, letting her friend know that she appreciated the gesture. It was the first nice thing that had happened to her since they were kidnapped.

Tempest chattered on, continuing the one-way conversation. She spoke about the indignities they had endured and speculated about the fate that lay ahead of them. She expressed her fears but also her hope that they would one day be free. All the while, she moved her chest back and forth which seemed to have a calming effect on both of them.

Kate arrived after awhile. "There are my lovelies," she said after she entered the room. "It seems that I have ended up with both picks of the litter. This has been a good shopping trip."

Tempest wanted to scream at the way they were being treated but remembered the warning that she had received earlier. Her primary objective had to be getting back to Chicago as quickly as possible. She stood a chance of escaping there. She knew that no escape was possible if she was kept here, wherever here was. She kept her mouth shut.

Kate walked up to the two bound girls and reached up, lifting a breast from each girl in her hands. "What do you think of your new sister, pet?"

Tempest was infuriated at being called a pet but tried to mask that anger. "She's beautiful." This caused Kate to glare at Tempest who quickly remembered her instructions. "I mean she's beautiful, Mistress."

Kate smiled and patted Tempest on the cheek, treating her as if she were a child. This had Tempest's blood boiling but she maintained her composure. Kate gave Elke's breast a squeeze and looked to her. "And what do you think of your new sister, girl?"

Elke opened her eyes wide in surprise. How was she supposed to answer? She parted her lips and made a few garbled noises.

"Oh jeesh!" exclaimed Kate. "They left that damned gag in? That should have been removed long ago. Let me find a wrench." Kate looked around the apartment but could not find one so she called the front office to have one delivered. Ten minutes later, she was cranking the wrench and removing the horrid metal device from the tall blonde's mouth. Elke stretched her mouth open, flexing her jaw and thankful to have the cruel thing out of her mouth.

"I'm going to release you now and then we are going to talk. I hope I don't regret it. But I should remind you that you are in a completely secure facility. There is no way to escape. I hope that you will both behave.

Kate released Elke from the pole first and then she removed the girl's cuffs. She repeated the actions with Tempest, leaving both of them naked but unbound for the first time since their abduction. She walked to a chair and sat down. "Come girls. Kneel here and we can talk."

Tempest and Elke looked at each other questioningly but then moved to their new owner, kneeling on the carpeted floor. Kate leaned down and brushed each girl's face with her fingers as if moving stray hairs aside.

She started by telling Elke some of the same things that she had already told Tempest. She described what would be expected of them and emphasized that complete obedience would have to be the minimum standard.

"We are going to stay for a few days. We'll start your training tomorrow. If, at the end of that, I think you are ready to come home with me, then we'll go back to Chicago. If not, I will go alone and leave you behind for additional training."

"I know that this change must come as quite a shock to you," she continued, "but the sooner you make the adjustment in your minds, the better life will be for you. I know that neither of you probably grew up with aspirations of becoming a slavegirl. But that's what you are now. And it's permanent. You can either adjust to it the easy way or the hard way. I would prefer the easy way but I will not hesitate to use harsh measures to help you accept your new life."

Tempest trembled slightly as she listened to Kate. What did she mean by harsh treatment? Would she use torture? Would they be drugged into mindless zombies?

Tempest wanted to speak but remembered Kate's instructions about the use of her voice. She had already decided to act like she was adjusting to her new life on her own to avoid whatever the harsh treatment was so she did not want to anger

Kate by talking or asking questions. But the questions were churning inside of her head. Thankfully, Kate noticed.

"Would you like to say something, pet?"

"Yes please," said Tempest obediently. This simple act of obedience and implied submission caused her to blush which infuriated her even more.

"You may speak,"

"Thank you," the naked girl said. Then she added, "Mistress. What will become of our friends?"

Kate admired Tempest for that simple question. It spoke volumes about the girl and her loyalties. Her whole life had been turned upside down and torn away from her but her first concern was for her friends.

"They all have owners now, just like the two of you," replied Kate.

Tempest did not know if follow-up questions were allowed but she decided to press her luck. After all, she had been given permission to speak. "What will their lives be like?"

"One of them, the redhead, was bought by a good friend of mine. She is not a harsh mistress. I suspect that the redhead will be a house slave and will be used mostly for pleasure."

"Her name is Alaine, Mistress."

"Thank you, pet," replied Kate. "Alaine's mistress is lesbian so I think her tongue will see a lot of action. And I expect that you will get to see her fairly often. Julia and I try to get together every month or so."

"A husband and wife bought another one of your friends," Kate went on.

"That was probably Kim."

"I have met Kim's new owners but I don't know them well. I don't know how she will be treated."

"They came in to where we were being held while you were out, Mistress," Tempest offered. "They said they were going to give her to their children."

"Oh my," said Kate. "Then she should be in for an interesting time. I suspect that she's in for a lot of sex, at least initially."

"What about Tammy, Mistress?" asked Tempest. "She was the pregnant one."

"I don't know her owner at all," replied Kate. "But I was sitting at the next table during the auction and I heard her talking to one of her friends. From her accent, I would guess that she was either German or Austrian; maybe even Swiss. She owns a dairy farm and already has a couple of human cows. Tammy will join the human cows in milk production. Human milk is considered a delicacy in my circles."

Elke and Tempest emitted gasps at this revelation. That sounded horrible and extremely degrading.

"If the baby is a boy," Kate went on, "she plans to sell him. If it's a girl, she plans to keep her and raise her to be a slave also." Tempest groaned at this news.

"And what about Carrie, Mistress? She was already gone when I was taken into that holding room."

"I don't know about Carrie's new owner," responded Kate. "She was bought by one of the online bidders. I don't know if she has a master or a mistress or what they intend for her. I don't even know what part of the world she will end up in. She was already taken to be packaged for shipment which is why she was gone when you arrived."

Tempest felt another chill snake down her spine at the words. How could anyone even talk about packaging a human being for shipment? And Tempest could not get over how casually Kate talked about it. She behaved as if these were normal everyday occurrences.

"Thank you, Mistress," was all that Tempest said once she had heard more about the fates of her close friends.

"Are there any more questions?"

"Yes, Mistress. I have tons of questions. But may I ask them another time?"

Kate laughed and reached out, patting Tempest's cheek. "Yes pet. I'm sure you do have tons of questions. This is all so new to you. You may ask the rest in the future but be sure to get permission before you do."

"But now it's getting late," said Kate. "This has been a long day for all of us. And tomorrow, we start your training. Tonight, I'm going to have you sleep together in the other room. That way, you can talk and help each other prepare for tomorrow without keeping me awake."

"Tomorrow, we will start with the two of you making love to each other so I want you to talk about that and get comfortable with it. You might even want to practice or experiment a bit. After that, you will provide me with pleasure and then you will provide pleasure to anyone I choose. Now run along. That is your

bedroom." She pointed to a door. "I look forward to playing with my pretty pets in the morning."

## Chapter 6

They had a private bath off of their bedroom and they showered, one at a time, thankful to wash off the oil that had been rubbed into their flesh and the artificial coloring that had been applied to various parts of their bodies. Tempest walked out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her body to find a naked Elke lying on top of the bed.

"Something tells me that towel will be the most clothing you will wear for a long time," said Elke.

Tempest sat down on the edge of the bed. "This can't really be happening to us. This is a nightmare!"

Elke scooted closer and placed her palm on Tempest's back, rubbing softly to try to comfort her friend. "I agree it's a nightmare. But it's happening. As much as I hate to say it, we are just someone's property now; complete with serial numbers. I'm 0912CF."

Tempest let out a little sob. She had been trying to act so brave but the reality of the situation was finally striking her like a tsunami. "I'm 0914CF," she whimpered between sobs.

Elke sat up and scooted behind Tempest with a leg on either side of her and pulled her friend back until Tempest's back rested against her breasts. "Go ahead and cry, love. Get it out of your system. It will make you feel better."

Tempest continued to sob and Elke wrapped her arms around her, holding her and swaying her gently back and forth. Eventually the sobs died down and then ended and they just sat together silently for several minutes.

"Aren't you scared?" asked Tempest.

"I'm terrified," responded Elke. "This whole ordeal has been absolutely horrifying."

"You don't seem all that terrified," said Tempest.

"Well, I'm less terrified than I was earlier. I feel better with you. I'm sure the others must still be frightened to death." Tempest nodded and sniffled.

"And it's a little less terrifying because you know the person who bought us. That might make things a little better for us."

Again, Tempest nodded and sniffled.

"And I think that it's probably a little easier for me to make the adjustment than the rest of you."

"What do you mean?" asked Tempest, turning her head to look at Elke.

"Well," started Elke, "for one thing, I'm bisexual."

Tempest opened her eyes wide in surprise. "I never knew that. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I never told any of you. I didn't want to scare you off. And I didn't want to risk our relationship."

"We wouldn't have been scared off," said Tempest. "You should have told us."

"Maybe," said Elke. "Anyways, tomorrow will be easier for me than for you. And for another thing, being a slave is less horrible for me than for the rest of you, probably. For years, I have had fantasies about being a slavegirl, or at least a submissive. Now I'll get to live out that fantasy whether I want to or not."

"Wow!" breathed Tempest. "I never would have guessed that. Have you ever done anything like that?"

"I've only played at it," said Elke. "And it was not very fulfilling. There was too much hesitancy. And both parties knew it could be stopped at any moment by either party. It didn't come close to my fantasies."

"I guess this is a bit closer," offered Tempest.

"Much closer," agreed Elke. "The serial number was new. And I never would have dreamed up that gag, although it was ingenious. But all of the rest of it could have come right out of the script for one of my dreams."

"Wow," repeated Tempest, unable to come up with anything more intelligent.

Elke scooted back and laid back down on the bed. She grabbed Tempest's wrist and tugged. "Come lie with me."

Tempest let herself be pulled down onto the bed and then she scooted around until they lay on their sides, facing one another.

Elke leaned forward and kissed Tempest on the lips, causing Tempest to tense. "Relax, love. You will have to do that and a lot more in the morning."

Tempest nodded slowly and did not resist at all when Elke kissed her a second time, feeling the blonde beauty's tongue licking back and forth across her lips. She tensed again as she felt Elke's fingers at the knot that held her towel in

place but did not protest or resist as Elke opened it. She felt her friend scooting forward and then felt the warm soft breasts pressing against her own.

"You have no idea how long I have wanted to do this," said Elke. She ran her hand down Tempest's side and enjoyed the feel of her friend cuddling with her.

"You should have told us," repeated Tempest.

"Now I have," replied Elke. The blonde reached around and pulled Tempest closer, letting her tongue snake into Tempest's mouth. The raven haired slavegirl parted her lips and let out a soft whimper as she surrendered to Elke's tongue.

"There is at least one good thing that is coming out of being a slave. I am holding the most beautiful woman in the world naked in my arms."

"Oh, El," whispered Tempest as she pressed her body tightly to Elke's. "Hold me. Hold me tight. I'm so scared."

Elke hugged Tempest and then let one hand roam down her back and down to the beautiful bottom cheeks which she squeezed lovingly. She had been planning on trying to get Tempest to make love tonight so that it was not new and shocking tomorrow but she decided against it. Tempest needed comforting right now.

## **Chapter 7**

All five of the girls were still on the island the next morning. They were collected by the attendants who worked at the facility and then delivered to the gym. There were also seven other girls who they had not seen before and Tempest assumed that most of them had been left there by their owners to be trained. Six of them bore multiple stripes across their thighs, and bellies and breasts and it was obvious that the whip was part of the curriculum. Most of them also had bruised bottoms, indicating that paddles must also be a part of the lesson plan. Tempest reaffirmed in her mind that she would be very obedient and very pleasing and she would do whatever it took to get Kate to take her home instead of leaving her behind for training.

There was one girl who was unmarked but she looked even more terrified than even the five girls who had become slaves the day before looked. Tempest assumed that she was the French mistress who had failed to complete the transaction. She was beautiful and Tempest assumed that she would eventually be sold for a lot of money.

The gym instructor led the dozen girls in a series of stretching exercises. All of these were typical stretches that Tempest had done thousands of times before. But she had never done them naked. She blushed furiously as she had to spread her

legs for some, exposing her sex and causing her petals to gape open. Others parted her bottom cheeks, exposing her little pucker and causing her blush to deepen.

After twenty minutes of stretching, several personal trainers came in and each of the girls was given an exercise routine tailored to her. Tempest marveled at the size of the staff here. This seemed to be a huge operation. But, then again, they had just made 600,000 pounds by selling her so she supposed that they must have the income to support the staff.

They were shown how to use the machines and the treadmills. The program for each of them was tailored to their bodies. All of the programs were quite strenuous with the exception of Tammy's. Since she was so far along in her pregnancy, her exercise consisted of riding a stationary bike and swimming. But to keep her in a sex-slave state of mind, a dildo had been attached to the seat of the bike and roamed around inside of her as she pedaled.

There was an awful lot of touching during the exercising. Tempest found it annoying that her trainer kept placing his hands on her, ostensibly to adjust her or check her tone or to see how much she was straining. Whatever the excuse, it was still annoying. In reality, however, the touching was part of the conditioning. Each girl had to come to grips with the fact that she was a slave and that her body did not belong to her any longer. It existed for the enjoyment of others. The trainers touched so that the girls would become accustomed to having others touch and fondle them.

Exercise period finished and they were allowed to cool down. Instead of letting them just walk around individually, however, the trainers formed them into an informal coffle. There were no chains or ropes but they were lined up and each girl had to keep her right hand on the right shoulder of the girl in front of her as they were walked slowly around the perimeter of the room. After ten or so minutes, the procession came to a halt.

"Mistress Kate has generously provided us with the entertainment for our recess period before classes start," said one of the male trainers. "Will Elke and Tempest step forward?"

Tempest gasped as she heard her name called out and then opened her eyes wide as she saw Elke stride past her toward the trainer. She didn't want to move but she reminded herself of her pledge. Reluctantly, she moved forward, away from the crowd of naked girls to stand beside Elke in front of the trainer.

"These girls are going to make love to one another to provide us with our morning show," the trainer announced to the ten naked girls. "The mat is over there. You may begin."

Tempest remained frozen in place. She knew what was expected of her but she also knew that there was no way she could do that. She was straight!

Elke saw the hesitation on Tempest's part and decided to take things in her own hand. She strode past her friend and spanked her butt, sending a loud crack throughout the room. "Come on, Pest. You can do it."

Tempest seethed again. She had grown up being called Tempest and Temp and Tem and T by various people. Some called her Em or Emmy while others called her Storm or Stormy. But somehow, her college friends had gravitated to abbreviating her name to "Pest." She hated that name!

She stepped forward onto the mat, more out of outrage than anything else. Elke smiled at the response that she had predicted. As soon as Tempest got close, Elke reached out, grasped Tempest by her shoulders, and then swept a leg to take Tempest's legs out from under her. Elke ended up lying crosswise across Tempest who was lying on her back gasping for air.

Tempest did not lie still for long, though. She was extremely competitive, which had served her well as an attorney. She quickly arched her back and tossed Elke to her ankles before scrambling out from underneath and pouncing on the blonde.

Kate had been watching all of this on a monitor in the control room. She had been expecting reluctance out of two tentative new slaves. Instead, she was seeing an erotic display of primal fury. She had to see this in person. She walked out of the control room and entered the gymnasium that had become an arena.

The two girls were on their feet again and were circling each other. One of the trainers looked at Kate for guidance but she just shook her head to tell him to do nothing.

Elke struck again and used her long legs to again lay Tempest on her back. Again, she pounced. But this time, she was lying along the length of the raven-haired slave. Elke leaned her head down and kissed Tempest. This took a lot of the tempest out of Tempest. She struggled for a moment but then moaned as the kiss continued.

Elke held Tempest's wrists to the mat, pinning the smaller girl beneath her. She extended the kiss, feeling the fight dissipating from her opponent. Finally, she broke the kiss and whispered to Tempest. "I love you."

Tempest groaned. This was not how she had expected to hear those words for the first time. She had envisioned candlelight dinners and men on their knees.

Never in her wildest dreams had she envisioned being pinned naked to a mat by a blonde warrior in front of an audience.

The slaves and trainers crowded closer. They did not want to miss a moment of this action. Kate also moved closer but she wanted to stay out of sight of her two girls.

Tempest seemed to relax, almost in resignation. Then, all of a sudden, she spread her legs, wrapping them around Elke's body and drove her heels into the larger girl. Elke yelped at the attack and quickly slid down Tempest's body, still holding her wrists to the mat. She found a breast and sucked a nipple into her mouth, looking up at her friend. Slowly, her teeth closed down on the nipple until Tempest cried out in pain. Elke had the nipple in the tight grip for a moment before releasing it.

"We make love now," whispered Elke after sliding back up to place her lips next to Tempest's ear.

"I can't," Tempest whispered back. She was not struggling but she was not ready to resign herself to that.

"That was not a question," Elke whispered. "We make love now." Tempest just groaned again. Elke still had Tempest's wrists pinned to the mat but now drew them downward until her wrists were at her hips. She held onto them as she slid her body down the smaller girl's body again. This time, when she paused at the breasts, she sucked a nipple into her mouth but used her lips and tongue instead of her teeth. She pulsed the nipple in and out of her lips over and over again before finally using her tongue to flutter over the stiffening bud.

After working on the nipple for several minutes, Elke lifted her head and increased the suction, stretching the breast away from the girl's chest. Tempest moaned again as she looked down, seeing her breast drawn into a cone shape. When the nipple finally popped free from her mouth, Elke pursed her lips and blew on it, smiling to herself as she watched the little nubbin stiffen even more. Then she repeated her actions with the other nipple which she had previously tortured with her teeth.

Kate was in awe as she watched the spectacle. Her pets were amazing. This was possibly the most erotic thing she had ever seen, and she had seen a lot. Two beautiful women who had not yet been in slavery for twenty four hours were putting on a display of pure carnal ferocity. One was slowly resigning herself to her fate as the other claimed her. She started to realize that the purchase of Elke had been one of her shrewdest moves ever. It was Tempest who she wanted to conquer but Elke was proving to be the way to claim the woman she coveted. Even if the

French girl brought in a measly amount at auction, the price she paid for the blonde was well worth it.

Elke stretched the second nipple away from Tempest's chest and then blew on it as she continued to hold her wrists to the mat. She slid her body lower, leaving a trail of kisses down Tempest's belly. Finally, she reached her destination. She kissed the recently denuded mound and then trailed her tongue down to the girl's slit which was already amazingly wet.

Elke developed an appreciation of the shaved look. She had struggled and tried to protest as her own mound was shaved the day before. But seeing Tempest's nude sex made her understand why the owners preferred the girls this way. It was so erotic. It gave a girl a sleek, sexual look and made oral sex so much more exciting.

Elke kissed the wet petals, eliciting a moan from Tempest. Tempest tried to pull her hands away but Elke held them firmly and even tucked them under the small of the prone girl's back. Then she set her tongue and lips into motion. She scooped her tongue up between the petals, parting them even further and then sucked one of the sweet labia between her lips, letting her teeth clamp down on it lightly. She stretched it out before releasing it and repeated her actions with the other one.

Tempest closed her eyes tightly in shame. This was not something that she ever wanted to do. She certainly never wanted to do this, or any other sexual act, in front of an audience. But Elke had prevailed and was now holding her down as she had her way with her.

Elke scooped her tongue up through the flower again, savoring the taste of her good friend. Yes, she might enjoy slavery after all. She had always dreamed of Tempest being her lover. Now she was living the dream. She extracted her tongue and painted a little circle around Tempest's clit, hearing her friend gasp as unwanted thrills coursed through her body.

Elke knew that they were supposed to make love together. Kate had said that the night before. And she knew that Tempest would never willingly do what she was doing. So Elke decided to take advantage of her current dominance over the smaller girl. She slowly shifted her body, keeping her tongue active on the petals and the distended clit. She moved perpendicular to the prone girl's body and then kept shifting. She placed a knee on either side of Tempest's head and then slowly lowered her hips.

Tempest opened her eyes when she felt the knees settle in beside her head and she gasped as she saw the hairless sex descending toward her face. She tried to

turn her head but the knees held it in position. Finally, in a swift motion, Elke moved her knees apart and lowered her sex to Tempest's lips, sighing happily as she felt the contact. She started wagging her tongue again, occasionally stopping to probe it deep into the girl's juicy sex.

Tempest kept her lips closed and Elke just started moving her hips forward and back, gaining the needed friction using Tempest's lips and chin and nose. Elke dropped her sex over Tempest's nose, cutting off her air supply and causing her to open her mouth to breathe. As soon as that happened, Elke shifted again, moving her petals to the open mouth. She was swampy with arousal at this point and Tempest got her first taste of another female.

Elke got serious at this point. She pursed her lips and sucked the girl's clit into her mouth, pulsing it in and out. Her tongue fluttered relentlessly over the little bud and Tempest started moaning loudly. Elke was so aroused by all of this that she was close to climax. She kept rubbing her clit over Tempest's lips but waited until she was sure that her partner had been pushed over the edge.

Finally, she heard it. Tempest cried out and her body tensed, providing a clear signal that she had climaxed. One last rub was all it took for Elke to join her and, quickly, two moaning and writhing bodies were both erupting in orgasm. Eventually, Elke just collapsed on top of her wrestling partner.

The audience was clapping. Elke wearily raised her head and blushed as she realized what she had done. She had no regrets, though. She had wanted to make love with Tempest for years. Besides, this was what Kate was going to make them do anyways. But to behave so wantonly in front of an audience was beyond her imagination. What had gotten into her? Was it the knowledge that she was a slave that gave her the freedom to act so lewdly? If so, maybe she was born to be a slave.

Elke finally stood up and extended a hand, helping Tempest to her feet. Tempest was blushing furiously but was still breathing hard from her recent orgasm. Kate had disappeared back into the control room and was now watching on the monitors.

"Those two are your new ones, aren't they?" asked a male who was seated at the console.

"Yes," she replied. "I bought them yesterday."

"I'd say you got a good bargain. They're both keepers in my book."

"They're definitely keepers," agreed Kate.

After the exhibition was over, the twelve girls were divided into three groups based on how long they had been in training. The French girl joined the five who

had been sold the day before and were sent to one room. The other six were divided into two groups and sent to two other rooms. Tempest and the other five girls spent the rest of the morning learning slave etiquette and learned various ways of posing and kneeling to please their owners.

## Chapter 8

The five college girls got to sit together during lunch. It was clear that they were all nervous and frightened but they tried to be supportive of one another. Much of the conversation dealt with concerns about Carrie and what had become of her. They also shared notes on their new owners, or at least as much as they knew about their owners.

"I'm going to be a fucking cow!" exclaimed Tammy indignantly. All of the rest of them were shocked. Tammy never cursed or even had a bad thing to say about anyone.

"What?" asked Alaine.

"I'm going to be a cow!" Tammy repeated. "That fucking lunatic who bought me plans to milk me every day as if I was a cow!"

"Well, that sounds pretty good," said Kim. "I'm supposed to be a toy for a couple of teenagers. Just being milked sounds a lot easier." They jabbered on about what they knew about their fates. They were all surprised that Tempest had been bought by someone she worked with and they were all envious of Tempest and Elke being able to stay together.

"By the way," said Alaine, "that was quite a show you two put on this morning. Is there something you two should have told us a long time ago?"

Tempest blushed and shook her head. "No, there isn't. We were going to have to do it one way or another. Kate told us that last night. I guess we just did it a little more publicly than I envisioned."

"Well there's something I should have told you long ago," offered Elke. "I'm bi. And I have wanted to do that with Pest for years. In fact, I've wanted to do that with all of you for years." There was a collective gasp around the table.

"And despite all of this being scary and despite the fact that we've lost our previous lives," Elke continued, "I'm loving this experience. And I think I'm going to love being a slave."

"Wow," was all that Tammy could think to say.

"Yeah, wow," echoed Kim. Tempest remained silent. She wondered how Elke could be so cheerful and optimistic about having all of her freedom removed

and becoming a piece of property. What did her friend see in it that gave her such a bright outlook? She would have to think about it. She hoped that she could find a silver lining for herself. It would sure beat going around despondent for the rest of her life.

Then she thought about the rest of her life. She would age. Would Kate still want her when she turned thirty? What about forty? What would happen when Kate no longer found her attractive? Would she be sold again? She shuddered slightly at the thought of going through another auction.

She was brought back to the present by the slight tickling to her right breast. Elke had draped her arm over the back of Tempest's chair and was lightly caressing the outer swells of her right breast. "Whatcha thinkin bout, Pest?"

"Oh," replied Tempest. "I was just wondering what will become of us." She glanced around the table and saw that everyone was watching Elke fondle her breast. She blushed furiously but made no attempt to remove the offending hand.

"We can worry and fret," said Elke. "Or we can embrace the present and make the most of it. What's done is done. I was kidnapped and I was sold. It's not fair but what's done is done. I'm not going to spend time regretting it or worrying about the future. I'm going to live life to the fullest."

"Besides," she went on, "now I've got the two most beautiful toys in the world to play with." She emphasized her point by reaching across with her left hand to squeeze Tempest's left breast as her other hand squeezed the right one.

"El!" hissed Tempest. "How can you do that in front of our friends?"

Elke laughed and gave the breasts another squeeze. Then she leaned forward and ran her tongue along Tempest's ear. "Love, remember that I'm bi. And also remember that you had your nose buried in my snatch earlier today in front of them. A little bit of titty squeezing is nothing compared to that." This caused Tempest's blush to return in full force. Then Elke smiled at the other three.

"I'm going to ask my mistress to arrange for me to be with each of you also before we are taken away. I've been dying to eat each of you. And if slavery is what it takes to get my wish, then I'm all for slavery." This caused three more faces to blush.

Then Elke grinned and looked at Tammy. "I might want a few sessions with you. I've never had a pregnant girl before."

"Oh El," said Tempest. "You're just trying to shock us."

Elke laughed again. "No. I'm just trying to eat you. All of you." She lifted Tempest's left breast in her hand and leaned down, sucking the delectable nipple

into her mouth. Tempest pushed her head away and Elke looked up at her. "Do I have to knock you down to the ground again or are you going to let me finish my lunch?"

Tempest sighed and stopped resisting. Elke immediately captured the nipple again and sucked hungrily on it. The other three looked on in awe. Eventually, Elke released the little morsel and grinned around the table.

"Slavery is my friend."

Kate was once again in the control room, watching the naked girls sitting around the lunch table. "Those five seem to be very close," said Julia who had bought Alaine and who was seated in a chair beside Kate.

"There were six of them but one has already been shipped," Kate replied. "And yes, I get the sense that they are very close."

"Your two seem to be adjusting nicely to their new lives," remarked Julia. "Especially the blonde."

"Yeah, it's remarkable," said Kate. "It's almost as if she's enjoying it."

"Well, any of the five of them would be perfect purchases, I'm sure. But I'm particularly pleased with the little redhead I bought. She's so beautiful and she blushes so easily. I hope you're pleased with your purchases as well."

"Oh, I'm very pleased," replied Kate. "It will be nice to have the pitter patter of naked feet running around the house again."

"You never told me," said Julia. "What happened with your last girl?"

"I released her," Kate responded. "Her mother became very ill and needed someone to care for her. Tina was her only child so it just made sense."

"Aren't you worried that she'll go to the police or the press?"

"No, not really," said Kate. "I always took good care of her. And I set her up with a trust fund that should take care of her for the rest of her life. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if she returned to me someday. Then I'll really have my hands full."

"What do you plan to do with yours?" asked Julia.

"I'm not sure now," said Kate. "I had only planned on buying Tempest, the one with the black hair. But when Elke became so affordable, I couldn't pass her up. I had planned on keeping Tempest as a pleasure slave and maybe selling Elke in a few months. But now I'm not so sure. I'm loving watching them together. So I might keep them both. Maybe I'll show them this summer in Europe."

"They would be sure to win top prizes," observed Julia.

"What do you have planned for the redhead?" asked Kate.

"I'm not sure either. Something other than a pleasure slave. That's what my last one was. And it's hard to retrain them once they are house pets like that."

"What did you do with your last girl, then?" asked Kate.

"I sold her; outside of the organization's auctions, that is. A private buyer contacted me and the timing was right and the price was more than I thought she was worth. So I had her packaged up and shipped her right away."

Kate wasn't sure if she wanted to ask what the girl was doing now. She loved Julia dearly but she also recognized that her friend was a lot more ruthless and unfeeling than she was. For all she knew, the girl could have been sold to a hunt club or to have her organs harvested. She decided not to pursue the subject.

"So what kinds of things do you have in mind for the redhead?"

"Yeah, I guess I need to decide soon now that I have bought her. I didn't think it would happen so soon. I figured it would take a few auctions before I found one I liked. But there she was, beautiful and bashful and so sexy looking. I had to have her."

"I was thinking of three possibilities," Julia continued. "A friend of mine in England has a girl he treats as a pony; stables her, trains her to trot and canter, shows her at events, races her. I thought that would be fun."

"I've been to some of those shows. It's very exotic to ride in a cart drawn by naked girls. And the dressage events were very erotic to me." Kate paused. "But I would think it would get boring after awhile."

"Yeah, that's my concern too," agreed Julia. "I have another friend who turned his girl into a pain slut. I'm not sure how he did it but she craves pain. In fact, she can't even climax without pain. I think that would get boring too after awhile. I mean how many times can you whip a girl or stick needles into her? And I worry that I will have to keep escalating things after awhile as she gets used to certain levels of pain."

Kate shuddered at the thought of applying so much pain on a girl as beautiful as Alaine. She knew that she couldn't do it.

"The third thing I was thinking about was just turning her into a slut. It might take some drugs but it might be fun to have a girl who would do anything for sex. It would certainly be fun at parties."

As the two dominants chatted, they saw the girls on the monitor being summoned by their instructors. It was time for the afternoon lessons. Kate admired Elke's form but she absolutely coveted the figure on Tempest. This girl was her Hope Diamond.

The afternoon training was atrocious as far as Tempest was concerned. They were taught how to lick another girl and then had to practice it. The instructor gave a brief lecture on technique, illustrated by a slide show and a short video. Tempest felt nauseous as she watched.

Then, they were told to kneel in front of their practice devices. These were soft rubber replicas of a woman's genitals. The instructor walked them, as a group, through several exercises to show them various techniques. Then they were told to practice on their own. The instructor walked around the room, observing their techniques to judge their level of comprehension and their enthusiasm. Lack of either would result in a punishing blow from the paddle that she carried. Tempest started with a lackluster placing of her tongue alongside one of the fake labia but, as soon as she heard the loud crack of the paddle against someone's ass, she started applying what she had learned more vigorously.

After thirty minutes of this practice, the instructor ended the exercise. "Now I will pair you up and you will practice on each other." Tempest gasped, as did every girl in the room other than Elke. Elke was in seventh heaven.

Kim was paired with the French mistress and they both just stared at each other, dumbfounded. Tempest was teamed with Alaine and she apologized for getting all of them into this, resulting in a confused look from Alaine. Tempest was still convinced that she had been targeted and had led her friends to their fates. Elke's partner was Tammy and Elke was delighted. Tammy was terrified beyond her wits.

"Now," said the instructor, "you have been shown the anatomy. You have seen the demonstration. You have gone through the exercises. Now it's time for your practicals."

"Monique, Alaine and Elke, lie down on the mats. Your partners will go first." Tempest groaned at the news. Not only had she gotten her beautiful red haired friend captured but now she was expected to rape her with her tongue. She wasn't at all sure she could do this.

"I will set the timer for fifteen minutes," the instructor said. "I will bring in some motivational coaches. If at the end of the fifteen minutes the girls lying on the mats have not climaxed, then the coaches will start applying their motivation."

Just then, three males walked into the room, each carrying a long paddle that looked like a cricket bat. Tempest knew that they would do serious damage.

Now, she had a dilemma. Should she save Alaine from the indignities of lesbian sex and let her butt get tortured? Or should she save her ass and lewdly abuse her good friend. The instructor started the countdown. "3.... 2.... 1.... Go!"

Tempest decided to save her butt. She knew that eventually someone would torture her friend by tonguing her sex. She rationalized that it might as well be her; especially if the alternative was to be paddled by the long bats. She set her lips and tongue into motion.

"Ten minutes remaining," called out the instructor. Tempest had been lapping at her friend's sex for five minutes and saw no signs of arousal. There were not twitches or moans or trembles. This made her feel doubly guilty. Not only had she led Alaine into an ambush but she was turning off her friend.

Tempest was determined though. Her competitive nature would not let her fail. She thought for a moment about how she masturbated and what kinds of stimulation worked best for her. Clitoral stimulation coupled with vaginal probing was the quickest way for her to achieve orgasm. She hoped it would work on Alaine too.

She curled her tongue and drove it as deep as she could into her friend. She moved it in and out several times as if she had a tiny penis fucking the girl's sex. Then she pulled out and sucked Alaine's clit between her lips, suckling on it and occasionally letting her teeth rake along it. She alternated between the tongue fucking and the suckling of the tiny nubbin.

"Five minutes remaining," announced the instructor. Alaine was moaning now. It was working! Tempest kept up her actions, occasionally glancing up at her subject. Alaine had lifted her head and was watching the raven beauty between her thighs. She had never wanted to have sex with another woman but, if she was going to do it, she was glad that it was with Tempest.

Tempest thought about how beautiful Alaine was. Her red hair flowed freely over her breasts and down toward the mat. Her cheeks were flushed from the arousal that Tempest was causing. She was simply lovely.

Tempest sucked the clit between her lips again and captured it with her teeth. She bared her lips and pulled her head back slightly, stretching the nubbin away from Alaine and letting Alaine see it clamped between the teeth. Alaine groaned and Tempest saw her belly starting to quake. She fluttered her tongue over the little bud and Alaine groaned louder, finally rocking her head back.

Tempest concentrated exclusively on the sensitive clit now. She pulsed it in and nipped at it. She batted it with her tongue and suckled it. Alaine was groaning constantly at this point and finally tensed, letting out a squealing wail as the orgasm rocked her body. Tempest smiled and kissed the juicy sex before her face. While this may have been viewed as having sex with another woman by some people, Tempest chose to think of it as providing pleasure to a friend.

Another wail was heard and Tempest looked over to see Tammy's body tensing as her distended belly quiver. Elke had achieved success also.

"Time," called the instructor. Immediately, loud cracks were heard filling the room. Kim had failed to get the French mistress to climax and two of the males were now pounding away at her bottom. Kim cried out but then refocused on her subject's sex, knowing that was the only way to stop the punishment.

"You girls can help if you want," offered the instructor. Elke was the first one to act. She scrambled over to the French girl and started kissing her. Tempest was right behind and captured one of the former mistress' nipples in her mouth, playing with it with her tongue. Alaine claimed the other nipple. Tammy joined in by rasping her tongue in slow circles over the belly, gradually closing in on the girl's belly button. The added lips and tongues put the French girl into sensory overload and she climaxed. The paddling stopped immediately. Tempest gasped as she realized that she had a woman's breast in her mouth for the first time but then rationalized to her self that it had been for a good cause.

The girls changed places. After three more orgasms filled the room, they changed partners. They practiced for the rest of the afternoon and were wrecks by the end of it. Tempest had lost track of how many times she had climaxed.

## **Chapter 9**

Kate would have loved to watch the afternoon training but she had work to do. She had been sent some documents the night before and had spent much of the night reviewing them. That was the primary reason that she had let the girls sleep together. She normally would have them join her in her bed right away but she knew she would be busy.

She did not mind, though. She had the rest of her life to enjoy the girls. They were her property now so she could take as long as she wanted. It was a wonderful feeling to own another human being. It provided such a feeling of power and such an erotic rush. There was nothing else like it.

She also didn't mind because her work for the organization was the most lucrative part of her law practice, by far. She made many millions of dollars each year by helping the ring avoid legal pitfalls or getting out of them.

The documents that she received surprised her. It seemed that the organization wanted to diversify. While it had created a very profitable business of kidnapping and selling girls and then managing subsequent sales or trades of them, it appeared that was not enough. Not only that, but some in the organization wanted some more legitimate businesses even if they were just a front.

There were two proposed businesses and the set of documents included business plans for each of them. The first was what Kate viewed as a matchmaking service. There were "women out there who fantasize about being a slave" but have no way to experience, explained the one business plan. Sometimes that was because of family responsibilities or social constraints of the communities in which they lived. There were also men and women who wanted slaves but either could not afford the exorbitant price associated with buying a girl or could not afford the time to properly care for a permanent slave.

The new business venture would create a way of matching masters and mistresses with willing and eager slavegirls. It would conduct personality tests of both the owners and the slaves and would survey them on likes and dislikes related to various sexual and nonsexual activities. Then, it would match up owners and slaves that had a good fit. The match would be for a predetermined period of time and the business would supervise the relationship through frequent checkups to make sure that both parties got what they wanted out of the transaction.

"The last part is one of the most important," the business plan explained. "The key to growth and profitability will be repeat customers. It is estimated that each satisfied slavegirl will repeat her experience once each year. Each satisfied owner is likely to repeat more frequently."

"A girl can become a pony girl for a long weekend. She can become a harem slave for a month or three days. She can be whatever she has always fantasized about but had been reluctant to pursue." The plan went on and on about the possibilities. It envisioned durations ranging from two to thirty days with an average of a week.

There were two target demographics for the slaves in the business plan. Young mothers represented one demographic. It was speculated that during pregnancy and for the months following childbirth, mothers would be bored out of their minds. This boredom would lead to fantasies and the new business would start marketing to them two months after childbirth by offering them "an escape to excitement."

The other target demographic was women in their upper thirties. "As they approach forty, they will realize that their youth is rapidly escaping them. As they near middle age, they will start to think about all of the exciting things that they

always wanted to experience. We will provide an outlet for them to live their dreams."

Of course, there would always be customers who did not fit neatly into these two categories. It was speculated that adventurous college girls who wanted a different kind of spring break might view this as an exciting alternative. Recently divorced women might also find this attractive as a way to get the divorce out of their minds and behind them. Even single women who had broken up with a boyfriend or just wanted a unique vacation could become customers. Additional target markets would be developed over time as data about customers was gathered.

The target market for owners was less specific. Men and women who were approaching age milestones such as thirty, forty, fifty or sixty were possibilities. Recent divorces also worked for owners the same way they worked for slaves. But the plan admitted that it was not as easy to identify the ideal owner customers. They planned to cast the net wide and gather data to study. After six months, they would have a better feel for it and would revise the plan.

It did stay that they planned to market more heavily to the wealthy. It was hoped that this business venture could act as a feeder to the organization's core business. Once someone got a taste of owning a girl, it was hoped that he or she would want something more permanent. That's where the core business could help. The only thing that constrained the growth of the slave business was the demand for high quality girls. The supply of girls to kidnap and sell was limitless. It was the supply of qualified buyers that was limited and this venture could increase the supply of buyers.

Kate thought that the venture looked very promising based on the facts that were presented. She never envisioned the organization diversifying but this business was at least related to what they knew: slavery. Only two things bothered her. The first was that they needed very tight controls on who they accepted as a buyer. Since this was going to be a legitimate business and open to the public scrutiny, they could not afford some wacko getting a hold of their slave customers and abusing or maiming or killing someone. The plan was much too light on controls. She would insist on thorough background checks and personal interviews before a new person was accepted as a buyer. She would also insist on feedback from the slaves after the period of ownership was completed. These would drive up the price but they could not afford the bad publicity or lawsuits.

The other thing that bothered her was the method of monitoring during the enslavement. She could not picture how that could be done without being intrusive.

And yet, if they advertised that as part of the experience as they were planning on doing, women would rely on that as a guarantee of safety.

She decided that she would need to arrange some "mystery shoppers" during the start up of the venture. She would have people sign up with the intent of reporting back on the entire experience but, in particular, how well the monitoring went and whether or not it was successful in making the girls feel safe.

She thought that she might even be one of the mystery shoppers. At thirty nine, she clearly fit into one of the target demographics. And she had always wanted to experience life from the other side but she had never felt comfortable doing it with anyone from the organization. She had heard too many reports of people offering outlandish prices to buy her. One report was that someone had offered three million dollars. She was convinced that the only thing that prevented her enslavement was that her value as the organization's lawyer far outweighed any price that someone would offer. But she also feared that, once someone owned her, even if it was supposed to be temporary, the temptation to make it permanent might be too great.

One of Kate's assignments for this venture was to draft a slavery contract. Since she was considering becoming a slave to test out the processes, she would pay particular attention to that assignment. She wanted to make sure that ambiguous contract language did not lead to her permanent loss of freedom.

The second business venture would have the organization opening a string of resorts. This business, tentatively called "Club Shackles," would cater to owners and dominants alike. It would be a place where one could take his or her slave or sub to relax for a vacation in a spot where nobody would be offended by whatever nudity or punishment or sex occurred.

Kate thought that she could be a mystery shopper for this one also once she got her two girls trained. That would probably take a year to accomplish but it would take at least a year to get Club Shackles up and running.

She had some concerns about this venture too. First, she did not like the idea of subs and slaves co-mingling. At least she did not like the idea of the slaves that her organization provided mingling with subs. Subs were into the lifestyle by choice and for purely sexual and recreational fun. Slaves had no choice. They had been cruelly kidnapped and had their former lives stripped away from them. Regardless of how well they were trained, there would always be the temptation to sneak a message back to their loved ones through a complicit sub. Then the authorities would be alerted.

The second concern was the authorities themselves. The organization would essentially be advertising "look here for your kidnapped girls." She envisioned legions of undercover police officers vacationing at the resorts and developing dossiers on each of the guests.

And what would happen if recreational guests changed their minds? For example, what would the resort do if a dominant wanted to switch? What would they do if a sub decided that she had enough and wanted to be released? Or what would happen if a devious dominant grew tired of his or her sub and wanted to sell her? There was just too much at risk in this venture. She would write up her concerns and have them rework the plan before it was sent to the powers that be for approval.

The last concern was a more personal one. She took great pride in her life as a slaver. It was not something that she could ever put on her resume but, to her, that was what defined her. She loved the fact that she made a living through trafficking in beautiful female flesh. It made her feel like a swashbuckling female pirate.

Both of these new ventures detracted from this feeling. They were dragging her back into the mainstream of society when, in truth, she loved the feeling of being an outlaw. It was thrilling and dangerous. It kept her adrenalin flowing and had her in an almost constant state of sexual arousal. It made her feel alive.

The second venture, the resorts, was almost Disneylandish to Kate. It was taking what she loved about her life and watering it down into a generic consumer product. She was not sure how she would feel if the two businesses caught on and turned the organization legitimate. She would have to think about this.

While she contemplated all of this and drafted her response to the two business plans, three pairs of girls were ferociously wagging their tongues, bringing one another to a seemingly endless string of orgasms as they were being trained and conditioned to provide pleasure to other females.

## **Chapter 10**

"Oh, don't worry about me," said Elke. "You don't even need that thing." The two girls had just completed their second day of training and Elke was kneeling at Kate's feet with the mistress holding the girl's heavy breasts in her hands. Kate had just finished describing the little capsule that had been implanted in the girl's body. She always tried to make sure that every slave was fully aware of it and what it would do. She always regretted the killing of a slave.

After their first day of training, the girls had been given a pop quiz by their mistress. They had spent that day learning how to pleasure other females with their

tongues and Kate wanted to see how well they had learned their lessons. Both girls passed the quiz as they knelt between Kate's thighs and alternated.

Tempest was tentative but she was quite good. She was purposeful with her tongue, apparently wanting to score the orgasm quickly. She blushed furiously throughout but was attentive to the responses of the mistress and adjusted her technique when moans or tremors gave her new input.

Elke was a sexual dynamo. Her tongue seemed like a warm, soft Roto-Rooter to Kate. It attacked vigorously and plunged and probed and fluttered with reckless abandon. Kate easily achieved orgasms with each girl and was quite pleased with her purchases and their progress in class.

Today's training had consisted of stretching and exercising followed by additional classes on slave etiquette in the morning. In the afternoon, they had been schooled on oral sex on males. Again, soft rubber replicas had occupied the early afternoon sessions. Later in the afternoon, six male employees were brought in for real live practice. The girls each got to deep throat a real cock and bring it to climax. When the males were worn out, six more were brought in. By the end of the afternoon, each girl had a full meal of protein in her belly.

That night, Kate decided to keep Elke at home. She needed to tell her about the capsule and she also wanted to talk to the girl to understand her better. She loaned Tempest to the head of the Caribbean office.

The slavers at each office were prohibited from having sex with their captives prior to the sale. That prevented the unnecessary loss of the few cherries that were captured. And it was rare that they ever got to have sex with the girls after a sale. So Kate knew how appreciative the head guy would be if he got to sample the rare beauty of Tempest. It would be a way for Kate to gain some points with her fellow outlaw. And those points could come in handy someday. They might even help keep her out of slavery.

"Tell me why I don't need that capsule, Elke," said Kate in response to the girl's statement.

"If you keep arranging entertainment like the last three days, there's no way I would ever try to run away." Elke paused. "I don't know why you even have to kidnap girls. I would think they would be lining up to sign up."

Kate thought back to the first business plan that she had reviewed. Elke's comment struck home. They would be lining up to sign up. There was clearly a third demographic to whom the business would appeal since Elke did not fit into either of the first two targets. She would have to figure out which market segment Elke belonged to so that could be added to the plan.

Kate let her fingers slide up to the blonde's nipples and captured them, rolling them slowly back and forth. "Tell me about the entertainment. What did you like?"

Elke sucked in her breath as her sensitive nipples were squeezed and rotated. "Okay... I mean yes Mistress. Day one was like life on overdrive. Every sense and emotion was on full alert. It was thrilling and terrifying at the same time. It starts off in a hog-tie. Then it moves on to an assembly line where you are stripped and shaved and tattooed and then pampered. Then the auction was such a rush! I almost climaxed right up there on the stage. The cane almost pushed me over the edge. I didn't like it but it almost had to be part of the scene."

"Then it moves to scene two where we are in the holding pen and being inspected and fondled. Then there was the melodrama of the French mistress not having the money and becoming a slave. Oh my god! That whole day was better than anything that Hollywood could have dreamed up."

Kate thought for a moment before speaking again. She continued to roll the stiff nipples back and forth. "So does that mean that you liked everything that happened that day?"

"Oh, hell no!" replied Elke. "Oops again. I mean hell no, Mistress. I didn't like the tattoo. I didn't like losing my fur. I hated the cane. It's not a matter of liking. It's a matter of needing. I needed that."

"You are a strange girl," said Kate.

"No, Mistress," replied Elke. "I'm not strange at all. I am actually very normal. But I am honest. When something excites me, I say it excites me. I don't pretend that it doesn't just because social norms say that it shouldn't."

"What about the next day?" asked Kate, eager to learn more about her new property, "Yesterday."

"Is this a trick question?" asked Elke. This earned Elke a harsh pinch to each of her nipples.

"Don't get sarcastic with me, little one."

"Sorry, Mistress," replied a chastened Elke. "I loved yesterday. Well, I'm not real wild about the etiquette classes. Kneel... stand... bend... stand... kneel... turn.... That gets pretty boring. But what happened before and after were wonderful. Before the etiquette class, I got to eat Tempest. I've wanted to do that forever. I'm so happy that she's my slave sister. And then I got to spend the afternoon eating all of my friends, including Tempest again. And then we got to eat you last night. I would gladly exchange my freedom for days like that."

"Hmmm," pondered Kate. "It seems that I'm not the only one who has an interest in Tempest."

"Oh, no, Mistress," replied Elke quickly. "You'd have to rent out a stadium in order to accommodate everyone who wants Tempest. Even a stadium might not be big enough."

Kate laughed at her slave's reaction. She reached up and laced her fingers into the girl's fine, silky blonde hair and pulled her head back, leaning down to kiss her. Elke sighed happily at the tender touch and parted her lips. This result in the kiss being prolonged and led to the two of them retreating to Kate's bedroom where they made love for hours.

While this was going on, Tempest was being reintroduced to a cock that she had met earlier in the day. Cedric was the chief pirate in the area in that he ran the Caribbean region for the organization. He was also one of the males who had offered their cocks for training purposes in the afternoon. Tempest once again had her lips stretched around the huge shaft and was bathing it with her tongue as she let the pole slide in and out of her mouth.

She wondered how they recruited staff for their operation. All of the men had unbelievably large cocks. The men varied in terms of looks and intelligence but they all had logs dangling between their legs. Cedric appeared to be on the upper end of the intelligence scale, which was probably why he was the chief pirate. He was only average in looks, though. He was more rugged looking than handsome.

She had already been working on his cock for over fifteen minutes and she feared that it would take much longer since she and the other girls had drained him multiple times earlier in the day. Her jaw ached from all of the blowjobs she had already given. Her throat was sore from all of the cocks that had forced their way into it but thankfully Cedric had not yet made her deep throat him this evening. She was not sure, however, how much longer she could last. A girl can only suck so many cocks.

She needn't have worried about lasting much longer, though. Cedric placed his hand on her forehead and slowly pushed her back and off of his cock. He reached down and lifted her, holding her above him as he sat in the chair.

He was a big man and appeared to be all muscle. He held her as if she were a doll, making her feel very small and powerless. "I am going to let you select the hole that I fuck," he said.

She blushed as she realized that she would have to aid in the upcoming rape by guiding the cock into her. But at least she was thankful that she was given a choice. There was no way that she could ever accommodate him anally.

"Thank you, Master." She had learned in the etiquette classes that all males, other than male slaves, were to be addressed as master even if they did not own slaves. She reached down and gripped the huge black cock, positioning it at her sex and felt the bulb slip partially into her.

He lowered her slowly, lifting her occasionally to let the cock slip back out. One time, it popped free and she quickly gripped it again and repositioned it. She was surprised at how wet it was with her juices and wondered again how her body could be so aroused considering the frightening world that she had entered.

He continued to lift and lower her until his entire cock was buried in her sex. Then he released her and let her settle onto the cock and adjust to the massive size. Her heart was beating quickly and she felt tingly all over as the pole was lodged in her body.

"You may fuck me now, girl."

Tempest blushed again. She would have to do the work, further aiding in her own rape. "Thank you, Master," was all that she voiced, though.

Could this be considered rape? Surely it was not something that she had volunteered for. Therefore, it was nonconsensual. But was it possible to rape a slave? If a person used their own property for something that it was designed for, could that be a crime? The kidnapping had been a crime. Slavery was a crime in most countries. But she was not sure that what was going on now constituted a crime.

She used her legs to lift herself out of his lap, feeling the log slowly slide out of her. When just the bulb remained inside of her, she lowered herself again, feeling every inch of the cock's travel inside of her. She continued to move slowly up and down on the black man's cock.

"That feels nice, girl," he said. "You have a tight twat. Feed me those tits."

Oh god, thought Tempest. Once again, she had to aid in the taking of her body. She reached up and lifted both breasts in her hands, leaning forward slightly and offering a nipple to the male's lips. He sucked it into his mouth and held it there as she kept his cock sliding in and out of her.

Tempest closed her eyes at the humiliation of being so powerless and so used. She was not sure that she could survive like this. She was not sure that she wanted to survive. She was nothing but a sexual plaything.

His teeth gnawed lightly on her nipples which stiffened automatically in response. Unwanted thrills shot through her body, much to her dismay, and she felt her sex tighten around his massive cock. Still, she kept up the steady up and down tempo. He released the nipple and then claimed its twin, repeating his actions until it too was as stiff as a little pebble.

He finally released the second nipple and reached to the table, grabbing a pair of clamps. She opened her eyes as she felt the cold steel at her left nipple and looked down, surprised at what she saw. He had placed the nipple between the two pieces of metal and was sliding the ring upward, causing the two tines to clamp down on her tender bud. He watched her face for a reaction and kept tightening it. Her expression changed from surprise to shock to worry to fear. Finally, she cried out from the pain of her nipple being crushed. He continued to slide the ring upward and she cried out in pain again. He stopped working on that one and turned his attention to the other nipple, tightening that clamp until he was satisfied with the level of pain.

Tempest's chest burned with pain as she rode his cock. Tears rolled down her cheeks but her sex was spasming with arousal. How could it react so badly to something like this?

She realized, all of a sudden, that she was not on birth control. Since joining the law firm two years earlier, she had immersed herself in work. She still dated occasionally but she had vowed not to get involved with anyone until she became a senior associate. She went off the pill, thinking that it was best to not have unnecessary chemicals flowing through her body. But now, she was totally unprotected and was about to receive a male's seed; a black male's seed no less. She groaned again at her helplessness.

Just as she was worrying about receiving his sperm, Cedric tensed and grunted. He gripped her waist and forced her body down hard on his cock. She cried out in pain as the cock banged against her cervix, sending cramping throughout her abdomen and then whimpered as she felt the cock jerking inside of her, knowing that it was sending millions of tiny swimmers into her, all of which were in search of her egg.

## **Chapter 11**

Tempest was returned to Kate the next morning. Thankfully, she was excused from the morning's instruction. Cedric had kept her up most of the night, fucking her over and over again. She was amazed at his stamina and his ability to recover.

Kate tucked her into bed and then finished typing her response to the business plans. She added some commentary based on her conversation with Elke, although she did not disclose her source. But she did recommend that some funds be set aside for market research to identify additional demographics that looked promising.

Tempest rejoined her fellow slaves for the afternoon training. She groaned when she realized that this was going to be a class on fucking. Even though they started again with rubber replicas, she knew that real live cocks would eventually be brought in for more realistic practice. Then, millions more sperm would be seeking out her egg.

Sure enough, by 2:30, six males entered the room. Cedric was among this group and, to Tempest's surprise, he claimed her. She would have thought that he would want to try it with someone new. But she found herself bent over a bench with his log buried deep in her sex.

The instructor had emphasized how the girls could use their vaginal muscles to pleasure a male and how verbal and nonverbal cues from the girl could increase the arousal of their partners. The instructor went around the room as the six couples fucked and provided praise or correction to each girl.

'Very good, Tempest,' she said as she watched and listened to the girl. 'Nice cooing; very erotic quivering. And I can actually see your pussy clamping him.'

'Hell,' said Cedric, 'she was doing all of that last night even before your class. This girl's a natural. One hundred percent pure fuck doll.'

Tempest blushed at that. She had never thought of herself as a fuck doll before. But she supposed that it was a good thing to please the chief pirate.

Six sets of men came through the classroom that afternoon. The girls were fucked leaning over a bench, missionary style while lying on mats, standing, kneeling and being fucked doggie style, and lying side by side being taken from behind.

Cedric was back again for the last wave of cocks and claimed Tempest again. This time, it was to be riding the poles as the men sat in chairs. This was the same way that Cedric had taken her the night before. He didn't seem to mind that his cock was swimming in the sperm of all of his predecessors. He simply had her impale herself on him and ride him while he feasted on her luscious breasts, repeating the actions of the night before. The only thing that was missing was the clamps.

That night, Kate let the girls sleep together once again. A plane was waiting for her to take her to Europe for a meeting. She hoped to be able to return the next night.

"I can't believe this," said Tempest as the two girls laid together in bed.

"I can't either," agreed Elke. "I've never had so much fun in my life!"

"Elke!" exclaimed Tempest.

"Well, it's true," she countered. "What's not to like about it?"

"We're slaves for god sakes," said Tempest. "We are owned. We are Kate's property. How can you like that?"

"She has been a good mistress so far. I think I'm going to like being her property. I'm aroused all the time. Aren't you?" Elke reached between Tempest's legs and ran a finger along her petals finding them slick with arousal. "Yeah, you are too!"

"Elke!" admonished Tempest again. "Stop acting like a little girl!"

Elke was in a playful mood and she rolled Tempest onto her back and then pounced on her friend, lying on top of her. Her breasts dangled over Tempest's face and she twisted her chest back and forth, letting her heavy breasts slap the other girl's cheeks.

"These don't look like they belong to a little girl," Elke said as she listened to the soft slapping sounds. "I don't know about you, but I'm loving it. I have never had so much great sex in my life."

"You're impossible!" proclaimed Tempest as she tried to wiggle out from under Elke. The blonde was able to hold her down and just kept slapping her cheeks.

"Hey, that guy sure seemed to take a shine to you today," Elke said, referring to Cedric. "Who was he? And was he any good?"

"The pirate king, I suppose," replied Tempest. "He's the guy Kate gave me to last night."

"Well, was he any good?"

"I don't know," a frustrated Tempest responded. "Yeah, I suppose he was okay."

"Well, did you cum?"

Tempest blushed at the question. With the exception of the first fucking the night before, Cedric had made sure that she climaxed each time he fucked her,

including the two times that afternoon. Each of the orgasms had been powerful, leaving her breathless. None of the other four cocks had brought her to climax. "Yeah, I suppose so."

Elke rolled her eyes. "You're the one who's impossible, Tempest. We are living in Pussy Paradise and all you do is worry and whine."

"Can you get off of me?" asked Tempest. "I want to take my plug out now."

At the end of the afternoon class, the instructor had inserted butt plugs into each of them. That had been humiliating but surprisingly had not been painful. They had been told to leave them in until bedtime and then to have someone else take them out. Tempest dreaded tomorrow's class. She was convinced that they would be focusing on anal sex.

"You're supposed to have someone else take it out," Elke reminded her. "Take mine out and then I'll take yours out."

Elke got off of Tempest and kneeled on all fours in the center of the bed. Tempest extracted the plug and then took it to the bathroom, keeping her arm outstretched to keep the offensive thing as far away from herself as possible. Then she knelt on the bed to let Elke remove hers.

The blonde was feeling mischievous though. She gripped the plug and pulled it slowly out until just the tip was inside. Then she pushed it back in quickly until it was once again fully lodged in Tempest's rectum.

"Elke!"

Elke giggled and wrapped an arm under Tempest to hold her in place. Then she started pumping the plug in and out of her friend's butt, watching as the sphincter clung to the plastic as it moved outward. "Ooo, this is fun!" she exclaimed. "You have such a pretty little asshole!"

"Elke!" Tempest protested. "Stop that right now!"

Elke pushed the plug back in and released it. She raised her hand and brought it back down hard, spanking Tempest's bottom loudly.

"Ow!" complained Tempest. She started struggling to try to free herself but Elke held her firmly in place.

"Stop whining!" said Elke and then she spanked her friend again. She leaned down and licked between the impaled little pucker and Tempest's sex, pausing and pulling back a bit to look at the tattoo.

"The serial number looks good on you," she went on. "They did a nice job with it; very decorative."

"Elke, stop that!" Again, a loud spank filled the room. Elke kept pumping the plug in and out and eventually used her other hand to stroke Tempest's clit. It wasn't until Tempest climaxed that she stopped and removed the offending plug.

Tempest wanted to sleep as far away from Elke as she could but the tall blonde had other ideas. She wanted to spoon with Tempest and it wasn't until she threatened to tie her friend up that Tempest reluctantly relented. They slept together with Elke's breasts flattened against Tempest's back and Elke's hand cradling one of the smaller girl's breasts.

## **Chapter 12**

The next day, Tammy was missing from the class. When Tempest asked about her, the instructor replied that the pregnant girl had been shipped to her new home. Tempest was still fuming over being abused by Elke the night before and hearing that one of them had been 'shipped' did nothing to improve her disposition. It was all so inhumane! She just wanted to scream!

But she didn't. She wanted to get off this island as quickly as she could. She would act like she was a good little slave until that time.

Her delusions about escaping were quickly fading away, though. She was starting to resign herself to the fact that her old life was gone forever and that she had started a new life as someone else's property. She didn't like it but that was the new reality. Elke had reminded her of that the night before.

Before Elke had started abusing her, Tempest had tried to engage in a discussion about how they would escape once they returned to Chicago. Elke cut her short and didn't want to even discuss it. She didn't want to hear another word about it. She reminded Tempest of the capsule and said she would rather be owned than dead. Tempest argued that they didn't even know for sure if the capsules even existed. They had searched each other's bodies and could not find any sign of an incision. But Elke was adamant. She would remain as a slave and would be the best slave she could be.

Tempest was beginning to realize that Elke was right. The sooner she accepted her fate, the better off she would be. It was just so hard to give up her freedom. Actually, her freedom had already been taken from her. But it was hard to give up the hope of freedom.

Tempest had been right the night before that anal would be the topic of today's instruction. She was pleasantly surprised, however, when the men did not appear in big-cocked waves like they had on the two previous days. Instead, after practicing with the rubber replicas for about an hour, five women arrived. Each

wore a latex or leather cat suit and each had a strap-on dildo. These were long, but much more slender than the bludgeons that dangled from the men's crotches.

The five remaining girls were violated while kneeling, while standing and while bent over tables or benches. The women were gentle with the naked students and caressed and fondled their feminine charms as they pounded the dildos into their asses. Each girl received an orgasm with each of her anal lovers.

The last exercise was the most difficult and the most humiliating. The dildo women lay on their backs on the floor with their artificial cocks aimed upward. Each girl had to squat over the woman she was assigned to, facing the woman's head. Then the girl was expected to lower herself onto the plastic spear.

Tempest thought she would die of embarrassment as she supported herself over the dildo with her hands and feet. She was spread lewdly and she knew that, once again, her sex was wet with arousal. The woman would have a clear view of her swampy sex gaping open and Tempest was sure she would be viewed as a slut.

It was also embarrassing because she would have to look into the woman's face. With the previous anal penetrations, she had been facing away and did not have to endure the shame of being watched. Now, the woman would be able to see all of her facial expressions and she would see the woman watching her.

Finally, it was humiliating because she would be impaling herself. With all of the other impalements, the other woman would control everything. Now, she would be controlling the speed and depth of the penetration. It was almost as if she was being forced into endorsing the obscene activity by voluntarily sinking the fake cock into her bowels.

Her ass was already well lubricated from the previous fucks so that was not a problem. She lifted her head and sized up the dildo she was expected to ride. After each fuck, the women had changed dildos, donning progressively thicker ones each time. This one looked like it might be beyond what she could accept. She trembled slightly and then closed her eyes, trying to steel herself for the ordeal.

"What are you waiting for, Tempest?" chided the instructor. "I said begin."

"Yes, Mistress," chirped Tempest. Her cheeks blossomed with a fresh blush.

She slowly lowered herself. She felt the dildo bump against her bottom cheek and then felt the woman adjust it and position it so that, as she lowered herself further, it came into contact with her little pucker. She took a deep breath.

"You can do it, sweetie," said the woman below her. She felt fingers gliding over her slick petals as the woman encouraged her. "You're almost there."

Tempest lowered herself a little more and felt the thick tool pressing harder against her sphincter, trying to gain access. She lowered further and felt the dildo pushing harder, stretching her. She felt pain shooting through her body as the tight little hole was opened more and more. Finally, she cried out as the pain became too intense but it was at that moment that the monster broke through. She took another deep breath and then panted as she tried to adjust to the huge thing that was stretching her.

"Good girl," encouraged the woman with the dildo. She was slowly sliding two fingers into Tempest's overheated sex and occasionally brushing her thumb over the girl's clit. "Now let yourself down slowly."

"Oh god," muttered Tempest as she heard the words. She wasn't sure that the whole thing would fit. But she did continue to sink down on the shaft slowly, feeling it slice into her body. The stretching was over, thankfully. She was already past the thickest part. Now it was just a matter of letting the length of it invade her body.

The woman slipped a third finger into Tempest. Tempest blushed again as she felt her own juices running down from her sex, wetting her bottom. The woman twisted her hand back and forth, rotating her fingers inside the slavegirl. "Halfway there, precious girl. Keep going. You can do it."

"Half way?" thought Tempest. She felt packed full already. She wasn't sure she could do it. The woman helped her by curling her fingers inside of Tempest and pulling the girl downward as her other hand reached up and pushed down on her shoulder. Tempest groaned as she felt it move deeper into her but her arms were already feeling weak from supporting herself for so long. The woman did not move fast but she moved steadily. Tempest felt the log slowly but surely push deeper into her bowels until she was fully impaled. Once again, she started panting.

"Good girl," the woman said again. She pulled her fingers out of Tempest and used them to paint her juices onto her nipples. "Such a pretty kitty. When you are ready, you may begin moving again."

Tempest remained motionless and just panted. She looked down at the woman in disbelief of the situation. A week ago, she never would have done this. She wouldn't have believed it if someone told her that things like this happened. Here she was atop another woman with a huge dildo lodged in her bottom as the woman toyed with her sex and then rubbed her juices into her nipples. The woman stopped toying with the sensitive buds and lifted her fingers to Tempest's lips. Tempest didn't want to clean them but she knew what was expected of her and she

obediently opened her mouth, letting the fingers push their way in. Then she used her tongue to bathe them and clean them.

After a minute, the woman prompted her again. "You should begin now, girl."

"Yes, Mistress," Tempest replied meekly. She adjusted her legs, tucking them beneath her so she was kneeling. Then she started her slow up and down motion, feeling every inch of progress that the dildo made deep inside her body.

"Lean forward, pet," said the woman. Tempest tilted her body forward and the dildo shifted inside of her, causing her belly to cramp. "Forward a little more."

Tempest groaned as the pain intensified even more as she leaned forward further. The woman tilted her head up and then propped her upper body up, resting on her elbows. She started licking the generous breasts that were dangling in front of her face as Tempest tried to adjust to the invader in her bowels.

The woman sucked the left nipple into her mouth and chewed on it, sending more pain through the captive girl's body but also sending erotic thrills through her. She shifted her head to capture the other nipple and more pain and pleasure coursed through her body. The woman seemed infatuated with the perfect breasts that she was feasting on. She would suckle the nipples and then draw as much breast flesh as she could into her mouth. Tempest could feel teeth raking along her breast as she withdrew from the hungry mouth until the teeth clamped down on the nipple, nipping at it.

"Lean back now, little one," the woman said. Tempest straightened up again. The whole time, she had been moving her hips, letting the dildo slide in and out of her, feeling the cramping each time it got deep. Now the cramping had stopped.

"Lean back, child," the woman repeated. Tempest leaned back further using her hands to prop herself up. "Good girl."

Her torso was now at a forty five degree angle, exposing her sex to the woman again. Again, the woman slipped fingers into her and again Tempest blushed as she realized how wet she was. Still, she kept her hips moving, fucking herself on the huge plastic cock.

The woman finally decided that it was time to give Tempest pleasure. The fingers started to toy with the slippery, distended clit, rolling it back and forth and pinching it and tugging on it. Tempest felt pain and pleasure mixing in her body again but at least the cramping had gone. The pleasure started to build and overshadow the pain and Tempest started panting again. Little soft moans escaped from her lips as the woman kept playing with the sensitive clit.

Finally, Tempest shuddered and groaned as her orgasm struck. The woman pinched the tender clit again, sending fresh pain through the girl's body and driving the orgasm higher. She shrieked as her climax hit another peak and then groaned. She started to come down from her climax but the woman pinched her clit again, this time using her fingernails. Tempest shrieked again but her orgasm went soaring again. She felt like her heart would pound itself right out of her chest as her body became a swirling hot mixture of pain and pleasure. And then, everything went black. She had fainted.

### **Chapter 13**

"Tempest, dear," said Kate. She was seated on the sofa in her suite and Tempest was kneeling before her. Once again, she held the younger woman's breasts in her hand. Tempest was starting to think of this as the normal 'at home' positions for the two of them. "Tell me what you are thinking."

Tempest thought for a moment back to the instructions that Kate had given her. She was given a choice between two possible responses unless asked a question that implied that a different kind of response was required. But she had not been asked a question just now. So she selected one of her two possible choices.

"Yes, please."

Kate furrowed her brow, confused for a moment. And then she realized what Tempest was doing. She squeezed the two breasts in her hands, lovingly. "The rules are off for now, love. You may speak freely with no repercussions. Tell me what you are thinking."

Tempest thought for a moment again before speaking. Finally, she did respond. "I think that you are horrible and insensitive and inhumane. I think that you should be locked away in prison for the rest of your life. What happened to me and my friends was unfair. And while you say that you had nothing to do with it, you are part of the group that did it to us. I hate you."

Kate nodded as she listened. She tried to think of what to say next but Tempest started up again before she could say anything.

"I am your property. I know that. I will not try to escape. I do not want to die. I will be the best slavegirl that I can be. I will try to make you very proud of owning me."

Kate felt her pulse slowing back down. After the first part of the speech, she had been concerned that she would either have to sell the girl or resort to drugs to

soften her. Both of those options repulsed her. She decided to test the girl a bit, though, before believing her.

"That's quite a conflicting set of messages that you just sent to me. You hate me. But you want to make me proud of owning you. That doesn't sound like the piranha that I know." Tempest had earned the nickname of piranha during her internship with the firm three years earlier. She was working on a case with a partner and a senior associate. What the partner was doing was not only unethical, it was blatantly illegal. She talked to the associate but he refused to act. So she acted. She could not allow an injustice to take place with her knowledge. The partner went to jail. The associate was forced out of the firm. Tempest was sure that she had burned a bridge and possibly ruined her career. Instead, she was given a job offer before the summer even ended. When she finished her degree, she would come back as a junior associate. It seemed that ethics were valued in the firm.

For the last week before she left for school, her nickname gained momentum. It started with a casual comment in the lunch room from one of the interns. "Wow, you're a real piranha. You had that guy for lunch!" Someone else heard the comment and used it. After that, it became widespread and became attached to her. Tempest was the piranha. She made lunch out of other attorneys who stood in her way.

"Kate, I was never a piranha. He was slime and he was offensive to my principles and the principles of the profession I wanted to join. But as to my comments, they are very much from me. I do plan to be the best slave I can be. It's not something that I chose. It's not something that I aspired to. But it's what I am now. Elke helped me realize that."

Once again, Kate was happy that she had purchased the beautiful Elke. She was right in her earlier assessment of the girl as someone who would help tame Tempest. She rubbed her thumbs along the lush outer swells of the girl's breasts.

"We will be going home tomorrow, pet," said Kate. "I hope that I'm making the right decision."

"I don't know if you are making the right decision, Mistress," said Tempest, switching away from Kate's name to her title purposefully. "But I do know that I will try as best I can to make you proud."

## **Chapter 14**

The girls attended the morning class which Tempest had grown to hate because of the monotony of the drills that they engaged in as they were taught the

proper ways to serve and kneel and pose. This time, the French girl was missing so now they were down to four.

Tempest asked about the former mistress and was shocked at the response. The organization had kidnapped four more girls the day before and they were being 'processed.' The French mistress was also being processed for the auction that was to be held later today. Tempest shuddered as she thought back to the terrifying ordeal that they had gone through days earlier when they were being prepared for sale.

Elke and Tempest were sent back to their room immediately after lunch since they were leaving the island. Those plans changed, however, once they found their mistress.

"Change of plans, girls," Kate said. "We're delaying a day." She was obviously agitated about something. She was pacing the floor and muttering to herself.

"Is everything okay, Mistress?" asked Tempest.

Kate kept pacing as if she did not hear the question and kept muttering. Tempest caught an occasional word or phrase. "Asshole." "Jerk." "There ought to be a rule." "Fool." Tempest decided to remain silent.

Finally, Kate settled down enough to sit. Both girls scurried to her and knelt. "Can we do something to help, Mistress?" asked Elke.

Kate smiled and reached out, ruffling Elke's hair and then stroking Tempest's cheek. "I'm just a little upset," she said. "Maybe you can relax me after the auction. Would you like to come and watch?"

Tempest gasped. The last thing in the world that she wanted to watch was girls being sold into slavery. She did not respond fast enough, though.

"Oh, yes Mistress!" exclaimed Elke. "We'd love to!"

"Um... er... um..." mumbled Tempest.

"Good," smiled Kate as she arose. "Let's go. It starts in ten minutes."

"Um... er... um..." repeated Tempest but she was completely ignored as Kate gathered her things and headed out the door. Elke eagerly followed her mistress and Tempest reluctantly tagged along.

During the walk to the main building, they learned why their mistress was so upset. She had just learned that the French mistress' husband had sabotaged her. He had emptied the bank account and bought a new sports car with some of the money. While she was being trained to be a slave, he had been driving around

Europe. Now, he was here to buy a slave of his own and it wasn't going to be his wife. He was going to let someone else purchase her.

Kate arranged for two mats to be delivered to her table and the two girls knelt at her feet. She idly fondled their breasts as she waited for the auction to begin. Finally, the room lights dimmed and the floodlights came on.

The French mistress was the first one brought onto the stage. She had a stunned look on her face and it was obvious that she never thought it would come to this. She was fastened to the same pole that had held Tempest less than a week earlier.

"You will find lot number one listed as 0915CF in your program," the announcer said. This time, the auctioneer was female and Tempest recognized her as the woman who had worn the dildo and taken her anally. "She came into our possession less than a week ago."

Kate handed each of her girls a program so they could follow along. Tempest took it but did not want to open it. Elke quickly opened hers and began reading. Finally, curiosity got the better of her and Tempest opened hers. The program showed a picture of each of the girls that was being sold along with statistics. Tempest wondered when the pictures were taken because she did not remember posing for any pictures leading up to her own sale. Then she realized that these were candid shots that were probably taken before the kidnapping as the pirates stalked their prey. She wondered how long she had been stalked before being captured.

The program provided a fair amount of information about each girl but it did not include a name. Included were nationality, date of birth, height and weight, and typical measurements such as bust, waist and hips. It showed hair color and natural hair color. Each listing had a 'term of enslavement' and each term was described as 'permanent.' Each listing also had an entry for 'limits' and that entry was filled out as 'none' for each of the girls.

Tempest glanced up at Kate and saw her glaring across the room. She looked in that direction and saw a man smiling smugly, seated two tables away. That was probably this poor woman's husband. What a cruel thing to do! Why couldn't he just have divorced her?

"This tight little package was formerly a slave owner herself," the auctioneer said. "So she might present some training challenges. But for the master or mistress who is able to successfully tame her, she offers an abundance of delights. Look at these perky, compact breasts." The announcer was bouncing the breast closest to her and Tempest watched it jiggle.

"The nipples on this girl are perfect for rings." The auctioneer was twisting the little buds back and forth and then released them, flicking each one with her finger. Tempest was amazed at how erect and prominent they were.

The auctioneer reached for the horrid cane and swung it directly across the girl's breasts, striking across both nipples. Tempest grimaced as she saw the tender mounds dent inward with the impact and saw the girl's eyes close as she tried to adjust to the pain.

"Nice markings as you can see. She also blushes beautifully. We have had her in training for several days so I have been able to observe her. She has been very compliant with the program but blushes deliciously at new experiences. You should have seen her on anal day."

The announcer probed a finger into the girl's sex and held her finger up for everyone to see it glistening. "This one is quite responsive. We think she will make someone a fine pet."

"Now, what am I bid for the girl?"

The price jumped immediately to 250,000 pounds. Tempest glanced around the room and saw a flurry of hands signaling bids. She saw the husband leaning back in his chair with his arms crossed and that smug smile still on his face. What a rat! The man turned and saw her looking at him and waved. She turned her head back to the stage.

The price had reached 300,000 pounds. The girl looked terrified as she witnessed the process of her body being sold. It was only days ago that she had been one of the bidders instead of the merchandise.

The bidding finally slowed down and the mistress was sold for 380,000. Kate was quite pleased with the outcome. Even after the organization took their cut, she was still ahead.

The organization only took a small transaction fee for private sales like this. They wanted owners to sell their girls here to drive more traffic into each sale. The more buyers there were, the higher the prices would be. They would make their money on the sales of the girls they procured.

So, after the 10,000 pound transaction fee, Kate netted 370,000 pounds. She had only paid 300,000 for the mistress and Elke combined so she essentially got Elke for free and made 70,000 pounds on the little Frenchie. Not a bad deal at all. She loved being a slaver!

There was a break as the former mistress was detached from the pole and taken away. It would be several more minutes before the next girl was brought in.

"Your girls are quite beautiful," Tempest heard a French accent. She looked up and saw the husband smiling at Kate. "As is their owner."

"Thank you," replied Kate. "I noticed that you were not bidding on that last girl."

"It is true," he said. "She is not my type. And she would be more hassles than she is worth. I have my eyes set on lot number three. Unless, of course, you would care to part with one of your girls. They are both very much to my liking."

"Unfortunately, they are not for sale," responded Kate.

"Pity," said the Frenchman. "I was prepared to offer a million for either one.... pounds that is."

Tempest sucked in her breath at that. Elke gasped. They both knew that Kate had purchased them for much less than that. And they both knew that Kate was extremely profit motivated.

"They are not for sale," Kate said again. It had taken every bit of strength, however, to decline the offer. She could have sold either girl for more than she had paid for all three.

Maybe she should start trading in slavegirls. She could buy them and keep them in inventory. They could be trained while she held them and then she could sell them when the conditions were right. She had invested 900,000 pounds for three girls. If she accepted the Frenchman's offer, she could walk out of here with 1,370,000 and still have ownership of one girl which would still be a very valuable asset. Plus, she had come here with the intent of only buying Tempest. She should be able to view Elke as expendable.

"The next one is coming up," said the husband. "I will check back with you again before lot number three is brought out." The man returned to his seat.

"Oh, god, I'm so horny!" hissed Kate. "Elke, get under the table and take care of me." The excitement of an auction always aroused her. Even when she was just watching in over the internet, she would get very wet and frequently masturbated as she watched. But tonight was almost pushing her over the edge. The erotic thrill of buying and selling flesh was more than she could handle. Elke dutifully crawled under the table and used her tongue to try to calm down her mistress.

The second girl looked familiar to Tempest but she did not know why. She had not recognized her from the picture but she did once she saw her in person. She glanced back at the picture and looked at the background. Then it hit her. This was another girl from the cruise she had been on. Had she been taken at the same

time or did the pirates raid the ship a second time? She had no idea that cruises were so dangerous.

The second girl sold for 250,000 pounds and Kate climaxed as the auctioneer declared the girl sold. The Frenchman returned. "Have you thought any more about my offer?"

"I'm afraid they are still not for sale."

"Even for a million and a half?" he asked.

Kate wavered for a moment which frightened Tempest. But again, Kate declined the offer. It was hard again, though. That would have made for a pretty profit. She did decide to pursue her earlier idea and start buying girls for her inventory, though.

"Tempest," she hissed. "Under the table! I need it again!" Tempest obediently crawled between her legs and found her sex dripping with arousal.

Tempest missed lot number three entirely. Once again, Kate climaxed just as the gavel went down and the auctioneer declared the sale to be final. She crawled out from under the table just in time to see a shock of red hair disappearing through the door at the back of the stage.

She recognized lot number four as someone from the cruise liner. Lot number five was a stranger but she assumed that the girl had also been kidnapped from the cruise ship. After all sales had been completed, the Frenchman strolled over to the table again.

"Did you win number three?" asked Kate.

"Alor," he replied, shrugging his shoulders and holding his palms upward. "Mais non. I did not even bid. I found something else that I want to acquire."

Kate understood what he meant and looked back at him. "At the risk of repeating myself, they are not for sale."

He shrugged again. "More is the pity for me. I will take my leave now. Enjoy your girls."

Kate left her girls at the table and instructed them not to leave for any reason or with anyone. She would be back shortly. Then she went in search of the head of the branch office.

"You made a nice profit tonight," he said when he saw her.

"Yes, it was a very profitable night for me," she replied. "Cedric, I need a favor."

"That's what I'm here for," he smiled. "Hospitality is my middle name."

Kate went on to describe the interactions with the French mistress' husband and how he had offered so much money for her girls. He replied that she should have sold them. "You could buy a dozen girls with that much."

"These are my girls," she responded. "I'm keeping them."

Then, she told him, word for word, what the man had said after the auction ended. "Cedric, I need protection tonight. If he comes near me or any of my girls, feed him to the fishies."

"It is done," he replied and bowed gallantly. In his mind, they might all be outlaws but they had honor.

"As a way of trying to repay you," she added, "you may have one of my girls for tonight. Take whichever one you find pleasing."

"That is very generous of you, Kate," he smiled again. "I certainly think that your blonde is beautiful and she is energetic and adventurous from what I have seen. But it is your black haired one that pleases me."

"Would you like me to have Tempest delivered to you or do you want to take her with you now?"

"I think I will take her now," he said. "I might have to cage her for a bit while I close up the transactions from tonight. But she is always delightful company."

"Enjoy her," said Kate as she walked away.

"I assure you that I will," he laughed.

## **Chapter 15**

"What is it with these damned poles?" wondered Tempest to herself. She was back at the settlement desk as Cedric was overseeing the completion of the night's transactions. She was cuffed once again with her wrists behind her back and attached to a pole that was off to the side of the work area.

Kate had returned to the table and announced that Cedric had requested Tempest for the night and that she had graciously agreed in order to thank their host. Tempest groaned as she thought once again about her lack of contraception and the cock that would never surrender. Kate delivered Tempest to the settlement room and then led Elke off.

Tempest had no idea how she felt at this point. She preferred men, so in a way it was better that she was with Cedric than Kate and Elke. It had been difficult earlier to tongue Kate to orgasm despite her afternoon of training earlier in the

week. But she was used to choosing the male she was with. She was not accustomed to being given away.

People walked in and out of the room and many of them stopped to fondle the raven-haired beauty. She felt like she was being systematically groped and fondled as each person seemed to focus on a different part of her body.

The auctioneer stopped and actually talked to her instead of squeezing or probing body parts. That was a refreshing change. "I wish I had you on the block tonight, sweetie," she said. "We didn't make much money at that sale. I could have set a new record with you."

"Thank you, Mistress," was all that Tempest said. She had no idea how to respond otherwise. She assumed that the woman meant her comment to be a compliment but it was an odd one.

"In a way, I hope to see you again," the woman said. "And in a way, I hope I don't. If I don't see you, it means you are pleasing your mistress. I always like happy endings like that. But I would love to have the chance to sell you. I really think we could take a run at the record together."

Tempest smiled at the pretty pirate woman. She wondered how people became involved in this life. The woman standing before her was about Kate's age, maybe a little younger. She had her sandy blonde hair pulled back into a tight bun tonight, giving her a cold, harsh look. The day that the woman had fucked her anally, though, the long hair had flowed freely, giving her a much softer look. Tempest preferred the softer look on her.

The pirate lady leaned forward and kissed the bound girl. Tempest was shocked at the surge of arousal that rushed through her body. It was so unlike her! What a difference a week makes! Was her reaction because of the things she had been introduced to this week? Surely it couldn't be because she was kept naked all the time and bound much of it. She finally convinced herself that it must have something to do with the fact that the woman had just shown her tenderness after so cruelly selling five formerly free humans into slavery. The pirate woman finally patted Tempest's cheek and then left.

Things were wrapping up at the settlement desk. The frumpy secretary had just finished with the last girl who was being led away to the holding room and was straightening her desk. Cedric walked over to Tempest and released the cuffs from the pole.

"May I have a moment with her before you lead her off, Ricky?" asked the secretary.

"Sure, Betty," replied Cedric. "Bring her to my office when you are finished." Then he left the room.

Betty walked over to Tempest and looked her up and down before raising her hands and gliding her palms over the girl's shoulders and down her arms. "I was afraid I wouldn't see you again. I heard that you were leaving today."

Tempest was concerned. Why would the woman care one way or the other whether she saw her again? "Yes, Mistress, we were supposed to leave today. It got delayed."

"That's my good fortune, then." Betty moved her hands to the luscious breasts and lifted them before leaning down to kiss each of the firm mounds. "You have no idea how many inquiries and offers we've had about you. Your mistress must value you a great deal to pass up that kind of money."

"Oh?" was all that Tempest could think to say.

"Yes, it's true; some really outrageous prices. We have only received offers with higher prices on one other person. But this person was a mistress and part of the organization. She was not for sale. But you could be." Betty leaned down again and kissed each nipple, letting her tongue circle the stiffening bud.

"You never told me how you got such a beautiful name," said Betty.

"No, Mistress," replied Tempest. "I was unable to speak the last time you asked."

"You can speak now."

"My mother said that I was a very active baby when I was in her womb. She said it was like carrying a violent storm in her belly. So she named me Tempest."

"That's a beautiful story for such a beautiful name." Betty reached down and started stroking Tempest's sex which Tempest realized was already quite wet. Once again, she wanted to curse at her body for betraying her so badly. "And a beautiful name for such a beautiful girl."

The woman kept her fingers active between Tempest's thighs, alternating her lips between kissing the captive girl and suckling on the delicious nipples. Once again, Tempest was amazed at these people. They just took whatever they wanted. And it was obvious to Tempest that this woman wanted her.

Tempest was utterly defenseless against the attack on her body. The woman's skilled fingers and active lips and tongue moved the girl closer and closer to her orgasm until, finally, she was pushed over the edge. The woman had to wrap her arm around the bound girl's waist to support her as her knees weakened. But still

she continued to move her fingers, coaxing every bit of orgasm out of her as her lips pressed tightly to Tempest's.

"That was very nice," said Betty, once she had turned Tempest into a sweaty, limp rag doll. "I just had to enjoy you once before you left. You are divine."

"Thank you, Mistress," blushed Tempest, unable to think of anything else to say.

She was delivered to Cedric who was just finishing his paperwork for the night. He kept her cuffs on and then led her to his bungalow. She knelt while he fed her some wine and fondled her naked body.

"I'm going to miss my little bird," he said. "You and your friends have brightened this place."

"Thank you, Master," she replied. She was puzzled about this place. Almost all of the people here were very nice and yet what they did for a living was the cruelest thing imaginable. They were such contradictions. "Master, may I ask a question?"

Cedric laughed. "Yes, Kate warned me that you were full of questions. Yes, you may ask a question. But you do it riding me. You may undress me first." He removed her cuffs to allow her to perform her assigned task.

Tempest blushed at his response but she immediately reached forward and tugged off his boots before reaching up to unfasten his pants. "Master why do you..."

"Uh, uh, uh," he said, waving a finger at her. "No questions until you are on me."

Tempest's blush deepened at being corrected and at being reminded that she would have to impale herself on his huge cock. "Yes, Master. Sorry." She slid his pants down his legs, releasing the black cock which was already erect and waving at her. She stood up and unbuttoned his shirt, sliding it down his arms and leaving him naked.

Cedric patted his lap. Tempest dutifully straddled his legs and reached down, grasping the thick cock and lowering herself, guiding it to her sex which was still wet from all of the fondling. She felt herself stretch around the pole and she felt its progress through her belly until it was almost all inside of her. Then she started to raise herself.

"All the way, little bird," he said.

She groaned. He was just too big! Reluctantly, she lowered herself all the way, gasping as she reached the bottom and she felt the head press against her cervix.

"Good girl," he smiled. "You may begin now. And you may ask your questions."

"Thank you, Master," she said. She raised herself until just the tip was lodged between her petals and then lowered herself again, beginning her up and down motion.

"Why do you do what you do?"

"What do you mean?" He put on a puzzled face even though he knew what she meant. But he wanted to hear how she worded it.

"I mean you and the other pirates. Why do you kidnap girls?"

"Oh that," he replied. "For the money of course. It is a very profitable business. Take you for example. We made a million dollars on you and we only held you for less than twenty four hours."

Tempest gasped. "A million dollars? Is that what 600,000 pounds is worth?"

"Yes, roughly a million." He reached up and grasped her breasts, squeezing them. "Kate got a bargain, though, even at that price. I can already tell that my little bird is worth much more."

He used her breasts as handles and guided her movements, picking up her tempo slightly.

"But we don't think of ourselves as pirates. We are not looking for ransom money. And we are only looking for a particular type of booty. We consider ourselves to be slavers."

Tempest nodded at his words and gasped again as the cock crashed into her cervix another time, sending dull cramps through her belly.

"Why us?" she asked. "Why did you pick me and my friends?"

He leaned forward and sucked a nipple into his mouth, gnawing on it lightly, before letting it pop free and answering.

"You only have to look into the mirror to find the answer to that one," he said. "All of you are beautiful. The six of you were the choicest collection that we have ever offered at one time."

"When did you select us?"

"Before you even boarded the ship," he said. Then he paused to suck on the other nipple. "You were spotted in the boarding lounge and photographed. As soon as I saw the pictures, I gave the go ahead and you were marked for taking. After that, it was just a matter of waiting for the right moment to take you off the ship."

"How did you get us off the ship?" She never had figured that one out.

"That one will require a change of position," he declared. He used her breasts to lift her off of him. Then he reached to the table and brought back a tube of lubricant, spreading it over his cock. He lowered her but shifted her position so that his cock rested against her little pucker.

Tempest gasped again. "Oh, Master. I don't think I can do that. It's too big!"

Cedric laughed. "Nonsense. It's not even as large as the one that Jane used on you." Again, he used her breasts as handles, pulling her downward. She groaned as she felt the bulb spreading her painfully and then mewled as it popped through. With one long stroke, he slowly entered her, pulling her downward until it was fully embedded in her bowels. She groaned again as her bottom was stretched around the shaft, feeling filled completely.

"Now, to your question, how we got you off the ship. That was easy. We drugged you and we crated you and took you to the deck. The next morning, a helicopter delivered supplies and picked up six crates of repair parts for refurbishing. And the six crates were delivered here to us. You are a delightful little repair part, by the way." He reached up and pinched both nipples, causing Tempest to suck in her breath.

"And I truly am enjoying refurbishing you," he added.

He started toying with her clit, sending thrills of arousal through her body. She climaxed and then he started her moving up and down again. She climaxed again and yet again before he finally released his seed into her bowels.

## **Chapter 16**

"You had a visitor last night," Cedric told Kate the next morning when he delivered Tempest back to her.

"Oh?" replied Kate. "Tell me about it."

"I had a man watching your place," Cedric went on. "But we were first alerted that he was getting ready to act when his pilot filed a flight plan for a four AM departure. My men woke me at three."

Tempest had no idea what they were talking about. If anyone had awoken Cedric, she was unaware. She did not hear any telephones or alarms going off. And she had spent the entire night in Cedric's arms. Or at least she thought she had.

"We waited until he entered your apartment before we took him."

"Oh?" Kate said again. "I didn't hear anything."

"We tried to be quiet," he responded. "It looks like we were successful. It also looks like he was after all three of you. He had chloroform and three gags and three sets of cuffs."

"Did you feed him to the fishies?" asked Kate.

Cedric shrugged his shoulders. "Alas, no. I could not resist the temptation for a little profit." He dumped a stack of hundred dollar bills on the table.

"I sold him," he went on. "We only got twenty thousand dollars for him. That's your share. But you don't have to worry about him bothering you again. He doesn't have what it takes now."

Cedric reached into the box that he had brought with him and pulled out a large jar. There, floating in the formaldehyde, was a cock with the scrotum attached and filled with two balls. "The good doctor was kind enough to relieve the gentleman of these. I thought they would be a nice present for his wife."

Tempest thought she would be sick. Elke fainted. Kate just grinned. "Who bought him?"

"A friend of mine owns an emerald mine in Colombia. He is always looking for cheap labor. And I suspect our friend will be entertaining many of the miners when he is not chipping away at the gems underground."

"Thank you for doing that, Cedric. I will feel much better about the safety of my girls now."

"It was my pleasure. The man was scum. And feeding him to the fish would have been too kind to him."

"The jet is ready whenever you are," Cedric continued. "Be sure to bring the girls an hour early. We will need that much time to process them."

Tempest felt a chill snake down her spine at these words. The last time she had been processed, she had been shaved, tattooed and sold. She was not looking forward to whatever they were going to do to her this time.

"Cedric, would you mind taking them now? I'll just finish packing and come over as soon as I can."

"Sure thing," smiled the big black man. "I'd be happy to."

Once again, the two girls found themselves back in the room with the big wooden frames. They were bound to the four corners of two of the frames and stretched tightly. Two women attended each girl. They started with the hose and bucket and scrub brush and thoroughly cleaned each girl. Then they dried them and combed out their hair. Their mounds were once again shaved, leaving them baby smooth. They did not resist the shaving this time. Then, the frames were tilted so that they were horizontal and staring at the ceiling.

"Oh, please no!" cried Tempest as she saw one of the women approaching her with the dreaded metal gag. "You don't need that now."

"Hush, dearie," said the woman. "It's standard procedure. We ship all of our girls this way. Now, open up for me."

Tempest thought about resisting but she knew it would be useless. They always won. She was always so defenseless. The woman slipped the device into Tempest's mouth and tightened the braces over the molars. Then the bar over the tongue was added and the tongue was clamped. Finally, the wrench was inserted and the jaw closed tightly, only to open again when Kate chose to some time later.

A new indignity was introduced next. One of the women rolled a stand over to Tempest as an identical one was placed next to Elke. Tempest's eyes flew open wide as she recognized the enema bag hanging from the stand. She struggled as the woman stepped between her legs and crouched down. She pried the girl's bottom cheeks apart and then placed the nozzle at the little pucker. Tempest howled through her gag as Elke did the same. But it did nothing to slow the attackers down. Quickly, two enema tubes were inserted and warm soapy water was flowing into their bodies.

It took about five minutes to empty the bags and the women left the tubes in to let the water do its work. A pan was rolled under each girl and then the plugs at the end of the tubes were withdrawn. Tempest did not want to expel. That would be humiliating to do in front of an audience. But her belly started to cramp and her body made up her mind for her. She noisily expelled the liquids into the waiting pan. The pan was quickly rolled away.

A fresh bag was hung from the stand and Tempest started struggling and howling again. But once again, the woman slid the plug and started the flow of soapy water. There was more cramping this time because this bag contained more water. This time, Tempest did not hesitate to get rid of the fluids in her bowels when a fresh pan was rolled beneath her.

A third bag was hung and Tempest groaned as she saw the size of it. It looked enormous! The plug was put in place and the water flowed. Tempest was in agony after only five minutes and it looked like only half of the water was gone. By the time three quarters of the bottle had been emptied, she was getting desperate. She lifted her head and looked across her naked body, groaning as she saw her distended belly. She looked pregnant!

The pan was rolled back but the plug was left in for a bit longer. Finally, it was removed and Tempest shot the offensive liquid out of her aching body.

"We won't need a fourth one," the woman declared. "We're all clear here."

"Clear here too," pronounced the woman attending Elke.

By then, Kate had shown up and Tempest groaned, wondering how much of that gross display she had witnessed. She and Cedric were standing between the two frames.

"I will miss that little bird," Cedric told Kate.

"Yes, I have sensed that you are fond of her. Don't worry. You know I'll be back and I'll bring the little birds with me. Maybe you would like to sample the blonde one next time."

Cedric walked to Elke and ran his palm over one of her full breasts, rolling it around and toying with it. "Yes, the blonde bird is beautiful. I would like to sample her some time."

Then he walked the few steps to Tempest and played with one of her breasts. "But it's the black bird that I favor."

"You may enjoy whichever you prefer or both. Having the two of them in bed with you is delightful. By the way, I stopped in to see your other guest. He looks like he is recovering nicely. When do you ship him?"

"Doc wants to keep him another week to make sure there aren't any complications. And then he begins his life as a miner."

"How delightful," smiled Kate.

Yet another indignity was forced on the girls. A nurse was brought in. She carried a thin plastic tube and a plastic bag. The bag was taped to one of Tempest's thighs and then the nurse stepped between Tempest's legs.

"Oh god," thought Tempest as she realized what was about to happen. She tried to protest at this point but only garbled mumbling escaped from her lips.

The nurse held the tubing to Tempest's sex and used her fingers to hold it open. She found the urethra and inserted it. She slowly fed the catheter into

Tempest's body and Tempest felt every uncomfortable inch of its progress. Finally, the thing stopped and the nurse taped the tube to Tempest's body in several places. Then she repeated the actions with Elke who protested loudly in garbled mumbling.

"This won't hurt a bit, sweetie," said the nurse to Tempest after she had finished securing Elke's catheter. "It will help you sleep. And when you wake up, you'll be in your new home. The nurse smiled at the bound slavegirl as if she thought the slave would obviously like her new home and be happy.

Tempest saw the syringe in the nurse's hand and immediately tensed. She did not want to be drugged again! Why couldn't she just travel normally?

The needle was stuck in her thigh and the nurse pushed on the plunger. Then she went to Elke. Within a minute, both girls were sound asleep.

Now it was time to don the latex gloves. It was important that no fingerprints be left on any of the apparatus that was to be installed. They even swabbed around the girls' mouths and over each of the breasts that Cedric had played with even though they didn't think that fingerprints could be lifted off of flesh. As a slaver, it was always better to be safe than sorry.

First, they installed the clamshell. This looked like an astronaut helmet or a deep sea diving helmet although it was made of clear plastic. It was called the clamshell because it was made in two pieces that were connected by a hinge on the top. The bottom piece was placed beneath each girl's back and then the top piece was lowered. The back was wide and spread across a girl's shoulder blades while the front had a narrow tongue that was designed to extend down a girl's chest between her breasts.

The device was not airtight. Indeed, it was meant to be just the opposite. Hundreds of holes punctured the bubble that each girl's head was encased in.

"Awww," said Kate. "My girls look like little pink Martians."

Cedric laughed. "We introduced these about a year ago. We lost a girl in shipment when her face became wedged in a corner as a result of turbulence. She suffocated. These Martian helmets will prevent the airways from becoming obstructed. We are only protecting your assets."

"I know it's necessary. And I know they have to be stowed. I just wish I could enjoy them during the trip."

"It's for your safety and theirs," replied Cedric.

Once the girls were encased in their clamshells, the frame was rotated again until they were horizontal and facing down. A stretcher was wheeled beneath each

of them and then the bindings were slowly loosened, which resulted in them descending down to the awaiting stretcher. Once they were supported by the stretcher, the bindings were removed entirely.

New cuffs that had been sanitized of fingerprints were wrapped around ankles and wrists. Wrist cuffs were attached together as were the ankle cuffs. Then, the knees were bent and an adjustable strap was run from the wrists to the ankles. A tape measure was brought out and the distance from head to knee was measured. Each girl needed to fit into a compartment that was only three and a half feet long.

Tempest was close to fitting and a few moves of the ratchet tightened the strap to make her body the right size. Elke was taller and the ratchet had to be cranked quite a few times before she would fit. Kate winced as she saw the extreme bow to her blonde slave's back and hoped that she would be able to straighten out again.

Finally, a harness was attached, linking to each of the cuffs. It consisted of a ring with four straps that led to each of the cuffs. The ring would be used to lift the girls and place them on the plane.

The stretchers were wheeled out of the building and onto the tarmac to the waiting airplane. A small crane lifted each girl and then reached into the plane to deposit her on the floor. Men inside lifted the girls and placed them in the proper compartments.

The plane had been modified for the specific purpose of transporting slavegirls. Six compartments had been created in the redesign. Each one could accommodate one slavegirl in a tight space. And each one would be closed and disguised as something recognizable on most private jets. Elke and Tempest were placed in two compartments in the main cabin. Each formed the seat of a couch. And if the authorities ever lifted the cushions from the couch, they would find a solid molded plastic base and would assume that it was merely a piece of furniture.

"It's going to take days to extract them once I get home," lamented Kate.

"Actually, it goes pretty quickly. The pilots will help you get them out of their boxes," said Cedric. "You can get the rest off pretty fast."

The last thing to be applied was the lead weights. Large metal rings were clamped around their ankles, wrists and upper arms. These represented a contingency plan for the slavers. Hiding the girls in the compartments and sedating them should get them through customs. But if the organization got wind of the authorities waiting for the plane to land to inspect it, the weights would come in handy.

The plane had been modified in another way. There was a door at the bottom of each of the compartments. If authorities were warned that slaves were being trafficked, all the pilot had to do was find water and hit a switch. The girls would drop out, plummeting downward and sinking and drowning in the water. It would keep the slavers safe and the organization out of the spotlight.

"Cedric, I have another favor to ask," said Kate.

"Name it," said the black Pirate King.

"Fuck me! I get so horny when I transport slaves."

## **Chapter 17**

Tempest knew that she was rationalizing. She always had a habit of finding reasons to accept situations that she knew she shouldn't and she was doing it again.

Life as a slavegirl, she was learning, was not so bad. She was lying in the warm summer sun in the expansive yard of Kate's mansion, looking out over Lake Michigan. When she woke up after the plane ride that brought her back to Chicago six months earlier, she had been kept in a cage. So things had definitely improved since her arrival.

For the first week, she had stayed in the cage whenever Kate was not around to oversee her and Elke. After that, shock collars kept them in the house but at least they did not have to stay in the cages. Several weeks later, their perimeter was expanded and they were given the freedom to roam around the property. Now, they had no constraints at all. They still had the capsules embedded somewhere in their bodies and they knew that they would be killed if they escaped and could not be found, but they had the freedom to go where they chose now.

The sex was good and frequent. She and Elke were often summoned to Kate's bed, either individually or together. At parties, she and her slave sister performed in some erotic way and then were available for the guests to enjoy. Kate's guests were told that she and Elke were submissives who had entered the lifestyle willingly for all of the erotic pleasures that it offered. All of the guests believed that story although some were amazed at how obedient the two girls were.

And they were occasionally loaned to others. In fact, Tempest had just returned from a visit to the Caribbean office. Kate had loaned her to Cedric for a week and he had an insatiable appetite for sex with her. It had been her first trip solo. Kate was increasingly trusting her girls.

The two slaves had been given new identities, complete with drivers licenses and passports. After all, they had been reported missing in Aruba when the cruise

ship had stopped there. They couldn't very well just show up in Chicago. How would they explain the other four missing girls?

The only person from her former life who knew about her new one was the managing partner of the law firm where she had worked and where Kate still worked. He was heavily into domination and submission and Kate had introduced him to the organization's auctions. In fact, he turned out to be the one who bought Carrie over the internet. So Tempest got to see her friend frequently. Carrie did not enjoy as much freedom as Elke and Tempest did, though. She was always bound or caged in some way whenever Tempest saw her.

Adam, the managing partner, frequently borrowed Tempest for a day or two. She was always exhausted and sore when she was returned to Kate. He practiced a very different style of ownership than Kate. Whips and paddles abounded and sex was simply a means to humiliate and degrade. It was at his house that Tempest was first fucked by a dog and it had been one of the most embarrassing experiences in her life. He never asked for Elke. It was always Tempest. She assumed that he must get some kind of thrill out of degrading and abusing his former associate.

Their minds were also kept active and stimulated. After they had been slaves for about a month and Kate realized she could trust her girls not to escape or reach out to the authorities, she put them to work on one of the organization's new business ventures.

Tempest's first job was to research laws to make sure that the Master/slave matchmaking service would not break any laws. Then, she was asked to determine the best place to domicile the headquarters for the business. She found that Russia and most of Europe would not present problems for the new company. The US proved to be the most difficult to research because of the confusing labyrinth of federal, state and local laws and regulations. But she eventually concluded that all states but one would be fine with the business.

She came up with a list of six locations for headquarters. One was in the US and the other five were off shore. Despite the tax advantages that the off shore ones provided, the organization selected the US one and now the business' headquarters were in suburban Chicago. They chose Chicago for ease of oversight since Kate was already there.

The next job for Tempest was to draft the slave contracts and the release from liability forms. Kate had already started these so it was a simple task to put the finishing touches on them.

Elke was operating as a sort of product manager for the business. It was her job to put the program or programs together and to figure out how to market them. She proved to be a genius at the business side of things.

After conducting extensive market research, she developed the first product offering. "No Escape to Paradise" was the brand name that she chose. She was very excited when she returned from Europe after presenting the plan to the main office of the organization.

"I've given lots of presentations before," Elke told Tempest. "But I've never been naked for one. It was so exciting! I almost climaxed a couple of times." Tempest would have been mortified if she had to do it but for Elke, it was an adventure.

The logo was a profile of a naked woman kneeling with her head bowed and a chain dangling from her neck. Tempest had posed for the artwork. Two publications had been chosen for advertising. New Mother Magazine was read almost exclusively by women with the average age of the readership being twenty seven. If the business plan was correct about the target markets, this should reach them. To reach the other market segment, women approaching forty, she selected one of the entertainment/celebrity magazines that are always in the checkout lines. This would actually cast a wider net and would provide her with data to analyze to identify other attractive market segments.

Those magazines should attract the slaves. To attract owners, she planned an internet advertising campaign. She bought space on several websites that she thought her audience would frequent. She also created a website for the product and filled noescapetoparadise.com with all sorts of information that would help people make an informed buying decision. She then created a personality profile test that would allow her to match buyers and slaves and this was on the website.

All of this activity required Kate to modify the programming on the chips in the capsules inside of the girls' bodies. She did this from her laptop and allowed the girls to use a telephone. She left all of the other triggers active, though.

Elke also created the process that would be used at the beginning of any temporary enslavement. The girl would be "collected," sedated and bound. She would be delivered in a box to her owner who would sign for the package, acknowledging whatever restrictions existed. Then he or she would have a slavegirl for whatever the agreed upon timeframe was.

The business had been launched four weeks earlier and they had already made twelve matches. Three of the girls were already serving their slavery. All but

one of the responses so far was from the New Mother ad so Elke would have to rethink the other market segments. But she was very pleased with the results so far.

It was decided that both of them should interview all of the candidates for the program; both slaves and owners. Tempest wanted to interview the owners because of Kate's concerns about controls. Elke joined her for market research purposes to see if she could detect any patterns that would help in marketing the product. It was one of the rare moments that they wore clothes and was the first time that they had worn business suits since before their fateful cruise.

It had been a busy week. They had interviewed over forty potential buyers. What struck Tempest was the surprising mix of buyers. She had expected that they would be predominantly middle aged males. She assumed middle age because they would have enough money at that point to afford the product and she assumed male for obvious reasons. Their sexual fantasies of having a slavegirl to fuck at will would drive them to the product.

There were some middle aged males in the group that they interviewed but they were, by far, in the minority. Females outnumbered males by two to one, which was a shocker to Tempest. A half dozen of they buyers were married couples which was another surprise. And ages ranged from twenty four to sixty three.

"I certainly hope that you are available for purchase," one of the married women said to Elke. Tempest had to bite her lower lip to stifle a giggle. She was dying to hear how Elke would handle this.

Elke smiled back at the woman and then her husband. Then she turned back to the woman. "I have already been bought once. I may get sold again, but not immediately. It is a very intense program." Tempest was amazed at the response. All of it was one hundred percent truthful. And it provided the implication that Elke had been bought through the No Escape to Paradise program. It was a brilliant reply.

"Such a shame," the woman said. "I hope our girl is as beautiful as you. Did you like the experience?"

"Absolutely thrilling," Elke replied genuinely. "It let me explore things that I had only dreamed about and let me discover aspects of myself that I never knew existed." The woman seemed satisfied with that response.

The slave interviews were also interesting and numerous. About fifty women had signed up for interviews. Again, Elke and Tempest conducted the interviews but they did it a little differently with the potential slaves. They arranged for Tempest to be in the waiting room, acting like she was enrolling in the program. Then Tempest and an interviewee would be called in to meet with Elke who was,

once again, dressed in a business suit. This would allow Tempest to talk to the applicant after they had been dismissed from the interview. It was hoped that Tempest would be viewed as a confidant since they were both going through the same thing.

"Okay, I have reviewed your profile," Elke started each interview. "I know about your backgrounds. What I want to know here is why you both want to go through the program. And I want to give you an opportunity to ask any questions that you might have. We interview in pairs so that you can benefit from each other's questions and you can see that you are not unique in your desire to experience life as a slave. Now, who would like to begin? Why do you want to be a slave?"

Tempest, who was now known as Tracy since her identity change, held back, hoping the other woman would go first. When she didn't, Tempest spoke up. "I suppose we all have fantasies about being an exotic slavegirl. I have had them for years, although they have become really strong lately. I have never had an opportunity to live them out and try them before. But now I do have a way to experience what I dream about. So here I am."

"Thank you, Tracy," said Elke, who was now known as Erika. "And you, Symphony?"

Again, the woman hesitated. "I don't have any idea why I'm here. Pregnancy and motherhood have me totally whacked out. I need to get away and I need it to be as different from my real life as possible. I need to feel excitement again. I guess I'm trying to escape to No Escape."

Elke smiled. "There's nothing wrong with that. We are in business to help people escape from their overwhelming lives." The interview continued for another fifteen minutes and then the two applicants were allowed to leave. Symphony turned out to be the second customer to be placed with a temporary owner.

Figuring out the pricing was the hardest part for Elke. The business had to make money somehow but it took awhile for her to figure out how. Elke finally came up with something that she thought would work. Anyone interested in participating would be charged a one hundred dollar enrollment fee. This would cover the costs associated with analyzing the profiles and other overhead related expenses. It would also tend to screen people out who were not serious.

The owner would also be charged a fee of one thousand dollars per day that he or she wanted a slave. It would eliminate a lot of people but she wasn't concerned about that she wanted to avoid riff raff getting a hold of one of the girls.

Even though the business was still very small, it was obvious that it was going to be successful. In just four short weeks, they had interviewed ninety customers. Thirty six of the owners had been accepted into the program and all of the fifty slaves had been accepted. Twelve matches had been made and Elke fully expected that at least a dozen more matches would be made from the existing pool of applicants. No Escape to Paradise was off to a great start.

Tempest rolled over in her chaise lounge to let the sun darken her back for a while. "Yes, life as a slave is pretty good," she thought. She knew she was rationalizing, but she was happy.

## **No Escape**

### **Annotation**

In "Taming a Tempest," Tempest and five of her college friends got together for a mini-reunion. They were all kidnapped and sold into slavery. Tempest and Elke were purchased by Kate while the other four were bought by other owners. After returning to the Chicago area with her two new slaves, Kate gave them new identities. Tempest was renamed Tracy and Elke became Erika. This story picks up where "Taming a Tempest" left off, although Tracy and Erika play less prominent roles in this story.

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## **No Escape**

### **Chapter 1**

Symphony looked away from her computer monitor and picked up the brochure again. It was worn and tattered looking at this point from the many times she had nervously handled it. She guessed that had she picked it up and looked through it at least forty or fifty times a day for the past two weeks.

She had seen the advertisement in New Mother Magazine and found the service intriguing. She visited the website that was listed in the ad and ordered the brochure. It had arrived two days later. On the cover was the profile of a naked girl kneeling with bowed head and with a chain dangling from her neck. Just the sight of that logo made her feel all tingly. The brochure was for a company called No Escape to Paradise but it was clever in the way it displayed the name.

No Escape

Escape to Paradise

No Escape

Escape to Paradise

No Escape

Escape to Paradise

She had pretty much decided to enroll in the service. But she was struggling as she tried to overcome her anxiety and she hadn't mustered the courage to take the next step. It was a huge step to take, in her mind.

No Escape to Paradise was a new company that offered a unique service. It allowed women to explore and experience their darkest fantasy: slavery. The slavery was only for a limited period of time but it was still slavery. Once she passed a certain point in the process, there would be no changing her mind. She would be committed and would be subjected to being enslaved for the agreed upon time. She didn't know if the next step would commit her or if it was a step further down the road. But at some point, she would not be able to back out. There would be no escape.

It was something that she had to do, she told herself. She had fantasies about being a slavegirl for as long as she could remember. It was a place she could retreat to inside of her mind and it was a very erotic and exciting dream world. Usually, she could pull herself back out of that world into the real world. But ever since seeing that ad and visiting the website, she was drawn into her dream world more often and had a harder and harder time extracting herself.

It didn't help that she was bored silly in her real world. She had given birth to a baby daughter three months earlier. She loved having a daughter but was having troubles adjusting to being a mother. The work was endless and was mind

numbing. She was being run ragged and she needed a break. She needed a break that would put some excitement back into her life.

She also needed to feel desired. Ever since she first learned that she was pregnant, her love life had dried up. It wasn't that she didn't want sex. There were times when she was so horny that she thought she would pop. But her husband didn't touch her any more. It was as if he thought he might break her or harm her.

She was sitting naked at the computer as she looked at the brochure. She stood up and walked to the full length mirror. She compared her shape to that of the woman in the logo. She was every bit as shapely as the model who had posed for the logo; maybe even better. She had quickly lost all of the extra weight she gained during her pregnancy and her flat belly was a tribute to all of her exercising. Her breasts might even be larger than the model's, thanks to childbirth, and appeared to be just as firm.

She got up again and returned to her computer. She knew she should call the phone number but she did not think she was ready. She was procrastinating. She thought she had made all of her choices but she was not ready yet. She was scared.

She was going to select the 'Serenity' level. It looked the tamest of all of the choices. It would be a good way to try it out for the first time. The slavery would be for a fixed period of time and she had been thinking that six nights would be a good choice. The Serenity level allowed her to set limits that would be hard and could not be changed, even by her, once the slavery started. It was the least risky level in her mind, although the entire concept of voluntary recreational slavery was, in itself, risky.

There were three other options. The 'Monte Carlo' level provided an experience with an undetermined term. It would start with a six night term. On the last day of slavery, a pair of dice would be rolled. If evens were rolled, the girl would be freed. If odds were rolled, the term would be extended. The length of the extension would be determined by the spin of a roulette wheel with numbers ranging from one to thirty. The number that came up would designate the additional number of days the girl must serve until she rolled the dice again. The Monte Carlo option could result in months of slavery, or more. It was much riskier than Symphony was ready for.

The 'Safari' level was described as being designed for those with an adventurous spirit. In this one, the term would be fixed but the limits would not be. A slave would enter slavery with limits that she had selected. But each day, a computer at the company's headquarters would randomly select a limit to be lifted. By the end of the slavery period, it was possible that the girl would have experienced things that she had never even dreamed of.

The last option was called 'Free Market.' Limits would be set and fixed as would the term. The owner would be matched with the slave based on the personality profiles and fit. But that would only be the initial owner. Every two days during the enslavement, an auction would be held and the girl would be sold. The new owners may or may not be a good fit for the girl but it did offer the thrill and excitement of being sold at auction and it offered the opportunity to experience multiple owners.

Serenity was definitely the safest choice, thought Symphony. She had also selected her limits. Several were already marked on the form before she got it. Fucking with a male, oral sex with a male and oral sex with a female were marked with X's in the "yes" column. All slaves had to agree to those activities. Killing, maiming and permanent marks all had X's in the "no" column. None of these activities were allowed.

But there was an abundance of other activities to choose from. She thought about marking them all as yes in order to make things more thrilling. She would never be able to anticipate what was going to happen next that way and it should increase the level of excitement. But when she read back through the list a second time, she got queasy at the thought of some of them. Asphyxiation was marked with a no when she went back through. Body jewelry installation was a no. She went through the list and indicated her decisions. There were some, like water sports, that she didn't understand. But if they sounded harmless, she gave them a yes. If they sounded sinister, they got a no.

She took a deep breath and picked up the phone. It's now or never, she thought. She dialed the number in the ad and waited.

"No Escape to Paradise; where we make your fantasies a reality. This is Erika," said the voice on the other end. "How may I help you?"

"Um... I... um...." stammered Symphony. "I.... er.... um..." Erika waited silently. She was used to this. The business had only been open for a few weeks and almost all of the phone calls started like this. At least the ones for prospective slaves did. This one was definitely a slave.

"I... um... I would like to enroll in your service," Symphony finally got out.

"Wonderful," replied Erika. "Should I send you some materials? You can always get them from the website too if you prefer."

"I have already downloaded and filled out all of the forms," offered Symphony. "But I don't know what the next step is."

"Well, the next step is to have you bring the forms in and we will schedule you for an interview."

"When should I come in?" asked Symphony.

"Well, we like to interview our prospects in pairs. We have openings tomorrow morning at ten and eleven thirty. We also have an opening at two this afternoon if you are available."

"Better move now while I've got the nerve," thought Symphony.

"I'll take the meeting today," she said. "Do I need to bring anything?"

"Only the forms and a valid picture ID," responded Erika.

As soon as Erika hung up the phone, she called Tracy. Tracy took care of the legal side of the new business but was helping Erika with some market research during the start-up phase. She posed as another slave prospect during the joint interviews.

When Symphony arrived, Tracy was already in the waiting room. Symphony handed her forms to the receptionist and sat down. Tracy tried to act a little nervous and kept picking up magazines and putting them back down without reading them. They smiled at each other but not a word was spoken. They were only together for ten minutes or so before the door opened and Erika invited them into her office.

"Welcome to No Escape to Paradise," said Erika. "Where we make fantasies become reality. Please have a seat and we'll get started."

"I have had a chance to review your profiles," Erika continued. "I know about your backgrounds. What I want to know here is why both of you want to go through this program. And I want to give you an opportunity to ask any questions that you might have. We interview in pairs so that you can benefit from each other's questions and you can see that you are not unique in your desire to experience life as a slave. Now, who would like to begin? Why do you want to be a slave?"

Tracy held back, hoping the other woman would go first. When she didn't, Tracy spoke up. "I suppose we all have fantasies about being an exotic slavegirl. I have had them for years although they have become really strong lately. I have never had an opportunity to live them and try them before. But now I do have a way to experience what I dream about. So here I am."

"Thank you, Tracy," said Erika. "And you, Symphony?"

Symphony hesitated. "I don't have any idea why I'm here. Pregnancy and motherhood have me totally whacked out. I need to get away and I want it to be as different from my real life as possible. I need to feel excitement again. I guess I'm trying to escape to No Escape."

Erika smiled. "There's nothing wrong with that. We are in business to help people escape from their overwhelming lives."

Erika made some notes and then looked up at the two women seated before her. "Let me tell you a little bit about the program." She spent the next fifteen minutes describing in detail how they used the personality profiles and the activities preference lists to match owners and slaves. Then she described the collection process and the ongoing monitoring that would occur during the length of slavery.

"Do you have any questions so far?"

"Yes, I have one," said Symphony. "How confidential is this experience? I mean I would hate for knowledge that I was a slave to get around."

"The contract that you will sign, as well as the contract that the owners sign, prohibit any photos or videos to be taken," Erika explained. "We don't share any of the slave's contact information with the owner. And we recommend that you use a fake name for the experience."

"That's good to hear," nodded Symphony. "I would hate for it to get out to anyone, especially my husband."

"Well, we do recommend that husbands are told of the adventure," Erika said. "Otherwise, they could get worried and notify the police. If you are not going to tell him, you will need to come up with a story that explains why you will be gone for a week and can't be reached."

"Oh, I'm not sure I could tell him," said Symphony. "I'll have to come up with a story." Symphony had another question and Tracy asked two just to make it seem believable that she was a prospect.

"Any other questions?" asked Erika after she finished with her last response. When neither woman said anything, she continued. "Let's keep going, then. Please remove your clothing. There are hangers you can use on the back of the door."

Symphony gasped. "Take off my clothes?"

"Yes, please," replied Erika. "It's all part of the entry process."

"I'm not sure that I can do that," said Symphony.

"Then perhaps this program is not for you," said Erika. "It is likely that you will be kept naked for most of the time that you are a slave. It is expected that you will be used sexually often. If you can't take off your clothes when it's just us three women, how can you expect to be comfortable being a slavegirl?"

"Well, I didn't expect slavery to be comfortable. I just expected it to be exciting."

"It should be exciting," said Erika as she leaned forward and rested her arms on the desk. "Should we proceed or do you want to end your application?"

Symphony sighed. "Let's proceed. I'll do it."

By this time, Tracy was down to her bra and panties. The worst part about helping Erika with the market research was all of the dressing and undressing she had to do. They had already conducted five interviews so far today. And tomorrow was supposed to be even worse.

Symphony sighed again and then stood up. She unbuttoned her blouse and put it on a hanger. Then she kept going with the rest of her clothing. Erika provided a bowl to each of the women for their jewelry. Soon, both women were naked.

Erika smiled as she saw Tracy's nudity. She had grown to love that body over the past six months. It was perfect. Symphony's body was every bit as perfect, though. She showed no signs of having recently given birth to a child.

Erika realized that the two women were almost identical. But for their hair, Tracy and Symphony were perfect matches. Tracy had jet black hair and Symphony's was blonde. But legs, hips, waists and breasts were the same. They were even the same height.

"Tracy, please stand on the mark in the middle of the floor." Tracy did as she was instructed and Erika got up from her desk. "Now we need to get some photos of you."

"Wait!" said Symphony, in a panic. "I thought you said there were no pictures."

"No pictures by the owner," corrected Erika. "But we need to have pictures of you to make the match." Erika took a head shot of Tracy followed by full body shots of her front, back and both profiles. Then she had Symphony stand on the mark and repeated her actions.

"Now I need to inspect you," she told Symphony. "This will involve some touching. May I proceed?"

"Yes," squeaked a very nervous Symphony. Erika stepped closer and lifted Symphony's hair off of her shoulders and looked for any identifying marks. There were none from the shoulders up. Erika let the hair fall again and then walked slowly around the girl.

Erika reached up and lifted Symphony's breasts in her hands, causing the blonde to suck in her breath. "These are quite beautiful," Erika said. "In fact, all of you is gorgeous. You will be a very popular slave."

"Thank you," replied Symphony. She was blushing and had cast her eyes down instinctively.

"You said that you recently had a baby," said Erika as she held the firm breasts and squeezed them softly. "Are you still lactating?"

"Yes," whispered Symphony as her blush deepened.

"Show me," instructed Erika.

Symphony raised her hands and Erika removed hers. Symphony held her left breast with one trembling hand while she used the shaky fingers of her other hand to manipulate the beautiful orb to try to express some milk. She was so nervous, though, that she couldn't get the right motions and no milk appeared.

"Never mind," said Erika after several minutes of fumbling. "I'll do it." She reached out again and lifted the breasts in her hands and then leaned down, sucking the left nipple into her mouth.

"Oh god!" muttered Symphony as she saw her nipple disappearing between the other woman's lips. She couldn't believe this was happening. She had never done anything like this. She was so embarrassed. But she was also so aroused at the same time. She felt her pussy pulsing with each suck.

"Mmm, delicious," declared Erika after she succeeded in tasting the mother's milk. "We have quite a few owners who specifically request lactating slaves. We should have no difficulty placing you."

Erika continued her inspection and then performed an inspection of Tracy. When she was finished, she had both women sit again, although they were still naked this time. She answered a few more questions and then described the collection process again, which would deliver a new slave to her owner. Collection was to be the next step and would be the point of no escape.

"When would you like to begin?" asked Erika.

"Immediately, I guess," answered Symphony.

"In about a week," replied Tracy.

"Very well," said Erika. "Let me see if we have a match for you and I will give you each a call tonight. You may both get dressed now."

They got dressed. But before they left, Erika gave them each a long passionate kiss which left Symphony breathless. "You are both stunningly beautiful." Then the two women left together.

"Wow!" exclaimed Tracy once they were in the hallway. "What did you think about that?" Tracy's job was to gather post-interview feedback that could help them see how the interviews were going.

"Wow is right!" replied a breathy Symphony. She was still tingling. "It was so embarrassing. But it was so sexy and exciting. That alone was worth the enrollment fee!"

## **Chapter 2**

"She should be coming around soon," one of the males said. "Do you want us to unwrap her?"

"What do you think, dear?" asked the husband.

"No. Leave her as is," replied the wife. "It will be fun to see her reactions once she's awake."

Sam and Ray had collected Symphony earlier in the day. They had just finished delivering her to her temporary owners, Heath and Heather Whitcomb, who purchased the girl for a period of one week.

Symphony selected the date she was to start her slavery. She told her husband that she needed some time to herself and that she was going to visit some college friends in Colorado. She arranged for her sister to care for her baby until she returned. And then she waited nervously.

Two men arrived at the house promptly at one o'clock. She was expecting them but she was still surprised when she opened the door. They were large, muscular men and were dressed all in black. They further surprised her by forcing their way into the house and grabbing her. She opened her mouth to scream but a hand quickly clamped down over her face, stifling any attempt to call for help.

Erika had designed several different collection scenarios and was planning on testing them on the women who enrolled to see what worked best. This was one of the kidnap scenarios.

A rag was stuffed into Symphony's mouth by one male and the other laid a piece of duct tape across her lips. A male gathered her hands behind her back and bound them with a length of rope. Another rope was wrapped around her ankles,

totally immobilizing her. The men went back out to their truck and returned with a large box. She was placed inside of it and sedated before they closed the lid. Then she was carted off to the truck to be delivered to her new owners.

In this version of the kidnap scenario, the slave was to be delivered fully clothed. Erika had designed a second version where the males stripped the girl before sedating and binding her. In a third version, the girl would be stripped and then fucked by both of her collectors before being boxed. She would try out the other two variations on future girls.

"I'm going to take the gag out," said Heather after Sam and Ray left. "I want to get a better look at her and hear what she has to say when she wakes up."

"Yes, dear," replied Heath. "But she might scream."

"So who's to hear?" She was right. They lived on an estate with over a hundred acres. The closest home was about a mile away.

"Oh, she's lovely," Heather remarked once she had peeled off the tape and fished the rag out of the girl's mouth. "Much nicer than her picture and I thought she was beautiful in the picture."

"Very lovely," agreed Heath as he looked down at the sleeping beauty. He reached down as discreetly as he could and adjusted his cock which was straining against his pants. He couldn't believe his luck at getting a slave so gorgeous.

He had heard about the new service a couple of weeks earlier as he and some friends were chatting and kidding around after tennis. At least he assumed that they were kidding. But that night, he had gone out to the website and discovered it was for real.

He and his wife were independently wealthy. He had been an investment banker early in his career and had done quite well. He retired at the age of forty before the financial meltdown and had invested his fortune wisely. Now, they lived a life of luxury in their palatial mansion.

Heath and Heather had a tendency to get bored at times, though. There are only so many games of tennis that one could reasonably play in a week. The charity events like luncheons and golf outings were plentiful but they got old after awhile. They had an active and relatively rewarding sex life together. But they still tended to get bored.

Heath showed the website to Heather and she immediately took an interest. They had never talked about having a slave but they did occasionally play bondage games. Their problem was that they both preferred to be the dominant. They did have a circle of friends who were into domination and submission and they got

together often with them for parties and that helped. But they still wanted more. They agreed that it would be a lot of fun to buy a girl.

"Maybe we should undress her," offered Heath. He really wanted to get a better view of this beauty. And he still couldn't wait to sink his raging cock into her.

"Heath, we discussed this." She was giving him a very disapproving look. "We let her wake up and be startled by what she has gotten herself into. We strip her. We give her the rules. And then we partially unbind her. I know you are dying to fuck her but that will have to wait."

Heath groaned and adjusted his cock in his pants again. The waiting was pure agony. Thankfully, Symphony started to stir.

She fluttered her eyes open and looked around groggily. She did not recognize anything and tensed. That's when she realized that she was bound in a hogtie and lying on her belly. She started to panic. She remembered that she had signed up to become a slave but this was not something she expected. Maybe she had gotten in over her head. She lifted her head and looked around, seeing two pairs of legs: one female and one male. There had been two men who seized her earlier. Who was the woman? Had she been bought by a woman?

The female legs stepped closer and she saw a knee settle onto the carpet in front of her face. A hand stroked her hair with fingers combing through the blonde locks.

"Hello, Symphony dear," Heather said. "Welcome to your new home."

"Wha..." said Symphony as she slurred her speech. "Where am I? Who you?"

Heather continued to stroke the girl's hair with one hand as she reached out with the other to cut the cord that bound the hands to the legs. Her legs thumped down onto the carpeted floor and her hands fell down across her back. Heather rolled Symphony over until she was lying on her bound arms and looking up at Heather.

"You are in our home, little one," said Heather. "Your new home." She ran her fingers lightly down Symphony's left cheek, tracing her jawbone.

"You are lovely, dear," the older woman continued. "My name is Heather. You may call me Mistress. And this is Master."

Heath stepped into her view and she looked up at him. He was smiling at her and did not look threatening at all. She saw the front of his pants tenting outward

from the strain inside and shuddered as she started to realize what she had gotten herself into.

"Thank you," replied Symphony as she looked back at Heather.

"You are welcome, girl. Now, I am going to release your bindings. I want you to stand up and remove your clothing. Then come and stand before me."

Symphony gulped as she heard the words. She knew this moment would come. She had even fantasized about it. But somehow it was different in real life. She felt the knife slicing through the ropes that held her, knowing that she was only moments away from another point of no return. The last rope was finally removed.

"You may get up now, girl," said Heather. "I will be waiting for you in the chair over there."

Symphony felt like she was in a daze as she got to her feet. She looked at both of her owners and they just smiled and nodded to her. Slowly, she reached up and unbuttoned her blouse. She slid it off and then removed her skirt and shoes. Then she paused as she stood there in her bra and panties.

"Keep going," encouraged Heath. Again, he had to adjust his cock. It grew harder, if that was even possible, as more and more flesh was exposed. This body was flawless. It was ripe and feminine and so, so sexy. Symphony unsnapped her bra and shrugged the straps off of her shoulders, catching it in one hand and then hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her panties. She took a deep breath and slowly slid the panties down her legs, leaving her completely naked. She felt her face blush at her nudity.

"The jewelry too, dear," said Heather. Symphony nodded and reached up, removing her earrings and then took off her necklace. She looked at her wedding band and then looked to Heather, holding up her left hand.

"Those too, pet," advised Heather. Symphony sighed but dutifully slid the engagement ring and wedding band off her slender finger. She placed all of the jewelry on a table and then hesitantly stepped closer to Heather.

Symphony did not know why she was so nervous. She knew that this was an experience she had asked for. And she knew that it would only last for a week. She figured that it would be embarrassing at times but anything new could be embarrassing. So why was she so nervous? She should be viewing this as a big game.

Heather was inexplicably nervous also. She had never owned anyone before. And even though she knew that she technically did not own Symphony, everything about the program had been carefully designed to give the appearance of owning a

girl. They had a "deed" that granted them ownership of the girl's body. The girl had been delivered to them, sedated and bound as if she had been kidnapped and sold into slavery. They had even given the girl a serial number which matched the number on their deed. The number had been inked onto the back of her neck with henna which would wash off by the end of the week but it all added to the realism of the experience.

"So why am I so nervous?" wondered Heather. She finally realized that she was nervous because she didn't want to disappoint Symphony. The girl had signed up for a slave experience, not for friendship or loving sex. And it would be so easy to fall into that kind of relationship with this beautiful, trusting girl. She would have to work hard at maintaining the role of slave owner. And she would have to work even harder to make sure that Heath behaved. She knew that, if he had his way, he would make love to this beautiful sex kitten all week long.

She had practiced this moment in her mind for days; ever since learning when their girl would be delivered. She would be stern but kind. She would be demanding but caring at the same time. She would be harsh when the role required her to be harsh and she would be forgiving after the need for harshness had passed.

"Let's see what we have to work with," Heather began. "Lock your hands behind your neck."

Symphony instantly complied and laced her fingers together behind her neck. Heather smiled as she watched the action lift and separate the heavy breasts, thrusting them forward invitingly. Heath saw the movement too and had to cross his legs to try to control his aching cock.

"I can be a very loving mistress," Heather continued. "Or I can be a bitch; your worst nightmare." She punctuated her remark by picking up a leather riding crop and whistling it through the air to strike Symphony's flat belly. Symphony yelped at the surprising punishment. "It's entirely your choice. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress," whimpered Symphony. Heather placed the crop back on the table and reached out, tracing the outline of the red mark on the girl's belly.

"I expect immediate obedience," Heather informed her slave. "Anything less than that will be dealt with harshly. I expect no reluctance or hesitancy. When you are told to do something, you will do it instantly."

Heather moved behind the girl and she picked up the crop again, striking the beautiful rounded swells of one of the girl's bottom cheeks. Symphony bit her lower lip and stifled a cry.

She kept moving and returned to face the girl. She reached out and grasped the tuft of downy hair over the girl's mound, turning her head to her husband. "Heath, would you be a dear and remove this tonight?"

"I'd be happy to, dear," smiled Heath.

Heather reached up and pressed upward against the base of each breast with the heels of her hands, letting her fingers splay out over the soft, yielding flesh. The orbs were heavy and tight. They were remarkably firm.

"Are these real, little one?"

"Yes, Mistress," blushed Symphony. "They're all natural."

"They are so firm," observed Heather. "They're almost unbelievable."

"They are very full, Mistress. It has been several hours since I nursed."

"Oh my," thought Heather. This one was lactating! She knew that her husband had a fetish about lactation and she figured he was probably ready to shoot his wad at this news. "We'll give you relief shortly."

"Thank you, Mistress," replied Symphony. Her head was spinning at this point. She had asked for something different and this sure qualified as that. Within her first thirty minutes with her new owner, she was naked and had been whipped twice already. Not only that, but her new owner turned out to be owners.

Part of her wondered again if she had gotten in over her head. Maybe she should have chosen a long weekend instead of a week. And maybe she should have added a lot more check marks to the no column on the list of limits. The other part of her was lost in a lust-filled swirl of sensations. She looked down to see her breasts being claimed and touched by another woman for only the second time in her life. It should be revolting to her but she found it thrilling. She felt the two marks on her body still burning where the crop had kissed her flesh. And she felt her sex pulsing with arousal and felt her inner thighs slick with her juices. She felt so alive!

Heather finished her inspection of the girl and the recitation of the rules that she would live by. Symphony acknowledged each one and pledged to obey them. At the end, Heather had two more gifts for the new slave.

"As I said, I can be your worst nightmare if you cross me. I want to leave you with two thoughts." Heather picked up a wooden ruler and struck Symphony's left breast across the nipple, causing the girl to shriek from the pain. "Be pleasing." She swung again, striking the other nipple, eliciting a second shriek. "And be obedient."

"Heath, she's all yours. Would you see to her shaving before dinner?"

### **Chapter 3**

"Master," Symphony said. "May I say something?"

"Say whatever you want," Heath replied cheerily. "Sing it out. Shout it from the highest mountaintop."

As soon as Heather left Symphony in Heath's charge, he wasted no time stripping off his clothes and freeing his aching cock. He sat in a chair and drew Symphony close until she was straddling his legs. Then he guided her lower until his cock sank into her buttery warm sex. He was in heaven.

Symphony felt the cock slice into her body and shuddered as it did. It was not the size that elicited her reaction. Heath was only average in size. That was a welcome relief compared to the bludgeon that dangled from her husband's crotch. She enjoyed her husband's massive size if there was sufficient foreplay. But it could be painful if he entered her too soon. She would not have that problem with Heath.

"Master," started Symphony. "I have never done anything like this. I have never been unfaithful to my husband. I just don't want you to think me a slut."

Heath stopped her motions while she was fully impaled on him and reached out, gripping her chin and causing her to look into his eyes. "I would never think of you as a slut. You are a slave. There's a big difference."

"Thank you, Master," replied Symphony. She thought that his response sounded odd but she took solace in it anyways.

"Start moving again, girl," he commanded. She started raising and lowering herself on his cock obediently. "And feed me your breasts. I'm thirsty."

This elicited another blush from Symphony. Only her daughter had nursed from her breasts before. Not even her husband had availed himself of her milk. Now, this stranger who owned her was going to drink the milk that she made for her child.

Symphony hesitated for a moment but then obediently leaned forward. She positioned her left nipple at his lips and he sucked it in greedily. After only a few sucks from his lips, she felt her let down and felt her milk flowing into his mouth. He dined on one breast for about ten minutes before moving his lips to the other one. Again, the let down was immediate and he filled his belly with the sweet milk from her sweet breasts as she continued to bob up and down on his cock.

Despite the embarrassment of having an adult stranger nurse on her breasts, Symphony actually felt relief. Her breasts had been very full and were starting to ache. At least now, she felt more comfortable.

Heath was nearing relief also. This blonde vision of beauty was more than he could ever hope for. He would buy her again if possible. In fact, he would buy her permanently if he could. Or maybe he would arrange to have her kidnapped and truly enslave her. He would have to look into that. The thought of truly owning Symphony was too much for his overloaded libido and he climaxed inside of her, groaning as his body tensed from the orgasm.

Heath led Symphony to the master bedroom to complete the next part of his assignment. Actually, it was the only part of the assignment. He had added the fucking and the draining of her breasts for fun. He had Symphony sit on the counter as he gathered what he needed.

He stood in front of her with a hand on each knee. He slowly pushed the knees apart, watching intently as her womanhood was revealed to him. He paused to drink in her beauty before he started his task. Every aspect of this woman was perfect. Her face was gorgeous and angelic. She was the ideal blend of the wholesome girl next door and seductress. Long blonde hair flowed down her back and over her shoulders and chest. He raised his hands and brushed her hair off her chest to flow down her back.

She had a long slender neck that gave her the graceful appearance of a swan. Generous, full breasts adorned her chest. A flat, firm belly and narrow waist attested to her youth and fitness. Her hips were perfectly proportioned. While her bottom was nicely padded, her hips were not. They were a bit on the narrow side but they flared out nicely and suited the rest of her body perfectly. Long tapered legs finished off this heavenly form. And at the juncture of the two legs was the girl's sex, a lovely wet flower with a small trimmed bush of hair above it. This was to be the object of his efforts.

"Has anyone ever told you that you were made for fucking?" he asked her.

Symphony blushed at the question. "No, Master; never."

"I'm surprised," he responded. "You are the picture of the ideal woman." He was still naked from his earlier indulgence in her body and his survey of her body had gotten him hard again. He decided that he had to do something about that. He placed his hands beneath her legs and tugged, scooting her closer until she was perched on the edge of the counter. Then he stepped to her and guided his cock back into her steamy sex, letting out a contented sigh as her wet warmth enveloped him.

Heath was surprised at his ability to recover his erection so quickly after fucking the girl the first time. He looked down and watched his cock disappearing into her tight body and then watched as he withdrew it. It was shiny from the combination of his earlier deposit and her own copious secretions. He saw her breasts rise and fall with her breathing and enjoyed the way that they jiggled each time he rammed into her.

"Play with yourself," he commanded. This brought fresh blushes to her face but she immediately complied.

"Yes, Master," she said as she moved her right hand between the two bodies. She touched her clit, causing her body to shudder slightly. He studied the motions of her middle finger as she first circled her clit with it and then rubbed it lightly.

"Play with your breasts too," he instructed. The blush deepened.

"Yes, Master." She reached up with her other hand and cupped her left breast, squeezing it lightly. She had never done any of this in front of anyone before. It felt so wicked to be masturbating while he watched her and to be fondling her breast. Her fingers moved upward over the fleshy orb until they reached her nipple. The fingers traced light circles around the little bud, causing it to stiffen.

Heath was truly enjoying being a slave owner. His cock pistoned in and out of his property's body as his sex toy played with her clit and breast. Nothing could beat this! This was going to be the best week of his life! He would get to do things he had only dreamed about before. He would make a list when he was finished fucking her but he wanted to concentrate on the perfect body that he was lodged in for now.

His hands were gripping her waist but he moved them and placed a palm beneath each of the full breasts, lifting them. She was still toying with her left nipple so he lifted the right breast even further, stretching it upward as far as he could.

"Lick it," he commanded. Immediately, he saw her blush intensify but he also heard her moan softly. She was nearing a climax. Could it be that she was stimulated by humiliation? He would have to explore that while she was his property.

Symphony heard the command and immediately felt her pussy tighten around the cock that was now impaling her. She tilted her head forward and craned her neck, snaking out her tongue and letting it paint a circle around her stiffened nipple.

"Suck on it," he said. Another soft moan escaped her lips and he felt her sex clamp down on his cock. Reluctantly, she parted her lips and drew the sensitive bud into her mouth. Here was another thing she had never done. She had never even thought about doing anything as lewd as this. She pulsed the nipple in and out several times but then the wicked arousal that was consuming her pushed her over the edge. Her body tensed and she climaxed, moaning loudly as she continued to suckle on her own nipple. Once he saw her orgasm, Heath let himself go and released his second load of sperm into her body.

He recovered more quickly than she did. She was still moaning softly with her eyes closed when he picked up the scissors. He withdrew his cock and crouched between her splayed legs, snipping away at her pubic hair until she was left with nothing but short stubble. Then he lathered her mound and started swiping the razor over it. His favorite part, though, was shaving off the few stray hairs elsewhere. He gripped one labia and stretched it away from her, feeling his sperm and her juices flowing out of her onto his fingers. He swiped the hairs away and then repeated his actions on the other side.

Symphony opened her eyes as he was wiping off the extra foam and looked down. "Oh, wow!"

"Pretty sexy, huh?" he smiled. He tilted his head down and kissed her denuded mound. "Smooth as a baby's bottom."

"Wow," she repeated. She reached down and ran her fingers over her mound. She wasn't sure how she would explain her new look to her husband. Hopefully, he liked it.

"Okay, girl," said Heath after he kissed the Venus mound again. "Up on your knees and turn around."

Symphony complied as if she was on autopilot. She didn't question or think. She just crawled onto the countertop and turned so that her bottom was facing the male.

"So beautiful," said Heath as he ran a finger down the valley between her bottom cheeks. He sprayed some foam onto his fingers and then ran them back through the valley, applying the lather. A few swipes of the razor later, Symphony was devoid of any visible hair from the neck down.

Heath was not finished yet. He still wanted to toy with his new toy. He slid a finger into her sex, feeling the oily wetness there and reached around her with his other hand and stroked her clit. Symphony gasped as she felt the dual assault. He stroked his finger in and out several times before removing it. Then he placed it at her little pucker and pushed.

"Oh god!" gasped Symphony as she felt the pressure on her asshole. This was yet another first for her. Nobody had ever touched her there and this male was trying to force his finger into her butt. She gasped again as the finger broke through and then started panting as it pushed deeper. She felt like she should protest but she knew it would fall on deaf ears. She had volunteered for this, after all.

Heath started moving his finger in and out as his other hand continued to strum Symphony's clit. Symphony was a symphony of little mewls and moans and coos as he moved her closer to an orgasm. He saw her sphincter gripping his finger as it withdrew and loved the sight. Soon, he would fuck her anally and let his cock enjoy the tightness.

The fingers were unrelenting in marching Symphony toward the inevitable orgasm. She couldn't believe that she could be aroused by something as crude as anal penetration but her body was clearly being pushed to a climax. Before long, she tensed and shuddered and let out a soft groan. She had climaxed again.

Less than a hundred miles away, Tracy walked into Erika's office. "I've just been reviewing the contracts. Why do we care if the girls want to water ski and surf?"

"Huh?" asked Erika with confusion written all over her face. "What are you talking about?"

"Well, on the questionnaire that we attach to each contract, we don't ask about running or exercising or tennis or golf, but we ask about water sports. Why do we care if they will swim or not?"

Erika laughed. "That's not what water sports means. It means urine. Some dominants like to pee on their subs or have their subs drink their piss. We let the girls prohibit that along with a lot of other types of activities."

"Oh," replied Tracy. "I had no idea. That's a crazy thing to call it."

"Uh oh," said Erika all of a sudden. "If you didn't know that, I wonder how many of the girls didn't know that."

"Uh oh is right," agreed Tracy. "How many of the girls have set that as a limit so far?"

Erika pecked on her keyboard and brought up a report onto the screen. "Only one has set it as a limit."

"Uh oh," repeated Tracy. "The others must not have understood what it meant. I can't believe that many girls would agree to drink piss; even if they were exploring fantasies."

"For those who haven't been placed yet, it's easy enough to contact them and make sure they understand."

"What about the ones we have already placed?" asked Tracy.

"Well, I'm not sure," said Erika. "I was going to visit Symphony's owners tomorrow. I can check with her and let them know if she wants to exclude it."

"That's a start," said Tracy. "But think about how we handle the others. This could create some ill will and hurt referrals."

#### **Chapter 4**

It was already too late when Erika arrived at the Whitcomb home the next morning. They were expecting her. She had made an appointment for ten AM and showed up promptly. This day, she was dressed more casually in a khaki skirt, pink cotton blouse and sandals. She reasoned that she should not dress formally for her field visits since she would be visiting people in their homes where they would likely be dressed casually.

By the time she arrived to check on Symphony, however, the slave already had a belly full of pee.

"I'm afraid we may have purchased defective merchandise," said Heath after they sat down at the table on the patio.

"Yes," added Heather. "She's perfect in so many ways. But there is a flaw. And now, we have no way of knowing how many other flaws exist."

"I'm surprised," said Erika. "Slave number 090003 screened perfectly for your profile. Tell me what happened."

The two owners described the events. Frequently, one would start a sentence while the other finished it, the way that married couples often do. But they were able to relate the events that had occurred so far with their slave.

The first day had gone well. The delivery went fine. They were exceedingly pleased with the quality of the object that was delivered to their home. They described how beautiful the girl was and how nicely she blushed.

Heath described how fuckable the girl was and how her nubile body was able to bring him back to erection so easily. Erika found it comical how Heather kept finishing Heath's sentences as he talked about his climaxes even though she had not been a participant or even a witness.

The problem occurred this morning. They had studied the contract carefully. First, they did not want to violate the agreement in a way that could bring a lawsuit that could jeopardize their wealth. Second, and equally important, they wanted to

respect the girl's wishes and even help her explore things that she wanted to explore.

They had found some areas of mutual interest and they tried to introduce one this morning. Heath had a fantasy about having a human toilet. In her checklist, Symphony had indicated an interest in water sports. The match was perfect, or so they thought.

The girl had slept in their bed the night before. Since Heath had monopolized the girl for the afternoon, Heather claimed Symphony for the night. Heather slept in the middle of the bed and spooned with Symphony who now had her wrists bound in front of her and wore a collar. Heath slept behind Heather and was welcome to spoon with her or not. But Heather was determined to enjoy her new toy. She let her hands roam freely over the smooth, supple flesh until sleep finally overwhelmed her.

It was in the morning that disaster struck. Heath woke up with a raging erection and he had to pee. He reached across his sleeping wife and shook Symphony awake. It took a few moments for Symphony to orient herself and recognize where she was but she quickly fell into role.

"Come girl," whispered Heath. "I need relief."

Symphony immediately understood that she was expected to service her new master and slipped out of bed. She walked around the bed to find him with his feet on the floor and leaning back slightly with his cock pointing outward.

"Kneel."

She knelt. She didn't even wait for the next command. She knew what was expected of her. She leaned forward and opened her mouth, wrapping her lips around the turgid shaft, letting it glide into her mouth.

"Drink it all," he said.

She thought that command was odd. He must really be horny and almost ready to climax to say something like that so early. She looked up into his eyes and nodded with the cock between her lips.

Then, he let loose. It was just a little bit at first. He did not want her to spill any. He would feed her a little bit of his piss at a time.

She felt the warm liquid in her mouth and was surprised again. He lasted even less time than she expected. But then she tasted the liquid. It was not viscous or salty. It was watery and almost tasteless.

He had peed in her mouth, she suddenly realized! She pulled back and spit the liquid out, spraying it across his legs and the side of the bed. "Eeewwww!!! That's gross!!!"

"Continue, girl," he said softly. "But swallow this time."

"No way!!!" she shouted. This woke up Heather who sat up in bed and looked around groggily.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"The girl refuses to relieve me."

Heather looked at Symphony. "Is that true, pet?"

"He peed in my mouth, Mistress!" she exclaimed. "That's gross!!!"

Heather nodded. "Yes, I'm sure it is. I would never let someone do that to me. But I'm not a slavegirl. Now be a good girl and drink it down."

"No!! I will not!!!" declared Symphony defiantly. She knelt back on her heels and held her bound arms over her chest, glaring at her two owners.

Heather slipped out of bed and walked to the side of the bed where Symphony was kneeling. "Don't make me punish you, little one. You won't like it and neither will I."

"Mistress!!!" protested Symphony. "It's gross! Nobody should have to do that!"

The mistress picked up a paddle and stepped closer. "If your master wants to use you as his personal toilet, then that's how you will be used. Now get your mouth on that cock and start drinking or I'll start your punishment. You'll drink his pee one way or another. You can either do it comfortably or painfully."

"Mistress! Don't make me do this! Please don't make me do this!"

"One," said Heather as if she was giving a countdown to a small child. "Don't let me get to three." Symphony stood her ground.

"Two." Still there was no movement.

"Okay, it was your decision to do it painfully. Three."

Heather realized that there was no good surface to use the paddle on. The girl's bottom was protected by her heels. And her breasts and belly were covered by her arms. She decided to use the collar. She pressed the remote.

"AIIIIIIEEEEEE!" squealed Symphony as the current blasted her. The night before, they had fitted the collar around her neck. And to show her what it was

capable of, they gave her a demonstration. Heather had set the power on setting three with ten being the highest level. Symphony had squealed at that first blast also. This time, the remote was set on level five but Heather had made it a short blast.

"Shall we do it again?" asked Heather.

"Please, Mistress, have mercy."

Heather depressed the button again and kept it depressed for five seconds. Symphony's body tensed and shuddered as the current abused her. It felt like her entire body was on fire and in pain. Then, thankfully, the pain stopped.

"Again?" asked Heather.

"Please, please, please," begged Symphony. Heather increased the setting to six and pressed the button down.

Symphony shook and screeched at the even more intense pain but quickly leaned forward and wrapped her lips around the raging erection. The shocks stopped instantly and the urine started flowing almost immediately.

"Good girl," praised Heath. He patted the girl's head as he filled her mouth with his pee. He would let it flow for a moment and then cut it off to let her swallow. Then he would refill her mouth and wait for it to flow into her belly as well.

Heath watched the girl swallowing his pee. It was so erotic to him. This was the ultimate demonstration of ownership and control when one could make someone else be one's urinal. It took a full two minutes to drain his bladder.

Heather knelt down behind the girl and reached around her. She cradled one of Symphony's breasts in her hand and stroked the girl's belly with the other one. She too thought it was erotic to watch the girl being forced to drink urine. She gave the breast a squeeze.

"Open your eyes, little one," instructed Heather. "Watch your master as you drink his piss and relieve him."

Reluctantly, Symphony obeyed. Her face erupted into crimson at the depravity of the act and the degradation that she felt. This was just horrible!

Heather kept rubbing the belly in slow circles. It was exciting to know that the belly was quickly filling with the warm urine. And it was thrilling to know that they could do anything they wanted with this girl. Well, not exactly anything. But they could do anything that was allowed under the contract and this was clearly allowed. Water sports had definitely been marked with a "yes."

Eventually, the flow stopped and Symphony slumped back with her head hung low. She felt so ashamed.

"I assure you that the merchandise is not defective," said Erika after she finished listening to the story. "We discovered yesterday that we had a problem on our end. I wanted to try to straighten it out during my visit today."

"What sort of problem?" asked Heath.

"We have a lack of clarity in the terms that we use in the activities checklist," explained Erika. "In fact, we discovered that on the very activity that you had a problem with this morning. While I clearly understood what was meant by the term "water sports," I learned that my colleague had no idea that it means what it means. You have met Tracy. She interpreted it as water skiing and swimming and the like. We are developing a glossary that will go with the checklist in the future. But we need to fix it with the girls already placed."

"How do you intend to fix it?" asked Heather.

"First, I would like to meet with Symphony alone," said Erika. "I will go through each item in the checklist to make sure there is no confusion. Then I'll give you the revised checklist. We will give you a complete refund and you will get to keep the girl if she wants to finish her term. Of course, she may choose to end it. I'm not sure how traumatized she is by the events."

"Of course we'll want to keep her," interjected Heath. "She's divine. I'd like to use her as my toilet but if that won't work out, I'll just use a bathroom."

"Then let me meet with her and we'll see where we go from here." They showed Erika to the room where Symphony was. The girl was huddled in a small cage in the center of the room. Heath unlocked it and then he and Heather left, closing the door behind them.

"Hi, sweetie," said Erika. "I understand you had a rough morning. Come out and let's talk about it."

Symphony sniffled. Her eyes were puffy and were welled up with tears but she obediently crawled out of her cage and stood up. Erika wrapped her arms around the naked girl and hugged her, trying to comfort her.

"It was awful," sobbed Symphony.

"I'm sure it was, dear," said Erika soothingly. "And it was all our fault. We only discovered yesterday that there could be confusion about some of the terms we used in the questionnaire. I want to go through all of the items to make sure that you have answered them the way you intended to. Or you could just go. I'm prepared to release you from your contract if you wish."

"Go?" said Symphony with a puzzled look.

"Yes," replied Erika. "We can and this now if you would prefer."

"I don't want to go. I just don't want to drink piss. Have you ever done that before?"

"Yes, I have," responded Erika.

Symphony gasped. "You have?!?!?!?!? Why on earth would you do that?"

Erika gave Symphony a hug. "Because I have been a slave too. There are lots of things that I have done or had done to me. And there were some that I didn't like. That was one of the least offensive."

"Eewwww!!!!" exclaimed Symphony. "How could you say that it wasn't offensive?"

"Come sit with me, sweetie." Erika led Symphony to a large stuffed chair and sat down, pulling the naked girl into her lap. She arranged the girl so her back was against one arm rest and her legs draped over the other. One of Erika's arms was behind Symphony's back and she lightly caressed her back. The other hand rested on the girl's belly and she stroked it lightly.

"Well, think back to what happened. It was only offensive in your mind. You probably didn't taste much of anything. At least I always found pee to be pretty tasteless. And it's supposed to be sanitary. So it's mostly like drinking warm water."

"Well, that's true," acknowledged Symphony. "There wasn't much taste. It just seemed so gross."

Erika slid her hand up and gripped the slave's left breast, giving it a light squeeze. "I know. And you don't have to do it again. Let's go through the questionnaire and make sure there aren't any more mistakes. Shall we?"

"Yes, please," said Symphony.

Erika was a bit surprised at how easy it had been to get the girl into her lap and how she had met with no resistance to the fondling. Apparently, Symphony had immersed herself into this fantasy. She suspected that the girl would have reacted much differently a few days earlier.

She also looked at the collar around the girl's neck. It was the same model that she and her slave sister had first worn after they had been delivered to their mistress' home. So she knew how painful it could be. It did not surprise her that Symphony had relented so quickly.

They went through the questionnaire line by line. Symphony had marked the intended columns for most of the activities and fetishes. But there were a few that she wanted to change.

"It means that?" Symphony asked.

"Yes," replied Erika. "Pony play is when someone treats you as if you were a pony. You might pull a cart or prance around or be shown. You wear a harness and a bridle and a tail."

"Oh, I thought it meant fucking a pony. We can change that." They put an X through "No" and checked "Yes."

Erika's hand had shifted to the right breast and she was toying with the nipple. She would squeeze it lightly and then tug on it, letting the little nubbin slide between her fingers.

"You really are beautiful," Erika said as she paused from the list. "You are remarkably beautiful."

Symphony blushed at the compliment. "Thank you. But I think you are the beautiful one."

"Thank you to you too," Erika smiled. Erika leaned down and kissed Symphony, lingering for a moment to brush the lips of the naked girl in her lap.

"Do you ever take slaves for yourself?" asked Symphony. "I could be available again in the future."

Erika smiled and kissed Symphony again. "I'm afraid I don't take slaves, sweetie," she replied. "I'm always the slave." Erika knew that comment could have two meanings. When Symphony did not press her on it, she assumed that Symphony interpreted it as 'when I play, I always play the role of the slave.'

"But if we ever get an owner who wants two girls and is a good match for you," Erika continued, "maybe I'll throw myself in as the second girl. I would love to be your slave sister."

Symphony reached up and wrapped her arms around Erika's neck, pulling her close and kissing her yet again. "I would like that."

They went back to the list and continued going through each item. Finally, they got to water sports.

"I'll just change this one to "No," said Erika.

"No wait," said Symphony. "You were right. I think I was just being silly. I didn't taste anything. It was just such a shock, I guess."

"Yes, I'm sure it was."

"You can leave that as a "Yes." If he wants to use me as his toilet, I guess he can."

In the end, more items had been moved to the yes column than to the no column. But at least now the list truly reflected Symphony's limits. Heath was delighted with the result. For the remainder of the week, he relieved himself in Symphony's mouth whenever he had to urinate.

## **Chapter 5**

The slavery had started on a Wednesday and now it was already Saturday. Other than the initial meal of urine, Symphony's experiences had been mostly good. There had been moments of pain or humiliation but even those had been thrilling. On the whole, this had been exactly what she needed. It was a clean, although temporary, break from the life that had been driving her toward insanity.

She was already starting to think ahead to when she might be able to do this again. She knew she would repeat. It was just too erotic and thrilling not to. But she just didn't know when she would be able to get away again. Hopefully, she could do this quarterly.

She felt surprisingly guilt-free. She had done things that had been unimaginable before. She had sex with her first woman. She drank pee multiple times a day. She had anal sex for the first time. And she had more orgasms each day than she had ever had in her life before.

And she was unfaithful for the first time in her marriage. Heath had fucked her more times in the past four days than her husband had in the past year. But she felt no guilt or remorse.

Maybe it was because she was a slave. Slaves have no choices. Therefore they can't feel guilt. But she knew that was faulty logic. She had signed up for this experience of her own free will. She chose to do this. And she knew that sex would probably be a part of it.

She would worry about guilt later. In the meantime, she was a slave. She was going to enjoy this experience.

Her current assignment was not too thrilling, though. She was moving from room to room, washing windows. The Whitcombs had decided to use their slave for slave labor in addition to sexual pleasure. But even this mundane chore was somewhat thrilling because she was naked.

Erika visited each day. Eventually she would hire and train others to perform the monitoring function but she and Tracy were handling that initially. Her routine

was always the same. She would start with a brief meeting with Symphony and her owners. Then she would meet privately with Symphony. Symphony always loved these sessions. She was always nestled into Erika's lap and the beautiful tall blonde would caress her and stroke her and fondle her as they talked. For the past two visits, Erika had given her very fulfilling orgasms.

She would conclude each visit by meeting privately with the two owners. It was important that they were also satisfied because she wanted the referrals and the repeat business.

"So how is your girl doing?" asked Erika.

"She's marvelous," said Heather. "She actually seems to enjoy being a slave."

"Yes, she's a real treat," added Heath. "It's too bad we only have her for a week. Heather and I have been talking."

Erika sat back and listened. She felt like she was going to get some important feedback about her product. This was exactly why she wanted to do the monitoring visits early on. The information would help her fine tune the offering.

"What have you been talking about?" asked Erika.

"We have been truly enjoying owning a girl," said Heath. "And we have the financial wherewithal for it. We would like to arrange something more frequent and possibly even something permanent."

"Oh my," replied Erika at the mention of permanent slavery. She instantly flashed back to when she and her five friends had been 'processed' and then sold into slavery. A little shudder rushed through her body. "We can easily set up a schedule to allow you to enjoy girls as often as you like. We currently have several who are good fits for you and more are enrolling in the service every day."

"But we don't deal in permanent slaves," she added. "That is illegal."

"Yes," sighed Heath. "I suppose it is. But I'm sure there must be enterprising people who do deal in slaves. Perhaps you might know of some?"

Erika had a dilemma. How should she respond? She did indeed know of people who trafficked in human flesh. Her own mistress was one of those people. But she couldn't tell them that. Plus, she didn't want, in any way, to be involved in anything that would result in some poor girl being kidnapped and sold into slavery. It was one thing to arrange slave experience for volunteers through No Escape to Paradise. Those were temporary and were more fantasy-like. They were far from the real deal.

"I don't think we can help you," she answered. "But I can ask around. Perhaps some of my colleagues or investors might have some ideas."

"Thank you," smiled Heather. "In the meantime, we can set up the schedule for ownership. We will want Symphony, of course."

"I will talk to Symphony on my next visit to see when she will be available for you again. She may not even want to repeat her experience, though. And even if she does want to, she has other responsibilities that may prevent her from repeating often. How often would you like to own a slave?"

"Well, as I said," replied Heath, "we are considering a permanent one so more frequent would be best. At least monthly and perhaps every other week."

"I will talk to her." Erika concluded her interview and then drove back to the office. In a way, this was very good news. It meant that some people would be loyal, repeat customers. But it also meant that her business could result in innocent girls being kidnapped to meet the demand for slaves that she was creating.

"I told you we might have to kidnap her," Heather said to Heath. "There's no way that she'll be able to be available as much as we want her to be."

Heath sighed again. "Yes, dear, you are right. But I'm not sure that I'm ready to go there yet."

"At least we could get rid of those silly limits if we truly owned her. I'd love to put some rings in those puffy nipples of hers. And I'd love to have her wear our mark." "We have a mark?"

"Well, no, not yet," Heather replied. "But we will. And she will wear it someday."

"Yes, dear."

## **Chapter 6**

Saturday night was to be Symphony's debut. The Whitcombs were holding a party and they planned on Symphony being the star attraction.

Symphony knew that there was to be a party. And she figured that her owners planned to display their girl in some way. But she didn't know how that was going to work or what would be expected of her. And not knowing was probably worse than knowing. Everything from gang rape to torture ran through her mind. Whatever they did to her, she knew it would be humiliating.

Her biggest fear was discovery. She hoped that she was far enough away from home that she would not see anyone she knew. In reality, she had no idea where she was. She had not even been outside since she was delivered on

Wednesday and she had been unconscious then. She could be in the next town over or a hundred miles from home. The fact that Erika showed up every day, though, told her that she was probably within a couple of hours of Chicago. Being that close caused her to worry about someone recognizing her and discovering her naughty adventure.

She had bathed with Heather a little bit earlier. Heather enjoyed her nightly bath with her girl. Symphony would shampoo and wash her mistress. Then Heather would do the same with Symphony but would do so much more slowly. She loved the feel of the girl's supple flesh and fondled her more than washed her. It took her over five minutes to wash the slave's breasts, for example. And she always saved the girl's sex for last and spent over ten minutes washing it, not stopping until she had pushed her slave into orgasm.

Symphony dried and styled Heather's hair and then helped with the make-up. Then it was Heather's turn to create Symphony in the image she desired. The blonde hair was meticulously combed out for more than ten minutes until it was silky and lustrous. Then Heather started to braid a halo of hair around the top of the girl's head. She finally turned Symphony toward the mirror.

"You will be a princess tonight," said Heather.

"A princess, Mistress?" questioned Symphony. Maybe this night would not be so humiliating after all.

"Yes, pet. You will be a princess; a slave princess."

Symphony's heart sank. She knew it would be embarrassing, just like she had feared.

"And the prince will be in attendance," Heather continued. "Our son will be home from college for the night."

"Oh god!" thought Symphony. She didn't even know they had a son. They both looked too young for a college-aged son. And now the boy would bear witness to her humiliation.

Symphony dressed her mistress in a formal gown and had to admit that she looked stunning. The emerald green dress seemed to highlight her flaming red hair which had been cut and elegantly styled to be shoulder length. The dress had been perfectly tailored to accentuate her curvy body and the low-cut bodice nicely displayed the upper swells of her generous breasts.

"You look beautiful, Mistress."

Heather smiled and leaned forward, kissing her girl. "Thank you, princess. Now let's finish getting you ready."

Heather removed the shock collar and replaced it with an ornate gold choker. A slender gold chain went around her waist and rested on her hips. Two metal bands were wrapped around her ankles and two more were wrapped around her calves, just below the knees. A final set of metal bands were placed on her wrists. She had not seen any of these cuffs before but they fit her perfectly.

She led the girl downstairs and turned her over to Heath. Heath had the entertainment aspects of the evening figured out. He left the menu planning to his wife.

Earlier in the afternoon, he had a granite pedestal delivered. It was a perfect cube measuring two feet on each side. A cushion was placed on top of the cube and he placed Symphony on top of the cushion, kneeling. Then he attached her wrist cuffs to the cuffs just below her knees. He made sure that her knees were spread wide and then stepped back to admire his artwork.

"Such a beautiful ornament," he told her. "I'm sure the guests will love you."

Heath and Heather had hired help for the evening. Two college-age girls dressed provocatively in French maid outfits scurried about. Symphony wondered what the girls must be thinking about the new ornament that had been added to the room. But if they were shocked or even surprised, they hid it well. This made Symphony wonder just how uncommon a naked girl on a pedestal really was.

Heath disappeared after placing the ornament and returned about thirty minutes later, dressed in a tuxedo. Now Symphony felt really underdressed.

The guests started arriving a few minutes later and all of them bee-lined to where Symphony was bound. They had all been told ahead of time about the beautiful slavegirl who would be on display and they wanted to see it for themselves. She had never felt so embarrassed in her life. Everyone crowded around the pedestal to get a better look and to fondle and caress the naked beauty.

"I thought Heather was kidding," commented one woman to another as she lifted Symphony's left breast and bounced it in her palms.

"Me too," agreed the other woman as her fingers glided over the shaved mound and down to the petals which were, somehow, already juicy with arousal.

There was a lot of chatter. They talked among themselves about the girl but nobody talked to the girl. Symphony truly felt like an inanimate ornament at this point.

By the time the last guests arrived, there were ten couples and each of them freely groped and squeezed and probed the bound girl. The son arrived shortly after the last couple did.

"Wow Dad!" Cliff exclaimed. "You weren't kidding!"

Heath chuckled. "I never kid about slavegirls."

"She's beautiful," said Cliff. "I still can't believe you bought her. That's so random!"

"Go ahead and enjoy her, son. She'll be available for entertainment after dinner. But you can give her a good feel or two for now."

Symphony didn't think things could get any more embarrassing but somehow they did. Cliff was maybe nineteen or twenty and for some reason it was even more humiliating to her to have someone so young witnessing her nudity and bondage and feeling his hands exploring her naked flesh. He touched her everywhere he could reach, almost as if he was studying her body and memorizing every curve.

Shortly before dinner, the two maids helped Symphony down from the pedestal and led her to the dining room. There, they helped her onto the huge table and onto a circular platform in the center of the table. Once her wrists were fastened to the bands below her knees again, they flicked a switch and the platform started slowly rotating.

"Oh god!" thought Symphony. "I'm the centerpiece!"

For the next hour, she slowly turned and was watched by the twenty one diners. Occasionally, someone would stand and give a breast a squeeze or a bottom cheek a swat. There was much discussion around the table but nobody seemed to be looking at anyone as they spoke. It seemed like all eyes were on Symphony.

Coffee was served after the meal and Symphony was mortified when Heather offered her mother's milk to anyone who wanted their coffee lightened. She was released from the platform and was required to circulate around the table to any guest who wanted her milk. Everyone, it seemed, wanted her milk.

"I don't even like coffee," said one woman after Symphony had serviced a dozen guests. "But I love milk!" She leaned forward and sucked Symphony's right nipple into her mouth and started suckling. Her two hands wrapped around the full breast and palpated it as she looked up into the slavegirl's eyes, enjoying the various shades of pink and red as the girl blushed.

Cliff was her last stop. He waited for her, smiling, with his arms crossed over his chest. "I'm not much of a coffee drinker either," he announced. Then he captured the left nipple and started pulsing it in and out between his lips. He reached around her with one hand, grasping a bottom cheek as he moved his other hand between her thighs. He coaxed her legs apart and slipped two fingers into her sex, eliciting a gasp from the slave. He suckled for several minutes as he toyed

with her clit and penetrated her sex with his fingers, moving her closer and closer to an orgasm. But he stopped before she climaxed, much to her relief. It would have been unthinkable to climax in front of this audience.

"Now for the fun and games," announced Heather. Symphony did not know what was coming up but she knew it couldn't be good.

"Tonight," she continued, "we have a jousting tournament of sorts. This contest will reward good knights for speed and accuracy." She led all of her guests into another large room where all of the furniture had been pushed back against the wall, leaving a large open space in the middle of the floor.

She invited the men to remove their pants to free up their 'lances.' Immediately, clothing started hitting the floor as the men realized that they might get a chance to fuck the beautiful slave. As if on cue, the two maids stepped forward. They attached Symphony's wrist cuffs to her ankle cuffs, leaving her bent over with her bottom sticking out behind her lewdly. This does not look good, thought Symphony.

"You may not use your hands in this joust," announced Heather. "The goal of this game is to win the princess for the night. To win her, you need to score one hundred points. Whoever reaches one hundred first wins Princess Symphony until noon tomorrow." Symphony silently groaned at the news.

"You will earn twenty five points each time you sink your lance into the girl's ass. There are no extra points for remaining in there so I would recommend that you get in and get out. Too much stimulation and you might not be able to finish the competition."

Heather continued. "The target is the ass. Pussy spearing will result in a forfeiture of fifty points."

"Girls, grease her up," Heather instructed. "We're almost ready to begin."

"Wait," called out one of the males. "How does this work? The geometry of the angles won't work." He pointed to his cock to illustrate his point. The cock was rock hard and long but pointed up at about a forty five degree angle. It was clear that he would never be able to impale the girl's bottom without the use of his hands to lower the cock and guide it.

"That's where your pages come in, knights." Then she smiled. "Ladies, you will be pages for your husbands, the knights. You are allowed the use of your hands and it will be up to you to guide the lances home."

Several of the women gasped at what they were expected to do. Several others giggled. The wife of the man with the angled cock stepped beside him and

wrapped her fingers around the pole. "Don't worry, good sir. I will guide your lance to its intended target."

"Thank you milady," he replied and then kissed her.

Symphony was in a state of shock. She couldn't believe her ears. She was about to be fucked in the ass by ten men who were being helped in the rape by their wives. It was insane!

At the same time, waves of arousal were rushing through her body. She didn't know why but, for some reason, this complete dehumanizing of her was very exciting to her. She was nothing but a sex toy now to them. She existed only for their entertainment and pleasure. She was pure lust at that moment. Even the feel of the maids swabbing lubricant on and around her asshole was thrilling.

"I don't have a page," announced Cliff. "May I use my hands?"

"But you do have a page," replied Heather. "Your father is going to be the referee and scorekeeper. I'm your page."

"But Mom!!!" gasped Cliff. "I mean... you're my Mom!!! You can't do that!"

She was standing beside him by now and reached out, wrapping her fingers around his cock. "Sure I can. See?"

Cliff's face went beet red as his mother gripped his cock. She even stroked it a few times, causing his blush to deepen even further. "Nice lance," she commented, loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Girls, is she ready?" asked Heather.

"As ready as she'll ever be," replied one of the girls who had two fingers up Symphony's rectum and was turning them back and forth to coat her thoroughly inside.

"All slicked up and ready to go," added the other girl. She had the jar of lubricant in her hand and was walking from male to male, coating each throbbing cock with the lubricating gel.

Once the last cock had been prepared, Heather started the game. "Knights, you may begin your joust. May the swiftest, surest lance win."

The men moved forward with their pages by their sides and formed a tight circle around the girl. There was no place to run. And even if there was, she would not have been able to run being bound the way she was. She decided that a moving target would be harder to hit, though, so she started turning in a circle, changing direction occasionally.

Cocks pushed forward, glancing off of a hip or bottom cheek as they missed their marks. But Heather was not about to be outsmarted by the girl. She timed her move perfectly. She waited until the cute little pucker was approaching, aimed her son's cock at it, and then pushed his butt, propelling him forward. The cock found its mark and was quickly embedded halfway into the girl's bottom.

Symphony let out a shriek as she was skewered by the shaft. It was not all that painful but it was a surprise. And it was completely humiliating.

"Twenty five points," called out Heath. Cliff had scored the first points of the match.

"God, she's tight," moaned Cliff as he withdrew his cock from the beautiful, vulnerable ass. He would have preferred to stay embedded in there but knew that he would have shot his load quickly if he did. And then he would most surely be out of the competition.

The men scrambled to score their first points and Symphony felt cocks poking her from all angles. They bounced off her hips and butt. Several were so slow that they poked her sides and arms. One even banged her head.

"Twenty five points," cried out Heath. One of the guests had successfully lodged his cock into the slave's bottom, eliciting another shriek of surprise.

"Twenty five points," he called out again. No sooner had the one male departed her rectum than a second man's wife guided her husband to the forbidden little rosebud. He easily sliced his cock into her.

"Twenty five points."

"Twenty five points."

"Twenty five points."

Symphony twirled as best she could. She dodged and moved but there was no direction that was safe. Time and again, she felt cocks impaling her bottom. She had no idea who they belonged to or who was winning. She just knew that she was the sex toy they were playing with.

"Twenty five points."

"Loss of fifty points. Wrong hole, Ronnie boy." Symphony gasped as she felt the cock slice into her sex and was amazed at how easily it slid in. The maids had not lubricated her there. That meant that her arousal must have lubricated her. It was pretty embarrassing to be so aroused at something as degrading as this.

"Twenty five points."

"Twenty five points."

This went on for almost an hour. Symphony's ass had been assaulted and impaled over twenty times. In the end, it was Cliff who won. Heather had been the most effective page and had made sure that her son's cock was guided home each time the beautiful ass turned in his direction.

"Winner!" pronounced Heath. "It seems that my son is quite good with his lance."

"Either that or he had a good page," interjected Heather. She still had her hand wrapped around her son's cock as it remained half embedded in the slave's bowels. She reached down with her other hand and cupped his balls, squeezing them.

"Would you like to cum in her ass?" she asked.

"Mom!!!" scolded Cliff. "You shouldn't be asking me things like that. And you shouldn't be holding me. None of this should be happening."

"Oh, loosen up. And stop whining," admonished Heather. She released the balls and gave Cliff a hard swat on his naked bottom. He yelped and lurched forward which sank his cock fully into Symphony's body.

"Oooommmphhhh!" gurgled Symphony as the cock plunged deeply.

"I'm ready to go there now," Heath told Heather after the guests had left and Cliff had taken Symphony up to his room.

"Me too," replied Heather. "She has to be ours permanently. I'll work on it."

## **Chapter 7**

The week ended and Symphony was thrilled throughout the entire experience. It was painful at times. It was humiliating often. But it was the change that she needed. She felt alive again.

At the end of the Saturday night party, Cliff had claimed his prize. He chose to stay in his parents' home for the night rather than take her back to the dorm. While he would have loved to show off the beautiful blonde slavegirl to his friends, he decided to enjoy her alone instead. He did not want to share his prize.

He had amazing stamina and recuperative powers. Each fuck lasted an hour or so and, within thirty minutes of climaxing, he would be ready to go again. He was also incredibly creative. She was bound in ways that she never even imagined as he fucked her. And every available orifice was utilized. They did finally drift off to sleep at about five AM but by seven he was pounding his cock into her ass again. He kept up the sex until his time expired at noon.

"How was your slavegirl?" asked Heather when he finally led the bound and bedraggled Symphony downstairs to the kitchen where Heather was having a cup of coffee.

"She's a keeper," he replied. "I have added her to my Christmas list for this year. You could wrap her and place her under the tree for me."

Heather smiled. "Yes, she's definitely a keeper. You might just find her under the tree on Christmas morning. Do you want breakfast or have you already filled yourself on her milk?"

"Oh, I want breakfast. I'm starved. I drank her milk last night and it was delicious but I conked out soon after. So I've laid off of it this morning."

"What would you like?" asked Heather.

"Just a bowl of cereal; with Symphony's milk. Do we have a pump or something we can attach to her?"

Heather laughed. "No, I'm afraid we don't have a breast pump. But we have the two girls from last night still. I could have them milk the girl."

For the next twenty minutes, Symphony knelt on all fours on the table as the two milkmaids coaxed her milk out of her into the two bowls placed beneath her breasts. Again, she was humiliated beyond belief as she was treated like a human cow.

They chatted between themselves as their fingers squeezed and slid over the supple flesh. As she listened to their banter, Symphony realized that they had been part of the entertainment too. They talked about the various partygoers and compared notes on the sizes of cocks and the demands of the mistresses.

The rest of the week was also thrilling. But Tuesday finally arrived. She was collected by the same two males and delivered to the No Escape headquarters. Erika and Tracy spent an hour with her, interviewing her, before they gave her clothes and returned her to her home.

"What did you like best about it?" asked Tracy.

"The helplessness, I suppose. I didn't have to worry about making any decisions since there was nothing I could do or change."

"What did you like least about it?" asked Erika.

"The helplessness, I suppose. It was terrifying to have no say in what you did or what was done to you."

They did not ask about the actual activities that Symphony had experienced. They were more interested in how she felt about the experience during the week and now that it was over.

"Did you feel safe?" asked Tracy.

"Yes and no," replied Symphony. "I felt somewhat threatened and vulnerable the whole week. My fate was in their hands and I had no control. But they did not seem like cruel people. It's not like they harmed me. And it's not like I worried that they would actually kidnap me or something. And Erika's visits did a lot to make me safe."

"I enjoyed the visits too," smiled Erika. Symphony giggled. Tracy raised her eyebrows, wondering what the giggling was all about.

"One last question," said Tracy. "Would you consider doing it again? And why or why not?"

"Oh yes," gushed Symphony. "I want to do it as often as I can. I have already figured out how I can do it again next month. It can only be for a long weekend next time but I just have to do it again soon. It was the most thrilling week of my life!"

A month went by and the day for Symphony's collection arrived. The males arrived early this time and once again forced their way into her house. A hand was clamped over her mouth and another arm wrapped around her body, holding her in place. The second male bound her ankles and then bound her wrists behind her back. A ball was stuffed into her mouth and straps were buckled behind her head to hold it in place. She did not struggle. She knew the routine and it didn't make any sense at all for her to hurt the men or hurt herself. Besides, it was thrilling enough without any struggling. She could feel the adrenalin coursing through her veins and could feel her pussy getting damp with arousal.

The routine was a little different this time. Instead of delivering her with her clothes on, they stripped her. One man held her upright as the second man produced a knife. The t-shirt and shorts were the first to go. Then, with three quick slices, her bra fell to the floor. The knife-wielding male paused in his chore for a moment to grab the full breasts and squeeze them harshly, causing Symphony to grunt through her gag. Finally, two quick slices relieved her of her panties.

Then they did something else that was different from her first time. They bent her over the back of the sofa and then, one at a time, they fucked her. Symphony was in heaven as the massive cocks filled her. She rubbed herself against the sofa trying to give herself an orgasm. She wasn't able to get the right

friction, though, because of the way her legs were tied together. But it was still a very gratifying sexual experience as two loads of sperm flooded her sex.

After they fucked her, one of the males produced a syringe. She watched wide-eyed as the needle was plunged into her arm and the contents of the syringe were emptied into her. She was sleeping soundly within mere moments. The men packed her into a box that they had brought and carried her back to the waiting van. Then, one of the men went back into the house to gather the ruined clothes and make sure there was no evidence of the collection.

Sam and Ray arrived at Symphony's house at the appointed time, an hour later. When nobody opened the door after they knocked, they tried the doorknob, finding it unlocked. They let themselves in and searched the house but found it empty. Then they returned to the No Escape to Paradise headquarters.

"Do you have another team of collectors?" asked Sam when they found Erika.

"No, just you two," she replied.

Then she must have just changed her mind. She wasn't home. But I thought it was odd that there were some broken rope fibers in the front entryway and what looked like semen stains on the top of the couch. They were still wet."

Erika's eyes flew open wide at the news. "Oh my!" The girl hadn't been collected by her company's team. But she had definitely been collected by someone.