

# Annotation

Angela Dawson was interested in buying a second slavegirl for her family and went back to the market where she bought her first girl. Then, a series of events resulted in her discovering that she had a submissive side. But the more that she explored that side of her, the darker things seemed to get for her and she experienced a never-ending stream of surprises.

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- [The Newest Slave](#)
    - [Chapter 1](#)
    - [Chapter 2](#)
    - [Chapter 3](#)
    - [Chapter 4](#)
    - [Chapter 5](#)
    - [Chapter 6](#)
    - [Chapter 7](#)
    - [Chapter 8](#)
    - [Chapter 9](#)
    - [Chapter 10](#)
    - [Chapter 11](#)
    - [Chapter 12](#)
    - [Chapter 13](#)
    - [Chapter 14](#)
    - [Chapter 15](#)
    - [Chapter 16](#)
-

# **The Newest Slave**

# Chapter 1

This was turning out to be her favorite place to shop. The quality of the merchandise was superb and she had been very pleased with her previous purchase. That wasn't always the case when she bought high value items. It was not uncommon for her to select a new car, only to change her mind shortly after it was delivered. She had moved her family twice because the homes she selected turned out to be disappointing once they moved in. And she had an entire jewelry case of valuable gems set in pendants, bracelets and earrings that she hardly ever wore. They had looked like good ideas at the time of purchase but she became disillusioned with them once she got them home.

That wasn't the case with the last item she purchased here. It had been about a year ago when she made that transaction and she was still delighted with the object. In fact, the whole family was. She and her husband had bought the item for their children. She had a teenage son and a teenage daughter. They loved playing with their new toy. But the parents loved playing with the new toy too. That's what brought her back to this market. She decided that the family needed two.

But she was going to try to purchase one in the aftermarket this time. The last one was brand new and took some getting used to. She assumed that a previously owned one would result in an easier start-up period.

She looked down the row of merchandise that had been neatly arranged. She had already walked down the aisle to get an overview of the items for sale and to see if any of them jumped out at her as the one she had to buy. But that did not help at all. Each of them looked perfect. She thought she could buy any one of them and be happy with her decision.

The naked women were aligned in a row. Each had her ankles shackled and attached to rings in the floor with their feet about shoulder width apart. Their wrists were cuffed and drawn over their

heads, attached to hooks that hung from the ceiling. And there was room to walk between them and behind them so that they could be fully inspected.

There were thirty naked female forms in the large room. They had all been kidnapped at some point in their lives and sold into slavery. For one reason or other, they were being resold. For some of them, their owners had died. Others had failed to please their owners. Still others were being sold because an owner got married and the new spouse did not want to have to compete with a slave for time and attention. And then there were the owners who had fallen on hard times and were disposing of a valuable asset to generate cash.

Each of the beauties was to be sold at auction that afternoon. This was the viewing and inspection time and Angela was there as soon as the doors opened. Already, a half dozen other buyers were roaming about the room now, inspecting the goods.

Angela loved to shop. If she had a vice, that was it. At least that was one of them. Ever since her husband convinced her a year ago to come to this Caribbean island, she also had a vice involving slavegirls. But before that, shopping was her only indulgence.

She came alone on this trip even though they both came last time. This time, she was shopping for a present for Fathers Day which was coming up soon. The new slavegirl would be primarily for her and her husband, although she was sure that they would share with the children frequently.

As she gazed down the row of naked bodies, she had no idea how she would decide which one to choose. They were all beautiful and maybe that meant that she didn't have to choose. Maybe she would start bidding as each one was brought to the auction block and just bow out of the bidding if the price got too high.

But that wasn't right. She could afford any of them, regardless of the price. She could buy all of them if she chose. She and her husband were exceedingly wealthy and money would never be an issue. She decided that she should choose one ahead of time and then she would keep raising her bid until she won.

She opened the program that she had been given. There was a page of information on each one. Body modifications, such as piercings and brandings, were described and, where appropriate, pictures showed what was done.

Two girls had received breast augmentations. Angela crossed through those pages. She wanted her girl to be natural. Lactation through hormones and drugs had been induced in another girl. She thought it would be nice to have fresh milk, although she thought it would be better to use her husband's or son's sperm to start that process. But she had no idea what she would do with the baby that resulted from that process. She crossed a line across the lactating girl's page.

As she walked down the line of naked females, she thought about the girl she already owned. Kim was nicely curved with beautiful auburn hair. But her chest was not generously endowed. Should she find one today who had larger breasts so she could provide her family with a little more of an assortment? Or should she try to find someone who matched closely with the girl they already owned so that the girls looked more like a set?

And if she was not going to create a matched set, should she try for even more diversity than breast and body shape? There were some strikingly beautiful black girls bound in the display row. There were also some Asians and Latinas who were just adorable.

She looked back at her program, convincing herself that she could decide the body type and color later. It listed birth date, natural hair color, and the normal measurements. It did not name the previous owner but it did indicate whether it had been a male, female or couple.

The program also described how the previously owned slaves had been used and what kind of training they had received. She read every word and fact closely. She crossed her pen across a few more pages when she saw "pain slut" and "toilet slut." Then she started down the line of naked girls again.

She had started this process by crossing out ones that did not fit her criteria, even though she really hadn't developed any kind of coherent criteria. But despite the lack of objectives, she decided to

continue this process of elimination. It should help her narrow down her focus to a few who she could evaluate more closely.

She stepped in front of one of the girls and looked at her more closely. She seemed awfully young. She glanced at the program and saw that Lot Number 3 was only sixteen. Then she gasped when she saw that she had been a slave for two years already. The girl was younger than her own daughter! She couldn't imagine Jenna being a sex slave at all, let alone being one at fourteen which was when this girl started.

She was very attractive, though, Angela noticed. She reached up and ran her palms down the arms that were stretched high and then continued to let her hands trail down the girl's sides, enjoying the feel of the soft flesh. She lifted each of the girl's breasts, thinking how full they were for a girl so young. And the girl's face was beautiful and was framed with lustrous blonde hair that hung down to her cutely curved bottom cheeks. She marked her program with a question mark beside number three. She might be a possibility.

"What is your name, girl?" asked Angela. She saw the girl's eyes widen, almost as if in terror and then saw her jaws clench. It was only then that Angela remembered the gags that this slaver organization used which forced the mouth to close completely with no possibility of being opened. She also remembered the numbing shots that they gave to the girls' lips so that they would not be able to change their expressions. All of the girls in the display had a hint of a smile and none of them moved their lips.

"Never mind," said Angela as she realized she would not receive an answer. She stroked her fingers down the teenager's breast. "You are a definite possibility."

As she continued down the line, testing the arousal of the girls, squeezing flesh to see how firm it was, and lifting breasts to weight them, she made a decision. She wanted a girl with larger breasts than Kim's. She thoroughly enjoyed the compact mounds on her current slave but she decided that something larger was called for with their second girl. She didn't want a cow, mind you. She had already crossed a line through several of the lot numbers because

their breasts were so large that they reminded her of udders. Maybe a nice C cup would do nicely for her family.

She stepped up to Lot Number 17. This one looked nice. She probably stood five feet two inches and had wonderfully full but not overly large breasts, with only a hint of sag that gave her a delicious form both from the front and in profile. Angela lifted them and thought that they felt good resting against her splayed fingers. She bounced them several times before releasing them.

She slid her hands down the girl's sides to her narrow waist. The skin was soft and warm but the flesh was firm and muscled. She was very fit. The girl watched Angela intently but without any signs of fear or concern or disgust at being handled and inspected the way she was. Angela assumed that was one of the benefits of buying a previously owned slave. Kim had been frightened and tentative and jittery when she and John first brought her home.

Lot Number 17 was a redhead and, supposedly was a natural redhead although it could not be determined by looking at her pubic hair. Her bald pussy was as smooth as a baby's bottom. Angela stepped back to get a full look at the girl. The face was beautiful and she looked to be in her mid twenties. Just like her abdomen, her thighs and calves were nicely muscled and toned.

She looked back at the program. This one was twenty seven years old and had been kept as a ponygirl for the past year. That would explain how fit and toned she was. At twenty seven, she was slightly older than Angela had suspected but she was still in her prime as a slavegirl. After all, Kim was twenty seven also and they adored Kim.

Angela reread all of the information about the girl and then gasped when she saw the date she had originally been sold. That was the same day they had bought Kim. Six girls were sold that day. And if Angela remembered correctly, all six of them had been close friends. Even her slave serial number which was listed in the program confirmed that she was one of the six girls sold on that day. The redhead's number was 0913CF while their own girl's number was 0911CF.

That meant that Lot Number 17 and Kim knew each other. Would it be a good idea or a bad idea to have two slaves who knew each other so well before becoming enslaved? She would have to think about that.

She finally moved on but not until she inked a star next to Lot Number 17 in her program. This one was a definite possibility.

She continued to wander along the row of merchandise, thoroughly inspecting each object that she had not already ruled out. After two hours, she had narrowed it down to three possibilities: the teenager, another blonde who was twenty, and the redhead. She went back to inspect each of the three again. She finally prioritized them in her mind and then left the inspection hall to get a bite to eat before the auction began.

## Chapter 2

Angela was seated at a table with four others as she waited for the auction to begin. Two were a husband and wife from Canada. One was a British mistress. The fourth was a Cuchillan master. She was the only American. There were about fifty buyers in the room ready to purchase the thirty pieces of merchandise that were about to be offered.

"Actually, this will be our second girl," explained Angela in response to a question from the Cuchillan. "We bought our first girl about a year ago."

"How nice," smiled the master. "Do you plan to keep both of them?"

"Oh yes," Angela answered quickly. "We had originally planned on selling Kim once the children went away to school but now I don't think that we could ever part with her. Kim is like part of the family now."

"Was she previously owned also?" asked the Canadian wife.

"No, she was a fresh catch. They had only kidnapped her the day before we bought her."

"Wasn't that difficult?" the wife asked. "We have often talked about buying one of the new girls but we were afraid it would be too much work."

"It was some work at first," agreed Angela. "It was hard for her to adjust but I supposed that's to be expected when you are free one day and then owned the next. But she did adjust and we just adore her."

"Maybe we should try a fresh one, Bob," the wife said, turning to her husband. "I heard that they are collecting some tonight and will be selling them tomorrow."

"Let's see if we get the one we selected from this group," replied Bob. "If not, we can stay over and get one from tomorrow's sale."

"Which one did you select?" asked the British mistress.

The wife laughed. "Bob likes them young. He wants the blonde teenager."

Bob nodded. "She has a ripe young body that should be lots of fun to play with."

Each of them shared their first choices. The master also had his eyes on the young blonde. The mistress wanted one of the tall, busty blondes that Angela thought looked like a cow. Angela shared that she was hoping to buy the petite redhead.

The auction began and was conducted much the same way that the auction Angela had attended a year earlier was. One at a time, the naked girls were brought onto the stage. The auctioneer would describe the object that was to be sold and would illustrate his points by lifting breasts or twisting nipples or probing a girl's sex or bottom. All of this was shown on the gigantic television monitors that were on the walls. A cane was used on each of the girls to show how well they marked. And then the bidding began.

The most valuable property turned out to be the young blonde. Nearly a dozen people started off bidding for her but the field narrowed quickly. In the end, she was sold for 600,000 British pounds. Neither the Cuchillan nor the Canadians won the bidding.

Most of the girls sold between 200,000 and 300,000 pounds. The Cuchillan won his second choice, a dark-skinned girl with large breasts and an ass that Angela found to be unattractively large. The British mistress won her buxom Amazon and was delighted.

Angela won the bidding for the redhead at the surprisingly low price of 150,000 pounds. It was surprising because she remembered that none of the six girls who had been sold a year earlier went for less than 300,000 pounds. That meant that this girl had lost half her value in a year. Angela had no idea that slaves depreciated in value so drastically.

She reasoned that the price was so low because this crowd of buyers seemed to place a high value on large breasts. Angela thought her new girl's breasts were perfect on her small frame but they clearly weren't udders like some of the other girls had. Angela was quite pleased with her purchase.

She sat with the other four buyers at her table until the auction ended, although she was dying to go claim her girl. Once the final bid was accepted on the final girl, she arose with the others and moved to the settlement room.

Three settlement tables were set up today. There had only been one a year earlier when she had been here last. But the numbers of bodies being sold into slavery this day was five times as high. Angela chatted with her Cuchillan and British tablemates as they waited in line.

"What do you have planned for your new girls?" Angela asked them.

"I have stables in England," replied the mistress. "Mine will be trained as a ponygirl."

"Oh, the one I bought today used to be a ponygirl. You didn't want her?"

"No," said the mistress. "I prefer to train them myself. Plus, my clients value large breasts. Your new girl is a little too sleek for their tastes, although I find her quite beautiful myself."

"Yes, I'm very pleased. But what do you mean about clients?"

"I operate a club and the stables are part of the club. Members can stable their own girls there or they can use some of the club's girls. My girl will be trained to be a club girl."

"Oh," said Angela as she nodded. "I would like to visit someday. It sounds fascinating."

"It is," agreed the mistress. "It is quite fascinating and exciting and so erotic. There is nothing more pleasing than to watch the rump of a running girl as she pulls your cart or watching a naked girl prancing through a dressage event. You will have to visit."

"I shall," smiled Angela who then turned toward the Cuchillan master. "And what will your girl be used for?"

"I too operate a club," the master smiled. "It is located on a large ranch and we do many things. One of the favorite activities is the hunts."

Angela gasped. "You hunt girls?"

"With paintballs mostly," he replied. "The hunters get to claim their prey for some period of time after the hunt; usually a week. It

is a quite popular sport. In fact, I would very much like to bag you someday, should you decide to visit and participate."

Angela gasped again and blushed. "You want to what? Bag me?"

"Yes," he nodded. "Perhaps I chose the wrong word. My English is not so good. I meant that I would like to shoot you and enslave you; temporarily, of course."

Angela's blush deepened. "That was the correct word. Do you bag many mistresses?"

"Yes, quite a few," he offered. "But only the most beautiful mistresses. And both of you qualify that way. I would love to hunt you and have you as my slave."

"Oh my," muttered Angela. She should be insulted, and at some level she was. But she also felt a little thrill rush through her body at the thought of being hunted and temporarily owned. They had already exchanged phone numbers. She wondered if she would end up calling him to take him up on his offer.

Angela was the first of the three to reach the settlement desk. A frumpy looking secretary sat behind the table, arranging the paperwork from the most recent transaction she had completed. "Lot number?" asked the secretary.

"Seventeen," replied Angela.

"Let me just find her here." She ran her finger down a page and nodded before swiveling in her chair to look into a file cabinet. She extracted a file and swiveled back to face Angela.

"Before we get started," the secretary said, "there are just a few questions. Currently, your girl is in a holding room. Do you want to collect her there or have her delivered to your room for the night or simply shipped to your home?"

"Leave her in the holding room," replied Angela. "I'll collect her there."

"Do you want her gag left in or removed before you get there?"

"Removed."

"Do you require any special preparation before you collect her? Shaving? Piercing? Enemas?"

"No," said Angela. "I think she's perfect just as she is."

The secretary smiled and opened the folder that sat on the table before her. "Oh, you're right," she said as she looked at the picture. "She is perfect. I remember her too. We sold her not long ago."

"Yes," inserted Angela. "About a year ago. She was sold with five of her friends. I bought one of the friends."

"That's so nice of you to reunite her with a friend," the secretary said.

"I bought her because she pleased me and I wanted her. I didn't buy her for a reunion."

"Yes, of course." The chastened secretary looked down at the folder and started writing information into blanks on the forms. The process took about thirty minutes and, as soon as the money had been wired from Angela's account to the slavers', she was led into the holding room to claim her new slave.

Eight naked girls were still tethered to posts when Angela walked into the room. She glanced around and quickly found her newest slave. She walked over to her and stood in front of her, raising her hand and stroking the girl's cheek with her fingertips.

"Hello girl," she said softly. "You belong to me now."

Angela was not sure what to expect. When she said those words to Kim for the first time, Kim had screamed and sworn at her. She guessed that she would receive the same response from this girl, whose name she didn't even know but whose deal of ownership was in her purse. She was surprised by the response she did get, though.

"Yes, Mistress," the girl replied. "Thank you for buying me." The voice was soft and melodic and lyrical. It was not drudging or lifeless or frightened like she might have expected of someone who had been a slave for a year already. She had clearly not been broken. That was a good thing.

"My name is Angela," she said, "although you will call me Mistress. What is your name?"

"I am Alaine, Mistress," she said, almost musically.

Angela leaned forward and kissed Alaine on the lips. "Welcome to the family, Alaine."

Alaine was confused. She had not been treated harshly by her former owner. She was not beaten. She occasionally felt the sting of the whip or a crop but that was only during training or when she was being raced. She had certainly never been whipped for recreational or entertainment purposes. But her former mistress had shown her no tenderness at any point. The only tenderness that she experienced in the past year came from the men and women who she was sometimes loaned to. A few of them were caring when they took her to their beds. Now, her new owner was showing tenderness and welcoming her to the family. She did not know what to think.

"Thank you, Mistress," she replied.

"I can't wait to get you home," Angela went on as she reached up and stroked the outer swells of her new slave's breasts. "My husband saw you last year when you were sold and he wanted you then. He'll be delighted that we own you now. And the kids will simply adore you."

Alaine's head was spinning at this point. They saw her sold last year? And what was all of that about kids?

"You were here when I was sold last time, Mistress?"

"Yes, pet," said Angela. She had splayed her fingers and was lifting the girl's breasts, enjoying the texture and the weight. This girl was divine. And she showed no signs of skittishness or discomfort at being fondled so intimately. "We bought one of your friends then. We bought Kim."

Alaine's eyes brightened at the news. "Is she still with you?"

Angela gave the firm, warm breasts a squeeze and leaned forward, kissing Alaine again. "Yes, little one. We still own Kim."

"That's wonderful, Mistress. I have missed her."

"I'm sure she has missed you too. Now, let's get you released from this post and go arrange transportation. Then we can go back to my room and talk more."

Angela unlocked the cuffs from the post. "Would you be more comfortable if I leashed you? Or do you want to just walk with me?"

This was unbelievable to Alaine. She was being given a choice. And she would be allowed to walk untethered. In all of the past year, she had never been asked for her opinion. She never had the

opportunity to make a decision. There were never any choices. And she was always led by a leash or reins wherever she went.

"I would enjoy walking with you, Mistress," she responded.

Angela smiled. "Then let's go." She walked to the door and Alaine followed dutifully. They went through the door and were met by a large black man.

"One of the birds has returned," the man said. "The beautiful redbird."

Then he turned to Angela. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Cedric. I run the operation here in the Caribbean." He had an island accent; perhaps Jamaican?

"Pleased to meet you, Cedric," replied Angela. "I am Angela Dawson. And this is my new girl, Alaine."

"Ah yes," Cedric smiled. "Beautiful Alaine. When she was first sold, we had the finest collection imaginable that day. We have never had a set of merchandise of that quality before and we probably won't again."

"Yes, I remember," nodded Angela. "They were all so beautiful. We had a difficult time choosing."

"Oh, I had forgotten," said Cedric. "I knew that you were a repeat customer but I did not remember that you had bought one of the beautiful birds. May I touch your girl?"

"Please feel free."

The large black hands reached out and glided smoothly down Alaine's arms. He crouched down and repeated the motion on her legs, squeezing the flesh occasionally. This man clearly had worked with slaves before and knew how to inspect them.

"I occasionally see two of the other birds," he said as he remained crouched. His fingers were at Alaine's sex and he was slowly rubbing her labia which were opened and wet. "Tempest's mistress loans her to me from time to time. She's delightful. And Elke sometimes visits with Tempest and their mistress."

Alain gasped as she heard the names of her friends. "May I speak, Mistress?"

"Of course, pet."

This surprised her also. She was rarely allowed to speak when she was kept as a ponygirl. The only time she was granted permission was in the bedroom with some of the masters and mistresses who borrowed her for a night.

"How are Elke and Tempest, Master?"

"They are very well," Cedric replied as he slowly pushed one of his large fingers into Alaine's sex, causing her to suck in her breath. "They are both lovely girls and seem to adore their mistress and each other. They are very happy slavegirls."

Alaine smiled, "I'm happy to hear that, Master." Cedric arose again and then lifted Alaine's breasts in his beefy hands. He palpated the flesh and brushed his thumbs over the nipples, seeing them stiffen before releasing them.

"You have made an excellent purchase, Mrs. Dawson," he said. "Your new girl remains one of the prime properties that we have ever offered."

"Thank you," replied Angela. "I know we will cherish her. But why was she so inexpensive?"

Cedric shrugged his shoulders. "That has me baffled too. All of today's auction was a surprise to me and the prices were much lower than we expected. We have a staff meeting later tonight to try to figure out why."

"I'm not complaining, mind you," said Angela. "I ended up benefiting. I got a gorgeous new girl at a bargain price. But I should go arrange transportation. I'm hoping to take Alaine home tomorrow."

Cedric sighed. "I'm afraid you might be delayed. One of our planes is experiencing mechanical difficulties and we now have a backlog of deliveries. If you want, you can fly home tomorrow and we will ship your girl later. Or you can stay here and wait if you want your girl to travel with you."

"I'll wait," said Angela. "I really want her with me. She's too precious."

## Chapter 3

"You surprise me," said Angela as she let her hands roam freely over Alaine's body. Alaine's wrists had been released as soon as they got back to the room and Alaine was unbound for the first time in a year; no collar, no harness, no cuffs, no bridle, no reins. Not a single item adorned her naked body. She was lying in the middle of the bed as Angela fondled and stroked her.

"You seem so comfortable with your slavery," Angela continued. "It seems that you do not mind being owned."

Alaine looked up at her new owner. "It's not a matter of minding or not minding, Mistress. I am owned. And I would rather live as a slave than die being free or trying to be free."

Angela nodded as she listened. She knew about the capsule that was embedded in each of the girls that the slaver organization sold. But she had no idea how strong the deterrent effects were. Apparently, they were quite strong.

Each girl who was kidnapped and then sold by this organization received a capsule that was surgically implanted somewhere in the girl's body. Even Angela did not know where they were. Inside one side of the capsule was a GPS locator that would help the organization locate a runaway or stolen slavegirl. Inside the other half was a lethal poison that could be released to eliminate any girl who might pose a threat to the organization or her owners.

Angela leaned down and sucked the closest nipple into her mouth, pulsing it in and out several times before releasing it. "You won't know this for yourself until you have been with us for awhile. But you will be treated very well by my family. You will be treated more like a beloved pet than a slave."

Alaine had been watching as Angela sucked on her nipple and looked into her eyes as she spoke. "Thank you, Mistress. I think I will like that."

Angela returned her lips to the nipple she had just released and sucked it back into her mouth. She slid her hand across the smooth

belly and cupped the girl's sex, feeling its wet warmth. Then she released the nipple and started stroking the slick petals with her fingers as she spoke.

"You will be used sexually by everyone in the family but I'm sure it won't be as often as you have been used over the past year."

Alaine felt her body responding to the sucking and stroking. It was not an unwelcome feeling. In fact, it felt kind of good to have the woman toying with her body and masturbating her.

She would have been abhorred by this attention before she was abducted a year ago. She was not lesbian. She was not even bi before she was captured and sold. Now, however, she actually enjoyed the gentle touch of a woman's lips and fingers. But it really didn't matter whether she enjoyed it or not. She was owned. Her mistress would decide what she did.

"Actually, Mistress, I was not used sexually very often; never by my mistress. Maybe once or twice a month by the people she loaned me to."

"Really?" remarked a surprised Angela. "I would have thought she would devour this delicious body any time she could."

Alaine blushed at the comment. "She was training me to be a ponygirl. She did not want sex to distract me from being a champion pony."

Angela slid a finger into the girl's sex, feeling it tight and oily around her digit. She heard Alaine inhale audibly at the insertion and she leaned down to kiss her girl on the lips.

"Your mistress did not know what she was missing. I could enjoy this delectable body all day long. I could just gobble you right up."

Alain felt herself blush again. She would have thought that being naked for a year, being treated as a pony, and being loaned to people as if she was some inanimate object would have made her immune from embarrassment. But she was embarrassed by the compliments.

Maybe it was more humiliating to be treated gently when you were a slave than to be treated more harshly or even indifferently.

Whatever it was, her new mistress was coaxing blushes out of her that she didn't even know existed.

"Why did your mistress sell you?" asked Angela. Alaine stiffened at the question. She remembered the day, a week earlier, when she had learned that she was to be sold. She was shocked and mortified. She had cried herself to sleep in her stall that night.

"She grew tired of the equestrian life, Mistress."

"She's a fool to give you up. I would have left the pony play behind but kept you."

"I overheard her talking with someone about that. The master said the same thing. But my mistress said that it would be too hard to retrain me into a pleasure slave."

Angela shook her head in disbelief. Maybe the other mistress was right that it would be more difficult than training a fresh slave but it was at least worth a try. She felt an obligation toward Kim and now toward Alaine. While she might sell them someday, she would at least do her best to help the girls find new homes where they would fit in.

"I guess that's her loss and my gain," said Angela. "Let's start making up for lost time. You have been sexually deprived for the past year."

Angela started stroking her fingers between the wet folds of Alaine's sex and lowered her face to the beautiful rounded breasts. Alaine raised her hand to stroke her new owner's face but Angela caught her wrist and pushed it back down to the bed. She moved it again with the same result. Finally, Alaine positioned herself spread eagle on the bed and just watched her mistress feast on her breasts as she felt the fingers lifting her toward an inevitable orgasm.

Angela slipped a second finger into her girl and used her thumb to stroke the clit which was stiffened and quite slippery at this point. She shifted from breast to breast, sucking and licking and nipping at it. These breasts were perfect for her perfect girl. Occasionally, she would shift her lips to the girl's and kiss her.

This was not mistress/slave sex, she knew. This was just plain vanilla girl/girl sex. Angela wasn't sure how other owners used their girls but this was the way that she and her family used them. They

were sex toys used for recreational fun. In a way, they were like living inflatable dolls that people buy in adult novelty shops.

Angela paused her lips for a moment. She ran her eyes down the nude form that was splayed across the bed. This girl was so much the ideal; soft curves and toned flesh. There was not a single overstatement to any of her features. Even her belly button was perfect. When her eyes got back to the girl's face, she saw that Alaine was looking at her.

"I'm just admiring my purchase, girl," Angela said. "I'm very happy with what I bought." Alaine smiled weakly but remained silent.

Angela resumed her efforts and started nibbling the fleshy breasts again as her fingers continued to explore and toy with the girl's sex. Soon, she heard the girl moaning and listened to the almost musical sounds. She turned her head and watched the girl's belly quivering, showing that she was close.

Angela did not want this to end. She felt like she was being serenaded by the melodious sounds of her girl whimpering and moaning. It was lovely. Her girl was lovely. This was the best thing she ever bought.

Angela wondered what the girl's life had been before she was kidnapped and enslaved. Maybe she was a singer. She was certainly beautiful enough to be a model. Maybe that was her career. She could never ask, though. She would not want to bring a flood of memories back to the girl. Maybe Cedric would know.

Angela continued to keep her girl on the edge of orgasm for over an hour. But eventually, she pushed Alaine over the edge and the girl's entire body trembled as she let out a groan that was just as musical as her other utterances.

Angela crawled onto the bed and held her girl; her newest slave and prized possession. She kissed the girl and stroked some stray hairs off her cheek.

## Chapter 4

The maintenance problems caused a lot of the buyers and their slaves to have to remain at the facilities longer than expected, Angela and Alaine included. But Angela was not upset. It would allow her to spend some quality time with her newest slave. Plus, the facilities were more like a five star resort than a slave auction block. The rooms were impeccable and were tastefully furnished. The service was extraordinary and each of the servers was beautiful. She learned later that the serving girls were slaves who had been sent to the facility for either training or boarding while their owners were busy. In a way, the place acted as a sort of kennels for slavegirls. Plus, there was a beautiful beach and a nice pool. They could suffer here for a few days if they had to.

That night at dinner, Angela was reunited with her tablemates from earlier in the day. All three who had bought girls brought them along and they enjoyed their meal together.

"Have you thought any more about my offer?" the Cuchillan asked Angela.

"What offer was that, Ricardo?"

"To participate in one of my hunts," he replied.

Angela laughed lightly. "Ricardo, you just want to capture me and fuck me."

Ricardo smiled and turned his palms skyward. "Is there something wrong with wanting that? You would be a beautiful slavegirl, even if only for a short period of time."

"I have to say that I agree with Ricardo," interjected Fiona, the British mistress. "You would be a priceless slavegirl."

"For what it's worth," offered Fanny, the female half of the Canadian couple, "I agree with Ricardo. You would be a beautiful slave. I know that we would be in the bidding if you were on the block."

"You are all incorrigible," said Angela. "I'm way too old to be a desired slave."

"How old are you, Angela?" asked Ricardo. "Thirty one? Thirty two?"

Angela laughed again. "Try thirty seven. I have two teenage children for god sake. Now let's find another topic that makes more sense."

Ricardo reached over and placed his hand over Angela's. "That is the perfect age to be enslaved. You are mature enough to enjoy it and young enough to be adventurous."

"Isn't the weather here lovely?" asked Angela, trying to change the subject.

"Yes, the weather is lovely," agreed Ricardo. "And the view is stunning." He gazed into her eyes.

Angela finally succeeded in changing the subject and they chatted as they ate. She glanced around the room and saw that several of the diners had placed their slaves in some form of constraint. Several others had their girls kneeling. The only slaves that were seated at a table were sitting at her table.

Alaine felt odd; very odd. This was the first time she had eaten at a table in the past year. Up until now, she ate out of a trough or bowl or had a feed bag secured to her face. It was also odd to be naked at the table. All of the dominants were clothed but the three recently purchased slaves were naked. And it was odd to hear the other dominants talking about enslaving her new mistress. What would that mean for her if her mistress became a slave?

"Is everyone enjoying themselves tonight?" asked Cedric when he stopped at the table. They had been chatting throughout their meal and were enjoying their coffee when he arrived.

"Splendidly, Cedric," replied Angela. "You have a wonderful resort here."

"I'm glad you are enjoying it," he said. "We try to please. I am sorry about the inconvenience resulting from our aircraft. We hope to have it fixed soon."

"Oh, nonsense," said Angela. "I am enjoying it and I plan on enrolling Alaine in one of your classes tomorrow."

"Excellent. We will look forward to having her."

"I would like to meet with you for a bit tomorrow also, Cedric," said Angela, "if you have the time."

"I always have time for beautiful ladies," he grinned. "Just ask for me at the front desk."

## Chapter 5

"There are two things I would like to ask you about, Cedric," Angela started once they were seated in Cedric's office. Cedric was sitting on a plush leather sofa. Angela was in a leather upholstered chair. All of the office's appointments were strongly masculine.

"Fire away," he said. "I will do my best to answer them."

"The first deals with my girls. I would like to learn more about them but I'm reluctant to ask them for fear that it will bring back memories. Do you have any knowledge of their lives before they were sold?"

Cedric nodded. "I do. We have quite extensive dossiers on all of the girls we obtain and sell. But are you sure you want to know?"

Angela paused and then nodded. "Yes, I'm sure. We have grown quite fond of Kim and want to know more about her. And I can already tell that we will feel the same way about Alaine."

"I will tell you about their past," he said as he got up from the couch. He went to a wall that held several file cabinets. He knew which drawer to open and he pulled out two file folders. "But I have to warn you that many owners regret learning about their girls' pasts."

"Why do they regret it?"

"Sometimes it is because of something unsavory in the girl's past that they wished they did not know. More often, it makes them feel guilty knowing what their girl was doing or what future laid ahead for her before she was collected."

"I think I want to know," said Angela. "I will take my chances."

"Very well," he said as he sat down again. He opened the first folder. "Kimberly Anne Cartwright. Born February 23, 1983 in Raleigh, North Carolina. Graduated high school in 2001. Attended Gulf States University and graduated Summa Cum Laude with a degree in education in 2005. She was a marathon runner and appears to have been quite good. She was active in her church and assisted in fund raising for the local food bank. She was an

elementary school teacher for four years before she was collected and processed."

"Wow," breathed Angela. "I always knew she was an angel."

"Yes," agreed Cedric, "she is. Each of the birds that were sold that day is extraordinary. They are each very intelligent and quite accomplished in addition to being exceptionally beautiful."

"Why do you call them birds?" Angela interrupted. "Is that a code word for the girls you sell here?"

Cedric laughed and shook his head. "No, it's not code. Tempest's mistress is a friend of mine and she loaned Tempest to me twice while they were here. I started calling her my little blackbird. And then I just started referring to all six of them as the birds. You just bought the redbird yesterday."

"I see," nodded Angela.

"Do you want to learn about the redbird or should I stop?"

"Yes, I want to learn about Alaine."

Cedric opened the second folder. "Alaine Elizabeth Forsythe was born June 10, 1983 in Richmond, Virginia. She graduated from high school as the Valedictorian in 2001. She graduated with a biology degree Magna Cum Laude from Gulf States University in 2005. All of the birds went to Gulf States. She was in her last year of medical school when she was collected and processed."

"Wow," Angela breathed again. "You are right. They are truly exceptional."

"In every way," agreed Cedric. "The birds are priceless treasures."

"You seem to get attached to those you sell," said Angela. "Why do you do it?"

Cedric laughed again. "You are full of questions. You remind me of Tempest. Whenever I give her one answer, it spawns three more questions. But I make her earn her answers. Perhaps I should have the same arrangement with you? Then you could ask all of the questions you like."

Angela furrowed her brow. "What was the arrangement that you had with Tempest?"

"She fucks me and can ask as many questions as she likes while she is riding me."

"Oh," replied Angela as she blushed. Then she giggled. "I'm sure that an old broad like me can't have any appeal to you."

It was Cedric's turn to furrow his brow. "You are far from an old broad. And trust me. I am an expert in female flesh. You would be a valuable piece of merchandise if we offered you for sale. So what do you say? Do you want to ask questions?"

Angela giggled again. "Yes, I have lots of questions. And for some reason, I'm constantly horny when I'm in this place."

"Then remove your clothes, little slavegirl, and then you can remove mine."

Angela felt like a school girl on her first date as she stood up. She was not wearing much so it was easy to undress. Her tank top and shorts were quickly on the floor. She shimmied out of her panties and then kicked her sandals aside.

"Now you may undress your master for the day," he said. "And then you may ask your questions." Her fingers were trembling as she fumbled with the buttons but eventually Cedric was naked. He grasped her by the hips and positioned her over his stiff cock. Then he lowered her until his shaft slid easily into her wet, warm channel.

Angela closed her eyes as the beefy shaft sank into her body. It was true, she realized. Black men are well endowed. She felt herself stretch around the pole as it drilled deep into her body. Finally, it was embedded and she opened her eyes.

"Why did you call me slavegirl?"

Cedric smiled and leaned forward, kissing each of the stiff nipples that were only inches from his face. "Always a new question. You are a mistress. But you have the soul of a slave. I am just enjoying the slave within you. You may ask your questions now."

He wrapped his hands around her waist and started moving her up and down. He established the rhythm and then she continued it as she asked her question again. "Why do you do it?"

"For the money, of course," he replied. "The business is quite lucrative."

"Do you ever feel guilty?"

"Sometimes," he said. "I hate to learn about the girls being mistreated. But we have ways of removing those buyers."

"Oh!" she gasped as the cock slid particularly deep into her, sending a flash of pain through her body.

"You keep talking about collecting and processing," she continued. "Why do you call it that?"

Cedric chuckled. He reached to the table and picked up a clamp, placing it on the woman's left nipple and tightening it. She gasped again. "It sounds so much better than kidnapping and selling," he explained. "And besides, that's mostly what we do. Once a slave is identified, it's simply a matter of collecting her and then processing her so that she can be bought."

Angela looked down at her chest. The clamp flattened her nipple and sent a dull ache through her torso. She had placed clamps on girls before but had never experienced them herself. It hurt but she also felt her sex spasming around the rigid shaft that was buried in her body.

Cedric was Angela's first black male but he was not the first male that she had fucked out of wedlock. She and her husband frequently took on lovers and sometimes shared them. She would not feel guilty about this little tryst.

Angela leaned forward and fed her unclamped nipple to Cedric's lips as she continued to ride up and down on his thick pole. "Where do you get the girls?"

Cedric laughed again. "You are even worse than Tempest." He nipped at the nipple that was brushing against his lips and reached for the table again. Angela sucked in her breath as she saw the clamp nearing her right nipple and then groaned as it captured and crushed the sensitive bud.

"It all depends on what we think the market requires," Cedric explained in response to the latest question. "If we are looking for girls in their twenties, we target certain resorts and cruise lines that cater to singles. If we need teenagers, then we look in the Spring Break locations. If we need thirtyish girls, we hang around country clubs and tennis clubs."

It was Angela's turn to laugh. "I can't imagine that there is a market for women my age."

Cedric reached for the table again. Angela felt her nipples burning from the little monsters that he had captured them with and shuddered when she saw what he had just retrieved. He held a pair of cuffs in one hand and he grasped her wrists, drawing them behind her back. She heard two clicks and felt the cold steel closing around her wrists. Her arms were now bound behind her and she was being treated more and more like a slave. She was also feeling more and more like a slave.

Cedric then placed his hands around her waist again and pushed her down, fully impaling her and causing her to yelp as the bludgeon buried in her banged against her cervix. "You should imagine. There is a huge market for girls like you. It is almost as big as the market for teens. And it's larger than the market for twenty somethings."

"Thank you for trying to make me feel good, Cedric," she said as she rode upward until the tip of his cock was barely nestled in her wet folds. "But I can't believe that there is a market for girls over thirty."

He reached up and gripped her breasts, squeezing slowly. Then he used them as handles to push her down again until she yelped at the cramps that were sent through her body.

"Let us try a little experiment," he said as he started her moving again. "I think it will prove my point."

"What is the experiment?"

"Attend the auction this evening with me. We have some fresh girls being offered. I predict that I get at least five unsolicited offers for you. Let's see how correct I am."

Angela giggled. "Why would they offer you anything for a mistress?"

"Who said anything about a mistress?" he asked. "I plan to take you on a leash."

Angela gasped again. "A leash? As a slave?"

Cedric flicked each of the clamps with his fingers. "A temporary slave. A slave for the night. It is only to prove my point."

"Oh, I don't know if I could do that." "Oh, I think you can," he replied. "Remember that I'm a slaver. I could take you and make it permanent if I wished."

Angela heard the words and felt a rush of fear shoot through her. Arousal flooded through her at the same time and overwhelmed the fear. She did not understand her reactions to the way she was being treated.

Her eyes opened wide when she saw the next object being retrieved by Cedric. Then she groaned as he held the metal choker to her slender neck and she shuddered again as she heard the lock click shut. Cedric leaned forward and kissed her on one of the down strokes, holding her in place for a moment by her breasts. He brushed his thumbs back and forth across her trapped and flattened nipples. Angela groaned at the pain she was feeling. The massive cock was pressing against her cervix again, sending waves of pain through her belly and her nipples were constantly throbbing with little stabs of pain shooting through her chest each time Cedric touched a nipple.

"You make a beautiful slavegirl," he commented as he admired the beautiful woman in his lap. And she was very beautiful indeed and looked every bit like a slave. She was blushing furiously as his hands gripped her breasts. Her shoulders were pulled back slightly because of the way she was bound. And the gold collar that was fitted snugly around her neck simply added to the beauty.

"Do you agree to be my slavegirl for the night?" he continued. "Although I must tell you that it really doesn't matter if you agree. I have already claimed you."

"Yesssss!!!" shrieked Angela as she climaxed. She fell forward and collapsed against the black master's chest as wave after wave of orgasm shook her body.

He looked down at the woman who was still impaled on him, seeing her still trembling with the aftershocks of her orgasm. Her long auburn hair was tied in a ponytail today but he remembered how lustrous and full it had been the day before when it flowed freely down her back and over her shoulders. He would have her wear it free again tonight for her debut as a slavegirl.

He stroked his hands down her back and enjoyed the smooth soft skin. His hands circled her waist and he held her. This woman still had a body that most teenagers would love to have. He slid one hand up her back again and gripped her ponytail, pulling her gently back. With his other hand, he removed the clamps and set them aside. She still had her eyes closed and was making little mewling sounds that almost sounded like purring.

He looked at her breasts. They were full and rounded and plump and oh so ripe for the plucking. They had a slight sag to them, which was understandable given her age and the fact that she had nursed two children from them. But they were still amazingly firm. He lifted one, feeling its weight. A teenager would die to possess these.

Yes, he could sell her for a handsome sum. She reminded him of Kate. Both women were in their mid thirties and yet both were exceptionally beautiful and in their prime. He knew that he could sell either one for astronomical prices. He would have to keep his profit motive in check tonight, though.

She finally roused from her near stupor and looked at him. "Wow!" she whispered.

He smiled and wrapped his hands around her waist again, starting her moving on his cock again. "You aren't finished yet, girl."

She blushed again at being called girl but picked up the tempo and started bobbing up and down in his lap, feeling the thick shaft moving inside of her.

"Are you finished with your questions now?" he asked.

"Oh," she replied. "No, that was just the first topic. I also wanted to learn what you know about Ricardo."

"Ah, my little bird," he responded. "I cannot share information about owners."

"I'm not looking for an address or birthday. I just want to know about his character."

"Why do you ask about that?" Cedric asked.

She explained the invitation that Ricardo had extended. She told him how the other master wanted to hunt her and claim her for a week. She said that it sounded exciting to be hunted and that she

had a secret fantasy about being a slave, but only on a temporary basis. She wanted to know if she could trust Ricardo to release her at the agreed upon time.

"Ricardo has always seemed like an honorable man to me," Cedric answered. "But he owns slaves so that should tell you something. And he is Cuchillan. Proceed cautiously if you go ahead."

Cuchilla was the most recently formed country in South America. What had started as a bloody civil war in Uruguay had spilled over the borders into parts of Brazil and Argentina. When the fighting ended, all of Uruguay and several breakaway provinces of Brazil and Argentina formed a new nation. Cuchilla was born. It was still a bit like the wild west but at least the war was over.

"Proceed cautiously," rang in Angela's ears as she returned to her room after her meeting with Cedric.

## Chapter 6

Cedric was true to his word. The auction room was full that evening when he strode in, holding the leash to a beautiful auburn-haired slavegirl. Almost every eye in the room was on her as he led her to his table and most people were trying to assess her worth.

Angela was blushing as she followed the large black man. He had sent her to the salon for the afternoon where she was pampered and prepared for the evening. She enjoyed the manicure and pedicure. Her time in the sauna had been relaxing as had the massage. The hair stylist arranged her hair in a way that she probably would not have selected. But the stylist was following Cedric's instructions. The result was a full, wild-looking mane that Angela had to admit that looked exotic. It gave her an untamed, feral appearance.

The only part that made her uncomfortable occurred at the end of her salon visit. One woman shaved her mound, leaving her with a bald pussy that made her look just like all of the girls who were sold here. And that was unsettling to her.

Two women worked as a team to lightly oil her body. She was used to other women touching her but when they spent so much time massaging the oil into her breasts, she started to worry that they had other motives. And then, when oily fingers were inserted into her sex and bottom and rotated, she again worried.

As soon as her skin was evenly coated and shiny, two other women worked on her makeup. One worked on her face and used a combination of pale hues and dark accents to further enhance her feral look. The second one painted her nipples and labia a much darker shade of pink than was natural on her. She just about jumped out of her skin as the woman used a cotton swab to apply a pink dye to her clit and now it shown prominently.

She was completely naked other than the collar around her neck and the gold cuffs that held her wrists together behind her back. She had been given instructions by Cedric before they entered the room.

She was to follow him and then kneel beside his chair. She dutifully kept up with him and waited for him to sit before lowering herself to her knees. It was not a very graceful move without the use of her hands but she managed the maneuver as best she could.

The auction started and Angela watched as the first frightened girl was led onto the stage. The first one was no older than her seventeen year old daughter. She was beautiful and had glowing rosy skin. Her eyes betrayed her terror and they shifted back and forth looking around the room. It was clear that she knew what was about to happen.

The auctioneer started describing the girl and her qualities. The silky golden hair was naturally blonde, he said. He held up one breast and bounced it to show how firm it was and announced that the girl had natural D cup breasts. The girl looked quite athletic and had a finely toned body with muscled but very shapely thighs and calves. Angela heard herself gasp when the auctioneer announced that the girl was only sixteen.

He motioned for an assistant to come forward and another naked slavegirl stepped up behind the girl, reaching around and lifting the two heavy breasts in her palms. The cane was raised and then swiftly lowered, striking both breasts across the soft upper swells of the girl's magnificent mounds. Angela was at a table close to the stage and she could hear the grunt of pain coming from the poor captive teenager. The auctioneer ran his fingers across the bright red welt to show the audience how well the girl marked. Then the bidding was opened.

The bidding lasted for a long time. In the end, however, the girl was sold for 600,000 pounds. The Canadian couple had finally been successful in purchasing a girl.

During the time that it took to remove the girl from the stage and position the next lot, people stood up and milled around, chatting with each other.

"That's quite a beauty that you have there, Cedric," Angela heard a man say. "Will she be sold tonight?"

"Thank you, Charles," Cedric replied. "But no, she won't be put on the block tonight. She's part of my private stock."

"It's a pity," the man said. "I'll offer 500,000 pounds if you ever decide to part with her."

"Thank you. I'll keep that in mind."

"That's one," whispered Cedric to Angela as he leaned down to her. Angela was trembling. She loved attending these auctions and found them to be erotic and stimulating. But it was quite a different matter when people viewed you as merchandise, she thought.

"I see that I won't have to waste many paintballs with you," she heard another male say. She recognized Ricardo's voice.

"She makes a lovely slave, don't you agree?" asked Cedric. "I can't blame you for wanting her to participate in one of your hunts."

"Yes," replied Ricardo. "But she has not yet agreed to that. Perhaps I will just buy her from you. What is your price?"

"I'm afraid she is private stock," said Cedric. "She's not for sale."

"Everything is for sale at the right price," responded Ricardo. "Name your price. Money is no object."

Cedric just smiled but did not respond.

"One million pounds," offered Ricardo. Angela sucked in her breath and felt her heart pounding in her chest. This had not been such a good idea to come here as Cedric's slave for the night. She was terrified.

She watched as the next three girls were brought onto the stage, publicly fondled, caned and then sold one at a time. Each one seemed to be more beautiful than the last and each was shapely and athletic. She wondered if some cheerleading squad had been decimated by the slavers.

Between each sale, people mingled and people kept coming to her table. A woman offered 750,000 pounds to buy Angela. A couple offered 700,000. Ricardo came back twice with higher offers.

"That's three," whispered Cedric after another offer had been made.

"That's four."

"That's five."

"That's six."

More girls were paraded to the post and locked to it. Again, Angela was astounded at how beautiful each one was and how

young they all were. They were all either fifteen, sixteen or seventeen years old. She was also astounded by the number of buyers. The room was more packed than at any time she had been here. There must have been close to a hundred people in the room. And when she looked up at the video screens that were scattered around the sides of the room, she saw that there were 316 buyers participating in the auction over the internet.

In all, thirteen beautiful young girls were claimed by new owners. At the end of the night, seventeen offers had been made for Angela. The highest bids came from Ricardo who stopped after making a third offer of one and a half million pounds. But all of the offers were respectable. Excluding Ricardo's outrageous prices, the rest of the bids ranged from 500,000 to 900,000 pounds. Angela was astonished that there had been any bids at all. She was even more astonished that the bids had been so high. They were valuing this thirty seven year old mother of two at the same level as all of the beautiful, fresh teenagers that had been on the stage.

When the last girl was sold, Cedric stood up and led Angela out of the room. Again, most eyes were on her. This time, she also felt hands on her as people reached out to grasp a breast or pat her ass. It was humiliating to be on public display and to be groped so openly.

Cedric led her to the settlement room and attached her cuffs to a post while he went over to supervise the transaction processing. The Canadian couple came up to her.

"We expected to see you here," said Fanny, "but not like this."

Bob reached out and gathered Angela's generous breasts in his hands, squeezing them. "We are certainly glad you came as you are. Do you do this often?"

"It's my first time," Angela blushed. "It was a silly bet."

"What was the bet?" asked Fanny as her fingers slipped between Angela's thighs and stroked her labia. Angela was amazed at how wet she was. Why would her body react that way when her mind was so scared?

"He said that he would get unsolicited offers to buy me," she responded. "I said he wouldn't. Who would want an old broad like

me, after all?"

"Who was right?" Fanny asked. Now, her finger was fully embedded in Angela's sex and she was stroking it in and out. Angela sucked in her breath at the intrusion before she replied.

"He was," she gasped.

"How many offers did he get?" asked Bob as his fingers moved to the stiff rouged nipples. He rolled them back and forth and tugged them outward occasionally.

"Seventeen," said Angela with a quiver in her voice from all of the arousal.

"That doesn't surprise me," commented Fanny. She leaned down and Bob saw that she wanted to taste a breast. He cradled one of the heavy orbs and lifted it, placing the nipple at his wife's waiting lips. Angela watched in disbelief as she saw Fanny's tongue snake out and circle her nipple. The sensitive little nubbin, which was already stiff from all of the arousal of the evening, stiffened even more. Then she saw her bud being sucked between the wife's lips and felt teeth raking over it, sending even more unwanted thrills through her overheated body.

"It probably would have been eighteen if we hadn't gotten that first girl," said Fanny after she let the nipple slip from her mouth. Bob gripped the wet nipple again and squeezed slowly as Fanny straightened up and kissed Angela.

Her nipples were burning as Bob kept increasing the pressure on them. Fanny's finger continued to stroke in and out of her and Angela's mind was a swirling confusion of lust. Fanny lowered her head again and Bob dutifully raised the other breast, feeding it to his wife. Angela gasped as she felt the wet warmth claiming her nipple and then let out a yelp as the teeth bit down on her more harshly than last time.

"Perhaps Cedric will sell her to us," said Bob as he watched the scene before him. His wife loved breasts and he loved to watch her play with female toys. She also had a little bit of a sadistic streak in her and he could tell by Angela's grimace and yelp that the nipple was being abused.

"I hope so," said Fanny after she released the breast. "Or if he just puts her up for auction, we can make sure we're the high bid."

"Cedric," called out Bob. "Could you join us for a moment?"

Cedric walked to the couple and the bound and naked slavegirl. "How may I be of service?"

"We have found another item that we wish to purchase," Fanny replied. "When will you be offering this one at auction?" Fanny kept her finger moving inside of Angela and occasionally slipped out to toy with the bright pink clitoris.

Angela was almost out of her mind as the erotic thrills kept racing through her captive body. Eighteen people had now offered to buy her. It was unbelievable. But she had heard every single person offer to purchase her body. Each of them wanted to permanently enslave her.

Cedric sighed. "Alas, she is not for sale. I have only recently acquired this girl and I would be foolish to part with her. She is now part of my private stock and I intend to enjoy her."

He leaned forward and kissed Angela. Bob squeezed her nipples harder and she was whimpering as her throbbing nipples erupted in sparks of pain.

"She's just so perfect," added Cedric. Fanny moved in to kiss Angela once Cedric was finished and continued stabbing her finger into the naked girl. All of the sensations and all of the talk of purchasing her finally became too much and she erupted in orgasm. They held her up as her legs wobbled and she became weak. Then they left her to resume what they were doing before they started playing with her. Angela was left behind trembling as she remained fastened to the post. Her head was spinning at this point.

## Chapter 7

Once the last sale was finalized, Cedric collected his slavegirl and led her out of the room. The auction hall was empty now as they entered it. He led her to the stage and attached her to the post that had most recently held the thirteen girls who were just sold. She trembled as she looked out across the room.

"How does it feel to be a slavegirl?" he asked as he stroked his finger through her wet sex.

"Terrifying," replied Angela, honestly as she felt his finger toying with her body. "Thrilling. Erotic. Humiliating. But terrifying."

Cedric smiled and kept up his stroking. "Can you imagine what it must be like to stand up here and know that you are about to be sold?"

"No," she answered. "I can't imagine it. It must be beyond terrifying."

"I'm sure you can't imagine it," he said. She was more than swampy at this point and he felt her juices spreading to her thighs. "So let's experience it for you. The auction continues."

She felt her heart stop for a moment and she quickly glanced around the room to see if he was serious. She breathed a sigh of relief, though, as she saw that all of the chairs were still empty. Then her eyes caught view of one of the screens and she gasped. It showed her standing on the stage and attached to the post. It also showed that there were three buyers watching her online.

"Cedric!" she protested. "You can't be serious!" She struggled against her bindings and he just stood there admiring the way her breasts jiggled and swayed with her movements.

Cedric acted as the auctioneer and extolled the virtues of the slavegirl being offered for sale. He lifted each breast and bounced it to show the viewers how large and firm they were. He caressed the soft flesh and described its texture to the online audience. Then he gestured and a naked slavegirl appeared from the back of the stage.

"Cedric," she protested again. "This has gone far enough. You're scaring me now."

She watched on one of the screens as the girl stepped behind her. She watched with disbelief as the girl reached around her and lifted her full breasts in her palms. She watched with horror as she saw the cane rise and swiftly fall to crease her tender orbs. She shrieked. She looked down and saw the angry line extending across her precious mounds.

"Cedric, please don't do this." She was beyond terrified now. This whole thing was turning into a nightmare for her.

Cedric opened the bidding and she trembled as she saw each successive price displayed on the screen. First, she was filled with shock. Then she was amazed. The bidding had started at 200,000 pounds. The price escalated rapidly and was soon over a million. She was terrified again and the price continued to rise. In the end, she was sold for two million pounds.

Cedric hit a switch and the screens went black. He stepped up to Angela and gathered her breasts in his hands, bending down to kiss the upper swells that he had so recently abused. "You are a very expensive bird. Come. You will entertain me in my bed tonight."

"Cedric," she whimpered. "How could you do that to me? How could you sell me?"

"It was easy, little one. I'm a slaver. And you are a most valuable piece of merchandise."

She whimpered again as tears rolled down her cheeks. This man had sold her and now planned to fuck her. Life was so unfair! "May I know who bought me and what they will do to me?"

"I can answer the first question but I don't know his plans," Cedric replied. He picked up a piece of paper that had just come out of the printer beside the stage. "You are now the property of a Mr. John C. Dawson."

"What?!?!?!?" sputtered Angela. "My husband?"

Cedric laughed and nodded. He released her from the post and tugged on her leash, leading her out of the room. "Yes, your husband. I talked to him today while you were at the spa. He agreed

to participate to give you the whole slave experience. It was your husband and two of my employees bidding on your delicious body."

"Oooooo!!!" growled Angela. Her brow was furrowed and she glared at the black man. She twisted her body and smacked his chest with her elbow. "You... you.... you monster!"

Cedric smiled. "We aim to please. You got the whole experience tonight. And now it's your turn to please. I have been hard all night thinking about your lovely ass."

"What?!?!?!?" she shrieked. "You can't do that! I won't let you!"

He stopped in front of his cottage and turned to her, gripping her nipples and holding them without squeezing. "I can and I will. And you will let me. That's the beauty of being a slavegirl. You don't have to think. You just enjoy what happens; no decisions and no worries."

He led her into the house and explained that she could either cooperate or he could bind her. Either way, he was going to fuck her ass. Her new owner had given him permission to take her that way.

In the end, she cooperated. It was better than being locked into some evil device where she wouldn't be able to move at all. But she vowed that her husband would get an earful once she got home for submitting her to this indignity.

Cedric took his time. He wanted to be able to enjoy this bird as much as possible. He led her to the bed and had her bend forward to rest her hands on it. He walked to the side to admire her. Her wild mane of hair hung down, obscuring her face. That was one of the advantages of ponytails, he realized. But he could still enjoy viewing the rest of her delicious body. The pink-capped breasts dangled heavily from her chest and swayed with her breathing and occasional trembles. Her belly was tight and was concave as she waited nervously for what was about to occur. And her beautiful rump was jutting out, almost as if inviting to be impaled.

He truly would like to have this woman in his private stock. She was exceptional and rivaled even the six birds who he admired so much. And he doubted that he would ever be tempted to sell her. She offered so much bliss with her heavenly curves and swells.

He moved back behind her and admired her from this angle. He could see her pinkened labia parted and her sex seemed to be flowing. He could see her upper thighs damp with her juices. Even her asshole was beautiful. The little pucker clenched and relaxed over and over again as it waited to be invaded.

He picked up the tube of lubricant and squirted some into his palm. Then he wrapped his fingers around his cock and ran them the length of it. He was already rock hard from the anticipation of being able to play with this ideal of womanhood. He stroked his cock a couple of times as he enjoyed the view but then stopped. He could not afford to stimulate himself further.

He squirted a little more lubricant onto two fingertips. He placed them lightly at the little rosebud and smiled at her reaction. She tensed and he saw gooseflesh instantly form over her body. Her little pucker clenched again, almost as if it was winking at him.

"Have you ever done this before?" he asked as he pushed one of the fingertips directly at the center of the little rosebud. He felt resistance and he pushed harder. Eventually, it yielded and the tip of his finger entered her bottom to the first knuckle, causing her to suck in her breath.

Angela groaned at the intrusion. "Yes, I have done anal before."

Cedric raised his other hand and then brought it down, sending a loud crack through the room. Angela yelped and then groaned as the finger slipped deeper. Cedric spanked the other cheek, eliciting another yelp. "Aren't you forgetting something, little one?"

Angela groaned as she felt more of the finger entering her. "Oh, I meant yes, Master. I have done anal before."

Cedric's entire finger was embedded in the girl's ass now and he gently massaged the bottom cheeks that now bore his pink handprints. "Good girl."

He pulled his finger out and added more lubricant. Then he pressed two fingers together and slowly pushed, easing them into the tight sphincter. Angela groaned again and instinctively grasped the bed covering, forming her hands into tight fists as she gripped the blanket.

Cedric pumped in and out of her for several minutes as he enjoyed the sounds of her moans and mewls. He rotated his hand, letting the fingers twist in her ass, making sure that she was well lubricated. He would fuck her ass but there was no reason to make it overly painful.

Eventually, he pulled his fingers out and wiped them on a towel. Then he stepped closer and positioned his straining cock at the entrance he had just prepared. It was time for him to enjoy his bird.

"Oh gawd!!!" she groaned as she felt the cock pushing. She sucked in her breath as the pressure on her asshole grew. The massive head kept stretching her and she groaned as it popped through the tiny opening. Cedric paused when he gained access to allow her to adjust. When her breathing became less ragged, he slowly moved forward and watched as his black shaft disappeared into the milky white ass.

He especially loved this view and he especially liked it with white women. The stark contrast between his black cock and their white flesh was purely erotic. After he was fully embedded in her, he started moving in and out, enjoying the tightness of her nether tunnel around his pole.

Several times he had to pause. He came close to climaxing so he had to rest. He wanted this to last. He had much more planned for his newest slave.

After he paused for the third time, he started moving more slowly. Occasionally, he would spank one of the beautiful rounded ass cheeks. She was no longer yelping with each spank. Instead, she simply moaned. After a half dozen spanks, she also shuddered with each blow. Cedric realized that she was close to orgasm. He realized how rare it was for a woman to climax purely from anal penetration and once again he marveled at the creature that belonged to him for the night.

He continued his slow fucking of the beautiful bird's ass and continued to spank her flesh. Her bottom cheeks were glowing a beautiful pink at this point and her body was trembling continuously. Finally, she tensed and let out a low groan. He almost climaxed

when that happened and pulled out of her completely. He did not want this to end just yet. He had much more planned.

When she recovered, he reached around her and gripped her breasts, using them as handles to straighten her up. He turned her toward him and felt his cock gliding over her belly as he pulled her to him and kissed her. She was still moaning softly as his lips and tongue claimed hers. She leaned into him, flattening her breasts against his body and reached around him, hugging him tightly and surrendering herself to him.

"She's a treasure," thought Cedric. "She was just fucked in the ass and yet she gives herself to me freely."

He waited until her breathing returned to normal and then took her by the hand, leading her into the next room. It was his play room. She sucked in her breath as she saw all of the devices and instruments displayed before her.

"Over here, my little bird," he said as he continued to lead her. He stopped before a wedge-shaped device that had a phallus sticking out of the top. He positioned her over it and then cranked a wheel, causing the wedge to rise. Several times, she had to move her feet further apart as the wedge rose. He reached out and positioned the dildo at her sex and kept cranking. The dildo sank deeper and deeper into her body, causing her to moan. Eventually, the dildo was fully embedded and she could feel the hard edge of the wedge pressing against her tender flesh.

Cedric moved behind her and positioned his cock at her rosebud once more. He pressed forward and, in one continuous motion, fully impaled her ass with his cock.

He reached up and grasped her wild mane, pulling her head back. She gasped as she realized that she was looking at herself in a mirror. Cedric smiled. This time he would be able to enjoy her angelic face. He would get to observe every delicious reaction.

"What do you see, little bird?" he asked as he slowly pumped in and out of her. He could feel the hardness of the dildo that was embedded in her body as his cock sliced into her.

"Me, Master."

"I see a slavegirl," he said. "A beautiful, erotic slavegirl. A priceless treasure."

Angela trembled at the words. She looked back at her image and nodded slowly as she recognized what Cedric meant. She really did look like a slavegirl.

She watched as he reached around with both hands. The black fingers splayed out and gripped her breasts, squeezing them gently. The dildo filled her completely and was sending wicked thrills through her body. The black cock was slowly stroking in and out of her ass, sending more thrills through her.

He released her breasts and she watched in disbelief as he smacked one and then the other. The bountiful breasts bounced and then jiggled until they came to rest after each blow. She climaxed again after the eighth spank.

Cedric had to pause again. He still wasn't finished. When she recovered, he reached to the table and picked up two clamps. These were not the padded adjustable clamps that he had used earlier in the day. These were cruel looking alligator clamps with serrated teeth.

He opened them both and held them to the delectable nipples. He looked into her eyes through the mirror and saw the fear in them. Slowly, he let the clamps close, biting into the tender, vulnerable flesh. She bit her lower lip and furrowed her brow as the pain intensified. Finally, he released them, letting the cruel teeth bit into the sensitive nipples and crush them. She climaxed again.

It was time for him to climax too. He attached a chain to the two clamps and tugged upward, stretching the breasts into cones as he pounded into her ass. She climaxed again just as he emptied his seed into her bowels.

She was as limp as a rag doll after he pulled out of her. He lowered the wedge and then removed the clamps. He carried her to his bed and cradled her in his arms. Twice more during the night, he made use of her body by fucking her slowly so he could enjoy her luscious body. In the morning, he took her ass again and then sent her back to her room to recover.

## Chapter 8

"You will need to sign a contract so that we are all on the same page," said Ricardo. "This way, we can avoid any embarrassing misunderstandings."

"That makes sense," nodded Angela. "If we do this, we should have an agreement on the terms."

"Exactly, my beautiful kitten."

Ricardo had been working on Angela for three days. He intensified his efforts after seeing her as Cedric's beautiful slavegirl. Slowly but surely, he was wearing her down. She had not said yet said yes to being hunted and temporarily owned by the Cuchillan master, but she was not saying no any longer.

"We should do it soon," Ricardo added. "It is beautiful in my country this time of year. But it becomes chilly in a few months. Doing this in the next four weeks would be ideal."

"Oh," said Angela. She was not sure that she would be ready that soon. She was warming up to the idea, though. Her night with Cedric had been the most terrifying time of her life and the most exciting. It was an erotic swirl of fear and thrills and sexuality in her memories. Even being taken anally, which was painful at first, was an exciting memory. She was taken and used as completely as any slave could be. Thankfully, she was released the next morning. But a fire had been lit within her. She wanted to explore the slave inside. She needed to.

"Well, maybe you could send me a copy of the contract that you use so I can look it over," Angela continued.

"I can do better than that. I have a copy of it here." He pulled the document out of his bag and placed it in front of her.

"But it's in Spanish," she said. At least it was short. It was only three pages long.

"Of course," he replied. "Spanish is the language of my country. I have an English translation here for you also." He pulled a second document out of his bag and laid it in front of her.

"May I read it?"

"Of course," he said. "I would insist."

She read over the details. It had a start date and an end date which were currently blank. She would get to choose the length of her 'slavery.' It described how capture would start her period of slavery and how she would remain free if no capture was achieved by nightfall. If she became free, then she would join the hunts as a huntress and could claim girls of her own.

Prohibited activities were listed. These included permanent alterations and markings but the list was remarkably short. She would have to think about what else to include. Everything seemed straightforward.

"This should be fun" she thought to herself. "I should do this."

"I will pick out a date tonight," she told the Latin master. "I will have to deliver Alaine home but then I should be able to do this. Let me check out my calendar and we can finalize everything tomorrow."

Ricardo smiled brightly. "You have made my day. I can't wait to own you, even if only temporarily. I hope you realized my sincerity in this matter by the offers I made for you a few days ago."

"Yes, I noted your sincerity," agreed Angela. "And I was quite flattered by the size of your offers."

Alaine was waiting for her when she got back to her room. Once again, her girl was fastened to the post in the living room of her suite. Angela grumbled as she unfastened her from the post and then removed the girl's cuffs. "I don't know why they keep attaching you like this. I like my girls free."

"I'm not free even now, Mistress," said Alaine once her bindings were removed.

Angela rolled her eyes. "Oh, you know what I mean. I like my girls free to move."

"Yes, Mistress," said Alaine as she blushed. She knew that she should not have made that comment. "Oh, Mistress! I heard today that you were a beautiful slavegirl the other night."

"Oh my gosh!" blurted Angela. "You weren't supposed to hear about that. Who told you?"

Alaine felt her blush deepen. She had apparently made another mistake. "Nobody told me, Mistress. I overheard two of the mistresses talking. They used words like stunning and striking and exquisite and priceless and exotic. They never used your name but I figured out who they were talking about."

"Oh my," sighed Angela. "You weren't supposed to know about that."

"I promise I won't tell your husband."

"Oh, he already knows. It was you I was trying to hide it from."

Alaine furrowed her brow at that news. "Why would you try to hide anything from me? I'm a nobody. I'm just your property."

"Oh, pet, you are definitely not a nobody. You are my property, that's true. But you are a prized possession."

Angela wrapped an arm around the girl and pulled her close, kissing her passionately. Then she led her to bed. Hours later and orgasms later, they drifted off to sleep with their limbs entwined. Neither one of them even realized that they had missed dinner.

The next morning, Angela checked her calendar and then called John. She had already chewed him out for the role that he had played in the horrifying moments when she thought she was being sold. He had told her how beautiful she looked as a slave on the auction block and how he would have gladly paid the two million pounds for her. She took that as a sufficient apology.

This time, she laid out her latest idea for an adventure. After she finished describing it, he could hear the excitement in her voice and he reluctantly agreed to it. But he told her that he thought it was a bad idea and that she should think long and hard before agreeing to it. She thanked him profusely and told him to expect a minx when she got home and took him to bed. She would be arriving home that night.

She sent Alaine off to the training classes for the day. The girl had already gone through all of these during her first stay on the island immediately after being captured but Alaine thought that a refresher education was in order. After all, Alaine had been practically sex-deprived during her first year of captivity. That would

change once she got the girl home and she wanted her slave to be in top form. Then she went in search of Ricardo.

Once again, she found the Latin master alone by the pool. He too had consigned his girl to the lessons being offered at the resort.

"Good morning, my princess."

Angela laughed at the greeting. "Good morning, great hunter."

Ricardo smiled at her reply. "So have you decided to become my prey? Have you picked a date?"

"I have," she said as she settled into the chaise beside Ricardo's. "One week from today."

"Excellent," he grinned. "My calendar will be cleared so that I can hunt my doe and then dine on her delicious body."

"Oh my," she gasped. "That did not sound good."

"I meant dine in the figurative sense," he explained. "Don't worry. You won't find yourself as the main feature at a roast."

"That's comforting to know."

"Do you have the agreement?"

"I do." She reached into her bag and pulled out both copies. She fished a pen out of her bag and started to sign.

"The Spanish one, please," said Ricardo as he saw her inking her name to the English version. "Spanish is the language of my country and is the only language in which agreements can be formalized."

"Oh," she said. She moved her hand and wrote out her signature on the Spanish version. Then she filled in the appropriate dates at the top of the page. Her adventure would begin at noon, one week from today and it would end at noon one week later.

"Excellent, my dear." Ricardo was beaming with glee. Despite having purchased a beautiful and busty girl several days earlier, it was this enchanting mistress who intrigued him and stirred the lust within him.

"Might I suggest that we retire to my suite?" he continued. "This calls for a celebration."

Angela giggled. She knew that the celebration would involve sex but she was fine with that. She was more than fine with it. She found Ricardo to be a very attractive man.

"That sounds delightful."

He arose from his chair and held out his hand, helping Angela from hers. Then they walked together toward his suite. Once they arrived, he poured them each a glass of champagne and then offered a toast.

"To my future pet and prized possession."

Angela laughed and took a sip of the wine before offering a toast of her own. "To the future huntress who will claim girls at will."

They both took another sip and then Ricardo spoke again. "We shall see. In the meantime, might I have an opportunity to inspect my future slavegirl?"

Angela blinked. She looked down at her bikini-clad body and then looked back up at Ricardo. "I think I'm pretty well on display already. And I was completely on display the other night."

Ricardo smiled and set down his glass before stepping closer to her. "Yes, you look divine." He reached up and untied the string behind her back, lifting the top off of her and revealing her glorious breasts. "Now you look even more divine."

She watched in amazement as his fingers busied themselves on the little bows at her hips. In any other setting, she would have slapped him already. But this was not any other setting. This was a magical place where erotic dreams were made. This was a place where men undressed women freely and sometimes publicly. She felt her bottoms float down her legs to puddle at her ankles.

"Now you look most divine," he said. "A vision of beauty." He slowly walked around the naked woman, letting his eyes feast on her body. She stood motionless as he conducted his tour. She felt like she should say something but was at a loss for words.

He finished his circuit and kept moving until he stood behind her. He gathered her long auburn mane in his hand and lifted it off her neck, trailing his fingers down the back of her neck. He ran his fingers along one shoulder and then the other before letting the hair fall back into place.

Ricardo ran his palms down her arms and then grasped her wrists, pulling her hands up behind her neck. "Hold them there for me."

Angela was speechless. She didn't trust herself with words at the moment. She could feel strange thrills rushing through her body as this virtual stranger inspected her body almost as if he were inspecting a racehorse. No, that wasn't it. It was as if he was inspecting a slavegirl. A little shudder shook her at that realization.

"Are you cold?" he asked as he saw the shudder.

"No, I am warm enough."

Ricardo placed his palms up to her armpits and slowly drew them down the sides of her body. He would stop occasionally and squeeze the flesh, finding it amazingly soft and firm each time. This woman was tremendously fit. That was good. He always liked to have his slaves be toned and fit.

The hands glided over the hips and then down the outside of her legs. He crouched down and slid them up the insides of her legs, feeling the taut muscles of her calves and thighs. He stopped his upward climb right before he got to her sex and shifted his hands to her bottom, grasping one tight cheek in each hand. He squeezed them and reveled in their texture. Then he pried them apart and looked at her little pucker. Soon, he would own this. He looked forward to playing with it. But that would wait for another day. He was a patient man.

He was still crouching and was able to see Angela's hairless labia. They were still bright pink from being dyed earlier in the week. They were already parted, indicating that his future slave was aroused by her treatment. And he could see the little honey pot glistening and brimming with her lubricating juices.

He finally released her cheeks and then stood up again. It was time to enjoy the front. His frontal inspection went much the same way, although he avoided her breasts and sex at first. When he had checked out her muscle tone to his satisfaction, he finally lifted her breasts. He loved the weight of the generous orbs and loved the way they jiggled when he bounced them. He ran his fingertips over the swells, amazed at how soft and firm they were. He flicked the pinkened nipples with his finger tips. She sucked in her breath audibly at the flicks and the nipples quickly stiffened visibly. This was

good. He wanted his slaves to always be responsive. These breasts would provide him with years of pleasure.

"Did you nurse your children?" he asked as he held the breasts up again.

"Yes," she squeaked. She was so nervous for some reason. She knew that she shouldn't be but the more that he inspected and fondled her, the more submissive she felt. It made no sense. She was a slave owner just like him. But the mere handling of her breasts made her feel small and vulnerable.

"How long did you breast feed?"

"Two years for the first child," she responded as she looked down at her chest. It was odd to see her breasts being claimed like this. "One year for the second child."

"Remarkable," he commented. "Most women lose their form and are subjected to gravity after childbirth and breastfeeding. You have the body of a teenager."

"Thank you," she replied, hearing her voice crack.

Finally, he crouched again. The fingertips from one hand danced over her tight belly. He circled her belly button with one finger and then drew his fingers lower over her recently denuded mound. She had continued to shave herself there so her mound was smooth and satiny.

He extended one finger and moved it downward until he got to her glistening petals. He traced them with his finger, feeling the oily secretions lubricating his finger. He went down one petal and then back up the other. He saw her clit peeking out at him and he touched it lightly. She sucked in her breath and held it, trembling slightly.

"You have a beautiful pussy," he told her. He almost added that he was looking forward to owning it but he thought better of it. It was true that he was looking forward to making it his, but he did not want to scare her off.

"Thank you," she repeated.

He tapped on the clit and saw the little tremors rocking her body. He tapped again with the same result. He kept tapping, using a slow tempo, and each tap resulted in the same reaction.

"Oh god," she groaned.

He never penetrated her. He would occasionally caress the petals and then return to tapping. He focused on her belly and enjoyed the way that it quivered. Occasionally, he would look up to her beautiful face and smile. This angel would be his soon. Sometimes his eyes would stop at her breasts as they traveled up and down her body and he loved the way that they rose and fell rhythmically but with a tempo that seemed to quicken with each tap.

Her eyes were focused on a spot on the wall. She couldn't explain the sensations that were swirling around inside of her. She didn't understand what was happening to her. She did not know why her fingers remained entwined behind her neck as this male took liberties with her body.

She had heard of sub space; a place in the mind that submissives find when they have totally surrendered themselves to the scene. She never could comprehend it before. But now she knew it was real. She had escaped into her own personal sub space.

Ricardo finally stopped tapping and he stood again. He started to orbit her again, this time letting his fingers trail along her naked flesh as he circled her. He went around her once and then started again. He stopped behind her and cupped her bottom cheeks in his hands again before releasing them.

Click. Click. In rapid succession, she heard two clicks near her ears and felt the cold steel circling her wrists. Why wasn't she screaming in protest? Her mind was not functioning at all at this point. Her brain was nothing but jelly; pure lust-filled jelly.

The suites were outfitted with numerous attachment points for girls. After all, they were designed by slavers for slavers. It was an easy task for Ricardo to hit the button. A hook descended from the ceiling. He lowered it enough to snag the cuffs and then raise them again.

He had to be careful. The steel cuffs would dig into the tender flesh of his pet. He needed to make sure that she was not marred. But he wanted her to remember her time with him.

He kept his finger on the other button until she was standing on the balls of her feet. It would not be painful; at least not at first.

He was still behind her when he picked up the silk scarf. He folded it over and over again until he was satisfied with what he had formed. Then he reached around her and placed it over her eyes, tying the ends behind her head and blindfolding her.

Angela gasped. "Ricardo, what are you doing? What are you planning?"

"I'm just enjoying my pet," he replied. "And it's Master from now on."

Again, she gasped. She could never call him Master. That would be too clear of a sign of submission and she could never submit to anyone, including him. She remained silent.

He picked up a flogger. It was a tame enough instrument. Its wide, soft leather strands would surprise and tease her more than anything else. It would pinken her flesh but would not be painful. And it would leave no lasting marks.

He moved in front of her again. Her head turned as she heard his movement and she tried to anticipate the next surprise. He lifted her left breast in his hand and squeezed it, plumping it. Then he brought the flogger down on the inviting upper swells of the breast, creating a slapping sound. She jumped and gasped from the unexpected punishment. He brought the flogger down again and elicited the same response..

He released the breast and admired the pinkness of the firm, smooth flesh. Then he lifted the right breast and struck it twice. Next, he worked on the lower swells. He grabbed the left nipple, pulling outward and upward, exposing all of the sweet, sensitive skin. The flogger was whipped upward and she squealed at the treatment. Each breast received two more kisses of the whip.

He held onto the nipple of the right breast and pulled it outward. The inner swells of the breast were exposed and vulnerable this way and he struck each breast with the flogger while they were stretched outward. Now it was time to abuse the outer swells. The slaps had been relatively mild so far, getting increasingly harsh as he moved to the next spot. Now he would unleash the flogger's pain. He swung hard, striking the left breast on the outside. It bounced toward its twin as the loud slapping noise was heard. She

shrieked at the pain and then whimpered as the breast bounced back into shape. He hit the right breast and then the left and then the right breast again. She shrieked with each blow.

He put the flogger aside for now. He lifted both breasts in his hands and inspected them. They were glowing nicely now. She was decorating beautifully. He had two ornaments for her and then the decorating would be complete.

Instinctively, Angela looked down as soon as she felt Ricardo gather her breasts in his hands. She had forgotten that she was blindfolded. It was probably best she not be able to see, she decided. She was sure that her orbs were a mottled mess by now.

She tried to reconcile the thoughts that were racing in her head. Part of her could not wait to get Alaine home so she could play with her. And she was so looking forward to giving her to the rest of the family. She knew that they would love playing with their new toy. The other part of her wanted to remain right where she was. She had never felt this way in all of her life. She was on the edge of an orgasm and had been riding the edge for an hour as Ricardo toyed with her body.

Ricardo picked up a pair of clamps. He squeezed the left breast, compressing the flesh and causing the orb to bulge. He used a finger to flick the nipple and smiled as it stiffened even more in response. He held the clamp to the pink bud, holding the jaws open against the warm flesh, letting her figure out what was about to happen.

"Oh, Ricardo, please no," begged Angela. She felt the cold steel against her sensitive little nubbin and knew that pain would quickly follow. She loved to use clamps on girls because of the way they begged and shook when the jaws closed down on them. She had even been clamped earlier in the week by Cedric and it had been very painful. Her nipples were just too sensitive for that. "Please don't do it, Ricardo."

He removed the clamp and brought his hand down swiftly, spanking the breast hard and sending it bouncing on her chest. "Arrrgggghhhh" she gurgled as the pain radiated through her chest.

"What did you call me?" he demanded and then he spanked the other breast, eliciting a yelp from the bound woman.

"Sorry, Master," she said, feeling her face blush as she uttered the word. That was the most humiliating thing that had happened to her so far.

Her calves were starting to burn from having to keep her heels off the ground. Every time she lowered them, the cuffs dug painfully into her wrists so she worked very hard at keeping them elevated.

"Much better," he said as he returned the clamp to the nipple. "Let us continue."

He closed the clamp slowly so he could enjoy the sights and sounds as the pain intensified in his girl. He wanted to savor the moment. She quickly started moaning and that turned into sorrowful sounding whimpers. As the clamp was finally closed, flattening the little bud, she yelped which was music to his ears. The ceremony was repeated on the other nipple and he was serenaded again by the girl's delightful sounds.

He stepped back to admire his girl. She was beautiful and soon she would belong to him. Her whole body was quivering at his point and was almost glistening from the thin sheen of perspiration. It was time for him to enjoy her.

He lowered her hands a bit, letting her rest her heels on the floor. He pushed her legs apart and then unzipped his pants, releasing the cock that had been straining to get out ever since Angela entered his suite.

He did not even test to see if she was ready for him. He knew that she was already highly aroused. He positioned the tip of his cock between her petals and plunged fully into her sex with one thrust. She groaned as it sliced into her body and climaxed instantly. She had been on the edge for so long and the rapid penetration was the trip wire she needed to be pushed over.

He lazily moved in and out of her, wanting to take his time. He wanted this moment to last. She would be away from him for a week before she officially became his so this moment would have to hold him over until then.

He flicked the clamped nipples as he slowly pistoned inside of her, eliciting little moans and groans and grunts. She climaxed again from the pain in her nipples and the pleasure of being filled so completely. He finally withdrew from her, causing her to whimper. He moved behind her and slid back into her velvety, wet sheath and started pistoning again.

He reached around and grasped the full, clamped breasts again, squeezing them. She climaxed again. He used one hand to alternate between the breasts, squeezing them and bouncing them as he slid his other hand down her body to find her clit. He toyed with her and brought her to climax several more times before he finally deposited his seed in her.

Angela was a limp rag doll by the time she boarded the plane. Alaine was packaged and stowed for the trip in a special concealed compartment. Angela slept the entire flight.

## Chapter 9

"I present to you your new pet," announced Angela as she untied the cape and slid it off of Alaine's shoulders. Angela had draped the cape over her new girl at the airport so that she would not be seen naked by other motorists on the way home and to protect her from the evening chill. Now they were home and it was time to display the girl.

The entire family was there as was their other pet, Kim. It was Kim who spoke first.

"Leprechaun!!! Oh my gosh, it's so good to see you! I have been so worried about you. Oooops!" She glanced around the room, blushing at her outburst. Then she looked at John. "Master, may I have permission to speak?"

John laughed and nodded. "Yes, little one, you may speak. I was hoping you would like our surprise. You may stand up and hug your new sister too if you would like."

"Thank you, Master," she replied. She quickly arose from where she was kneeling at John's feet and crossed the room to Alaine, wrapping her arms around her and hugging her. Naked breasts squashed together and naked bellies touched. Kim had to do all of the hugging since Alaine's wrists were bound behind her, but she did not mind. Her good friend was here.

"I'm so happy to see you too," said Alaine with a smile. She leaned forward and kissed Kim on the lips, which was a new thing for them. They had always been great friends before but never intimate with each other. But a year of slavery affected people and the kiss quickly turned passionate. Kim was breathless at the end of the long steamy kiss but quickly found her voice again.

"Thank you for buying her, Mistress," said Kim. "Isn't she beautiful?"

"Yes she is, pet," replied Angela. "You are both beautiful."

"They sure are, Mom," agreed Jenna who had been sitting and admiring the two naked lovelies pressing together.

"They're both hot!" piped in Jack.

It was Alaine's turn to blush. She was naked in front of three strangers, all of whom owned her now. John was seated on the couch but she could tell that he was fit. He was a very handsome man of about forty. Jenna, the daughter, was seated beside him on the couch. She looked to be about seventeen or eighteen and was beautiful. She looked too young and innocent to be a mistress though. Alaine wondered what it would be like to be owned by someone so young. Jack, the son, was seated by himself in a chair and was maybe fifteen or sixteen. He too was handsome and very well muscled; probably a high school football player.

"You can play with the girls in a little bit," said Angela. "Right now, I want Kim to bathe Alaine. She's had a long trip." That was true. But Angela also wanted to give the two girls a chance to be alone and catch up with one another.

"Thank you, Mistress," both slaves said in unison as Kim led her new slave sister from the room. Angela plopped down in an empty chair to spend a little time with her family.

"Thank you for buying her, Mom," said Jenna. "She's just gorgeous."

"Yeah, thanks Mom," chimed in Jack. "She'll be lots of fun."

"That seems like quite a successful shopping trip," smiled John. "And it seems like you had some interesting experiences while you were there. What's with this newfound submissive side of you, though?"

"John!!" gasped Angela. "The children are here!!!"

"Oh, we already know," said Jack.

"Yes, we were watching you being sold the other night," added Jenna. "You were simply beautiful. I'm glad we were the ones who ended up buying you."

Angela blushed. She knew that John was watching her through the online connection but she never would have expected him to invite their children to watch also. This was so embarrassing.

"Well, that was all staged," said Angela. "And you shouldn't have been watching."

"It might have been staged," said Jack as he grinned, "but we have a deed now that says we bought you."

"And why shouldn't we watch?" added Jenna. "We're old enough to watch auctions now."

Angela's blush deepened. They had a deed? What did that mean? What kind of game was Cedric playing now?

"The kids are right," said John. "So tell us how it felt to be on the other side. We've never tried it."

Angela groaned. She was losing control of this conversation and she knew she would keep getting pressured.

"It was different," she replied, trying to answer with as little information as possible.

"Tell us more," urged John.

"It was just different," repeated Angela, hoping the questioning would die off.

"How so?" asked John. "Were you aroused by it?"

"Of course she was, Dad," interjected Jenna. "Don't you remember how her sex was glistening that night? Even her thighs were shiny."

"Oh god," Angela muttered. It was not going to die off. "Yes, it was arousing. But it was different from owning someone. It was more scary and yet tingly at the same time."

"Well, you kids can have the girls tonight," announced John as he stood up from the couch. "I'm going to get to know this little slavegirl." He reached out and offered his hand to Angela. Angela stood up, thankful to be away from the children but suspicious of what her husband had in mind.

"Awwww," complained Jack. "I was hoping to be able to explore this newest slave."

"Yeah," pouted Jenna. "Me too."

"One of you may have her tomorrow night," replied John. Angela gasped. "She's mine tonight, though." The kids accepted that arrangement but Angela did not. She would wait until later when they were alone, however, to voice her objection. Right now, though, she just needed to be fucked.

He let her shower and freshen up from her trip. Then he surprised her by locking her in thumb cuffs with her hands behind her back. He laid her on the bed and ran his fingers over her recently denuded sex. "I like the new look."

"Thanks," she replied. "But I don't think it's for me."

"So tell me about your little adventure," he said as he slid his cock into Angela. "I want to know all the details."

She started at the beginning, telling him about the assortment of slaves that were being offered and how they were available for inspection. She told him about the auction itself and how she had met some other nice buyers. Then she told him about her first meeting with Cedric and how he had made her fuck him in payment for the answers to her questions. All the while, John pumped in and out of her, feeling her sex clamping down on him.

"Is it true what they say about black men?" he asked.

"Oooooo yes, it's true!" she giggled.

"That will make me feel inadequate."

She grinned and lifted her head, kissing him. "You are far from inadequate. You are perfect."

He almost climaxed as she told him about her time at the spa. He imagined his beautiful wife being prepared to be sold as pretty slavegirls pampered her. He would have loved to watch them shave her and then oil her. That's when he almost erupted. He would have to concentrate to be able to last to the end of her tale.

"What did you think about being sold?" he asked her as she recounted the events of that evening.

"It was the most terrifying moment of my life," she replied.

"Tell me what you were thinking. You looked beautiful and you looked very aroused. I loved the way they pinkened your nipples and pussy."

"I'm not sure. I was in shock, I think. I remember feeling afraid. I remember feeling humiliated. Adrenalin was rushing through me. I remember feeling aroused but not understanding why."

"How do you feel about it now?" he asked as he plunged particularly deep. She gasped at the thrust.

"I think I've blocked out the bad memories," she said. "I mostly remember it as a big erotic blur."

Then she went on to describe how Cedric had used her after the auction. And she described her session with Ricardo earlier in the day. He finally did erupt inside of her as she described all of the orgasms she had as the Latin master fucked her.

## Chapter 10

"Are you sure it's a good idea?" John asked. They were both sitting in robes at the kitchen table, eating their breakfast. Kim was on her knees with her face buried between Angela's thighs. Alaine was also on her knees with her head bobbing up and down on John's cock.

"Cuchilla is a pretty brutal place," he continued. "I'm not sure that it's safe."

"Ricardo said that things have calmed down now. There was a lot of bloodshed during the uprising but that's all behind them now." She reached down and stroked Kim's hair, enjoying the feel of the talented tongue on her pussy.

"It still has to be pretty lawless," he said.

"He said it's as safe as any place in South America," she went on. "And I know that Brazil and Argentina are supposed to be pretty safe. I think you just like to worry."

John tensed and closed his eyes. The new girl had a very talented mouth. He was very close to release. Angela smiled as she saw her husband trying to delay the orgasm. Kim was very good too. She was almost there. Finally, John climaxed and let out a groan. Alaine kept bobbing her head but more slowly, using her tongue to bathe the slick pole and tease the sensitive head. She had to swallow three times to get it all down because of the copious amount of sperm that had been deposited. Thirty seconds later, Angela was groaning.

"Give me a kiss, girls," said Angela after she had recovered from the orgasm. "Then go find the kids and play with them."

"Yes, Mistress," they sang out together. They each bent over to kiss Angela. She gave them kisses and squeezed their breasts before sending them on their way, enjoying the sway of their shapely, naked bottoms.

"So tell me how this is supposed to work," said John. "You show up in Cuchilla. Then what?"

"Then I go to the ranch," replied Angela. "The hunt will be the next day. If Ricardo shoots me before six o'clock, I belong to him until Saturday. He will only be using paintballs so don't worry. If he doesn't bag me, then I get to join the hunt for the rest of the week and I get to keep whatever I shoot."

"You really are serious about exploring this submissive side, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said softly. "It's a part of me that I never knew about and don't yet understand. I want to learn more."

"Then you shall," he said. "I think that you think I was kidding last night about being sub here. But I wasn't. For the rest of the week, until you leave for Cuchilla, you will become another one of the Dawson slavegirls and you will serve all of the Dawsons."

Angela gasped. "John! You can't be serious! I can't do that! That would be incest!"

"You are assuming that Jack and Jenna will want to have sex with you. I'm not so sure about that. But if that's what they choose to do with their newest slave, that's up to them. And you don't have to worry about breaking any moral codes. You will simply be a slavegirl doing what she is told. No decisions. No worries. No guilt."

He stood up and moved behind her chair. Her robe was still open and she tried to close it. He moved too swiftly for her, though. He caught the lapels of the robe and pulled the garment off her shoulders, trapping her arms in the sleeves of the robe.

"John! Stop this right now! It's not funny!"

"It isn't meant to be funny," he replied. "You may be a mistress again when you return from Cuchilla or when you cancel the trip. Otherwise, you are a Dawson slave."

"It's not fair," she groaned. "It's not fair to me. It's not fair to the children. They will be put in an awkward position. And it's not fair to the girls. They will be confused."

He leaned down and kissed the top of her head as he reached around her, lifting a heavy breast in his hand. Truth be told, while he was trying to dissuade her from her trip, he was also looking forward to this week in an odd sort of way. He had always fantasized about her being his slave. But she had always been so headstrong and

dominant that it was never a possibility before. This would give him a chance to explore his fantasy as she explored hers.

"It will not be an awkward position for Jack and Jenna," he replied. "They have been around slaves for a year now. They know that there are many uses for slaves, only one of which is sex. If they choose to use you sexually, then that's something that they choose to do. It will not be because they think they have to."

"And the girls will not be confused. They will answer to whoever they are told to answer to. Right now, they will answer to Jenna, Jack and me. When you become a mistress again, they will answer to you."

Despite looking forward to treating his wife as a slave, John was upset and he was afraid that it would come to this. He was angry with his wife's decision to go to Cuchilla to act out submissive fantasies. He did not mind the fantasies or even acting them out. But Cuchilla was not a safe place despite what she had said to try to reassure him. So he would act out his fantasies of enslaving her in hopes that it would humiliate her into canceling her trip. He pulled the cuffs out of the pocket of his robe and grasped her wrists, pulling them behind her and locking them together.

"Stand up, dear," he said. "Or should I say stand up girl?"

"John, don't," she pleaded.

He grabbed her long auburn hair and pulled upward, forcing her to stand with the robe falling down her arms to her cuffs, leaving her naked.

"Ouch! You're hurting me, John!"

"Then perhaps you'll obey more quickly next time."

"John, I won't let you do this! Let me go!"

He was angry but he was not going to rage. He had told himself to contain his anger and to act coolly and calmly. His next act was to pick up a knife and slice the robe off of her arms, leaving her completely naked now.

"New slaves are always so difficult. I am going to do this, girl. The only question you need to answer for yourself is how much pain you want inflicted upon you. You can be a good girl like Kim and Alaine or you can be whipped and paddled."

Angela shuddered. She remembered how John had paddled Kim early on when she had been recalcitrant and rebellious. He was brutal with the weapon. She could not allow herself to be beaten like that.

"I will be a good girl," she sighed in resignation. "But it's still not fair."

"That's I will be a good girl, Master," he corrected her.

"I will be a good girl, Master," she said with a sarcastic tone in her voice.

"Good," he smiled, ignoring her tone of voice. He reached out and gave her right nipple a playful tweak. Then he produced two more items. The first one was a hobble. He locked the two cuffs around her ankles. They were connected by a one foot chain that would limit her steps to little mincing ones. The second was a collar. It not ornate like the one they bought for Kim. It was just a black leather dog collar with a plain dog leash attached. He circled her neck with the leather and buckled it. Then he picked up the end of the leash and tugged.

"Come girl." Angela groaned but reluctantly followed him.

"Oh wow, Dad!" exclaimed Jack as John led his wife into the den where the two children and two slaves were. "You weren't kidding last night!"

"No, son, I wasn't kidding. Your mother will be our slave for the next week. Now there is a slave for each of us."

Angela stood there, blushing. She had never been naked in front of either of her kids before. Now, they both saw her that way. She saw their eyes hungrily roaming over her nudity. She cast her eyes down. She did not mean it as an act of submission. She just couldn't look them in the eyes. But they saw it as a beautiful symbol of her newfound submissiveness.

"Pick your slave for the day," instructed John. "You can have her until tomorrow morning. You first, Jenna."

"I want Kimmie," said Jenna. She was very attached to Kim and John was not surprised at her selection.

"Jack, how about you?"

"I want the new slave."

"Which new slave?" asked John, not sure if he meant Alaine or Angela.

"The newest slave," replied Jack.

This did surprise John. He had expected his son to pick Alaine which would leave Angela to his instruction and tutelage. But the son clearly wanted the mother. John held out his hand, offering the leash to Jack. "Here you go. She's a bit rebellious so be prepared to use whatever discipline you think is needed."

Jack grinned. "What limits does she have?"

"The same limits as Kim," John replied. Angela gasped.

Jack blinked. "No limits?"

"No permanent marks," corrected John. "Other than that, no limits."

Jack could not believe his ears. He thought his mom was beautiful. All of his friends did too. On nights that he didn't have Kim to fuck, he would masturbate to mental images of his mother in various lewd and pornographic acts. Now he would not have to imagine things. She would be his sex toy.

"Gee, thanks Dad." Jack was still grinning. "Come along, girl." Jack tugged on the leash and Angela followed with small, mincing steps.

"You might have to gag her if she complains," John called out. "And you know where the paddles are."

"She won't give me any troubles, Dad." He stopped and pulled Angela close, reaching up to stroke one of her breasts. Angela stiffened at the unwelcome touches from her son. "Will you, girl?"

Angela remained silent as she watched the fingers dancing over her naked flesh. He finally dropped his hand and tugged on her leash, leading her to his bedroom. Angela gulped as she was pulled into the room.

## Chapter 11

"Jack, this isn't right," she started. "You have to let me go. It's just not right."

"Should I go get one of the paddles?"

Angela shook her head in disbelief at what was happening to her. Finally, she turned to her son and hung her head, defeated. "No. You won't need a paddle. I'll cooperate."

"Good girl," he smiled. She looked beautiful to him, especially the way she was blushing and looking so submissive at the moment. He tucked a finger under her chin and tilted her head up so she was looking at him. Then he gathered her breasts in his hands and held them. "You have no idea how long I've wanted this moment to come. You are my favorite beat off fantasy-girl. All of my friends think you are the hottest woman alive. They'll die when they hear that I have actually fucked you."

"Jack, it's wrong. You mustn't do that. And you must never tell them that you even saw me naked."

He was palpating her breasts now, enjoying the warm, soft pillows of flesh that weighed heavily in his hands. He knew that his mother had big breasts but he didn't know quite how big and he didn't know whether or not they sagged. Now he knew. They were very large. And there was hardly any drop in them at all. They were as large and firm as any of the models in the men's magazines that he and his friends looked at. She could be a model as far as he was concerned.

She looked into his eyes but his gaze was on her chest. She saw him eying her breasts closely as if memorizing every inch of them. This was so humiliating and she wondered how their relationship could ever return to normal. She sucked in her breath as he lowered his head and she turned her gaze downward. She watched with horror as he extended his tongue and slowly circled each nipple, wetting them.

"I used to feed here, didn't I?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied in a whisper.

"Yes, Master," he corrected her.

"Yes, Master," she whispered. She saw him part his lips and suck one nipple into his mouth. He pulsed it a few times and then sucked as much breast meat as he could into his mouth. This was just awful!

There was a knock at the door and John poked his head in. "I'm glad to see you are enjoying our new toy, Jack."

"Oh, I am, Dad," he responded after he released the breast. "And I definitely will. She's my dream girl."

That was news to John. He knew he had a gorgeous wife and that most men lusted after her. But he had no idea that his own son also lusted after his mother. He had no doubt now that Angela would be well fucked by her son.

"That's good to hear," said John. "One thing I forgot to tell you is that she is to be freed if she agrees to cancel her trip."

Angela started fuming at that comment. She could not believe that he could be so cruel. What was wrong with her taking some time for herself? They both had extramarital relationships. Why was he being so stubborn about this one? Well, she could be just as stubborn, even if it might result in having sex with her son.

"Will do, Dad," nodded Jack. "Oh, Dad, these are amazing!" He held Angela's breasts a little higher.

"Come feel them," he continued. "They're perfect."

John laughed. "I've felt them before a few times. And yes, they are perfect. Enjoy your new girl." Then he stepped out of the room and closed the door behind him.

"Oh yeah," muttered Jack. "I guess he has felt them a few times."

"Yes, he has," confirmed Angela. "He's supposed to. You're not."

"Well, guys other than Dad get to enjoy them. He told me that black guy who sold you last week was going to fuck you. I'll bet he felt these when he fucked you." He squeezed the breasts again to illustrate what he meant by these. "Did he?"

"Did he what? Fuck me or touch my breasts?"

"Well, I already know he was going to fuck you. Did he touch your breasts?"

"Yes," she sighed. "He touched them."

"So just think of me as one more man who has touched your breasts." Jack squeezed them a little harder this time, causing Angela to wince. "But enough chit chat. It's time to get down to business."

Jack peeled out of his clothing quickly. Angela had seen him naked several times over the past year as he was using Kim. But she was always surprised each time. He had a cock that was substantially larger than normal and almost rivaled Cedric's. Not only was it large, but it was perfectly straight.

"Let's get you all settled," he said, pushing down on her shoulders. Reluctantly, she knelt on the carpet. He moved a little closer and positioned his cock, which was fully erect, at her lips. "You know what to do. Or should I go get the paddle?"

Angela sighed. She parted her lips and extended her tongue, rubbing it around the thick knob at the end of the cock. Then she opened her mouth wider and moved her head forward, feeling the thick shaft slice into her mouth.

"Look up at me," he instructed. Again, she was reluctant but again she obeyed. It was so humiliating to know that Jack was watching her suck his cock. It was so obscene. "Or you could cancel your trip and we can end all of this."

Angela fumed again. She was not about to cave to that kind of pressure. She started bobbing her head up and down on the huge cock, determined that she would not be cowed.

"Oooooo, you are so beautiful with your lips stretched around me like that," he said. "And you feel great."

Angela's face turned crimson as she heard her son talk about her that way. She was glad that he found her pretty but it was pretty disturbing to learn that he fantasized about her. It was even more disturbing that he was acting on his fantasies by having her blow him.

At one point, he placed his hands on the sides of her head and held her still. Then, he slowly moved his hips, gliding his cock in and

out. He was fucking her face!

He kept this up for several minutes before he pulled her face toward his crotch. The long spear kept moving deeper into her mouth until it banged against the back of her throat. Still he kept pulling her closer. "Ohmigod!" she thought. "He wants me to deep throat him!"

She had done that with others but she had always controlled the entry. He was moving at a much faster pace than she was used to. She closed her eyes and focused on relaxing her throat muscles. She choked back a gag as it kept pressing harder against her throat. And then suddenly it slipped through. She felt it still moving across her lips and knew it was still going deeper into her. Her breathing was cut off and still it plunged deeper. This was the largest cock she had ever taken that way.

"Oh, you're great," Jack complimented her. "It took Kim lots of practice to be able to do that."

Finally, the cock's descent ended. He kept it lodged in her throat and she started worrying about suffocating.

"Ooooo, I can feel your muscles squeezing around my cock. I'm going to lose it soon!"

He pulled out of her throat in time to erupt. She took a deep breath of air into her lungs right before he climaxed and then she felt his seed spewing out of his cock and filling her mouth. He kept his cock in her mouth long after the orgasm as his cock softened. She had no choice but to swallow it all.

"May I be released now?" asked Angela, finally. She was still kneeling and still had her wrists bound behind her. Jack was resting by leaning against the bed and was still enjoying the aftermath of the wonderful blowjob he had just received.

"I have you until tomorrow," he replied.

Angela sighed. She knew that John had said that but she was hoping that it had been forgotten. Or at least she hoped that Jack had discounted the comment. Could he possibly plan on keeping her that long? Could he possibly think that he could have sex with her again? Surely, he couldn't.

"Could you at least remove my bindings?"

Jack pondered the question for a moment as he gazed down at the beautiful slavegirl kneeling in the center of the room. He still couldn't believe his good luck. This was like his greatest fantasy in overdrive. If he had his way, he would never release his mother. She would be naked and captive and would belong to him forever.

"I don't think so," he replied. "There's something about the way you look in those cuffs that's amazing."

"Look, Jack," she started. He interrupted her by clearing his throat.

"Look what?"

Angela rolled her eyes. "Look, Master," she continued. "What we just did was very wrong. Let's not make things worse by repeating it."

Jack sighed as he listened to his mother trying to lecture him. He had every intention of repeating it and doing even more. In fact, he planned to fuck her next. She had a body that simply could not be resisted. He would sink his shaft into her. But it was clear to him that he needed to demonstrate his authority of her. He would not tolerate a slavegirl lecturing. She would have to be punished.

He went to his closet and returned with a ping pong paddle. He could have gone downstairs to get one of the larger paddles. He remembered when his father had used those on Kim at the beginning of her slavery. They had been painful and had left Kim with a black and blue bottom several times. He did not think he would need to go that far to bring his mother in line. Angela gasped when she saw the paddle.

"Over here, Mom," he said as he patted the edge of the bed.

Angela shook her head. There was no way that Jack was going to paddle her. "No way, buster."

"You're only making it hard on yourself," he said. He tossed the paddle onto the bed and then approached his mother. Angela tried to scramble away but he caught her by the hair and held her in place.

"Ouch!" she cried. "You're hurting me!"

"It's your own fault," he replied. She was still kneeling and he reached down, slipping a hand between her legs from behind. He

lifted her and carried her to the bed, using her sex and hair as handles. He was surprised by how wet she was. Despite her protest, he realized that she was aroused by all of this treatment.

He unceremoniously dumped her face down onto the bed with her torso lying flat and her legs dangling off the side. He quickly jumped onto the bed and straddled her torso to pin her down. He had a wonderful view of her shapely bottom. He had that same view in his mind many times at night as he masturbated to mental images of his mother.

He grabbed the link between her wrists and tugged her hands to the small of her back. Then he picked up the paddle.

"Jack, don't do this," she warned. "You will regret it."

"Girl," he replied calmly. "I'm going to do this for your own good. And you have just earned ten more for not addressing me properly."

"Jack, don't you dare!"

"Twenty more," he replied. Then he smacked the paddle down on her beautiful ass and started her punishment.

Angela howled at the first blow and continued howling as the paddle alternated from cheek to cheek. After fifteen blows, there was a knock on the door and John poked his head into the room again.

"Is everything okay?"

"Everything is not okay!" snapped Angela. "Get him off of me!"

"Everything's good, Dad," replied Jack. "She just needed a little coaching."

John's eyes opened wide at the sight that met his eyes. Angela's legs were kicking and he could tell that her sex was brimming. She obviously did not mind the way she was being treated. Her protests must just be an act, he decided.

What really surprised him, though, was the sight of his son. It was the first time he had seen Jack naked in years. And the paddling of his mother had gotten him hard again. John saw the erect shaft and was amazed at how large his son was. His cock was like a weapon.

"Let me know if you need any help, son. And the big paddles are downstairs."

"Thanks, Dad," Jack said as he struck Angela's ass again, eliciting another shriek. "I'm just giving her a taste right now. I'll use the big ones if this doesn't straighten her out. I'm just warming her up a bit."

"Looks like she's already overheated," said John, stepping into the room. He moved to the bed and swiped a finger between Angela's parted labia, holding it up to show his son the glistening digit.

"Yeah, I know," said Jack. "It's amazing. Maybe she was meant to be a slave."

"Maybe," agreed John as he moved back to the doorway. He glanced at his son's huge cock again and shook his head at the size. "Be sure you don't harm her with that thing."

Jack misunderstood. He thought his father was referring to the paddle when John really was commenting on the bludgeon between his son's legs. "I'm going light on her. Just a few more and I'll be done."

"Have fun with the girl," said John as he closed the door behind him. Angela shook her head in frustration that John had not rescued her.

Jack continued to paddle his mother. He actually was not hitting her hard but she continued to howl and yelp and shriek. Her bottom had a nice rosy hue to it when he stopped. "That's the thirty that you earned. Are you going to behave now or should I continue?"

Angela didn't know how to respond. She definitely did not want the punishment to continue. At the same time, she couldn't agree to behave. This was incest and she had to put a stop to it. Jack waited a moment for a reply and, when none came, he struck her again with the paddle.

"That just earned you ten more," he informed her. "I expect my girls to respond when they are asked a question."

Angela shrieked as the paddle landed on her already tenderized butt. She couldn't believe that he was giving her more. And she didn't think she could take much more.

"I'll behave!" she shouted. "I'll behave! Please stop!"

Jack set the paddle aside and ran his palms lightly over the pinkened flesh. It was very warm to the touch.

"Okay," he said. "I'll stop for now. But you still have nine coming to you. If you're a good girl for me, we'll forget about them. If you're not, you'll get the last nine with one of the big paddles.

Angela whimpered. She couldn't believe this was happening to her. She had to stop this but she felt so powerless. "I'll behave, Master," she choked out as she sobbed. "I'll be a good girl."

"Much better," said Jack. He got off of his mother and stood on the floor behind her. He grabbed her legs and easily flipped her over. Then he pushed her back a little on the bed so that her inflamed butt was perched on the edge. Angela yelped when her punished bottom scraped across the bedspread.

Jack unfastened the hobble and then spread her legs. He moved between her legs and then positioned the tip of his cock at her gaping sex.

Angela knew she should protest or resist. She should do something to stop this insanity. But the threat of the nine additional blows with a big paddle was enough to silence her.

"Lift your head," instructed Jack. "I want you to see this."

Reluctantly, Angela lifted her head. She watched in horror as the bulb of the huge cock disappeared into her body and then saw the long, thick shaft gliding into her sex. She groaned as she felt every inch of its travel.

Jack was not watching his cock impaling his mother. Instead, he was gazing at her face. He loved the way she was blushing. He could tell how humiliated she felt. It was wonderful to have such control over a beautiful woman. He started to dream about making his mother's slavery permanent.

The shaft fully impaled the slavegirl and Jack saw her nipples stiffen even more. He could tell that she was getting more aroused by the treatment. It only reinforced his desire to own her.

He leaned down and kissed each of the stiff nipples and then suckled on them, alternating between breasts. When she started

moaning, he started raking his teeth along the sensitive nubbins. This only intensified the sounds she was making.

He was ready to climax but he was going to wait until she achieved orgasm. He knew it must be close. He continued pumping in and out, occasionally taking a break from the delicious breasts to watch his thick cock sliding through her sex. It was shiny now from all of her lubrication and he loved the way she felt around it.

Angela's breathing became more ragged and he knew she was approaching her climax. He started gnawing lightly on the nipples, rolling them back and forth between his teeth. She was groaning now and the orgasm struck her like a lightning bolt. Her body tensed as the waves of her climax rushed through her captive body. She was so humiliated at the way her body was responding but quickly her orgasm overwhelmed her. She was nothing more than a sex toy at the moment. He marveled at the beautiful creature impaled on his cock and emptied his seed into her.

## Chapter 12

"Gary, come on over as soon as you can," Jack said into the phone. "I've got something you have to see." He paused. "Okay, I'll see you in a few."

"Jack, you can't let him see me like this." After the blow job and the wonderful fuck, Jack repositioned Angela. Now, she stood in the middle of the floor with her hands raised high above her head, attached to a rope that hung from a ring in the middle of the ceiling.

"Sure, I can," he replied. "You've always told us to share our toys. Besides, he's really got the hots for you. He's the worst off of all of my friends."

"This can't be happening," she groaned.

Jack grinned. "Yeah, I know what you mean. It's like a dream come true."

A few minutes later, the doorbell rang and Jack left the room to answer it. He returned shortly with his friend.

"Holy shit!" exclaimed Gary. "What did you do, man?"

Jack grinned. "Meet my new girl. She's all mine until tomorrow."

"Holy shit!" Gary repeated, unable to come up with anything intelligent or coherent to say.

"You can touch her if you want," offered Jack. Gary remained motionless as he gawked at the beautiful bound woman. It wasn't as if he had never seen a naked woman before. He had seen and touched and even fucked Kim in the past when Jack had invited him to. So he knew his way around a female body.

But this was Mrs. Dawson!!! Beautiful, sexy, confident and seductive Mrs. Dawson. This was the woman he masturbated to. She was like the sex goddesses in his favorite magazines. No, she was even better than the goddesses. She was much more erotic and desirable. He stood, frozen in place.

Jack moved in front of his mother and lifted her right breast in his hand, stroking it with the fingers of the other hand. Angela looked on, shocked as her situation kept getting worse.

"Come on," urged Jack. "You can do it. She won't mind. Will you girl?"

Angela remained silent. She watched as Gary inched forward. And then the inevitable happened. The boy reached out and lifted her left breast and mimicked Jack's stroking movements.

"Isn't she soft?" asked Jack.

"Yeah," Gary managed to say. But his mind still wasn't working properly so he left it at that. He was still amazed that Mrs. Dawson was naked and bound and that he held one of her beautiful breasts in his hand.

"I love how heavy they are," Jack continued. His only other experience with a naked girl had been with Kim and her compact breasts were nothing but small handfuls compared to these. "And can you believe how firm they are?"

Angela felt Jack squeeze one of her breasts and then Gary squeezed its twin. The friend seemed to follow her son's every move.

"And they're delicious," said Jack. He leaned down and sucked the nipple into his mouth. As expected, Gary did the same. Angela looked down and saw two hungry teenage mouths clamped to her breasts and saw their cheeks hollowing and then relaxing. She felt tongues bathing her sensitive buds. And then Gary released his nipple.

"I don't taste anything. What flavor is she supposed to be?" he asked.

"Girl," replied Jack. "She's one hundred percent pure girl meat."

Jack sucked the nipple back in and sucked for a moment before releasing it. "Yeah. Pure delicious girl meat. Great tit meat." He went back to sucking and kneading the generous breast.

"Come on down here," she heard Jack say. She watched as the ravenous Gary finally released her nipple and saw him get down on one knee beside Jack who was pointing at her sex. "Look how wet she is."

Gary moved his face closer and nodded. She watched with dismay as she saw the friend reach out and then she felt fingers brushing over her petals.

"That means she likes it, doesn't it?" asked Gary.

"Sure does," replied Jack. "She loves it. Don't you girl?" Again, Angela remained silent.

Jack reached around Angela and swatted her ass. "I asked you a question, girl."

Angela yelped at the surprise spank. "No, I don't like it, Jack. Please release me now."

"She's lying," Jack told Gary. "Hold on a minute while I get my dad. He'll straighten this girl out for us."

"No, wait!!!" Angela blurted. John was behaving so oddly today that there was no telling what he might do. "I'll behave."

"What did you say?" asked Jack who was now standing and staring into her eyes. She thought she had given the answer that he wanted so she tried it again.

"I'll behave," repeated Angela but Jack continued to stare. Angela finally realized what he expected. "I'll behave, Master."

"Better," said Jack and then he got down on one knee again. Gary continued to stroke the wet labia which were now parted, revealing the source of the lubrication. "Now tell Gary that you like what he's doing."

Angela bit her lower lip for a moment but then lied. "I like what you're doing to me, Master."

"See? I told you she liked it. Want to fuck her?"

"Wait one minute!" blurted Angela. "It's one thing to grope me. It's quite another to f..."

She never got a chance to finish her sentence. Jack picked up a gag and stuffed it in her mouth. The gag was simply a foam rubber ball with straps. The foam rubber made it easy to push into her mouth and then it expanded to muffle the sounds she was sure to make. He buckled the straps behind her head and then patted her shapely butt.

"That should take care of things," said Jack. "So do you want to fuck her?" Angela just glared at Jack.

"Is that a trick question?" asked Gary. "Of course I want to fuck her. I dream about doing that every night."

"Let's do her together. Do you want front or back?"

"Front or back?" said Gary with a bewildered look on his face.

"Yeah," said Jack. "Pussy or ass?"

"Oh wow!" exclaimed Gary. "Pussy, I guess. Are you really going to fuck her in the ass?"

"You bet. She belongs to me today."

The boys quickly shed their clothes. Their cocks were already erect and ready. They positioned themselves after Jack greased up his pole and spread some lubricant around Angela's asshole. Gary determined that he would not need any of the gel. Angela was already quite wet and ready for him.

They pushed their ways into her body together. She grunted at the anal intrusion. Gary felt fine in her sex but the log that dangled between her son's legs was hard to adjust to. She felt pain as he spread her and cramps once he plunged deep but eventually she adjusted to it and felt the two cocks pistoning in and out.

This was a day of firsts for her. She had never been taken by two men at once. She was quite adventurous sexually but had never had the opportunity to try this. She had never been seen naked by her son. She had never given her son a blow job or been fucked by him. She had never been fucked by one of her son's friends or been taken anally by her son.

The closest thing to being sexually intimate with Jack before had occurred shortly after they brought Kim home. Jack was inexperienced so Angela was in the room to instruct and coach him. She had gripped his cock as he supported himself over Kim's prone body and she had guided it to the entrance of the slave's love channel. Another time, she gripped it again and guided the spear into the slave's rectum as she knelt on the bed. Both times, she had stayed to watch and had occasionally toyed with his balls to further arouse him. But that was all that she had done. Now, all taboos were gone.

She blamed herself a little bit but mostly she blamed John. He wanted the kids to be sexually liberated and mature. The slavegirl was his answer. She agreed to his plan after many hours of debate and discussion. But she never dreamed that this level of liberation

and maturity would lead to her being used like this. And she never dreamed that he would turn her into a slave.

"How dare he?!?!?!?" she thought as the two young cocks pistoned into her body. If she wanted to have an adventure, then she should be allowed to. She fumed behind her gag.

Gary did not last long. He erupted shortly after entering her. But he had the advantage of youth and was hard again quickly. He entered her again and this time fucked her slow and easy as he feasted on the glorious breasts that he adored and dreamed about. Jack lasted longer, probably because of the two orgasms he had experienced with her earlier but eventually he came too. They rested and then were at her again, this time switching places. She was fucked like this by the two boys throughout the day.

At dinner, she was fuming again; or still. All three slaves were naked but the other two were unfettered. She, on the other hand, was kneeling with her wrists cuffed to her ankles. She was between Jack's and Gary's chairs. The other two girls served the meal.

Halfway through the meal, Jack leaned down and whispered in her ear. "I will take your gag out and feed you if you want. But a single word out of you and I will gag you again and you can wait for breakfast."

Angela was starved. The boys had fucked her through lunch so she missed that meal. She did not think she could last until breakfast. She looked up at Jack and nodded to him.

Jack unbuckled the gag and pulled it out of her mouth. Jack and Gary took turns feeding the new slave bits of their meal with their fingers and offering her drinks from their glasses of milk. It was totally humiliating for Angela as she seemed to be reduced to the lowest level in the household.

After dinner, it was family movie time. John bought films for the family to view on nights like these. All of them could be considered to be pornographic and all dealt with the topic of the treatment of slavegirls. The worst thing in the world, in his mind, was to allow sexual relations to fall into a rut and become boring. These movies were his way of providing new ideas about how the girls could be used.

Normally, he would not allow outsiders to participate in movie night. But since Gary had spent the entire day fucking his wife, he couldn't see any harm in letting his son's friend remain.

There were a number of movie sources that he relied on. His favorite, however, was Skull Productions. They always seemed to be the most realistic. They were well produced and well acted. The girls were always beautiful. And the movies even had plots. That was something that many other movie producers overlooked.

Tonight's movie centered around an Arabian harem theme. He started the movie and sat back as Alaine, who had been his for the day, slowly bathed his cock with her tongue. He looked around the room and was fairly surprised that everyone was now naked. Jenna reclined in the overstuffed chair with Kim between her legs, tonguing her. This was the first time he had seen his daughter naked since she was a baby. She was now a gorgeous young woman with a body that any man would want to explore.

Jack and Gary were seated on the couch. Angela was kneeling between them and sucked on one cock as her hand pumped the other. Then she would switch. It seemed that none of the girls would be catching the movie tonight. They were all preoccupied with their duties.

John frequently stole glances at Angela. She was remarkably beautiful and he marveled at how slavery seemed to bring out a glow in her. Maybe he would have to make this arrangement permanent. He would have to think about that.

The plot of the movie involved a trading relationship between two tribes, some intrigue, and some betrayal. One of the slavegirls of one of the tribes was accused of spying for the other tribe. She was quickly tried, sentenced, stripped and prepared for her punishment.

John thought this studio had a clever technique. They made up their girls to make it appear that they had been branded. Each of the submissive actresses had what appeared to be a brand on their left bottom cheek in the shape of a skull and cross bones. John assumed that this was for brand identity purposes.

Skull Productions put out a full range of videos. They extended the gamut from light domination and submission to snuff. He tended to concentrate on the mild end of the spectrum. He had no desire to see snuff, even if it was just faked for a movie, or blood and gore.

The accused girl was found guilty and was sentenced to twenty lashes. She was tied to a post and a huge brute of a man wielded the whip. Welts crisscrossed her back by the time it was over and the skin was even broken in two places. When the girl was finished with her whipping, she was removed from the post and then mounted on a phallus shaped post in the center of the camp with the post buried deep in her sex. The tribe members toyed with her and teased her mercilessly as they continued her punishment.

John heard moans as the three teenagers reached orgasms at different points in the movie. He too was close but he knew that he only had one orgasm left in this day. And he wanted his seed to be planted in his new girl's womb.

John arose and excused himself. Then he led Alaine up to the master bedroom where he ravished her and filled her sex with his last load of sperm for the day. Then he fell asleep, wondering what Angela's night would be like.

## Chapter 13

The rest of the week was surreal for Angela. Never in her wildest dreams could she have imagined that John could do what he was doing to her. He claimed that he was only helping her to realize a dream and that he was helping her to prepare her mind for the week coming up. Angela knew that he was just trying to push her to the breaking point where she would call off her trip.

She was kept naked the entire time, even when guests were in the house. She was constantly bound so there was no way of ever getting out of the house. All of the phones had been hidden. All of the computers had their passwords changed. There was not even any way to communicate and ask for help. She doubted that she would have called for help anyways. That would have turned the whole thing messy and ugly.

John enjoyed having three girls at his disposal now. And with only three dominants in the house, there was always one to service his needs. Jack was also enjoying the three girls but Angela was clearly his favorite and he always maneuvered to claim her whenever he could. Jenna alternated between Kim and Alaine. She thought it would be too awkward to use her mother.

The closest she came to using her mother occurred one afternoon. Angela was hanging by her wrists in one of the play rooms with her toes less than an inch from the floor when Jenna came into the room.

"Mom, can Lisa stay over for the night?" she asked. "Oh, why am I asking you? You're just a slave." She reached out and spanked the outer swells of Angela's left breast, sending it bouncing on the newest slave's chest. That had hurt Angela in more ways than one. But that was the only time Jenna had even touched her during the week.

Gary practically lived at the Dawson home that week. He could not get enough of the sex goddess that he had dreamed about for so long. He had previously enjoyed sex with Kim and that was still

fun. She was extremely beautiful in her own right. And the new, curvy Alaine was almost as hot as Mrs. Dawson in his mind. But Angela was, by far, his favorite.

Jack made frequent use of each of the three slaves. He had the youthful recuperative powers of a teenager so much of that use consisted of some form of sex. But when both he and Gary were drained and needed some time to recharge, he would put the girls to work. Alaine washed and cleaned his car while he supervised the naked beauty. He got a big kick out of having his mother clean his room. She was always after him to clean up the mess. Now, she could do it for him.

John also enjoyed sampling the three beauties, although his cock did not recharge as quickly as his son's. He also shared Angela with others on two nights.

The first time was with Jill, a friend of theirs who they frequently shared their bed with when her husband was out of town. When John learned that Rick was once again on a business trip, he made sure that he would have Angela for the night and invited Jill to spend the night.

"Oh my," smiled Jill when she arrived for dinner. "Aren't you a pretty thing?" Kim answered the door and led Jill into the living room where John was seated on a sofa with Angela kneeling at his feet. She was blushing furiously and had her eyes cast down, unable to look at her friend.

Angela wore only the black leather collar and was completely unfettered. Somehow, that made it worse for her. Maybe if she was bound in some way, she thought, it might be more bearable. At least then she could rationalize that she had no choice.

"I always suspected that her dominant persona was all just an act," offered Jill. She stepped beside Angela and patted the kneeling woman on the top of her head, treating her as if she was the family dog. "But she's really just a beautiful slavegirl down deep after all."

"It's a new side of her," agreed John. "Maybe it's just a phase she's going through. But I wanted to share it with you while it lasted."

Jill sat down beside John who pulled her into an embrace and a long passionate kiss. Angela glanced up and watched as her husband made out with the other woman. The act made her feel insignificant. They acted as if she was not even in the room. Normally, she would be on the couch and making out with their friend also.

The kiss lasted for a long while but finally ended. "I'm really looking forward to tonight," Jill said. "I always have fun here but this should be the best time ever."

Jill was in her late twenties and was every bit as beautiful as Angela. She was tall, at six feet, with shoulder length blonde hair that made her look like a Nordic princess. And her body was perfectly womanly and desirable in John's mind.

"Am I allowed to touch?" asked Jill.

"I would be disappointed if you didn't," replied John. "She's here for your entertainment."

"Ooooo!!!" grinned Jill. "Well, I'm sure she will be very entertaining." Jill stood up and slowly walked behind Angela and then circled her.

"Stand up, girl," she instructed. Reluctantly, Angela rose to her feet. She knew that this would be a very humiliating experience.

"Did you forget something?" asked John as he looked disapprovingly at his wife.

Angela stiffened, not knowing what he was talking about. "I don't know. Did I?"

John frowned. "Shouldn't you say something when a mistress gives you a command? Shouldn't you acknowledge it in some way?"

Angela groaned. John was being an ass. First, he gave her to her son. Now he wanted her to call her good friend Mistress. But she knew she would only make things worse by resisting. "Sorry, Master. Sorry, Mistress."

"She's so cute," smiled Jill. Jill ran her hand down Angela's back. Then she raised her hand and brought it down swiftly, spanking the naked woman's ass. Angela sucked in her breath at the surprise of being treated this way.

"Hey, Dad," said Jack as he poked his head into the room. "Can I borrow the girl for a bit?"

"She's busy right now, son," replied John. "You can have her tomorrow."

"Aw jeez!" complained Jack. "I wanted to show her to some friends."

"You can do that tomorrow," John responded. Jack grumbled but left the room.

Jill raised her eyebrows. "Oh, my. The whole family seems to be enjoying your little girl. How completely does Jack enjoy her?"

"Pretty completely," said John. "It seems that he has quite a crush on his mother. She's been well used by him so far." Angela felt her face erupt in crimson at the words. She had been hoping to keep that secret but that didn't happen. More and more people were learning that Jack had fucked her.

"How interesting," nodded Jill. She was standing in front of the girl and reached up, lifting Angela's breasts in her hands. Angela had her eyes cast down, trying to avoid eye contact. "That's so kinky!"

They took Angela up to the master bedroom where Jill and John quickly disrobed. John sat on the bed and slowly stroked his cock as Angela was forced to kneel and service Jill with her tongue. It was like a dream come true for John. He couldn't think of anything more erotic than watching Angela eat the beautiful blonde's pussy.

"Mmmm," purred Jill after she climaxed. "That was so nice. Your girl has talent. May I bind her?"

"She's yours to do with as you please," answered John.

"Ooooo! That sounds like fun! What limits does she have?"

"None whatsoever," said John. "She's available for anything."

Jill decided that she wanted Angela's hands out of the way. She had the slave stand and then bound her wrists together behind her back. Then she led her to the bed and positioned her on her back in the center. She crawled over to the girl and positioned her sex above Angela's face. "Continue, girl. The last one was good."

Lying on her arms was uncomfortable for Angela but once again she knew better than to protest. It was embarrassing to be ordered to lick again but it was not foreign to her. She and Jill had made love

many times in the past. She obediently lifted her head slightly and started flickering her tongue over the aroused petals at her lips, trying to move Jill toward her second orgasm of the evening.

"I might want to buy her from you," Jill said. "I could get used to this kind of service."

John smiled. "She's not for sale but you are welcome to borrow her whenever you want. Maybe Rick would like to sample her too."

"Oh, Rick definitely would want to sample her," she replied. "He practically drools whenever he's around her. But I wouldn't want him to get suspicious about my secret visits here."

John was still rock hard and decided it was time to get in on the action. He climbed onto the bed behind Jill. He positioned his cock at her sex and felt Angela's tongue fluttering there. Slowly, he pushed his shaft into his neighbor, feeling her tight, wet warmth until he fully impaled her. He truly enjoyed fucking Jill and knowing that his wife was beneath her and eating her just made it better.

He reached around Jill and grasped her breasts, pulling her upward until she was kneeling upright as she straddled Angela's head. The breasts were full like Angela's and were even firmer. They made for perfect toys.

Jill picked up a dildo that she had placed on the bed. She reached down and ran the thick head up and down between Angela's labia which were already oily with her secretions. Then she slowly pushed the wide thing into her, watching as Angela's body stretched around it and accepted it. It was very sexy to see Angela's sex wrapped around the huge pole.

After a long bout of coupling and watching the dildo pump in and out of the captive girl, Jill climaxed again. John followed shortly thereafter and pulled out, shooting his seed all over his wife's face. It was so degrading to Angela as she felt the strings of sperm oozing down her cheeks.

Jill was like a kid in a candy shop with her new toy. She wanted to do it all. John told her that she did not need to rush things and that she was welcome to come back the next night to play more. But Rick was coming home then so she would not be able to get away

for her covert sexual games. "Besides," she added, "the girl is so yummy, I just can't get enough of her. I want to do it all."

Angela earned her gag as she was being spanked. Jill draped the girl over her lap and gave her a spanking with all of the enthusiasm and force she could muster. It really was very hard and it hurt. Angela complained and Jill instructed John to gag her for being so mouthy. A ball was stuffed into her mouth and strapped around her head, effectively silencing her protests. Jill thought her friend looked adorable with her lips stretched by the ball in her mouth.

The strap-on dildo was next. Angela had one that she enjoyed using on her bedmates and had even used it on Jill in the past. But when Angela used it, it was for tender lovemaking. In Jill's hands, or more accurately around Jill's hips, it became an instrument of humiliation. Angela was strapped over a bench and fucked with the dildo. After Jill had enjoyed that for awhile, she pulled the dildo out and sank it into Angela's bowels. The slavegirl groaned and emitted muffled protests as her friend sodomized her but her garbled complaints did nothing to stop the assault.

Jill saved the worst indignity for last. Angela was bound once again but, this time, she was spread eagle and lying face up on the bed. Jill was lying on her side between Angela's legs and John was spooning with Jill, fucking her slowly.

John watched as Jill slid two fingers into Angela's exposed and vulnerable sex. He felt Jill's pussy clenching around his cock and could tell his neighbor was highly aroused by being able to use his wife so completely.

Jill twisted her hand, rotating her fingers inside the bound woman before adding a third finger. A fourth finger was added, stretching Angela widely. She was groaning at this point. John's eyes flew open wide as he watched Jill tuck her thumb alongside the fingers and slowly move the entire assembly in and out.

John knew he should stop the assault but his lust-crazed mind wasn't working properly. Instead, he kept pumping his cock in and out of Jill's delicious body. He almost climaxed as he saw the hand disappear into his wife's sex and had to pause for a moment.

"She feels so good inside," commented Jill. John looked on in disbelief, seeing his neighbor's wrist disappearing into his wife. Angela had yelped around her gag as she was stretched by the fist and now was groaning continuously as the fingers explored the inside of her body.

"We should gag her more often," said Jill. "And tie her up too. I like it when she's totally available to me and can't complain." She reached between her legs and gave John's balls a squeeze and then let her fingers glide along his pole as it slid out of her. John groaned and once again had to stop his movement to keep from climaxing.

John reached around Jill and captured both of her breasts in his hands. He squeezed them and ran his hands over them. The nipples were so stiff at this point that they almost scraped against his palms. He loved it when Jill was available to play with them. Her body was so perfect and she was completely insatiable when it came to sex. He couldn't understand why her husband didn't pay more attention to her. But in a way, that was a good thing for him. It meant that she would always be a sex-starved vixen when she came to play.

Jill scooted closer to Angela and John shifted with her, holding onto the plentiful breasts as if they were handles and keeping his cock in the wet, warm sheath. Jill tilted her head and flickered her tongue over Angela's clit, causing the bound woman to tense and groan as her orgasm wracked her body.

Jill's fingers were busy inside of the newest slave's body. She stroked the smooth, yielding walls of the vagina and explored every nook and cranny. She found the woman's cervix and decided to explore it also. Jill slowly circled the little button with a fingertip and watched Angela for her reaction. The bound woman's body tensed and then shuddered.

Jill fluttered her tongue over the juicy clit again and Angela's belly started quivering uncontrollably. Jill knew from past experience that this meant that Angela was close to another orgasm. She returned her tongue to the clit and kept toying with it, trying to steal another climax from her sex toy.

Angela finally erupted in another orgasm. As soon as Jill saw the bound body tense and heard the telltale groan, she straightened her

index finger and pushed against the cervix. Angela screamed into her gag as pain and cramps shot through her at the pressure to her cervix. The pain intensified as Jill increased the pressure. Jill continued to play with the clit and had wrapped her lips around it, pulsing it in and out of her mouth.

Yet another orgasm swept through Angela and Jill took this opportunity for her next experiment. She pushed harder and the little barrier finally yielded. She pushed through the cervix and Angela screamed into her gag again.

Jill was amazed! She had reached into this woman's womb! She moved the finger slowly, sawing it in and out of the womb. She continued to suckle on the juicy clit, letting her teeth rake along it occasionally. Angela was thrashing her head back and forth and tugging furiously on her bindings as her entire body was consumed in lust and pain. Jill's lips and tongue and teeth finally achieved their goal and Angela's body tensed again. There was a long, low groan from the captive woman. She tensed and shuddered. And then she was silent and still. She had passed out from all of the stimulation.

On the other night of sharing, John organized a poker night for the boys. He invited four of his friends who he knew would not be offended and arranged for Angela to be his for the night.

Each of the four was aware that the Dawsons "owned" Kim although she had been described to them as a sub instead of a slave. John frequently had Kim serve them on poker nights. They were not offered sex with Kim but they did appreciate her nudity as she served them drinks or brought them more snacks.

They were each shocked when they arrived to learn that Angela would be taking Kim's place this night; not only because she was John's wife but also because they knew that she was dominant.

"She's just exploring a new side," explained John. "It will wear off eventually but I thought we should take advantage of it while it lasted."

"Hell yeah!!!" roared Alex.

"Good god, what a body!!!" exclaimed Bill. "Great idea!!!"

"I'm glad you like it, Bill," smiled John. "Feel free to take a closer look. Give it a squeeze if you like."

All four of these men had been sexual partners with Angela before and three of their wives had also. So they were no strangers to her body. But there was something different about seeing her this way. Her wrists were cuffed together with only six inches of chain separating them. She was hobbled again with a twelve inch chain between the cuffs around her ankles. And the chains were connected to one another to prevent her from raising her hands above her navel. All of the metal seemed to enhance her natural beauty.

The four men gathered around Angela and started pawing and groping. She was exceedingly uncomfortable with the scene. Even though they had each seen her naked before and each of them had sliced their cocks into her on more than one occasion, this was different. She had been their equals before during their sexual play. And they had known her as a dominant. Now she was being treated as an object. Hands squeezed and stroked. Fingers poked and prodded. It was very different this time.

"Keep your money in your wallets tonight, boys," announced John. "Tonight we play for chips."

"Guess you're not feeling very lucky tonight, John," chided Kevin.

"Oh, I'm feeling very lucky," replied John. "After all, I have a beautiful new slavegirl." Then he added as a dig, "How many slaves do you have?"

Kevin blushed at the question but was saved by Bill who replied. "Why no chips tonight?"

"Because," responded John, "tonight we play for the grand prize; the whole enchilada; or the whole taco as some describe it. Tonight, the winner gets my new girl for the night."

Angela gasped. The others grinned.

"What does that mean, John?" asked Alex. "We get to fuck her before we go home?"

"You can do that if you like," said John, "or you could take her home with you and keep her for the night. You can stay here and use her if you would like. But she belongs to the winner until noon tomorrow."

Angela rolled her eyes. Her husband was being an utter ass. He was doing everything in his power to totally humiliate her. And he did have all of the power. She was naked and chained. And he had made it clear to her that she would also be gagged at the first complaint or snide comment. She would remain silent and endure the embarrassment.

The game finally started. Each player had an equal number of chips. Angela kept refilling drinks as she endured the continuous pawing and groping. They sure seemed to be enjoying how helpless and available she was. Maybe if she served them enough drinks, they would all pass out and she could go to bed.

The play went on for what seemed like hours. Kevin finally lost the last of his chips and was out of the game. He amused himself with Angela's body as he watched his friends continue to play.

Cal was next out and he joined Kevin in fondling and probing the naked beauty. John lost the remainder of his chips next but decided not to interfere with his friends who were molesting his wife. It was down to just Alex and Bill.

"Is her ass available, John?" asked Bill as he studied his cards.

"Her whole body is available, gentlemen," replied John. "What do you think we have been playing for?"

With that news, Bill raised the bet. After this hand, the game would essentially be over. Almost all of the chips were in the center of the table. Each player showed his hand and Alex screeched. He had lost.

"My game?" asked Bill.

"Your game," Alex nodded.

"I'll be taking her with me," Bill said as he got up from the table. "Susan should enjoy this." With that, he led the naked Angela out the front door to his car. He placed her in the trunk and then drove her home so that he and his wife could enjoy their sex toy for the night.

"I know you don't want me to go," said Angela the next afternoon. "But why do you have to humiliate me?"

"What exactly do you think the next week will be like?" replied John. "If you can't take being used by people you know and trust,

how will you handle people who might abuse you?"

"That will be different," pouted Angela.

"Yes," agreed John. "It will be worse."

"I need to do this."

"It's not safe."

"I need to do this."

"Don't come back complaining about how bad it was," warned John. "It will be worse than anything that happened this week. And it's not safe. I don't trust a soul in that lawless country."

## Chapter 14

Angela arrived in Cuchilla in the early afternoon and a limousine met her at the airport. The drive through the city revealed the aftermath of the brutal civil war that had ended only months before. Many of the buildings had been reduced to piles of rubble while most of the rest were pock-marked with bullet holes. But once they left the city, everything changed. The countryside looked peaceful and serene and beautiful.

The drive took about two hours and Angela sat in the back of the huge car getting increasingly nervous. Once again, she felt as if she was behaving like a schoolgirl. She tried to calm herself and focus. After all, she was a mistress.

An ongoing debate had been raging within her for the past week. Part of her said she should make it easy to bag her. She could let Ricardo shoot her and enslave her for the week. Then she would continue the delicious journey that she had been pursuing as a slavegirl. The other part of her said she should work hard at evading Ricardo. Then she could join the hunt and bag some girls of her own. She would get to enjoy numerous young, nubile bodies during the week in addition to experiencing the thrill of hunting them. The debate continued and she had no idea which side would win.

The limo finally rolled to a stop in front of a huge mansion. Angela had not even realized that they had pulled off of the main road. She wondered how large the estate was as she glanced around. She looked around closer to the house and saw several naked girls in various forms of labor. One was weeding a garden bed. One was cleaning a window. And one was cleaning a cart that stood off to the side of the main entrance. Apparently, the slaves here were used for more than just hunting and sex.

A fourth naked girl descended the steps from the front door to the driveway and stopped at the car, opening the rear door for Angela. "Good evening, Mistress," she said with an accent that told

Angela that she was probably a local girl or at least South American of some nationality or other.

"Good evening," replied Angela as she emerged from the limo. "And thank you. Is there someone who can take care of my bags?"

"Yes, Mistress. I will come back and see to your luggage. Right now, I am to take you to the Master." Angela followed the girl and admired how her cute heart-shaped ass wiggled and swayed with each step. She was a tiny thing in terms of height and frame but she certainly made up for it with her chest, making Angela wonder if the olive-skinned girl had undergone some form of breast augmentation.

Ricardo met her in the study where he immediately stood up and hugged her, kissing her on each cheek. "Welcome to my humble abode. I trust you had a pleasant journey."

"Thank you, Ricardo," she replied. "Yes, my trip went very well. Your humble abode may not be so humble but it is beautiful."

"Thank you," he smiled. "It is sufficient for my occupation."

"I had no idea that operating a club could be so lucrative," observed Angela.

"Ah, but it is a very special club," he answered, "with very special services for very special and exclusive clientele."

They chatted for a little bit and then Ricardo gave her a tour of the house. They passed numerous additional naked girls in the hallways, laboring at their tasks. Finally, they arrived at the bedroom where she would be staying. Her luggage had already been delivered and two naked women were kneeling in the center of the room.

"I will give you some time to relax from your travels and to freshen up," he said. "I have assigned Rosa and Yvonne to assist you. Dinner is in three hours. I will come to escort you there myself."

Angela was a bit surprised that she had a bedroom. She had assumed that Ricardo would want to take her to his bed. But at least the room was opulent. And having two personal handmaidens would not be so bad. She could get used to this.

The girls bathed her, letting her linger and luxuriate in the tub as their soft hands soaped and caressed her body. Then they dried her and led her to the bed. For the next two hours, their talented

tongues worked on her body, delivering several very satisfying orgasms. At one point, the French girl was lying on her back beneath Angela who knelt above her as the Spanish girl tongued her asshole. Angela had never tried that before and found the sensations to be thrilling. She would have to repeat it with Kim and Alaine when she returned home.

"Are you excited about tomorrow?" asked Ricardo at dinner.

"Yes," replied Angela. "Very excited. And thank you for the use of your girls. They were very attentive to my needs. I had no idea that the club had so many girls, though."

"Oh, these are not the club's girls. They are my personal slaves. I do loan them to the club on special occasions but the club has its own inventory. I will show you later in the week."

"Wow," breathed Angela. She wondered just how many slaves there were here. Already, she had seen a dozen. "I would enjoy seeing them."

"Occasionally, I sell one of my girls to the club," Ricardo continued. "But that doesn't happen often. The economics have to be just right for me to part with one of my girls. Mostly, I just loan them for hunts or entertainment. But perhaps I should sell you to the club after I bag you tomorrow. You would be a quite popular addition to their stables."

Angela blinked at the comment about selling her and then laughed, realizing that Ricardo was just joking. "Well, Rosa and Yvonne were very entertaining. Thank you again for their use. But I am surprised that you would consider selling me. I thought you wanted to own me for yourself."

"You are welcome, my dear," smiled Ricardo. "And I do intend to keep you for myself. I am looking forward to making that delectable body my property. But I am a business man also. I have to sell even things that I would prefer to keep. That is what keeps commerce working."

Angela felt a chill rush down her spine as the conversation progressed. Was Ricardo kidding? She couldn't be sure.

"Then I will have to try very hard not to get captured tomorrow," she replied. "Or if I do get captured, I will have to work

very hard at pleasing my master so he won't ever even consider parting with me."

Ricardo leaned over and placed his hand over Angela's, giving it a light squeeze. He lifted his wine glass in the other hand and proposed a toast. "To my future property; an asset to be added to my estate."

Angela smiled nervously but then proposed a toast of her own. "To the huntress who will claim property of her own to be added to her own collection." She decided at that point that she would work very hard the next day at evading capture.

"We shall see, my dear. In the meantime, you may keep Rosa and Yvonne for the night. Or I can replace them with two fresh ones. But I must caution you not to stay up too late. You have a big day ahead of you."

It was Angela's turn to smile. "Yes I do have a big day. I would like to keep Rosa and Yvonne. But I promise to get plenty of sleep."

She had breakfast with Ricardo the next day. Then the two girls were instructed to take her back to her room and prepare her for the hunt. She emerged from her room at eleven o'clock, ready to participate in the big event.

She passed a full length mirror in the hallway and stopped to admire herself. The outfit that the girls gave her was sexy and wild at the same time. She was dressed entirely in leather.

A scant bra was formed out of animal skins and was held in place by thin leather thongs. The half cups of the bra held and supported her full breasts and almost covered her nipples. The tops of the areolae could be seen, however, peeking above the top of the bra. Her bottoms consisted of another thin leather thong tied around her waist and resting on her hips. From it hung another small strip of leather that covered her sex but just barely. Any amount of movement or breeze would cause the strip to shift and would reveal her charms.. Nothing hung from behind, leaving her bottom naked. She also wore moccasins that laced up her calves.

The outfit looked wonderfully exotic on her. It gave her an almost feral appearance. She felt more like a jungle huntress than prey. This was going to be fun.

She met Ricardo again and he paused to admire her shapely body before leading her out to the jeep. Then the driver took them to the starting point.

Ricardo explained the rules again before they started. A single hit above the bra would result in a "kill" and she would become a slave. She would need to be hit three times below the bra or on the arms for a kill to occur. She would be given a thirty minute head start. He would start hunting her at noon and the hunt would end, one way or another, at six o'clock.

The two of them made quite a contrast as they stood together. She looked like a pornographic version of a cave woman. The skimpy leathers did nothing to conceal all of her feminine charms. If anything, the clothing highlighted all of her curves and swells and valleys. He, on the other hand, looked like he was dressed for an African safari. He carried a powerful looking rifle and had a pistol on his belt. On the other side of his body, a machete hung from the belt in its sheath.

He gave her the mark and she headed out to try to evade capture. Then he waited the allotted time. He intended to capture her but he also wanted to try to play fair if he could. He would resort to cheating if he had to, but he would try to bag her legitimately if he could.

The afternoon rolled by. She was doing a good job of hiding. She saw him several times and was able to elude him. He only saw her once. At about three o'clock, he spotted her among some rocks. He aimed just above the bra. This would give him his best chance. He fired but she turned at the last minute and the spot of blue appeared on her upper arm.

"Damn!" he thought. He would have to hit her two more times if he aimed that poorly. He fired again but she was gone by then.

Five o'clock arrived and he had no idea where she was. He opened his pack and pulled out a little electronic device. A GPS locator had been stitched into the leather of her bra and all he had to do was turn on the device to locate her. The gadget blinked to life and he saw that she was almost two miles from him. No wonder he couldn't find her.

He started in her direction at a slow run. He would have to hurry if he was to get to her in time. As he got close to her, he pulled out some special paintballs that he had been hoping to avoid using. It was time to utilize them now, though. He loaded five of them into the rifle.

Each of the paintballs was laced with a tranquilizer that would be absorbed through the skin. As long as he did not hit leather, she would be out cold within a minute regardless of where he hit her.

He found her again, running along a stream bed. He took aim again and fired. Once again, luck was with her. She reached a boulder as he fired and stepped up on it. The paintball that should have hit her just below her neck hit her in the abdomen instead. But this time, luck was with him too.

He replaced the remaining tranquilizer paintballs with the regular ones and waited. She kept moving for a short distance and then slowed and eventually stopped. Her legs became wobbly and she reached up to press the back of her hand to her forehead. Then she crumpled to the ground. He shot her one more time, in the thigh this time, "so that she would wake up with three blue spots on her. Then he moved forward to collect his winnings.

He was far from the house so he called for a pick up. By the time the jeep rolled into the clearing, he had stripped his new slave and had bound her tightly. She lay on her back with her wrists tied tightly behind her back and her ankles crossed and bound.

"What happened?" she asked as her eyelids fluttered open.

"I captured a slavegirl," he grinned as he looked down on her lovely nude form. "You are the newest slave."

"I only remember two," she said.

"There are three," he said, crouching down. He touched each of the blue marks on her body. "You fell as I hit you the third time and you must have hit your head. Do you feel all right?"

"Yes, I feel fine," she said. "I actually thought I was going to win."

"You did very well," he replied. "You almost did win." In fact, there was less than a minute to go when she collapsed. She would have won without the aids that Ricardo employed.

"Why am I naked?" she asked after she raised her head and saw that all of her clothing was missing.

"Because I own you now," he grinned again. "And naked is how I wanted you. You must have noticed that I keep all of my girls naked."

"Ooooo!!!" squealed Angela. "I guess slavery begins now."

"In more ways that you can imagine," affirmed Ricardo.

The jeep delivered them back to the mansion. Angela was thrown in the back and rode like a piece of luggage. She did not mind, though. She had already entered her own personal sub space at that point.

Rosa and Yvonne were assigned the job of cleaning her up when they got back. Instead of taking her to the luxurious room she had before, however, they took her into a wing of the house that looked more like a barracks. They kept her bound and dunked her into the tub several times before scrubbing her body down with stiff brushes. Her earlier bath had been much different.

She was dried and then taken to another part of the building. The girls strapped her into something that looked like a dentist chair without removing the bindings. Wide leather straps were draped above her body above and below her breasts and across her tummy, effectively immobilizing her. Another strap went across her forehead so she could no longer turn it left or right.

Once she was immobilized, they released her ankle bindings and spread her legs, binding her feet into stirrups. Now, the chair resembled something more like what a gynecologist might use. With all of the bindings completed, the girls called for Ricardo.

He entered the room and admired his newest slave. He ran his palm down one of her thighs and enjoyed the firm flesh that he encountered. Then he moved between her legs and smiled at her.

"You are mine now," he said. "I have been waiting for this moment."

"Yes, Master," she said. A tingle went through her body as she spoke the words. "I belong to you."

"Yes, you do," he smiled as she called him by his rightful title. "You are my newest, most valuable possession."

He unzipped his pants. Yvonne dropped to her knees and helped him remove them. Then she wrapped her lips around his shaft to make sure that he was hard. It was an unnecessary act, though. He was already rock hard and had been throughout much of the day in anticipation of taking ownership of Angela.

He pushed the girl aside and then plunged his cock into Angela, causing her to gasp out her breath at the sudden intrusion. He fucked her and used her body with no regard to her needs. He was simply using her body to achieve pleasure for himself. She was moving toward an orgasm of her own from all of the arousal of the day but he climaxed and pulled out before she could be pushed over the edge. She groaned in frustration as the coupling ended prematurely.

"Bring in the cast and crew" he told the girls. They scampered out of the room and returned shortly with three women and two men. The men held cameras which they set up and aimed at Angela. Two of the women were naked. The third was dressed from head to toe in black latex with cutouts for her breasts, pussy and ass. All three women had a skull and cross bones on their asses.

"Ricardo, what is this?" Angela asked as she looked around the room, confused. This was not what she had agreed to.

"You are going to be a star, my lovely," he replied. "It is just a small part in this movie but we will move you on to bigger roles in the future."

"Ricardo, you can't do this."

"What part of slavery do you not understand, my dear? I own you. I can do whatever I want."

"Ricardo, this isn't right. It's not fair."

Ricardo stepped up to the chair. He placed one hand on a breast and brushed the backs of his fingers from the other hand across her cheek. "It may not be fair, but it is very right. That's the beauty of slavery."

She tried to shake her head but it was held firm by the strap across her forehead. He squeezed her breast and whispered to her. "Say anything you want. Scream if you would like to."

Then he straightened up and turned to the men. "Roll cameras. Girls, action!"

"We caught this one lurking about down by the docks, Mistress," said one of the naked girls.

"Good girls," said the one dressed as a dominant in the black latex. She stepped beside the chair that held Angela and looked down at the bound woman. "Who do you work for?"

"This is an outrage!" screamed Angela. "Let me out of this chair this instant!"

Greta, the dominant one, raised a riding crop and smashed it down on Angela's belly, eliciting a scream. "I asked you a question, girl. Answer me before I have to resort to more painful measures."

"Let me out of here!" screamed Angela.

Again, the crop punished Angela's belly and again she screamed. Greta turned to one of the girls. "Lindy, get between her legs. You know what to do."

The girl stood between Angela's wide-stretched legs and ran a finger between the petals that were already wet from the arousal of the hunt and Ricardo's recent fucking. She inserted a finger and moved it in and out. Under normal circumstances, Angela would enjoy having the beautiful girl play with her sex, but these were not normal circumstances. She was disgusted that she was being filmed as part of a porno movie. She had recognized the skull and cross bones as the brand marks for the movies that John was always buying.

"Don't touch me! Let me go!!!"

CRACK!!! The crop crashed into her belly again and she screamed again. The girl kept moving her fingers in and out of Angela and slowly started adding fingers. When four fingers were stretching her sex, Angela realized what was about to happen. She screamed and begged.

"Please no! Please don't do that! Please no!" But within moments, the thumb found its place alongside the fingers and the whole hand was thrust through. She was being fisted as she was being forced into a porno movie. Oh god!

"I will not ask you again," said Greta slowly and calmly. "Who do you work for?"

"I don't work for anyone!" screamed Angela. She looked desperately at Ricardo who just stood there smiling at her.

"Zara, she needs some more encouragement," said Greta. The other naked girl stepped to the side of the table. She held a thick needle to the side of Angela's left nipple and slowly started pushing it inward. Angela shrieked.

"Ricardo! Stop her! We had an agreement! Stop her!"

The needle punctured the skin and Angela shrieked again. Pain coursed through her breast and still the girl kept pushing. Eventually, the needle emerged from the other side. The girl attached a ring to the end of the needle and pulled it through, finally locking the ring in place.

Ricardo watched with amusement. He had decided back on the island that these breasts would look perfect with rings; possibly even wide gold hoops. And he didn't mind her calling out his name during the filming. That could be cut during editing.

The fist was moving around inside of her, causing discomfort, as the second girl moved around the table to the other side. "Who do you work for?"

"This has gone far enough!" screeched Angela. "Let me go!"

Greta nodded to Zara and the girl started pushing the needle through the second nipple. It was accompanied by screams and pleas for mercy. But before long, that breast also had a ring.

Angela was reacting perfectly as far as Ricardo was concerned. A seasoned actress could not have performed a better combination of indignation mixed with fear and shock. He had planned to ring her anyways so he decided to write her into the script of his latest movie. It would kill two birds with one stone.

He would include her in future productions. And he would sell her to the club where she would be branded with the skull and cross bones. Then she could play more substantial roles.

"I don't work for anybody," Angela shrieked. The needle was at her sex and was poised to penetrate her clit hood. "I work for the CIA!" she screamed. "The FBI! The army!"

The needle was slowly pushed through the vulnerable little piece of flesh and Angela howled again. The third ring was now in place.

The hand inside of her had been still during the installation of the third ring. Now, it came to life again. It started pistoning in and out of the beautiful bound woman, crashing into her cervix time and again. Each time, she grunted or shrieked. It kept pounding. Greta kept asking the question. Angela kept shrieking. Eventually the pain overwhelmed her. She passed out.

## Chapter 15

"Here's my little slavegirl," smiled John as he found Angela in the baggage claim area. Her plane had arrived only minutes earlier.

"Ha ha," she replied. But she welcomed his embrace and trembled slightly as he held her.

"That was certainly an interesting vacation," he commented. "Not what one normally thinks of as a getaway. But I'm glad you are home safe and sound."

"Oh, John," she blurted. "It was horrible. Oh my god! You were so right. I never should have gone."

"No, you shouldn't have," he agreed as he continued to hold her. He did not know all of the details about her week away but the few that he did know about were pretty bad. He hoped that she was not too traumatized by her ordeal.

"But you did go," he continued. "And what's done is done. I'm only glad that we got you home safe and sound." He had more to tell her but that would wait. He needed to get her home to her family first.

Angela started sobbing. She had been successful until now at holding back the tears. But now, in the safety of her husband's arms, the dam broke and the tears were flowing freely. He let her cry and continued to comfort her. She had no luggage so he gave her a couple of minutes of sobbing before leading her to the car and driving her home.

Once home, Angela greeted her children and slaves and then John took her to their bedroom. He wanted to hear about her week and he wanted to make love with her. Her story would have to wait until after they fucked, though.

"Oh, Master," she sighed as they cuddled together after their coupling. "It just kept going from bad to worse." He raised his eyebrows at being called Master and wondered if it was just a slip of the tongue.

"Ricardo reneged on the agreement as soon as he bagged me," she said. He claimed that the Spanish language contract allowed him to do what he was doing. But she knew that the English version that she had read did not. Unfortunately, it was the Spanish one that she had signed.

"He started off by putting these in," she said, pointing to her three piercings.

John let his finger circle each of the nipple rings and then hooked his finger in one, tugging slightly on it. "I think they look very sexy. They look good on my new slavegirl."

"That's not funny, John."

He silenced her protest by kissing her but he continued to toy with the nipple ring. He truly did like the new look. When the kiss ended, she went on with her story.

"He was brutal. Everything he did was trying to break me or humiliate me. He makes pornographic movies and he kept filming me for parts in the movies. He's the skull and cross bones guy."

"Oh," said John. "Well, at least he makes good movies."

"John!" she admonished. "He put me in those movies!"

"I can't wait to see you in them," he grinned.

"John!" she reprimanded him again. "I'm your wife! I shouldn't be in those kinds of movies! But thankfully, I won't. All of that was lost in the fire."

"There was a fire?"

"I'll get to that in a little bit. Let me finish telling you how horrible he was."

John settled back to listen as he kept alternating between the nipples, tugging on the rings and teasing her.

"After he marred my body with these rings, I was gang raped by the men who work at the ranch. There must have been at least twenty of them. They kept at me until deep into the night. Then, when they were finished, they threw me in a cage. I never felt so hopeless in all my life."

"The next day, he announced that he was exercising his conversion option. He claimed that the contract had a clause that

allowed him to make the slavery permanent at any point during the week. He made it permanent. And I wanted to die."

"I wondered how you ended up on the auction block," he said. He still hadn't figured out how she ended up being offered for sale.

It certainly had been quite a week. It was only a little over two weeks earlier that Cedric had staged the mock sale of Angela. She had looked stunning as she was affixed to the pole on the auction block. She had looked frightened and shocked but she was so sexy and beautiful and erotic. But now, two weeks later, it had happened for real. His beautiful wife had been sold for real. She truly was a slave. He was so happy that he had her home again.

"No, that's not how," she said. "I'll get to that part later."

John raised his eyebrows. Now he was really confused. What else had happened during the week his wife was away?

"The next day, he was filming another movie," she went on. "I was gang raped again but this time it was by a pack of dogs. Oh, John, it was so horrible. I shouldn't even be telling you about this. But I have to."

Angela shuddered as she thought back to her day with the dogs. Once again, another actress played the role of a mistress. In the story, the mistress ran a dog training academy and the dogs were being trained to fuck women on command. During the filming in the morning, the mistress was focusing on getting the dogs to like to fuck a woman. Angela was turned loose in a fenced-in area with at least a dozen male dogs. It did not take them long to realize that there was a female among them and they started chasing her. Angela evaded them for a few moments but they quickly tackled her. One dog placed his teeth on either side of her neck and growled when she tried to get up. At that point, it was an easy task for the dogs to mount her. One after another, they mounted her and fucked her. Some even took her twice. Throughout the ordeal, the three cameramen recorded the rape from different angles to make sure that they caught all of the action.

In the afternoon, the plot called for a dog to learn how to fuck on command. Angela was strapped to a bench with her knees on the

ground and her torso lying on the bench. Her bottom was completely exposed and vulnerable in this position.

"Fuck," the mistress commanded. The dog looked at her, confused.

"Fuck," the mistress repeated. Still, the dog just looked at her. The mistress attached a leash to the dog's collar and led him to Angela. She pulled the dog's nose to Angela's sex and the dog started licking the juicy treat. It was not long until the dog figured out what to do with the treat and he mounted Angela. Angela wailed and protested but the dog just kept pumping.

"Fuck," the mistress said as soon as the dog penetrated the slavegirl. She let the dog pump away for several minutes before she called out again. "Stop."

The dog had no desire to or intention of stopping and just continued his enjoyment of his human bitch. The mistress called out "stop" again and used the leash to pull the dog off of Angela. Then the commands started again with the mistress helping the dog to learn by using the leash.

"Fuck." "Stop." "Fuck." "Stop." At the end of two hours, the dog had learned the commands and was obeying. It was time to learn a new command.

"Ass," commanded the mistress.

Angela cringed as she heard the new order. She knew exactly what would happen. And just as she expected, the mistress positioned the dog and guided its cock into her asshole. "Ass," she repeated to reinforce the training.

"Ass." "Stop." "Ass." "Stop." For another hour, Angela was repeatedly sodomized by her canine rapist until he learned this command.

"Fuck." "Stop." "Ass." "Stop." Angela was dying a thousand deaths as she was repeatedly raped by the dog. Finally, the dog climaxed in her pussy, spewing copious amounts of its seed into the bound and naked slavegirl.

"Good boy," the mistress praised him. The girl received no praise or any other attention from the trainer.

John felt his cock starting to stir. The thought of his beautiful wife being fucked by a dog was very arousing to him. He wished he could have witnessed that.

"The next day, he ringed me again. Only this time it was through my nose." She tilted her head and he could see that a hole had indeed been punched through her septum. The thought of his wife being led around by a nose ring finished fortifying his cock and he slid forward, burying it in her sex.

"John, how can you be aroused by that? It was so degrading! It made me feel like livestock."

"I'm sure you were beautiful livestock; a beautiful, sexy slavegirl," he replied as he slowly thrust in and out of her tight, warm pussy.

"I spent the day hooked to a plow, pulling it through garden beds until I was too exhausted to even move. Then they carried me to the barn to brand me."

"They branded you?" he asked incredulously.

"No," she replied. "Thankfully not. But I was going to wear that scull and cross bones that you like so much on my butt."

"What happened?" he asked as he slid into her again, completely burying his cock in her body.

"We were rescued," she said. "Well, rescue is not the right word. We were rescued from Ricardo but it was like going from the frying pan into the fire."

Someone had hired a team of mercenaries to raid the ranch. A Texas billionaire's daughter had been kidnapped and enslaved by Ricardo. The mercenaries were there to rescue her. Ricardo was killed during the raid as were most of the guards who he had hired to protect him.

But the deal was that, in addition to the exorbitant sum of money that the billionaire paid them, the mercenaries would get to keep anything they found at the ranch. Angela was one of those anythings. They claimed her and a dozen other women as slaves. Then, after they finished looting the ranch, they burned it to the ground. Hopefully, the films of Angela burned with it.

"That night, they raped us over and over again. Then they threw us in cages and carted us off in their trucks."

"Wow!" uttered John. Things really did seem to go from bad to worse for his wife during the week.

"They flew us to Morocco and gave us to some slavers. That's how I ended up getting sold."

"Cedric didn't tell me that part," said John. Cedric had learned that Angela was to be sold at a competing organization's auction and had called John to alert him. That was the only thing that saved her. Had it not been for Cedric, Angela could easily have ended up as a harem girl to some sheik. But Angela only knew part of the story. John would have to find the right way to tell his wife the rest of the story.

"It was terrifying," Angela continued. "The whole process was terrifying; and dehumanizing."

She described what happened to her as she was "processed" for sale. They had given her a tattoo with her slave serial number on it. John wanted to see this but decided to wait until he finished fucking his wife. Plus, he wanted to hear the rest of her story.

He reached down and started toying with her clit ring, tugging on it and flicking his finger over the tiny bud. He knew he shouldn't be so excited by her story but he found the whole ordeal to be highly erotic. Beautiful Angela had been captured by one male and then claimed by a group of males who then sold her. This was a story line worthy of a movie; or a wet dream.

John's toying with her clit was having an effect on her. She was nearly delirious with lust as they coupled and most of the story was garbled and unintelligible. John would have to have her repeat it later. "At least her slavery hasn't affected her sexuality," thought John as he continued to pump into his wife's body.

The toying with her clit finally pushed her over the edge as she exploded into orgasm. "Oh, Master," she groaned. "Thank you for buying me."

John climaxed also and continued to stroke slowly in and out of Angela's warm, inviting body until he finally softened and slipped out. Then he held her and rehearsed in his mind how to tell her.

"Love," he started after she had recovered, "I don't know how to tell you this. But I didn't buy you."

"You didn't?" she asked in disbelief. "Then how did I get released?"

"Well," John fumbled for words. "Technically you weren't released. You have been loaned to me."

"What?!?!?!?" she gasped. Then he told her about his phone conversation with Cedric two days earlier.

"I thought you should know, Mr. Dawson," Cedric had said. "I will do what I can but it will be quite impossible to get you an invitation to the auction. This is not my organization that is selling your wife. And as you might expect, they are very cautious. They go through a lengthy vetting process, just as we do."

"Do what you can," said John. "Money is no object." Then they hung up and Cedric called back thirty minutes later.

"Here is my offer, Mr. Dawson," Cedric started. "Please hear me out and do not get upset. It will result in the return of your wife but there will be strings attached to the offer."

He paused for a moment and then continued. "Despite trading in human flesh for most of my career, I have never owned a girl. I think it is time to change that."

"What do you mean, Cedric?" asked a confused John.

"I mean that I plan to buy Angela," Cedric replied. "But I don't mean to be selfish with her. And I don't want her to entirely give up her life. Her life is what defines her and to deprive her of it will change her. I do not want her changed. I will share her with you and your family."

"What?!?!?!?!?" sputtered John. "Are you crazy?"

"I am most certainly not," he replied with his calm island accent.

"Then what are you proposing, exactly?"

"I plan to buy Angela," said Cedric. "There is no way for you to buy her and I would hate to see her end up as a slave elsewhere. And I have amassed a small fortune of my own from my work. I will buy her. She will become my private stock."

John listened as Cedric continued. "I would truly love to have her with me always and permanently. But it would not be fair to

Angela. And as I said, I want her as she is; not as a mindless, changed slavegirl. I will share her with you."

"Share my wife with me?" asked John incredulously. He was dumbstruck about what he was hearing.

"Yes, Mr. Dawson," affirmed Cedric. "I will share Angela. She will be my property but I will allow her to live with you and your family. I will only require her for my use for three months out of each year."

John started off confused and then became angry. The conversation went on for close to an hour. In the end, John was resigned to the new arrangement. It was better than losing Angela forever. She was to be sold within the hour. Maybe someday, he would be able to buy her and own her completely.

"Do not fear, Mr. Dawson," said Cedric as the conversation ended. "I will be a kind owner. But I simply must possess Angela. She is extraordinary. It is the first time that I have wanted to take title to someone."

Angela had been silent as John related the conversation and told her of her new status in life. She shuddered a few times and eventually had to close her eyes to block out the world. How had things changed so much and so fast?

"Do the children know?" she asked when John finally finished.

"No, they don't know anything other than you went to Cuchilla for your little slavery adventure. We'll have to come up with some kind of story for when Cedric summons you. But we have time to work on that."

"Yes, Master," was all she said.

## Chapter 16

"Yes Master" kept ringing in his head. Angela had quickly fallen asleep after he finished telling her about the arrangement with Cedric and he cradled her in his arms as she slumbered. It had been an exhausting week for her.

She had called him master; several times. What caused that? What should he do? Maybe the week had changed her. Maybe learning that she was now owned by Cedric had changed her. Maybe that inner slave that she talked about before the trip had emerged and taken over.

He could easily justify treating her as a slave. After all, she technically was a slave now. She had been registered as a slave. And Cedric had ownership papers for her.

Plus, he had long fantasized about Angela as a slave. She was extraordinarily beautiful and exceedingly sexual. During the week before her trip when he had temporarily enslaved her, she was stunningly erotic. She seemed to blossom in her newfound role as a slave.

But she was his wife. It was one thing to enslave her for a week to try to teach her a lesson. And that could almost be thought of as a game. Full time slavery to Cedric and to him would be much different and would change their relationship forever. He would have to think long and hard about this.

In the morning, he decided that he would let things get back to normal as much as possible during the periods when Angela was at home. As much as he wanted to enslave Angela, he would let her return to her roles as wife, mother and mistress. He was sure they could play at master and slave in the future and that would have to satisfy his fantasies.

Angela stayed in the bedroom for much of the morning and John did not disturb her. He knew she had to sort out a lot of things in her mind. When she finally did emerge, it was lunch time and she

found the family in the kitchen enjoying their meal. Two naked slavegirls were serving soup and sandwiches.

"Hi, Mom," said Jenna when Angela stepped into the kitchen. This greeting was repeated by Jack and John got up from his seat to hug his wife.

"Hi family," Angela smiled. She sat down and Alaine and Kim scurried to get her food. They chatted throughout the meal but not a word was spoken about Angela's previous week. John was pleased with that. Angela needed time to process.

"So have you been sold lately, Mom?" asked Jack teasingly after everyone had finished eating. Angela's face went white at the question and she tensed.

Jenna giggled. "She was! Wow, Mom's really getting into the slave scene."

Then she turned to her father. "How much did she cost this time?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," John replied. But his blushing gave away the fact that he was lying. "Two weeks ago was all staged, you know."

Jack nodded slowly. "Yes, I know that two weeks ago was. But what happened last week? Were you sold again?"

"Jack," said John. "Your mother just got back from a long trip. Let's not bug her."

Jack and Jenna both stared at their mother. Her face was still blanched and she cast her eyes down, afraid to look at her children. Both of them instantly knew the answer to that question. That's when Angela's fate was sealed. Jack stood up from the table and placed his hand on his mother's shoulder.

"Come, girl."

Angela took a deep breath and paused for a moment before standing. "Yes, Master."

John watched in disbelief at how readily Angela accepted her new status. A week earlier, she had protested and resisted. Now, she was willingly admitting that she was property.

"You are overdressed, girl," said Jack.

"Yes, Master," Angela repeated. She quickly undressed and stood before Jack. Two weeks earlier, she had blushed furiously. Now, she seemed undisturbed by her nudity.

Jack started to leave to enjoy his new girl but Jenna spoke up. "Wait, Jack. Don't take her yet."

Jenna stood up and walked to Angela. She lifted a plump breast in her palm and traced the gold ring with a finger from her other hand. "These look good on you, girl."

This did cause Angela to blush. During her earlier bout of slavery, Jenna had shown no interest in her. Now, her daughter held her breast in her hand and was fondling her intimately. Jenna lowered the breast and crouched down. She hooked her finger in the clit ring and lifted, raising the clit hood and exposing the sensitive little nubbin there. Then she trailed a finger down between the labia which were parted and slippery with arousal.

"I like the newest slave, Dad," offered Jenna. She stroked up and down a few times and then pushed her finger between the slick petals and into Angela's love channel. "She's very responsive. And I love the new jewelry."

John was at a loss for words. He would have come to Angela's aid to protect her if she showed any signs of discomfort. But other than the blushing, she showed every sign of accepting her slavery. He watched Jenna's finger sliding slowly into Angela's sex and had to shake his head to clear it before responding.

"Yes, she's extraordinary," he finally managed to say. "She will serve us well."

"Time to go now, girl," said Jack. Angela obediently turned toward him, ready to be led away.

"I get her tonight," said Jenna. They all watched as Jack led the newest slave out of the kitchen and into her new life.