

White Flag

(Mad Crazy Love)

By

Trystl



I'm the kind of person who likes to listen to songs that have a personal meaning in my life. Lately, I've been listening to White Flag, by Dido, a lot. So much so, in fact that when I finally stop listening I'll probably never want to hear the song again.

Too bad love doesn't work like that!

I know you think that I shouldn't still love you--
or tell that.
But if I didn't say it, well I'd still have felt it--
where's the sense in that?
I promise I'm not trying to make your life harder--
or return to where we were.
I will go down with this ship.
And I won't put my hands up and surrender.
There will be no white flag above my door.
I'm in love and always will be...

It was almost as if the song had been written by me (or at least for me)--although I didn't think I'd done anything to mess things up. I was the perfect girlfriend in every way, except one. I was a grade behind him, which meant that he'd graduated and gone off to college while I stayed behind for my final year.

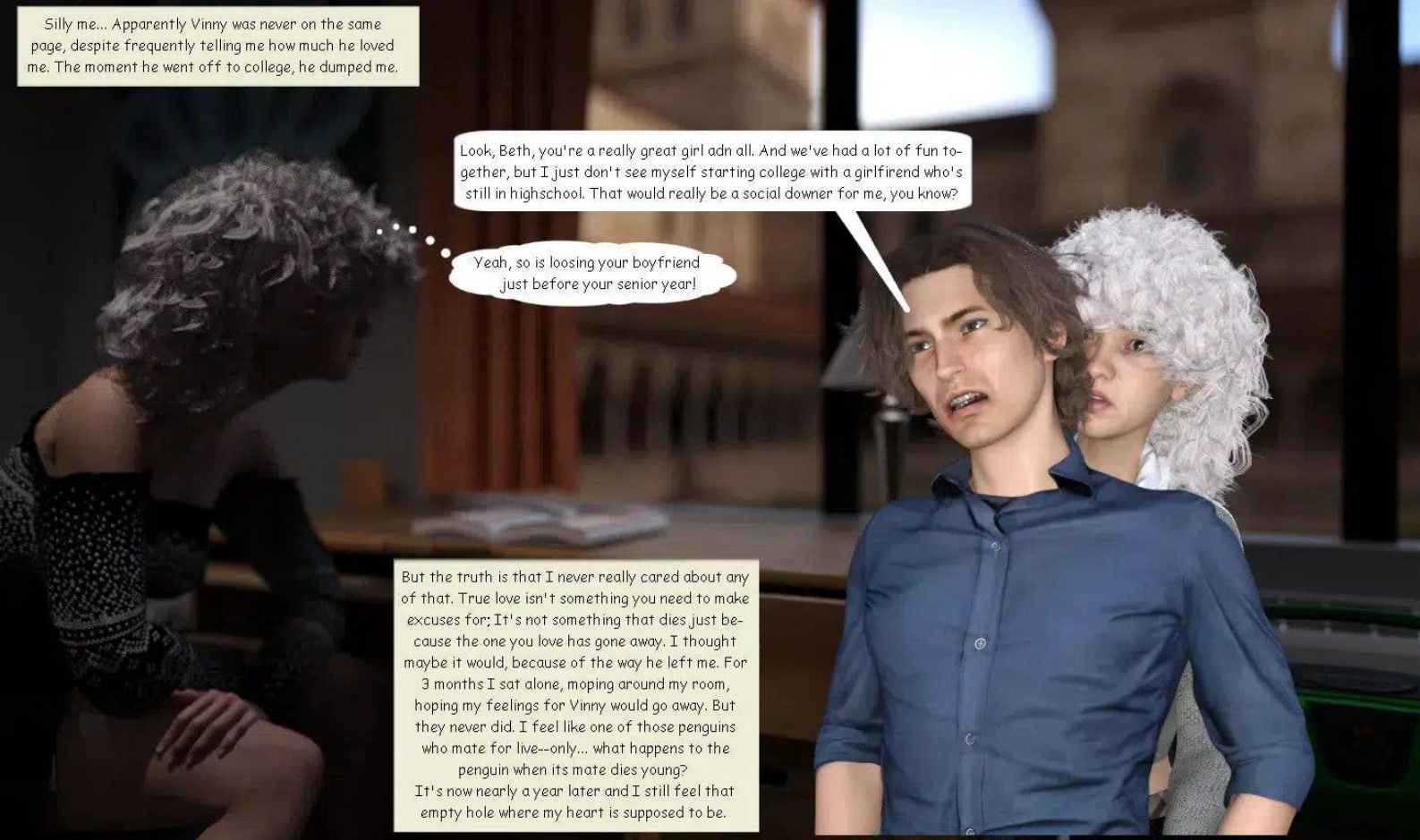
It didn't matter that I was the same age as him, because I failed second grade. I was a bit of a problem child. A Tomboy who liked to hang out with the guys more than being one of the girls. I got into a lot of fights over that--both with the girls who were jealous and with the boys who didn't think I belonged and needed some convincing. I learned to accept (and even appreciate) my feminine side as I got older. It helped when my breasts began to grow about the same time that I developed a different kind of interest in being with the boys. A few years later, I joined the cheerleading squad and began dating my football player. I was happy and popular and thought we would be one of those happy old couples who started dating in school and never broke up until the day they died.

Silly me... Apparently Vinny was never on the same page, despite frequently telling me how much he loved me. The moment he went off to college, he dumped me.

Look, Beth, you're a really great girl and all. And we've had a lot of fun together, but I just don't see myself starting college with a girlfriend who's still in high school. That would really be a social downer for me, you know?

Yeah, so is losing your boyfriend just before your senior year!

But the truth is that I never really cared about any of that. True love isn't something you need to make excuses for; it's not something that dies just because the one you love has gone away. I thought maybe it would, because of the way he left me. For 3 months I sat alone, moping around my room, hoping my feelings for Vinny would go away. But they never did. I feel like one of those penguins who mate for life--only... what happens to the penguin when its mate dies young? It's now nearly a year later and I still feel that empty hole where my heart is supposed to be.



Of course, I haven't spent all that time hiding in my room. Once I knew that I would always love Vinny, I decided it was time to try and get him back. I started calling him regularly. At first, I tried to reason with him.

We'll be going to the same college soon. In fact, I'll be starting in a few months!

Sorry, Beth... but I've already got a new girlfriend. It wouldn't be fair to her if I just broke it off now.

Yeah? What does fair have to do with anything? Why does everyone else deserve to be treated fairly but me?

Next, I tried persistence. I called him every day for a month. Sometimes two or three times a day. Whenever he finally blocked my calls I bought a new phone, and started again. I knew I was turning into this crazy stalker bitch, but somehow I couldn't force myself to stop. I began calling his friends and frequenting his favorite bars, just so I could watch him from a few tables away. I even had sex with one of his friends, so he'd invite me to Vinny's party.

I tried every trick in the book, pretending to be someone else, so I could get information about where he was going to be. And then, finally, in total desperation I began to target his new girlfriend. I'd call up and drop little hints that Vinny and I were still seeing each other.

Hey, is Vinny there?

I think you may have the wrong number.

Are you sure? I mean, I'm pretty sure this is the number he gave me.... unless...

Unless what?

Well, he said I wasn't supposed to call if you were at work... or if you and he were on a date.... But, hey! Since I've already got you, would you mind telling me if you and he are going out this thursday?

Who is this?

Sorry!

Just tell Vinny there's going to be this wild part over at the Brinkman, and he's invited. We had so much fun last thursday.

Thursday was her girl's night out, so she and Vinny never did anything on Thursdays.

What?
Who is this!

On second thought,
don't worry about giving him the message...
I'll just call him directly on his phone. I'm sure we
can work something out. He's such a horn-dog,
as I'm sure you well know.

I hung up the phone with a big smile
on my face, wondering what she'd
make of that. That call had been the
first of many... the last less than a
week ago. And now, after he called
me back not more than an hour ago,
Vinny was coming over to my dorm.
In fact, I can see him walking up the
sidewalk. I've been waiting. And now
he's here. Dressed as stylish as al-
ways and carrying a suitcase. I reach
over and press the repeat button on
my music player just as he presses
his finger against the door bell.

I know you think that I shouldn't
still love you--or tell you that...





Hey, Vinny. Long time no see.

Beth

I tried to keep things casual for a moment, but then my hot-blooded nature got the better of me at seeing him, and before I knew it I was on my knees in front of him, tugging at the zipper on his jeans. Not only did I want him so badly that I could taste it, as they say, but I was hoping that if I did a good job with him he might remember the good thing we had together and be motivated to take me back. Unfortunately, it didn't work. He put his hand on my head and pushed me away from him, like I was just a dog, or something. It sobered me enough to let me get control of myself again.

Jesus, girl! You just don't stop, do you?

I will go down with this ship. I won't put my hands up and surrender; there will be no white flag above my door. I'm in love and always will be.

She left me, you know. Samantha left me! Does that make you happy?

No!

Very!

This isn't about revenge! I love you Vinny. I just ... I want you back; I want things to be the way they were before.

Didn't your mother tell you that you can never go back?



We can't go back!

But things can't go on the way they are now, either. Calling my girlfriend? That was pretty low, even for you.

Anything?

I'm sorry, baby. I know that was pretty messed up, it's just... I go crazy, mad thinking about you sometimes. I'd do anything for you!

I'm afraid so.

Then maybe there is a way we can move forward, together, but not the way things were. Things are going to have to change. For starters, I'm going to have to punish you for taunting Samantha like that.

I don't believe that! We were good together, weren't we?



My heart was all aflutter! I couldn't believe what he was saying! I'd been desperate and willing to try anything, but deep down I'd never expected it to really work. In the movies it never worked. The stalking ex was always portrayed like some evil, crazy person--the more they pushed the more their former lover rejected them. I'd known all that, but I hadn't been able to stop myself. I really was willing to do anything to get my Vinny back again.

I want you to be my slave!

I'm serious about this!
I'm talking about being in bondage 24/7.
I've prepared a little contract for you to sign ... but first I want you to understand all of my conditions.

Of course, baby! I'll be whatever you want me to be!

Are you serious? You really want to get back together with me?



I brought my briefcase because it contains the legal documents I'll expect you to sign... if you decide to get back together with me, I've prepared my off campus apartment to house you. You'll spend your nights at the foot of my bed, or in a special cage... designed not to be comfortable. You'll spend every day bound, totally dependant on me to feed you, just like a pet.

I'm ready to take you into custody right now... But I'll understand if you need a little time to contemplate the full consequences of your decision. I suggest you have a lawyer read the contract, because I can assure you that it **IS** legally binding. More importantly, if you should decide to accept my proposal, you should be aware that I do not intend to treat you kindly. Especially when you've been bad, which given your track-record, I expect to be quite often.

Listening to him describe all the things he intended to do to me was quite frightening, especially when combined with the bitter menace in his voice. But my cheeks were hot, just from thinking about it and I could feel my juices flowing down my leg.

Correct!
You'll be entertainment for me and my friends.

You want to turn me into our own personal torture pet?

You'd really do this to me?

You're the one who keeps saying how much you love me. I asked and you said you'd do anything... Well, here's your chance to prove it. Become my personal torture pet. Like I said, look the contract over and decide if you love me enough to do this.

The images he'd stirred in my head were making my palms sweat and my crotch tingle. The idea of giving myself so completely to someone (even the one I loved) was terrifying. On the other hand, I'd always hated those characters in moovies who swore up and down that they'd do anything for the one they loved--and then, when given the chance to prove it, they invariably countered with some sort of reaction like, "I'll do anything for you... but not that."

What do you think the word anything means, you fucking idiot!

I have to admit that for a moment my mind was in total chaos, being stirred rapidly by my fluttering heart.



The idea of being bound and helpless was a little terrifying, but I ran towards the door and blocked him from opening it with my foot.


I'll do it! I don't need to read your contract. I'll sign your papers right now!

What?
Are you fucking mental?

As I spoke the words, my body felt like it was on fire. I knew my face had to be a bright shade of red, but it was hard not to squirm; to stand still instead of pressing my legs together with anticipation.

More importantly, Vinny's reaction gave me an unexpected surge of strength. The shock on his face clearly indicated that my agreeing was the last thing he expected. And suddenly I understood. He didn't really want me as his slave; he'd simply chosen something he couldn't imagine me saying yes to, and used it as a weapon... to try to scare me away. Now I was certain. If I tried hard enough and suffered long enough, he would finally see how much I truly loved him.

It was all I could do not to drop to my knees and begin kissing his dirty shoes. I was strangely certain that the dust would taste good, because it was his dust. But he already seemed a little too flustered, so I decided not to press him until it was official. It was enough to know that that would be soon. And, if I abased myself enough, he'd see just how much I loved him; he'd finally be willing to take me back just as I'd always known he would. And we would finally be happy together.



I'll be your slave... Do anything to me that you want.

Fine... bring the contract to my apartment next Thursday and if you haven't come to your senses by then, we'll begin your training as my slave.

I could tell the words didn't come easy to him. He wasn't prepared for this moment, because he never thought it would come. He'd been sure I would get angry and kick him out the door... And then he'd be off the hook. I'd have no more excuses to bother him. I just grinned, smiling at him in adoration.

Nearly a week later, on thursdays the appointed day, I dressed myself up and took a taxi to Vinny's house. It had been a long time since I'd been there. Well over a year since we together. Vinny's parents had always liked me. I couldn't help wondering what would think if they saw me now.

You must be Vinny's new slave. Lucky man! Not sure why he thought you wouldn't make suitable arm-candy at our fraternity parties, but I'm kind of glad he kicked you to the curb. Otherwise, we'd never have known you were so addicted to love; like a moth being drawn to the flame, you just can seem to help yourself, can you? He, he.

When I knocked at the back entrance to Vinny's parent's home (where he lived when he wasn't taking classes) the door was answered by a handsome stranger, with curly redish hair. He was wearing shorts and a casual shirt. He gave my body a long hard look, up and down, and considering what I was wearing that was enough to make my face burn red and my body tingle. I wasn't sure if his comment was meant as a slap in the face, or a compliment. I was wearing a coat, which I'd held closed on the way over, but now, standing in front of him, it didn't feel right for a slave to try to hide herself, even if he was a stranger. The tingling in my clit was distracting, apparently it became stronger when I was embarrassed. But I liked the way it felt. I liked the hard way he looked me over. Really looking and assessing my body openly-- not just giving me a quick glance and then looking away when he thought I'd noticed, the way so many men did these days. I didn't blame them; they were worried about charges of harrassment and a nice fat law suit.



His eyes were still taking everything in, as if he were trying to memorize my every curve. It made me feel good, in a strangely nervous way. I stepped self-consciously from one foot to the other, waiting for him .

Ah... is V-Vinny here?




Come on in!
My name is Daniel.

I'm afraid you've caught Vinny
at an inopportune moment, but I'm
sure he'll be out shortly.

I hope
you've put your affairs
in order?





Well, you're going to be a 24/7 slave from now on, at least until you void the contract. You should have quite your job... said goodbye to your friends and family.

That's right... Vinny said you wouldn't bother to read the contract, although I didn't quite believe him.

Not that you have anything to worry about. As far as slave contracts go, this was actually a very generous one. I mean... giving you the right to void the contract at any time! That's... well, not the thinking of a man who is eager to take advantage of you, I suppose. Still, it would have been wise if you'd read the contract, so you knew what you were getting into.

For starters, you won't be going home at the end of the day; Which means you should have a lawyer use the slavery clause to void your apartment lease at the college. You should have had all your stuff moved out by now, so you don't get stuck with another month of rent. Well actually, it's Vinny who'll be stuck with paying your rent now, but you might expect him to punish you for being a bad slave, if he gets the bill. Better to have taken care of it yourself. .

Of course, if Vinny were an unscrupulous sort of man, he could roll that expense, along with any other slave debts, such as room and board, even the items he uses to punish you, to help permanently entrap you as his slave.

Void? What are you talking about?

What do you mean?

I brought the contract... It's in my coat pocket.

Oh yeah, the slave laws were originally written to protect slaves, but the owner's lobbies are a lot more powerful, since if slaves had any money, most of them--you excepted--well, they wouldn't be slaves, would they. Even from the beginning, however, owners (who can afford lawyers) have been able to find loopholes in the laws, which is why it's un-advisable to sign without reading.

I didn't know you could do that.

I really don't want my friends and family to know anything about all this.

Oh dear!
Then I don't think you're going to like your 1st day as Vinny's slave much.

What do you mean by that?

Ah! Here's your new master now. So, Vinny, do you need your ass licked clean? Or are you too eager to get going to deal with your slave's full service?

Fine... I'll let her clean me the next time I take a shit.

Ew! Dude, that's just gross.

No you fuck- ing won't! I don't want your shit all over my dick when she gives me a blowjob!





Geez, dude!
You could have at least let her think that we might do it. I thought you wanted to punish her for fucking with your life?

I know what you're trying to do but you can't scare me off that easy.

Good! I'm looking forward to getting serious about this slave-stuff. I'm really more into it than Viny anyway.

Ten minutes later, they'd completely stripped me of my cloths (except for the lacy white stocking that Vinny liked) and I was lying in the back of Daniel's truck, as we drove out of the city, looking up at the mostly cloudy sky that didn't atually look like rain. they didn't actually talk directly to me very much, but I'd overheard enough to know that we were headed for an old hunting lodge that Daniel had inherited from his parents when they died. I didn't know where it was located or how long it would take to get there, but Daniel drove for a long enough time that my hip began to get sore. I rolled over to let the other side share a little of the abuse, but I couldn't find any position that was actually comfortable. At first lying on my belly was even worse, because the bed of the truck was dusty and the swirling wind made it fly upward, into my mouth. Lying on my back, on the other hand, was out too, since my back side was all protruding arms and legs.



After a while, the road began to twist and wind as we began to climb into the mountains. After another few minutes, I was a little relieved when we pulled to the side of the road and stopped.

Hwi dhi
weh
sthoth.

I told you we should have
used a ballgag instead of this ring gag.
This dumb bitch is too stupid to know
she shouldn't be talking.

Imh hot ah
hitch... Ih zust
wahn tah nohw
whahz goinh ohn.

Quite teasing her!
Lets just get this done. I
want to get to the cabin
before lunchtime, you
know. I'm hungry.

Slow learner too...
I think I'm really going
to have fun training
this one.



I still say the only reason a slave should wear a ring gag is if you want her to suck cock and you don't trust her yet. The rest of the time, a nice, fat ballgag... unless of course you want to hear her scream.

I think she likes it.


Ammmm!

Well, it never hurts to give your slave a little pleasure now and then... as long as she knows who's responsible for giving it to her.



It didn't take them long to remove the ropes from my legs and repurpose them as a crotch rope going over the tailgate and down to a ring at the back of Daniel's truck bed. I complained loudly when I suddenly realized what they had in mind for me, but they ignored my squawking. Daniel popped the clutch a little, and the truck lurched forward, quickly taking the slack out of the rope and dragging me with it as it began to roll more slowly down the road. I was forced to pick my way across the rocky path with my tender feet, almost running to avoid the even less pleasant moments when the truck pulled me forward by my crotch.



A person wearing a white curly wig and a black harness stands on a dirt path. The harness consists of a black strap across the chest and a yellow rope around the waist. The person is also wearing grey thigh-high stockings. The background shows a dirt road winding through a wooded area with trees and rocks.

Fortunately, after the initial tug, the truck slowed down to a speed that was easier to manage. I think Daniel was probably just letting it idle in first gear, but my feet were every bit as tender as you'd expect, given that they rarely saw the light of day. So, even with the slow pace, it was difficult and painful to pick my way across the dirt and rocks. There weren't any soft tufts of grass, but at least the woods were quiet and seemed uninhabited, so, there was no one around to see my naked humiliation.


It wouldn't have surprised me if my feet were bloody by the time we reached the cabin, but when we finally stopped and I raised my foot to examine the abused sole, there didn't appear to be any damage at all. No blood. Even the delicate fabric was still intact.

Damn girl!
You're a fucking
pansy!



Vinny used my crotch leash to lead me inside, while Daniel nearly tripped over himself trying to cop a feel.



A man in a black leather jacket is leading a woman with a gag and a man with a beard. The woman is wearing a black bra and a yellow rope around her waist. The man with the beard is wearing a black shirt and a grey glove. The man in the leather jacket is holding a yellow rope that is attached to the woman's waist. They are in a room with a wooden staircase and a wall with a hole.

Let's take her down to the dungeon before we eat. We've still got a few hours before the others arrive and we've got a lot to do.

Yeah, okay.

Others!

Once we were in the basement, Daniel went searching through his supplies and brought back a small of metal stock, with two built in cuffs for my wrists and a hole for my neck. Meanwhile, Vinny exchanged my ring gag for the a ball gag, as per Daniel's orders.



I tried to be a dutiful slave and stand with my arms behind my back, sort of as if they were already tied. But it was hard to keep them there with Vinny yanking on the straps of my head harness.

Once Daniel had the ropes tied to the ends of the stock, near my wrists, and continuing up to the ceiling, I realized that I'd probably be standing for a good long while, and probably wouldn't be enjoying it much. Then he dropped a small block of wood on the floor.



You might want to sup up on this, if you don't want all your weight resting on your chin.




Vinny was running his fingers up and down my sides, playfully. It ticked, but I willed myself not to jiggle too much.

The small piece of wood wasn't big enough for my whole foot, but I managed to balance precariously on it as Daneil pulled the rope to the wall and tied it off. Then he came over to examine his work.

Well now... this is kind of awkward, just hanging here, isn't it?

I think I better do something to give this limb a little more support.





Ummm!

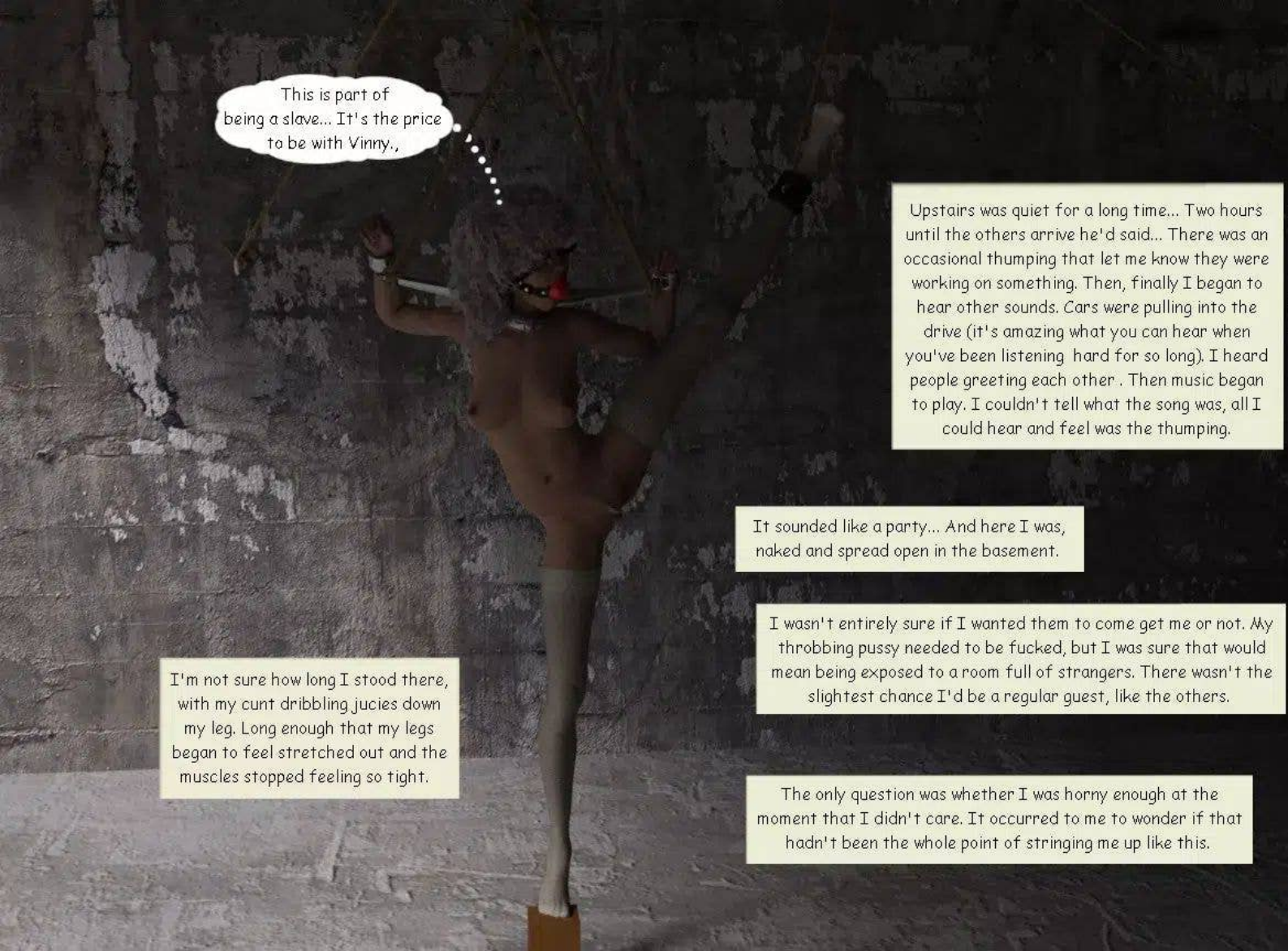
Damn, Vinny!
I think this horny little bitch
likes this shit.

When they took their fingers away, I could feel the cool air circulating inside me for just an instant before my passage closed up again. Then, I watched as the two of them walked to the stairs and went up to eat.

Damn!

I was hoping at least one of them would fuck me before they left!





This is part of being a slave... It's the price to be with Vinny.,

Upstairs was quiet for a long time... Two hours until the others arrive he'd said... There was an occasional thumping that let me know they were working on something. Then, finally I began to hear other sounds. Cars were pulling into the drive (it's amazing what you can hear when you've been listening hard for so long). I heard people greeting each other. Then music began to play. I couldn't tell what the song was, all I could hear and feel was the thumping.

It sounded like a party... And here I was, naked and spread open in the basement.

I'm not sure how long I stood there, with my cunt dribbling jucies down my leg. Long enough that my legs began to feel stretched out and the muscles stopped feeling so tight.

I wasn't entirely sure if I wanted them to come get me or not. My throbbing pussy needed to be fucked, but I was sure that would mean being exposed to a room full of strangers. There wasn't the slightest chance I'd be a regular guest, like the others.

The only question was whether I was horny enough at the moment that I didn't care. It occurred to me to wonder if that hadn't been the whole point of stringing me up like this.

Finally, with a bit of anticipation and dread, I heard Vinny and Daniel coming down the stairs.

I hadn't realized just how tired I'd become, balancing on this small block of wood, but by the time they started releasing my ropes, my legs were visibly beginning to shake. Maybe it was the anticipation of being released, or maybe that was just the moment my body chose to give out, but the neck ring pressed tighter against my chin than it had at any other time since they'd strung me up.

I told you we were pushing her too far.

Look at her! She can barely stand.

That's why we checked on her so often! Besides, we're covered... that's why they sell slave insurance, right?



Time to put this ring-gag on, so you can join the party.

But first, it's time to make your final choice. This is really the point of no return, Beth. If you still want to be my slave, we're going to punish you now. It will include humiliation, in front of people you know. We'll also be recording, and it will all go on the internet, where your friends from school and even your family will be able to see every detail.

I'm afraid I already told her that she has the right to waive her service.. Sorry, Buddy, 'fraid I let the cat out of the bag on that one... Course, to do that she'd have to be able to speak; and, more importantly, there'd have to be someone interested in listening.



I was beginning to realize that I couldn't trust how much of what these two said was true... and how much was part of the mind-fuck of training a new slave. The very thought of my parents seeing me like this was... humiliating. I couldn't imagine what it would be like for real. But at the same time, the thought caused my body to explode with intense sexual feelings. It was like there was direct connection between the blood flow to my face and the warm aching that filled my nipples and clit. I loved the way that felt, all tight and throbbing. I could feel my sex literally bobbing in the cool air, and it left me desperately wanting more.

So despite my reservations and suspicions that they wouldn't really tell my parents, I knew that I had to make it clear that I was in this for good. I was sure Vinny was just trying to scare me off; I needed to let him know that it wasn't going to work.

I'm yours, master.
You're free to do whatever you want with me.

Humph!
Seems like this dumb bitch might make a half-way decent cum-bucket after all.

I could see the disappointment on Vinny's face, and hear the amused pleasure in Daniel's voice. But neither mattered. Vinny was the one I loved, and eventually, he would see my devotion.





Alright,
I guess it's time to face your
audience.

Wait... let's put this
blindfold on her first. That way,
she won't know who's playing with
her until the very end, when we reveal
all of her family and friends.

Once again, I was pretty sure Daniel was just teasing, but I could still feel my body burning with humiliated pleasure and eagerly waited for him to put the blinders on.



He finger fucked me all the way up the stairs.

Here you go, slave.
Let me help you balance on the stairs.
I wouldn't want you to trip and fall with those blinders on.

Come on then,
the time for being timid
is over.

We're gonna open you
right up. Soon you'll be sucking
your father's cock, if we
want you to

Daniel continued to use his finger-fucking handle to enter the room, where people were obviously waiting. It was as if he thought I wouldn't go if it wasn't there, and I was sure they could all see what he was doing. I could hear them muttering softly, making appreciative sounds or expressions of disbelief. Apparently, they hadn't entirely believed whatever they'd been told.



Whoa... Hot.

Holy fuck!
They actually
have her!

Well,
fuck me run-
ing... she's
hot too.

...But there I was, walking into the room naked,
and basically under my own free will.



I think she likes this shit!

Yeah, me-thinks she protests too much.

Daniel used his fingers to guide me over to a soft rug and had me kneel down, with my back against a coffee table. I didn't really struggle, but I pulled a little when I fet the edge of the wood pressing into my back and understood that they intended to lay me over it.

Easy there now, slave. It will be alright, once your backs laying flat on the table.

Even though I knew I couldn't trust what Daniel said most of the time, there was something in the tone of his voice that made me believe him. And sure enough, once my back was on the table and my muscles relaxed, the pain from the edge went away. My arms were tied to the far corners and several hands began to grope my body. Pinching my nipples, tickling me under the arms, hooking my nose with their fingers, digging their thumb under my rib. It was intensely humiliating and that, as I was learning meant that it was also intensely stimulating. I could feel my shame dribbling down the insides of my thighs, when someone's hand wasn't poking inside or wiping it away with a grip.



Are you getting this?

I didn't know who Daniel was talking to... there was no answer. But apparently they were recording me.



I think it's time for this, Vinny.

I can do it any time... why don't we let one of the new guys do it?

Yeah, yeah! I'll do it!

As you wish. You're her master.

I thought I recognized the eager guy's voice, as someone I went to school with. We had a few classes together, so I'd heard him answering the teacher's questions. He sounded louder and more confident, but the timber of the voice was rather distinctive.

It didn't take long to figure out what the eager guy was supposed to do. The first slap of the leather strap caught me by surprise and when my muscles tensed it forced my spine to dig into the edge of the table again. Before I'd fully recover-ed another smack grazed across the top of my cunt, setting my clit on fire. And then the blows began to blend together in a haze of pain and pleasure. It wasn't that each flow didn't create a distinct surge of pain, but there was a low glow of pleasure that seemed to build with every slap. It began in my clit when it was jossled, and made a circuit up to my nipples. Then radiated away from that pusating center until it filled my limbs and took up residence in my head. I couldn't think. I could barely breath. All I could do was bask in the sizzling flame of it. Like a slab of bacon in a pan.

So, when do we fuck her?

We're not here just to fuck her, my friend! We're here to torture her and make an embarrassing video. And, when we're done...

We'll release it on the net, so the rest of her friends and family can see.

Oh! And here I thought we were just here to fuck her

He, he, he! Yeah!

Umph!

SMACK



Trust me, that video will definitely include a lot of fucking.

And sucking!

Ammm!

Yeah! Sucking, ass-fucking, titty fucking... whatever you want... to go along with the whips and nipple clamps and whatever the fuck else we want to do to her. So keep it in your pocket for a few minutes longer, okay, Honcho? It's not like we're going to be done in an hour or two. I don't know about you, but I think most of us are planning to stay here and fuck with her the whole night.

Yeah, okay. Sounds good. It's just... my jeans are starting to feel a little tight here.



After a few more minutes of being vigorously whipped, Daniel cleared his throat, as if to get everyone's attention.

Ahem... Alright, Vinny. I think it's about time for the next step.

Sigh... Yeah Okay.

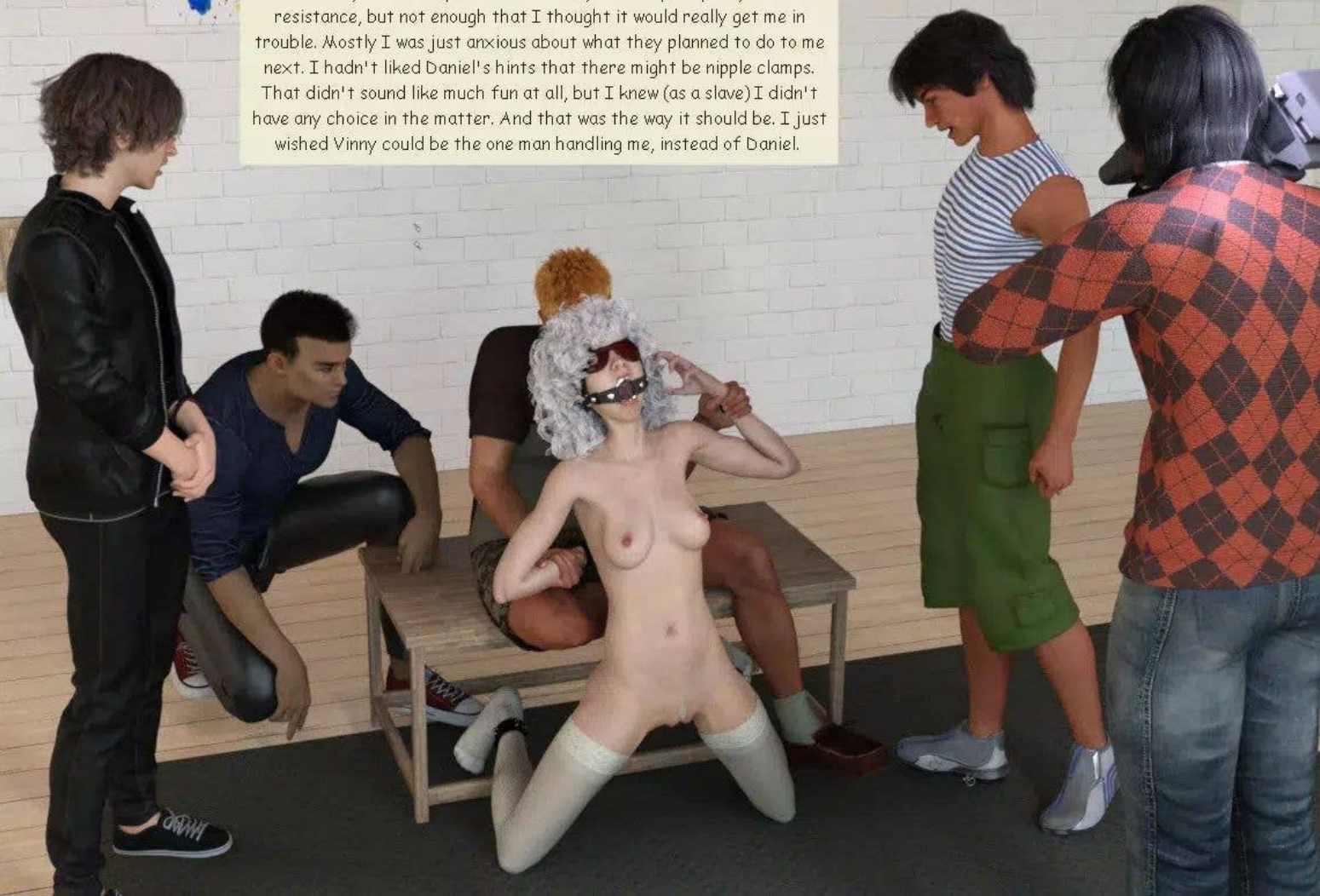
Ah... Wh-wh-why don't you do it? You've done this sort of thing before.

That's okay... Daniel has the expertise to do it right. It's not a knock on my love for Vinny. He'll learn, to do it right. And eventually, I'll love him all the more for it.

Ah, man! I was just getting started.

I thought I detected a hint of satisfaction in Daniel's voice when he agreed to take over.. Even stranger, I suddenly realized that I was not the least bit displeased by this turn of events. But that was to be expected. Daniel had the experience and I wanted to be tied right.

It didn't take long for Daniel to demonstrate his expertise with handling a slave. He quickly released my arms from where they were bound to the corners of the coffee table; then he sat on the table behind me and wrestled my arms into position behind my back. I put up only a token resistance, but not enough that I thought it would really get me in trouble. Mostly I was just anxious about what they planned to do to me next. I hadn't liked Daniel's hints that there might be nipple clamps. That didn't sound like much fun at all, but I knew (as a slave) I didn't have any choice in the matter. And that was the way it should be. I just wished Vinny could be the one man handling me, instead of Daniel.



It only took a few more moments for Daniel to wrap my arms in a chest harness. Then he quickly wrapped my breasts with rope, turning them into two taunt little balls suspended from a rope that went up to the ceiling. I probably shouldn't have been surprised when he removed the support of the coffee table and bound my ankles to my thighs, so that I was supported only by my breast rope and my knees.

My legs were still spread wide, just as they had been when I was arched across the coffee table, but I didn't dare try to put them together. If I did, that would increase the slack in the rope, causing me to either fall backwards or flop forward. Neither option seemed the least bit desirable to me. So, even though the rope pulled at my tender breasts, I was stuck where I was, unless I wanted to make things even worse. .



Who wants to go first?

I'll go!

Fine...
I'm almost done here.

Of course, Daniel wasn't about to let me off that easy. He added more length to the rope and exactly as I'd predicted it caused me to flop forward. This forced me to arch my back as gravity pulled my middle towards the ground. It also created an unpleasant pinching and pulling affect on my breasts that was more than just the normal weight of my body. One of the new comers decided he wanted to use my mouth, however, and so I was pulled backwards until the rope was supporting my full weight--but at least the pinch was gone. I leaned my head back, imagining that the cock that was being stuffed into my mouth, past the constricting metal ring, was Vinny's. But for some reason my mind kept showing me Daniel's face, even though I knew it wasn't his. I could locate his voice off to the side when he spoke.

It looks like she could stand to be a little lower, if you don't mind kneeling. It would make her throat action a little more staight in.



By the time Daniel lowered me to where he wanted and another stranger joined in, I was beginning to feel a bit like a pretzel, all twisted into knots. The experience was intense, however. My lungs ached for air, which made my clit tingle. My body still had a mind of it's own and when the air ran out I began to jerk and buck, even though I told myself I wouldn't. Even as my head began to swim for lack of air, my clit couldn't be happier. It's throbbing made it feel like it was dancing and the lack of air filled my ears with a strange, almost mystical sounding music.

I wasn't fully aware when I felt myself taking another breath, but as my sense of reality returned I realize it probably wasn't my first breath. I simply wasn't aware of the others. I was desperately trying to suck in more breaths when he shoved his cork back into my opening. It didn't take long for my clit to start tingling again. It was like having a gentle orgasm that was spread out through my whole body, not as intense, but endless--like a floating wave. Just before I passed out he pulled out again and I sucked in more breaths. Each breath push the wave of pleasure into the background, only to return again when my breathing was forcibly stopped again. Eventually, I felt his rythem changing and felt something warm and sticky filling the back of my throat.

Easy there, slave.
Just relax your muscles. No, don't pull back.
You can take it. Just relax your throat
and let it slide in.



She looks exhausted. Maybe we should let her rest.

Give her a few moments. I'm sure she'll perk back up, once she's had a chance to rest

We could move her to a bed.

That's a bad idea. She won't need to port herself, so it won't matter if she's worn out or not.

Yeah...

Then, we can fuck her all night.

Ahhh!

The one who'd been fucking my face was quite large, and he hadn't been entirely gentle, so by the time he was done, I was a bit worn out... something that did not go unnoticed.



Daniel released the rope that connected my breasts to the ceiling and picked me up, holding me in an awkward position, with his arm between my legs so that my left leg was unsupported. When I wasn't clenching my legs together, it hung down, leaving me feeling wide open and vulnerable. Some of the others went to fetch a bed. And I could hear the one who'd been fucking me before working on his own cock to keep his hardon in tact while he waited to continue.



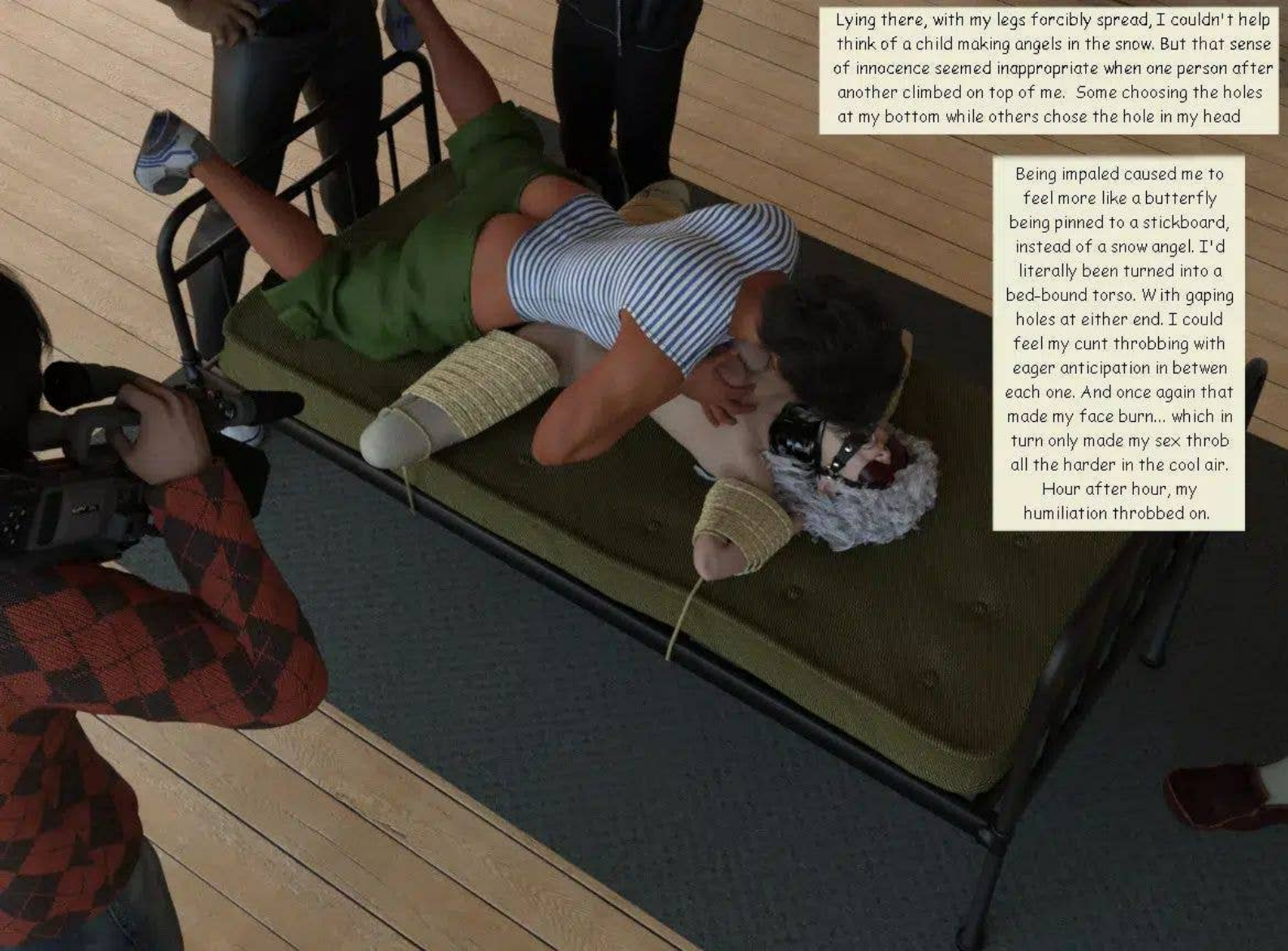
Some ten minutes later, I was pinned to the small bed so tightly I could barely move. My breasts were still bound. A thick leather strap had been cinched around my waist. And a neck brace kept my head immobile. My knees and elbows had been folded and my limbs wrapped with reams of rope. Then another rope had been threaded between the cracks—between thigh and calf; upper and lower arm. It left me totally helpless and open.

Well, there she is. Good and ready to be fucked some more.

I call dibs... I know I put my pants back on. I was feeling a little gay with my balls hanging out. But I deserve to finish what I started.

Then I think it's my turn!

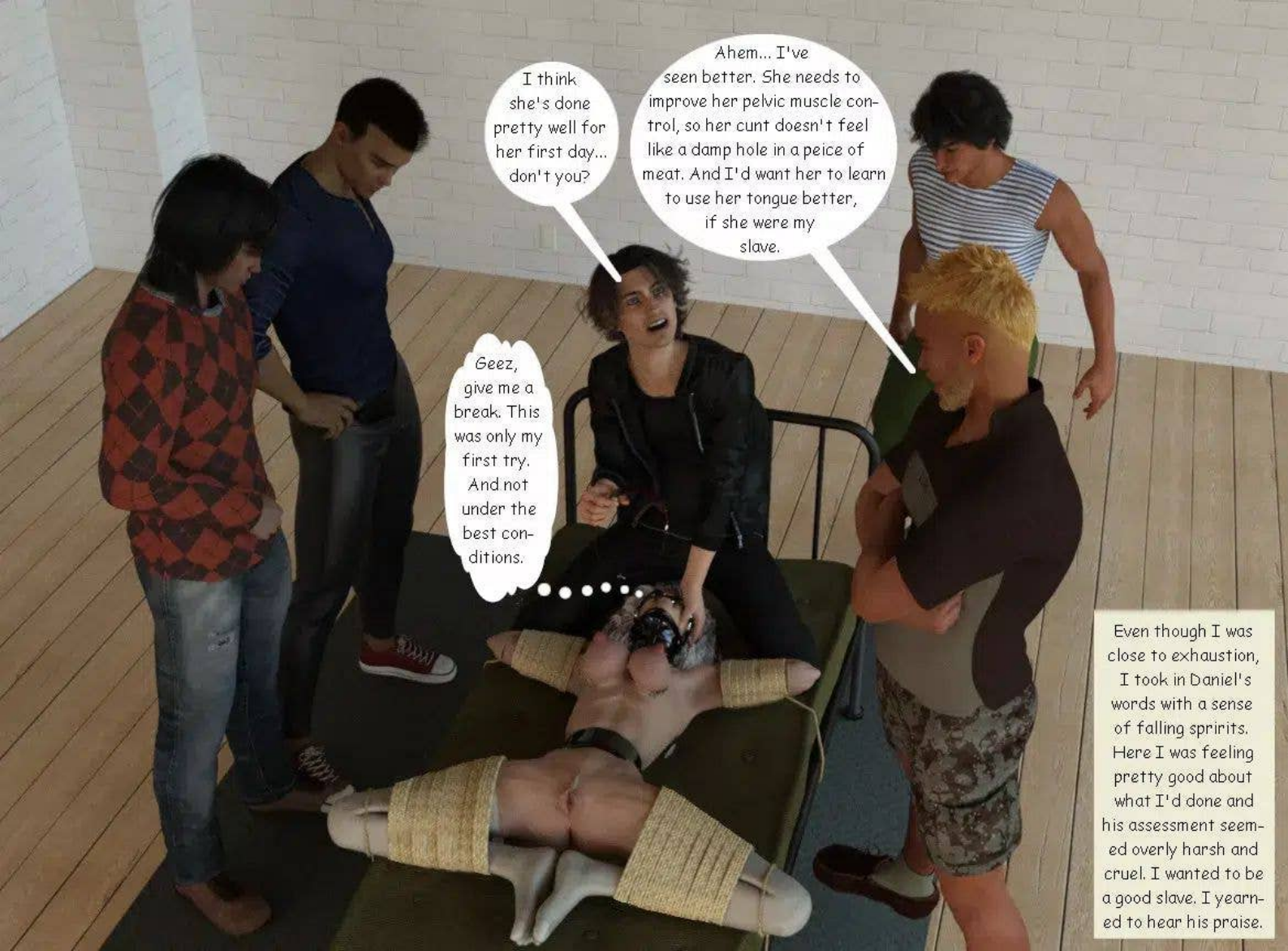




Lying there, with my legs forcibly spread, I couldn't help think of a child making angels in the snow. But that sense of innocence seemed inappropriate when one person after another climbed on top of me. Some choosing the holes at my bottom while others chose the hole in my head

Being impaled caused me to feel more like a butterfly being pinned to a stickboard, instead of a snow angel. I'd literally been turned into a bed-bound torso. With gaping holes at either end. I could feel my cunt throbbing with eager anticipation in between each one. And once again that made my face burn... which in turn only made my sex throb all the harder in the cool air.

Hour after hour, my humiliation throbbed on.



I think she's done pretty well for her first day... don't you?

Ahem... I've seen better. She needs to improve her pelvic muscle control, so her cunt doesn't feel like a damp hole in a peice of meat. And I'd want her to learn to use her tongue better, if she were my slave.

Geez, give me a break. This was only my first try. And not under the best conditions.

Even though I was close to exhaustion, I took in Daniel's words with a sense of falling spirits. Here I was feeling pretty good about what I'd done and his assessment seemed overly harsh and cruel. I wanted to be a good slave. I yearned to hear his praise.

Vinny seemed to be reading my mind, but his protests only served to make my own sound weak and pathetic. Daniel wasn't really criticizing me. He was giving an honest assessment; trying to make me a better slave.


Only way to find out is to remove her gag, which is why I would recommend not doing so. The contract says she can void it at any time, but it doesn't say you have to let her speak so she can do so.

She's your slave. You can do what you want with her.

This was only her first time... Which makes me wonder if she hasn't finally changed her mind.

I don't know... I think I should give her another chance.





I want to be your slave! I've loved every minute of this

And I'll work very hard to be even better the next time.

Fine... Why don't you tie her up for the night then. I'll show our guests to the door.

I told you we weren't being too hard on her. Asking her again was a total waste of breath.

I'd been so keyed on Vinny that I hadn't noticed who else was in the room. To my surprise, they were all strangers. The talk of friends had all just been a mind fuck. And an effective one.

Daniel seemed amused and a little pleased with himself as he removed my gag and let me work my jaw around for a few moments.

How do your arms feel? Any discomfort?

Good. I've been keeping an eye on them and your color still looks surprisingly good, so ... I'd say you have the circulation of a bred slave.

No... They feel okay.

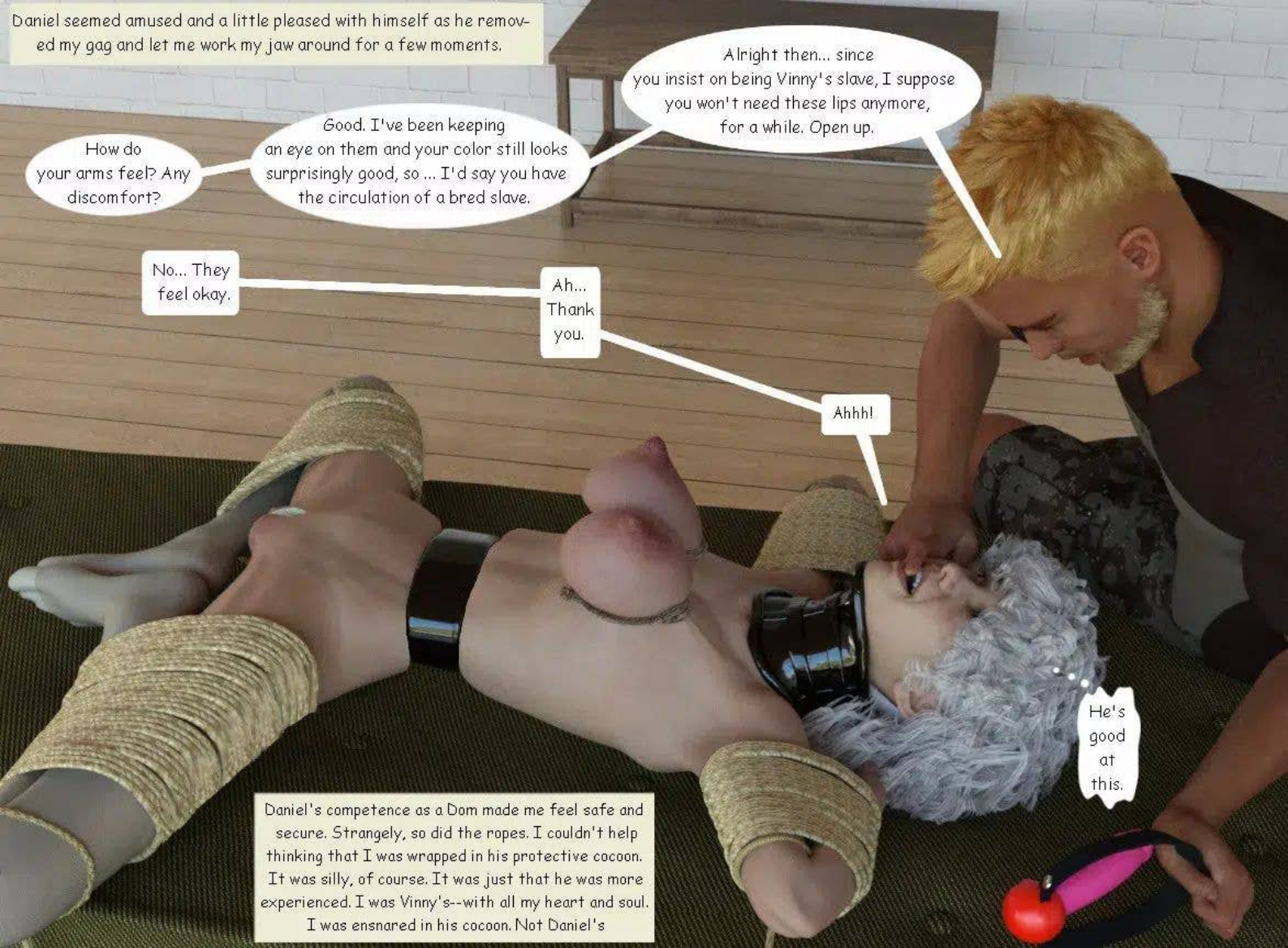
Ah... Thank you.

Alright then... since you insist on being Vinny's slave, I suppose you won't need these lips anymore, for a while. Open up.

Ahhh!

He's good at this.

Daniel's competence as a Dom made me feel safe and secure. Strangely, so did the ropes. I couldn't help thinking that I was wrapped in his protective cocoon. It was silly, of course. It was just that he was more experienced. I was Vinny's--with all my heart and soul. I was ensnared in his cocoon. Not Daniel's



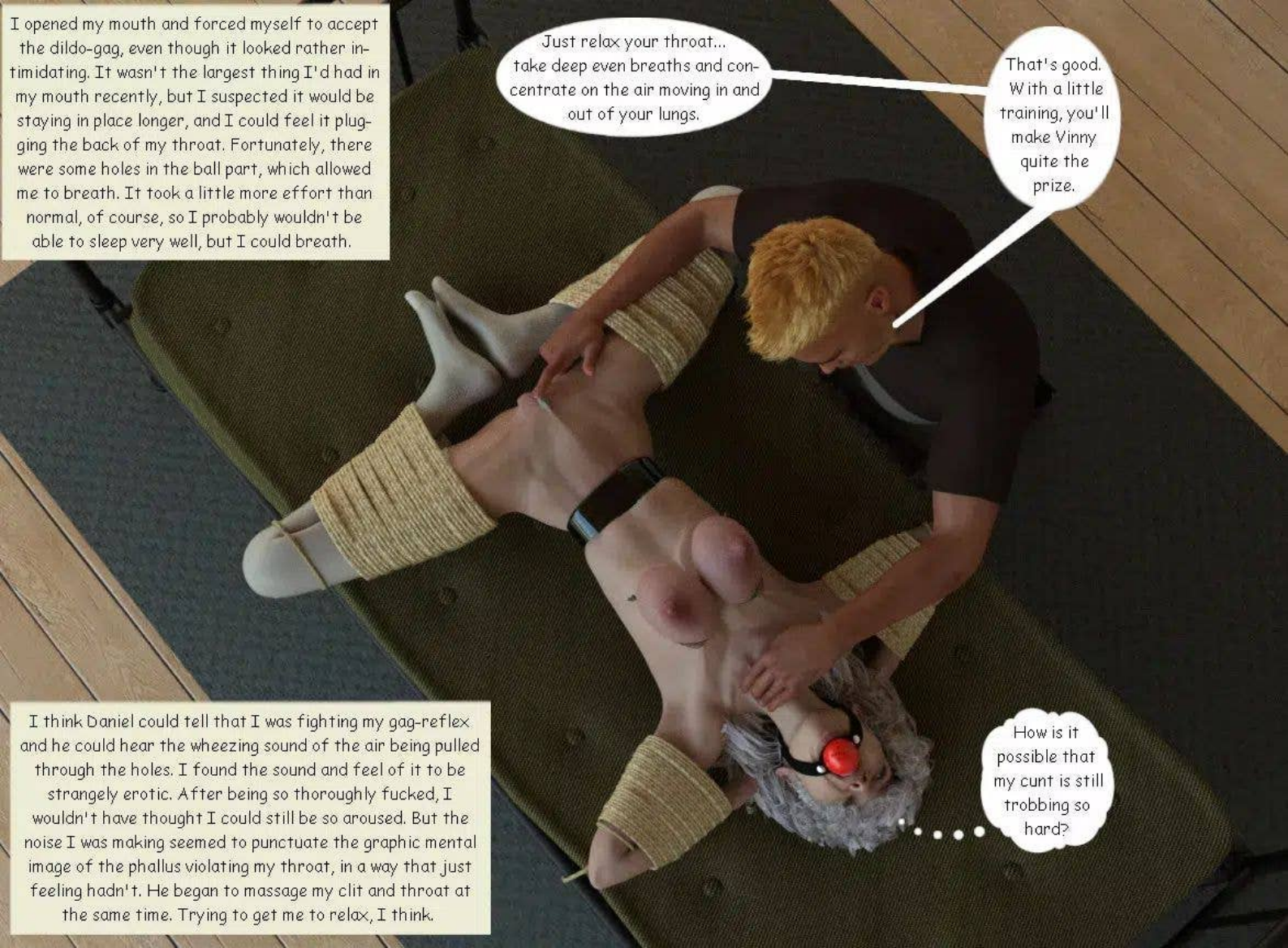
I opened my mouth and forced myself to accept the dildo-gag, even though it looked rather intimidating. It wasn't the largest thing I'd had in my mouth recently, but I suspected it would be staying in place longer, and I could feel it plugging the back of my throat. Fortunately, there were some holes in the ball part, which allowed me to breath. It took a little more effort than normal, of course, so I probably wouldn't be able to sleep very well, but I could breath.

Just relax your throat... take deep even breaths and concentrate on the air moving in and out of your lungs.

That's good. With a little training, you'll make Vinny quite the prize.

I think Daniel could tell that I was fighting my gag-reflex and he could hear the wheezing sound of the air being pulled through the holes. I found the sound and feel of it to be strangely erotic. After being so thoroughly fucked, I wouldn't have thought I could still be so aroused. But the noise I was making seemed to punctuate the graphic mental image of the phallus violating my throat, in a way that just feeling hadn't. He began to massage my clit and throat at the same time. Trying to get me to relax, I think.

How is it possible that my cunt is still trobbing so hard?

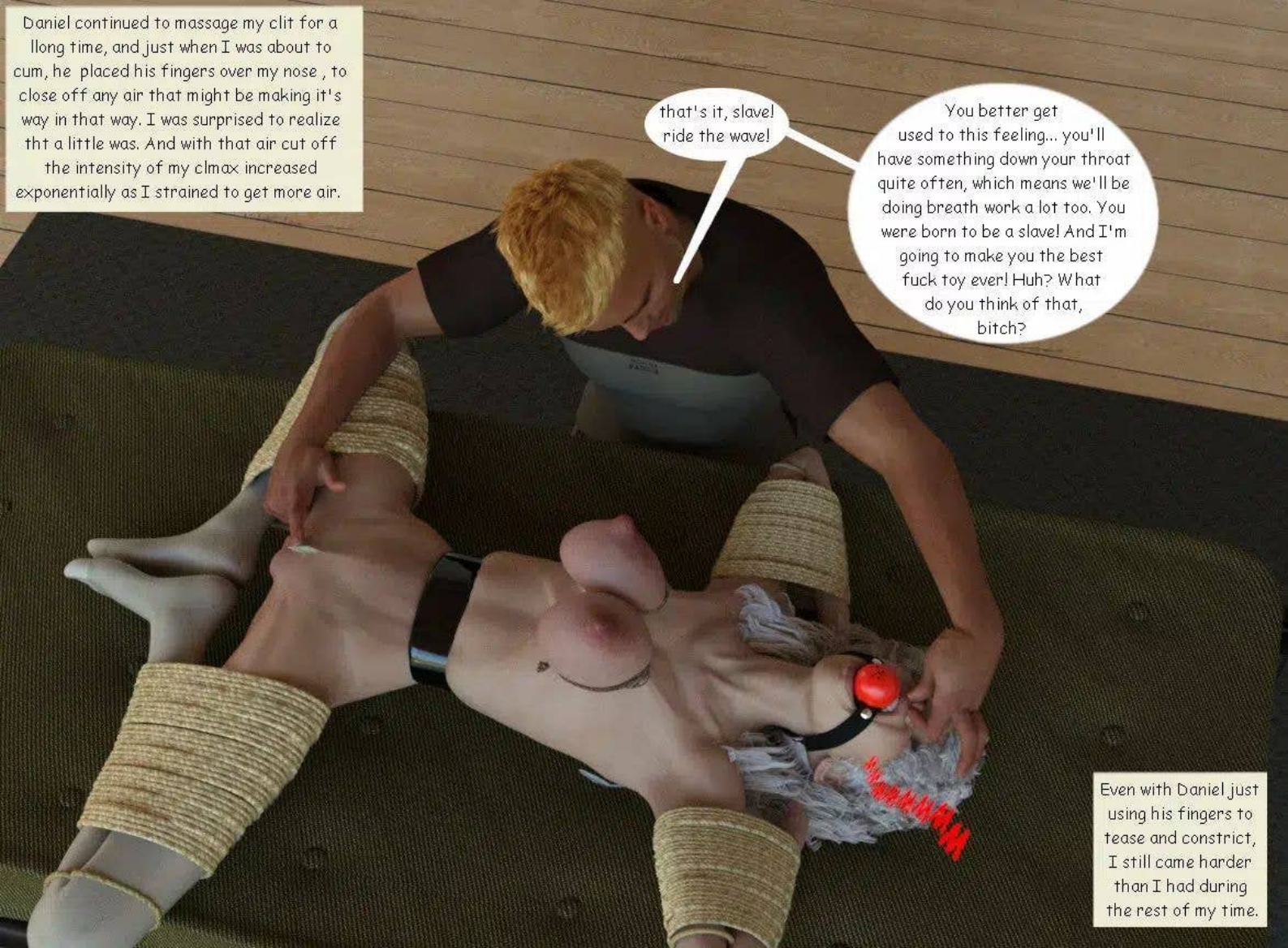


Daniel continued to massage my clit for a long time, and just when I was about to cum, he placed his fingers over my nose, to close off any air that might be making it's way in that way. I was surprised to realize tht a little was. And with that air cut off the intensity of my climax increased exponentially as I strained to get more air.

that's it, slave!
ride the wave!

You better get used to this feeling... you'll have something down your throat quite often, which means we'll be doing breath work a lot too. You were born to be a slave! And I'm going to make you the best fuck toy ever! Huh? What do you think of that, bitch?

Even with Daniel just using his fingers to tease and constrict, I still came harder than I had during the rest of my time.



when he finally decided he was finished teasing me (at least for the moment) he released my arms and legs and I lay on the bed feeling spent and exhausted. Slowly moving my limbs to work out the dead feeling in them. They might not have become all discolored, but they'd been bound in rope for a long time.

I think it's about time to put my new toy away, but first, why don't you just lay here for a while and recover. You just let me know when you feel able to move around. And while we wait, I'll give you some incentive by pinching your nipples. Not as hard as I can, but hard enough to serve as motivation.

Yeah... see? that's nice, isn't it?



You should move around and do a little exercise while you can, slave.

Alright, then! Time to tie you up again. Just put your legs through the arms of this chair

I had no idea what he was planning for me next, but I suspected it might not involved a lot of freedom of movement. As a slave, my days of moving freely were probably over. Which meant I had better take advantage of every chance I got.

What? How the hell am I supposed to put my legs through the arm of that chair?

As I lay there, bending my arm and clenching my fist, feeling the flesh awaken once again, Daniel slowly began to pinch my nipple harder until finally I got the hint. As soon as I was up, he began to push the bed out of the room, leaving me to exercise my legs while he was gone. I did so eagerly.

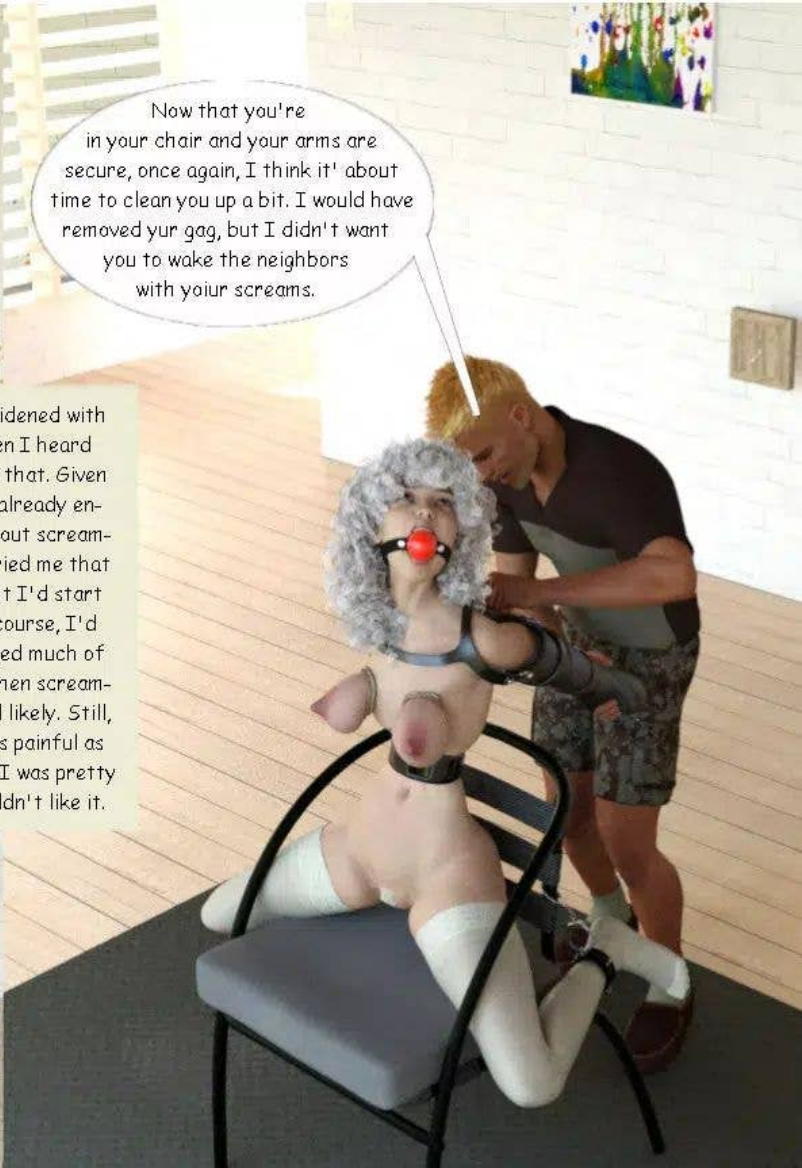


Daniel solved the problem by picking me up from behind. It was painful and yet it tickled me up, which made it all the more difficult to focus on getting my legs through the holes in the chair's arms, but after a few false starts I managed.



My eyes widened with fear when I heard Daniel say that. Given what I'd already endured without screaming, it worried me that he thought I'd start now. Of course, I'd been gagged much of the time when screaming seemed likely. Still, if it was as painful as he implied, I was pretty sure I wouldn't like it.

Now that you're in your chair and your arms are secure, once again, I think it's about time to clean you up a bit. I would have removed your gag, but I didn't want you to wake the neighbors with your screams.



Daniel left... and after a while he came back with a bucket of soapy water and a brush.
It didn't take much imagination to figure out why he thought I'd be screaming soon,
but there was nothing I could do to stop him from doing whatever he was going to do.

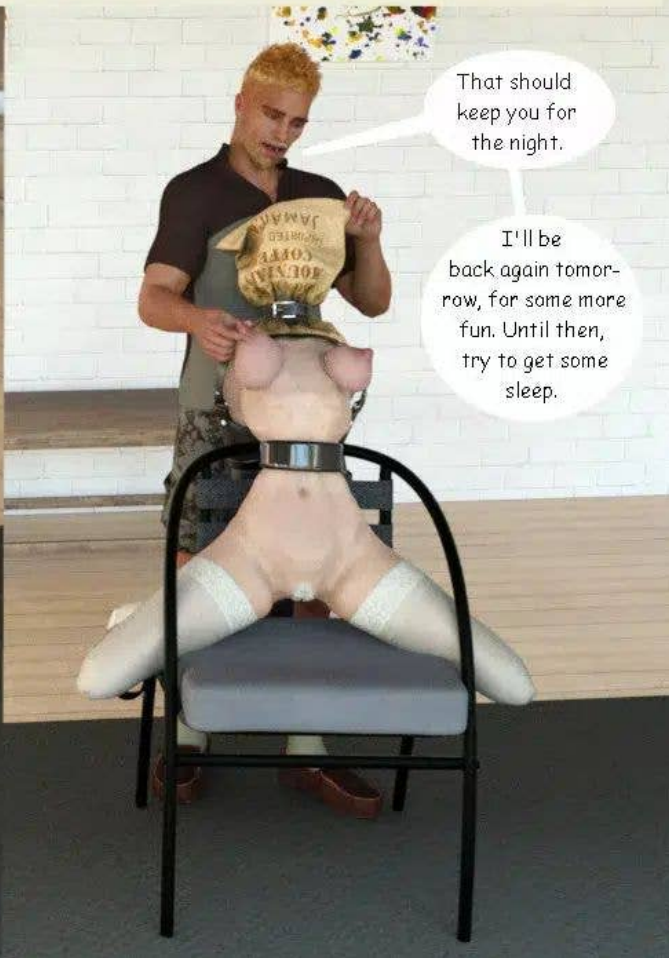
I like having a relatively
fresh smelling slave when I want to fuck them
in the morning, so I always try to give you cunts
a good wash after a session.



Daniel gave me a good hard scrubbing that did indeed have me screaming into my gag. I felt like a potato; he was trying to remove my outer skin. There wasn't any blood though afterwards, however so it must not have been as bad as I thought.



when he was done rubbing me raw, he removed the gag and placed a bag over my head. The weave was rather coarse, and didn't interfere with my breathing too badly, but I didn't like it anyway. I puckered my lips and pressed them against the inside of the bag, and it was almost like breathing normally. He wrapped a belt around my neck, so I couldn't throw off the bag. then he pinched my nipples and slapped my bound breasts a few times before turning to leave. I didn't believe he was actually leaving me for the night, until I heard the door slam closed.



That should keep you for the night.

I'll be back again tomorrow, for some more fun. Until then, try to get some sleep.

The next few hours were among the longest of my life so far, in part because the discomfort of my bound breasts brought every moment into a fine relief. But mostly I think it was because I couldn't see and my breathing was labored. Whatever it was, time seemed to be moving through a temporal morass. And yet, strangely, when I heard the footsteps of Daniel returning, I was fairly certain that only a few hours (at most) had actually passed.



By the time he'd finished unwinding my breasts, they had begun to tingle. And when he removed the sleeve that had held my arms behind my back, they felt a bit like dead weights. I held them awkwardly, crossed in front of me, afraid to move them any more than I had to, for fear that they would begin to tingle too.



Bet that fresh air tastes good, hum?



After he'd removed my bindings, Daniel pushed a cleverly hidden button on the chair and easily removed the arms.

Time to stand up.

Keep your hands behind your back, slave.

After all I went through to wiggle into this seat... and all the while it could have been that simple?

Daniel walked me into the kitchen and without speaking he guided me into a chair by the pressure of his hand on my shoulder. Then he brought over a spoon and a bowl of thick white soup. I looked at it longingly. I hadn't eaten for what seemed like a very long time. At first I thought he was planning to eat the soup in front of me, but instead he dipped the spoon into the soup and held it to my lips. I eagerly ate every last drop; then he brought a large glass of water and let me drink that through a straw.

After that, he led me back into the other room and cleared a space on the floor where he could attach anchors to the hard wood. At first, when he was securing my legs to the anchors with rope, I figured it would just be an awkward position, but not that uncomfortable, really. When he pulled my elbows together with more loops of rope, I began to suspect I was wrong. For starters, it was a bit humiliating. It turned my arms into totally useless appendages. I felt a bit like a T-Rex, with those tiny little forearms. Only a T-Rex is still dangerous. So maybe I was more like one of those drawings of a fairy with it's wings boud together behind it's back. Then he placed cuffs on my wrists and upper arms and pulled them together with a short length of chain. Then he put a ring-gag harness over my head and used a tie on the back of the harness to connect a strong string from my big toe to my head. Now I felt like a ballerina who'd been tied in a difficult pose, to force her muscles to stretch while she did her strangely contorted pirouette.



When he was finished securing me, I knew with certainty that I was in for another long and uncomfortable session. If I let my leg bend enough so my chest was resting on the floor, it created an unpleasant stretching tension on the front of my leg. But if I pulled back with my leg, it shifted the tension to the small of my back. And nowhere in between those two was there a comfortable middle point.

Damn, girl!
You have such a
cute ass!

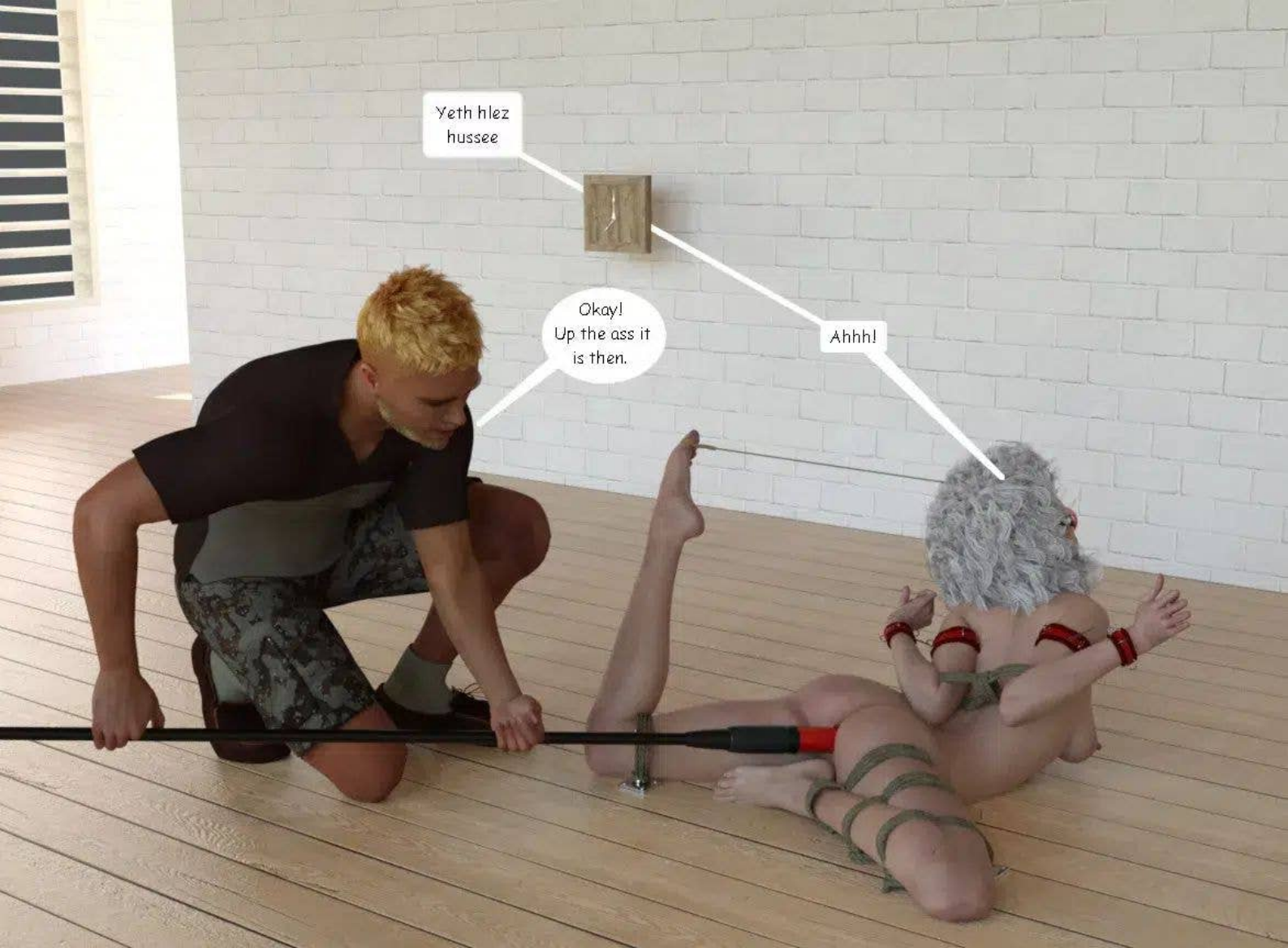
Ha, ha... and here I
thought your ass looked as cute
as it could already, but when you
wiggle, it's even cuter.

Hank
houw.

You really are making this a
tough decision... should I choose the
front or the rear? What do you say, huh?
Would you prefer to have the dildo
stuffed into your pussy?

SMACK






Yeth hlez
hussee

Okay!
Up the ass it
is then.

Ahhh!

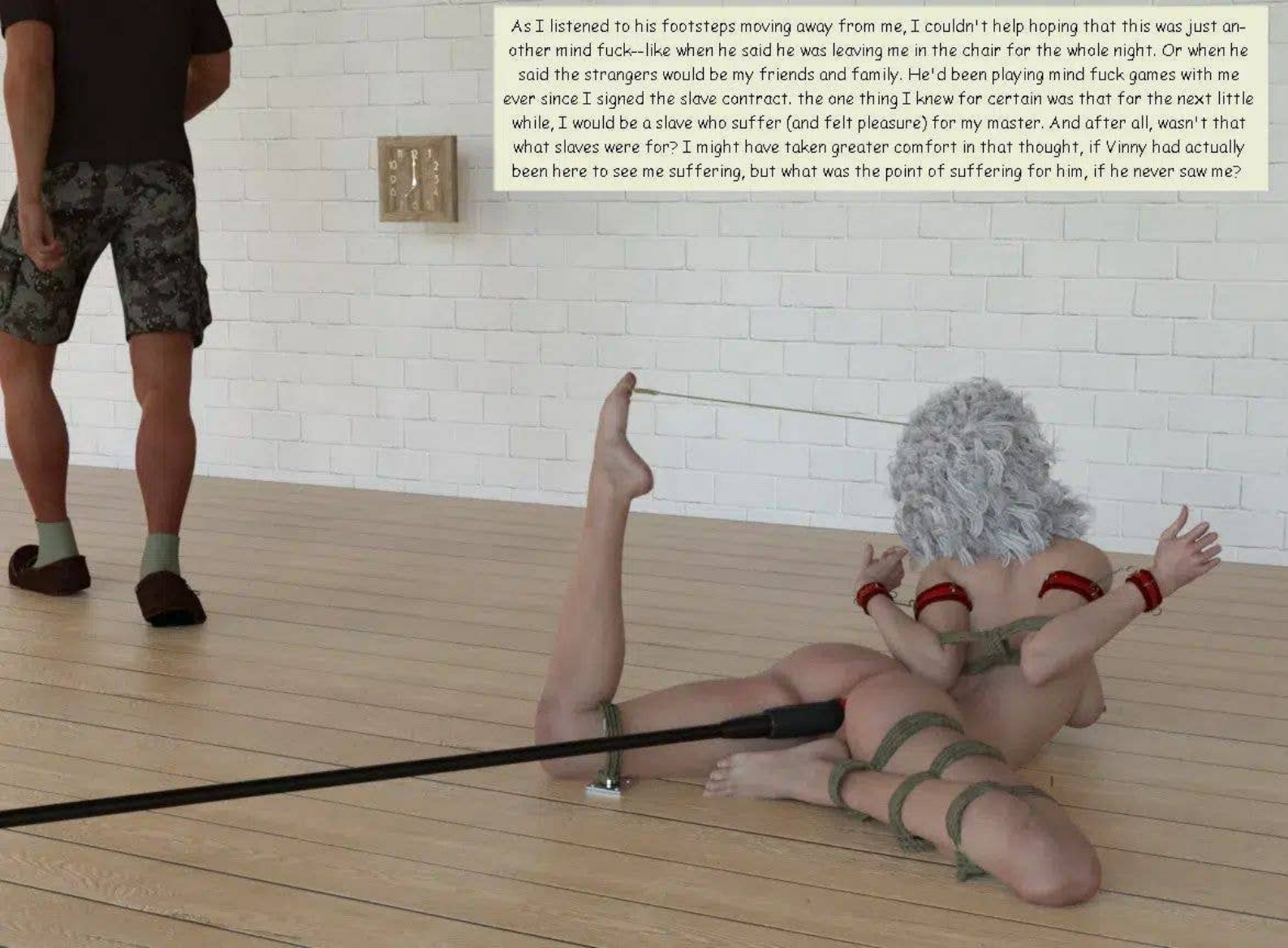


I wish I could stay longer and play with you some more. I really do love watching you squirm. But I have to get up early to go to work. So, until I see you again... he, he... may your orgasms be many.

Ungh!

Once again I could only hope that Daniel was just teasing me, and that he didn't plan to leave me like this for the rest of the night and the following day. But all I could do about it was give a feeble groan of protest; and even that wasn't as convincing as it should have been because I was busy moaning in pleasure too.

As I listened to his footsteps moving away from me, I couldn't help hoping that this was just another mind fuck--like when he said he was leaving me in the chair for the whole night. Or when he said the strangers would be my friends and family. He'd been playing mind fuck games with me ever since I signed the slave contract. the one thing I knew for certain was that for the next little while, I would be a slave who suffer (and felt pleasure) for my master. And after all, wasn't that what slaves were for? I might have taken greater comfort in that thought, if Vinny had actually been here to see me suffering, but what was the point of suffering for him, if he never saw me?



After only a few minutes, with the fuck machine jamming the dildo in and out of my ass, and the accompanying motion that that created throughout my body, and the squirming that encouraged... it occurred to me that all these little motions actually made my current position much easier to bear. It worked the muscles enough to keep them from becoming quite as stiff; or cramping. Which wouldn't be pleasant at all, bound like this. The fuck machine was set at a slow steady speed, so it took time for the next orgasm to build up. But after a while I lost track of how many orgasms I'd had. But each one seemed a little more intense than the last; and even the first few had been among the most intense of my entire life. In between those moments of painful bliss (because by now, I was getting very sore down there) I endured the misery of my position by telling myself over and over that I was enduring all this for the sake of the man I loved.



Several eternities later, I heard footsteps once again. Daniel's footsteps. It was strange who I had learned to recognize his gait from all the others. There was just something about his walk that was far more self-assured than Vinny's footsteps. My muscles had stretched and relaxed a fair bit, so (in some ways) the pose wasn't as difficult as it had been when he left. My chest, however was beginning to get sore from rubbing over the hard wood. Each time the shaft pushed or pulled on the dildo it caused my body to rock back and forth over the edge of my rib. My back and neck were sore from being stretched for so long, so even though the stiffness was mostly gone, the discomfort was not. Fortunately, my circulation still felt reasonably good. The worst was my arms below the elbow, of course. And then my leg. But neither of them were bound all that tight. The rope on my arms, were in a position where they seemed to pinch my blood vessels just a bit, but they were loose enough that with a little effort I could bring my elbows closer together for a short period, which I'd been doing every so often. It kept my arms from becoming too blood-weary.

Hello again, slave. Have you been squirming, nice and pretty, for me?

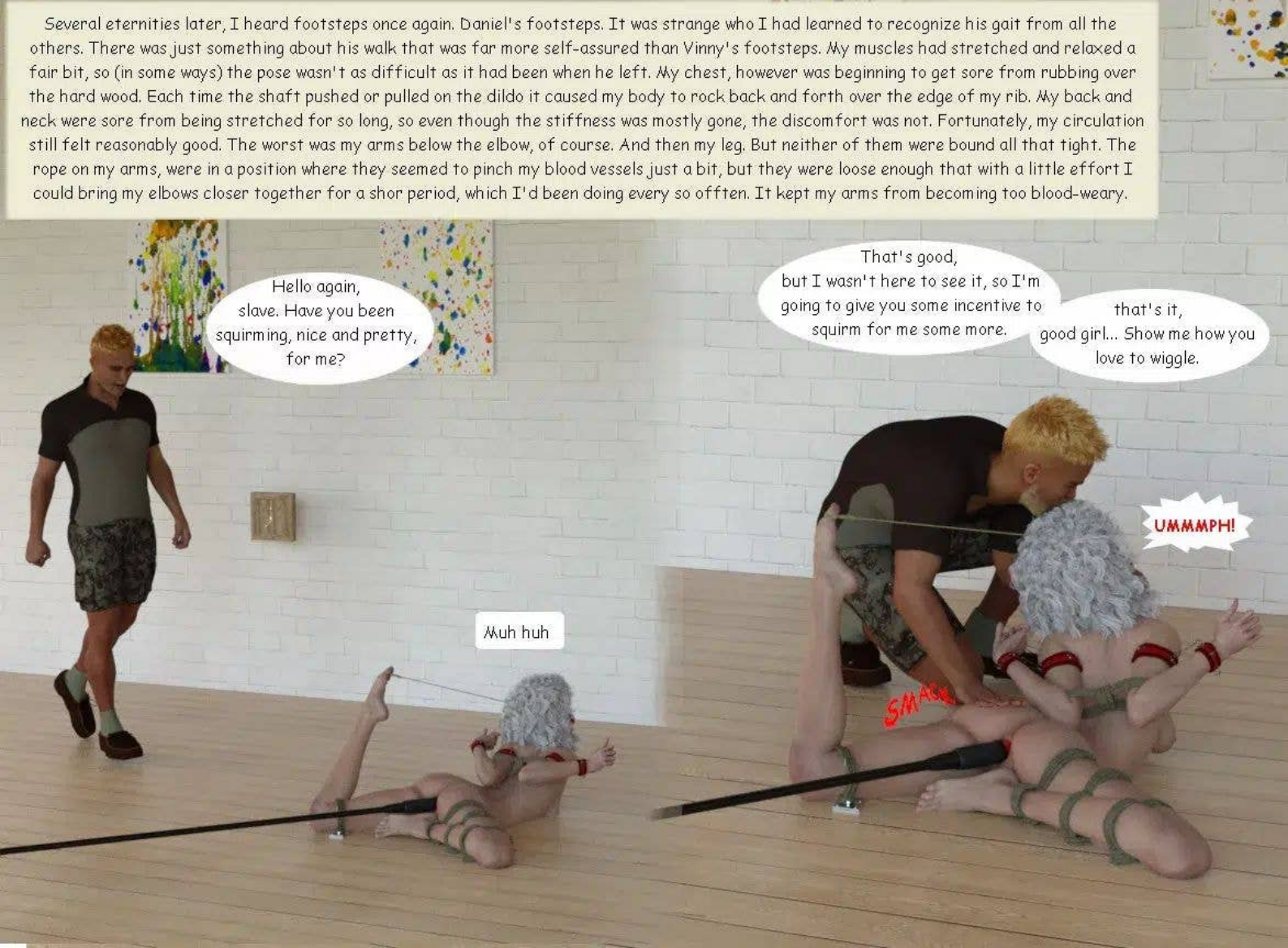
That's good, but I wasn't here to see it, so I'm going to give you some incentive to squirm for me some more.

that's it, good girl... Show me how you love to wiggle.

Muh huh

UMMMPH!

SMASH



I had little hope that it would actually lessen the number of swats he have me, but I squirmed as vigorously and prettily for Daniel as I could manage, all the while hoping that he'd release me from this horrible position. And strangely, as he began to untie me, a strange thing began to happen inside me. I knew that he was responsible for all my suffering, and yet, as he released me, I began to feel an overwhelming sense of gratitude. It was rather shocking to see the inner workings of my mind playing tricks on me... but even though I knew what was happening, it didn't change the way I felt about it one little bit.

Well, maybe just a little, when I realized just how slow and methodical he was being as he released me. And then when he began to tickle my feet as he untied the string to my big toe. I have a love hate relationship with being tickled. There are few things I love to hate more... which, I know doesn't make any sense, but I'm not sure I know how to explain it any better than that. ...It's like eating corn nuts (at least for me). I don't really like the taste of cornnuts. But there's something about that salty crunch. Once I stick one in my mouth, it's hard not to finish eating the whole bag, especially if you don't have some other type of chip to distract you from from going back to them.

This little piggy went to market,
down here on the instep plains. This little piggy
stayed home, curled up here, on the ball sofa. This
little piggy played football and ran up and down the
field, This little piggy tried to tackle him, but
couldn't get a good hold. And this little piggy
cried tee, hee, hee. All the way home.

Hm, hm, hm!
Ammph!
Hm, hm, hm!

Oh God!
Please don't.
Stop... ah no...
Don't. Stop.

Hm, hm, hm!
Ammph!
Hm, hm, hm!



Once he'd released me, he insisted that I crawl around the house. He refused to tell me where I was supposed to go, although if he had I probably still would have had to bump my way around until I found it. Upstairs, I'd only been in the main hall and the kitchen and while I was in the basement, I hadn't seen much, other than the one room where I'd been bound with my leg up.

As I crawled, I kept my head down and my ass up. In part it was because my arms were too tired to support my weight; it was easier to crawl around on my elbows. But I also assumed that Daniell would appreciate the view. He didn't disappoint, walking behind me in a crouch, he kept playing with my cunt while making comments about how fine my ass looked... or how I was born to be a slave. Whenever he said those things it made my pussy throb so hard that the lips of my pussy split open all on their own.

That's it my little slut puppy!
I want you to crawl around the house until you find the room where you're supposed to be.

Damn, girl!
You really were born for this, weren't you? I don't think I've ever meet a bigger slut than you. And the way that ass is just begging for it... Damn girl!

It was strange! When he called me a slut, I felt almost no embarrassment at all. Not the way I had when the room was full of other people. Strangely, the term just felt right. I was a slut. I loved being tied, helpless and fucked. I loved suffering for my new master. Even when I yearned for my freedom, I took pride in my suffering. Perhaps, most importantly of all, however, when Daniel called me a slut, there wasn't any condemnation in the word at all. If anything, it was like he was complimenting me.

Ah! Ah!
Ohhh...
Ah!



Before Vinny forced me into this life-style, I never would have thought I could think such a thing, but somehow being a slave felt right. Like coming home after a long vacation and realizing that you actually miss the place you were so desperate to get away from just a few days before.

Finally, after wiggling my way down every hall and tromping from room to room, I finally came to the bathroom, where he'd wanted me to be all along.

Now, I know this isn't your fault, since I haven't given you a shower yet. But I'm afraid you're a bit of a stinky slut... so, I'm going to give you a nice long scrubbing in the shower; then you and I are going to have a little picnic.

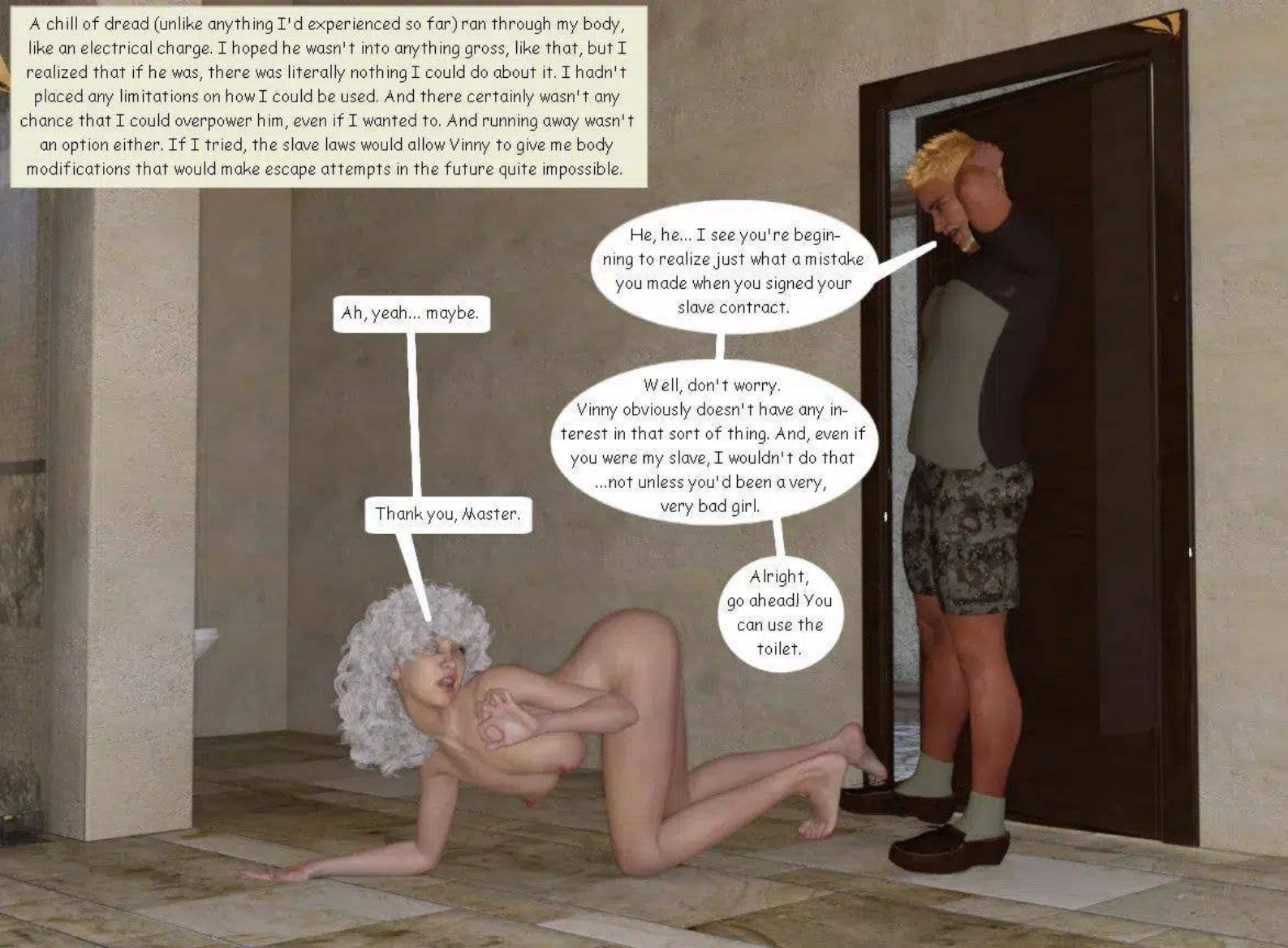
Oh Good, I'm dying to take a shower. But before you do that, I think you better let me use the toilet. I think I'm about to explode.

I'm sure you do, Silly Girl!
But slaves don't get to decide when they take a shit ...any more than they get to decide whether or not they're going to eat shit.

Oh my God! He can't be serious!



A chill of dread (unlike anything I'd experienced so far) ran through my body, like an electrical charge. I hoped he wasn't into anything gross, like that, but I realized that if he was, there was literally nothing I could do about it. I hadn't placed any limitations on how I could be used. And there certainly wasn't any chance that I could overpower him, even if I wanted to. And running away wasn't an option either. If I tried, the slave laws would allow Vinny to give me body modifications that would make escape attempts in the future quite impossible.



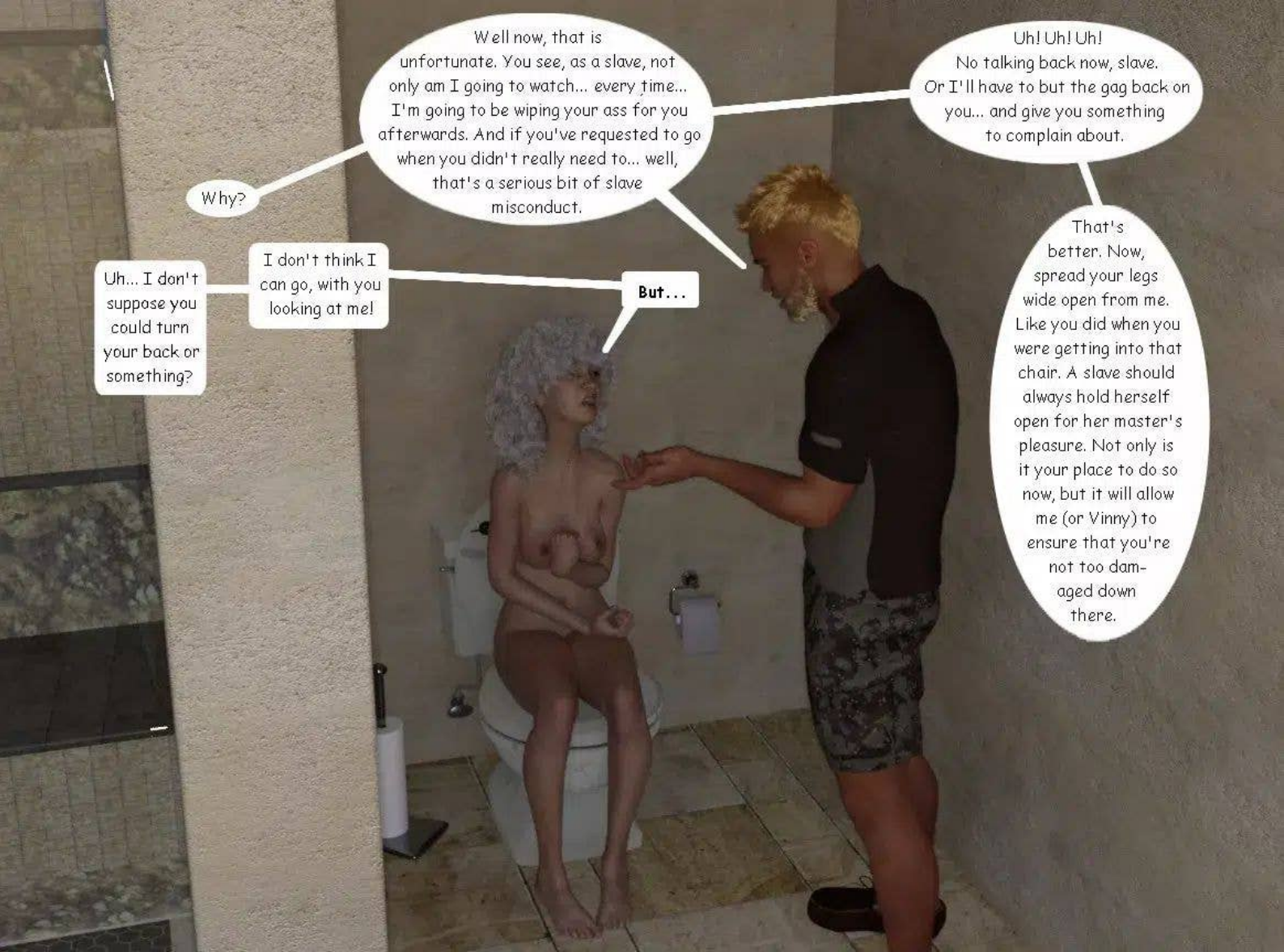
Ah, yeah... maybe.

Thank you, Master.

He, he... I see you're beginning to realize just what a mistake you made when you signed your slave contract.

Well, don't worry. Vinny obviously doesn't have any interest in that sort of thing. And, even if you were my slave, I wouldn't do that ...not unless you'd been a very, very bad girl.

Alright, go ahead! You can use the toilet.



Well now, that is unfortunate. You see, as a slave, not only am I going to watch... every time... I'm going to be wiping your ass for you afterwards. And if you've requested to go when you didn't really need to... well, that's a serious bit of slave misconduct.

Uh! Uh! Uh!
No talking back now, slave. Or I'll have to put the gag back on you... and give you something to complain about.

Why?

Uh... I don't suppose you could turn your back or something?

I don't think I can go, with you looking at me!

But...

That's better. Now, spread your legs wide open from me. Like you did when you were getting into that chair. A slave should always hold herself open for her master's pleasure. Not only is it your place to do so now, but it will allow me (or Vinny) to ensure that you're not too damaged down there.

I'm not sure why, after all I'd already been through, but it was intensely humiliating to spread my legs and force myself to pee in front of him. At least that's all I had to do, and (at least for the moment) he wouldn't be wiping my ass.

That's better, see?
this is all part of learning that you're body no longer belongs to you. You're just a slave; which means that your body belongs to your master. To do with as he pleases.

Ah!

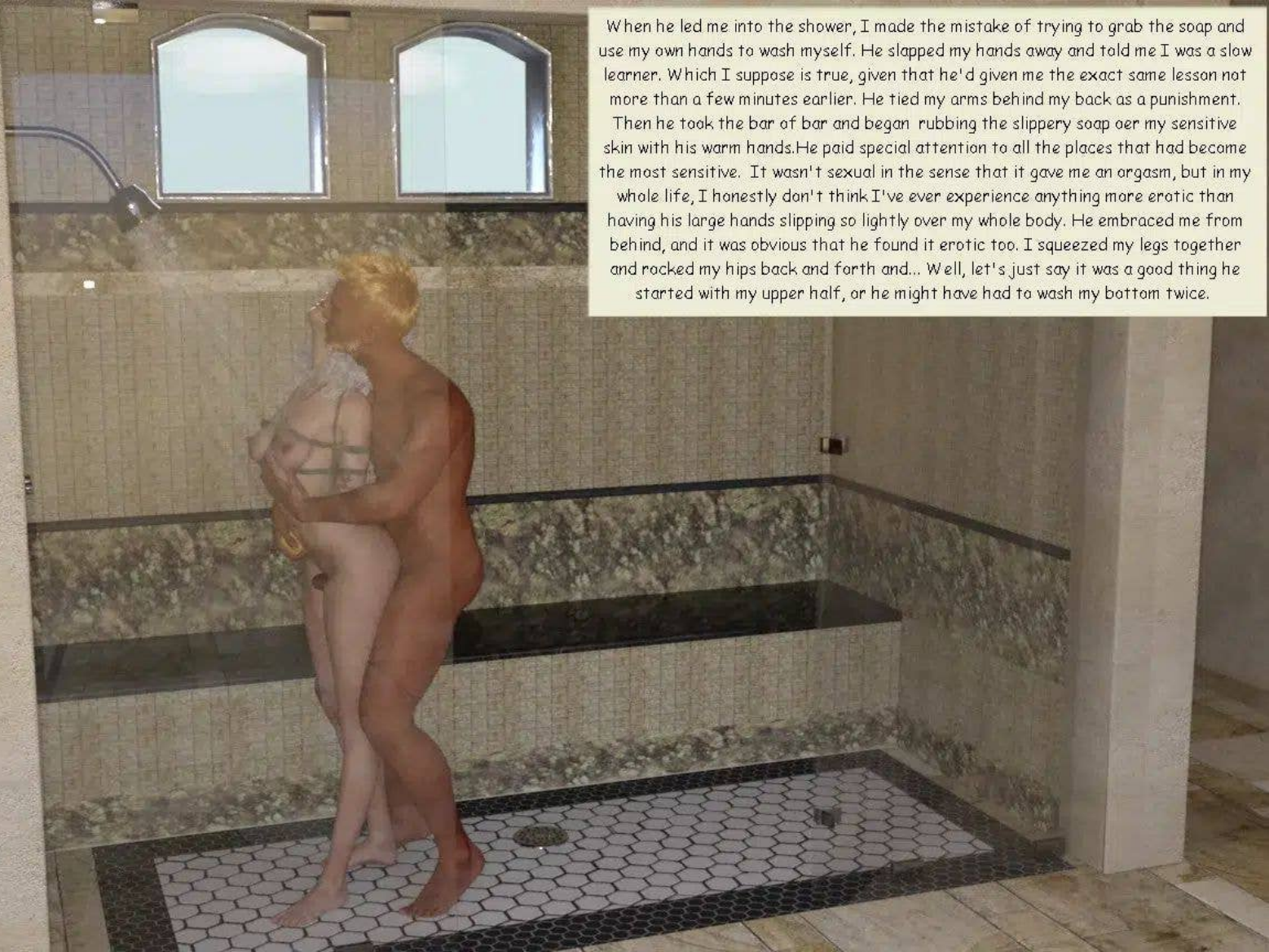
Nothing belongs to you anymore. Not even your sense of privacy or your own bodily functions. You're like a cat, learning to go in the litter box on command. You'll have to get better at that, but it's been a long time and your new to all this. So I went easy on you.

You'll have to build up your muscles, so you can hold it as long as you need to. There are exercises that will help with that. They'll make you a better fuck too, but there will be plenty of time for those later.

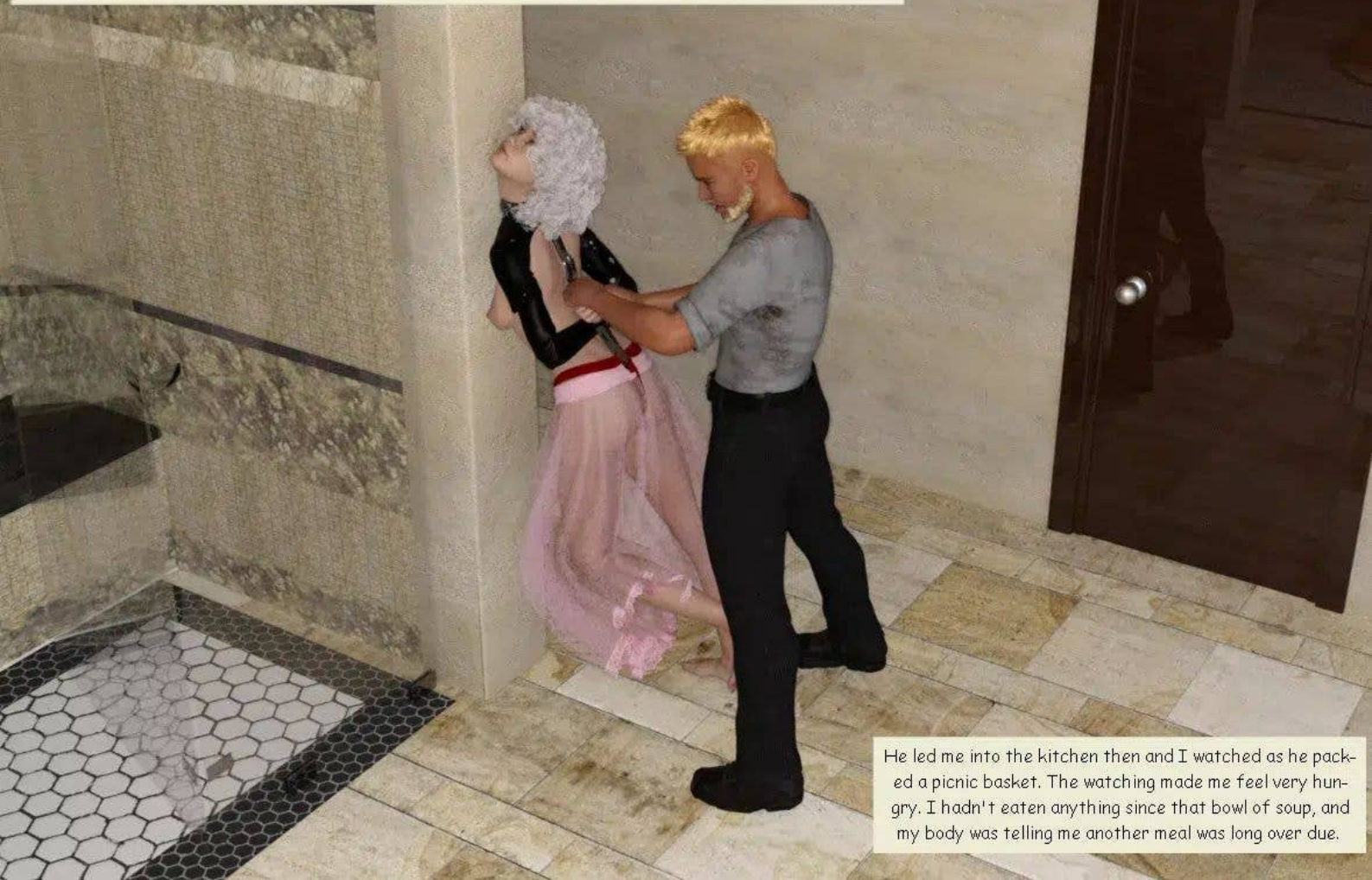


When he led me into the shower, I made the mistake of trying to grab the soap and use my own hands to wash myself. He slapped my hands away and told me I was a slow learner. Which I suppose is true, given that he'd given me the exact same lesson not more than a few minutes earlier. He tied my arms behind my back as a punishment.

Then he took the bar of soap and began rubbing the slippery soap over my sensitive skin with his warm hands. He paid special attention to all the places that had become the most sensitive. It wasn't sexual in the sense that it gave me an orgasm, but in my whole life, I honestly don't think I've ever experienced anything more erotic than having his large hands slip so lightly over my whole body. He embraced me from behind, and it was obvious that he found it erotic too. I squeezed my legs together and rocked my hips back and forth and... Well, let's just say it was a good thing he started with my upper half, or he might have had to wash my bottom twice.



When he was done washing and rinsing my body, he dried me off with a towel. Then he had me step into a red pair of panties and pulled a sheer, pink dress up around my hips. Then he secured my arms behind my back with a leather strap-harness that included long leather sleeves coming down from a leather collar. It covered my shoulders like a bolero, and was very secure, despite leaving so much of my skin uncovered.



He led me into the kitchen then and I watched as he packed a picnic basket. The watching made me feel very hungry. I hadn't eaten anything since that bowl of soup, and my body was telling me another meal was long over due.

The sun was high enough I thought it must be noon. It was comfortably warm, even in what I was wearing, but wearing so little made me feel vulnerable. Surely there was no one around, not for many miles in every direction, but there was something about alking around half-naked in the woods that left me feeling embarrassed and un-settled again.

Maybe it had something to do with the translucent dress I was wearing. When I was totally naked and completely bound, I felt more comfortable in my role as a slave because I was helpless. I didn't have a say in what was happening to me. I was completely immobile. Now, if I wanted to, I could run. I could kick out at my new master.

Daniel put his arm around my waist, using it to gently guide me where he wanted to go. I just put my head down, letting my damn curly hair fall into my face as much as possible, which isn't all that much. It was silly. I knew how secluded this place was, still, being out in the open felt stranger than being raped by a bunch of total strangers.

I mean the friend of my new master.



Daniel spread out the thin blanet that was folded at the top of the picnic basket, above the food then he set out the food before walking around behind me, gently urging me to sit.

Keep our knees spread, so that you're as open as possible. That is the perfect slave position for an occasion such as this. It will balance your weight evenly, while keeping you stable. And your knees won't be in the way if I want to get close... to feed you or play with my new toy's hot little box.

Yes Master.

The position was not entirely unfamiliar. Although I usually sat with my knees a good bit closer together, I often sat in front of the TV with my heels tucked under my ass. Sometimes, I even sat like that when I was reading a book or talking with one of my friends. Daniel was being so chivalrous, what with helping me to sit and all, that I almost expected him to untie me.



I should have known better, of course, given how much he liked the hands on experience of doing things for me.


During these picnics, you may speak freely. In fact I want you to... Just be honest; I want us to know everything there is to know about each other .

I'm hoping this will be the first of many picnics we have together. There's no need to rush... For today, we'll just speak about whatever we wish. For instance, tell me what you've liked best about your experienc as a slave... I mean, so far.

Today?!

Um... well ...um.





The most important thing, during these sessions, is that you always tell me the truth. Not what you think I want to hear, but what you've actually felt and thought. It will help me get a better feel for what you think is actually a punishment. I may not treat you any better, afterwards, but at least I'll know when I'm punishing you and when I'm not.

And don't you dare try to lie... Nothing is a worse offense than a slave who lies... unless of course your owner wants you to lie. It may take a while to figure that out, but you'll catch on.

At first, I was fearful. Talking about this sort of stuff seemed like just another form of humiliation. But he wanted me to tell him the truth, and so I did--in between the munching food. My cunt tingled intensely as I admitted that I loved feeling embarrassed. Speaking about it forced me to evaluate what I'd experienced and try to rate various things, instead of just feeling them. It made me realize that I really did enjoy the feeling of ropes or leather holding me tight. It made the feel of strange hands on my body all the more erotic... and my orgasms more intense.

Daniel never seemed to judge me, and as I continued to talk telling the truth became easier. We seemed to talk for hours and eventually things turned to other topics. Like, what I hoped for the future, as a slave.

I don't know... I guess I kind of thought it was enough, just to be with Vinny again.

For some reason, that answer felt like it was the first time I'd lied during the picnic... because, deep down, I knew that it wasn't enough just to be with Vinny anymore. I couldn't quite place my finger on what more I needed, but I definitely knew I wanted more.

He continued asking questions for a long time... and I admitted in various ways that I found being a slave much more exciting and ful-filling than I ever thought I would.

Yeah, I know... I've been trying to work on that.... but

I do wish Vinny was a bit more as-ertive, as my master.

...maybe it's not in him?

Oh my God! That's the something more I need.

I wouldn't worry about that too much. I'm sure he'll figure out how to deal with it eventually. Usually, the slave struggles and has the biggest learning curve, but being a good master is often a skill that needs to be learned too.

Well, this getting to know you stuff has been fun, but now there's only an hour or so before the start of the game.




I wish our little discussion didn't have to come to an end...

Punish me? I didn't even know there was a game you wanted to watch!

Hurry up and finish eating, so I can get you back to the house. I've still got a lot to do to get things ready there... And if I'm late, I'm going to have to punish you.





Don't be so sad, my sweet little slave.

It's not like I'm going to put you away for the night as soon as we get back.

You're not?

Of course not! I'm still going to need something to prop my feet on.

My face must have broken out in a spontaneous grin, because he gifted me with an infectious laugh that just made me grin all the harder.

Once we were back at the house, it didn't take long for Daniel to strip off my clothes and begin tying me up again. I suppose it would have been nice if he'd let me sit on the couch with him, even if I was bound, but (strangely) there was something about being bound again that made me feel safe and secure.


I've been around a lot of slaves... I've even trained a few, but I've never seen anyone take to the life as quickly as you. You really were born to be a slave.

Thank you, Master.

His words made me feel proud. I wasn't sure if I liked having my waist bound so tightly again. I could feel my stomach and other organs squishing around inside me. Not my typical idea of fun, but it did place an unusual pressure on my bladder, and internal sexual parts. This always seemed to give me an intense orgasm, with a unique feel. Still, It might have been nice if he gave my middle a little more time to recuperate in between times.

But I'm a slave, now. things like that are not for me to say.





Um, um, um...
you suffer so prettily. Including
those sweet little suffering sounds you make.
But I can't have you making noises during the game.
I'm not going to gag you...unless I have to. But
if I have to, I'm going to be very displeased
with you and I will punish
you severely.

Ahh!

He used the couch to help force my back to bend as he threaded lengths of rope through the rings of my cuffs.

Once my wrists and ankles were connected by short lengths of rope, he flipped me over and set me down on my back.

My my... look at that nasty little cunt of yours... it's dripping like a faucet already. And here, I was going to give you a dildo to help keep you entertained, but obviously you don't need my help. In fact, I think I better give you a crotch rope instead. Otherwise, my poor carpet is likely to be soaked before the game is over.

Now, my sweet thing, you may want to bend your head back and use it as the third leg of your tripod. Otherwise, all of your weight is going to be supported by that eager, little, albino-beaver of yours.



Perfect timing!
The game is just about
to start.



Daniel certainly seemed to enjoy the game... even if I didn't. My position turned out to be a rather strenuous one, once he was finished with me. My elbows were bound together, until they were basically touching. As were my ankles. Then, the crotch rope forced me to arch my back to an uncomfortable level, until just the top of my head and the balls of my feet were actually touching the ground. I could reduce the pressure on my cunt by pushing my hips forward, but then my body tended to become unstable, rocking to the left or right precariously... that is until he stabilized my position by propping his feet onto my chest.

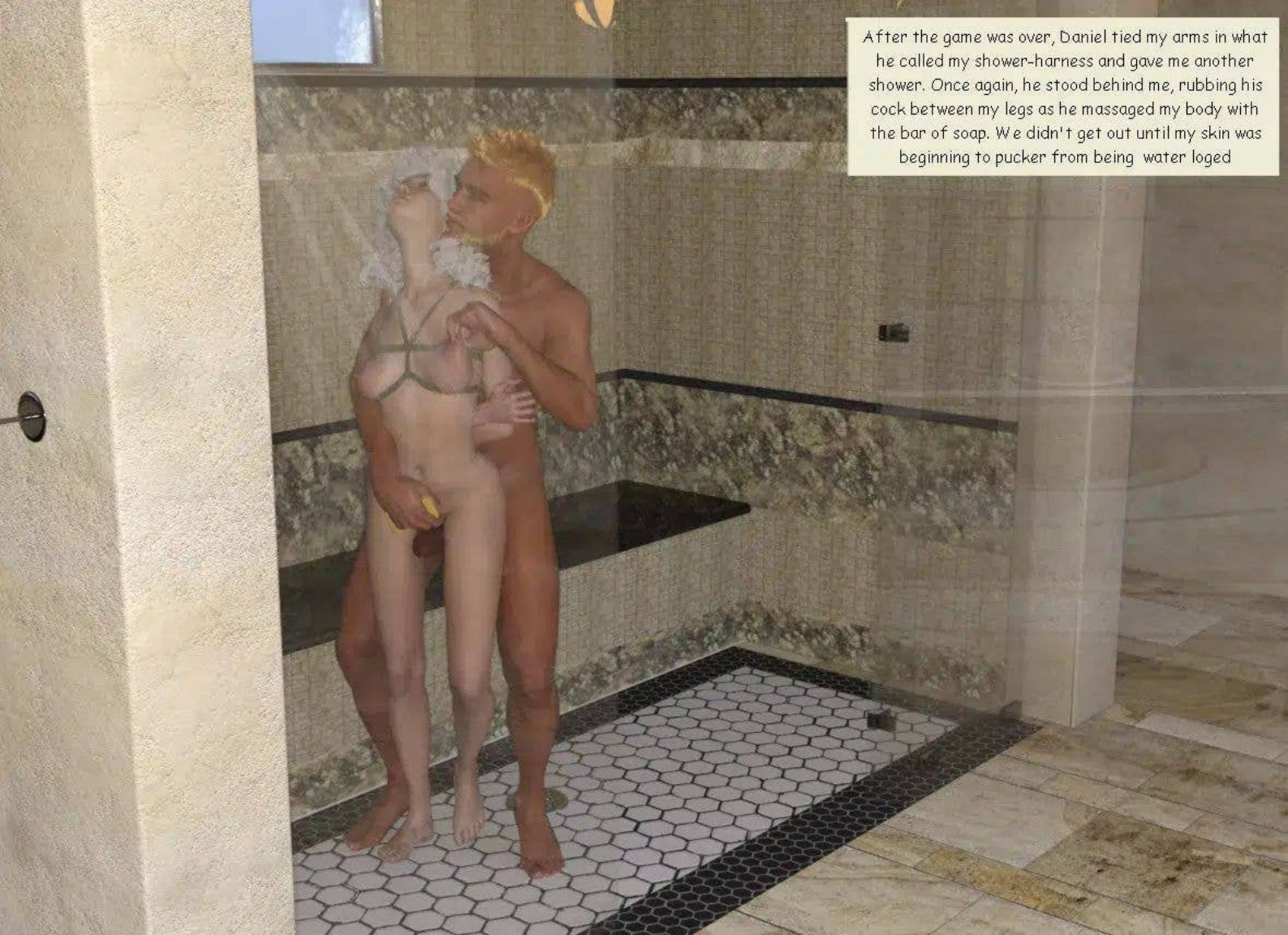
As I lay under his feet (literally) I was filled with conflicting feelings. I'd enjoyed the picnic and the freedom that came with it, but there was something about being bound again that felt like... coming home. I have no idea how I could feel both things at the same time. All I knew was that the ropes digging into my flesh felt right.


Being helpless, felt a lot like freedom. I was freed from the responsibility of thinking responsibly. I didn't have to think about anything... not even my own emotions. I was free to just feel what I was feeling. My master and his ropes made all my decisions for me.



Ironically, I'd never been one for watching football... And now I wasn't in a very good position to watch the game anyway. The rope between my legs seemed to cut into the delicate flesh between my legs as I gave my back a little rest. Already it was feeling over taxed and I was pretty sure it wouldn't be long before the rope was supporting my weight full time. Something told me this was going to be a very long game.

After the game was over, Daniel tied my arms in what he called my shower-harness and gave me another shower. Once again, he stood behind me, rubbing his cock between my legs as he massaged my body with the bar of soap. We didn't get out until my skin was beginning to pucker from being water logged



An overhead view of a man with short blonde hair and a beard, wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt and dark pants, kneeling on a light-colored stone tile floor. He is adjusting a black gag device in the mouth of a woman. The woman is wearing a red one-piece swimsuit and a white curly wig. She is standing on the same tile floor. A black strap with a buckle lies on the floor near her feet. The background shows a shower area with a black hexagonal tile drain.


This penis gag is fat enough to keep your jaws from tightening up again... But not so deep that it will impede your breathing.

After the shower, he made me stand there watching him (as I dripped) while he pulled on his clothes. He smiled smugly, amused by my irritation, which I tried unsuccessfully to hid. Then he quickly dried me off with a towel and began to dress me again, if you can call it that. He put another leather arm harness on me. It was just like the one I'd worn during the picnic, but this one was red instead of black. Apparently, it seemed, he planned to have me wear this sort of thing fairly often. Then he stuffed my mouth with the penis-part of a panel gag.

Next he help up a chastity belt that clearly wasn't designed to keep me very chaste. It had a built in dildo and a plug for my ass. Neither was massive, but there was a button on the bottom that made them buzz softly when Daniel pushed it. I could feel the cloth moving as it brushed against my leg.

A man with blonde hair, wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt and dark pants, is kneeling on a light-colored tiled floor. He is adjusting a black chastity belt on the back of a woman. The woman has short, curly white hair and is wearing a red, long-sleeved, open-front top. She is standing with her back to the camera. A speech bubble points from the man to the belt.

Good girl! Now step into it with the other leg.

A man with blonde hair, wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt and dark pants, is kneeling on a light-colored tiled floor. He is adjusting a black chastity belt on the front of a woman. The woman has short, curly white hair and is wearing a red, long-sleeved, open-front top. She is standing with her back to the camera. A speech bubble points from the man to the belt.

Ummm

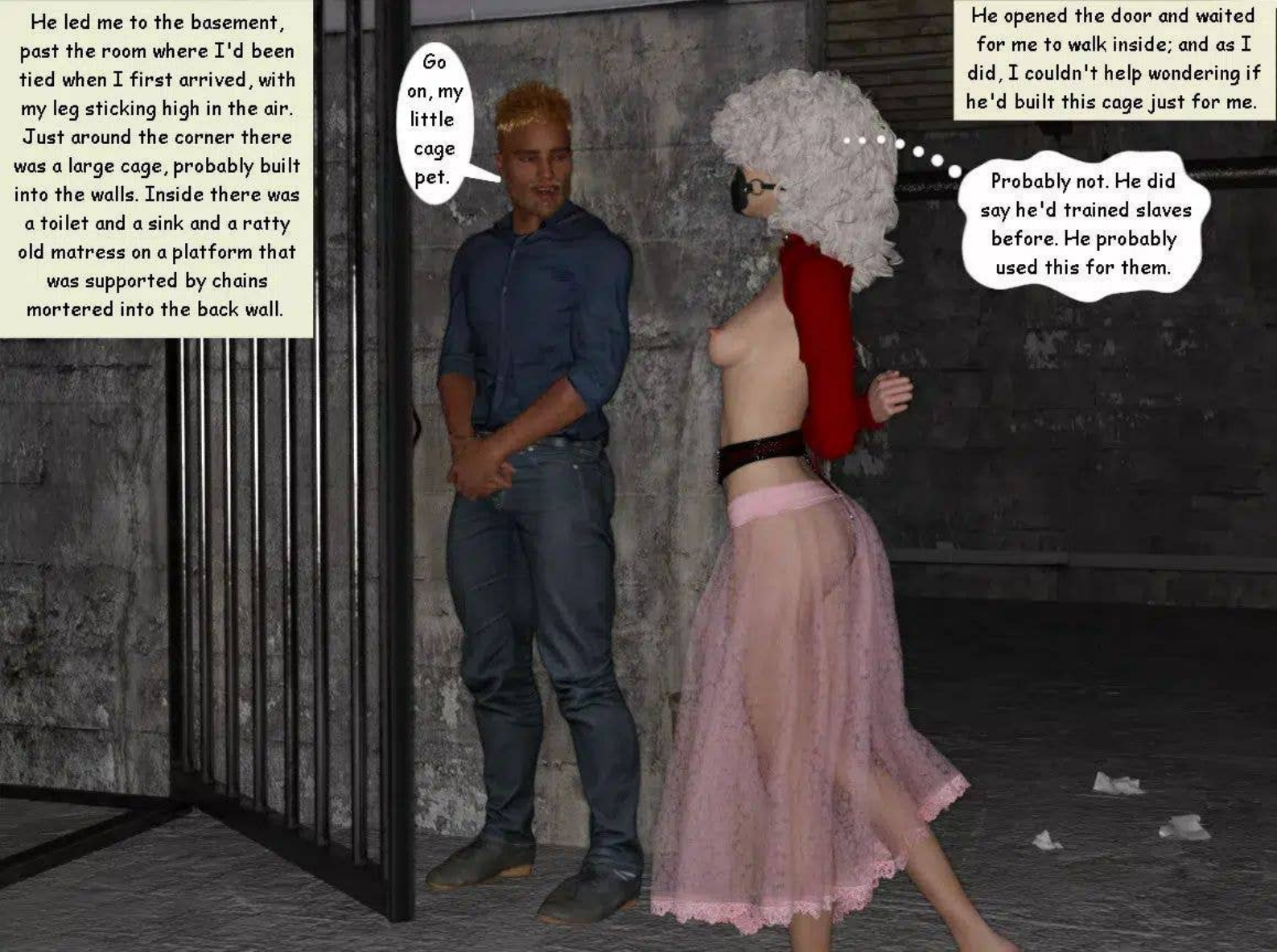
Now... we'll just push these little vibrating things inside you and lock your belt in place. You'll have to tell me, next time I see you, whether or not you can feel them bumping against each other through your membrane walls.

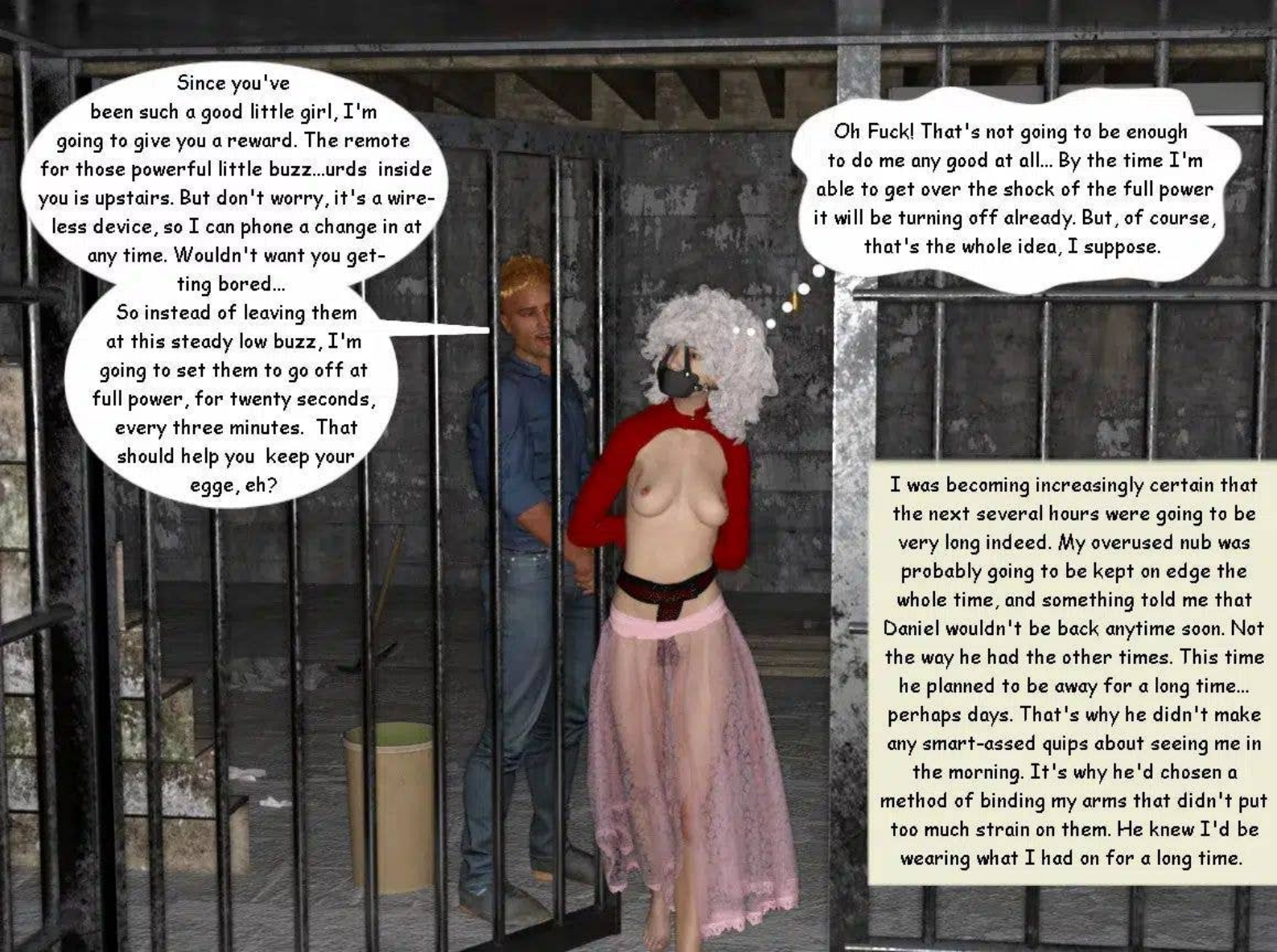
He led me to the basement, past the room where I'd been tied when I first arrived, with my leg sticking high in the air. Just around the corner there was a large cage, probably built into the walls. Inside there was a toilet and a sink and a ratty old mattress on a platform that was supported by chains mortared into the back wall.

Go on, my little cage pet.

He opened the door and waited for me to walk inside; and as I did, I couldn't help wondering if he'd built this cage just for me.

Probably not. He did say he'd trained slaves before. He probably used this for them.



A woman with white curly hair, wearing a red long-sleeved top and a pink lace skirt, stands in a prison cell. She has a black mask covering her eyes. A man in a blue shirt and jeans stands behind her, looking towards her. The cell has metal bars and a trash can is visible on the floor.

Since you've been such a good little girl, I'm going to give you a reward. The remote for those powerful little buzz...urds inside you is upstairs. But don't worry, it's a wireless device, so I can phone a change in at any time. Wouldn't want you getting bored...

So instead of leaving them at this steady low buzz, I'm going to set them to go off at full power, for twenty seconds, every three minutes. That should help you keep your eggs, eh?

Oh Fuck! That's not going to be enough to do me any good at all... By the time I'm able to get over the shock of the full power it will be turning off already. But, of course, that's the whole idea, I suppose.

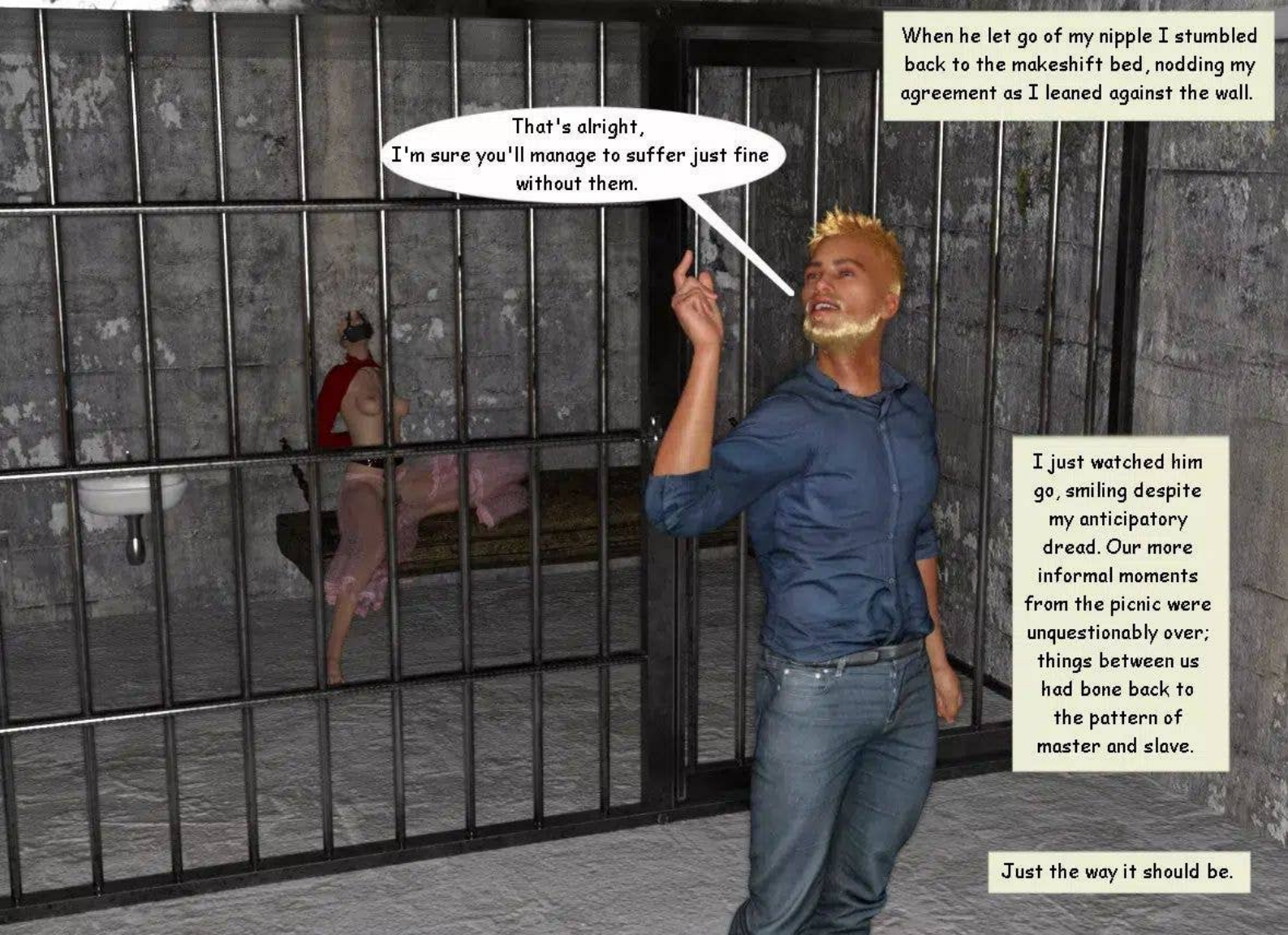
I was becoming increasingly certain that the next several hours were going to be very long indeed. My overused nub was probably going to be kept on edge the whole time, and something told me that Daniel wouldn't be back anytime soon. Not the way he had the other times. This time he planned to be away for a long time... perhaps days. That's why he didn't make any smart-assed quips about seeing me in the morning. It's why he'd chosen a method of binding my arms that didn't put too much strain on them. He knew I'd be wearing what I had on for a long time.

Daniel gave my nipple a long, hard parting-twist. I could feel the traitorous thing hardening beneath his touch, whic amused him.

MMMMMM

There you go...
You're already getting in the mood, aren't you? You're such a sweet little slut. It almost makes me want to put some nipple clamps on these cute little nubs... but, maybe next time.

The fact that he didn't go and get the nipple clamps seemed to confirm my earlier fear that this wouldn't be another short-term parting. He didn't use them because he knew he'd be gone for too long for it to be safe.



When he let go of my nipple I stumbled back to the makeshift bed, nodding my agreement as I leaned against the wall.

That's alright,
I'm sure you'll manage to suffer just fine without them.

I just watched him go, smiling despite my anticipatory dread. Our more informal moments from the picnic were unquestionably over; things between us had gone back to the pattern of master and slave.

Just the way it should be.

The next several hours seemed very long. I spent most of my time trying to sleep, without much success. The rest of the time I spent pacing the floor of my cell. All it contained was a bed, a wash basin (which I couldn't use) and a toilet, (which I also couldn't use). Slowly, the pressure was building in my bladder again, and although Daniel had given me water from time to time, it wasn't enough. I was thirsty and sleepy and generally miserable. I had no idea what time it was or how much had passed. Sometimes I wondered if being able to watch the hours slowly ticking by would have made things better or worse. I still wouldn't know if it was day or night.



Much of my time was spend replaying the past several hours over and over in my head; reliving every touch and every orgasm as best I could. All the pains and pleasures came back to me, but only as hollow echoes. Still, I picked at each remembered moment the way a vulture picks at a carcass. Occasionally, I occupied myself by doing stretches or deep knee bends. It made the probes inside me press against my innards in ways that were not unpleasant, but not all toegther satisfying either. So, I'd go back to my endless pacing. Dancing awkwardly for a few seconds each time the probes began to buzz.



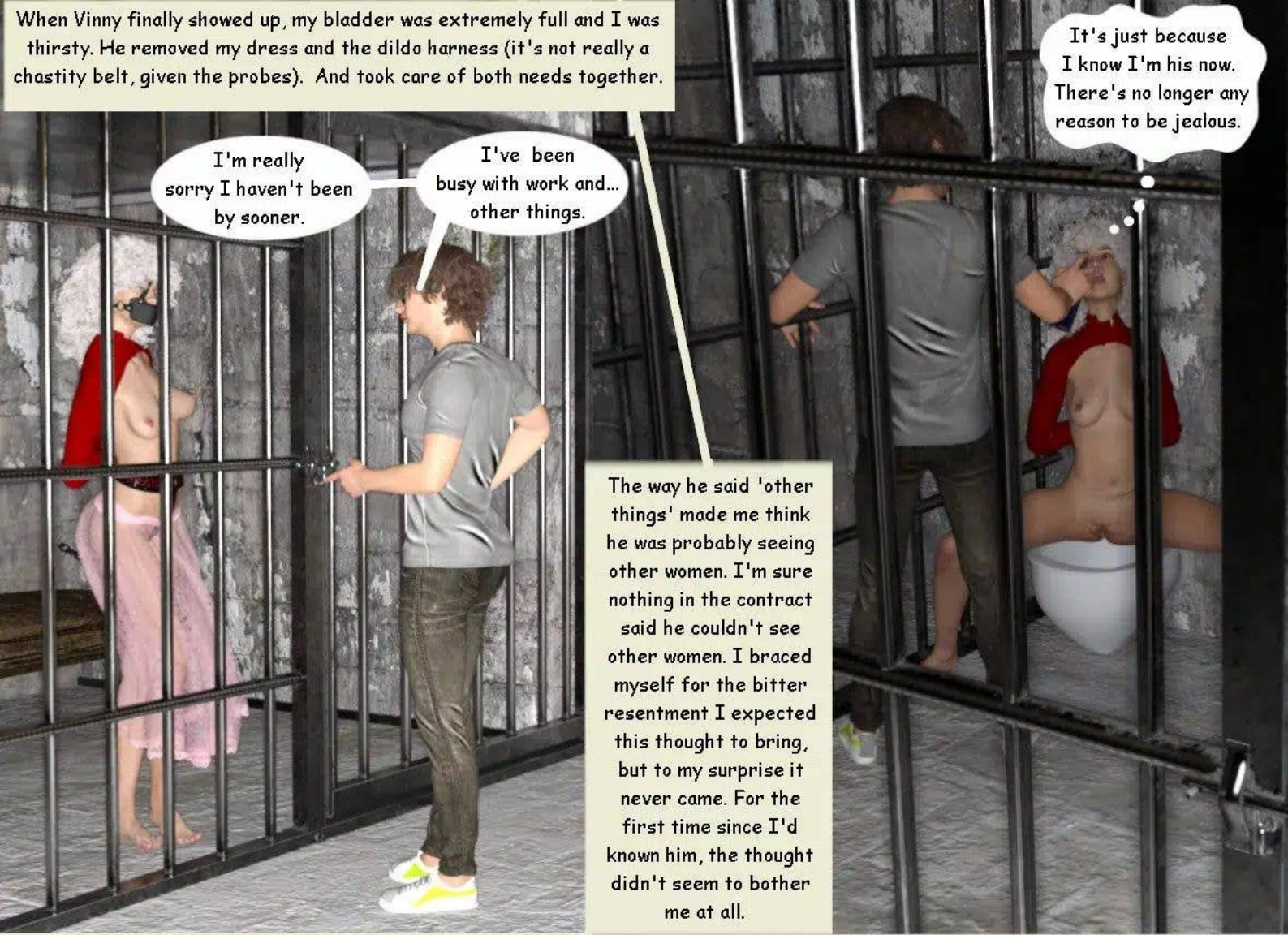
When Vinny finally showed up, my bladder was extremely full and I was thirsty. He removed my dress and the dildo harness (it's not really a chastity belt, given the probes). And took care of both needs together.

I'm really sorry I haven't been by sooner.

I've been busy with work and... other things.

It's just because I know I'm his now. There's no longer any reason to be jealous.

The way he said 'other things' made me think he was probably seeing other women. I'm sure nothing in the contract said he couldn't see other women. I braced myself for the bitter resentment I expected this thought to bring, but to my surprise it never came. For the first time since I'd known him, the thought didn't seem to bother me at all.



When he was done feeding and watering me, Vinny put me back in the chastity belt and see-through dress I'd been wearing, then he led me out to his truck and helped me get in before buckling me in place.



When we got to his house, I noticed a number of changes and began to suspect that I'd misjudged my master. The 'other things' hadn't been other women at all. I felt guilty, realizing that I'd been ready to believe the worst of him, when he'd really spent all this time getting his house ready for me to move in.

Would you like more to drink, master?

Why, yes I would. Thank you, Beth.



For the next several weeks, I spent my days cooking and cleaning for Vinny. When he'd let me, I woke him in the morning by sucking his cock. I served his meals and played three dimensional sex games, while I waited for him to come home from work. He liked me to wear a maid's uniform. He provided several options, and I usually chose the bit's and peices that left me the most exposed. I enjoyed wearing such things... except perhaps when I was frying his eggs in the morning and the popping grease tended to jump out and bite me occasionally.



At night, I usually slept at the foot of Vinny's bed... unless we had sex. Then he'd let me sleep beside him. But as the weeks wore on, it seemed that we were having sex less and less often. He never forced me to have sex with him when I was bound and helpless. And we almost never had a punishment session. I was a good little slave and he was the per-fect, loving master.



Sometimes, I would bind myself for Vinny. Usually, it was just something simple, like a pair of handcuffs that I could click onto my wrists as I held them behind my back. Then I'd sit at the door, waiting for him to come home. Like one of those pets that know when their master is coming home and will wait eagerly by the door. I imagined what it might be like if Vinny put me in one of those pet suits that forced me to walk around on my elbows and knees. But he never did anything like that.

During those days, I thought a lot about harem slaves. They were pampered. Their lords were wealthy and they kept their wives in the lap of luxury: wearing the finest clothes that money could buy; eating the finest foods that money could purchase. But, if there were dozens of women and only one man, they must have spent most of their lives bored out of their minds.



When he was home, I kept myself busy, always trying to keep myself (more or less) in front of him, so he could see me working. That is when I wasn't actively trying to throw myself at him. When he bothered to say anything, he would explain his lack of interest in me by saying that he was just worn out from working too much. But I didn't buy it! He seemed to want sex as much as I did. Sometimes, I caught him looking at me wistfully. I think he may have felt guilty about keeping me as a slave. Not having sex (or playing with me) was his way of coping.



Each day, it became a little more difficult to tease him into using his ropes or even coax his cock out of his trousers. And each day, I felt a little less like trying.

I didn't see Daniel again for nearly two months. Answering the door had become one of my main duties, so I was the first to see and greet him. And it wasn't much of a surprise to me that his visit made me unusually happy.

It's been quite a while since we've seen you! So, where the hell has my master-two been?

Obviously not here, disciplining you... or you'd surely have better manners when you answer the door.

Despite his criticism of my lax behavior, he was obviously admiring my cheerleader outfit. Vinny hated the Dallas Cowboys, but it was the first one I came across when I was looking for something to wear during the game, so I ordered it. I have to admit I was hoping it would make Vinny mad enough to discipline me, but he just looked at it and rolled his eyes.



I'm sorry, Master... I guess I'm out of practice. Vinny barely treats me like I'm a slave at all.

I'm sorry to hear that.

I'm afraid my job forces me to travel. Sometimes I'm gone for as many as six to eight weeks.

That's a long time for a slave to be on her own. Plenty of time to develop some really bad habits.

Hrrm!



I remembered how much of an ass man Daniel was, so I have him a little show as I led him into the house, swaying my ass about as much as I could without dislocating my hip.

But when he does return, that just give him that much more to discipline her for.

He just nodded (trying not to grin, I think) at the wisdom of my logic.

Vinny was in the basement entertainment room. Lately, on weekends, he'd been spending a lot of time on the couch there. He was a big football fan and like to watch as many games as he could. When we were dating, I'd just thought he was religious and reserved Sunday for going to church. But now that I was with him 24-7 I'd figured it out, he was a football fanatic. That's why I wanted to buy a cheer-leader's uniform for him. I wanted to be his cheering squad, on the side. So, I knew he was going to watch the game and even that he had invited someone over... but I hadn't known it would be Daniel. Now, I wished I'd thrown together something special, instead of just a bag of chips.



All the way into the basement, I was feeling strangely warm and giddy. I would swear, I could feel Daniel's eyes, like a physical presence. A warm, embracing presence that made me feel good.



When the greetings were over and both of them were sitting on the couch, I gave them a little pose and posed a question of my own.

Are you boys sure this coffee table isn't a wee bit too hard for your tastes?

I gave Daniel a smug wink. Like me, he was obviously remembering another game that we'd watched together.

Quit being silly, beth.





Can I get you anything?

Maybe you'd like me to massage your feet... or, I could suck your cock.

Stop it, Beth. Why don't you just... go to your corner, Beth. Stop being such a nuisance and let us watch the game.

I'm sorry, Master.

I backed away, looking at Daniel to see how he would respond to my attempts and Vinny's rebuke. He frowned as he looked at me thoughtfully, but I couldn't tell if he was feeling sympathetic or disappointed in me. I knew a good slave didn't behave that way... but his eyes gave nothing away.



I'll leave you boys to watch your game then.

While the boys watched the game, I went up to Vinny's room, found some of his toys and began to play with myself. I needed some time to do some serious thinking. And this sort of thing always helped me relax; it clarified my mind. I knew it was time to make the hard decision that had been building inside me for a long time, perhaps ever since that first moment when I expected to see Vinny and instead, Daniel opened the door. Daniel was the one I wanted to serve. He was the one that made me happy to suffer for him. He was the one who not only knew how to treat me like a slave, but also how to make me feel like I was beautiful and have value, even while doing so. Vinny made me feel ugly and worthless, even though he refused to treat me that way. I wasn't sure if Daniel would want me. Perhaps that's why it had taken me so long to come to this decision--but whether he would take me or not, it was time to move on. I couldn't help remembering that dado song I'd been listening to that day when Vinny came to my door with the contract and offered to make me his slave.

A good slave can't do justice to two masters... And in my heart, Daniel is my true master.

I will go down with this ship
And I won't put my hand up and surrender
There will be no white flag above my door
I'm in love and always will be.

Apparently, I'd been wrong. I'd thought the words of that song were true for me; that I'd always love Vinny and nothing could make me stop. But I'd been right about something else. I'd known as I listened to the song so much that one day I'd get burned out on it... and I'd never want to listen to it again, when I was finally done with it. And now, the time had come when I'd had enough of Vinny's song. I'd saturated myself in his melody, and I didn't want to listen to it ever again.

If Daniel didn't want me, or if he was worried that he might lose Vinny as a friend if he took me as a slave, then I'd find a new master. I wasn't finished with that melody. In fact, that one was just getting started.

BRACHYPTERON

Later, when the game was over and Daniel was getting ready to leave, I cleared my throat to get their attention.

I have something to tell the two of you.

I've decided to end my slave contract with Vinny.

Vinny seemed more surprised by this news than Daniel but, unexpectedly, Vinny was the one who was smiling. He jumped up as if a great weight had suddenly been lifted off his shoulders and took me into his arms.

Ah, baby, this is great.

Things will be so much better now... you'll see. I never really wanted you to be my slave... I just... I didn't appreciate how deep your love for me really was or how worthy you were of mine. But I do now. I love you Beth, and honestly I'm just so happy we can finally go back to the way things were before all of this nonsense began. You can't imagine how hard it's been, trying to treat you like a slave.

I'm sorry, Vinny, you don't understand... I'm voiding the contract because I'm leaving you. I don't intend to give up being a slave. You showed me that part of who I am and I'll always be grateful to you for that, but...

What?
But... things can be perfect now, Beth. Better than ever.

I'm sorry, Vinny. You're a good man, but...

Why? What did I do that was so wrong? Even when you were a slave I never mistreated you.

It felt like I was hearing my own words being thrown back at me; and it was both sad and a little satisfying at the same time.

Now you know how I felt once.

That was the satisfaction part--and even though I knew how petty it was, I couldn't help it.



On the other hand, I knew how he must feel... and for that I was sorry. But just like him, I couldn't force myself to feel things I didn't any more.

I thought you already did that?

Why not?

And I remember that feeling too.

I... No, of course I didn't actually **send** them!

You can't break up with me... I'll... I'll...

I'll send the videos we took of you to your family and friends!



I knew you didn't really want me to. Beth, I loved you even then... I just didn't realize it yet.

No you didn't! You threatened me with the pictures because you were trying to get rid of me. You were hoping, all along, that I'd back out and leave you alone. Well now I'm finally doing just that.

No, no, no!
Okay, maybe I didn't love you then, but... but I do now. Over these last few weeks I've come to realize what I have in you and I...

Oh really? If that's true then why have you been so... Vinny, trying to get into your pants these past few days has been harder than trying to break into Ft. Knox.



I just shook my head at the irony of it all. More than anything, he reminded me of a dog desperately wagging its tail when it knows his master is angry. I didn't despise him for that... I'd been that dog myself not that long ago. Still, it was sad. I'd suddenly become the dominant one in our relationship, and I didn't want that. I didn't want someone to pamper me.

I didn't want to do that to you when I knew you had no choice... I've been thinking about how I could bring up the subject of voiding your contract... not because I still wanted us to break up! I've wanted things to go back to the way they were for weeks now...

Did it ever occur to you, Vinny, that I might actually want you to post those pictures? I suppose not... and I can't really blame you. I didn't even realize it myself at first. The idea of my parents seeing what you were doing to me was terrifying and humiliating... but, at the same time, my body was... exploding with the most intense feelings I've ever had.

Vinny clearly didn't understand. He just looked at me as if I were a crazy person.

It's like there's a connection between the blood flowing to my face and the warm sexual feelings that fill my clit. And I love the way that feels.



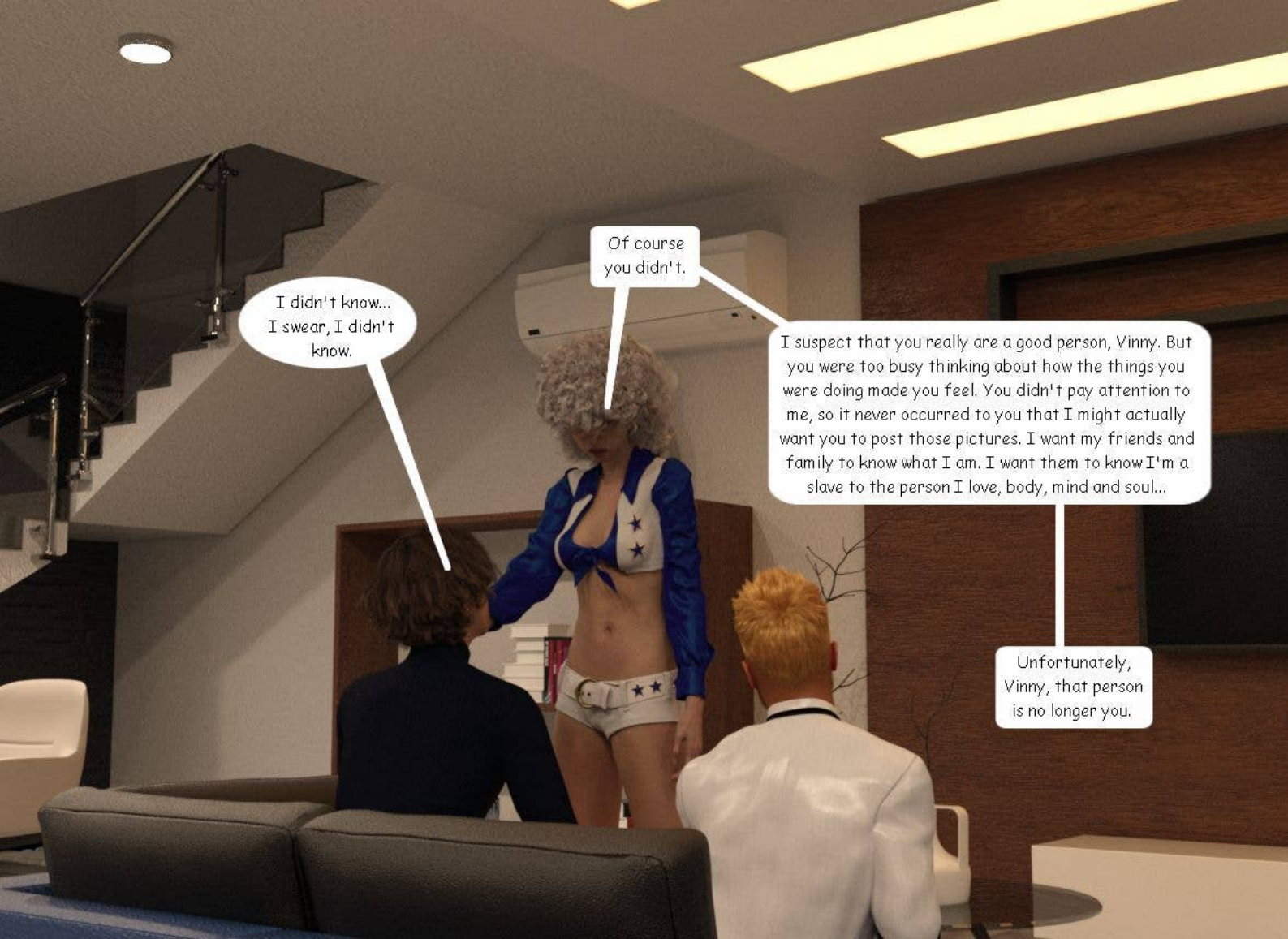
Tight and throbbing. He, he... It's like I can literally feel my sex bouncing and despite the pain and humiliation--or perhaps because of it--it... it feels amazing.

I'm filled with this amazing feeling of euphoria.

And how does that feel?

The more pain there is, the more pleasure... It's like having to stand on your feet all day. Your feet hurt so much and yet, when you finally take off your shoes...





I didn't know...
I swear, I didn't
know.

Of course
you didn't.

I suspect that you really are a good person, Vinny. But you were too busy thinking about how the things you were doing made you feel. You didn't pay attention to me, so it never occurred to you that I might actually want you to post those pictures. I want my friends and family to know what I am. I want them to know I'm a slave to the person I love, body, mind and soul...

Unfortunately,
Vinny, that person
is no longer you.



Once again, I was in glorious pain. More than three months had passed since I told Vinny I didn't want to be his slave and nearly two-and-a-half of those months had been spent trying to convince Daniel to take me on as his slave. It didn't take long to find a potential master on one of the local hook-up sites. But I wasn't interested in a long-term contract--which weeded out most of the more desirable candidates. Anyone with a lot of money or experience could find a permanent slave. The market was full of young girls looking for a ten or fifteen year contract. They'd make their money and put it into an investment and basically retire. Not exactly wealthy, of course, but (if they were smart about it) they'd have enough to take care of them when they were too old to be a slave any more. Being a slave was typically a young woman's game. Just as being a master--at least the kind that could afford the contract of a young and attractive slave--was usually a middle aged to older man's game. By then, the men were established in their careers and had made their money. Now it was time to live it up a little and splurge on a cute young thing. I fit the bill on the cute and young parts of the equation... but I wasn't willing to give up on Daniel just yet.

When I couldn't find a private master to take me for a few weeks, I'd sign into one of those try-before-you-sign places where tops and bottoms experiment with their compatibility. It didn't pay the girls much--their pay off was finding their dream master and a long-term contract. But it did provide a place to sleep at night. I'd lost my apartment when I became Vinny's slave, so I needed a place to to sleep, and wash up, if I didn't want to sleep on the streets.



They didn't provide food or enough to buy food, however, so I was forced to get a day job. I could have looked for a regular job--but most of those want you to sign a legal commitment form, so they can rope you in for a minimum of 6 months and I didn't want that. What if Daniel finally came around? I wanted to keep my options open. So instead, I got a part time job working as one of those vendo-girls. Four hour shifts: hard work for shit pay. But since I didn't need to pay for rent, I didn't need a lot. Just enough to pay for some food and clothes and bus fare to get back and forth. It did give me a much greater appreciation for the poor girls who are vendo-slaves. They work a full 8 hour shift, day after day. I just worked when I needed the money, which was as infrequently as possible. If Daniel didn't pan out after a few more months, I'd have to make plans for my future. This short break had shown me the need to have a better contract the next time I became a long-term slave. Unless I could earn enough for a bio-morph, I'd need to earn enough to take care of me for the rest of my life over the next fifteen to twenty years at most. Since full-time slave didn't have any expenses, twenty or thirty thousand a year could add up to a tidy sum when the contract finally came to an end.



From time to time, Daniel paid to come see me at the Try-Before-You-Buy-Slut-Emporium... which was basically just a whorehouse. My consent sheet stated that I was only to be used for bondage purposes, but when you're securely bound the guys can do pretty much whatever they want with you. Anyway, this wasn't the first time that Daniel had come to visit me, but I was getting desperate and so I'd pulled out all the stops... and, by the time he arrived, I was beginning to think that I might have gone just a tad too far in my zeal to impress him.



Heilhi

Well, well, well... what do we have here?



I'd given the tie-man explicit instructions on how to bind me, but I hadn't told him to give me a gag or put a dildo up my ass. Unfortunately, such excesses were not uncommon. His tips were directlyl dependent on how happy my Temporary master was with me.



And here I thought you invited me here for another discussion.



Chan yeh iht eh eown.

Get you down? Why would I want to do that?



Cum for me!

Ahhhhhgh!

That's it, good girl. Keep it cumming; keep it cumming.



I don't think you need to, master. Vinny can still come see me any time he wants. I'll even treat him as a second master, you you want, the same way I did you. I think I always thought of you as my true master, even when I was still in love with Vinny.

I just want to make it known officially that I belong to you and not him. I need to be a slave, but I want to belong to the one I love... and that's you.

I really do want to be your master... I'm just not willing to give up my friendship with Vinny to do it.



and I'm not willing to sign all my rights away, without receiving any compensation... even if it is for you.

You know... maybe if Vinny is mad at me... maybe he'll be a better master. The reason we didn't work out is because he's just... too nice a guy.

Just so you know, I'm not willing to sign another one of those void-me-at-any-time contracts. If you want to belong to me then it will have to be a long-term, iron clad deal.

Good for you.

Unlike me, I suppose? He, he.



Look at what you're doing to me right now. There's no way Vinny could make me suffer

Of course I do, but...

So don't tell him... Invite him to your house. Hire me as your entertainment... your slave for a day. I can wear a mask so he doesn't know it's me and you can explain that it's therapy. Tell him it's to let him get all his frustrations out by beating on someone who looks like me. Then, when you're both done, you can remove the mask and reveal that it's really me.

You love it!

I don't know... Vinny will barely talk to me as it is, just because I came to see you.

So, that's what we did.



Daniel had me all ready when Vinny arrived. Waiting on the beam was the hardest part. Daniel chose a particularly difficult pose. I worried that Vinny's kind heart wouldn't let him hit me while I was tied like this, even if he didn't know it was me. But, apparently he's got a lot of bottled up anger inside him now. It feels good to let him get it out. And Daniel seems know how to hit my pussy right in the spot that makes it hurt the worst. I'm glowing with the pleasure of my pain, so much that it's hard to worry about what will happen when Daniel removes my mask. It seems like they've been beating me for hours. Slaves are such good therapy.

Take that, you fucking bitch!

I told you this would be great therapy. Find a girl who looks a bit like Beth, then do a quick little make-over (to make her look even more like her... and then beat the crap out of her... until all your frustrations just melt away. That's it. Let it all out.

It's not good for you to keep all that anger bottled up inside.

UMMMMMPH!

SWACK

SWACK



My painful bliss went on and on.

UMMMMPH

I think I did a damn good job picking out a look alike, don't you?

Yeah... the hair looks just like her.

Ah hell, man! The hair was the easy part.

Just took a quick perm and a little hair color.

Each stroke, I was certain, bringing me closer and closer to my goal.

I could get used to this... except, I think I'll need to exercise a bit. My arm's getting tired.

It may not seem like much, but being a good master actually takes some effort.

I can train for this.

UMMMMPH

And not just physical. It's something you have to work at and train for. If you want to be good.



There, now that we've got her nice and warmed up, I think it's about time to use your toy for the other thing that slaves are good for.

Easy there, girl. You don't want to sit up too far, or you could do some internal damage there. Just relax and lay back on my arm. Vinny? You want to give me a hand here?

There now, just lift her up slightly as we slide her back. Don't want to take any chances of giving her a sliver in the ass. the board was sanded, but why take a chance.




My heart was beating like a Jack-hammer as I knelt in front of Vinny and Daniel prepared to remove my mask. Everything depended on what happened next. I thought it was probably a good thing that Vinny had gotten so into beathing me with his strap, but that didn't guarantee his response. And my future happiness depended on him accepting me.

Good girl, I'm just going to release your hands so you can work on my friends cock. Be a good little slave and do a good job for me.

Let's free up that mouth of yours and see if you can take cock as well as you take a strap.





What the fuck!
I knew you looked too
familiar.

Vinny stood his ground, but he was
frowning as he looked down at me,
and I knew that I had a very short
window of opportunity. I had to win
him over and I had to do it now.

Sorry
for the de-
ception, my friend,
but your ex- has
something she wants
to say to you... and I
think it may be
worth listen-
ing to.

Vinny! I'm really sorry
I hurt you. That was
never my intent.
Whether he'll have
me or not, my heart
belongs to Daniel now.

But you know that he takes those long trips...
And when he's gone, I'll need a second-master
to give me what I need. You can be that
master, if you want to be. And I promise that
I'll try to be the best slave that I can be.

There was a clear sense of desperation, as I groveled at his feet, begging him not to reject me. But I didn't care. I was willing to do whatever it took to make the butterflies in my stomach stop fluttering.

What the ...

Don't fight it, my friend. You've got a girl at your feet, willing to do anything you want.

Surely you've got a few fantasies you've always wanted to try? While I'm gone, she's all yours. Make her a pony-girl, if you want. Turn her into your own little pet.

The sky is the limit, my friend... Or, perhaps more accurately, plumb the depths of your heart, because there are no limits.

Please, Master! Let me show you that I can make you happy!



Fine...
I guess you can... suck
my cock.

Damn! Isn't she
something? How could
you possibly give up that
velvety mouth

As soon as he gave me the
command I eagerly took
him into my mouth. He'd
shown me some mercy,
but I still felt an urgency
to prove to him that he'd
made the right choice.

Thank you, master! Thank
you, thank you, thank you!






That's my good little slut...

Put your arms behind your back, slave. Show him how submissive you are.

You always were pretty good with your mouth, but I think you've learned a few things.

Thank you Vinny! Thank you. I'll never forget that you gave Daniel back to me.

Ummm!



I suppose if she's willing to give me this, I can live with her not legally belonging to me. I mean, that was probably the part I didn't like the most anyway, so... Hel Besides, if I ever feel irritatd by the fact that she's not mine, I can always tie her up and beat her for a while.

And the sweetest part is that, knowing her, she'll probably thank you for it and ask for more.

I did my best to not choke, while creating an interesting pressure for him with my mouth. As usual, the deeper he went the harder that task became, but I tried. I'd been practicing my technique during my weeks on my own, and hearing their praise made all the effort worth while. The back of my throat was tingling with pleasure and even when my body finally betrayed me and I could no longer suppress the little spasms of protest, I still kept my arms behind my back. I was figuratively bound and literally determined to be the best damn slave that a slut could be.

Epilog

It was a beautiful day, three weeks later, and Vinny was leading me down the isle. I was beginning to wonder if these bondage boots hadn't been a mistake. I still didn't have the knack of walking in them. My balance had never been my strongest asset. But fortunately, Vinny was there to lend a steady hand, and as long as I didn't stumble and fall on my face, being awkward and unbalanced just added to the feeling of being a completely helpless slave.



The Collaring Ceremony had been Daniels idea. "It will symbolize our long-term commitment to each other," he said when I told him I didn't need a ceremony to feel my commitment to him.

It's kind of sweet though. Daniel likes to act tough and put on a show... and at times he can certainly be cruel. As he says, he likes to be cruel... to be kind. And I can't argue with him there. But underneath it all, I think he's really just a big softie. He spent the three weeks making sure that our contract was solid and good for the both of us. It runs for five years, after which each of us has to renew, if we want to extend it. "That will keep it fresh," he said. "Knowing that it isn't a sure thing... that we'll have to keep working at it, if we want to keep the other happy enough not to walk away." I think that was mostly for me. So was the massive lump sums that go into my account at the end of each five year period. I won't struggle for money in my old age, but hopefully I will never need it. I think of it more like a savings account for my master, in case his finances ever go bad... The money will be there for him.



I told Daniel the decorations were a waste of money; that I didn't need them, especially since my family had refused to come. Sending out the invitations was my idea, but my parents didn't even bother to respond. "It doesn't matter," Daniel said. "The decorations are for us, anyway." So, here we stand, out in the middle of nowhere, with the slightly cool breeze teasing my nipples and the weights hanging from my labia tinkling like wind chimes. The representative from the Slave Bureau keeps looking at me out of the corner of his eye, so I must look good for my master. Like me, he's wearing white and so is the representative. If his dress was black, he'd look more like a monk than someone who works for the government.

As an official representative of the government, it is hereby my duty to bind these two together in a union of slave and master. If the slave consents to this voluntary union, please indicate by nodding your head.



Very well then, by the power invested in me by the governor of this fine state, I now pronounce you master and slave... As a slave, it is your duty to obey the commands of your master. Short of killing, or maiming... or violating any of the other restrictions set forth in your slave contract, you are now his to do with as he sees fit.

And, as her master, it is your duty to respect the trust that she (and the state) have placed in you. You are responsible for her well being, and legally mandated to provide adequate food and shelter to avoid physical harm. If at any time you become unable to provide this, you are legally bound to void your contract. This is the only reason that you can legally void the contract. If you understand and agree to this condition, indicate as much by collaring your slave.



With this collar,
I bind thee... body mind
and soul.

Te, he, he... It's not
the collar, Master.

As you have bound
me, with your slavelly grace
and charm.

With these nipple
clamps I symbolize the
union of pleasure and pain
that I promise always
to bring to you.

Ummmm

Very good!
You may now fuck
the slave.



As we walked back to our vehicle, which was waiting in the parking lot, and Daniel whispered the sweet promises and threats in my ear... I could almost feel Vinny's eyes on us. Something told me that he would always feel a gentle tug of nostalgia for what might have been. Still, I suspected that he'd have enough alone time with me (when Daniel was away on his business trips) that he'd be able to get his Slave Beth fix. He'd already proven that when he was feeling a bit depressed about it, he could take out his anger on me. That made me almost as happy as when Daniel did it.



Fuck you? He doesn't know us very well, does he? I'm not just going to fuck you, girl. I'm going to fuck you silly. He, he. When I get you home, I think I'll try out that new bondage frame I just purchased. And once you're all bound and helpless, I think I'll see how you like it when I use that new electrical probe on you. Then, after I've taken a bunch of photos of you suffering so prettily for me, I think I'll send your parents a photo sample from our 'honeymoon'. Bet your father will have wet dreams over that for months. He, he. And, if you're a good girl, I may invite your school friends over for a fuckfest.



Ummm! Promises, promises.