

RUNAWAY WIFE



POWERONE

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by Powerone

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CHAPTER 1

A Secret No one Knew

She finally heard the door closing—Jim was leaving for work. She lay back in the bed, relaxing now that he was no longer home. So began her morning ritual, Keri glancing at the clock, checking the time, waiting the mandatory one half hour it would take to assure that she would be completely alone. This was to make sure that Jim didn't forget something and sneak back into the house, catching Keri in her most intimate time. It wasn't really cheating on him, after all; it was only herself that excited her body to the fever pitch that finally gave her the sexual relief she needed each day.

She got out of bed, went to the bathroom, and caught a glimpse of her in the mirror as she went back into the bedroom. She looked good for thirty-two. *Thirty-two, had it been that long? Where had all the time gone?*

They had started out as a loving couple—or at least Keri thought Jim loved her. Over the years she began to doubt her own assumptions. She was smart, having graduated from college with a degree in Art History, while Jim moved on to law school. They had frequently seen each other while in college, dating on and off while he was in law school. Once he graduated and passed the bar exam, he began to take more of an interest in her. Keri just thought he had more time and was serious about a family, but she now thought it was because of her Father. Her Father, who ran the head of one of

the most prestigious law firms in the country, with the main office headquartered in New York, and small satellite office located in Denver. He had refused to let his family live in New York City, preferring to commute regularly from their home in Denver, Colorado. Keri suspected that Jim wanted to move up the corporate ladder at a rate quicker than what his abilities would normally allow, and what better way to do so than to marry the boss's daughter?

The wedding had been a grand affair by Denver standards, her Father happy that his only daughter was finally wed. He liked Jim and had welcomed him into the Denver office, even though that was not where Jim, who had higher aspirations, wanted to remain. That had been seven years ago. Their first year was a happy time, or at least Keri thought it was. Then came the 9/11 tragedy. On the West Coast, although it had been regarded as a terrible incident, the population remained somewhat distanced from the event because most people didn't know anyone personally affected by it. Not so with Keri. Her father's Law Office was located on the 85th floor of The World Trade Center. It was directly impacted by Flight 175, the plane having smashed through floors 78 to 85. It was the second tower to be struck, but the first to fall down. There were no survivors of her Father's law firm, her father and mother among the victims. It was one of those rare times that her father had convinced his wife to go to New York with him, her mother eager to do some shopping in the big city.

The firm never survived the disaster, which left the smaller Denver branch the only part remaining. Aside from the office itself, most of the talented lawyers that made the firm the

success it was perished as well in New York. It was less than six months before the Denver office was sold to another law office, Jim having been forced to go with the new firm, his chances for the big-time in law greatly diminished in Denver. Jim had changed after that, had become more moody and less attentive with Keri, almost as if he resented *her* for her parents' untimely death. It had been a far more difficult time for Keri, having to cope with the loss of both her parents and the realization that she was now more alone than she had ever been. Even her parent's wealth was dissipated by the disaster, their most valuable asset being the New York Office. With all the partners having perished in the disaster, there was nothing to sell and the clients were forced to move quickly to new representation. After the countless lawsuits were settled, Keri's final inheritance amounted to less than \$500,000. Jim had quickly purchased a home with the bulk of it, the rest salted away in some investment. It was last year that Keri had discovered, purely by accident, that Jim had purchased the home in his name only, which made her in turn believe that the remaining money was beyond her reach. Jim had found a calling in divorce law in Denver and he was good at husband asset protection.

Jim didn't allow Keri to work and kept her begging for money. Keri wasn't sure why he did that, but guessed that he liked to keep her beneath his thumb. And sex had been non-existent, at least for the last two years. While they slept in the same bed, he never made a move to have sex with her and Keri was too shy to do anything, even if she had the desire. She spent most of her day in masturbatory fantasy,

from the minute Jim left for the office, to the time he came home. Keri pulled herself from her musings and glanced at the clock, noting that the half-hour was up, sure that Jim was safely at work. She stood in front of the mirror, taking off the sexless men's pajamas she usually slept in, stripping until her naked body shone back in the full length mirror. So began her fantasy.

It hadn't started out as a fantasy, this imagined encounter she relived on a daily basis; in fact it had begun as more of a nightmare, keeping her sleepless for almost a year, forcing her to move back in with her parents, the only environment in which she felt safe. The incident had occurred over ten years ago, before she was married to Jim. She had moved out of her parents' house after graduating from college, having found a nice small one bedroom apartment downtown. She had always been very sexually conservative, having lost her virginity to a boy when she was nineteen. The loss of her innocence had taken place in the dark, Keri taken back when the boy had forced her to touch his cock. He had rolled her onto her back and Keri had felt shame as he spread her legs like a whore, his cock pounding in her virgin pussy until he came inside her, without a care for her own enjoyment. They had had sex only once more, the second coupling not much more enjoyable than the first. Keri supposed that disastrous encounter had inhibited her somewhat. Even after being married for seven years, she still refused to let Jim see her in the nude, not that he was ever interested any longer. And she didn't engage in oral sex. At least, she hadn't since that night.

* * * *

It had been a warm summer night ten years ago, Keri leaving the windows of the apartment open. She had slipped into bed, a bra and panties all that covered her lean twenty-two year-old body. She slept under the cool sheets, falling asleep quickly. She had always been a sound sleeper, not that it would have made a difference.

He had been planning this for weeks, ever since he had seen Keri tanning on the lounge chairs by the pool. He cleaned the pool once a week, arranging his schedule around Keri's, her tanning almost routine. Everything third day she would lay out for two hours from 10:00 A.M. to noon. Brad made sure that he caught her on his weekly visit. He had tried talking to her, although he never felt that his interest would be returned by the young beauty. After all, he was only the pool man—though he did catch her looking at him as he cleaned the pool in his tight bathing suit, his cock bulging out the front, Keri's bikini-clad body and the way the suntan lotion glistened on her bare flesh giving him a perpetual hard-on when she was around. She was cordial enough to him, but she always quickly ended any attempt at conversation. He wasn't good enough for her. He guessed her to be about 21, ten years younger than he was. The more he saw of her that summer, the more she rebuffed him, until Brad finally reached the breaking point in July. He had checked out her apartment when she was lying by the pool, having been able to make a copy of the master key that the landlord unwittingly left in his possession one day when Brad was talking to him. He had used the opportunity presented when

the landlord left him alone with the keys for a moment, to make a clay impression. The landlord had never suspected a thing when he came back. A friend had made the key, the \$300.00 Brad had paid him enough to gain his silence in the future.

Brad stood outside her apartment, the moon only at a quarter, the complex dark. He waited for an hour after he saw her bedroom light go out, taking his cock out and stroking it until it was hard and thick. *Tonight she would pay.* He would bring her down a peg. He looked at his watch, making sure to slip silently toward her door, even though most of the complex's residents were already in bed and would most likely be unaware of any noises he made. He held his breath as he put the key in the lock and heard the click of the tumblers opening as he turned it, the anticipation of what he was about to do jump-starting his heart. He pulled out the knife he carried, the blade over a foot long, serrated and gripped the thick handle, the butt as thick as his cock. It would come in handy in many ways. In his other hand he held a gym bag which contained rope, a digital camera and a wide collection of sex toys. Brad had spent many nights on the Internet buying the toys he would use to violate her body.

He slipped silently into her room, his soft sneakers not making a sound, the only noise that would have given away his presence being his heavy breathing. He could see her shadow in the bed, illuminated by a small nightlight shining in the bathroom. He could see her chest rising up and down beneath the sheet, her legs parted slightly as she lay on her back, unaware of the fate that would befall her tonight. She

stirred slightly when he got on the bed, her mind off in a dream, never realizing the danger that was so close to her.

Suddenly Keri was shocked awake, a strange hand on her mouth, sealing her lips closed, pushing her head into the pillow. She opened her eyes, a dark shadow kneeling next to her on her bed. The shadow alone was not what scared her, however. Rather, it was the light from the bathroom reflecting off the long blade of the knife placed only inches from her neck that sent pure terror running through her veins. She froze, her eyes opened wide in fear, trying desperately to suck in air through her nose, her chest rising and falling, the hand almost suffocating her. "MMMMGG," she cried, her muffled plea barely intelligible.

"You lay real still Keri, and I wouldn't have to hurt you." Brad whispered. His cock throbbed to be released, her terror sexually exciting him beyond expectations. He pressed the sharp edge of the blade against her throat, applying pressure until a trickle of blood fell from the shallow wound. "You make any noise and the next time I'll slit you from ear to ear before anyone can help you." He waited a beat to let her fully grasp the reality of the situation. "Nod if you understand." he prompted. He loosened his hand on her mouth slightly, just giving her enough room to shake her head up and down, his body poised to pounce on her if she defied him. "That's a smart girl. Now I'm going to take my hand away from your mouth." He pressed the knife in her face again to emphasize the alternative. He pulled his hand away from her mouth hesitantly, waiting to see if she would disobey and was pleased when the only sounds that came from her mouth

were her whimpers. "Good girl. Now reach over and turn on the light," he ordered her. He stayed close to her as she turned the light on, the room suddenly bathed in the bright light. The sheet had fallen away, leaving her naked except for the sexy bra that encased her lovely tits. His cock jerked in pleasure as he watched her breasts dance in the cups of her bra as she turned back over onto her back. Her hand went to pull the sheet over her semi-nude body, and he quickly grabbed her arm, preventing her from covering herself. "Don't!" he cried hoarsely. "Leave it alone. You have nice tits. You should show them off."

The man that pinned Keri to the bed wasn't even wearing a mask and she instantly recognized the pool man. Brad, she thought his name was. She was so scared she was afraid she would pee herself, her thighs clenched tightly. The knife barely hurt when it sliced her skin, Brad showing her red blood on the edge, the shallow cut beginning to burn. She saw him looking lustily at her bra as the sheet slipped off when she turned on the light. Her hand went up to cover herself again with the sheet, only to hear his demanding voice tell her "no" again. She lay back down on the pillow, afraid of what would happen next. *Would he kill her? Is that why he didn't even try to cover up his identity?* It was only then that she saw the gym bag lying next to him on the bed, fear in her throat as she wondered what was in it. She looked at him, bigger and scarier than before. He had tried upon several occasions to start a conversation with her by the pool, only to have her blow him off, as he was not her type. But the fact that he did not share her social status hadn't stopped her

imagination from running rampant while he did his job out by the pool, her eyes always ending up in the same place. The large bulge in his bathing suit. She had turned red when he once looked up to catch where her gaze had landed and she had closed her eyes, knowing that her face was still flushed. She brought her attention back to her present situation and the knife at her throat and cried "Whatttt dooo you want?" Her voice trembled in fear.

Brad smiled. "I'm going to teach you a lesson, Keri. I saw the way you looked at me, hungrily devouring me, your eyes drawn to my cock. You wanted it, but you think you're too good for me. I'm going to show what you would have missed." He pulled the sheet off of her body, revealing her in her bra and panties.

She felt shame as he stripped the sheet from her body, leaving her in her bra and panties, her body shaking in fear. The bright light in the room shined so harshly on her almost-naked body. She had known at that moment that he was going to rape her and she couldn't do anything to stop him, the knife sitting on the pillow next to her, the dried red blood on the blade a reminder of his power over her.

The night was still vivid in Keri's mind. He hadn't just raped her and left. No, he had stayed for over six hours. Her fantasy remembered him opening the gym bag, slowly spreading the items within out on the bed so he could watch her eyes as she gazed at them. First the rope, thick, rough hemp, two coils of it.

Her mind slipped back, remembering as he stroked the rope almost sensuously as he stared at her. "Ever felt your

naked body bound with rope?" He had asked. His hand stroked up the rope. "It's real rough. Imagine it on your silky skin." He put it down, his hand going back into the bag, taking out a digital camera. "Just in case you decide to call the police. I'm going to take some lovely pictures of you. Naked and in very obscene positions. You say one word and they will be on the Internet before the police can even arrest me. Imagine your parents seeing their lovely daughter with a vibrator in her pussy or her lips curled around a hard cock. What do you think your friends or co-workers will be thinking about when they see you after seeing your revealing pictures? Do you really think that they wouldn't think you were asking for it? Especially when they see the perverse acts in the pictures?"

"No," she mewed in protest. "Don't take my picture. I wouldn't tell anyone." She couldn't even imagine how humiliating it would to have her bound and naked body posed while he looked through the view finder, catching for posterity all of her most intimate parts.

He hadn't even acknowledged her plea with an answer, putting the camera down, dumping out the wide selection of toys. "Dildo's, vibrators, nipple clamps, even anal probes. All for you Keri. I just want to make sure you are satisfied before I go." He laughed at her.

She had heard of such things, some of her girlfriends in college even had them, but not Keri. While she did masturbate, she only used her fingers to bring her off. These were perverse items, meant to humiliate her.

* * * *

With Jim gone, the house was silent at last. She slipped on the lacey bra and panties that she had just bought, having stolen from the grocery money to buy them. The panties were cut low, leaving a wide expanse of naked skin, Keri able to make out her mound beneath the tight panties. The bra did little to cover her breasts, her nipples already pushing out the thin cups. She could still feel him standing in back of her that night, his hard cock pushed against her ass cheeks, making her stare at the mirror that reflected her lingerie-covered body. She followed his every order that night, precisely and quickly, the knife in his hand a good motivator. She arched her back until her breasts were pushed out obscenely, sobbing quietly as he made her reach back and slip the bra off. Hands behind her head, her elbows pointed to the side, her pose made her look like a slave girl on the auction block, his cock rubbing back and forth over her cheeks, his cock throbbing as her hands were forced to rub her nipples until they grew hard and throbbing.

She spread her legs for him, her panties just a puddle at her feet, her naked sex revealed in the harsh bright light, his hand around her waist as he humped her like a dog in heat. She was ashamed as her fingers played with her pussy, just as she would do in the privacy of her own bed. But this was different, Brad's hands were rubbing her nipples, making them so hard they ached. And she could feel her pussy getting wet in spite of the terror. Or maybe because of it.

Keri writhed on her bed, lost in her fantasy of that night many years ago, wishing she could find a way to wrap her

body in rope to relive the night when Brad had introduced her to the world of bondage, her naked body thrown onto the bed, her arms thrust behind her back. But she was always afraid that Jim would come home early, catching her with her legs spread to the edge of the bed, her hands scrambling to unloosen the rope, Jim finding out her secret and using it to his advantage.

Her body had shivered that night, as she lay naked on her stomach, Brad's hands pulling the ropes tightly, enjoying her cries of pain as they dug harshly into her tender skin. And then Brad had worked on her legs, tying them together, pulling them up to her arms until her body was bowed, her back aching. She found her naked body tied tightly, unable to even squirm. That was when Brad began to sexually attack her, as she lay bound, unable to stop him from touching and probing the most luscious parts of her body. His fingers had pushed inside her, her body only able to bounce, her sobbing adding to his lust. She couldn't do anything but take his sexual abuse.

She always tried to recreate that night. She lay down on the bed, her legs parted slightly, her arms over her head like Brad had her that night. She grabbed the headboard, still able to feel the rope that secured her tightly to it, her breasts bared to him, his mouth and fingers tearing at her nipples until she screamed in pain. Even then he didn't stop, enjoying her tear filled eyes as he showed her the nipple clamps, the sharp serrated edges, the heavy spring that would keep the unyielding metal together. He had stuffed her panties in her mouth, stripping them from her body so he could silence the

screams he knew she couldn't contain. She was thankful for that, the red hot agony racing through her nipples as her upper body shook to throw off the torture device. For ten minutes she had been forced to endure the biting hell of the clamps, finally having begged him to let her suck his cock in return for the release of pain. The clamps she used now paled in comparison, a slight bite on her nipples, but that was all that Keri needed now to relive the night with Brad.

That night the clamps hurt as much coming off, as going on, Keri learning that the blood rushing back into the crushed tips was just as painful. Brad mounted her, his thighs on both sides of her head, his cock dragging hotly across her face, Keri forced to stick her tongue out so he could enjoy her humiliation as his balls slid across her tongue. It was the biggest cock she had ever seen, making her open her mouth wide, his cock rubbing around her lips, Keri waiting for the inevitable touch of his cock in her mouth. She didn't have to wait long, Brad past reasoning now, Keri sexually arousing him to a fever pitch, wanting her to pay for it. He pushed his cock into her mouth, Keri surprised by his gentleness. Her lips were wrapped around the thick shaft, but Brad fed it in slowly, letting her suck and lick his cock.

She had learned well since that night, not with Jim, but with the vibrator. She would close her eyes, feeling Brad feeding more and more of his cock in her mouth, the rigid plastic unyielding as it pressed against the opening of her throat.

No matter how much she tried, she couldn't do it, not like Brad did that night, forcing his cock into her unwilling throat,

her gagging and choking bringing so much satisfaction to him, his hands holding her head tightly. He would pull out, Keri coughing as she tried to fill her lungs. Brad waited patiently, Keri finding her mouth and throat impaled by Brad again and again. He reveled in the snug contractions her throat made as she gagged on the hot meat in her mouth. The back of her throat would reflexively push back on the head of his cock, stimulating the crown that lay deep in her warm, wet throat. She had unknowingly aided in his pleasure that night as her slippery tongue traced all around his cock, trying ineffectively to force it out from her lips. Her mouth had been filled with the taste of cum before Brad took his cock out, eager to feel the tightness of her pussy, wanting to dump his cum between her legs.

She spread her legs wide, drawing up her legs, bowing them out just as Brad had forced her to do that night ten years ago.

Brad stepped back, the camera in his hand as he snapped picture after picture of her sex. The flash shot brilliantly, illuminating her wet insides, Keri's hands forced to hold her lips open for the camera to rape her. He had taken many pictures that night, not satisfied until he captured her sex in various poses. He had not only forced her to spread her labia, but also used the thumb of one hand to pull up her clitoral hood until the little pink bud popped out. With one hand on her clit, the other zoomed in closely with the camera to catch the sensitive little bump in all its glory. Picture after picture he took, often stepping back to catch her tear-stained face in the frame, loving the look of absolute shame and

mortification as she spread herself so obscenely, knowing Brad would forever have a visual keepsake of most her private areas.

He tied her legs back, the rope dragged tightly around her thighs, her crotch aching as he pushed her legs back. She struggled when she first felt his hot flesh sliding up and down her slit, Keri ashamed that he found her wet. He wasted no time fucking her, sliding his cock inside her wet pussy, her gasps of pain doing little to deter her arousal. She felt so stretched, her pussy filled with hot, pulsating cock, sliding sensuously up and down her tight insides. It was all that she imagined it would be, if not more. Brad fucked her. Yes, fucked her hard, her breasts bouncing up and down as his hips were only a blur, taking her with the full measure of his cock. His cockhead repeatedly bumped the top of her cervix as he plowed deeply into the depths of her body. She bit her lip, tasting blood, whimpering like a virgin as she was fucked by a real man.

She slowly pushed the vibrator inside her, tightening her muscles on the impersonal plastic, just as Brad had made her do.

Fucked for ten minutes and Brad was still not ready to cum. He pumped in and out of her without restraint, Keri's pussy bruised and battered before she finally felt him unload his cum inside her, burning as the hot crème spurted like a fire hose inside her.

She turned on the vibrator, the motor roaring to life between her legs, her body jerking in pleasure. The head began to turn, rubbing her insides, Keri pulling it in and out,

forcing her pussy to open to the large head each time. She plunged harder and harder as Brad had done, pounding her into submission.

Even after he had cum inside her, he wasn't finished. He untied her, making her kneel before him, taking his semi-limp cock into her mouth, licking the cum from it, Keri surprised when she felt it grow in her mouth. She hated what he forced her to do, but she also felt proud that her mouth could extract such a reaction from him. Once he was hard, it was picture time again, Keri finding her naked body placed in the most revealing and intimate positions. The worse was on her knees, her head bowed down submissively, Brad yanking her thighs wide apart until she cried out in pain, his hand under her, forcing her ass up as if she were offering it up to him. The rope wrapped tightly around her limbs, securing her in this perverse position. The camera flashed constantly, Keri almost feeling the heat from the flash as he pressed close up to her split ass. Brad teased her, commenting on how open her asshole was, teasing his finger around the hole, forcing the tiny hole to spasm from the unnatural probing. Then he laughed as he showed her the anal probe, the long slim probe proudly displaying the four vibrating balls that graced the length, each ball bigger than the last one.

Thank goodness she was bound so stringently, sure that she would have hurt herself internally if she moved away from the probe. Brad had knelt behind her, gazing intently at her puckered anus as he ran the tip of the probe around it, teasing her with what was to come. He leaned forward with

his mouth hovering over the hole and let a string of saliva loose to drip onto the sensitive opening.

"Just a little lubrication to help this slide all the way in." he murmured huskily, running his finger around the wetness he had deposited before moving the probe in place. She grit her teeth as the probe entered her anus, the burning as the first ball, the smallest stretched her open. She was crying openly now, the second ball feeling so large inside her intestines, moving deeper as her anus tried to accommodate the next, larger ball. She begged him to stop after the third ball entered her, Brad laughing as the last and largest ball entered her anus. It felt like a baseball was being thrust up her ass, Keri crying out as her anus finally snapped shut on the largest ball, feeling as if she were still open, but from the inside. She clenched her muscles, feeling the balls keeping her stretched open.

She jerked when the vibrator started, remembering Brad's hand slipping between her legs, two fingers entering her pussy with a powerful thrust, his fingers searching out the balls on the other side of the thin membrane that separated her pussy from her asshole. Unable to move, the bondage effective in keeping her open and available, Brad began to masturbate her, Keri's mind confused as his fingers in her pussy were gentle, his thumb flicking her clit, all while he began to fuck her ass with the probe. It felt just as bad as Brad pulled the balls from her asshole, her anus stretching wide to let them out, snapping painfully shut, another ball in her rectum waiting to stretch her anus out of shape again. She was relieved when the last ball pulled from her burning

rectum, but Brad wasn't finished, the anal probe pushed inside her again, this time with more vigor. The strange tremors that the balls ignited in her rectum combined with his fingers inside her pussy was driving her over the edge, Keri not able to comprehend why she was ready to cum, only that she was going to. Brad had hooked the finger in her pussy into a downward curl which, in relation to her position on her knees, caused the digits to stimulate her g-spot, providing a constant massage on the responsive tissue. That combined with the flat pad of his thumb slipping around and around her clit, forced her over the edge. She couldn't control her own muscles any longer, her asshole forced into submission, her anus opening and closing with abandonment. She screamed as she came, Brad smiling cruelly as her body tossed in her bondage, unable to close her legs to end her climax, Brad controlling the continuous orgasms that raced through her bound body.

To this day, Keri still couldn't touch her asshole, the thought of her finger going in such a dirty place stopping her, in spite of the shivers the recollections bring back to her. She still never understood why Brad hadn't sodomized her, as her bound body would have been available for such a perversion if he chose. Keri knew that her mind would probably conjure up the act in a few more years, remembering it with crystal clarity as if it had really happened.

Brad had taken her one more time, using her pussy first, her legs spread wide and bound to the corner of the bed, Brad looking up intimately between her legs from the end of the bed, the camera capturing all of her figure. He fucked her,

pillows under her ass raising her sex up for his punishing member. He entered her quickly and ruthlessly, the breath driven from her lungs as he lay on top of her, his muscled body humping her with such vigor, the sound of flesh slapping against flesh ringing out nosily in the room. He kissed her, making her accept his tongue in her mouth, his cock continuing to pound in her pussy, bruising her cervix with his steely erection. She took it for twenty-five minutes, Keri not believing any man could stay that hard inside her without cumming. But Brad wanted to extract his pound of flesh from her and the pound of flesh he wanted was between her legs. She even finally tried to make him cum, tightening her cunt like a virgin, Brad teasing her as she tried to make him respond. But all it did was increase her arousal, Brad teasing her nipples, rubbing his body up and down, her clit rubbed back and forth by his pounding cock. She closed her eyes, tugging on the ropes that kept her arms and legs bound and spread, her submission increasing her arousal. She finally came, Brad waiting for her, Brad pulling his cock from her pussy, rushing up to her mouth, Keri willingly opening her mouth, Brad's fingers tugging on her clit as she came again. She found her mouth filled with hot cum, the crème dripping down her lips as she struggled to swallow the rich crème. She couldn't believe the gallons of cum that he deposited in her mouth, her tongue eagerly lapping up the fluid as he body bounced in pleasure, her orgasms racing through her bound body. He finally left her that night, but not before she submissively licked his cock clean before Brad released her. He packed his belonging as if he was just visiting, closing the

door, an exhausted and scared Keri left behind, the sun just starting to rise.

Keri spread out the pictures on the bed, the vibrator buzzing delightfully between her legs. Each year after that night, Brad would send her some pictures, reminding her of the deal. Each year it took her a couple of days before she could open the envelope, ashamed when she saw the pictures. Especially those that showed the different expressions on her face. It looked in some of the shots as if she had been enjoying her rape. Her favorite was the shot of her spread wide on the bed, her pussy lips pulled back, her insides red and battered from the previous fucking, a reminder of what he had done for her. The last picture she received from him was three years ago. It was the one with the anal probe in her asshole, Keri going as far as getting a magnifying glass so she could see every minute detail of the probe as it split her cheeks apart. She learned that Brad had left town, moving to California. She hadn't heard from him since, not even a picture.

Back to the present, Keri spread her legs wider, pushing the vibrator in and out of her pussy, her voice saying. "Take my cock inside you, Keri. Fuck back at me." Her hands went to her breasts, her fingers plucking her nipples to hardness. She took the vibrator out of her pussy, letting it slip between the cheeks of her ass, the closest she had ever come at touching her asshole. She felt the vibrations against her anus, pressing her ass harder into the mattress. She began to stroke her pussy, up and down her slit, her pussy drenched in her desires. Her legs spread out wider, almost feeling Brad's

hands on her inner thighs, enforcing her obedience. She bowed them out until her crotch ached, wanting to please Brad, her sex an open plane for him.

She picked up the vibrator and stuck it in her mouth, licking her juices from the plastic, imaging it was Brad's cock forcing its way inside her resisting throat. She rubbed her pussy harder, her ass rising up as she remembered the way Brad hammered away at her pussy until it ignited the orgasm in her body. Her rubbing was frenzied now, humping at her hand, her tits bouncing up and down, her mouth sucking energetically on the rigid plastic vibrator in her mouth. The orgasm crashed over her body, Keri keeping her legs spread in spite of the natural instinct to close them as if it were Brad forcing her to obey. Her hand was covered in her juices, her breathing ragged as the tremors raced through her body. She rubbed her pussy slowly and gently now, her body coming down from the orgasm. It was like the other days, her body temporarily sated by the masturbatory fantasy. But tomorrow it would start all over again, each day not much different than the last. She got out of the bed, putting the pictures and toys in her secret hiding place. She made the bed neatly, all traces of her secret hidden, the shower the only thing left. The water felt good, her hand between her legs, wiping the abundant crème that glistened on her pubic hairs.

CHAPTER 2

A Marriage Gone Bad

Each day it got worse, Keri always wondering if this is the way her life was forever going to be, stuck in a loveless marriage, when the only sex she experienced was with herself, days that passed with little purpose. Her only outlet at night had been the reading club she had joined at the small bookstore in town. Every two weeks Jim would let her slip away for three hours. The idea had come to her a month ago and Keri was surprised that Jim had agreed to it so readily.

Jim seemed so happy tonight, Keri not understanding it, not really caring. She finished putting the dishes in the dishwasher, Jim already in the living room, the news on while he did a little last minute work. She glanced at the clock, six thirty. She grabbed her coat, slipping out the door with barely a word to Jim. It was a half hour drive to the bookstore, Keri arriving early, anything to get out of the house. She entered, the girl behind the counter acknowledging her with a gentle nod of her head, Keri going into the room in the back of the store. The chairs were already laid out in a half circle, one chair for the moderator in the center. No one else had arrived yet, it would not begin for another half hour. She sat in one of the chairs, taking off her coat, glad to be out of her house.

It was almost eight o'clock before the manager of the bookstore decided to cancel the reading club meeting, announcing that the moderator was out with the flu and that

since only about half the number of members had showed up anyway they would reschedule for another evening. Keri was disappointed, wanting so much for some stimulating conversation. She tried to see if anyone wanted to get coffee, but most seemed more interested in leaving. So she got into the car, driving the half hour back home, dreading the silence with which Jim would greet her when she walked through the door. She pulled into the driveway, never even noticing the white car that was parked in front of the house. It should have been a warning, but it had come too late. She got out of the car, making sure that she took everything with her, Jim not liking her to leave his car messy. She didn't have her own car, with Jim's excuse for her lack of transportation always being that they didn't need the expense of another car, since most of the stores were just a short walk down the street.

Keri put the key into the lock and turned the key, the door opening easily. She could hear muffled voices and assumed the television was on. She hung her coat up and went into the living room, only to find it empty, the television dark. She heard the voices again, but this time pinpointing the sound as coming from down the hallway and turned her head to see light shining from their bedroom through the partially opened door. She crept down the hall with hesitation, the hair on the back of her neck standing up as she heard the sound of a woman's voice.

"Oh, God Jim," the aroused voice said. "Not in my ass!"

Keri could hear the sounds of heavy breathing, and then the sound of Jim's voice bellowed from their bedroom.

"God, soooo good. Take my cock in your ass. Squeeze me and make me cum."

Jim couldn't believe the pleasure he felt when he first prodded her anus with his cock. His secretary lay beneath him, her twenty-year-old naked body on all fours, her luscious ass held tightly by his hands on her hips. Her pendulous breasts swayed so seductively beneath her, her legs spread wide. His cock was slick with her saliva, having enjoyed the way she eagerly took him into her mouth earlier, licking up and down his shaft as he guided her head. She might verbally protest his prodding of her asshole, but she did little to stop him.

"I've never done that before," she panted between ragged breaths as the head of her boss's cock slowly opened her anus, feeling it flutter open, the thick head of his cock forced through her anal ring. They had been having sex for a month now. Jim had taught her so many perversities, as she had been unable to stop him from whatever he desired with her body. And tonight, in his wife's bed, she felt the thrill increasing as his cock slowly pushed relentlessly into her asshole. She felt so full as the thick shaft pushed aside all resistance, taking her anal virginity.

Keri peered into the room, the lights on brightly, the image branded into her brain. Her naked husband was behind a young girl, her naked body on Keri's bed, on all fours as Jim fucked her. Not only was he fucking her, but he was taking her in the ass. Keri would never forget the look on Jim's face, nothing like she had ever seen in the seven years of marriage. The look of sexual bliss as he took the girl in the

most perverse manner. And the young girl seemed to be enjoying it just as much as Jim.

She burst into the room, the door slamming open against the wall noisily, their sexual coupling shattered by her entrance. "What the fuck are you doing in my bed?" she screeched. Her anger was directed at the slut that was fucking her husband.

Jim was beyond himself, his cock flying deeper into the young girl's asshole, spearing her deeply with his cock, enjoying the way her asshole tightened so pleasurably on his cock as his wife burst into the room. He held the girl's hips tighter, keeping her intestines wrapped tightly around his cock, unable to stop the sodomy in spite of his wife's angry outburst. "At least she isn't afraid of sex," he shot back at her, his hips begin to fuck the young girl. "You stay where you are," he snarled, his hand pushing down on the young girl's back as she tried to get up. He continued to skewer his cock into her asshole as he gazed defiantly at his seething wife.

Keri looked at her husband with a hatred that had been building for years. Caught fucking a girl that was at least ten years his junior and he didn't even try to defend the action! In fact he continued to fuck her, oblivious to Keri's outrage. "Get out of here. And take your slut with you!"

He roared into the girl's asshole, his stomach slapping against the perky cheeks, the muscles clenching on his cock bringing too much pleasure to stop. It was time Keri learned to accept what had been going on for over two years. "I'm not going anywhere until I get my pleasure with this lovely

girl. If you hadn't shut me out of that lovely pussy between your legs I wouldn't have to look elsewhere. Now shut the door and let me finish. If you don't like it, you can leave. But don't you dare take the car. It's mine." He could see the look of indignation on her face. He began to roll the girls hips, enjoying the tightness of her asshole. He didn't even look up when the door slammed shut, the noise ringing out in the room. He pressed his body down on the girl's back, whispering in her ear. "Now tighten up that lovely asshole. Give me a good ride and make me cum," his hands sliding up and finding her clit, her asshole sliding sensuously over his cock as she pushed her ass back, her moans of pleasure making his cock harder.

Keri grabbed a few things out of the bathroom, putting them into an overnight bag that was in the hallway closet. She found his wallet, slipping two hundred dollars out of it. She went to her secret hiding place, throwing all of it into her overnight bag including the roll of bills into her purse. She had about \$600.00, throwing the car keys on the counter as she slammed the door behind her. She looked back one last time at the house as she walked the two blocks to the corner.

She found a taxi, and ordered the driver to take her to the bus terminal. She sat fuming in the backseat during the short ride, tossing a bill at the driver when he pulled into the entrance. She entered the cavernous building, seeing that it was empty this late at night and stepped to the lone ticket counter, attempting to hold back the tears. There would be time for that later. "What time is the next bus out?" She asked the man behind the counter.

The old man looked at the pretty girl, could see that she had trouble in her heart. "Where do you want to go, honey?"

"I don't care. Just get me out of here," she said, choking back the tears that were already filling her eyes.

"I got a bus that leaves in a half hour. It goes as far as Phoenix."

Phoenix, as good as any place. It least it was warmer. She had read that it was a booming town, plenty of jobs and housing plentiful and cheap. "Great," she said, trying to sound cheerful. "When does it get there?"

"It's a twenty six hour ride. One hundred six dollars. One way I presume."

She nodded in assent and pulled out two one hundred dollar bills, getting her ticket in return. She pocketed the change in her purse. Over a day on the bus. At least she would have a chance to contemplate her future. *Phoenix?* "Thank you." she said as he grabbed the ticket he handed her and sat down in a nearby seat, looking around the empty waiting room.

The bus pulled in on time, Keri getting on to a partially-filled bus. She went to the back of the bus, finding it almost empty. The bus roared to life as soon as she sat down, the lights dimming inside as it sped off onto the highway. Keri was finally alone. Forever alone, the reality of the situation finally hitting her. She began to sob quietly, her body shaking as the emotions washed over her. She cried for an hour, finally wiping her face. It was time to get over it and move on with her life.

She could do this. She was well-educated, attractive, and smart. She didn't need Jim any longer, she told herself—there had to be other men that would appreciate her. It would be nice to be independent, nobody making decisions for her. But the more she thought about it, the more the nagging doubt in the back of her mind crept in. *How much life would be easier if a man "kept" her?* Not like Jim, who really had no interest in Keri. Rather, someone that desired her. Physically and sexually. Her thoughts kept going back to the night ten years ago when Brad took her. Literally and figuratively. Imposing his will on her, the rope enforcing her obedience. It was a way she could escape responsibility for her own actions. Brad had taken away her shyness, forcing her to strip naked for him, the camera recording with minute detail of her exposed body. He had taken away her ability to resist the most perverse acts, forcing her to cum under his expert fingers, sucking his cock to escape the painful clamping of her nipples. And her mind could not forget the anal probe. She could still feel the four balls spreading her anus open, the burning as the slowly entered her most private hole. And forced to cum while Brad laughed, the anal probe driving deep into her bowels. *What would her life be if her only task would be to pleasure a man?*

The monotonous humming of the bus was making her tired, the day crashing down on her nerves. She had already gotten Jim out of her mind, curling up her feet on the seat next to her, pulling the blanket she got out of the overhead bin up to her chin. She was surprised it was so easy to sleep.

It was hours later when Keri felt heard the bus stopping, the light of the morning beginning to shine through the window. She looked out, expecting to see a major highway, and instead found that they had stopped in the parking lot of a small town coffee shop. She got out with the rest of the people, a collection of Americans on the bus, mostly poor Americans. She followed the procession in to diner, where she gobbled down breakfast, feeling hungrier than she thought. She exchanged a few nods with the others at the counter, more of a polite greeting than the opening of a conversation. She was in no mood to chat and let that be known by immediately lowering her head back to her plate of food. A half hour later, with their bellies full, they were back on their way to Phoenix. Keri had spoke briefly with the bus driver, not realizing that the bus took the back roads, stopping at many small towns, dropping off and picking up passengers along the way. That is why it took so long to get to their destination.

By that evening Keri felt grimy and unclean and was eager for a shower, the sixteen hours spent on the bus almost more than she could stand. There were two more stops before Phoenix, the next-to-last one in a small town called Alamogordo in New Mexico. After that it was only one more stop on the 450 mile ride to Phoenix. The bus pulled into the small town, the weather cool for this time of year. They were on the outskirts of the town, at another small diner, but more trucks than cars littered the parking lot of this establishment. Keri got out, glad to be able to stretch her legs. She headed first to the ladies room, able to splash water on her face and

added bit of perfume so she at least smelled better. She went into the diner and took an empty seat at the end of the counter, most of the remaining passengers sitting in the booths.

Betsy looked at her when she walked in, noting that she didn't have the appearance of a typical bus rider. Betsy had been working as a waitress in the diner for over two years and had seen lot of people passing through. This one looked special, Betsy thought, noticing the lovely body beneath the designer jeans that hugged her shapely ass. Nice full breasts, the sweater doing little more than enhancing the twin peaks. The woman had to be running away from something or someone, she mused to herself, to end up in a place like this. Betsy watched as she went into the ladies room. She pulled her cell out of her purse, pushing speed dial two. The phone rang only once on the other end when a voice popped out the tiny phone, sending delicious shivers between Betsy's legs at the sound.

"I haven't heard from you in a while Betsy," Michael's voice greeted her, remembering her last visit with pleasure.

"Not sure I can take so much pleasure at one time," she purred back at him. "You around?"

"I could be for you," Michael sparred back.

"Not for me honey," she retorted. "The bus to Phoenix just pulled in. One lovely little creature that is out of place is on it. Barely thirty with a body that is just begging for attention. Bus will be here for about an hour. Don't think you want to miss this one."

Michael paused for a moment on the other line, contemplating, his mind already seeing an image of her. He sat in an armchair by the phone, his cock beginning to get erect in his pants. "Save me a seat next to her, I'll be there in twenty minutes."

"Would you move that fast for me?" She teased back at him.

"Faster." He hung up, heading toward the garage to get into his dark blue Mercedes, the tires gripping the pavement as he spun out onto the highway. His destination wasn't far; luckily for him his "businesses" were located conveniently close to his residence.

Back at the diner, the waitress proceeded to act helpfully, Keri talking to her between her rounds to and from the other customers. It was the first time she had spoken to anyone since she left Jim and almost opened up too much to the other woman who, despite her friendliness, was still a stranger to her. It was between her broodings that Keri felt someone sitting down next to her, a hint of after shave sending a shiver up her neck. She looked over to find the most handsome man she had seen in a long time sitting next to her. He was dressed elegantly and looked neatly groomed, which made him look out of place in this small town.

"Coffee and lemon meringue pie, Betsy," he said in a deep voice, Betsy already pouring the coffee.

"Hello, Michael. Good to see you. Pies just baked this morning, coffee just brewed." She smiled at him, a sexy smile that stirred his imagination.

"You take good care of me Betsy. Real good care." He took a sip of coffee, finally turning to the side to see the girl. Her brown hair hung far down her back, and Michael instantly imagined her naked from the waist up, her lovely breasts peaking out from behind her hair, a hard nipple unable to be contained by the silky brown tresses. His eyes scanned her breasts and in that quick glance he was able to note the full, firm flesh, sure that she didn't need a bra to hold them up. She was clad in a pair of jeans, although Michael preferred to see women in skirts, loving the sight of long, naked legs. He turned more fully toward her. "Can I buy you a piece of pie? It's the best in 200 miles." He smiled at her, looking into her eyes, the traces of someone that had been crying still present. She had flawless, silky skin and the most delicious mouth and full lips that stirred his cock to attention.

"Thank you, but I'm watching my figure," she smiled back at him. He was tanned, a five o'clock shadow making him even sexier. And his eyes seemed to be able to read her mind, staring into the deep recesses of hers. She ran her eyes lower over his frame, noting that unlike Jim, this man had no belly on him. This was a man that took care of his body. She blushed when her eyes went lower, looking down at the front of his pants, able to discern a bulge. She looked back at him, his mouth grinning.

"Have a piece of pie. You wouldn't regret it. And I'll watch your figure," his husky voice purring almost hypnotically.

His eyes were feasting on her body. It should have made her uncomfortable, but for some reason she took it as a compliment. Maybe it had just been too long since a man had

taken an interest in her. As a woman. Maybe it was because he was older, Keri figuring him to be mid-forties, though she hoped she looked as good as he did at that age. She didn't even have time to answer his suggestive remark, Betsy bringing her a piece. "Thank you," she acknowledged, her lips curling around the first bite almost sensuously, her mouth savoring the taste as if it were a fine wine.

Her lips licking the fork almost made Michael cum, his imagination running rampant as she ate the pie as if it were his cock, her lips sliding up and down the fork.

"Delicious," she purred sexily, not understanding why she was flirting in such a way with him.

"Michael," he said, holding out his hand to her. She turned to him, her hand out, his fingers feeling the sparks jump between them when he touched her, his hand finding her silky skin. His cock jerked in his pants as her hand closed on his, Michael's imagination feeling her pussy grip his cock instead.

God, it felt so good to have another man touch her, especially a man with eyes that seemed to be making her love to her as he looked at her. She clenched her legs together to squelch the urge that shot down between her legs, his hand holding hers longer than necessary. "Keri, with one r."

"A name as lovely as the person. Keri," he repeated, saying her name back to her.

She felt the rush of juices between her legs when he said her name in that sexy, husky voice. She regretted the loss of his hand when he withdrew from the greeting, wishing that it

would touch her again. They began to talk, Keri talking more than she should but she felt she needed to unload some of the bottled-up feeling inside her and Michael seemed to intent on listening. Not like Jim, who only feigned interest in her words. Michael was actually listening and asking questions.

"So you're going to Phoenix?" He looked at her. Catching her husband in bed with a younger girl, a loveless marriage. And, he suspected, a sexless marriage as well in the last few years. She had a lot of emotional baggage, he mused and appeared to be a girl that was looking for change in her life. Something that he could provide her, he thought knowingly, though what he proposed would be more radical than she could ever conceive.

"Yes, though I've never been there nor know anyone." It sounded so ominous when she said it aloud, the terror of being alone hitting her again.

"It's a good time in your life to make a radical departure. To try something new. Something exciting. You are a very beautiful girl. With a lovely body. It was meant to pleasure men, not to have your emotions bottled up inside."

Was he coming on to her? Her body trembled as he said those words, *meant to pleasure men*. Just like Brad made her do. It excited her and at the same time scared her. She looked at his large hands, imaging them running over her body. Just then an image of rope in his hands appeared, her pussy soaking her panties in a rush of emotions. "Thank you," she replied, not sure why she was thanking him, her voice quivering.

Michael looked up at Betsy, giving her a knowing nod. She came over in a minute, huddled briefly over the cup of coffee she brought Keri.

"Free cup of coffee for you. You still have ten minutes before the bus leaves. You want me to get one of the boys to get your bag from under the bus so you can freshen up?"

"I only have my carry-on," she answered, looking down at the bag at her side. She took a sip of the coffee, failing to distinguish the slight difference in the taste. Betsy and Michael exchanged a knowing look as they watched Keri consume the drink. She drank half of the coffee before she began to get a bit light-headed. She tried to shake it off as just nerves that came from speaking to such a gorgeous man.

Michael could see her eyes begin to gloss over, moving closer to her as he talked to her, his hand gently resting on the top of her leg, Keri not even acknowledging it. He squeezed her leg until he saw the recognition in her eyes. "Do you enjoy sex?" His voice purred into her ear.

Michael was so close to her, his voice softer now. A hand touched her leg, looking down to see Michael's powerful hand on the inside of her thigh, her mind beginning to swim in a haze. She heard his question, not even finding it out of place, the hand on her thigh rubbing back and forth discerning as it moved close to her pussy. She spread her legs wider, giving Michael the freedom he demanded from her. "Yes," she murmured, able to barely answer, her breasts rising and falling rapidly, her breathing shallow. "With a strong man," she answered honestly, "that knows what he wants." It was

more of a fantasy than a reality, wanting a man to forcefully take his lust out on her body.

Michael's hand slid so close to her pussy, her legs spreading wider, wishing she were wearing a dress or skirt. He was ready to touch her pussy when she stood up suddenly.

"I'm sorry. I'm feeling a bit dizzy. I'm going to the ladies' room for a minute." She had to hold onto the edge of the counter, the room starting to spin as she struggled not to fall down.

"Let me help you, honey," Betsy said, coming to Keri's aid, swinging her arm over her shoulder. "Lean on me and I'll take you to the ladies' room. Hope it's not something you ate," she teased Keri. They disappeared, leaving Michael alone at the counter. Betsy put Keri on the small couch outside the bathroom, seeing her eyes already glazed over. She was just about out, barely conscious of what was going on around her. "You wait here, honey. I'll be right back."

Betsy walked out the front entrance to see the passengers were starting to board the bus and ran up to catch the driver's attention. "One of your passengers got sick in the ladies room. I'm going to take her over to the Doc's, I wouldn't want it to get around that our food made the customers sick. I'll put her on the next bus." She smiled sexily at the driver.

The gray-haired driver looked around and shrugged his shoulders. He didn't have time to fuss with passengers; his job was to get the bus to Phoenix on time. "Thanks," he said to the waitress and dismissed her as the last passenger

boarded the bus. He climbed in the bus, the door closing, the powerful roar of the bus leaving Betsy standing alone in the driveway.

The diner was empty now, only Michael at the counter, a big grin on his face. "She's out of it. Bring your car around back, I'll help you get her in. Are you going home?" Michael would owe her big time for this one. Betsy was hoping that she was right about Keri. Right that she was the right type for Michael. Otherwise she would feel real bad, sure that Michael would just shrug it off and give her a lift to Phoenix. He wasn't the type to force him on a girl unless the girl wanted him to do it. Betsy knew that from experience.

"Yes. Want to come?" Michael smiled lustily at Betsy, the waitress uniform revealing her lovely body.

"Literally or figuratively?" She teased back at him.

"Anyway you want it," his cock stirring at the thought of Betsy in his bed. Tied in his bed.

Betsy was waiting for Michael when he drew the Mercedes around back. He looked at Keri, her eyes closed, her breathing regular. She would be out for a little while longer if he was right and she was exhausted. He helped Betsy put Keri in the car, making sure that the seat belt was secure, his hand casually running over Keri's firm breasts. He kissed Betsy, his hand sliding over her ass, pushing her into his erect cock. "It could be for you," he teased, her tongue responding to his.

"I think it's because of her, though. I want you when it's only me that you want. Now you be good to her. Take it slow, let her get use to the idea. I think you'll find her very

accommodating. She just needs a reason to perform for you. Take away her ability to decide and you'll unleash a real cat in her." She kissed him one last time, almost sad that she wouldn't be in his bed tonight, but she suspected that Keri would take care of all of his needs.

It was about an hour and a half ride to his hacienda in Ascension, Mexico. They went up into the hills, the night getting cooler, Michael turning the heater on, Keri purring away beside him. He pulled into the compound, Michael calling ahead, Derek in the compound ready to help him.

"I see you brought a visitor, Michael." Derek greeted him. He peered into the car, seeing the girl seated in the passenger seat barely stirring. "This is a first for you." He started laughing. "You bring them back unconscious. I thought you were more of a cocksman than that."

"Just shut up and help me," Michael shot back. Even though Derek worked for him, he was more of a friend than an employee. "I'll explain later."

"No need to explain. Just remember to share," Derek winked at him, easing the pretty girl out of the car. "Where do you want her?" As if he didn't know.

"The guest room. The large one next to my bedroom." He nodded to Derek as they half carried Keri into the house. The maid had already gone home for the day.

Derek put her carefully down on the bed, remembering the room so vividly. Michael only brought special girls into this room. Girls that would appreciate all the amenities that it offered. "Is she okay?"

"Yes, just a bit drugged. She'll be okay by morning." Michael put Keri's arms by her side, pulling off her shoes before he pulled a blanket over her.

"And what is she going to say in the morning when she wakes up in Mexico? I'm assuming that she would expect to be someplace else." Derek had never seen Michael taken so much by a girl before. She had to be special.

"It wouldn't take long to find out her temperament. Either she'll accept what I have in store for her or you can take her to Phoenix." Michael had high expectations for Keri, hoping that he wasn't setting himself up for a big fall. Girls like Keri didn't come around very often, Michael hating to let this one pass without seeing her true inclination.

"I hope I don't have to drive to Phoenix. And I hope you're right about her. It's been a while since I had the pleasure of a young girl like her. I am presuming that you'll share the young lady with your friends." He looked down at the girl, imaging her in the barn with him.

"Of course. I wouldn't have it any other way. And I don't think Keri would either. She'll only have to decide once. After that it is not her decision any longer. Now let's leave her alone, morning will come soon enough.

CHAPTER 3

A Decision For Life

Keri was having an erotic dream, but this one was different. It involved Brad and what he had done to her and made her do, but this time it wasn't Brad, it was Michael who was in control of her vulnerable body. She tossed about the bed, in and out of sleep the whole night. Her eyes opened, the sunlight shining through the French doors waking her up. She looked around, suddenly finding herself in a strange place. It was a large bedroom, Spanish in design. She looked out the French door and saw a large patio highlighted with several potted cacti, mountains looming in the background. A strange glimmer caught her eye and Keri looked up, surprised to see her own image shoot back down at her. She looked around and took in the large canopy bed that she lay in, thick, carved spools supporting the canopy, the inside of the canopy completely covered in a large mirror, her body laying beneath the comforter that was reflected so vividly.

The room was huge, a couch and chair in one corner, a brightly covered bench at the foot of the bed, flowers on the armoire. *Where was she?* She tried to think back and the last thing she remembered was eating in the diner, Michael talking to her. After that it was hazy. A brief glimpse of Michael's hand on her thigh. Her legs spreading wider as she consented. And then there was nothing. Keri cocked her head, trying to hear something that would alert her as to

where she currently found herself. But the room was quiet, as was the surrounding area outside and she was sure that she was far from the traffic of the highway. *What happened to the bus?* She quickly looked around the floor, seeing her overnight bag next to the bed. She leaned over, dug through the case, and found her roll of money still neatly tucked inside. She also took note of the fact that she was still dressed, though her clothes were wrinkled and her hair was in need of a shampooing. She looked across the room to see a large bathroom at the other end, the door left open to show the inviting bathroom. Keri began to rouse herself from the bed when heard a tap on the door and looking over her shoulder to see it swing open, saw Michael stepping in.

Michael paused in the doorway to take a good look at Keri sitting up in the bed. She had a scared look on her face, like a doe caught in the cross hairs of a hunter's rifle. He smiled at her, trying to reassure her. Behind him, Camilla brought the tray of coffee. He let her pass, seeing some relief on Keri's face.

"Good morning, Senorita. I hope you're feeling better. Here is something to fill your stomach." Camilla put the tray down next to her bed. "There are towels in the bathroom for your shower. Breakfast is in two hour so you don't have to hurry, but Michael likes punctuality." She looked over at Michael, acknowledging his preferences.

"Thank you," Keri replied hesitantly, leaning over and taking a sip of coffee, feeling the hot liquid slide into her stomach. She didn't feel sick. In fact, she felt better than she had in a long time. She was well rested. She waited until

Camilla left before she acknowledged Michael, not sure if her questions would embarrass him.

"I hope you slept well." Michael's voice finally chimed in.

"What happened? How did I get her? And where *is* here?" She had so many questions, her mind foggy with details.

"Take it slow, Keri." He waited for her to settle down, her eyes looking for answers. "You passed out in the diner. Betsy helped me and I brought you to my home. How are you feeling?"

He showed a general concern for her, actually waiting for an answer. Unlike Jim, who asked a question but really didn't care about the answer. "Actually I feel great, though I definitely need a shower."

"Of course. The bathroom is right there. There are towels and everything else you might need."

She waited, the other answers not forthcoming. "Where are we?"

"Sorry, I am so mesmerized by your beauty," Michael smiled, watching as she blushed. "You are in my hacienda. It's in Ascension Mexico."

"Mexico," she exclaimed loudly. "But I'm going to Phoenix." She couldn't help blushing when he looked at her, his eyes scanning her body so intimately.

"It's really not that far. Ascension is about 90 miles south of the border. It's actually closer to Phoenix than Alamogordo. It's a bit off the beaten path, but I have a heliport that my friends use to visit me, just a short hop from El Paso."

"Why did you bring me here?" She looked at him, puzzled by his apparent concern for her. It scared her a bit.

"Would you rather I left you passed out on a couch in the ladies room of the diner?"

"No, of course not" she answered quickly. "Will you take me someplace where I can catch a bus to Phoenix?"

"Of course, Keri. You're free to go at any time. I've told Derek, my ranch foreman, to take you anywhere you would like to go, even Phoenix. But I would much rather have you stay a few days. Enjoy the splendor of my hacienda and the surroundings. Gather back your strength." He paused, letting her take in all of the information. "It is not often I get such a lovely and intelligent girl visiting my hacienda. I would hate for you to leave in haste."

She looked at him, her pussy tingling as she saw his firm body, the large hands, her gaze traveling down to the front of the jeans he had on, seeing the bulge. "Am I safe here with you?" She asked bluntly.

"As safe as you want to be," he quipped back, seeing her eyes travel to his cock. "I can be very charming. And demanding. Part of the reason I love Mexico so much is the culture. Women know their place in Mexico. It's a male dominated society. As it should be."

"That doesn't sound very much woman's liberation," she retorted back.

"There is a time and place for woman to be assertive. The bedroom is not that place." He said it deliberately and scanned her eyes for her response to the bold statement.

"Your hacienda, your bedroom. Would I have any choice?" She looked at him, trying to figure him out, their sexual sparring making her wet.

"Only one. The first." He decided to end the conversation. It was not a conversation that would end with a decision. That would only come about with a submission. "Why don't you take a shower? You'll feel much better. I'll bring back some clothes for you. I have some that will fit you."

Somehow she knew he would have something her size. "Thank you, I packed light, expecting to buy new clothes in Phoenix." She wasn't sure what he meant by the remark "only the first decision", but she had a feeling that she would find out if she stayed. "I'll only promise you breakfast."

"I hope you don't mind a skirt. I despise jeans on a woman. It's okay for riding, but I do love the feminine charm displayed under a short skirt. It is the mystique of what lies hidden in the darkness beneath the skirt that has brought many men to their knees."

"You certainly do have some very unorthodox views about women. But as I said, your hacienda, your bedroom. I'll submit to your request." She hated it as soon as the word spilled out her lips. *Submit*. It sounded like she was already consenting to getting on her knees and sucking his cock. "I'm sorry, that didn't come out right."

"Nonsense, Keri. I will not take it as a complete surrender, though it did make my heart flutter," he teased, laughing at her discomfort.

"I deserved that." She got out of the bed, Michael watching her until she went into the bathroom. She looked back, but he had disappeared, the door closed. The rest of the bedroom was wide open, no blinds or curtains on the window, not that there was anyone nearby. The bathroom

was large, even large by her parents' standards. She looked for the shower, only to find none in the room. She turned the handle on the other door, opening up the door to a room as large as the bathroom. Here was the shower, the whole room covered in tile, drains spaced all along the floor. There were at least three tiled benches as well as a large, square bathtub that could easily accommodate two adults. Surrounding the wall where a half of dozen showerheads, as well as three handheld showers, with long hoses to allow them to move easily throughout the room.

She took off her clothes, folding them neatly, not sure when she would need them next. Maybe she could wash them here before she left. She looked in the mirror, standing in her bra and panties, proud of how well she had kept her figure. Her mind drifted as she did many times, Brad standing in back of her, watching her as he made her strip naked for him, his evil grin on his face as he saw her humiliation. *Snap out of it Keri!*, she told herself, reaching behind to unsnap her bra, letting it fall to the floor. Her hands hung at her side as she looked at her breasts, barely a sag in them in spite of their fullness. Her nipples began to harden as she watched her reflection, her fingers reaching up to tease her large brown areolas, teasing so close to her nipples. She closed her eyes as she pinched her nipples lightly, a soft moan coming from her lips. She felt the buds thicken beneath her fingertips. Her hands slid down to her panties, slipping one hand into her waistband, finding her pussy already damp with desire. She felt wicked, standing in a strange man's bathroom, playing with her body, exciting herself with her fingers. Her finger slid

up and down her slit, gathering up her juices. She pulled her panties down, sliding her legs open so she could stick her wet finger inside her tight pussy. Except for a vibrator, her pussy had not had a man in for two years and she almost forgot the feeling of a hard member caressing her insides.

She stopped playing with her body, picking up her lingerie and placing it with her other clothes. She stepped into the other room, trying to decide what to do in the large and confusing chamber. She finally pulled one of the hand-held showerheads off the wall, turning the water temperature dial until it became hot. She closed her eyes as she let the spray cascade off her body, finally soaking her hair. Next, she grabbed the bottle of shampoo and poured a generous amount in her palm. She began to lather her hair, feeling better already. A chill began to spread over her wet body, Keri shampooing faster. She showered off the lather, letting the hot water cascade over her body again. Finally she finished rinsing out her hair, taking the showerhead and playing it over her body. It almost hurt when she played the water over her nipples, the powerful blast of water pinpointed on her erect flesh. It almost felt like the bite of her nipple clamps, she thought and spread her legs wider as she lowered the nozzle, her breath held in anticipation. With one hand she held her lower lips open and used the other hand to spray the hot water on her pussy, which hit her open flesh strongly, drawing a gasp from her lips. She played the water over her pussy, enjoying the erotic touch of the showerhead. After a few teasing minutes she reluctantly returned the showerhead to the handle on the wall, letting the water

cascade over her head as she soaped up, feeling more and more refreshed as the troubles of the last day washed down the drain.

For ten minutes she enjoyed the shower, her spirits lifting as she got clean. A handsome man waiting to have breakfast with her, she was in a strange land and her husband was already becoming nothing but a memory. Indeed, her outlook on life was improving with every minute. She began to think about what Michael had said about the men of Mexico and that it was a male-dominated society. That didn't seem to be so bad to Keri though, as long as the dominating male was Michael. She could easily imagine his hands on her body. She turned off the shower, looking around for a towel. Finding none with easy reach, Keri went to the door and opened it, her naked body dripping.

Keri stepped out of the shower onto the cool tile floor, reaching over for a towel she spotted on the nearby vanity. Just as she was beginning to pat herself dry a noise startled her and she turned suddenly to find herself face-to-face with Michael. Except he was fully clothed and she was naked. Keri gasped in embarrassment and rushed back into the shower room, hiding behind the wall and heard the door of the bathroom close, not sure if Michael had left. The towel lay in the next room, hurriedly dropped in haste to hide her naked body from Michael.

Michael stood in the bathroom, his cock thick in his pants, the sight of her lovely naked body exciting him. He could hear her heavy breathing in the other room. His hand rubbed up and down the piece of rope, enjoying the rough texture. He

walked into the shower room to see Keri pressing her naked body against the wall, her hands shielding her breasts from his view. Being that the wall of the shower was made of Plexiglas, Michael had quite an enjoyable view of her nude, dripping body. In her haste to cower into hiding, Keri had pressed her luscious backside to the glass wall, causing her curvy ass to slide over the wet surface. Michael pictured her soaping every dip and curve of her feminine figure and felt his groin tighten even further. He had never been so jealous of a bar of soap before! But, he reassured himself, soon enough he would be exploring her dark, moist crevices with his own hands.

Keri peered through the steam filled room to see Michael standing in front of her, his eyes scanning up and down her naked body, intimately taking in all of the details. Her eyes went to his hands, a shiver rushing through her loins when she saw the length of rope he held, a flashback of Brad racing through her brain. She couldn't say anything; she was too shocked, too surprised to even stammer a protest.

"Don't say a thing," he ordered her, his voice booming loudly and echoing off the tiled walls. His hand reached out to touch her smooth skin, feeling her flinch away from the contact. Grabbing her shoulders he turned her towards him, her lips clenched tightly together, her arms cradling her lovely breasts, hiding them from his view. He turned her until her back was to him.

She didn't say a word, eying the rope with fear and excitement, her hand trying to cover her naked body from his eyes, still embarrassed to be naked in front of a man. She

couldn't even do it with Jim, never mind with Michael, a man she just met last night. He spun her around, feeling his eyes on her naked ass, her trembling hands still cradling her bosom.

"Put your hands behind you," he said, his voice commanding her to obey, waiting for her response.

One hand slowly slid down from her breast, moving over her stomach to touch her hip, her other hand trembling, wondering whether to submit. She felt him grab her arms high up above her elbows, drawing her wrists back down when she tried to fight him off. She felt her arms pulled behind her back, her elbows forced to bend, her wrists locked together. "NO," she protested as she felt the rope touch her skin as Michael struggled to tie the rope around her wrists. It didn't take much, his strength easily overpowering her, finding the rope dig tight into her skin, wrapped round and round. Michael pulled the rope up, her arms forced up high on her back, Michael swinging her around. "MMMM," she moaned when his hand casually cupped one of her bare breasts.

"Such lovely tits, Keri. You should never hide them." He cupped her firm flesh, feeling her nipple pop out as his hand lightly touched the erect bud. She looked at him, but her lips stayed tightly clasped. He swung her around, finishing up binding her arms.

She looked over her shoulders as if it were happening to someone else, watching as Michael so casually tightened the rope on her arms. She watched his arm circle around front, the rope cutting just above her breasts, pinning her arms to her side. Three times he circled her body, Keri looking down

to see the brown rope pressing into her white skin, cutting across the top of her breasts. He pushed her over to one of the benches, sitting her down. Then he pulled the end of the rope that held her wrists up high in the air, as if he were displaying her to others.

He stepped back, leaving her sitting naked on the bench, her head hung down to the side, avoiding his eyes. Her wrists moved behind her as she tested the rope, her breasts doing a lovely dance as she struggled in the bondage.

Her thighs were tightly clenched, humiliated at being bound while naked. What was worse that she *let* him do it to her, feeling his eyes burning her naked body. She didn't know what to expect from Michael, her trembling body waiting in dread and anticipation. It must have been at least five minutes before he got up, Keri catching a glimpse of him out of the corner of her eye as he moved and sat down next to her. She turned away from him, feeling his hip pressed against hers. Her body was tense as she felt the rush of air, knowing his hands would soon be touching her. "EEEEh," the touch of his hand on her naked back like a hot iron touching her. She held her breath as his hand ran over the top of her naked legs, Keri's thighs aching as she kept her legs clenched so tight. His hand didn't stop there, sliding up over her naked stomach to lightly touch one breast. "GGGGOOOD," she moaned, unable to contain her emotions, her nipple feeling like it would burst from his touch.

He enjoyed her squirming legs, as if it would do any good, his hands following her movement, Keri unable to escape. He loved her firm breasts, capped by a pair of delightful nipples

that begged to be touched, his hand finding one and teasing the erect tissue. He loved her moans of pleasure, the fact that she was unable to hide the excitement she was feeling in spite of the bondage. Or perhaps it was *because* of the bondage that she was getting turned on. He hoped he had her pegged correctly. He pulled her towards him, her back pressed against his chest, his hands high up on her arms.

She looked down at his hands as if the liberties he was taking were happening in slow motion. Both hands slowly slid over her bound breasts and then slipping underneath the globes with a twist of his wrist, he cupped them in his large hands. She arched her back, pressing them deeper into his powerful hands, her protests just mews of pleasure. Despite the casual way in which he was touching her, as if she were his property, she was unprepared when one hand cupped her two naked breasts to allow the other to slide over her stomach and between her legs before she could even protest or protect herself. One finger began to slide up and down her slit, finding her juices running abundantly as she moaned in pleasure.

She was ashamed that he found her wet, his finger sliding up and down her slit, her legs parted and unwilling to stop him. But no matter how humiliating it was to be fondled by a man who was practically a stranger to her, Keri couldn't prevent the liquid from rushing between her legs. Her head fell back onto his chest, giving up to the pleasure Michael brought to her sensitive flesh. Then, just as suddenly he started, he abruptly stopped. Keri was both surprised and disappointed. She looked around her shoulder, seeing Michael

untying the ropes from around her breasts, the pressure released as his fingers opened the knots that held her wrists tightly bound. She pulled her wrists in front of her as soon as they were released, but Michael's hand came around, gripping her wrists and standing her up, her back to him, her ass almost in his face. Her wrists were yanked behind her back, Keri staring at her naked body in the mirror as Michael pulled her wrists down to her ass, pinning them together. She felt the rope wrapping around her slim wrists, Michael pulling her arms back, her reflection shooting back and image of her breasts thrust out by the position. Keri looked over her shoulders, watching Michael as he pulled her arms back, tying the ropes tightly around them until he had her secured again.

His hands rubbed against her ass cheeks as he bound her again, her naked body standing tall, Keri looking over her shoulder as he tied her up again, barely a whimper coming out of her mouth. His hands went to her hips, swinging her around and pushing her until her back hit the cold wall. "Stay there." He stepped back, admiring her lovely body, her bound hands pushing out her firm, full breasts, her wet brown hair bush highlighting her pale skin, her thighs clenched tightly together as if she could stop him from touching her.

Her head hung down, refusing to look at Michael, the cold wall finally warming up, her nipples swelling as she stood naked, the front of her body on display to Michael. She could feel his eyes burning a hole in her body. She had never felt so violated. At least not since the night with Brad ten years ago, her obedience to him enforced with rope. Michael moved closer, turning on the water, testing the temperature as he

picked up the hand held shower head. She held up her head higher as Michael began to lightly spray her body with the warm, comforting water, playing the water back and forth over her pussy, her legs trembling as the sharp bite of the water from the shower head touched her so intimately. The spray moved higher, the water feeling like sharp needles as they played over her twin peaks, igniting a bite in them as though they were pinched by clamps. Just as fast as he began, he stopped, putting down the spray. Her body was tense, waiting, not knowing what to expect next from him. Her breathing was ragged, her chest rising and falling as she struggled to contain her emotions.

Michael soaped his hand with the liquid soap, his hand cupping one firm tit, rubbing the slick soap over the hard tip. He moved his hand back and forth over her firm breasts, moving down her stomach to lather her thick brown haired bush, his fingers sliding easily between her thighs, the slick soap aiding his hand.

"AAAWWW," she tried to quench the moan from her lips, but his hand was running over her naked body with abandonment. She could only tremble in pleasure as he took her so completely with his hands. She took tiny steps as Michael pushed her back over to the bench, sitting her down, Michael kneeling in front of her, his face so close to her pussy that she could almost feel his breath. She had never been so ashamed and excited at the same time. His hands returned, more soap rubbing up and down her slick thighs, unable to stop his powerful hands from parting her thighs, fingers teasing so close to her pussy. Up and down her thighs, his

fingers ignited the lust between her legs, Michael intent on lathering her body. She sucked in her stomach as his hands moved over it, coming up to cup her breasts, his palms rubbing easily over her soapy nipples, back and forth her full breasts bouncing lightly from the touch. "EEEEHHH," unable to stop the tingling between her legs, her thighs parting as soon as his fingers rubbed over her bush again, sling effortlessly up and down her thighs. God, she wished he would touch her pussy again, anything to quench the lust she felt between her legs. She tugged on her arms, reminding herself that she was bound against her will, naked as Michael took liberties with her body that no one had ever done.

He pushed her legs father apart, no resistance from Keri, her pussy opening up to his view. "Such a lovely pussy Keri. It's all flushed and swollen from the hot water. Your lips pull back nicely, revealing your pink insides. Hold still while I play with your pussy." He teased her, seeing the humiliation in her face as she tried not to look at him. His hands gathered up more soap, his hand returning between her legs, finding her pussy moist and humid, his finger sliding up and down her slit, Keri unable to control her hips.

Her hips were rolling gently back and forth, Keri unable to stop her body from reacting to Michael's expert fingers plucking at her sex. His thick finger pushed aside her pussy lips, sliding deep between her lips, exploring her almost clinically. She wished he would enter her and raising her hips up, she opened herself further to his exploration.

Michael's hands raced over her body, from her breasts, pulling them high up her chest, his large hands able to

encircle the full flesh, squeezing tight, the abundant flesh slippery with soap sliding easily through his fingers. "What nice big nipples. Just begging to be plucked." Her back arched, pressing her tits into his hand, her eyes staring down at him as he touched her so intimately.

In a trance, she watched his hands as they played with her breasts, feeling his touch making her nipples tingle with desire, Keri finding her back arched up submissively. His hands slid down her sides, over her hips and ass before moving back between her legs. "MMMM," the fingers teasing so close to her pussy but never quite touching her, her arousal at a fever pitch. "AAAAHHH," finding Michael pulling her body up until she was standing in front of his kneeling body. One hand slid between her legs, Keri finding his fingers sliding up and down her slit, her thighs trembling as she trapped the masturbating hand between her legs. It failed to deter Michael, his finger finding her tight hole, one slick finger impaling her as she tried to stand on her toes to escape the ravishment.

Her hot, moist insides surrounded his finger, Keri gasping as his finger moved intimately inside her. Her thighs were clenched so tightly, Michael fighting to keep his finger moving inside her, her feet finally moving back onto the floor, her pussy swallowing up his finger. She was whimpering now, her body shaking. "Show me how tight you can be. Tighten your pussy on my finger." He twisted his finger inside her until he felt her response, her insides gripping his finger like a vice. "Yes, hot tight cunt."

She was half bent over, the finger spearing her sex, sliding in and out, Keri ashamed as she gripped the finger, but pleased that Michael enjoyed her clenching muscles. His other hand was on her ass, casually touching her. "OOOOHH, GODDD," she moaned softly. She found her pussy empty, Michael's finger leaving her unfulfilled. His hands on her hips spun her around until her ass was facing him. She felt him rising, his hand sliding down her back and parting her ass cheeks to slide so salaciously down her crack, teasing at her throbbing anus. The finger entered her again, this time from behind, Keri spreading her thighs to allow him complete access to her sex. "MMMGG," the thick finger filling her again, sliding along her inner walls. He began to finger-fuck her, his thick finger sliding in and out while she could only moan in pleasure. Still bent over, his other hand coming around in front, sliding down over her breasts, her stomach to finally come to rest between her legs, Keri finding one finger pushed deeply between her pussy lips. "EEEEWWW," the finger slid up, finding her clit, rubbing the pleasure button while she moaned in pleasure. She pushed back, the other hand impaling her, Keri bouncing delightfully between the two masturbating hands. She could feel the arousal increasing, ready to cum, clenching on the finger inside her, hoping for the fullness that would drive the orgasm from her body. The finger left her empty, Michael's hands sliding up to cradle her breasts again, forcing her to stand on her toes as he pulled them up high, his fingers pinching her nipples. No, she cried out silently, Michael turning the water back on, the warm water cascading over her body. He turned her around, Keri

moving her bound hands out of the way as he rinsed the soap from her naked ass.

Michael spun her dripping naked body around, untying the rope that held her wrists tied tightly, the rope leaving deep grooves in her slim wrists. He handed her the wet rope. "Your clothes are on the bed. Dinner is in an hour, be on time." He walked out, leaving her alone in the shower.

She couldn't believe it, Michael left her. Left her at the peak of arousal, her body wound tightly by his expert fingers. She could still feel the rope biting into her skin, her body trembling in the cool air on her wet body. She went into the bathroom, placing the rope on the counter, drying off her body as she stared intently at the rope that Michael had used to serve up her obedience. *Why did he do it to her if he wasn't going to take his lust out on her? He didn't make her do anything to him, not like Brad? And why did he leave her unfulfilled, standing naked in the shower?* Michael confused and excited her. A stranger only hours ago, he had seen her naked and his fingers visited her intimately. *What did he expect from her? And should she run screaming from his hacienda or has she already surrendered her body to him?*

CHAPTER 4

Taught the Pleasure of her Body

She felt like masturbating, but a nagging part of her brain told her that Michael wouldn't be pleased. She found the clothes, a dark blue cashmere ruffle skirt, a white V-neck blouse and a matching pair of bra and panties. She slipped on the panties, a pair of low-rise panties feeling them mold to her ass as she pulled them up. Michael was either extremely lucky or he knew exactly her size. She put on the bra, a white lacey bra that showed her deep cleavage, unlined, her still hard nipples poking out provocatively. She went into the bathroom, putting on her makeup carefully, a deep seated desire to please Michael confusing her. Every time she saw her reflection in the mirror, her imagination would catch hold, seeing her arms bound behind her, Michael staring at her naked body. She went back into the bedroom, slipping the blouse on, finding the buttons started way down on the top, leaving a generous amount of cleavage available. She put on the skirt, finding it stop only inches below her crotch, pulling up the zipper as the material smothered sexily over her ass cheeks. She found the shoes on the floor, a pair of sandals with four inch cork heels, not really the type of shoe you would wear around the house. She stepped into them, looking at her image in the full length mirror. God, did she look good, turning sideways, her pert ass looking so inviting. And the shoes made the muscles in her long legs tighten up,

accenting the short skirt. She arched her back, her luscious breasts so exposed, much more than she would have picked. She felt manipulated by Michael, but inside she also felt a yearning to please him that she couldn't understand. Instead of going to dinner she should race out the front door.

Michael was waiting for her in the living room, a drink on the table next to him as he lounged in the leather chair. He heard her coming down the hall, the shoes dancing on the Mexican pavers as she approached. He turned to see her, pleased at what he saw. She had a beautiful body that was enhanced by the clothes, her face almost glowing. Had she masturbated or was it just the arousal that made her cheeks flushed? "You certainly are ravishing Keri. Come closer." He waited until she stood in front of him, her long legs so enticing. "Turn around." She didn't hesitate, turning her back to him. "Stop," wanting to enjoy the way the skirt clung to her nice ass cheeks. "Nice ass," he complimented her as if it were natural.

She turned for him, letting him view her ass as if she were on display, not even offended by his remarks on her ass. In fact she took it as a compliment, not hearing much praise of her body in a lot of years. She turned towards him again, not sure what she should do. She stood in front of him for uncomfortable minutes, almost expecting him to take out some rope and tie her up again.

Michael let her stand in front of him, wanting to keep her off guard. "Ready for dinner?" He got up, his hand around her waist as he escorted her into the dining room.

"I'm famished," she replied, feeling so comfortable with his arm around her waist, feeling it sit high up on her ass. The dining room was huge, the table could seat at least twenty. But it was only set for two, Michael's chair on the end, Michael pulled out her chair as Keri sat down next to his chair. She noticed that he watched her carefully, eying her naked legs as she sat down, the short skirt leaving a wide expanse of naked leg showing. She let her legs part slightly, teasing him with what lay hidden beneath the skirt.

Michael sat down and before a word could be said, Camilla brought the soup, Tex-Mex Tortilla soup. Not a word was said as they sipped the soup, Michael's eyes following her every movement. Especially when her lips curled around the spoon. An avocado salad was next, followed by the main course, grilled steak with a spicy pepper sauce.

"I enjoy watching you eat. You do it with such a passion. You make Camilla happy that you enjoy it so much." Michael finished up his steak, putting down his fork.

"She is a delicious cook. I've never tasted Mexican food like this before, a far cry from Taco Bell." She almost felt embarrassed by his comment. She had devoured the food, not sure why she was so ravenous. Was it because of her fainting, or was it for what Michael did to her in the shower? She was puzzled by him, not to mention of him tying her up, though his eyes seemed to see her more intimately now. It almost made her turn red when he looked at her.

"How about a walk after dinner? It's still warm outside." He got up, standing behind her, helping her with her chair.

"Thank you." She had never been pampered like this before, a handsome man that looked at her with desire, listening to her every word. He was much older than she was, but he was comfortable with it. They walked outside, the night animals singing off in the distant. She had never seen the stars like this, they filled the sky brightly. "It's beautiful out here."

"It pales in comparison to your beauty Keri." His arm around her waist went lower, to the gentle swell of her ass. He could feel the gentle sway of her hips as she walked.

She blushed again, feeling so secure with his hand around her. She didn't even mind when his hand slid lower, onto her ass as if he already possessed it. "You confuse me," she finally breached the subject.

"I try not to Keri. I thought my intentions were quite clear." He waited.

"In the shower. The rope, tying me up. I'm an extremely shy person, not many have seen me naked. Not even my husband. You touched me as if you owned me." Her voice was halted, trembling as even the mention of it embarrassed her.

"You have an exciting body Keri. I'm going to teach you to please yourself. Only then will I teach you to please men. The rope is used to elicit your obedience." He looked down at her, her beauty shining in the night lights.

"Do I have no choice in the matter?" He said it as if she had already consented to stay.

"You have already decided Keri."

She looked up at him, looking into his eyes. "When did I say that?"

"You didn't have to say it Keri. When you came down to dinner instead of running out the door you yielded to me. You may leave at any time, I only ask that you give it a chance. You have no place to go in a hurry. Stay and I will show you pleasures that you never even imagined." He wanted this lovely girl naked, bound for his pleasure. And his friends pleasure. She would soon learn to submit to men, giving her body to them.

She didn't say anything. He was right. She had decided without deciding. Her lack of protest was in fact her submission. She felt his hand slide lower over her ass, casually running his hand sensuously over her cheeks as she walked. They walked around the corner, Keri seeing the lights from her bedroom, the French doors wide open, the lights in the room beckoning her insides. "Is this on purpose?" She looked at Michael.

"I'm afraid I left you in a terrible state before. I am willing to remedy that situation now." He pushed her towards the bedroom, entering the brightly lit room.

The room was exactly the way she left it. All except for the pile of rope that was on the bed. She looked at him, seeing the lust in his eyes, feeling her pussy get wet as she imagined his hands tying her up again. "What are you going to do?" Her voice trembled. But it was not in fear, but excitement. She should be scared of Michael, a stranger only yesterday, but he knew her better than she did herself, finding and exploring a part of her that she had hidden deep inside her.

"Anything I want," grinning as he pushed her towards the bed. "Did you not notice the furniture in this room? The use of

wrought iron throughout. This room was made for bondage, Keri. Made to tie a lovely girl like you, leaving your body open and vulnerable to be ravished." His hand went to her chin, lifting her head up, his head moved down until he pressed his lips against her. He kissed her, her moist lips so inviting, his tongue slipping between her lips to find her hot mouth, her tongue greeting him. He pulled her close to him, his hands clutching her firm ass cheeks, her pussy sliding her back and forth on his erect cock.

"MMMM," his tongue darted into her mouth, his lips so powerful, taking her breath away as he kissed her, Keri surprised by his passion. He tugged her close, finding her pussy grinding back and forth over the largest cock she had ever felt. *God, what would it feel like inside her? Could she take it all?* He kissed her for long minutes, finally pulling back, a gasp from her lips as she sought to fill her lungs with precious oxygen. *Was he romancing her or just seducing her?* She felt his cock throbbing and jerking against her, his powerful hands clenching her cheeks, feeling her crack pulled apart, a strange burning as her anus was spread wider by his powerful hands. He pulled completely away from her. She watched as he picked up the rope, sorting out one strand of rough, brown rope. It was so surreal, Michael testing the rope that he would soon use to put her in bondage. Bondage, a word she never would have considered using before. She turned her back to him, placing her arms behind them. Surrendering.

Michael drew her back against the wrought iron. It looked like a trellis, not at all out of place in such a large room, the

iron carved in an intricate pattern, many circles and squares of twisted metal. There was one main pole that went from the floor to the ceiling, secured with iron bolts drilled into the floor and ceiling. There were twin poles, one on each side of the main pole, rising up to waist high, bolts holding them to the floor, the tops secured by a thick iron beam that attached to the center pole. "This is my favorite. So many ways I can tie you and spread your limbs. Lean back now." He pushed her hands in front of her, tying her wrists together, the rope making continuous loops until her wrists were secured. He took the loose end of the rope and drew it up over her head, Keri forced to raise her arms, Michael watching her breasts rise as she did. He tied the rope to the main support, forcing Keri's body up straight and tall. Another rope was wrapped around her waist, pinning her to the pole. He enjoyed the way her proud breasts thrust up so provocatively. He was going to enjoy them.

Her body was stretched tall, Keri tugging on the rope, finding it secured to the pole. She sucked in her gut when the rope pinned her to the pole, tied tightly. She looked across the room, her own image shooting back at her, the large full length mirror giving her a strange tingling between her legs as she saw her bound body thrust up, the dark rope clashing with her white skin. She kept her thighs clenched tightly together, the short skirt high up her legs, barely covering the panties beneath it. She looked over her shoulder until Michael disappeared from her view, her gaze back at the mirror, Michael behind her, her body tense as she waited for the

touch of his fingers on her body. Her nipples throbbed with blood in expectation of his fingers touching them.

Michael's hands rubbed her neck, his fingers tightening on her throat, feeling her tense as she was unable to defend herself from him. He tightened harder, wanting her to feel the helplessness in her situation, the power he had over her body. "You are mine to do with as I please." His hands released her throat, seeing the look of relief in her eyes, sliding down to her side, feeling her body jerk from the touch. He slid over her slim waist, touching the gentle swell of her hips until his hand slid down and touched her naked flesh. He swung his hands up the front of her thighs, the short skirt shoved ruthlessly aside as he exposed her long, sexy legs. Her skirt was held high by his wrists, the white panties hugging tightly to her vulva. *Could he make out the traces of wetness on her panties?*

His hands roamed freely over her body, the powerful hands on her neck scaring her as he tightened, her breathing becoming difficult. She had never felt so much lack of control over her own body since that night with Brad ten years ago. His hands slid under her skirt, pulling it up and out of the way, the tight panties revealing all of her body, clinging to her mound like a second skin, even able to make out her slit. She was embarrassed and excited all at the same time, her body revealed so vividly in the bright lights of the room.

Michael's hands moved to the back of her skirt, sliding the zipper down noisily, the button deftly opened. It fell instantly to the floor, leaving her lovely lower body clad in the skimpy, tight panties. He looked behind her, her full ass cheeks barely

contained in the tight panties. "Nice ass Keri." His hand snaked between her cheeks and the pole, sliding over the firm flesh, feeling her body jerking away from his intimate touch. Her thighs were still tightly together as if she could stop him from having his way with her. He bent down onto his knees, his hands pushing aside the edge of her panty to reveal a naked cheek. He began to kiss her, leaving soft tender kisses on her firm flesh, feeling her muscles tighten as he took such liberties with her body.

He was touching her ass again, Keri uncomfortable with his touch on such an intimate part of her body. She had never associated her ass sexually except for the sway of her hips, but Michael seemed intent on lavishing his sexual attentions on it. And she could do little to stop him. She tightened her ass cheeks the moment she felt his wet tongue swish across her naked ass cheeks, Michael's fingers pulling her panties out of the way, revealing her naked ass cheeks to his eyes and his mouth. She trembled as he planted kisses on her ass, moving all over the firm flesh as she tried to move away, the rope around her waist leaving only limited movement of her hips. He kept moving closer to her clenched cheeks and the tight hole that lay snuggled possessively between them. She couldn't even fathom any man wanting to kiss her there. His hands were not idle, sliding up and down her inner thighs, his fingertips pushing between her clenched thighs, forcing them until she finally relented.

Michael's tongue lapped all over her bare cheek, his hands seeking entrance to the smooth inner thighs. She finally surrendered, his hands allowed access between her legs,

finding her muscles relaxed and obliging. He teased her thighs, his hands sliding up and down one slick leg, teasing so closer to her pussy but never quite touching her there.

"Spread your legs for me Keri. Show me what a good girl you can be." Michael's hands moved down her legs, enjoying the way her muscles tensed as he slowly moved toward her ankle. He pushed out on her ankle, Keri letting him have his way with her, her leg shuffling out wider and wider. "Now the other." He pushed on her other ankle until her legs were spread a least three feet wide. "Good girl," he complimented her as if she was his trained puppy.

She saw her body in the mirror, her legs spread wide, her panties pulled even tighter over her mound. Michael's hand moved up her inner leg almost hypnotically, Keri feeling and seeing them move up to her pussy, her juices flowing freely as she waited for the ultimate touch. "OOOHH," his fingertips teasing at her crotch, one finger playing along the edge of her panty line, teasing the errant hairs that pushed out the side, sending tremors through the follicles. She felt so helpless, her legs spread for his exploration of her sex.

Two fingers pinched her puffy lips together, catching her by surprise, the sharp intake of her breath, her body jumping at the harshness of his touch delighting him. He squeezed her intimate lips, his fingers running up and down her slit. He pressed a finger between them, tightening the other two again, running up and down her slit, this time his thick finger pressing her silky panties into the deep inner recesses of her lips, running up and down her inner lips. Her body jerked each time he pressed close to her clit, teasing but never quite

touching her pleasure button. His finger grew damp, her panties soaking up juices as he slowly masturbated her. "Your very wet Keri," he teased her, seeing her turn red.

"OOOOHHH, GGGGODDDD, don't," but she didn't want him to stop, his finger bringing such pleasure to her in spite of the harshness of his pinching fingers on her labia. Not even Jim had treated her this way, Keri struggled against the rope that tied her tightly, her hips moving up and down with the finger that masturbated her. Masturbated me! She looked into the mirror, seeing the lust in her face, her hips moving in unison to the hand between her thighs. The fingers moved, his hot flesh touching her bare skin, her panties shoved ruthlessly aside, Michael pulling them into the center until she felt the silky material become harsh, pushed in her slit. His fingers pressed her naked labia over the panties, sliding up and down her mound, tiny hairs plucked out in haste, the sharp biting only adding to the pleasure. He yanked hard on her panties, Keri forced up onto her toes as the panties cut between her legs. "EEEEHH, that hurts," she cried out.

Michael tugged them harder, enjoying the way her bound body thrashed about. "That's nothing Keri, compared to what I could do." He relented, pulling her panties down over her thighs, leaving them pushed just above her knees, her pussy now naked for his exploration. "Look at the mirror. Just like a little girl that is bad, your panties around your knees." He looked at her pussy, her juices glistening on her lips. She might protest the rough treatment, but deep down his dominance excited her.

She looked down at Michael, kneeling between her legs, her panties no longer protecting her intimacy from his eyes. She felt his hands on her labia, peeling them back unceremoniously, the cool air rushing on her super-heated pussy. She had never been so exposed before, shivering as she felt Michael's hot breath blowing on her pussy. "NNNNOOO!" She cried out when she saw his tongue, moving closer to her pussy. She never allowed oral sex, afraid she would have to reciprocate, hating the thought of taking a cock in her mouth, the thick crème choking her. "EEEEGGGG," the touch of his tongue so erotic, sliding up and down her slit, exploring her inner lips almost clinically, leaving a trail of wetness that made her body shudder.

His cock thickened, the taste of her pussy increasing his arousal. He couldn't wait until he taught her the finer points of oral sex. His teeth nibbled at her lips, biting them as her body thrashed in pleasure. His lips grew wet with her juices, his tongue lashing out at her pussy, Michael teasing her clit. His fingers pressed up, finding her clit, pushing on the sides of it until the swollen bud burst out from its hood. It was huge, like a tiny cock, red and throbbing. His hands slid around to her ass, his fingers pressing into her cheeks, holding her tight against his face. His lips encircled her clit, sucking it deep into his mouth as he held her imprisoned in his hands.

"EEEEHHHHH," her head shooting up in the air as she felt him swallow her clit into his hot mouth. She couldn't believe the pleasure as her clit was yanked hard, stretching from the powerful suction of his lips. His hands held her ass still, Keri

unable to do anything but receive the pleasure.

"GGGGHHHH," his tongue surprising her, slapping back and forth over the swollen bud trapped by his lips. She couldn't believe the pleasure in her loins, her pussy dripping wet with desire. She jerked, one of his hands slipping between her legs from behind, a tremor running through her body as it passed so salaciously over her anus before finding her hot moist pussy, one finger impaling her suddenly. "WWWSSSSHH," the breath knocked from her lungs as Michael played her like a fine instrument, her pussy impaled on his finger while his tongue and lips lashed at her clit. She had never felt anything like it before, the bondage only added to the experience.

He found her wet and tight, his finger plunging into her without restraint, driving deeper into her body as she trembled beneath him. He sucked her clit deep into his mouth, his teeth biting into her clit, holding it pinned while his tongue lashed back and forth over the tip. He felt her pussy tighten on his finger, twisting and turning in her wet hole, knowing she wouldn't last much longer. Another finger joined the first, her legs spreading wider as she moaned in pain and pleasure.

Her body froze when his teeth bit on her clit, Keri unsure if he would bite too hard and pull it from her body. Her legs spread wider as she tried to accommodate the two thick fingers in her pussy, imagining what it would feel like to have Michael's monster cock inside her. Inside her while she was bound. "PPPLLLLLEEEAAASEEE," she begged in lust. "Make me cum!" She had to end it, her body on the edge. She looked in the mirror, barely able to recognize the lust on her face,

Michael's head hidden mysteriously between her legs, his tongue and fingers sending such pleasure through her body. The fingers moved inside her, never stopping as they twisted and turned as her muscles clenched possessively on them. It hit her like a freight train, her clit feeling like it were stretched over a foot from her body, his tongue lashing back and forth over the swollen and sensitive bud. She came, screaming in ecstasy, the tremors racing through her nipples, Keri wishing Michael's hands were touching them.

"GGGGODDDD," she yelled, her body jerking back and forth, Michael relentless in his masturbation of her bound body. She struggled to close her legs, but Michael kept her spread and open, a second orgasm racing through her untrained body. She shook and trembled, not sure how much more she could stand, Michael never allowing her to stop, his tongue and fingers never stopping. "NNNOOO MOOOORRREE!" She screamed louder, her head thrown back, another orgasm racing to her brain. Her hands were clenched in fists behind her, her wrists tugging to break free. But it only fueled her orgasms, the tight bondage increasing the feelings that raced through her body.

She came constantly, Michael refusing to let her body relax, each time she came down from an orgasm, his tongue and fingers would drive another from her. He enjoyed the way she thrashed about in her bondage, she would soon learn to cum at his command. He counted them, three orgasms before he stopped, her body slumping in the ropes, his face covered with her juices. He stood up, kissing her, his tongue

entering her mouth, transferring her juices to her tongue.
"You came nicely for me Keri."

He finally stopped, Keri exhausted. He kissed her, his wet lips touching hers, her juices filling her mouth as his tongue danced excitedly in her mouth. His hard cock pressed against her naked pussy, his pants harsh as he rubbed against her sensitive pussy. She felt ashamed when he moved away, leaving her naked in front of the mirror, her pussy soaked, her legs still spread wide, the inside of her thighs reflecting the drying cum that dripped from her pussy. He had made her cum. Numerous times, not letting her stop until he was in control of her orgasms. Her face was still red as he unbound her wrists, Keri bending over to pull her panties up, not looking at Michael as she put her skirt back on.

He kissed her again. "I'll see you in the morning. One rule, Keri. You are not to cum unless I give you permission." He walked out, already knowing the look on her face at his demand.

He was serious. He wanted to control her body. Even her orgasms. She went into the bathroom, taking off her clothes, her naked body reflected back at her. She was satisfied, sexually satisfied more than she had in years. Even after years of masturbation. She only hoped that he would satisfy her again tomorrow. She got into bed, curling up into a ball, her hands between her thighs. She fought the urge to touch herself, finally falling into a deep sleep, the tension driven from her body by the multiple orgasms that Michael had induced in her body.

CHAPTER 5

Morning Delight

She never felt so rested, the sun shining brightly through the French doors. She slipped into the shower, the warm water washing off her naked body feeling good. She closed her eyes, her hand slipping down between her legs, gently rubbing up and down her slit as her imagination ran rampant. She heard a noise, turning towards the door of the shower room, expecting it to open and see Michael with a rope in his hand. She waited, nothing happened. *Did Michael somehow know she was masturbating?* She finished washing, her soapy hands still slowly running over her breasts, teasing her nipples erect. She stopped abruptly, getting out of the shower, drying her body off quickly. She put on her makeup while still naked, a thing she never did before, almost expecting Michael or maybe just hoping for him to walk into the bathroom and catch her naked. She was disappointed when the bedroom was empty, but on the bed her clothes for the day were neatly laid out. *Was it Michael that brought them? Did he see her masturbating in the shower?* She hurried to get dressed, the desire to see Michael overcoming her. There was no bra, Keri picked up the pale blue peasant blouse, slipping it on, the off the shoulder top held up by her firm breasts and little else. She pulled on the dark blue panties, pulling the snug fabric on, Michael would enjoy them, one size too small for Keri's taste. She slipped on the dark

blue skirt, again Michael making sure that an abundance of naked leg was revealed. She put the low sandals on her feet, catching a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror. The peasant blouse ended high up her belly, leaving a wide expanse of naked flesh between the top and the low ride miniskirt. The skirt clung to her hips and then flared out into ruffles. *What did Michael have planned for her today?* She looked, Michael standing in the doorway, surprising her by his quietness. She smiled. "Have you been watching lo

"Long enough. You look ravishing. Good enough to eat." Michael's eyes devoured her body, the clothes doing more to entice than cover, the way a girl should be dressed.

"Breakfast is just about ready." He waited for her, watching the gentle sway of her hips as she walked towards him, looking up to see the lovely bounce of her naked breasts beneath the blouse, her generous cleavage and shoulders revealing much and hinting at more.

God, she could almost cum at the way he was looking at her, Keri feeling self conscious as her breasts bounced free beneath the blouse, feeling her nipples begin to harden as they rubbed so salaciously over the fabric. And the panties, tightly digging into her mound, sure that her clit was hard and erect from the constant rubbing of the fabric against her. "Famished," she replied, licking her lips sensuously. But it was not food that her body sought.

He could imagine that sweet tongue lashing at his cock, her lips wrapped tightly around the shaft as he fed her his erect cock. He had plans for her today. *She would learn more of her body and what turned her on. And what turned him on.*

She felt comfortable as Michael's hand slid around her naked waist, goose bumps popping up on her skin as he pulled her close to him as they walked into the dining room. The table was already set in a lush style, Camilla ready with orange juice and coffee, the smell of bacon cooking in the kitchen making Keri's mouth water. Keri sat down, Michael's eyes gazing lustily at her naked legs as she struggled to keep the mini skirt from exposing all of her charms to him. She shivered when he put the cloth napkin on her lap, not failing to let his hand run over her naked leg before he moved away, Keri breathless. *God, how could breakfast be so arousing?*

Michael was enthralled with her beauty, the simple peasant blouse making her luscious tits more inviting, his hands eager to set them free from their cloth enclosure. He watched her intently as she ate, erotic thoughts entering his head each time her lips allowed the fork into her mouth.

Keri saw the way Michael was looking at her. "I hate to think what is in your head," she commented to Michael. She licked her lips almost absently. Or maybe she really would like to know, the arousal between her legs increasing, Michael's order not to masturbate making it all the more difficult.

"You are such a lovely sexual creature," he quipped. "You just don't realize it. It just needs to be unleashed in you." His eyes took in the gentle swell of her breasts, able to make out her hard nipples beneath the top.

"Is that what you are going to do? Unleash me." She paused for a moment. "Or are you going to leash me? Like you did last night with the rope." The memory of the tight

rope on her wrists came back to her suddenly, the helplessness she felt as he took advantage of her body while she was bound. Stripping her naked, his fingers deep inside her, unable to stop until her body began to orgasm under his skillful touch.

Camilla came and took the empty plates, Michael seeing that Keri finished all of her breakfast. She was ravenous in more than one way. He got up, her eyes staring directly at him as he walked behind her chair. He felt her body tremble as his hands touched her naked shoulders. "Arch your back Keri."

She knew what he wanted. She arched her back, her firm breasts pushed out almost obscenely, his hands pressing on her shoulders until he was satisfied with her position. She looked at her breasts, the arch forcing them up high, the blouse sliding down lower, leaving a wide expanse of her bodice uncovered. She waited, her body on edge, waiting for his touch. "MMMMMMM," she moaned as his hands slid down the front of her bosom, his fingers tracing down her cleavage. God, she could feel her nipples swelling, threatening to burst unless he touched them. She didn't even care if Camilla walked in. Anything just let him touch her.

He teased along the naked flesh of her bosom, her eyes closed, moaning with desire. It wasn't time yet. "Let me show you my ranch." He pulled out her chair, her eyes opened wide in surprise, the look of disappointment in them. "Do not worry Keri. I will not leave you in such a state for long."

She got up, wishing he would take her to the bedroom again, wishing for the rope around her body. They walked

outside, Keri taking in the beauty of the ranch. They were in the foothills, the sun coming up over the peaks, flooding the ranch in its brightness. The ranch was huge, the white fences seemed to go on endlessly into the distance.

"I raise some horses here. Mostly for riding, but some have gone on to be successful race horses. We breed the horses, many of the foals fetching high prices." Michael led her past the large barn. "There are over thirty stalls in the barn, though many of the animals prefer the open fields. Derek is in charge of the ranch and the house. He has been with me for over twenty years, I trust him as I would a brother."

"What do you do for a living?" While the ranch was huge, it didn't look like it could provide for the obvious opulent lifestyle Michael had. His hand was still possessively around her waist, though it had slipped lower down over the flare of her hip. Every movement of his hand on her set her body on fire.

"I own a number of corporations, all in the US. Most of the time I work from here, though I do travel extensively back and forth to keep on top of them. I also entertain many of my senior employees as well as friends here at the hacienda. While it is out of the way, I have a heliport over the other side of the hacienda. My friends like the tranquil lifestyle here at the ranch, many bring their wives or girlfriends for a few days.

"And you. Do you have a wife?" She looked up at him. "Or a girlfriend?"

"I have never been married. While I have had girlfriends, I do not have any at the present time. Though I do tend to lavish my attentions on one girl at a time." He drew her closer to him.

It never dawned on her to look at his finger to see if he wore a ring. She enjoyed the way his hand pulled her closer to him. "You know that I am married." It was more of a statement of fact than a question.

"Though not happily if I remember from our first conversation. Or permanently from the way you ran away." They walked around the hacienda for the next two hours, the conversation kept light, but Michael's hands and eyes never left her body. His cock was hard in his pants, finally walking around to come on the French doors leading to her bedroom.

She wasn't surprised to see her bedroom again. Nor was she disappointed. She looked at him, seeing the lust in his eyes again, the coil of rope on the neatly made bed not at all out of place. It was funny how her perspective was changing.

"Take off your shoes," his voice reflecting his lust. He picked up the rope, taking a length of the rough rope, waiting as she bent over to take off the sandals, Keri doing nothing to keep the mini skirt from slipping up over her ass, revealing the crisp blue panties pulled tightly over her cheeks. "Kneel on the bed," his eyes feasting on her body as she scooted onto the white comforter, a wide expanse of naked leg revealed.

She got into the center of the bed. She looked up at her reflection in the mirror, the doors and windows open for

anyone that walked by to see her. She felt Michael get on the bed, moving closer to her. She saw the rope in his hand, waiting for his next command.

"Take off your blouse."

The command surprised her. She expected him to do it when she was bound, not for her to have to submit to him. To strip her body to her waist in front of him, her breasts bare beneath the top. She looked into his eyes, knowing he wouldn't be denied the pleasure of humiliating her. Her hands slid down to the bottom of the blouse, pulling it up over her head, feeling the material brush so sexily over her nipples as it slipped from her body. She threw it over to the corner of the bed, her hands pressed hard over her bare breasts, hiding them from Michael's view. Her eyes were shut tight, attempting to hide her shame.

"Your hands at your side. You have lovely tits. It is a shame to cover them." He waited, seeing her hands slowly move away, her hands clenched in fists as she lowered them. "Open your eyes." His cock jerked when he saw her firm breasts, the twin peaks capped with the pinkest nipples, already hard, dark areolas highlighting them against her alabaster flesh. She looked at him, her face already red in shame. Her breasts stood out so proudly, the firm flesh standing out with no sag. "Very lovely tits Keri."

She watched in shame as he stared at her chest, her bosom red, Keri humiliated to be sitting on the bed half naked. Michael's hands gathered up a length of rope, the excitement tingling between her legs when she saw the rope.

"Put your hands in front of you."

She complied instantly, feeling Michael's hand grip her wrists, pulling them together, his other hand already looping the thick rope around her thin wrists. Three times he circled each of them, knotting them tightly in the middle. He flipped the rope over the wooden beam that was above the bed, three beams running the width of the bed, one in the center and the others at each end. She never saw them before, her eyes always drawn instantly to the mirrors in the canopy. Her arms rose up as Michael tugged the other end of the rope, Keri looking up with a certain amount of fear. Her arms were pulled up high before Michael stopped, tying off the rope at her wrists. She tugged on the rope, the thick rope giving no slack. She looked down, her arms up high, her naked breasts vulnerable to Michael. She felt so vulnerable, tied kneeling on the bed, half-naked.

"Very lovely Keri. But there is more." He picked up another piece of rope, this one longer. Her eyes followed his every movement as he moved behind her, Keri looking into the mirror to see him. He took the rope, looping it around her upper chest, pinning it tightly to her skin. Four times he circled her upper torso, the dark rope digging harshly into her white skin. He tied a knot before he moved the rope down, this time looping the rope around her, snuggling it up tightly to the underside of her lovely tits. Four times he let the rope bite into her sensitive flesh, enjoying the look of fear in Keri's eyes.

What was he doing? The rope cut above and below her breasts, Keri trembling each time he came near her nipples, the hard buds throbbing with desire. She was confused when

Michael tied the rope behind her, this time pulling the free end of the rope over her shoulder, criss-crossing her cleavage, the end of the rope slipping underneath the bottom ropes. Michael moved in front of her, his hands busy with the rope as Keri watched him almost hypnotically. The rope slid between her cleavage, cutting her twin breasts in half, Michael looping the rope through the upper ropes. She now understood. Her beautiful breasts were going to be bound!

"You'll feel a little pressure now." Michael smiled as he tugged the rope tighter, drawing the twin ropes that circled above and below her breasts together. The ropes compressed, her ripe breasts caught between the rough ropes, squeezing the firm flesh, her white skin turning red.

It felt like her nipples would burst, her breasts trapped as if they were in a vice, the blood rushing to the only place left to go, her swollen nipples. She looked down, seeing the hard tips swell as the blood rushed to them.

But Michael wasn't finished yet, two more small pieces of rope, each at her side, drawing the sides of the ropes together, her breasts compressed into smaller and smaller space, the harsh rope unyielding. Her lovely breasts were now bound out of shape, trapped between the harsh ropes. Keri didn't understand the feeling. Her breasts felt like they were trapped in a vice, her once beautiful breasts crushed between the ropes. At the same time, her nipples had swelled to twice their size, Keri looking at her nipples as they throbbed, the blood pulsating through the tips. It scared her because it also felt good, Keri arching her back, sure that if Michael touched them they would explode.

Michael moved behind her again, feeling her jerk away as his hands circled her naked waist. He held her tighter, pulling her against him. "How do you like it Keri?" He watched in the mirror as his hands moved up to cup the twin peaks, his fingers poised over her swollen nipples. His fingers lightly touched her nipples, Keri gasping.

"AAAHhhh," she hissed, her swollen nipples bursting as he touched them, so sensitive that even Michael's light touch sent tremors through her body. His fingers traced over her nipples, rubbing his palms back and forth over her tips. *God, they felt as they were growing bigger.* His fingers traced around her nipples, the tips so sensitive that it felt like sandpaper rubbing them, Keri arching her back. Michael's fingers suddenly gripped her nipples between two fingers. "OOOHHHH, GGGGGODDDD," she moaned, her hands clenched in fist, held tightly above her head as Michael pinched her nipples, squeezing the twin tips.

He could almost feel her pulse in her nipples, his fingers gripping the tips and pinching them her low groans exciting him. His fingers traced circles around her nipples, her lower body beginning to move in a hypnotic rhythm. He lowered his head, his mouth engulfing one swollen tit, his lips capturing her nip.

"NNNNOOO!" She felt his stubble rubbing harshly against her sensitive skin, sliding along her cleavage until she felt his moist lips capture her nipple, his mouth sucking it in, his tongue lashing out at the trapped tip. She clenched her fists as he suckled her breasts like a baby, but the powerful suction of his mouth drew the nipple far from her breast. His

other hand gripped her bound breast, squeezing harder, Keri sure the blood would burst out her nipple if he didn't release it. She had never had her nipples worked over so expertly, Michael's hands and mouth playing with her bound breasts, leaving Keri panting with desire. His mouth moved from one nipple to the other, the cool air dancing over the wet nipple when he abandoned it for the other. Her breathing was ragged as her bound body responded to her helplessness.

Michael's hand crept down over her hip, finding the side of her skirt, making quick work of the zipper and button. He slid her skirt down over her legs, pulling it off quickly, leaving her clad in only the tight panties that covered her ass like a second skin.

Keri almost welcomed his stripping off her skirt, her pussy wanting so badly to be touched, if it weren't for it being so light in the room, anyone from outside could see her lush form. Michael's eyes devoured her half naked body as he stripped her for his intimate examination. She looked down as Michael's hands slid down her flanks to tease along her abdomen, Keri holding her breath as he moved close to her sex. His fingers teased along the edge of the panties, flaring out to push between her tightly clenched thighs.

"Spread your legs for me Keri." His hands enjoyed the smooth, silky skin of her inner thighs as he pressed out on them, Keri submitting her knees shuffling along the comforter as she opened up her body for his intimate examination. Her knees were spread two feet wide, the panties pulled tightly over her mound. Michael pushed against her ass cheeks, his cock throbbing as he felt her firm flesh, his hands sliding up

to the vee of her crotch, fingers on each side of her mound. He pushed with his fingers, her ass responding by pushing hard against his cock.

"MMMM," she moaned in pleasure, unable to contain the lust that Michael extracted from her body. His cock felt so good nestled along her ass, his fingers teasing her lips, her juices soaking her panties. She felt like such a whore and looked like one, her image in the mirror frightening her, her half naked bound body spread on her knees, the unmistakable lust etched in her face. "GGGGODDDD," she cried out as his hands rubbed over her mound, his fingers pressuring the panties into her slit. Her body trembled, Keri fighting not to cum, wanting to enjoy the pleasure that she knew Michael would bring to her body.

Michael's fingers danced over her sex, pushing the tightly fitting panties into her gash, her lips closing around the material, trapping it in her wet insides. He enjoyed the way her ass pushed against his cock, the hard member jerking as his shaft slipped between her cheeks. *Would she be so willing if she were naked, his cock snuggling against her anus, ready to enter the hot depths of her asshole?* He enjoyed the tight asshole of a girl, their gasps as his thick cock stretched them painfully open only inciting his lust for deeper penetration.

He could feel her wetness through her panties, Keri panting as he rubbed her pussy. One hand moved up to the top of her panties. "Put your legs back together so I can take off your panties." She complied almost instantly, Keri just as eager for him to touch her naked sex. His hands slid the tight fitting panties over her hips and down her legs, pushing them

beneath her knees, leaving her enough room so she would be able to spread her legs again. He smiled, Keri not even needing his command, her knees shuffling along the bed again.

She looked into the mirror, her naked body on display in the bright light. She didn't even care any longer, her lust ignited by Michael's touch, the need to cum overpowering the humiliation of being bound and naked. She arched her back so that her bound breasts were pushed out obscenely. Michael snuggled against her ass again, this time his cock rubbing along her naked cheeks, the harsh fabric of his pants igniting a strange tingling in her backside, rubbing over her exposed anus. She could never take anything as big as Michael up her backside without splitting her up the middle. She only hoped that Michael wouldn't even try. Her body jerked when Michael gripped her bush, yanking on the hair until she felt some of them ripping from her body, tears in her eyes from the sharp pain.

"I will have your pussy shorn of all of its hairs," his fingers twisting in her bush, hearing her gasp as tiny follicles of hair were ripped from her body. He pushed her pussy lips together tightly, her ass shoving against him. "Yes, such a nice ass Keri." He humped against her ass, her body jerking back and forth. He gripped her two pussy lips, his strong fingers biting into the puffy flesh, slippery with her juices as he unfurled her flower. "Look into the mirror," Michael watching as her pink insides opened up, the juices glistening in the bright light. He yanked hard, peeling her open like a flower, seeing the look in Keri's eyes as he opened her sex to the harsh light of day.

His fingers fanned out, her pussy pushed open in four corners, even her clit was exposed.

It looked obscene to be manhandled as Michael was doing to her. Her pussy never looked so open, her face red as Michael grinned as he looked into her body. God, even her clit was exposed, Keri never seeing it so large and red. She felt her lips tugged wider, Keri biting her lip as Michael continued to hold her open, his eyes raping her sex. She felt relieved when he released her lips, his hand still covering her sex. He began to lightly tap her pussy, two fingers slapping noisily on her wet lips. His fingers started to slap harder, Keri's ass shoved against Michael's cock, feeling it jerk in pleasure each time his fingers slapped her wet pussy. It was beginning to hurt, his fingers tapping back and forth on her lips, finding their way between her lips to find her soft, sensitive inner tissues. Her body began to jerk, rising up higher as she struggled, wanting so much to close her legs but knowing that Michael wouldn't be pleased. She could see her hips moving back and forth, almost as if she was fucking back on Michael's cock.

Michael loved the way her body bounced in the tight bondage, Keri's pussy soaking his fingers in spite of her protests. His finger slid down, poised at the entrance of her pussy, feeling her body tighten as she realized what he was about to do. Two fat fingers rubbed around her tight hole, pushing hard to gain entrance. Her husband little used her tight hole. He impaled her, Keri's body rising up as his fingers entered her, spearing her as they twisted and turned inside her. He enjoyed the way her muscles fought every inch of

finger inside her, clenching on his knuckles, his powerful fingers winning the battle to plunge into her hot, tight hole.

He had stopped slapping her pussy, Keri glad but she felt his fingers pushing to gain entrance inside her. Her knees spread wider, opening her legs to his probing fingers.

"OOOOHHH," finding her pussy suddenly filled with Michael's fat fingers, sliding back and forth, opening her up to their deep penetration. God, wishing it was his cock, screwing back on the thick member that rubbed on her ass. She began to hump up and down on his finger, no longer caring how she looked, only concerned with cumming. She looked into the mirror, Michael's wet fingers sliding in and out of her pussy, looking so surreal as they twisted and turned to push back into her. His other hand cradled one of her swollen breasts, his fingers rubbing over the hard and swollen nipple, her back arching to push it deeper into his hand. "NNNNOO MOOORREE!" She cried out, a third finger shoved inside her, feeling as if his whole hand was inside her, bowing out her thighs, anything to relieve the immense pressure between her legs.

Her insides clung so possessively on his fingers, her slick insides unable to stop him as he began to finger fuck her pussy. Her body was drawn up so tall, her tits turning a dark red, the ropes digging into the crushed flesh, her nipples swollen to twice their size. His fingers extracted groans from her lips as they teased over the ultra-sensitive nipples. "Can you cum for me Keri?"

She didn't need any more encouragement, her pussy clinging to his fingers, her nipples sending shock waves

between her legs. "My clit. Touch my clit," she begged. "AAAAGGG," Keri expecting a light touch on her clit, was rewarded with two fingers slapping the swollen bud as if it were a punching bag, Michael's fingernail feeling so hard as it hit her clit so noisily. She shoved her ass back on Michael's cock, glad that he was still dressed, sure that her anus would have been impaled on his cock otherwise. "AAAHHH," she cried out, cumming, her juices bathing his fingers as they slid in and out of her pussy with abandonment. She saw her face, clenched in ecstasy as the tremors raced from between her legs to her brain, shattering her peaceful existence as her bound body came under Michael's fingers. His fingers twisted and turned inside her body, sweat dripping down her side as the orgasm raced over her body. Her breasts throbbed, her nipples feeling as they would burst, her hips pumping her pussy up and down the fingers that split her thighs.

Michael could barely control her, even in the tight bondage her body jerked back and forth, her orgasm racing through her body. Her pussy gripped his fingers as he fucked her hard, making her take them in powerful thrusts that speared her pussy deep inside her. She finally slumped over, the rope holding her up, the spasms in her pussy still rippling along his fingers. "You're learning Keri." He pulled his fingers from inside her, taking the three wet fingers and running them around her lips. "Taste yourself Keri." Her tongue snaked out of her lips, his fingers pushing in to rub her cum on her waiting tongue.

She didn't care, her body exhausted, his fingers pushed into her mouth, her tongue lapping at his wet fingers, Keri

tasting her own juices. And they tasted good. Michael took the ropes off her breasts, Keri feeling the pressure released, looking down to see if her breasts were hurt. Except for the deep indents in her skin from the rope, they were okay, the nipples returning to normal as the orgasm washed from her body.

Michael pushed out on her thighs. "Spread your legs a bit wider. Until they ache." He pushed, feeling the tension in her thigh muscles as he spread her legs wider. "Good girl," her pussy lips pulled back, her inner lips thick with her cum. "I'll be back in an hour. Don't close your legs. No matter what."

She looked at him, surprised. *An hour, her thighs already aching, how would she stay in this position for an hour?* She couldn't, or wouldn't say anything, Michael leaving her alone, Keri looking at the clock on the wall ticking slowly.

She looked in the mirror, her imagination beginning to run away with her, the time moving so slowly. She imagined that Michael was back already, his hard cock jutting out of his pants, Keri licking her lips in anticipation. If only he would put it in her. Then she caught the movement out of the corner of her eye, seeing the figure in the bushes right outside the French door. NO! He looked like a gardener, a boy about eighteen, staring at her, his mouth open in awe at seeing a naked girl bound on the bed. She began to close her legs to hide her sex from him, but then she remembered Michael's warning, her muscles struggling to keep the obscene position. He saw her, his hands drawing a long, skinny cock out of his pants, his hand rubbing up and down the long shaft as his eyes stared directly at her open pussy. She turned red in

shame, the boy never seeing her face, his eyes interested in her pink pussy so exposed to him, his hand masturbating. She couldn't do anything, her naked body on display to him, the boy intent on masturbating, his hand pumping up and down his cock, Keri sure that he was imagining doing perverted things to her body. But even humiliated, she still felt the arousal of the boy's actions, his voyeurism exciting her, Keri reduced to a masturbatory fantasy. She had to stop from grinning when the boy came, Keri surprised that he could shoot his cum that far, almost able to hear it splat against the bushes. He pushed his shrunken cock back into his pants, grinning at her as he left.

The clock struck the hour, Michael entering just on time. He didn't say anything, moving quickly to arrange Keri's body to his satisfaction. His hand pushed down high on her back, making her arch her ass up higher. "Very good," patting her head. His hands molded over her ass cheeks, feeling her shiver when his finger traced up and down her sweat drenched crack, rubbing salaciously over her anus. "Hold still," his voice adamant as his finger rested on her throbbing anus. He could almost feel her pulse on the tight hole.

Her anus felt so spread open, her ass arched up so high as if Keri was offering up her anus for his cock. His finger felt disconcerting, resting on her anus, her muscles clenching uncontrollably from the unnatural touch. The finger began to push, Keri struggling to keep the finger out of her, never thinking of her anus as an erotic part of her body. His other hand slid between her legs, two fingers sliding up and down her slit, Keri finding her body dancing on his fingers again.

How could he arouse her so easily? And often? Not even the finger poised on her anus could dissuade the feeling his fingers were eliciting from her body, her hips beginning to rock back and forth, his fingers finding her clit, teasing it back into hardness. For ten minutes Michael masturbated her again, her groans of pleasure the only sound in the room, Michael taking such liberties with her body, his fingers intimately explored her spread open body at will. She grunted when his finger pushed into her anus, feeling her anal ring stretch across his fat finger, the finger feeling huge as it pressed on her rectal muscles. "NNNO, Please No!" It burned, the finger sitting just inside her hole, teasing along the tight passage, a strange masochistic thrill racing through her body.

Her asshole felt like a hot furnace, swallowing his finger in the hot, tight hole, her muscles rippling up and down his fingertip as he pressed harshly against her rectal muscles. His other hand rubbed her clit back and forth, Keri's body jerking up and down, rhythmically masturbating her panting body. It took fifteen minutes before he was able to extract the orgasm from her body.

He did it again, her body unable to resist his expert touch, in spite of the pain of his finger trapped in her backside. It burned as he finally pulled it out, feeling her anus snap closed.

Michael untied her, Keri's naked body slumped on the bed. "I have some work to do. I will see you at lunch," leaving her abruptly.

Keri couldn't even get up for a half an hour, the orgasms sapping her body's energy.

* * * *

It was as though nothing had ever happened in her bedroom this morning, Michael making small talk, telling Keri of his job and what was going on. She looked at him, his eyes seemed to burn through her soul, her pussy wet as she thought of the way his hands ignited the lust in her.

"I have some work to do in my office this afternoon, but I will devote my night to you," Michael said smiling at her as he finished his lunch.

"I think I'll go for a walk around the hacienda," the thought of Michael devoting tonight to her making her excited. "I hope I am pleasing you," she said, wishing she could take it back as soon as the words spilled so casually out of her mouth.

Michael looked at her, smiling. "Well, I think I have been the one that has been doing the pleasing," he joked. "But don't fret, tonight I will give you the chance to make it up to me."

She thought she would cum from his words, wishing she could put her hands under her short skirt and rub her pussy until she came. "I'll do my best." *What would he require her to do? Would he tie her up?* Her mind raced with thoughts, all of them exciting her greater than she had ever been. It would be hard this afternoon, her mind filled with expectations. She couldn't wait for dinner.

"Now if you'll excuse me, I have work to do." Michael got up from his chair, moving next to Keri. He lifted her head up, his hand under her chin. He kissed her, her mouth opening,

her tongue already peeking out before his lips ever touched hers. Their lips met, Michael enjoying her silky lips, his tongue darting into her mouth, her tongue ready to reciprocate. He kissed her, holding her head in place while he had his way with her mouth. His hand slid down to the front of her top, cradling a luscious breast, his fingers seeking out and finding her nipple, already aroused to hardness. She moaned into his mouth when he pinched her nipple, her body holding still while he roughly fondled her breast.

Michael took her breath away, especially when he kissed her. He was so demanding, yet gentle at the same time. She moaned softly when he touched her sensitive nipple, arching her back to thrust it deep into his hand in spite of his fingers pinching her nipple hard. Or maybe it was because of it. She saw it in his eyes when he pulled away from her, he was going to teach her to pleasure him tonight, just as he had promised he would. Keri only hoped that she would be able to perform for him, to please him. Michael always left her on the edge, trying hard to please him, but he always pushed her farther than she wanted to go. He left as suddenly as he kissed her, Keri getting up from the table, the room already empty.

She spent the afternoon strolling around the grounds. When she was near the barn she saw somebody, she hid behind a tree to spy on him. It must be the ranch foreman that Michael spoke of. He was a bit younger than Michael, early forties, late thirties. He was handsome in a rough sort of way. One of those that you were attracted to but you knew you should stay away from. He wore jeans, tight fitting jeans.

Runaway Wife
by Powerone

She could make out the bulge in the front. Was he aroused or was his cock just that big? His tee shirt clung to his body, his large arms rippling with muscles as he unloaded the hay from the pickup truck, the bales tossed around as if they were paper. He turned around, Keri gazing lustily at his ass. *God, why was she so horny? What was Michael turning her into?*

CHAPTER 6

Taught to Please

She slipped into the shower, the hot water feeling good against her tender breasts. She knew when she got out, her clothes would be waiting for her, hoping that Michael left her a hint of what he would require of her tonight. She didn't even put her make-up on, wanting to see the clothes. On the bed lay a little black dress and nothing else but the shoes. On the floor beneath the bed sat three inch black heels. She walked over and picked up the dress, half expecting to find panties underneath it, but there were none. It would be easy to get her naked tonight. Michael must be eager, she mused to herself

She went back into the bathroom, finishing up with her make-up, the slinky black dress draped over her arm. Once she was done, she picked up the dress and slipped it on, skinning it over her body. She zipped up the back, the stretch material clinging to her body like a second skin. She stepped into the heels, the muscles in her legs drawn taut. She turned her back to the mirror, the dress clinging to her ass, Keri almost able to make out her crack. As she started to walk out, she found her pussy already getting wet, her nipples pushing out the front of the dress. It made her feel so dirty. And so aroused.

Michael was already sitting at the table when she walked in, her hips swaying gently as she approached the table.

"Over here first," Michael's hands already outstretched as she moved closer to him. His hands curled around her hips, pulling her closer, thick fingers sliding over her ass cheeks, feeling the naked flesh shimmer beneath the tight fabric. "You look ravishing tonight. And feel the same way." One hand slid under the hem of her skirt, moving up until he felt the gentle slope of her ass cheek. Continuing his exploration, he moved his hand between her thighs, Keri spreading her legs, allowing him unfettered access to her pussy.

His hands felt natural as they touched her, up beneath her skirt, her legs parting willingly. The greedy fingers crept between her thighs, sliding up to find her pussy from behind, his touch instantly igniting her juices. Her legs could barely hold her up as his fingers explored her naked slit while she stood before him. She stood frozen as if she had no choice in the matter, her body his to do as he pleased. Maybe he was right, her body enjoying the surrender, the floodgates of her pussy spilling forth her juices onto his fingers. "Thank you," her body shaking as Michael fondled her at will.

Camilla came in the dining room. Keri felt ashamed as Michael took his time in removing his hands from beneath her dress, her breathing ragged as she sat down, her face flushed. She pressed her thighs together, hoping to quench the lust she felt. Keri tried hard to eat but she could still feel Michael's fingers as they explored her sex, her mind conjuring up images of her performing for Michael. *Would he expect her to take him in her mouth? Would he make her swallow his cum?* She had refused to do it for Jim, but Brad had forced her to take him in her mouth. And her throat. They were

halfway through dinner when Michael abruptly said it, Keri shocked by the suddenness of his statement.

"You are going to learn to pleasure my cock tonight. Your body, your hands and finally your mouth will all please me." He watched her eyes, seeing the shock of his statement. He thought she might not like performing oral sex on a man, though she did enjoy it when oral sex was performed on her. Tonight she wouldn't have a choice in the matter, she would be taught the finer aspects of pleasuring a cock. Michael went back to eating, his eyes staring at her, Keri trying to ignore his last statement. *Or maybe she was lost in fantasy?*

He had said it. She could almost feel his cock in her hand, her fingers curling over the thick head. She finished eating, her mind not focused on her food, eager to see Michael's cock for the first time, in spite of what he said about taking her in the mouth. She purged the image of his cock in her mouth from her thoughts, hoping she would find a way to deal with it later.

Michael watched as she picked at the rest of her food, enjoying the way her lips curled around the spoon as she ate the dessert, his mind envisioning her lips curling around his cock. His cock throbbed when she licked her lips so sensuously, sure that she didn't do it on purpose, Michael's eyes just drawn to her mouth. Her every move seemed so erotic tonight. Michael dragged dinner out, having a cup of coffee, allowing her anticipation to grow as Keri's mind raced with thoughts of what would be required of her. Finally done tormenting her, he got up, thanking Camilla. "That will be all for tonight."

"This way," Michael slipping a hand around her waist when she got up from her chair, he walked her towards his bedroom.

She had never seen Michael's bedroom before, Michael opening the door and it was everything she expected, if not more. The bed was the most prominent feature in the room, similar to Keri's four posters, the base of each post worn down where ropes had secured other girls spread wide. Most of the other furniture was thick wood, serving to hold a female securely with rope, long padded benches, overstuffed footstools, two large chairs with curled wood arms and backs, all of it convenient places for ropes to be secured to. *Or was it only Keri's imagination or expectations that made everything look so sinister?* She looked around, no sight of rope anywhere.

"Over here Keri," leading her over to a small couch, patting the seat next to him. Michael reached for her when she sat down, pulling her close to him, inhaling the sweet fragrance of the perfume he had left in her bathroom. He looked down, his eyes taking in the hard nipples that pushed out the tight form fitting dress, his gaze falling down to the wide expanse of naked leg the short dress afforded him, his mind conjuring the image of her naked pussy which his fingers had explored just before dinner. "Turn around," Michael pushing Keri around on the sofa until her back was to him. His fingers gripped the top of the zipper, sliding it slowly down her naked back, his head leaning forward, his lips leaving soft kisses on her back.

"MMMM." She tried to ignore the fact that she was going to be naked in a matter of seconds, instead letting the soft kisses on her back excite her. Michael's hands pushed the dress off her shoulders, Keri's arms submissively at her side as Michael peeled the dress off her arms. Her nipples felt the rush of cool air as they were exposed, Michael's hands more urgent now, slipping the dress to her waist. She held her breath, Michael's hands curling around her naked sides, his large hands cupping her bare breasts so casually, Keri arching her back for him.

He enjoyed the silky, firm flesh of her breasts, his hands softly grasping them, enjoying the way her nipples responded, hardened pebbles that begged to be touched. His fingers slapped at the hard nipples, Keri arching her tits up higher as Michael's hands encircled the beautiful flesh. "Stand up," Keri instantly obeying, Michael slipping the dress over her hips, the material straining as he grew impatient.

Grapping her hips, Michael mouth continued to graze over her heated flesh. "GGGGODDDD," she moaned, Michael's hot mouth on her ass, his tongue leaving a trail of warm spit that cooled instantly from the air. Keri trembled as she felt Michael's eyes take in her naked ass. His hand slipped between her thighs, Keri obliging by spreading her legs wider as his finger slid over her pussy from behind. She trembled, feeling his hot breath on her anus, her parted legs leaving her cheeks open, her anus exposed.

"Sit back down Keri." He watched as her naked body sat next to him. He took her hand, his fingers caressing her soft,

silky skin before he placed it in his lap, his cock jerking from the touch of her delicate hand.

It felt huge beneath her hand, Keri wanting so badly to take his cock out to see it, but afraid of what Michael would think of her. Her fingers tentatively curled around the thick shaft that bulged his pants, outlining the thickness of it with her fingers. "It's so big," she shyly murmured, unable to look away. She licked her lips as she thought of it in her mouth, splitting her lips wide. Michael's hand began to glide her fingers up and down the shaft, Keri instantly falling into a rhythm as she felt it grow beneath her touch. She felt so proud that her fingers could do such a thing to him that she boldly tightened her fingers on the shaft as Michael settled back into the couch, his hand leaving her to allow her to continue on her own.

"Very good Keri. Do you enjoy sucking cocks?"

The sudden question threw her off balance, startled by Michael's outspoken manner. She hesitated and tried to gauge her answer before she said it. "No," her answer short and sweet. Then she decided to add to it. "I refused with my husband, but once I was forced to do it."

Michael was surprised by the answer. *Keri was forced? Was she once raped? Is that where she acquired the taste for submission.* "I will force you also," Michael casually answered her. "I will guide your head, all you'll have to do is keep your lips tight and your tongue dancing over my cock." Her hand stopped rubbing his cock. Michael motioned down to his cock, her still hand grabbing the hardened member, "Continue Keri." He was enjoying her touch too much, but he wanted

more, gazing at her naked body, her breasts gently swaying as her hand began masturbating his cock again. "Take my cock out Keri."

The time of reckoning was upon her. Once his cock was out, it would only be a matter of time before Michael expected her to take it in her mouth, a task she didn't relish. Her hands went gently to his belt, unbuckling it, feeling self conscious as she began to undress him. She undid the button, her hand grasping the zipper, sliding it down, the hiss of the zipper a deafening sound in the quiet room broken only by Michael's heavy breathing. She saw his cock jutting out the front of his shorts, briefs that could barely contain the thickness of it.

Michael helped her, his ass rising up, Keri slipping his pants down to his ankles, her body slipping to the floor so she could pull his shoes off and then slip the pants off his legs. Down on the floor in front of him, her hands glided back up his naked legs, feeling the taut muscles of his thighs. He had spread his legs for her, Keri's eyes lowered as her hands slid over the top of his shorts, moving in between his legs, she gripped the massive tool that jerked beneath the cotton shorts. She used two hands to stroke it again, the thick cock standing up now that his pants were no longer confining it. She could feel it grow beneath her touch. She looked up, Michael enjoying her hand, but his eyes told her that he wanted more. She slipped her hands into his shorts, to find the hot flesh of his cock, both of her hands circling the thick cock.

Michael struggled to contain his lust, her small fingers encircling his naked cock almost making him cum. Her soft

hands cradled his cock so affectionately, now that his shorts were pushed out of the way as her hand slid up and down his shaft. "Take off my shorts." He raised up his ass again, Keri sliding his shorts down his legs, Michael kicking them away. He spread his legs wider, giving Keri unfettered access to his balls and cock. "Continue Keri. Stroke my cock. Show me how well you can pleasure me." He softly said, watching her reaction and every move. Without removing her hands from his cock, she climbed back up on the couch and curled up next to him.

Keri felt like a sex slave, naked on the couch, her hands between Michael's legs, wrapped tight around his throbbing member. She looked at it, finally able to see what had haunted her dreams ever since she first arrived. She couldn't believe her eyes, it was magnificent. It had to be over eight inches long, she thought, mentally measuring it as her fingers slid up and down the shaft gently. The thick helmet was a darker color, almost red, a little bit of cum already glistening from the hole in the center. Her fingers traced around the thick ridge, feeling Michael's cock jump in her hand when her fingernails gently grazed under the ridge. She ran her hand down the shaft, her other hand cupping his balls so gently as if she were afraid of breaking something. His balls were so heavy, squeezing lightly with her fingers until she could make out the unmistakable balls that floated mysteriously in the ball sack. She squeezed one gently, a moan escaped from Michael's lips, her other hand stroking gently up and down the shaft. She licked her lips as her hand glided up and down, her fingers tightening as they passed over the head. God, she

loved feeling the flesh beneath her fingers jerk and jump from her soft touch.

Michael was enjoying the pleasure Keri gave him, her hands dancing over his cock, his balls squeezed gently, the pleasure mounting. He looked at her, her naked body curled next to him, her head only inches from his cock. He wasn't sure if it he was imagining it or not, but he could almost feel her hot breath on his cock. "Kneel between my legs," he ordered her, watching as she complied so obediently, her naked body pressed against him. He could feel one hard nipple pressed against the side of his leg. "Cup your tits around my cock." He wanted a tittie fuck from her.

Keri moved off the couch to kneel between his legs. She wasn't sure what he wanted, but she tried to comply, scooting forward, her hands placing his throbbing cock between her breasts, her hands gripping each side of her breasts and curling them around the throbbing member. Tentatively, her body began to rock up and down, his cock nestled between her full orbs. God, her nipples sprung to life, his cock rubbing between her breasts exciting something in her that she couldn't control. She looked down, the head of his cock popping out between her breasts pillowed around it. She felt so used, forced to degrade herself, her proud breasts used to masturbate his cock. It excited and confused her, Keri unable to comprehend her own body. The more Michael used and abused her, the more she desired him. *What would he turn her into? He had said that she would be taught to pleasure men. Would he force her to sexually service other men? While he watched?* Just the thought of it sent shivers through her

body. She began to slide her body up and down his cock, feeling the hot flesh of his cock rubbing in her cleavage, her hard nipples tingling when they touched his cock. She looked down, the head of his cock only inches from her mouth. Up and down, his cock pushed tightly between her breasts.

God, her tits felt so good wrapped around his cock, but he wanted more. "Your pussy. Rub your pussy on my cock. Just don't put it in you. You're not worthy of that yet."

She looked at him as she rose up from the floor onto her knees and pushed her lower body against him. He had arched his back, his hips thrust out, his hard cock waiting for the touch of her pussy. She spread her legs slightly, pushing forward until she groaned in pleasure, his hot cock feeling as if it would burn her flesh when it touch her pussy. She couldn't believe how wet she was, her juices coating his cock as her pussy lips grasped the thick meat between them. "OHHHHHH," Keri moaned breathlessly unable to contain her lust when the head of his cock rubbed over her clit. She began to hump Michael like a bitch in heat, not caring how it looked, only concerned with the pleasure it brought between her legs. Her hips moved up and down, her orgasm fast approaching, lost in her own pleasure.

His cock was wet with her juices, her pussy lips grasping his cock as she slid up and down his shaft. She was getting overly excited, sure that she would cum if he didn't stop her soon. "Kneel between my legs again," Michael's hands pushed her back down, the look of unfulfilled lust on her face. His hands slid down until they touched her silky cheeks, holding

her head up, the look in her eyes priceless as she realized what she would have to do.

His hands tightened around her head, pulling her towards his crotch, her hands holding his cock. Michael was adamant, Keri finding her mouth only inches from the thick, throbbing cock. He pulled her closer and down, his hot cock touching her lips, feeling as if it scalded her skin. He moved her head back and forth, his cock dragged across her lips, painting them with a coat of wet cum as if it were lipstick, Keri struggling to keep her tongue in her mouth, not wanting the taste of the salty cum hitting her taste buds. She didn't like the taste of cum, or more to the point, she didn't like the texture, thick and pasty. Just a tiny drop would coat her mouth with the salty taste. His hot cock jerked in pleasure as it rubbed on her lips.

Michael almost came in pleasure, her hot breath exciting him almost beyond control, the thought of what the inside of her mouth would bring making his balls tingle in pleasure. "Stick your tongue out," Michael ordered her, seeing her eyes pleading with him. "NOW!" The harsh command was all that was needed, her fists clenched at her side as if she were bound and being forced against her will. Her mouth opened and her pink tongue hesitantly poked out. "Good girl," Michael's hands coaxed her head like a trained animal. He pushed with his hips, the head of his cock slid over her wet tongue, jerking in excitement as her mouth ovaled wide, ready to accept his cock.

It felt strange as Michael's cock slid over her tongue, Keri unable to stop him from having his way with her mouth. Her

hands were pressed to her side as if she were bound, unable or unwilling to stop Michael's cock from entering her mouth. In spite of her revulsion, her pussy was soaking wet, her thighs clenched tightly together, ashamed at her body's reaction to this cruel perversion. His hips were moving back and forth, his cock rasping over her outstretched tongue, the bite of his cum touching her taste buds, her mouth salivating with the salty taste of cum. *And that was just a few drops in her mouth, what would happen when he came?* She was sure that she would be forced to take it all when he finally did cum. She didn't have time to comprehend it any further, Michael became restless.

"Open your mouth wider Keri." Her mouth opened wide, his cock jerked in pleasure as he looked at her lovely face, his cock only inches from the sweet mouth that would suck him dry. He slid his hips forward, the head of his cock sliding through her lips, her mouth opened wider to accept the bulbous head.

She didn't have any choice, Michael's hands digging deeper into the side of her head, Keri opening her mouth wide. His cock began to slide over her lips, Keri surprised by its thickness, her mouth forced open wider, lips split as she accepted the impalement of her mouth by his cock. While he held her firmly, he was surprisingly gentle, not pushing his cock too deep in her mouth or too fast, letting her get used to it. She felt his hot flesh fill her mouth, the ridge on the head of his cock slipped through her lips. God, it felt huge in her tiny mouth and she only had the head. *How much would Michael make her take? Would he try to push it down her*

throat like Brad did, enjoying her choking and gagging? She had this deep desire to please Michael, her tongue tentatively moved in her mouth, finding the end of his cock. She felt the bulbous head jerk when her tongue touched it, producing a gasp from Michael. She touched it again, tasting the slick cum that dripped out. *God, how could her tongue bring so much pleasure?* Keri became bolder, her tongue licked back and forth over the head of his cock, feeling it jerk and move from her touch.

"Yes, good girl, Keri." He loosened his grip on her head as she began to eagerly participate as her tongue swirled around the head of his cock. He held his hips still, fighting the urge to thrust his cock deep in her throat. Her tongue began to swipe back and forth over the head of his cock, even seeking out the ridge just inside her lips, her tongue tracing around the crown, bringing such joy to his balls. He felt his cum leaking out, his sphincter tightening, fighting the urge to cum.

She felt a rush of cum fill her mouth, a surprised look on her face. *Had she made him cum already? But it was still hard.* The thick crème assailed her taste buds, Keri gulping as she tried to swallow his cum, feeling it move so slowly down into her stomach. Even after swallowing, her mouth was still filled with the salty taste, Keri unable to rid her mouth of it. She felt Michael's hands tighten on her head, his hips began to move, her head held still while his cock began to saw back and forth between her tightly clenched lips. She opened her mouth wider as Michael slid his cock into the hot confines of her mouth, closing them tight as the thick shaft moved in. She tightened her lips when he pulled his cock out, his hips

drawing it out slowly, her tongue dancing over the head as it stretched her lips wide. It was so big, filling her mouth to overflowing, Michael pulling her head back and forth, his hips driving his cock in and out of her mouth rhythmically. His hands pushed her head down, Keri forced to take more and more of the massive weapon in her mouth, her tongue hoping to please him before he shoved it down her throat.

Michael couldn't believe how submissive she had become. In spite of her revulsion at the oral act, she willingly submitted to the impalement of her mouth by his cock. Michael reveled in the submissive look on her face as her head moved up and down on his cock. Her lips would open wide when he pressed his cock into her mouth, closing on the shaft as he reluctantly dragged it out, her lips making his cock feel like it was in a vice. Her tongue brought such waves of ecstasy to his cock, as it raced back and forth over the head as he pulled it out. "YYYYYEEESS," Michael moaning in pleasure. It was so sexy when he pulled his cock from her mouth, her lips closing, swallowing hard. When he pressed his cock against her tightly closed lips, expecting a fight, she willingly opened her lips wide, Michael quickly pressing his cock back into her willing mouth. He pulled her face down on his cock, pressing deeper into her mouth, his cock pushing her tongue to the bottom of her mouth as he forged in deeper. He pulled her off, her lips dragging over the shaft like a tight rubber band, his hips driving it slowly back in again.

She hated what was being done to her, forced to suck Michael's cock, but she couldn't deny the throbbing in her loins. To get her mind off of the thick cock punishing her

mouth, she slid her hands over her stomach, one finger slipping between her legs to push apart her pussy lips and press against her wet inner lips. The delicious sensations making her moan deeply on his cock. "MMMMM," her tongue vibrated along his cock as she began to masturbate in rhythm with her tongue lapping at his hard member. Her mind imaged a tongue between her pussy lips, licking his cock with abandon.

Michael noticed her masturbation, seeing her hips rock back and forth, sure that her fingers were between her legs. "Yes, take it deeper Keri," feeling her body tighten as he pushed her head deeper onto his cock, feeling the head of his cock hit the back of her mouth. He pulled out, her cheeks pulled in as she sucked on his cock, the suction an obvious attempt to please him. He pushed her head down harder, impaling her onto his cock once again until his cockhead hit against the back of her mouth. He stopped, feeling her body tense as he held her, his cock at the breach of her throat. Holding her head, he pressed on, feeling her throat forced open, the thick head of his cock compressed into the tiny hole as she struggled to stop the impalement of her throat by his cock. He held her tight as he fitted her throat over the head of his cock, the gurgling noise coming from her only adding to his pleasure.

"GGGHHH," she gasped as the thick head pushed against her throat. Her hands wanted to rise up and push him away, instead it rubbed her pussy harder, hoping the lust would offset the gagging and choking Michael's cock was eliciting from her body. She gagged as her throat was forced open,

Keri unsure how such a large cock could enter such a small hole, but she couldn't mistake the feeling as it felt like a giant snake being shoved down her throat. She choked and gagged, her air cut off, unable to stop his cock from breaching her throat. She began to panic, the thick cock blocking her from sucking the precious air into her lungs. It felt like hours, Michael's hands holding her subservient on his cock, the thick flesh jerking and jumping in the tight constraints of her throat, when in reality it was only a couple of seconds. It burned the tender flesh of her throat as it sat blocking her passage.

Her lips were open wide as she choked, his cock throbbing as the muscles of her throat convulsed up and down his cock. He struggled to keep her pinned down on his cock, the natural reaction of her body was to shove it out of her throat. Tears rolled down her cheeks, the look of despair in her eyes, her nostrils flaring as she struggled to fill her lungs. He saw the panic in her eyes and finally relented, allowing her to pull her head off of his cock, hearing her gag one last time as the head of his cock popped out of her throat noisily. Recovering quickly, her tongue raced over the shaft and head of his cock as she tried to please him, hoping to keep his cock out of her throat again. Watching her attempts made him smile, her motivation obvious. As much as he was enjoying her efforts, he had other things he wanted to subject her to. He gently pulled his cock from her mouth, both hands cradling her head.

She watched as his slick cock pulled from her mouth, her lips open as she panted, precious air filling her lungs. Spit and

cum pulled in long strands from his cock to her lips, her teary eyes begging him not to do it again.

"Lick my balls," he ordered her, knowing that she would be willing to do anything than take his cock in her throat again. She eagerly obeyed, one hand holding his cock up and away from his balls, her tiny fingers curled around his slick member, sliding effortlessly up and down the shaft, her tongue racing over his balls, enthusiastic to please him any other way.

Her tongue licked his wrinkled ball sack, not even caring as her mouth filled with errant pubic hairs, making her gag. Anything was better than his cock in her mouth, her throat still burning from his last impalement. She sucked one large ball into her mouth, sucking it tenderly, her other hand stroking his cock, hoping to induce an orgasm in him when he was not in her mouth.

Michael raised his hips up high, spreading his legs wide, his cheeks spread apart. "Lick my asshole. Make your tongue nice and stiff and drive it up my asshole."

The look of disgust on her face was priceless, Michael's hands pushing her head down lower. He caught a glimpse of her pink tongue slipping out her lips before her head was out of sight, his cock jumping as he felt the unexpected wet touch of her tongue on his anus. "OOH, that feels so good Keri. Stick your wet tongue up my asshole." He pushed her head harder between his cheeks, her tongue curling around his asshole, igniting the pleasure sensors that ringed his anal ring.

She fought the nausea that filled her belly as her tongue touched his anus, the tart taste assailing her taste buds. How perverted, she thought as she realized that Michael was dragging her deeper into the depths of depravity. She lathered the tight hole, feeling it clenching on her tongue. Michael pushed her head deeper, her nose banging up against his balls. She stiffened her tongue into a point and pressed against the center of his hole, feeling his muscles tighten as Michael pushed out with his asshole, Keri finding her tongue sucked into the hot depths of his asshole. His rectal muscles closed onto her tongue trapping it as Michael held her head hostage.

He pushed out on his asshole, as if he was having a bowel movement, her tongue sucked into his asshole. He couldn't believe that she did it, his anal ring stretched tightly around her wet tongue, feeling her tongue moving around inside his rectum like a warm snake. He could hear her muffled cries, but he was enjoying her rimming of his asshole too much to worry about her. He kept her pinned on his ass, her tongue trapped in his rectum. He finally relented and released Keri from his hole. "Lap at my asshole." Her tongue moved fast, licking all around his clenching hole, Keri learning that there are things worse than licking the outside. He pulled her head back up, his ass settling back down on the couch. He wanted her mouth and throat again, eager to cum in her. She would be willing to do anything now. Even his cock in her throat would be better than her tongue in his asshole.

He gripped her head, pulling her onto his waiting cock. "Time to suck Keri." Her mouth opened wide, his cockhead

sliding effortlessly over her moistened lips. "Do a good job and I'll reward you with a mouthful of cum." He pressed her head down on his cock, feeling her lips close tightly on the shaft as it slid into the hot confines of her mouth.

She didn't even struggle when he fitted his cock down into her throat, his hands pushing hard until she choked, her throat opening, his cock taking advantage of the open hole, plunging into her throat until it closed tightly on his cockhead. "YEEESS, now that's not so bad is it Keri?" He held her face pinned against his abdomen, her mouth filled with eight inches of cock, part of it plugging her clenching throat.

"GGGUUGGGG," the only sounds she could make, his throbbing flesh plugged into her throat, her gagging only bringing more pleasure to him, his cock jerking in the tight restraints of her throat each time she choked. Spit was drooling down her chin, her hand moving back to her pussy. She began to rub her pussy hard, hoping for an orgasm. She felt some relief when Michael pulled his cock from her mouth, Keri bent over, eyes watering, choking in air. His hands lifted her head back up, Keri pleading with him. "No more, please."

Michael's cock pushed into her mouth, ignoring her pleas, sliding into her gullet with one powerful stroke that took her breath away, her eyes opened wide as she was impaled on his thick weapon. He jerked her head up and down, his cock never leaving her throat, her choking encouraging him to greater cruelty. "Yes, get ready for me to cum Keri." He pumped her throat up and down on last time, pulling from the tight hole, his cock sitting on her tongue. His sphincter tightened, the wet hole tingling, as his balls waited to release

the torrent of cum in her waiting mouth. "Flutter your tongue on my cock when I cum."

She did what he said, hearing his heavy breathing as he pumped his cock in and out of her lips, Keri tightening her silky lips around his shaft, hoping to end the brutal onslaught to her mouth. She felt his cock swell, her lips barely able to contain the thick shaft. Michael shoved one last time with his hips, Keri sucking his cock into her mouth. She could almost feel the cum flowing through his thick shaft, her fingers racing over her clit, hoping to ignite an orgasm in her at the same time. Her tongue swirled over the head of his cock, feeling the piss hole open up, her tongue flooded with the hot, thick crème, shooting to the back of her mouth. Her cheeks bulged out as his cum quickly filled her mouth. She came just as her mouth was filled with the foul crème, the thoughts of how she must look, her mouth wrapped around Michael's cock as he spewed his seed into her oral cavity sending her over the edge. Her nipples swelled, Keri rubbing the sensitive tips over his hairy legs, her pussy exploding from her fingers. She pinched her clit hard, sending another orgasm to her brain. She swallowed load after load of cum, some dripping down her chin.

Michael blew his load of cum in her unwilling mouth, her tongue bathed with the hot crème. He saw her body shudder, knowing that she had masturbated herself to orgasm, pumping his cock in and out of her tight lips as her throat bobbed up and down as she tried unsuccessfully to swallow his abundant cum. Cum ran down her chin, adding to her humiliation as she sucked him dry, finally dumping the last

load into her swollen cheeks. He let his cock sit inside her mouth, Keri finally understanding her job, her tongue licking it clean. He dragged his wet cock over her lips. His fingers scooped up some of the cum from her chin, his finger pushing it into her mouth. "You forgot some. Swallow it all." She obeyed like a good girl, her tongue licking his finger clean. Michael sat back, his cock semi-hard, the look of sweet surrender on Keri's face still keeping him aroused. He knew he would have no trouble taking out his perversities on Keri. And that of his friends. She would soon learn ultimate submission to the male species.

CHAPTER 7

All of her Intimacy left Bare

Keri was surprised to find Michael sitting in a chair next to her bed when she awoke, his eyes staring at her. She could feel his eyes burning through her body. "Good morning," she managed to stammer.

"You are very beautiful when you sleep." His cock was hard, imagining Keri's naked body beneath the sheets.

"Thhhank you," she stammered, feeling shy yet proud that he saw her as beautiful. Every time she saw him, she was surprised by his candor.

"Breakfast is soon, but there is one chore that needs to be attended to first." He got up from the chair, moving towards the bed.

She was afraid to ask, slipping out of the bed, dressed in only her panties. She almost wanted to cover her breasts, but it seemed like a futile gesture. After all, she had sucked his cock and drank his cum last night. All while naked and masturbating.

"Take off your panties. You won't need them for now." His hand slid around her waist, keeping her balanced while she slipped her panties off, Michael's eyes wandering down to her naked ass cheeks.

"Lay on the bed on your back." Keri got on the bed, feeling Michael's eyes burning into her flesh as she crawled up onto the mattress, knowing that he was getting an eyeful as her

legs spread as she quickly scampered to lie down. Michael came back with a long bar at least five feet long, ropes tied to the ends of it and set it resting on the bed. Michael reached for Keri's arms and pulled them up and over her head, her naked breasts not failing to catch his attention as they drew up so proudly.

Keri couldn't do anything except watch Michael as he took liberties with her body, her arousal increasing as Michael picked up the bar and placed it behind her neck, her arms raised up to rest on top of the bar. She felt Michael twisting the rope around her wrist, securing it to the farthest end of the thick bar, the rope tightening, her pussy getting wetter with each tug of the rope. She watched as he moved to the other side of the bed, Keri surrendering, her wrist already in the position so he could tie it to the other end. She almost came when her other wrist was secured, pulling her taut, Keri tugging on both ends, her arms effectively bound and spread. *How could she be so aroused? Did the bondage do it to her or was it Michael?*

Michael looked down at her, an almost blissful look on her face, quite the opposite you would expect to find of a female that just become bound and was basically unable to defend her naked body. Michael's fingers played over her luscious mounds, teasing the nipples until they popped out hard and erect, his fingers snapping over the sensitive tips almost harshly, yet Keri arched her back, sticking her breasts out for his harsh touch. He clenched one firm tit in his hand, squeezing it so tightly that he left grooves in her skin, Keri's only protest was of her legs squirming on the bed, but

Michael suspected it was more in arousal than in pain. He stopped touching her, seeing the disappointment in her eyes. "I promised that you would be shorn and that is what I intend to happen." Michael did one last thing. He pulled some cloth from his pocket and tied a gag around her mouth, the knot stuffed into her mouth as the white cloth split her lips. He tied it tight, Keri's eyes reflected the panic as she huffed through her nose.

She forgot about that, looking down at her bush, the reflection in the overhead mirror, standing out starkly. She began to get nervous, unable to move her hands, sure that her legs would be immobilized next, afraid that Michael might accidentally cut her in a most intimate place possible. And then there was the humiliation of having a bald sex, all of her treasures fully exposed to Michael's probing eyes. The knot in her mouth was quickly soaking up her spit. Her nose flared as she tried to breathe, her chest rising up and down as Keri was finally able to control her panic. Michael walked out abruptly, leaving Keri naked and bound on the bed, the French doors opened, the windows uncovered. She hoped he would hurry back, sure that he was getting the tools to shave her.

It must have been ten minutes or more before she heard Michael's footsteps returning, her eyes turned to the door, waiting to see him. "MMMGGG," her head shaking in panic as she tried to scream in the gag. It wasn't Michael! It was the gardener that had watched her hanging naked through the window, masturbating as his eyes raped her. He was carrying a metal bowl, the sounds of things rattling around inside it as he moved in the room.

"Hello Keri. Michael sent me to shave you. My you certainly are a lovely thing. All naked and ready for me. Just like the other day." He saw the shocked look in her face as she mumbled incoherently in the gag. "I know exactly what you are saying. You're wondering what makes me qualified to shave you." He smiled down at the lovely naked girl. "It's because I'm a gardener. I am always cutting bushes." His laughter roared in the room.

Keri turned red, not just her face, all of her body a bright red as she kept her thighs clenched tightly together. He must be all of eighteen, his eyes feasting on her naked body just like he did the other day. *What was Michael thinking, allowing a young boy to shave her so intimately?* Keri wasn't sure that she could stand the humiliation. She watched as he dumped out the contents of the bowl on the table next to her, the shiny bright razor standing out so brilliantly. It wasn't a regular safety razor. It was a straight razor! He left the room, going into the bathroom and turning on the water. After a couple of minutes, he came back out, balancing the bowl delicately as he walked, steam wafting up from the bowl.

"I'm Kevin. I thought you might like to know my name since we are going to know each other so intimately. At least I'm going to know you intimately." He put the bowl down on the nightstand next to the bed, watching as Keri still struggled to free herself, the rope already digging deep into her wrists. She could struggle all she wanted, there was no way she was going to get loose. And she would quickly tire. He couldn't wait any longer, sitting on the bed beside her, seeing her trying to move away, the rope and bar holding her

arms spread wide limiting her movements. He touched her nipple, his finger lightly tracing over the pink tip. She had such nice tits, firm, capped by large nipples and areolas. He could feel it burst to life in spite of her muffled protests. "Yes, nice tits." He squeezed her nipple, pulling on the hard tip, watching her breast stretch out of shape. "You like them played with, I can tell." He squeezed harder, a tiny yelp coming from her gagged mouth, her face contoured in pain. "Like it a bit rough?" He twisted her nipple, her upper body shaking, testing her.

His fingers were calloused, touching her nipples, the sensitive tips popping to life. He pinched her nipple, the pain shooting deep into her breast, his finger twisting and turning her nipple as she struggled to shake his hand loose. "MMMMGG," she protested, her body tiring already. He yanked her nipple, Keri watching as the pink tip stretched until it was almost two inches long, the pain lacing through her body. She arched her body up, anything to stop the terrible pain. She watched his hand as he grasped her breast in his palm, squeezing the flesh, her nipple trapped beneath his palm. He moved from one breast to the other as she squirmed on the bed, unable to stop him from fondling her body at will.

He got up, moving down beneath the bed, finding the other bar that Michael had told him would be there. He saw the panic in her eyes when he put it at her feet, Keri drawing up her knees away from the bar despite of the show he was giving him, her pussy peaking out from between her legs.

"NNNNOOOO!" Her muffled cries fell on deaf ears as she saw the other bar, this one longer than the ones that secured her wrists, the ropes hanging from the far ends. He was going to spread her legs. Spread them wide. She clenched her thighs together, vowing to fight him every step of the way.

Kevin would have no trouble with Keri. He put the bar down, laying out the ropes carefully. He saw her legs bent high up to her ass, hoping that he wouldn't be able to reach them. He grasped one of her slim ankles before the touch of his hand even registered on her brain, pulling it down to one corner of the spreader bar, his hand holding her tight in spite of her attempts to kick, her energy draining quickly from her prolonged struggle. He looked between her legs, her other leg bent over her thigh, hiding her pussy from his view, but that would soon be resolved. He tied the rope three times around her ankle, pulling it tight against the bar. She glared at him while he secured her leg, seeing the panic in her face, knowing that she wouldn't be able to stop him. But that didn't stop her struggles, her body continuing to try to move out of his grasp.

She tugged, feeling the heavy bar slow down her struggle, her ankle secured tightly. Kevin smiled up at her, an evil glint in his eyes as his hand pushed her bound ankle to the far side of the bed, Kevin reached up and captured her other ankle. "MMMGGG," she screamed in the gag, her protests so muted behind the gag. She could only watch as Kevin stared between her legs while he pulled her leg out straight, smiling as he slowly spread it wide, obviously enjoying the agony she was suffering, until she felt her ankle touch the ropes on the

other side of the bed. She looked down, ashamed, her pussy spread open by the wide expanse of her legs, Kevin staring boldly at her pussy so intimately revealed. *How could Michael have done such a thing to her?* Leaving her naked and bound with the young gardener. She struggled as Kevin tied her ankle to the spreader bar, Keri's movement ineffective except to humiliate her further, her hips dancing about as if she was enjoying the bondage. Her crotch already began to ache, her legs spread farther than they should be.

Her toes wiggled in the tight bonds, her hips bounced up and down as if they were mock fucking as Keri tried to fight him, Kevin enjoying the obscene spread of her legs. He had never seen a girl so close up, not even his current girlfriend, knowing that he would soon get more of a view, his hands free to explore her body at will, Keri unable to stop him from doing anything he wanted. Kevin knew the rules. Michael had only told him that he couldn't fuck her, but he hadn't said that he couldn't masturbate her. In fact Michael had almost insisted that he make her cum, but only after he had shaved her pussy. He secured the rope, letting loose of the spreader bar, watching with glee as Keri brought her legs up, her knees bending, hoping to hide her treasures from his eyes.

She brought her legs up, but the spreader bar kept her open and available, her knees trying to bend inward to hide her sex, but the ropes kept her spread wide, the bar unyielding in keeping her open. She was panting heavily now, trying to get enough air through her nostrils, the gag stopping the flow of air threw her mouth. She finally surrendered, her breasts heaving, her body coated with a thin coat of sweat.

Her legs collapsed, limp on the bed, spread wide. She watched as Kevin moved next to her on the bed, his hands sliding up the inside of one thigh, her muscles tightening as his calloused fingers slide over her silky flesh, moving higher toward her wide open sex. She shivered, feeling the inexperienced hands of the boy on her pussy, inwardly groaning in shame. Keri was just learning to accept Michael's touch and the boy's clumsy and groping hands fondling her pussy was almost more than she could stomach.

He couldn't believe his luck, his fingers pulling open her pussy lips, excited as he glimpsed inside, the flesh so pink. "Can you get wet for me?" His finger slid up and down her slit, her hips moving again as she tried to shift away from his intimate touch. Kevin's head moved down to one of her breasts, Keri gasping as his lips engulfed one hard nipple in his mouth, sucking it deep into his mouth, his tongue dancing over the trapped tip.

He was openly masturbating her, his mouth suckling her breast, his tongue dancing over her nipple. She suddenly caught a glimpse of her naked body in the mirror above the bed, looking as if it were happening to someone else, the finger sliding up and down her slit, her naked and spread body open to his fondling. She saw her hips moving, her toes curled, not realizing the pleasure his mouth and fingers were bringing to her, Keri ashamed that she could be aroused so easily by the boy. "MMMMM," her ass arching up from the bed, his finger found her pussy moist and open, Keri finding her pussy suddenly impaled on a calloused finger that twisted and turned inside her. He wasn't like Michael, Kevin's hands

immature and inexperienced, his fingernail painfully nicking her tender inner walls, his teeth biting her nipple too hard. And yet she still responded, the bondage arousing her, remembering back when Brad took advantage of her body while she was bound.

Kevin couldn't believe it, but she was fucking back, her pussy gripping his finger almost possessively, her nipple swelling bigger as he nibbled on the rubbery tip, his teeth grinding back and forth over it. Keri's back arched as if she were feeding more of her tit into his mouth. "Such a wet, tight pussy. I think you'd cum for me now, but you're going to have to wait until I shave you. You'll be surprised at the feeling when your hair is gone, your flesh so much more sensitive to my touch. Especially on your mound."

She felt empty when his finger pulled out of her pussy, Keri looking in the mirror, her pussy lips glistening with her juices, Keri tugging on the spreader bar, wanting some relief between her legs. Kevin looked at her, lacing a rope through a ring in the center of the spreader bar. He smiled as he threaded it up the wooden beam in the canopy, taking up the slack until Keri felt a tug on the bar. *NO! He wasn't going to pull her legs up, hang her up like a piece of meat.* She shook her head back and forth in protest. "GGGGMMM," Keri wishing the gag didn't silence her protests.

"Up you go." Kevin tugged on the end of the rope, the slack taken up, pulling hard as the spreader bar began to rise, Keri's spread legs along with it. He watched her spread pussy as the bar rose higher and higher in the air, her ass almost leaving the bed before he tied the rope off. Her legs were now

at a 90 degree angle and out of the way, high up, bending Keri's naked body, her sex exposed for shaving. "Feel a bit of a draft?" Kevin kidded Keri.

She slumped down in the bondage, her body already drained, Kevin bringing the bowl and the tools to the foot of the bed. She panicked when she saw the scissors, the shiny metal pointed and sharp.

Kevin saw the panic in her eyes when he moved close to her, the scissors in his hand. "I've got to cut the some of the hairs, then I'll get down to shaving that lovely mound bald." It took less than a minute, Keri's hairs cut, falling between her open legs. He peered at her pussy, her bush no longer hiding her treasures. He brought the water and shaving cream closer. The shaving cream shot out onto his fingers, feeling Keri flinch when he touched her pussy again, this time lathering it from the final shaving. He picked up the straight razor. "I sharpened it before I came in. You're going to have to hold real still to make sure I don't nip you." He instilled the fear in her, her body would be his for the plundering, Keri afraid of moving no matter what he did. He started at the top of her pubic hair, slicing in broad strokes down over her puffy lips, the hairs slicing off with precision.

Keri shivered when his fingers touched her with the shaving cream, lathering her bush. Her body tensed when he picked up the straight razor, her muscles refusing to move as he moved close to her mound. His fingers touched her intimately, the razor edge racing down her lips, Keri feeling a gentle tug as the sharp blade cut off all her hairs. She watched in the mirror as he moved to the other side, quick

swipes, too quick for Keri, her hairs gone in a second, pale white skin left in the wake of the razor. "MMMM," panicking as his finger pulled out one pussy lip, stretching it out far, the razor slicing along the edge, so close to her tender insides. The other lip was next, Kevin pulling it out farther than he needed, Keri winched as he tugged on it, then the swoosh of the razor as it shaved her bald.

Kevin loved the way he could touch her with immunity, her bound spread legs leaving her helpless. He made short work of her hair, shaving her bald. He took the warm washcloth, wiping the excess shaving cream from her mound, lingering between her lips as he cleaned her off. His fingers inspected her closely, fingertips running along the edge of her slit, sliding inside, finding her soaked. He picked up some baby oil, rubbing it on her mound. "Don't want you to get razor burn," he teased Keri. His finger slid between her lips, rubbing the oil down to her pussy. His slick finger pushed against her opening, her pussy eagerly accepting it inside her, her hips jerking as he impaled her. "Yes, hot and tight. You haven't been fucked much." One finger became two, twisting and turning inside her, Kevin watching her face contort in ecstasy as he slowly masturbated her.

He was inside her, his fingers filling her, Keri wet with desire. The bondage turned her on, in spite of Kevin doing it. She hated Michael for allowing him to do this to her, but his fingers didn't fail to ignite her lust. His fingers plundered her without restraint, Keri tightening on them as they twisted and turned inside her. "GGGGHH," his other hand moved up her slit, finding her clit hard and swollen, a calloused fingertip

rubbing the oil over its head, back and forth as Keri's hips tried to move. She was ready to cum. Humiliated, but still aroused. She found herself empty, Kevin slipping his fingers from her pussy, Keri wanting so bad to cum. Her eyes pleaded with him.

"Not finished yet Keri. Just a bit more shaving to do." Kevin smiled at her with an evil glint in his eye. Michael told him he could explore all of her body and he was not going to miss the chance. He untied the rope holding her spread legs, her ass slowly sinking back into the mattress. He pulled the rope towards her head, stringing it across the wooden beam high at the foot of the bed. He began to pull the tight taut, the spreader bar pulling Keri's legs back towards her head.

"MMMGGHHH," Keri finding her legs pulled almost over her head, her ass rolling up. He couldn't be thinking of that, it was too cruel. Her legs pulled farther and farther back, her back straining as her spread legs were yanked unceremoniously over her head. Her sex was open, even more than before, the mirror reflecting back the stark reminder that her mound was bare. Bare as a ten year old girl. But as her legs pulled back even farther she realized what Kevin was doing. Her ass was being wrenched up and back, her cheeks yanked harshly apart by the spreader bar. Even when Keri tightened her cheeks, it failed to hide the most intimate part of her body. Her tiny wrinkled hole winked back at her in the mirror. Her anus was completely exposed to Kevin and his eyes bore into her backside.

Her body jerked when his hands touched her cheeks, enjoying the way her muscles tightened, but she couldn't stop

his eyes from feasting deep between her spread cheeks to gaze at her lovely asshole. He had never seen a girl's asshole, especially the way Keri's was exposed to him. His fingers crept towards her asshole, her body jerking, but doing little to stop his progress. He pressed his fingers on both sides of the wrinkled anal bud, pressing his fingers into her flesh. "I thought so," he exclaimed so proudly. "Little errant hairs. Michael would be disappointed if I didn't take care of them." He got the shaving cream, making an elaborate production of lathering up his fingers, seeing Keri's eyes cringe as he moved between her legs again.

She braced herself, but she couldn't even fathom the feeling when his fingers began to rub the shaving cream between her cheeks, sliding up and down her crack, stopping only to tease her anus, his fingers pushing harder on her anal ring. "GGGGUUUUU," crying out in despair as Kevin picked up the straight razor, Keri's body tensing up as he approached her ass. Her anus fluttered, the strange tingling of the mentholated shaving cream making her anus go into a series of spasms. She froze when the blade touched her ass, the slim blade feeling like a shovel as it slid over the ridge of her anus. Back and forth the blade slid, Keri sure that Kevin was doing it on purpose now, wanting to prolong her agony as she waited for the nick she was sure was coming.

"I got everything," Kevin taking the warm washcloth to her spread ass, the soft cloth rubbed up and down her crack until all the cream was washed away. "Now I need to oil it. Real good!" He couldn't wait, his slick fingers rubbing up and down her crack, teasing all around her anus as her body shuddered

each time he came near the tiny hole. He couldn't believe how small it was. *How could a cock fit into such a tiny hole?* He could tell by the look on Keri's face that she hated him touching her, but that failed to deter him from exploring her newly shaved treasures.

"MMMGGG," the finger pressuring on her anus, Keri able to feel his heartbeat in the tip of his finger. *No, he wouldn't do that!* His finger teased her anus, sending tremors deep in her guts. He was making wider and wider circles around her anus, the pressure increasing as his finger became more insistent. It burned, his finger breaching her backside, the slick fingertip boring into her soul as it entered her rectum, pressing hard against the muscles as she fought her clenching muscles. It felt terrible, her anal ring stretched tightly over his knuckle, his finger feeling like a tiny animal that burrowed into her guts. She couldn't do anything, her body flailing as the spreader bar bounced nosily, Keri's hips having no place to go, only driving the finger in and out of her contracting hole.

"God, I never felt anything so hot and tight. It's like a furnace, your muscles clinging to my finger so tight." He twisted his finger in deeper. "You like that, don't you Keri? You like a finger in your tight little asshole." His cock swelled at the thought of sodomizing the bound girl, wishing that Michael hadn't forbid it. He explored her asshole for long minutes, throaty moans from Keri's bound mouth her only protest as he explored her so intimately. He pushed hard into the soft walls of her guts, pressing against her rectum as her muscles strained to push his finger back out.

She couldn't do anything but suffer his cruel fingering, the tip of his finger never leaving, her anus stretched wide. She never felt so ashamed as she did now, the young boy with his finger up her ass. It seemed like hours, his finger never stopping, moving in and out of her anus, his finger slick with oil. Finally he pulled out, Keri feeling her anal ring stay open before it slapped shut, strange spasms racing up and down her guts.

Kevin went back to masturbating Keri, her eyes widening as he shoved two fat fingers in her pussy without any warning, her hips trying to rise up, Kevin not sure if she were trying to escape or welcome them. He began to finger fuck the lovely bound girl, her pussy accepting his fingers, her muscles clenching on them. He touched her clit, a soft moan from her lips as her eyes closed, her face showing her acceptance to be masturbated. "Are you going to cum nicely for me Keri?" His other hand peeled back her clit hood, the hard button red and inflamed, snapping a fingernail over the sensitive bud, Keri's eyes opening wide in shock. "Keep your eyes open. I want to see them when you cum for me." He liked the control he had over her, an older girl naked and at his disposal. His girlfriend would have to satisfy his lust tonight, Kevin wishing Michael would train her like Keri.

She had no choice, wanting to cum so badly, Kevin taking her almost to the edge than letting her down. She needed to cum so bad, her legs aching, feeling like she was being split up the middle. She tugged at the ropes, feeling the pain as they dug into her flesh. She hated it and loved it at the same time. She began to concentrate on the fingers that fucked her

body, her juices flowing naturally as the fingers slid in and out of her pussy. "NNNGHGGG," she cried out, finding her anus impaled on a fat finger from the same hand that was in her pussy. All of them fucked in and out, her anus set into flutters as the knuckle of his finger rubbed harshly over her anal ring as it pushed in, stretching wide to accept the hard knuckle, finding her anus impaled deeply by the finger. She still couldn't stop the orgasm that was already rippling through her body, his fingers extracting such pleasure from her bound body, her hips jerking back and forth, the spreader bar banging noisily as Keri came all over Kevin's fingers. She was at least glad that he wouldn't hear her cry out in pleasure, in spite of her anus speared by his finger. The pleasure raced through her pussy, her nipples swelling, her brain failing to register the cruel finger that was up her asshole. The orgasm overcame the pain, sweat breaking out on Keri's body as she tightened her pussy on the fingers that continued to fuck her as she came, the pleasure increasing as they plunged in and out of her pussy without restraint. She thought she would never stop cumming, Kevin's fingers driving such feeling from her body in spite of her asshole being impaled, as if a bar was shoved up her backside.

Kevin hated to let her loose, but he had a girlfriend to find, his cock so hard that his balls ached for release. He untied her, Keri making no effort to cover her naked body, too exhausted. He left her along, curled up on the bed, one last look at the lovely ass. If only he could convince his girlfriend to let him sodomize her. He would have to work on that.

It took Keri almost a half an hour before she could get up, taking a shower, inspecting her bald mound, even running a finger over her anus as she washed up. The shower refreshed her, the shame of being masturbated by a young boy quickly vanishing from her mind, her thoughts going back to Michael. She went back into the bedroom after the shower, finding clothes laid out for her, a note from Michael. It read, *I have some work to do this afternoon, but I would love to join you for dinner. Your patio tonight. Seven o'clock. Michael.*

She read it over and over again, trying to read more into it than it said. *Would he fuck her tonight? Is that why they were eating on her patio? Would he inspect her shorn pussy before dinner?* Her mind was filled with such thoughts all day.

CHAPTER 8

Performing but for Whom

She ate breakfast alone, Michael had already left, Keri hearing the helicopter as it landed and took off a short while later. She lay out on the patio, enjoying the clear crisp morning. It was as if she didn't have a care in the world. It was so surreal. Michael was taking care of her, pampering her, his kisses exciting her more than she cared to admit. *Was she falling in love with him? Was he falling in love with her?* And then there was the sexual part of the relationship. In only a few short days, Michael had demanded more from her than she had ever given to a man before. Or more to the point, Michael took from her, Keri having no say in what he wanted from her. The rope, the bondage gave her the excuse she needed, forced by him, she had no free will over her own body, Michael taking her whenever and however he wanted. And she couldn't kid herself, her numerous orgasms proved that making any protest of her treatment would ring false. *How far would she go? How far would Michael push her?*

The house was almost empty, Keri glad that she didn't run into Kevin, not sure if she could face him without turning beat red in shame. She reached down, her hand running over her mound, a strange tingling as she touched the bare flesh beneath her skirt. She saw Derek riding off on a large black horse into the distance, the powerful horse kicking up a trail of dust behind him, Derek bent over it as he mastered the

large animal. She walked over to the barn, the door creaking open as she stepped into the large open enclosure. The smell of horses filled the room, not an unpleasant smell. She had ridden a horse when she was younger, her Father letting her take riding lessons each week. She was actually quite an accomplished rider, though she hadn't ridden for many years, ever since marrying Jim.

She looked around the barn, never failing to see the wide collection of ropes and leather straps. She had never thought of them as much as she did now, almost able to feel them binding her naked skin. There were large beams in the ceiling, pulleys and ropes hanging down from them as if they were beckoning Keri to stand under them, expecting Michael to pop out any minute and string her up and strip her naked to be taken by him. She strolled around, idly touching objects as she explored the barn, found memories of her riding days flashed in her mind, the gentle bounce of the horse beneath her, the wind swishing thru her hair, and most of all, the pleasure she got having such a large animal between her spread legs, her pussy sliding up and down the leather saddle.

She went back to her room, finding her clothes laid out for her, not sure who did it since she was confident that Michael was gone. The clothes were simple, a white button down blouse made of soft delicate silk and a blue skirt Keri suspected would be short. Holding it up against her hips, she was not disappointed when the supple fabric ended high on her thigh. She was surprised to find a lacey white bra lying there, along with a pair of matching low cut panties. Looking

to the floor, she spied a pair of white keds sneakers and little bobby socks. *How odd*, she thought to herself. She took a long leisurely bath, lying in the full tub full of bath oils making the hot water feel as if it were caressing her skin. She rubbed her bald pussy, amazed at how sensitive she was down there. She began to roll her clit in her fingertips, all the while Michael's warning of not cumming without his permission in the back of her mind. She brought herself to the brink many times, each time stopping as if she was going to get caught by Michael. It was as if he would know just by looking at her. *Why did he have such a hold on her?* She finally got out of the tub, looking at her naked body in the mirror, the stark reality that her mound was bare reflecting back at her, her face turning red at the thought that Kevin had did it to her. All while she was bound!

As the night got cooler, the light from the day fading to dust, Camilla entered the room carrying a tray full of drinks and putt them on the table. "Senor Michael will be with you shortly. He is just finishing up some business." Camilla informed her, gazing at the young girl. *Senor Michael likes the girls young. He also likes them submissive, like Mexican girls.*

The helicopter had landed about an hour ago, Keri hearing the commotion in the other part of the house. She was so aroused, too much masturbation in the bathtub earlier left her unfulfilled, but she was sure that Michael wouldn't leave her that way tonight. She had a nagging doubt in her mind that she would never be able to anticipate what he would do to her next,, Michael's mind far ahead of hers sexually. The

uncertainty of not knowing what to expect sent her heart racing as she waited for him to arrive.

Michael entered the room almost majestically, dressed in a pair of kakis, a dark brown sweater that clung to his broad chest. She wished she could touch herself, the thought of what Michael had planned for her exciting her.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting." He walked in, Keri looking so lovely sitting in the dimming light of the day. "Stand up so I may see you." He commanded, stopping to stand before her.

She stood up, ashamed at how she responded so quickly to his command. His eyes ran up and down her body, her pussy getting wetter as he devoured her with his eyes as if he could see through her clothes. Or maybe he was just imaging what he would do to her tonight.

"Turn around." She obeyed so obediently, he was sure that tonight he would be no problem getting her to comply with his demands. "You have such a lovely body Keri." He waited to see her face when she turned back towards him, catching a hint of redness in her face, embarrassed by his candor regarding her body.

She didn't know what to say, deciding to sit down instead, feeling her face flushed. She looked down, hoping to catch a glimpse of the bulge in his pants, his eyes catching her in the act.

"I'm sorry I had to rush out so quickly this morning. I trust Kevin took my place suitably." He paused, seeing the mortified look wash over her face. "How do you like having your pussy bald for me?"

For him? She gazed up at him with an unspoken hunger burning in her eyes, wishing that he would ask her to show it to him. The mere thought of him inspecting her making her pussy wet. She struggled to say something. "It's a bit strange. The feeling I mean." She gulped. "And very humiliating to have it done by such a young boy." She added. "And bound while it was being done."

"I enjoy humiliation Keri. As you will learn. There is nothing more beautiful than a young girl, showing her naked body to strangers, the hint of a blush on her naked skin as she is put through her paces. And I am told that it does increase the arousal in the girl. Very satisfactory orgasms are induced. Or so Kevin told me this morning." He looked into her eyes, carefully watching Keri as her mind processed through everything he had said.

He spoke of training her like she was a horse, putting her through her paces. And the talk of strangers. *Would he allow others to see her as Kevin did?* Bound and naked, her body for them to do as they please. "Is that all I will be? A sexual toy to be passed among your friends." She was blunt.

"I have become very fond of you Keri. And you do have the alternative of leaving at any time. And I can also send you away should you fail to please me." He saw the look on her face when he said that. A look of worry etched all over her face. She worried that she wouldn't please him. He liked instilling that in her, making her more amenable to whatever he required of her. "You are doing so well in learning what pleases me. You will soon join me in my bed." He could see her eyes sparkle when he said that. He leaned closer to her,

taking her hand and putting it in his lap, her fingers instantly curling around his cock. "This is what you do to me Keri." He let her fingers explore his cock for a moment before he sat in the chair.

It shocked her, Keri finding her hand on his cock, her fingers gripping it almost instinctively, running up and down as she remembered the way it felt in her mouth, her tongue running up and down the shaft so intimately. He confused her, his mind so far ahead of her, always arousing her, always surprising her with his strange opinions and outlook on woman. But it never failed to arouse her. He brushed her hand away, sitting back in his chair, just in time for Camilla to bring in dinner.

All through dinner, Michael told Keri about his day, what was going on with his companies, where he was as if she were an integral part of his life. She ate ravenously, her mind racing to what would happen after dinner, her thighs rubbing together as she ate, the erotic thoughts arousing her to a heightened state of arousal. When she spoke, Michael actually listened to her, not like Jim did, asking questions of her as he sought out her opinion. Jim had rarely listened and had never asked for her opinion on anything. She felt closer to Michael than anyone she had ever been with, in spite of the way he took advantage her body, or maybe it was because of it. He was a man that knew what he wanted and was not afraid of going after it, Keri hoping that in this case it was her.

Keri was an intelligent girl in addition of being attractive. Her mind reacted quickly and with insight, Michael finding her thoughts and comments refreshing. He looked at his watch,

dinner passing by so quickly, having ate and talked for over an hour. "I enjoyed your company over dinner Keri. You are a very intelligent girl. I am going to Phoenix tomorrow for lunch with some friends. Would you care to accompany me?"

Keri was surprised beyond belief by his request, finding his offer to go with him to Phoenix and meet some of his friends so gratifying. He actually wanted his friends to meet her. "I would be honored Michael," smiling broadly.

"The helicopter will leave at noon. I will lay out your clothes," his offer to pick her wardrobe now expected by Keri. Michael picked the blindfold out of his pocket. "And now, let us go into the living room. But first, you must put on this blindfold."

She looked at it, the bright red blindfold so ominous looking. In the living room. Michael with a blindfold. Her mind began to swirl, trying to conjure up what Michael had in store for her. She stood up, turning her back to him, his hands moving to her neck as he pushed her hair out of the way so he could place the blindfold on her. His gentle touch sent shivers up her spine. Suddenly the room went completely dark, the blindfold left her sightless. They say that when you lose one sense, it heightens the others, Keri found it so true as Michael's fingers touched her, igniting something in her as he led her down the hallway. Keri was forced to trust him that he would lead her safely down whatever path of he chose. She didn't say a word, knowing deep down inside that Michael wanted her commitment to be complete, entrusting him explicitly. She could sense the openness of the living room around her, her mind adjusting to the loss of sight. Her body

trembled as she tried to become aware of his movement around her.

Michael looked at her standing in the center of the room, not knowing what would befall her. He watched her body sway in conjunction to his movements, attuned to every sound he made. "I will tell you exactly what to do. You are to fall my commands without fail. You may speak one last time."

"What am I going to do?" The suspense was killing her, she had to know.

"You are going to masturbate for me. I want to watch you as you enjoy your pleasure. As you cum for me. Now no more questions." The conversation had ended, she would now have to perform for him.

Masturbation herself? She thought, inwardly groaning. And he was going to watch her as if she were doing it in the privacy of her own bedroom! She couldn't see out the blindfold, the unknown more ominous, not able to see Michael's face, his reactions as he made her masturbate. *What would he make her do?* She listened for his voice, ready to obey his command. She could hear his breathing, echoing off the walls of the large room, sounding so loud in her ears. She tried to imagine it, where she was in the room, where Michael was by the sound of his voice.

"Sit down here," his hands guided her over to the couch, the dark black fabric would contrast nicely against her white skin once she was naked. "Sit on the edge of the couch, don't lean back." She began to obey him without question. "Arch your back for me, stick those lovely tits out." He enjoyed her full breasts, her nipples almost pushing out the blouse. "Very

nice," he praised her, his hands trailing up her arms and down gently before moving away from her. "Now put your hands on your legs. Keep your tits out," He watched as she struggled to obey him. Her body unsteady as she tried to follow his instructions. "Open you legs, wider, wider," his voice urging her to spread her legs wider until he could see the mysterious darkness between them.

She could only imagine how she must look. Her breasts pushed out obscenely, legs spread wide, her hands on her legs as if she was teasing him. She jumped, hearing a click, almost seeing a brightness behind the mask. Again, the click.

"Lovely Keri. Sit up straight, I want you to play with your breasts through your blouse. Keep your legs open, I didn't tell you to close them," he yelled at her when the clicking sound made her jerk them closed in response. She sat up straight, quickly opening her legs once again, holding the pose she thought he wanted, her back arched so her full breasts were posed in the most provocative position.

She sat so lewdly, Michael's voice chastising her when she attempted to close her legs. Her hands slid up her waist, cupping her full breasts in her hands, trying to hard to please Michael. Her hands squeezed her breasts, as Michael would do, feeling her nipples swell to attention. God, she couldn't believe how turned on she was getting, the darkness making it more erotica, only able to imagine the expression on Michael's face as she obeyed his commands. She was actually masturbating in front of a man, or at least she was beginning to. It made her so excited, yet in the back of her mind she dreaded having to strip naked for him, letting him see her

when she climaxed, the most intimate moment of her life. Her nipples swelled beneath her touch, Keri knowing just the right pressure to make them spring to life.

"Unbutton your blouse," his voice soft and urging. She did not hesitate; her fingers shook as she undid the blouses long row of buttons one at a time. Her generous cleavage spilled out of the lacey white bra he had her wear. He wanted her stripped slowly, the bra making it that more humiliating, another garment that she would have to shed until she was naked.

She finished unbuttoning the blouse, opening it to the side, exposing her bra to Michael. She pushed her chest out, hoping to please him. Her legs were still spread wide for him. She waited.

Michael let her sit there for a moment before his next order came. "Remove the blouse." He enjoyed the way she arched her back higher to remove the blouse, the bra straining to contain her ample breasts. She slipped it from her shoulders slowly, folding it neatly on the couch beside her. "Play with your breasts again Keri." He commanded softly.

Her fingers crushed her breasts beneath the bra, clenching them hard, feeling the flesh push out the top of her bra. Now she realized why he picked the bra that snapped in the front. She didn't have to wait long for the inevitable, Michael becoming impatient, Keri hearing his lust in his voice.

"The bra. Remove the bra but do it slowly. Tease me with that lovely body." Michael got the camera ready, wanting to catch her in an intimate moment.

Keri's hands slid up to the middle of her bra, finding the tiny catch, her fingers trembling as she tried to undo it. She finally felt the bra give away, her fingers moving quickly to grab the two halves before they fell away to reveal too much, too soon. Michael wanted her to tease him, Keri more than willing to oblige him. Her fingers touched the smooth skin of her cleavage, feeling the bra peeling away slowly. Her nipples throbbed as the bra slid over them, the cool air of the room rushing over the sensitive tips revealing to her blindfolded eyes that they were bare. She jumped when she heard the click, two rapid clicks in a row. *Michael was taking pictures of her! Naked pictures of her! What would he do with them? It was just like with Brad.* The bra fluttered to the floor in front of her, Keri's hands hugging her breasts close to her, hiding them from the obtrusive camera.

Michael waited patiently for Keri, her hands hiding her breasts from his eyes, the humiliation etched in her face. He was sure that she had figured out he was taking pictures of her, but she didn't protest, Michael knowing that she wouldn't. If only she knew the whole truth. Her hands finally moved away from her breasts, baring the firm flesh, her nipples like hard erasers, framed by the dark areolas. They stood so proudly, the click of the camera, the bright flash illuminating them forever. "Very beautiful Keri. I love your tits. Now play with them. Pinch your nipples for me. Tease them harder."

Her hand went to her nipples. "MMMMM," she moaned in pleasure, her fingers touching her sensitive nipple, the thought of Michael watching as she played with them making

it more exciting. She pinched harder, like Michael would do, the sharp bite of her fingers igniting the lust between her spread legs. Her nipple swelled beneath her finger, her other hand reaching for her other breast, her fingers teasing over the tip. "OOOHH," she began to pant, her hands pulled on her nipples, squeezed them, the tips felt like they were ready to explode. Her legs opened wider, Keri wished she could touch her pussy, but Michael had not told her she could. It was strange, Keri needing Michael's permission to touch her. Even stranger that Keri obeyed him without question.

"One hand between your legs Keri. Get your pussy wet for me." He couldn't believe how fast her hand slid under her skirt, not caring how it looked. She was aroused and Michael would use that against her. Her hips began to move, her moaning louder as her fingers played between her legs. Michael couldn't see her hand. He moved next to her, taking her hand that was between her legs and pushed her fingers towards her mouth. "Open your mouth," Keri responsive, her lips parted, Michael taking one of her fingers and slipped it into her mouth. "Make it wet."

Her tongue slipped out and licked at her finger, knowing what Michael wanted. He was going to let her slip her wet finger in her pussy, the need to cum building in Keri's body. Michael's demands aroused her to a fever pitch, Keri willing to do anything to please him. And her.

Michael imagined it was his cock that her tongue danced over, remembering how her lips had curled around his cock as her tongue lathered it. He pulled her finger from her mouth, his other hand moving between her widespread legs, pushing

the skirt up and away, the white panties hugging her shorn mound. He pulled the waistband of her panties, slipping her hand inside. "Play with your pussy,"

Keri needed no excuse, her fingers slid down her slit, surprised how wet her pussy lips were now that she had no hair. "GGGGGODDDDD," she moaned in ecstasy as she found her tight hole, her wet finger slid easily in her slick passage. Her hips rose up as she was impaled on her finger, rubbing her finger in and out of her pussy.

Michael let her play with her pussy for a couple of minutes, wanting her highly aroused. She had much more performing to do for him before he would allow her to cum. "Take off your panties."

His voice was direct and to the point, Keri afraid that he would take more pictures of her once her sex was revealed. She reluctantly pulled her hand from her panties, her ass rising up automatically as she gripped the waistband of her panties. She slid them down over her hips and down her legs, kicking them off her feet, her legs together.

"Lean back now Keri. Put your feet on the couch." He got the camera ready.

She knew that she would be grossly exposed and that is what Michael wanted from her. She pushed her skirt out of the way as she sat back, bringing both of her legs up onto the couch, her thighs still clenched tightly together.

"Point your toes out. I want to see that wet pussy." Michael's voice fluttered with his lust, his cock hard, wanting relief. He snapped the picture, three in a row as her toes pointed out, her pussy spread open in all of its glory. The

camera captured the slick juices that coated her shaved mound, catching the look of concern on her face as he snapped picture after picture of her naked and spread body. "You should see how open you are Keri. Your pink pussy is slick with your juices. Reach down and spread your lips open wider. I want to see inside you."

She heard the camera recording her naked body, Michael's descriptions making her even more humiliated. Her hands moved as if they had a mind of their own, Keri jumping at her own intimate touch, gripping her lips so hard, the slick flesh hard to hold. She peeled back her pussy lips, the gentle tug harder, not wanting to disappoint Michael. Her lips began to ache before she stopped, her mind conjuring up an image of how perverse she must look. She heard the click of the camera, sure that he could see inside her. *What would become of the pictures? Would it be like Brad, used to silence her protests of what he had inflicted on her?*

"Very juicy Keri," Michael teased her. "Play with yourself Keri. Keep your legs spread real wide while you do." Her hands already began to dance over her pussy, two fingers sliding effortlessly in her pussy. "And don't forget your clit. Make it stand out hard for me."

Her hips began to move almost instantly, her pussy gripped her fingers as she plunged them deep inside her. Her body was tense, needing to cum badly, no longer caring that Michael watched her or took pictures of her. The overriding lust was to cum. She moaned loudly as her other hand peeled back her clit hood, tapping at her clit as it swelled in pleasure, the click of the camera revealing her pleasure button to the

lens. She couldn't keep her hips still, her thighs trembling as she struggled to keep her legs bowed open for Michael, wanting instead to trap her fingers inside her pussy. Her fingers became noisy, her slick pussy covering them as they slid in and out with increasing speed. She wouldn't last much longer, her body beginning to shudder, her hips humping at her own hand, nipples swelling as the pleasure raced through her body. Michael's voice cut into her moment.

"Stop!" Her body froze, her fingers still inside her pussy, her face seeking out a reason for his abrupt command. He moved next to her. "Get up and move over here." She pulled her fingers out of her pussy, Michael taking the two slick fingers and pushing them into her mouth. Keri didn't disappoint him, her tongue licking the fingers clean. She had done this before, Michael sure that she had done it often.

She bumped into something, Michael helping her to kneel on it, his hands arranging her naked body, pushing her this way than that. She found herself kneeling on a cold leather something, Michael's hand pushing down on her back, his other hand between her legs, pushing up on her abdomen, forcing her ass to rise up higher in the air.

"Put your head down, that's a good girl." He made her stick her ass up into the air. "Higher, wag that lovely tail in the air." He posed her naked body, his hands finally reaching between her legs, one hand pushing out on her tender thigh. "Spread your legs. Real wide. I want you opened up. I want to see everything from behind you." His hand teased her other leg out until her kneeling body was spread wide. "Get

your ass up higher," a slap on her naked cheek making her body dance quickly to his commands.

She felt her ass cheeks parting, her widespread legs leaving little to the imagination, her ass raised up so high as if she were offering it up to him. His hands left her and then she heard the familiar click of the camera, almost feeling the heat on her ass. Michael must be so close. The camera clicked constantly, taking picture after picture. Her ass still stung from the slap, but as it mixed with her arousal it confused her. The pleasure and pain numbing her brain to anything other than the sensations surging thru her body.

"What a lovely asshole Keri? It's just a tiny little hole. Reach behind you and touch it with your finger."

It was disgusting, but she obeyed, her finger hesitantly touching her anus, sending the tiny bump into a series of spasms. *Why did men have such a fascination with her anus?* She shuddered, Keri surprised that her anus was so sensitive, a strange tingling ignited by her touch. She never realized that she was so sensitive there, not unlike her pussy. She pressed a little harder, feeling her own muscles fighting her finger, the strange clenching sending perverse tremors through her body.

Michael was enthralled, Keri seemed to be testing her asshole with her finger, his eyes glued to the tiny hole, her finger pushing, her anal ring stretching wider to accommodate the thickening of her finger as it slide in. For a girl that fought any probing of her ass, she seemed to be curious. Michael picked up the vibrator, the pink plastic phallic instrument thick and imposing. The head would swirl in an

ecliptic pattern and would drive hard against the walls of her pussy, the ring of studs around the base would spin in a circle, sending pleasures throughout her body. And the powerful vibrator would make her pussy dance in erotic delight, all for the enjoyment of those that watched Keri going through the orgasmic bliss that it would induce. "Turn your head this way so I can see your face." He slipped the vibrator against Keri's lips, seeing her mouth open in surrender, slipping the thick head between her lips. He saw her tongue already bathing it with her spit, Keri understanding what was required of her.

She felt the unyielding plastic against her lips, opening her mouth to accept the vibrator, having experienced the same routine at home in her own bed, Keri making herself suck her vibrator as if it were a thick cock before it fucked her. She felt the bumps on the edge, her pussy dripping wet at the thought of them rubbing harshly against her soft walls. It was big, bigger than hers at home. It would fill her pussy, unable to stop the hard plastic from forcing its way inside her. It pushed deeper into her mouth, Keri hoping that Michael would stop it before it made her gag, sure that the hard plastic would be much worse than a cock in her throat.

Michael pulled it out of her mouth, the shiny plastic glistening with her spit. "Put it in your pussy and fuck yourself with it. I want you to cum while impaled with it."

Her hands grabbed the vibrator, almost dropping it, not realizing it would be that heavy. She found the switch at the base, turning it on one notch, the low hum filling the room. She pushed it higher, finally reaching a crescendo, the

vibrator almost vibrating out of her hand. God, it hummed with such intensity, the head spinning around slowly, the studded ring moving rhythmically. She trembled at the thought of the fake cock entering her while Michael watched her body dance on the mechanical cock, Keri forced to cum for his pleasure. She reached back between her legs, her body jumping from the first touch of the plastic tip on her pussy. She pushed with her hand, feeling her pussy yielding to the hard plastic, the wet tip slowly sliding inside her wet pussy. "MMMMMM," she moaned softly as her insides spread to accept the thick vibrator, jerking as the band of studs slid so unceremoniously inside her. She stopped, her breathing ragged as she felt so full, even with her legs spread so wide. She flipped the switch, the vibrator roaring to life, Keri's ass rising up higher in the air as the head began to drill inside her soft inner walls, the vibrator feeling like it was twice its size as the head spun in an ecliptic circle. And the studs, feeling like thousands of fingers that rubbed inside her, twisting and turning in an endless circle. Her pussy pulsed with the vibrations, her hips beginning rock back and forth, fucking the thick cock that brought so much pleasure between her legs.

"You're enjoying the cock. Fuck yourself with it." He snapped pictures behind her, the vibrator coated with her juices as it plunged in and out of her, her pussy gripping the fake cock as tight as Keri would a real one. He only wished he could tape her panting and the sound of the vibrator as it fucked her wet pussy. She was ready to cum, but he had one more task for her, one that she would be forced to endure. He picked up the anal probe, the slim vibrator capped by the

large red ball. The shaft was an arc. When it rotated slowly it would stretch her anal walls open as the ball would reach new depths inside her.

Keri was ready to cum, her panting body covering with a thin layer of sweat as she fucked herself with the thick cock, imaging that it was Michael's cock that plundered her pussy. She heard the camera recording for posterity her masturbation, but she no longer cared, her body too far gone, too close to the orgasm that she deserved. She felt it banging against her lips, unable to stop it as something suddenly plunged into her mouth. She let her tongue trace its outline, feeling the thick ball in her mouth, the thin tapered shaft holding it up. *What was it?* She felt it begin to vibrate, the shaft and ball moving in a wide circle, pushing out her cheeks as it moved around in her mouth. *She already had a vibrator in her, why did Michael need a second one?* And this one was so thin. Than it suddenly dawned on her. In the position she was posed, there was only one hole that was exposed and untouched. Her asshole! No, she couldn't do that, her tongue running around the ball again, judging its size. It was too big, sure that it would be painful when it entered her, even more painful if it went in deep inside her.

"Yes, it is for you asshole Keri. You're going to cum while your asshole is stimulated. You need to be taught. Use one hand to hold the vibrator inside you and the other to push the probe in your asshole. I want to watch as your anal ring slowly spreads wide to take the ball inside you." Michael readied the camera.

Keri reluctantly grabbed the probe, finding the switch at the base that would control the vibrator. She pushed the vibrator in her pussy deeper, turning the vibrator on high, hoping that her arousal would dampen the pain of the probe. She pushed the cold probe against her anus, feeling like a rock pushed against her tiny hole. She'd never be able to get anything that big inside her.

"Push it in," Michael was adamant when he saw her hesitation. He saw Keri grit her teeth as her hand strained to push the probe inside her asshole. He watched with intensity as her anal ring slowly spread wider, the look of anguish on Keri's face priceless. The red ball looked so obscene against her white asshole, the inanimate object slowly forcing her to accept the thick girth.

"AAAAGGHH," Keri screamed out, unable to bear the pain without screaming. She felt the burning as her anal ring spread so wide that she thought it would tear, her fingers pushing the thick ball until her asshole seemed to swallow it up, Keri's relief as her ring shrunk back down. But it felt like a giant rock in her asshole, the ball keeping her insides stretched open, pressing hard against her rectal muscles, her asshole rippling along the ball, trying to force it from her hole.

"Turn it on, it will help the pain," Michael snapping two more pictures, the camera capturing her asshole and pussy impaled with the fake phallic toys. Keri's hips were moving back and forth, her ass rose up so high, her legs spread obscenely. Michael heard the muffled hum of the probe as Keri turned it on.

The probe bent painfully inside her, her fingers pushing harder on it, driving it deeper into her asshole, hoping it would lessen the pain. It felt huge inside her like a giant rock that bore deeper into her guts. Even the vibrator in her pussy failed to dampen the pain, the ball stretching her, but from the inside. Her anus went into spasms on the thin shaft as it hummed away inside her. *How would she be able to cum?*

"Try to put it out of your head Keri. Concentrate on your pussy and the pleasure the vibrator was bringing to you. Accept the probe in your asshole." His hand slowly ran over her ass cheeks, caressing her as she began to fuck the vibrator deep in her pussy, the vibrator increasing in intensity as it pulled in and out. "Fuck the probe Keri. Concentrate on the spot where they meet deep inside you."

Keri struggled to comply with his perverse demands, her hands plunged the twin instruments in and out of her orifices. She willed her mind to feel where the vibrating ball touched the pulsating head of the vibrator deep inside her, separated only by the tiny elastic walls that clung to the rampaging vibrators. She let her imagination run rampant, Brad fucking her with his thick cock, while Michael sodomized her for the first time, both of the men of her dreams taking her ruthlessly for their own pleasure. She felt their cocks meeting deep inside her, plunging aside all her resistance as she bounced on the bed between her masterful men. She began to cry out in ecstasy, her nipples swelling until she thought the blood would rush from the tip, her pussy gushing her juices on the cock inside her, even the spasms in her asshole sent their fiery pleasure deep inside her. "AAAAWWWW," she came like

a street whore, her ass pumping up and down, her hands in a frenzied moment, pushing the twin vibrators so deep inside her that she thought they would come out her mouth. She exploded in pleasure, neither the camera's clicking taking away her orgasm or the cramps deep in her stomach from the cruel red ball deep in her guts deterred the pleasure that swept over her body. She bucked up and down as she came, finally slumped down, her body exhausted, spent from the masturbation. She pushed with her body, feeling the vibrators pull out, the vibrator in her pussy fall out and hum harmlessly between her legs. She had to reach back to pull the red ball from her asshole, the ball trapped by her tight anal ring. She grunted as she pulled, feeling the burning as her anal ring stretched wide, wider than before, the pleasure no longer able to disguise the pain. "AAAWWW," she cried as the ball suddenly shot from her asshole, her anus quickly snapping shut. She could still feel it inside her, her insides felt stretched.

Michael took one last picture of her spent body, cum dripping from between her legs, her asshole a bright red, abused from the probing. He put a pair of handcuffs on her wrists, trapping her arms behind her. He pulled her up until she was on her knees.

She found her body manhandled by Michael, her arms bound behind her, the metal cuffs digging into her slim wrists. She was on her knees, knowing what was to be required of her. Michael enjoyed her solo masturbation, but now he wanted his relief. And it was her mouth that was to provide the tight hole for his release. She felt hands on her head,

tipping her head back, her mouth opening wide. She was suddenly impaled by a thick cock, her tongue swirling around the thick head that sat so patiently in her mouth. It felt different, longer but skinner, but she had little time to comprehend the situation. Michael's hips began to move back and forth driving his cock in and out of her tightening lips, her tongue working hard to induce the orgasm that she would have to provide. He took her for ten minutes, her tongue tiring, her body spent, his hips pumping his cock in and out of her mouth. She tasted his cum as he leaked inside her, filling her with the thick salty crème. He never released her mouth from his cock, but at least he didn't try to force his cock down her throat. She felt his frenzied pumping, knowing he was ready to cum, Keri braced for the onslaught of cum that would fill her mouth to overflowing. Hands on her head held her tighter, his hips drove forward one last time, a grunt from his lips as she felt the head swell and her mouth suddenly filled with a torrent of cum. She gulped and choked as load after load of foul tasting cum filled her mouth, dribbled down her chin, hands holding her submissively on his spewing cock. Finally she felt it shrink in her mouth, Keri knowing what was required of her, her tongue lapped off the last of the cum from his cock like a kitten with milk, the shrunken cock slipped from her lips. She heard a strange rustling, then Michael was leading her away, her legs barely able to carry her, his hand possessively holding her up as he led her back to her own bedroom. The bright lights blinded her as Michael pulled off the blindfold. He took off the handcuffs, laying her down on the bed.

Michael carefully bathed her body with a warm washcloth, paying special attention between her legs, finally turning her over onto her stomach, spreading her legs so he could bath her battered asshole. He turned her back over.

He touched her asshole, Keri unable to do anything, the warm washcloth feeling surprisingly good as Michael's hands were so gentle. He gently turned her back over, Keri coming face to face with his hard cock bobbing in front of her lips. She opened her mouth as he entered her, Keri surprised at the hardness of it, but sucking it with a newfound vigor, hoping to please him. It didn't take him long to cum, Keri finding her mouth filled with so much cum that it dripped down her chin. *How could he cum so quickly and yet do it again?* She had little time to fathom the situation, trying hard to swallow all of his cum before she choked to death. Michael left her alone after he came, Keri falling into a deep, content sleep, not even the helicopter taking off roused her.

CHAPTER 9

Michael's Friends

As she took a shower in the morning, her hand ran back behind her and touched her anus, remembering what Michael had forced her to do. He had forced her to perform for him, taking pictures of her while she was in perverse positions, just as Brad had done. Her soapy finger played with her anus, feeling it was still tight in spite of swallowing the thick ball. She pushed with her slick finger, gasping as her finger impaled her rectum. She hated the burning sensation, pulling her finger out. She would never be able to stand such a thing as big as a cock, especially if Michael wanted to sodomize her. Her thoughts returned to Michael's cock, her mouth taking him inside twice, each time finding his cock hard as a rock, his sperm abundant as she was forced to swallow it. *Did he have such stamina? Or was it the nagging doubt in her mind that refused to go away that it wasn't Michael the first time in her mouth?* The cock had felt different, not as thick, but longer. If it wasn't his cock, than someone else had also seen her degrade herself in her solo masturbation. *Was there more than one person that watched her? Was Michael already sharing her with his friends?* He had already let Kevin shave and masturbate her, it was not inconceivable that he would let others use her mouth. Use her mouth, it sounded so perverse, but at the same time it also excited a part in her that she never realized was there. For a girl that was

embarrassed to be naked in front of her husband, Michael had forced her into so many uncompromising positions, all while naked. But it was the rope that subdued her, her body unable to stop the perversions, or so she let herself believe. It wasn't the same as it had been with Brad, using force to get her to submit. She willingly let Michael have his way with her, putting her hands behind her so he could tie them, or over her head, spread wide, her legs next as soon as her ability to stop him was secured by the tight rope. And the excitement that coursed through her body each time she found the rope digging into her flesh was indescribable.

She turned off the water, pulling her finger from her asshole. She had to stop thinking about such things. Michael was going to introduce her to his friends today and Keri wanted to make him proud of her. She dried off her naked body, slipping back into the bedroom, her clothes laid out for her lying on the bed. She looked at them, not even caring she was naked in front of the open windows and doors. It was a dark blue dress that would look great with her blue eyes. She pulled it up against her, catching the plunging neckline that would leave a wide expanse of naked flesh available. She looked around, no bra anywhere to be seen. The skirt was tight, she could tell that without even putting it on, with a slit up one side that would leave a long expanse of her naked hip flashing as she walked. The panties were a pale blue thong that would do little to hide, and more to entice. The heels were three inches high, made to showcase her lean legs.

She dressed carefully, her make up perfect, though she needed little, her complexion clear, her skin a youthful

appearance. She slipped on the thong, feeling the thin strip slide between her cheeks, tingling against her anus. She pulled on the dress, the material clinging to her hips as she pulled it up. She reached back to pull the slim zipper up, feeling the material fold perfectly over her naked breasts, looking down to find her nipples already pointed. The dress opened up almost to her waist. Keri would have to be careful how she moved, her naked breasts exposed if the dress pulled too far away from her body. She walked, the slit parting as she moved, a long expanse of naked leg revealed from her high heels all the way up to almost her waist. God, did she look sexy.

Michael looked up from the dining table when he heard the gentle tapping of her heels on the Mexican tile. He was pleased with her appearance as she entered, her breasts swaying gently beneath the dress, unrestricted in their movement. The elegant heels she wore showcased her trim legs and if that wasn't enough to catch any man's attention, the slit up one side drew their eyes to the wide expanse of naked thigh and hip.

"You look captivating Keri. You have a body that was meant to tease men to distraction." His cock thickened, wishing he had more time to indulge in her charms before they left.

"Thank you," Keri still not comfortable with her own sexuality. She didn't eat much, nervous about meeting Michael's friends, hoping that she would be able to hold an intelligent conversation with them. It had been a long time

since she socialized with other men, Jim had kept her on a short leash.

They began to talk about Keri, Michael wanting to hear what she was passionate about in life. "I graduated with a degree in Art History, but I enjoy design and how space and objects interact to make a visual impact on the eyes of the beholder. I'm not sure how that relates to real life." Keri wasn't sure how she was going to make a living, but she knew she would make it, one way or another. She was intelligent with a strong desire to succeed in whatever she tried. Jim had stifled her dreams for too many years and Keri intended on breaking free of his influence.

"You'd be surprised at the opportunities that will open up. Many rich people have lots of money with little taste. They need the expertise of someone who can give them the class they do not possess." They talked for the better part of an hour, ending their meal with a leisurely cup of coffee, Michael's eyes never straying from her face as she talked in spite of the lovely body that lay almost naked beneath that stunning dress.

Keri tested Michael, leaning forward, her dress opening up wide, sure that she was giving him a good glimpse of her bare breast. But his eyes never faltered, watching her with genuine interest as she talked, hearing every single word she said. This aroused her almost as much as he aroused her sexually. It also confused her. One minute he would be hanging on every word that came out her mouth, the next she might find herself being bound naked, her mouth taking his cock inside, sucking him dry as he spewed his cum down her throat. It

was as if he had two personalities, Keri enjoying them both but in different ways.

Keri had never been in a helicopter before, Michael seeing the look in her eyes. "Hold my hand. I'll make sure nothing happens to you." Her hand took his, gripping it tightly as the helicopters engines roared to life.

She believed him, not that he had any control over the helicopter, but that he would make sure nothing happened to her. A strange concept for a man that was already sharing her with other men. But even those times, she always felt that he was near and was watching out over her. Her hand sweated the whole trip, Keri finally glad when they landed in Phoenix, scary as the helicopter landed high up on the top of a building. "Sorry I squeezed so hard," seeing her imprint on Michael's hand.

He teased her. "I enjoy the way you squeeze me. Feel free to do it anytime." He looked at her ass as she bent to get out of the helicopter. He wished he could taste her pussy now.

She caught his innuendo, the fearful ride in the helicopter not so bad any more, his light hearted comments breaking her mood. "I can be very good," teasing him back. "And very tight."

Michael smiled at her, catching a glimpse of a naked breast bouncing nicely beneath the dress. "I'll count on that." The elevator whisked them down two floors to the restaurant, Michael watching his friends as Keri walked towards the table. Their conversation stopped abruptly, all heads turning towards her, some of them standing up as she approached.

Ten powerful business leaders were all mesmerized by the beauty of the young girl on his arm.

Michael introduced them one by one, each man taking her hand, staring at her beauty as they greeted her. Any fear of Keri not being able to handle herself with well educated important men was swept away within minutes, the men all enthralled not with just her beauty, but impressed with her brains. Michael almost felt deserted by her, the men taking her attention from him, if it wasn't for her warm hand that sat so softly on his leg, his cock stirring to such wondrous delight.

It took almost an hour before they ordered, no one wanting to disturb the conversation as if Keri would disappear if it stopped. Keri wasn't even sure how she steered the conversation to it, but by the time lunch had arrived, they were all asking her opinion on decorating their homes. Most had wives that were just as successful in business or in society as they were with little time to take care of large mansions, most of them having more than one. Four hours later Keri had the business cards of most of them, their private numbers etched on the back with expectations that Keri would call them to arrange for her to see their homes and meet their wives. All hoping that she would give them the legitimacy of good taste that many lacked in real life.

After lunch as they walked back to the helicopter, Keri kissed Michael before they got in, her tongue pushing between his lips, her hand slipping his large hand in the gap of her dress, shivering as her nipple sprung to life from his touch. Their kissed lasted for long minutes, not even the

helicopters engines starting could make them break their embrace.

Keri finally released him, Michael enjoying her passionate embrace, his hand openly fondling her naked breast, his cock rubbing up against her. "I don't think you have to be that scared the helicopter will crash."

"The helicopter doesn't even bother me any more. I adapt easily as you will find out. I just want to thank you." Her pussy was wet, wishing that Michael would throw her down on the concrete landing deck and fuck her hard.

"For what?" He smiled.

"For what you did. Introducing me to your friends. For maybe starting a career that I could be passionate about."

"I didn't do anything but introduce you to my friends. You did the rest. You're a remarkable, intelligent woman. You just needed the freedom to explore your own options. It was you who saw the opportunities and how you could solve them for others." He saw her face beaming with pride. "And I enjoyed the kiss, just as passionate as your future job outlook."

"There is more then that for you Michael. You will have my passion for anything you want." The door opened, Keri bending over to get into the helicopter, feeling comfortable as Michael's hand explored beneath her dress, sliding over her naked ass as she got in. She held his hand on the way back, but not tightly as she did in fear, but in love, her body and soul surrendering to his desires. No matter what they might be.

They entered the house, Keri pulling him towards his bedroom. It was four o'clock and they had a lot of time before

dinner. She kept her head looking at the floor as they walked into his room. "Fuck me." It just slipped out so naturally for Keri.

Michael stopped, his fingers pulling up on her chin until she was looking at his face. "What do you want?" He wanted to see her face when she admitted it.

She hesitated a minute, than blurted it out again. "Fuck me." She paused and then as her face turned red. "Tie me up and fuck me hard." Her panties were instantly wet before the words came out her mouth, just the image in her head was enough to invoke the arousal in her.

"I will give you more than you can imagine." Inside the room, the rope was already waiting for them. He saw her surprised look when she saw the rope. "I know you better than you do Keri."

He didn't even bother taking off her clothes, Keri finding her hands crossed in front of her as she waited for Michael to tie them together. Her arousal increased as soon as she felt the rope on her wrists, Michael making them tighter than usual. She had said hard, almost regretting it now. Not that it would have made a difference. Michael seemed to know exactly what was going to happen and Keri had no say in it. That is what scared her and excited her both at the same time.

"Kneel down," pushing down on her shoulders until Keri mouth was in front of his cock. He stood there and took off his clothes slowly and neatly, Keri watching him intently. She wet her lips when he pushed his shorts down, his cock springing free. "Yes, suck my cock and get it wet for your

pussy." He gripped his cock at the base, his other hand behind her head, ready to guide her with the movements he required of her. His cock twitched in excitement as her mouth opened wide, her hot breath only inches from the head. He pushed with his hips, her lips quickly engulfing the thick head as it slid in, her tongue rushing out to caress his rigid prick.

It was so hard, her tongue running over the head, his cum dripping out and filling her mouth with the thick, salty taste. She sucked with abandon, knowing that soon she would feel him cumming between her legs. Michael began to fuck her mouth, not a leisurely fuck, his hands tight on her head, keeping it tilted back as his hips fed his cock deep into her mouth. She had said hard and Michael took her mouth and throat that way. She struggled but it didn't do any good, Michael's hips flying back and forth so fast that it was in her throat before she even realized it. "GGGFFF," choking, her throat opening as the thick flesh filled it, driving down into her stomach. His hands were like metal bands on her head, pinning her up against him, his hips fucking her mouth as if it were her pussy. The cock when in and out of her throat, the tears falling down her cheeks, her nose huffing as she fought to breathe. She regretted asking for it hard.

Michael didn't let her up for five minutes, not even pulling his cock from her lips in spite of her choking and gagging. He saw the anguish look on her face, the tears running down her cheek, but he had his lust to satisfy on her youthful body and she had said she wanted it hard. Spit and cum was dribbling down her chin as he shoved his cock in and out of her throat, feeling her reluctant muscles rippling up the plum shaped

head as it slid back and forth in her throat. His cock throbbed from her choking and coughing. He knew he would cum soon if he didn't stop. He could have her mouth later, when she would be forced to bring him back to hardness after cumming between her sweet thighs.

Michael finally let her mouth off of his cock, she bent over, coughing and spitting up the mouthful of spit and cum. Her throat burned from the terrible raping of his thick cock in the tight passage. She looked at Michael's cock, never seeing it so long or hard, sticky cum stretching from her lips to the end of his cock. At least now he would fuck her, his cock slick and ready for her pussy. He tossed her on the bed as if she didn't weigh anything, her legs flying up into the air, her short skirt unable to hide anything. She was flung over onto her stomach, her bound hands pinned beneath her, Michael's hands almost tearing the dress off of her. He slapped her ass, forcing her up onto her knees, her thong yanked down leaving her naked. Another slap on her ass left her breathless, her skin stinging from his powerful blow.

"On your back. I want to see into your eyes when I fuck you," Michael's voice loud, his lust aroused by Keri and her desire to be taken so harshly. He flipped her over, his hands grabbing her slim ankles, unceremoniously raising her legs up, making sure that he kept them spread wide. "Just like a chicken ready to be plucked Keri." He gazed lustily down between her thighs, not surprised to see her crotch covered in her juices. "You're dripping and so ready for my cock," he teased her, spreading her legs wider, her bound hands tucked neatly on her stomach, unmoving to defend herself.

She was so open, her legs pulled up, afraid that Michael would toss them over her head like a cheap whore, his cock bobbing between her wide spread thighs. She felt him move closer to her, his cock jerking as it touched between her thighs, Michael's hips moving as he sought entrance to her pussy. Her legs were pulled together, Michael able to hold them both with one hand, his other hand free to grip his thick cock.

"You look good with your legs up in the air Keri. So open." He tugged her legs up higher, her ass rising up from the bed. "And that lovely asshole, snuggled so tightly between your cheeks. Would you like me to spread your legs and fuck you in the ass?" His cock slid over her tightly clenched cheeks, seeing the fear in her eyes as she found herself so vulnerable to anything he desired.

"Please, no," she begged him. "It's too big. I couldn't take anything that big up there." She was getting scared now, Michael's imagination and his sexual appetite far greater than Keri's. She began to squirm, trying to get away from the hot cock that snuggled up against her crack, tightening her muscles in a vain attempt to stop his cock.

"You dare defy me. Are you refusing to give up your virgin asshole to my cock?"

"I'll do anything, just not that. I could never handle having such a big cock up my asshole," hoping that her compliment to his size would temper his disappointment.

"You will be punished for your refusal. Not today, but soon." He lowered her ass back down on the bed, his hand gripping his cock as he pushed between her tightly clenched

pussy lips, sliding easily on her wetness. He felt her tight hole fighting his advance, his cock throbbing against her tight opening. With his cock firmly wedged in her tight opening, his hands returned to her ankles, spreading her legs open and at the same time his hips pushed forward. She was so tight, Michael glad that her husband had deserted her sexually, feeling her pussy opening up for his thick head. "Yes, take it inside you." He felt her pussy slip over the top of cock, gripping it possessively, his thick member pushing aside all her resistance.

She felt so full, his cock bore into her very soul as she felt her legs spread again, the ache in her crotch as Michael pulled her legs open and back, the whole plane of her sex opened up to his thick cock, feeling his shaft jerking in the tight opening of her pussy. She waited for the thrust of his cock, her body tense, regretting asking for it to be fucked hard.

Michael bent her legs back until they almost touched the bed behind her, seeing her cringe in pain as his hips began to bore his cock into her resisting hole. He pushed harder, a gasp from her lips as she suddenly found her pussy impaled with the first four inches of hard cock. "I enjoy the way your pussy fights me Keri." He reached over, grabbing up a strip of rope. "Clench on my cock while I tie your legs."

Keri felt the rope on her legs, his cock driving deeper inside her as he moved forward, the rope looping around one bent leg, pinning her thigh to her calf. Michael pushed her leg outward, her pussy stretching open from the wide spread of her legs, groaning in pain. Once he had her legs tied she

wouldn't be able to do anything except lay beneath him, her pussy opened to be ravished at will. And that excited her. Michael ran the rope from her knee all the way down to her ankle, pinning her leg.

With one leg tied, he pumped her pussy with his cock, his hips driving his cock in and out rapidly, seeing her body bounce. Over three quarters of his cock was inside her, wanting to hurry and get her tied so he could fulfill her wish to be fucked hard. He stopped pumping her pussy with his cock, feeling her respond, her insides rippling of his shaft as he lay passive above her. He made his cock jerk inside her, Keri responding with the tightening of her pussy on his cock. "A nice tight pussy Keri. You use your muscles well." He began to tie her other leg, pushing back until her thighs strained. He looked at his cock, still two inches left to be buried in her hot hole, the rope looped around her leg until it was wound like the other one. He released her leg, both of them flopping uselessly to the side, Michael's hands only having to lightly touch them to keep them spread and open.

"OOOHHHH," her thighs ached as Michel spread her like a butterfly. The ropes were so tight, Michael even taking the end of the rope from her hands and attaching it to her leg. Her legs began to get numb, but all she felt was the pulsating cock that was buried in her pussy. "Fuck me," she begged him.

Michael needed no further encouragement. His hands grasped under her ass, raising her body up, his hips beginning to push in and out. Her juices had flooded her pussy, Michael sure that the rope had increased her arousal

to the fevered pitch she was at now. Her nostrils flared, her nipples, hard and pointed, her pussy gripping his cock inside her velvety insides bringing so much pleasure to him already, he thought he would explode. He pulled his cock out until only the head was trapped by her hot, tight hole. He paused, staring into her eyes, his hips suddenly shooting forward and impaling her bound body with his thick cock in one thrust that banged his cockhead against her cervix, her breasts bouncing up and down from the powerful fuck.

"AAAAAAGG." It felt like he had torn her open and driven his cock out her mouth. She had never gone from empty to so full in such a powerful thrust, her insides shoved ruthlessly aside by his rigid cock. His cock felt like an iron bar shoved deep inside her. Her body bounced as Michael possessed her, her pussy crammed full of Michael's throbbing flesh, his hips moving rhythmically in and out, her insides feeling like his cock was dragging them out each time.

Michael struggled as he fucked her, her tight pussy making it hard to shove inside her with much force, her fuckhole clinging to his cock as he tried to pull free. Her lovely tits danced on her chest as her body bore the brunt of his powerful thrusts, her bound legs doing little to cushion the blows of his fuck. Michael raised his body up higher so he could use the strength in his legs as well as his hips. "Look at yourself in the mirror Keri. Watch your bound body being fucked."

She almost forgot, Michael's bed also having a mirror above it. It was so perverted, the look on her face reflected back, her bound body impaled by Michael's cock almost like

the pictures that Brad sent her of that night. Her tits bounced as Michael's abdomen smacked hard against her sex, battering her body. And her insides, Michael's cock churning such emotions in her pussy as he took her ruthlessly, his thick cock sliding back and forth inside her, Keri feeling the thick head dragging as it pulled out each time. And he fucked her constantly, never slowing down, his stamina incredible, his cock feeling like it was growing and getting harder.

Michael slowed down, his hips moving slowly, his cock only pulling out an inch and then back in again. His hands moved up to her breasts, his fingers playing across her tits as she arched her back, her insides tightening on his cock as she did. His fingers found her nipples hard, pinching the rubbery tips until he saw her lips curl in pain. "Feel that delicious pain in your breasts Keri. Concentrate on the pain in your breasts and the pleasure in your pussy. Let them combine into one feeling." He pulled her nipples, watching them stretch, his fingers tightening to keep them from slipping free, twisting her nipples as he yanked them out of shape.

"OOOOGGGG," she cried in pain as Michael's fingers felt like steel pinchers on her swollen nipples. Her back arched, her pussy tightening from the pain as his cock continued a gentle fucking motion. He was confusing her emotions, his cock bringing such pleasure to her. She had never felt so full, his thick cock touching places inside her that were untouched, reaming her with the massive head. And now his fingers were sending shooting pains into her chest as he abused her sensitive nipples with his powerful fingers. And yet he wanted her to embrace the pain almost as much as the pleasure. She

looked into the mirror, watching his fingers, feeling the pain at the same time, Keri hypnotized by her erotic image in the mirror almost surreal. She couldn't believe that it was her bound and naked body on display so obscenely, Michael's cock driving the lust from her loins as he incited the pain in her breasts. She began to rock her ass, her pussy gripping his cock, trying to drag out even more pleasure from his cock. The pain began to merge with the pleasure his cock was extracting from her pussy.

Michael kneeled up, keeping his cock inside her. He began to rotate his hips as he drove his cock into her, rubbing the thick head of his cock against the tight walls of her pussy as he pushed inside her. Her head was thrown back in abandonment, Keri lost in the emotions he was extracting from her bound body. "Fuck back," he ordered her, feeling her bound legs moving from side to side, her insides clenching so tightly on his cock that he could feel the blood pushed to the head of his cock, her insides nipping at the sensitive head. She humped up and down as best she could in the tight bondage.

For ten wonderful minutes Michael fucked her so completely, his cock dragging the pleasure from her body, the ropes heightening the sensations, his fingers plucking at her nipples painfully only igniting further the lust in her loins. He was now splayed over her, his cock rubbing against her clit, the pleasure button engorged with blood. She wouldn't last much longer, but Michael wouldn't stop, his hands lifting her up by her haunches, her sex pressed hard against his rasping cock, his fingers digging trenches in the smooth skin of her

ass cheeks. She didn't know how he could continually fuck her without cumming, his face almost calm as he smiled down at her. Her face reflected in the mirror showed her lust, biting her lips as she ground her pussy onto his cock, fighting the urge to cum, wanting to make the pleasure last just a little bit longer. His fingers on her ass was what drove her over the edge, her clit dragging harder on his cock, his deep thrusts feeling like the head of his cock would bury inside her womb. "Cum in me," she begged him. "I want to feel your cum in me as I do." And she did cum, her head thrown back as she cried out in pleasure, Michael's hips fucking faster, feeling him give her one last powerful thrust that battered her cervix. And then he paused, his cock jerking before she felt the first powerful blast of cum spraying her insides. It felt like a fire hose bathing her insides, her body jerking in pleasure, the orgasm ripping through her. Her nipples were so sensitive as she came, Michael rubbing against them only made them ache, his hands gripping her ass so hard, tilting her bound body up as he dumped his hot cum into her willing pussy.

His sphincter tightened, his balls tingling as her pussy muscles rippled up and down his cock as if it were tiny fingers inside her that massaged the cum from his balls. He jammed his cock inside her, feeling her orgasm force her to clench on his cock, like a calf suckling on a teat, her ass cheeks tightened as he pulled her onto his prick.

He still held her bound body tightly against him, his cock not as hard any longer, but it still managed to fill her. She almost felt like her body was molded around his, the ropes forcing her obedience. He didn't move, Keri not caring, her

body exhausted from the orgasms he forced from her. She had never felt anything like it before. Keri wasn't sure what it was. *Was it Michael and his rock hard cock? Or was it the ropes that forced her submission?* She didn't want him to leave her, tightening her pussy on his cock as he dragged it out. He paused, his cock finally pulling out with an audible snap, Keri feeling a river of cum leak out and run down her thighs. Michael sat up, but he did nothing to untie her, Keri confused but not willing to say anything.

Fucking Keri was all that he expected and more. She took to the bondage, even the pain without protest. And by the way her body bounced around when she came, he was sure that she had never experienced an orgasm like that before. He looked down at her, her naked body covered in sweat, her thighs covered with their cum. Her pussy was no longer pink, but a deep red from the hard pummeling he just gave her. She looked like a well rode whore. But he wasn't finished with her yet.

Keri found her body tossed over onto her stomach, her bound legs pinned beneath her, her ass pushed out. Michael's hands caressed her face, pushing her sweat drenched hair from her face.

"Lay your head to the side," his hand pushing her head until it lay on the bed. He reached under her, grabbing one bound leg and yanking it harshly to the side. He reached to the other side, doing the same with the other leg, her legs now spread wide.

She felt like she was split up the middle, all of her weight forced down on her knees. Suddenly Michael yanked her

lower legs up into the air by her toes, her bound legs forcing her ass high up into the air. He brought her knees closer together but pulled her ankles apart, the splay of her ass cheeks splitting open, the cool air blowing on her exposed anus.

"Don't move," Michael getting up and exited the room, leaving Keri alone in such an obscene position. Her knees wobbled on the bed as she struggled to stay in position. It must have been at least an hour, it felt like more. Her crotch ached in spite of being sexually satisfied, yet she began to feel the stirrings between her legs again, the rope and the obscene position reflected back to her in the mirror exciting her.

Michael looked at her, her naked body so inviting, his cock returning to its hardness as he gazed between her spread ass cheeks, her pussy a dark red, still glistening with his dried cum. He began to untie her, flipping her over onto her side, his hands rubbing salaciously over her bound body as he pulled the ropes from her. He enjoyed the deep indentures on her white, milky skin from the ropes. He pulled the last rope off of her.

She rubbed her numb legs, getting the circulation back in them, not even caring about the view she was giving Michael between her legs, sure that he wasn't finished with her yet. She looked over at his naked body, her hands wanting so desperately to reach over and touch his cock, already semi-rigid. She waited as Michael played with the ropes. "Are you going to tie me up again?"

"Why of course. I love the way your body responds to the ropes. And the way your pussy juices up as I spread you open." He saw her flushing in shame that he knew her so well. "Now get up on your knees," Michael eager to get back inside her tight, hot pussy.

She hated that position, but she knew that Michael wouldn't allow any more refusals from her. She still didn't understand how quickly he let her off when she protested him touching her asshole, but the threat of punishment still was a nagging thought in her head. She didn't want to compound the problem, though she feared how exposed her asshole would be on her knees, sure that the ropes would make her immobile. She rose to her hands and knees, but Michael forced her upper body back down on the bed, her head pushed to the mattress, his hands lovingly pushing the hair out of her eyes.

Michael slipped his hand between her legs, cupping her abdomen, forcing her ass to rise up submissively. "Yes, that is what I like. Your lush ass up high in the air." He pushed on her inner thighs until Keri obeyed and bowed out her legs, her cheeks parting as well as the slick lips of her pussy. "So open and exposed Keri. I can see that slick pussy as well as your tiny asshole." His hands slid over her ass cheeks, feeling her instantly tighten her cheeks together, trying to protect her anal virginity. He slapped her ass hard, feeling her body rock from the blow, her white cheek already turning red. "Don't tighten unless I tell you," another blow to her other cheek, a grunt of pain from her lips.

Her ass stung terribly, feeling the heat spread across her skin. The second one was worse than the first, her skin feeling prickly like she was stung by a nest of bees. She relaxed her cheeks, hard to do because her body was so tense, waiting for another blow to strike her ass. She didn't have to wait long, the feeling of his large hand on her naked ass shocking her senses. "EEEEEEKKKK," she cried in pain. She hadn't been spanked since a little girl, but this was different and far worse. It was humiliating for Michael to treat her like a naughty little girl.

Keri would have to learn that punishment would be an equal partner with the pleasure that her body would have to endure, Michael and his friends enjoying putting a young girl through her paces. Once indoctrinated to her new life she will learn to relish the pain equally with the pleasure. Michael began to tie her up, taking her hands and sliding them beneath her body to tug them until they pulled between her legs. He gripped both hands and made short work of tying them together, the rope crossing over both wrists and finally slipping between them to keep her from slipping her wrists out. He tugged on the end of the rope, pulling her bound wrists toward him, her ass forced up to rise higher as he slowly bent her body to his will. He took her ankles, folding them over each other so they lay side by side, his hands moving quickly to secure them. The position forced her legs to bow in, leaving the wide expanse of her ass and sex exposed, Keri unable to close her legs. One last thing, her hands secured to her pinned legs. She was now trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey.

It felt like her whole sex had blossomed open to the tight bondage, Michael's expert hands leaving her unable to do anything but squirm in the tight rope. Her head was pinned to the bed, her ass thrust up obscenely, Keri ashamed as she gazed at her body in the mirror on the wall. She stopped moving her hips, humiliated at how it looked as she moved. It looked like she was humping the air!

Michael enjoyed the way she looked, but he had more urgent business to take care of. His balls ached for relief and Keri's bound body was his receptacle. He moved behind her, stroking his cock, moving behind her. He looked at her cheeks, pink from the spanking, but what drew his attention was the defenseless little asshole that peeked out from her widespread cheeks, the crack of her ass barely visible. He could thrust his cock into the virgin hole, but he wanted her to surrender her anal virginity to him. He would make sure that she did. "Ready for a hard fucking Keri?" He didn't wait for a response, his cock fisted and brought to her tight hole, the exaggerated spread of her legs leaving her already open. He pressed his cock head against the tight hole, reaching over to grip the hair on the top of her head. He slowly yanked her hair, her head forced up into the air, his hips shoving hard, his cock shoved unceremoniously inside her tight hole.

"AAARRGGH," she cried out, tears falling from her eyes as Michael yanked her hair so hard she could feel some of it tearing at the follicles. Her head was thrust up painfully in the air, her bound body unable to move, her neck aching as he put her in the painful position. And then she felt him spear her pussy with his cock, a powerful thrust of his hips sending

his thick member deep inside her pussy. She was lucky she was wet, but it still did little to blunt the powerful thrust of his cock, his thick head pushing aside all resistance as he sank at least half of his cock inside her. She felt like she was being split up the middle, her bound body impaled on his rigid prick.

Michael began to fuck her, shoving his hips from side to side as he plunged inside her, pushing hard on her soft walls as he fucked her fully. He enjoyed her grunts of pain as his abdomen buffeted against her ass cheeks, his cock sliding in and out with little difficulty now, his balls slapping up against her swollen clit. "Yes, take it Keri." He filled her with his cock, making her take the full measure of his prick with each thrust, his cock banging hard against her cervix as he plunged ruthlessly into her bound body, taking his out lust on her.

It felt as though he was dragging her insides out each time, his cock pushing and pulling on her soft walls, her hair screaming in pain as Michael held her head up submissively as he fucked her hard. Her breasts bounced up and down, her head pulled back forcing her breasts off the bed. He was battering her ass cheeks with his body.

Michel's other hand slid underneath her body, sliding down her stomach until it ran over her slick mound, finding easily her clit, the swollen bud already pushed out from beneath the protective hood as if it were waiting for his fingers. He gripped it hard, her ass rising up higher, skewering her pussy onto him cock harder.

"UUUGG," she cried out in pain, but it quickly turned to pleasure as Michael's fingers snapped her clit back and forth.

She didn't understand her own body. Michael's treated her harshly, but her body took it in stride, converting it to pleasure. Michael groaned behind her for over fifteen minutes, his cock feeling harder the longer he fucked her. His hips never stopped, her insides reamed by his thick prick, her bound body open for his fondling hands, her clit almost sore from the constant stroking of his fingernails over the sensitive tip.

Michael struggled to contain his orgasm, tightening his sphincter when he felt it too close, her insides massaging his cock with such pleasure. He was glad he had already cum once, able to make her take the punishing strokes with immunity, her body unable to do anything but take his brutal humping. He enjoyed her gasps of pain and her moaning of pleasure, the jerking of her body when he fucked her too hard making her pussy grip his cock in reaction to the pain. It was going on twenty five minutes, her wet pussy making it easier to fuck her, otherwise his cock would have been ripped to shreds.

"Cum in me. PPPPLEEASSE," she begged him. She had to end it. His cock filled her even more, her insides rubbed raw by the thick prick that relentlessly took her. He twisted her clit one last time, two fingers yanking it hard, pulling it away from her body. He shoved in so deep, grinding his hips against her, that she was sure that he had split her up the middle, his cock jerking in the depths of her pussy. And then the head swelled bigger, the sudden gush of cum shooting out the head and blasting her womb with the hot cum. She let herself go, the pain, the pleasure, all mixing together in one

giant orgasm that ripped through her body, the ropes digging in deeper as she struggled beneath Michael. "Seeethhh," Keri sucking in air deep into her lungs as the orgasm raced through her body, her pussy rippling up and down Michael's cock as it spewed his hot seed inside her. His fingers continued to twist and torment her clit, but it failed to deter the orgasm that grew inside her, her body dancing on his cock.

The cum raced up from his swollen balls, the ache of not cumming finally going away as he came inside her. He dumped all of his cum in her, feeling her trembling body beneath his as she came with him, her body wracked with tremors. He pumped hard three times, sending a second wave of hot cum inside her, pulling out, her insides gripping his spewing cock possessively, driving a third and final load of cum inside her. He slumped down on her sweat drenched body, Keri barely stirring beneath him, Michael allowing her head to fall back down on the bed. He checked her breathing, her lungs sucking in air desperately.

Michael untied her, turning over her body onto her back, her muscles limp. He snuggled up against her, his knee over one of her legs, his wet cock resting on her leg. She didn't stir, her body exhausted. He felt her get up an hour later to take a shower, returning to bed to snuggle up against him. He feigned sleep, but her hand reached down to touch his cock, Michael unable to stop as his cock began to harden beneath her expert fingers.

"I know you're awake, your cock does not lie." She was so proud of herself, able to make his cock rise again. "I want you

Runaway Wife
by Powerone

in the morning," she boldly proclaimed, closing her eyes and falling into a much needed sleep, her lust sated until morning, her small fingers still curled around his cock.

CHAPTER 10

Diablo and the Rope

Keri woke in the morning, still curled up next to Michael. Her mind was still aroused, but her body was not, the long time in bondage making her muscles stiff.

Michael rolled over, enjoying the sight of Keri's naked body in his bed. "I hope you slept well." He could see she was having trouble moving, the bondage the first time doing that.

"Yes, soundly." She added. "And satisfied." She waited for a moment. "I hope that I can defer my promise until later." Her eyes begged him.

"And what promise was that?" Michael feigned ignorance.

"Of taking your cock. My mind wants to but my body is cramped." She stretched her body out, not even caring that she was naked and Michael's eyes were feasting on her as she stretched.

"I have just the thing for you. A nice ride outside. I did hear you say that you rode before. It is beautiful out today, we can take a ride and have a picnic somewhere. I think you will find the ride relaxing. And good for your sore muscles." He smiled, up on his elbow facing her, his hand roaming over her body as she stretched.

"I would love to. I haven't ridden for ages, but I miss it. I hope that you have a horse that is not too spirited for me." Maybe she would seduce him on their picnic, though she doubted that she would be the seducer.

"I think you like everything spirited," he teased her, one hand cupping her breast gently. "I have just the horse for you. Why don't you take a shower and get dressed. I will have your clothes set out for you. Camilla will make us a nice lunch with a bottle of wine." He watched her body as she got up, taking in her naked flesh as she picked up the robe that was neatly laid out for her. She pulled the thin wrap around her, the delicate material molding to her curves, her body so sexy beneath the thin fabric.

She was sure that Michael was hard by time she left, feeling his eyes burning into her naked flesh as she put on the bathrobe. She took a leisurely shower, the hot water feeling good on her taut muscles, stretching her naked body in the shower. She was beginning to get back some of the elasticity in her body, almost wishing that she had begged Michael fuck her. Her hand slid down between her legs, still not used to having her mound shorn of her bush, finding her pussy a bit sore from the hard fuck Michael gave her last night. Serves her right for asking for it hard, though she was deliciously sore, she still didn't regret her decision. Michael had brought out the most explosive orgasms in her, each time surpassing the last, Keri wondering how much longer he could ignite such lust in her.

After her shower, she towed off and put on the clothes Michael laid out for her, the riding pants fitting her like a glove. You could make out the outline of her low cut panties beneath the pants. She took a step, feeling the pants gripping hard on her pussy, knowing that Michael would like that. The simple task of walking would force her to get aroused. Luckily

they would spend the better part of the day riding. She slipped on the button down blouse, Keri knowing that Michael would not give her a bra, wanting to enjoy her breasts as they bounced along with the cantor of the horse.

She sat down with Michael, seeing the way the jeans he was wearing cradled his cock into a nice bulge that teased her as she gazed at it. "Good morning. Again."

"You look ravishing in that outfit. Stand up and let me see your ass."

She didn't hesitate, standing up, turning her back to him, standing there while he ravished her lovely ass with his eyes. "Thank you." Keri sitting back down but with a new flush in her face, embarrassed that he commented so lewdly of her body.

She felt like a trained dog when Michael made her show her ass to him. She felt the sting of humiliation that he treated her that way and she allowed him. Yet, she got such a sense of satisfaction in performing for him as he expected, just as a well trained dog must feel. A sexy glow spread across her face, reveling in the fact that her body and actions pleased him.

They talked through breakfast, Michael making no mention of their lovemaking last night as if it didn't happen. After an hour, Camilla came and took the dishes away.

"I have to make an important phone call. Why don't you go out to the barn? Have Derek get you ready. He's an expert rider so he can fill you in with all you need to know about your horse." He turned to Camilla. "Would you bring our

picnic basket to Derek? And don't forget the wine. Pack it carefully."

Michael left her alone in the dining room, Camilla going off to get the lunch packed and ready to go. Keri walked slowly out to the barn, the fresh air and sunshine feeling good. Not to mention, the tight pants felt good, the gentle pressure on her pussy revitalizing her arousal. The large barn door creaked ominously as she walked in, her senses assaulted by the scent of hay and horse manure. She stepped into the cavernous barn until she saw him. "Derek?"

"Ah, Senorita Keri," Derek's eyes took her in, finally getting a good view of the girl that was taking all of Michael's time. She was as lovely as Kevin had said she was. He could make out the lovely breasts that hung free beneath the blouse, the nipples showing a bit of hardness. He looked down at her ass, enjoying the way the riding pants clung to her flesh, able to discern the crack in her ass as well as her slit. A bald mound could hide nothing now. He was going to enjoy this one, hoping that Michael would allow him a taste today. "Michael says you have ridden before. I have just the horse for you. Follow me."

"Thank you Derek." She looked down at the unmistakable bulge in his jeans. He was well hung, just like Michael. *Take your mind off of that Keri*, she chided herself. She followed him over to one of the stalls, the loud neighing of the horse inside almost scaring her.

Derek opened the door for Keri to see her horse. "His name is Diablo."

Keri looked at the large black horse. She wasn't afraid of horses, but what drew her attention to him was his cock. It was unsheathed and had to be almost two feet long and three inches around. And it was hard! The horse looked at her almost lustily, as if he wanted to mate with her. The size of his cock made her pussy wet. He was still neighing and snorting at her. "Is he all right to ride?"

"Big isn't it?"

"What?" Keri stammered, unable to take her eyes off of the horse's cock, suddenly realizing what Derek was talking about and knowing that he saw her eyes riveting to the massive weapon beneath Diablo. She instantly turned red in shame. "YYYYEESS," she murmured nervously.

"Would you like to touch it? I don't think Diablo would mind having your soft hand wrapped around his cock." He smiled when he said it, wanting to see her humiliation.

"NO!" She was shocked by his comment, stepping back in alarm, but she found herself unconsciously licking her lips almost as if she was anticipating putting the horse's cock in her mouth.

"Don't worry about Diablo. He's very gentle. He just gets excited by the scent of an aroused female. Horse or otherwise. With a cock that big all the female horses love him, making him my best breeder. None of them go away unsatisfied." Derek saw her face turn a shade of red.

"Aroused female?" Then Keri finally realized what he meant. "Me?" She blushed deeper. *Did Derek also scent her arousal?*

"Don't be ashamed Keri. It's much better than the most expensive perfume. With your parted legs on his back, Diablo will do anything to please you."

Was this going to be a ride or an orgasm? She looked back at the horse, or more plainly at his cock. It seemed to be getting bigger, Keri's hands at her side almost feeling it molded in her palm. *What would it feel like to have two feet of cock trying to enter you?* She was flustered and aroused at the same time. "Thank you Derek," Keri replied curtly, trying to take back her pride.

"Diablo can make your ride very stimulating. I have been told by other girls that rode him that if you let your lower body relax and slide along the saddle it can be very arousing. To increase the pleasure, slide forward each time and let your clit rub against the saddle horn. Diablo will bounce very gently. Just think about that massive weapon beneath you as you ride. You just have to be careful you don't cum too quickly." Her eyes were almost glazed over as it she was in a trance.

God, she almost couldn't wait to get on his back, Keri wishing she could plunge her hands in her panties and get herself off quickly. It would be a tough ride, trying not to think about Diablo's cock, trying not to cum. "TTTTThankk you." She barely heard any more of his instructions, her mind drifting on and off as she imagined the feeling between her legs as she rode the horse. Luckily Michael came out, Derek helping her up on the horse, but not before he let his hands roam over her ass cheeks as he helped her up.

"Diablo is going to love you. As I already do." Derek reached his hand down to the front of his jeans, grabbing his crotch, making sure that Keri saw his every move.

Michael and Keri took off riding, starting off slowly until Keri could get used to riding again, her body adjusting to the rhythmic gait of the powerful beast beneath her. "Are you okay?" Michael saw that her body was tense, almost as if she was expecting something to happen.

"Yes," she barely managed to stammer. She willed her body to relax, getting into the rhythm of Diablo as he started to canter. Keri began a gentle bouncing on the saddle, finding her sex sliding easily back and forth over the hard leather saddle. She didn't dare move up and rub her clit on the saddle horn, afraid that she would scream out if she climaxed while riding. She stared at the saddle horn, almost perverted, standing up like a phallic symbol between her legs. She only had to slip another inch forward and she would rub up against it.

Michael noticed that she didn't seem to talk much as they rode, finally understanding the reason as he watched her face. Her face became flushed, her nose flared as she breathed heavily, her almost naked chest heaving up and down in rhythm with the horse. She was masturbating on the saddle. Derek must have put the idea in her head. Michael would keep her from climaxing while riding, sure that Derek had plans for her aroused body once they got back to the barn. The barn was full of lovely items that would look good on Keri. Ropes and whips, as well as many places an errant

girl could be placed into compromising positions. She would get her orgasm, but she would have to pay for it first.

Keri could barely get off Diablo when they stopped for lunch, her legs feeling like Jell-O. Her riding pants were stained with her juices, Keri keeping her hands in front of her, hoping to hide her arousal from Michael. She was sure that Michael would find a way to use her arousal against her, not that it would be a bad idea. No matter what Michael's imaginative mind dreamed up, Keri found her body responding. Nothing was perverted. Except sodomy, her mind quickly adding.

Michael had the picnic all spread out on the blanket before Keri got her legs back. She sat down hurriedly, hiding her wet pants from Michael's eyes. "It looks delicious. And the outside air has made me ravenous." Her arousal had also made her hungry for things other than food.

"Yes, you do look especially sexy today. It must be the fresh air," he teased her. "By the way, after I made my phone call, I heard from Jim Baker. He is sending a helicopter for you in the morning. He just bought a new house in Aspen and wants you to furnish it with style. He will pick you up at 10 so you can meet his wife and see the house in Aspen. He promised to have you back before dinner." Michael failed to see it coming, Keri jumping up and hugging him so passionately, pushing her body provocatively against his frame. She kissed him hard, her tongue reaching so deep in his mouth he thought she would stick it down his throat. She finally pulled away, breathless and excited.

She had got a job. A real paying job, although she didn't know how much it paid yet. Someone wanted her expertise and classy style to decorate their home. *Was her life finally coming together after so many years wasted with Jim?* "I'm sorry I got so carried away. It was all because of you that I got the job."

"I forgot to mention, you get 5% commission on all your purchases for him. Knowing Jim's wife and her taste, I expect that it should be around \$50,000. He purchased his house in Aspen for about 5 million and I'm sure he will spend in excess of 1 million furnishing it. He has expensive taste and with you helping, it will also have good taste." Keri's faced beamed with pride. *Now would that change their arrangement? Or cement it?* Michael would soon find out once they got back to the barn and Derek.

Keri was almost giddy during the picnic, even sitting close to Michael, her hand moving to the front of his jeans, her fingers tightening on the bulge that appeared harder as her fingers pressed. She wanted to reach in and take his cock out, even considering putting it in her mouth, but Michael seemed to be waiting for something, Keri was sure that he would surprise her once they got back to the house. She almost forgot about Diablo until her spread legs sat back down on the saddle once more. They began to ride again, Keri letting her body go and sliding back and forth over the sleek saddle, the friction heating up her loins. It was about an hour ride back, so Keri paced herself. With only a half hour to go, she slid farther forward.

"Whoosh," Keri barely able to breathe as her clit hit against the saddle horn. She hated when Diablo forced her back, but she braced herself for the next one, moaning quietly as her clit swelled in pleasure each time she slid against the saddle horn. *God, why didn't she ever think of this when she was younger and riding?* She even made Diablo gallop, Keri wanting more stimulation, wishing they could stop and Michael would fuck her. She pressed harder on the rigid saddle horn when the barn came into sight, Keri wanting desperately to cum before she reached it. They pulled up in front of the barn, Derek waiting outside for them. Keri could feel her flushed face, her riding pants drenched in her juices. But she was on the verge of cumming. If only they could have rode a bit more, Keri sure that she would cum. She didn't even mind when Derek's hands rubbed all over her as he helped her down, Derek not even trying to hide his intentions. His hand rested on her ass cheeks for a long time before Keri moved away.

Michael saw Derek pawing at Keri, but he also saw the wet spot on the front of her riding pants. She had drenched them and by the flushed look on her face, she had not climaxed. She would be wound tighter than a clock, willing to do anything for the orgasm that she needed so badly. He was sure that Derek had some ideas already in his head by the way he fondled her body.

"Was Diablo everything I told you he was?" He looked at Keri, the look of pure sex radiating on her face. She was horny and needed some satisfaction. "Did you ride like I instructed you?" He waited for her response.

She didn't even care that Derek was teasing her. She enjoyed the way his large, calloused hands ran so possessively over her body and Michael didn't seem to mind. She needed relief, no matter what. The job, the masturbating horse, all raced through her mind at once, leaving her restless and unsatisfied. "Riding Diablo was just as you said."

"From the flushed look on your face, Diablo left you unfulfilled." Derek turned to Michael. "Would you mind if I finished what Diablo could not?"

"I think Keri would be disappointed if I didn't let you." He saw the expression on Keri's face. It was a combination of excitement and fear of the unknown.

"Let's go into the barn Keri. I have things all ready for you." He put his arm around her waist, both of them walking into the barn, his hand sliding down to her ass cheeks, squeezing the firm flesh as they walked.

Keri let herself be led to where or what she didn't know, but Derek's powerful hand around her waist said that he would take charge. Just like Michael did, but this time there would be two of them. *Would she have to take care of both of them sexually? Or would Michael just watch?* She wasn't surprised to see the pile of ropes already laid out in the center of the barn, Keri shivering when she saw all the hooks, pulleys and fences around, all built to secure things, including her. Derek didn't waste anytime, spinning her around until her back was to him. Michael sat down on a bale of hay, his cock already bulging in his pants.

"Put your arms behind you. Reach your hands to each opposite elbow." Derek reached impatiently for her wrists, his

hand already tying the rope around her wrists and securing them to her elbows. He looped the rope around her body, three times above her breasts and twice below them, his fingers grazing over the hard nipples that already pressed against the blouse, her naked flesh just below the thin material. He secured another rope between her cleavage, yanking it up harshly, enjoying her moan as the ropes bit into her lovely breasts, trapping the tender flesh between the harsh ropes until they began to bulge. "Michael told me you liked your tits bound." He tugged the rope one last time, her perfect breasts now elongated between the cruel ropes. "Your nipples feel like bursting yet?" He teased his fingers over her nipples, the hard nubs pressed hard against the blouse.

She didn't think she could get any wetter but the minute her arms were bound behind her, her breasts thrust out submissively, Derek binding them between the ropes until they bulged, she felt the gush of juices flood out of her pussy. She thought she had cum. She looked down, but couldn't see the front of her pants without being too obvious. But Derek had already noticed her wet arousal.

"I don't think you will need those pants any longer. There are already drenched." He undid the belt, Keri struggling a bit as if she had to do it to protect her innocence, but Derek could see that her heart was not in it. He pulled the pants down over her thighs, peeling them off of her like he was peeling a potato. She even stepped out of them when Derek got them to her ankles, Derek struggling to get them over her boots. He finally had to resort to taking off her boots, making her lift one leg at a time as if he was shoeing a horse, Derek

more interested in looking at her pussy than taking off her boots.

Derek's hands were insistent and anxious, his hands almost ripping the pants off of her, eager to get her down to the panties. Or further. He took off her boots, struggling to get them off as Keri tried to stay balanced, her bound arms making it difficult. Finally he succeeded, Derek standing up, still huffing and puffing. But it was all worth it, her panties glued to her mound, her slit clearly visible through the wet panties.

Keri was surprised that Derek let her keep her panties on. After all, they were wetter than the riding pants. Derek pushed her over to the side while he went back over to the pile of rope. *What was he going to do now? Would he tie her legs? Would they be spread wide, leaving her open and vulnerable to what the two men might do to her?* She eyed Derek, the curiosity killing her. He picked up a rope, nylon and smooth, but it looked like an array of knots all along the length of the coil of rope. He went to one of the posts that ran from the floor to the ceiling. She watched as he tied one end of the rope around the pole, about waist high. He began to lay the rope out on the floor neatly from the pole across the barn to another pole about thirty feet away. But he didn't do anything but let it fall to the floor. She looked at the rope, knots running about every six to twelve inches. They were all different types of knots. Some were just ordinary knots, but others were double knots, even triple knots and some were strange, double knots with a large loop at the end of the knot. *What was he going to do with the rope?*

"I'm ready for you now Keri." He pushed her over to the rope, making her stand with her legs on both sides of the long nylon rope snaking across the room. He saw it in her eyes, the moment when it fully registered in her mind what he was about to do to her precious body. "Hold real still and keep your legs spread," his stern voice demanding her obedience.

NO, he couldn't even fathom such a thing! But it was unmistakable, Derek posing her body above the rope, her legs straddling the unobtrusive rope that lay on the ground. He had no intention of letting it sit on the ground. He was going to thread it between her legs, Keri sure that he was going to split her thighs with the rope. Not only her thighs, but she expected to feel the harsh feel of the ropes between her pussy lips in a few moments. *What would that feel like as it dug into her slit?* And now she understood the knots. She was sure that it would feel like a rock being dragged through her tender lips when the knots cut through her pussy. And she wasn't even sure she could take the large ones with loops without permanently damaging her pussy. She could only imagine having rope burn on the insides of her pussy lips. But she didn't say anything, watching Michael sitting on the bale of hay so passively, his eyes devouring her. He wanted this as much as Derek. And she wanted Michael, willing to do almost anything for him.

"Keep your legs spread," Derek pulling on the other end of the rope, tying it high up the pole, much higher than waist high. When Keri got to this end, the rope would be dragging along the full length of her slit and if his calculations were

right, the knots would also drag over her clit. He was sure to get a good response out of Keri by then.

It sliced her like a knife, the rope riding up between her legs. She spread her legs wider, hoping to ease some of the pain but only succeeding in pulling the rope between her lips, her smooth tender insides wrapping around each side of the rope. She was thankful at least that the rope was smooth, not like the rough rope used to tie her arms. Derek came up next to her, pulling up her blouse and tying it so that she would be bare skinned just below her breasts all the way to her feet. And especially her sex, her thin panties her only protection, Keri was thankful that they afforded her at least some protection from the harsh strand of knots.

"Raise the rope a little higher Derek. Put our beautiful Keri on her toes." Michael wanted more.

Derek went back to the rope, pulling it up higher, Keri gasping as the biting rope pulled her up onto her toes. Her naked legs looked lovely, the muscles drawn taut as she balanced on her toes. If she lowered herself down to her feet, the rope would cut deep into her slit. You could make out the muscles in her thighs already trembling from the strain.

Keri didn't know how long she could balance on her toes, at least grateful that the nearest knot was at least six inches away. A single knot, it still looked formidable, especially if drawn through her pussy lips. She dared not even to think about the others. She was glad Derek tied the other end of the rope, hoping that they would tire of seeing her standing with the rope cutting her sex and let her down.

"Now Keri, I want you to begin to walk along the rope. Very slowly now." Derek saw the look of surprise in her face. She had not expected that.

"What?" She exclaimed loudly. She hadn't even fathomed such a thing. Wanting her to walk, making her force the knots through her pussy.

"Obey Keri," Michael's voice adamant. "I think you will find it very stimulating. As we will. Look at the knots as they move between your legs. Imagine how each one will feel."

She had no choice, Michael demanding her submission. She began to take baby steps, her toes already aching, the rough rope sliding between her lips, Keri's eyes permanently affixed to the first knot as it got closer and closer.

"Mmmmm," she moaned as the thick rope slid through her lips, grazing one side of her clit. Even with her panties protecting her from the rope, it still hurt, burning as it slid along the tender inner lips of her pussy. She moved slowly, afraid of the first knot, less than an inch away. It pushed out of view, her body hiding it, Keri's body tense as she waited for the unexpected touch of the knot.

"OHHHHHGODDD," Keri whined, the first knot felt like a bolder between her lips, Keri's body bending over at the waist, anything to relieve the terrible pressure she felt. Her legs stopped, but it only made it worse, the knot trapped at the opening of her lips, her body rocking back and forth on her toes driving the knot to repeatedly push open her pussy lips, making her relieve the spreading of the tender flesh by the harsh knot. She tried opening her legs wider, closing them, trapping the knot, anything to relieve the terrible

pressure of the knot, all to no avail. She had no choice, her body taking a tiny step as the knot slowly pulled between her legs, pushing aside her pussy lips to rub harshly on her inner sex until it finally popped out the back with a sharp snap.

"OOOOWWW," she whimpered in pain. She felt the relief of the knot pulling loose, but the harsh rope was still cutting at her sex like a knife. She looked down at the rope, another knot rapidly approaching, Keri grunting as she took the tiny steps until she felt the knot at the opening of her lips. Her body shot forward as it slid harshly through her lips, almost like a cock raping her, forcefully shoving aside all her resistance. "EEEEKKK," tears falling down her cheeks as the thick knot took its toll on her flesh, her body jerking back up as it passed through her legs and out the back but not before she felt it graze her puckered anus, shocking her once more.

Michael loved her dance of pain, her gasps, and her jerking body as she forced the knots through her tight lips. Her thighs clenched and unclenched, Keri unable to find any relief from the knots, Michael enjoying her suffering. "They're getting bigger now Keri. Pay attention to them."

She looked at the next knot, a double knot that stood out at least an inch. It was tightly tied, Keri sure that it would hurt terribly as it forced her flesh into submission. She moved along the rope, the knot disappearing from her sight. She felt the pressure on her lips, standing up higher on her toes, anything to relieve the pressure the knot placed between her lips.

"Eeeeeppp," she mewed softly as the knot got stuck at her lips, her thighs trembling as she tried to get the nerve to

push it through. "EEEEEEKKK," the knot feeling like a brick passing between her lips, the thick unyielding knot forcing her lips open, exposing a wide expanse of pink flesh to the sharp ridges of the double knot. Her body bucked back and forth, the painful reaction only adding to her woes, the knot sliding back and forth on her inner sex, feeling like sandpaper was rubbing her raw.

"AAAAHHH," the knot finally shoved through ruthlessly, her inner flesh forced wide as it passed without resistance, Keri's body bent over as it pulled out between her ass cheeks. Her body jerked forward, then up, her pussy rubbed raw by the rope. She was whimpering uncontrollably now, unable to catch her breath, her chest rising and falling as she tried to breathe. All she could concentrate on was the rope that split her sex so harshly and the knots that took its toll on her inner sex.

Derek enjoyed the spectacle he had created. Her white, wet panties were pushed deep into her slit by the rope, creating an erotic scene. Each time a knot passed through, Derek could see her lips bulge trying to accommodate his large knots, her whimpering and gasps of pain only inciting his lust. She still had the larger knots to go. And he still had other surprises for her.

"Oh God!" She exclaimed loudly as she saw the next knot. Not only was it a double knot, but Derek had inserted a large loop that was at least an inch wide. All of it would have to pass through her tightly clenched pussy lips. All of it would take its toll on her sensitive sex. *How could they do such a thing to her? A rope rubbing on her most delicate sex? What*

else would they force her to endure? There seem to be no limits to their perversions.

"Keep going. Enjoy the next one," Derek teased her.

"OOOOHHH," the large knot pushed hard against her lips. It felt huge, battering at her tender gates. She teetered, her hips rocked back and forth, hoping to make it easier for the knot, feeling the rope sliding back and forth deep in her gash. "EEEEHhHH," she gasped loudly, her body bending over as her hips instinctively moved backward, unable to cope with something that large pushing through her pussy lips. The loop was the first thing that entered her tightly clasped lips, the large loop shoving aside her flesh, opening up the way for the thick knot. "AAARRRGHH," the thick knot hurt so bad, the knot covered with bumps and ridges, her tender walls battered by the harsh rope. She managed to stumble forward, the thick knot pressing hard against her tight hole, Keri's legs bowing out wider as she felt the knot trying to enter her hole. She couldn't do anything but rock back and forth, her legs wobbling as she felt her pussy opening up wide to accommodate the thick knot. God, it was worse than the largest cock she ever had inside her, the uneven lump sending her pussy in spasms as her tight hole tried to accommodate the thick knot. She grit her lips tight and shoved her hips forward suddenly, anything to stop the pain between her legs.

"EEEEWWW," her pussy burned terribly as the knot passed through her cheeks and came out the other end, her pussy lips cradling the rope between her lips almost tenderly, the rope easier to accommodate than the knots.

Michael saw the knot pull out, seeing it soaked. She might be crying out in pain, but her pussy managed to accommodate all that Derek planned for it. He looked at the rope, Keri moving closer to the end, the rope moving up higher as she neared the pole. The knots would soon start rubbing at her clit and then work down. He looked at the knots, all of the remaining ones double or ones with the loop, Derek devious in his torture of her pussy. "Very good Keri. Just a bit more to go and you'll reach the end." Michael was sure that Derek would not end it that easily, but Keri would be more receptive to the suffering if she thought the end was in sight.

Keri looked down at the rope, four more knots, two of them the painful ones with loops. The rope was higher up, Keri's toes cramping, forced down on the flat of her feet, the rope feeling like a knife that was split her up the middle. She moved closer, the first knot sliding along her slit high up. "AAAAWWWW," she cried out. But it wasn't in pain, her clit swollen by the abuse of her pussy on the rope pulsed as the knot rubbed over it. "MMMMMM," she almost mewed in pleasure, rocking back and forth *on the rope as she masturbated her clit on the knot. What had they made her? What had she become that she would eagerly masturbate so openly on a rope that had inflicted so much pain on her pussy?* She had to stop, her feet moving slightly, the knot moving down her pussy lips, the thick knot forcing her lips to spread most painfully, all of her inner lips exposed to the harsh knot. "OOOOWW," she cried out in pain as the knot slid between her legs, feeling it pressing against her pussy hole,

rocking back and forth again in masturbatory pleasure as it felt like a cock seeking entrance to her hot, tight hole. If only Michael would fuck her now.

It took her five more minutes to let the last four knots pass through her pussy lips, five painful and pleasurable minutes, Keri's body confused by the mixed emotions the rope and knots were bringing to her flesh. Her blouse was covered in sweat, her body jerking and trembling as the last large knot passed out between her ass cheeks, Keri finding some relief. But the rope was now high up, Keri forced onto her toes, the rope unyielding, not allowing her the luxury of lowering her feet.

"Very good Keri." Derek smiled at Keri, seeing the relief in her face. He untied the rope, letting it fall, the rope still stuck between her pussy lips. She finally bowed out her legs, the rope falling between her legs.

She never felt so much relief as she did when the rope fell to the floor. Derek came over next to her, gathering up the rope and putting it aside. She never even saw the new rope that he put on the floor between her legs, looking at Michael, hoping to see his approval on his face. She turned to see Derek behind her, feeling his large prick snuggle up against her ass. His hand pulled her blouse open, his hands reaching in and gripping her naked breasts and pulling them out for display. She looked down, her nipples hard and swollen and that was before Derek even touched them. His fingers plucked at them, snapping over the tips and then grabbing the tender flesh in his powerful fingers and stretching them as

Keri arched her back submissively, anything to relieve the painful stretching.

Derek enjoyed her breasts, but he wanted more. His hands slid down her side, gripping the waist of her panties and yanking them down before Keri could even realize what he had done. He left her, going to the other side and picking up the rope, her eyes open wide in terror.

She didn't even notice it until Derek picked it up. It wasn't the same rope as before, looking down to see it between her legs. It was a new rope, this one made of hemp, scratchy looking compared to the smooth nylon one. And all along the rope were the same array of knots, all of them more formidable with the harshness of the rope material. And the final indignity came when he stripped her of her panties, leaving her naked, her pussy unprotected even with the thin panties. "NNNNOOO!" She screamed in terror when Derek yanked the rope up, Keri having no choice than to bow her legs out to accommodate the thick rope, Derek jerking it up hard, Keri's pussy lips forced open to accept the rope between them. "OOOOOW," it felt like sandpaper rubbing between her pussy lips. "PLEASEEEENOOOOO," She begged, standing up on her toes, Derek only laughing at her discomfort, yanking the end of the rope higher, splitting her crotch open.

"Now take a walk Keri." In his hand he held a riding crop. He slashed it across her ass cheeks, the red line appearing instantly.

"OOOOWW," She cried out, her hips jerking forward from the shocking pain on her ass cheeks. She was sure that her ass cheek was bleeding, looking back to see a red line

appearing on the white flesh. What was worse was the rope. Her hips jerking sent the rope shooting through her pussy lips, her inner lips feeling like they were burned with a red hot iron. "No more! Pleassseeee." She begged him, taking tiny steps, looking down to see the first knot disappearing between her legs. "AAAAGGH," the knot even worse than the rope. It felt like it had rough edges all over it, her pussy lips bugling and spreading painfully wide, her insides rubbed raw by the rope.

Her body jerked back and forth for the next ten minutes, her sobbing increasing as the largest of the knots passed through her pussy lips, Keri crying openly now, unable to move except to rock her hips back and forth, the thick knot trapped between her legs. Tears fell from her eyes, as she moved slowly along the rope, moving towards the end where she dreaded it. It moved up higher, her clit would be subject to the most painful rasping of the rough rope.

Michael enjoyed Keri as she fucked her pussy on the rough rope, the knots taking their toll on her tender flesh. She would make a nice fuck when they finished, her tender insides rubbed raw, forcing her to bounce around in pain, giving a nice ride to the lucky man to have his cock inside her clenching hole. He would give Derek the honors, taking her mouth for his pleasure.

She was almost to the end of the rope, the hemp rope pulled up high, her clit a bright red, rubbed almost raw by the rope. "There are four knots left Keri. Two very large ones and two smaller ones. Get the first two through your lips and than stop." He watched as she obeyed, her mouth clenched tightly

in pain as one large knot and one smaller knot passed through her pussy lips. He looked behind her, the larger one just starting to peek out. "Good girl." He looked in the front, the smaller knot pressed hard against her clit, crushing it against her pubic bone. The other was between her lips, sure that it was pressing against her tight hole. "You're almost done now. Just one thing left to do. I want you to cum on the rope. Just rock your hips back and forth and masturbate on the rope."

"It hurts so bad. I don't think I can cum." The large knot was trying to force entrance to her pussy, Keri bowing her legs out, her tight hole forced open slowly as the inanimate knot tried to rape her. Her clit was crushed, the swollen bud so sore that even a light touch hurt, the knots igniting a deep pain through her loins. And they expected her to cum during this. As if she was enjoying have her sex abused by the rope.

"Concentrate on your pussy Keri. You must learn to embrace the pain. Turn it into pleasure. You'll not get off the rope until you cum and soak the rope with your juices. Now begin." Michael's voice was demanding she comply.

She closed her eyes, trying to imagine something pleasurable. Her hips began to rock gently back and forth, imaging the ride on Diablo, her pussy sliding on the smooth saddle. God, the knots were huge, sliding up and down her slit, the rough rope feeling like a knife inside her. She remembered Diablo's cock, the massive two foot cock that lay just beneath her as she rode on the back of the powerful horse. The knot pushed against her vagina, forcing its way inside her, Keri imaging it was Diablo's cock that was seeking

entrance. It was so perverted, her hips rocking back and forth faster, the rough rope rasping back and forth against her tender pussy. She bucked harder, her clit swelling so large, the knot peeling all the skin off of it as she rocked. God, the sensations in her body was overpowering her. The searing pain was mixing with the pleasure as she imagined Michael and Derek taking their lust out on her body. *Which would take her pussy first?* She had seen the bulge in Derek's pants, sure that his cock was larger than Michael's. *What would it feel like? Would she be able to take it inside her abused pussy without a lot of pain? Or was that why they did this?*

Michael took his cock out and began to stroke it, the look of pleasure on Keri's face so erotic. Derek had managed to train her to seek out the pain in order to receive the pleasure, her hips racing up and down the rough rope, a slight trace of red on the rope confirming the abusive surface and what it was doing to her sex. She would soon learn that a woman's sex was much more durable than she thought. The rope, even a whip on the most delicate flesh would not harm it permanently. In fact Keri might even learn to relish the punishment.

"AAAHHAHAA," The pleasure began to run over Keri's body. "MMMMMM," her body shaking as the knot rubbed back and forth over her clit. Her nipples swelled, the rope not so rough now that her juices began to soak it. But the knots were demanding, especially the one that tried to enter her, Keri groaning, almost wishing there was a way it could move inside her. She needed a cock inside her, hot flesh that would fill her and take her so completely. She finally couldn't stand

it any longer, her body on the edge, a rapid staccato of her hips on the rough rope was all that was needed to drive her over the edge. "OOHHHGGGODD," she screamed in lust, her pussy going into convulsion. The pleasure raced through her body, all the way from her clenching anus to her throbbing nipples, Keri struggling against her ropes that kept her bound submissively, increasing the orgasm that raced to her brain. *How could they do this to her? Forced to accept the pain as pleasure?*

She came like a French whore, her body jerking back and forth on the rope, her juices making it slick. Her clit stood out like a miniature cock, thick and dark red, the knot rubbing back and forth over it harshly, doing little to dampen her orgasm. Michael could even make out her anus, the tiny hole dancing open and closed in uncontrollable spasms, Michael wishing he could sodomize her. Soon she would volunteer to give her anal virginity to him. She just needed to learn her place.

Derek had to help her off the rope, untying her, Michael's hands around her waist holding her up. She was exhausted by her orgasm. Derek set her down on the bale of hay, spreading her onto her stomach, his hands already arranging her legs. He stood up, looking down at her naked body as he undressed. Michael was also stripping naked.

Keri couldn't move, her legs feeling like rubber. She was thrown across a scratchy hay bale, her tits rubbing against the hay painful. She felt Derek's hands spreading her legs, Keri unable to defend herself, resigned to being fucked. She felt no movements for a couple of minutes, looking behind

her, confronted with Derek's naked body, her eyes instantly drawn to his cock. It was not only longer than Michael's but thicker. He was stroking it and Keri was amazed that it was still growing.

Derek knelt down behind Keri, his hands on her thighs, spreading her open. "Give me a good fuck Keri. Show me how tight you can make your pussy." There were no preliminaries. She was definitely wet and relaxed. And no doubt no matter how gentle he was, Keri sure was going to be sore. The rope had been unforgiving. He gripped her hips, raising her ass up higher, his cock pushed hard against the dark hole that looked so inviting. He rubbed his cockhead up and down her slit, her body jerking in pain as he rubbed the bright red flesh that had been abraded by the rope. He shoved with his hips, burying half of his massive cock in her, his hands holding her so she couldn't escape his powerful thrust.

"OOOOOOWWW," her head thrown back as she was suddenly and painfully impaled on the thickest cock she had ever felt. If she didn't know Derek was behind her she would have been sure that it was Diablo. His hands held her tight against him, pulling her back onto his cock as if her pussy was a warm blanket. It burrowed deeper and deeper into her pussy, pushing aside all resistance to fill her so completely, his hands keeping her pussy submissively wrapped around his cock. "OOH GOD, it's so big." She felt fingers on her head, lifting her head up by the chin, Keri finding her staring at the head of Michael's cock. She didn't even have time to open her mouth, Michael's cock taking her, splitting her lips until they stretched wide over the thick head. She gurgled as he thrust

his cock into her waiting mouth. She was filled with the most cock she had ever felt. Two, large magnificent cocks, one in her mouth, one in her pussy each taking their lust out on her body.

For ten minutes they fucked Keri. Her body battered back and forth by Michael and Derek. They slowed down when they got to ready to cum, Michael pushing into her throat and pinning her to his abdomen while she choked and gagged. Derek buried his cock so deep inside her that she thought it would come out her mouth, her insides rippling up and down the thick shaft as it jerked inside her. And then they began again, another ten minutes of hard fucking, Keri unable to do anything except lay beneath them like a rag doll while they took out their lust on her body. After twenty minutes that dumped their cum inside her, Keri swallowing quickly to keep from choking on Michael's thick crème as her mouth was filled. But it was Derek's huge cock that drove another orgasm from her, his hands making her hips dance up and down on his thick cock, the hard prick jetting an endless stream of his cum inside, mixing with her juices as she shuttered beneath them.

Michael had to help her back to the house, Keri almost naked. He helped her into the shower, washing her body gently with hot water, Keri mewling in pleasure. Her naked body lay curled up next to him in his bed, both of them sated. At least for tonight.

CHAPTER 11

Punishment

Michael was curled up to her when she woke up, Keri slowly getting out of her bed. She started to walk, finding her sex aching, looking down to see that her pussy was still red from the rope. She would have to work hard at trying to walk normal during her appointment with Jim Baker and his wife today. The helicopter would leave soon, Keri barely having enough time for coffee.

Michael saw her off, still in his bathrobe. He kissed her passionately, Keri feeling his hard cock bulging out the front. She reached down, stroking it, feeling it rise to the occasion. "Aren't you ever satisfied?"

"With your sexy body, I doubt I ever will be." Michael looked at her in the smart business suit. The skirt was a longer than he preferred, but he didn't want her to be competition to her client's wife.

"I'll take care of it tonight. You can have my mouth. My pussy is still sore from the rope. God, I would have never thought of rope burn in such a place." Even her panties made her pussy ache.

"Didn't you enjoy yourself?" He looked at her lips, her tongue slipping out to wet them, Michael imaging her sucking his cock.

"I shouldn't tell you that I did enjoy it. I can easily say that no one has ever done such a thing to me before. And surely

not two men!" She waited for a minute before she asked him the question that nagged her ever since Kevin shaved her and now Derek took her sexually. "Are you going to share me with your other friends?"

Michael looked at her. "Would you like me to?"

"I should say no." She waited for a moment, trying to figure out her answer in her head. "But I want to make you happy and I think that it does. If yesterday was any indication."

"Would it make it any easier if you were bound? That way you wouldn't have to decide, all you have to do is accept it?"

"You know how much the rope excites me. You found something in me that I tried to hide. It scares me and at the same time excites me beyond my own comprehension. And as you said, if I am bound that I have no choice to make. And you like that, seeing how far you can push me sexually." The helicopter engine started up, Keri glad as the conversation was getting too deep. She didn't even understand the things that Michael brought out in her, let alone be able to explain them.

"The helicopter is ready, you should be off. I will see you late tonight when you return. And as you so aptly said, when bound, there is no choice for you to make." He kissed her again, this time enjoying her silky lips as they touched his, her tongue driving deep into his mouth, the conversation and Keri's admission arousing him.

Keri almost wished she didn't have to go. Even with her pussy as sore as it was, she thought of the rope tying her naked body, Michael taking her in any manner he chose. No

matter how perverted or by whom. "Bye." She rushed off for the helicopter.

Michael noticed the way she ran, sure that her pussy was still sore from the rope that pushed harshly through her lips. His cock hardened as he remembered the knots passing through her delicate lips.

* * * *

She remembered Jim Baker when she saw him again. She shook his wife's hand first, making sure that she won her over. She tried not to act like a threat to her, asking her for her suggestions, how she wanted the house to look and the type of furniture she would be comfortable living with. The entire day went exceedingly well, Jennie Baker agreeing to go to New York tomorrow with Keri to shop for furniture in the City. Jim's jet would take them there and back, but they would spend the night, coming back late in the afternoon. She hated being away from Michael for that long, but sure that he would have her make it up to him in some way, and Keri was eagerly waiting for it.

* * * *

Michael was already in bed when she came home, the helicopter not landing until after midnight. She went quietly into the house, slipping out of her clothes in the bathroom. She slipped into bed, disappointed that Michael was asleep, but she had had a tiring day, falling into a deep sleep within minutes, snuggled up against Michael's body.

She woke up the next morning, looking over at Michael, who was still asleep. She pulled the covers back, her hand trailing down his sleeping body, exploring softly. Boldly, she slipped a hand carefully into Michael's pajama bottoms, finding his cock half hard already. As she pulled it out, it stirred, her hand molded around the shaft. She was even learning to like oral sex, not that she had much of a choice. She licked her lips, her head bending over. She ran her tongue over the head of his cock, feeling it jerk, the shaft growing in her hand. She looked up, Michael's eyes still closed, Keri not sure if he was sleeping or just waiting to see what she would do. Not to disappoint him, her lips slowly encased the head of his cock in her hot mouth. Her lips tightened on the head, her hand slowly stroking up and down the shaft, masturbating Michael's cock in her mouth. Her head began to run move up and down, her lips sliding up and down the thick shaft. One of her hands slid down to her pussy, carefully touching it, surprised that she was so wet. Her finger ran up and down her slit, surprised that much of the ache had gone away. In fact she found that she was more sensitive than ever down there. Her arousal coming quicker and easier.

Michael stirred, his dream so vivid. He felt sweet lips around his cock, his hips beginning to move in rhythm to the mouth that encased his prick in delicious wet heat. He opened his eyes, his dream a reality, seeing Keri's brown hair, hearing her eagerly lapping at his cock. She sucked his cock in deeper into her mouth, Michael feeling the pressure, her tongue lashing at the head. His hands gripped her head,

pulling her tighter onto his cock. "What a lovely morning kiss." He murmured, still half asleep, his eyelids heavy, watching Keri with the most sensual look as if he could devour her.

"MMMMGG," the only thing that came out her of her stuffed mouth, Michael's cock filling her fully, his hands holding her onto his prick. She eagerly pleased him for ten minutes until he came, Keri having to hold back her own orgasm, not wanting to lose the enthusiasm that her arousal brought her. She came when his cum filled her mouth, Keri gulping quickly to empty her cheeks until he shot another load in her mouth. She brought her head up, kissing him on the lips, sticking her tongue in his mouth. Michael didn't flinch when her cum coated tongue entered his mouth, his tongue dueling back with hers. "I thought you might want a taste?" She teased him.

"Not a bad taste, though your pussy would be more enjoyable." He didn't have to wait long, Keri's finger slipping between her legs, Michael licking the finger off that she brought to his lips. "Yes, that is what I like." He laughed playfully as his tongue swirled around her tiny digit.

"Two days is a long time to be without you." She kissed him as the damn helicopter engine started, reminder her that she had to leave him again. She was excited about the job and going to the City, but she also hated being without Michael for two days.

"Don't worry, you can make it up to me when you return. And as for our last conversation regarding my friends. I will never mix up my friends with you. I have some friends that I

introduced you to but that is to do work for them. You will never find them invited to partake of your lovely body. I would only allow special friends that privilege. And they are a very select few, I am too jealous of you to share with too many, though I do enjoy watching other men with you." He kissed her, leaving her with a confused look on her face.

As she sat in the helicopter as it took off, she tried to digest what Michael had just told her. *Was he hinting in some way that when she returned she would make it up to him and it would involve his friends?* She liked the fact that other men with her made him jealous. She thought she saw that in his face when Derek fucked her, his eyes staring into hers as she sucked his cock and got fucked by Derek at the same time.

* * * *

Michael greeted her with passion, his embrace and kiss lasted for a long time, taking Keri's breath away. They talked for over an hour, Michael listening to her with such intensity as she told him about the success she had in the City buying furniture and also how she had hit it off with Jennie Baker. By time they returned they had purchased all of the major pieces of furniture and art, needing to shop locally in Aspen the following week to finalize the decoration of the Aspen house.

"I also met Harriet Johnston, Bill's wife while we were in the City. They just bought a beach house in San Diego. She is going to visit Jennie after the Aspen house is finished. If she likes it, I will have the job decorating the San Diego beach house. She says it is a large contemporary house right on the beach, and she wants to showcase it for her husband's clients

on the West Coast." Keri was so excited that she talked incessantly. She finally stopped. "I hope I'm not boring you."

"I enjoy the intensity in your eyes as you speak about your success. I could listen to you for hours." He kissed her on her cheek, his hand around her waist pulling her close to him.

"I noticed the table set for four. Are you having visitors?"

"We are having visitors," Michael stressing the 'we'. "A good friend of mine, Aaron and a lovely girl named Marisa." He gauged her reaction.

"Is this one of your friends you talked about the other day?" Keri got this sense that this was not going to be just dinner with them.

"Yes." Michael let the answer set in, seeing no response in Keri's eyes. "I did say that you would have a punishment coming the other day also."

She had forgotten about that, or at least tried to shut it out of her head. Things were piling up so quickly. A special friend, punishment and a girl in the mix now. Her mind was trying to amass the infinite number of variations that could occur, sure that she was no match for Michael's sexual appetite. But she was surprised that she remained relatively calm and collected. In fact the thoughts that raced through her mind excited her. *What had Michael uncovered in her that Keri didn't even realize?* "I should freshen up and change for dinner," she stated so calmly. "I assume that you have suitable clothes for me tonight?"

"Of course. Dinner will be in two hours so you have lots of time." Michael liked the way Keri took it all in stride. "I think you will find tonight a delightful experience."

"With your mind, I'm sure it will at least be memorable."
She turned and left him.

Michael watched her sexy walk, the gentle sway of her ass as she moved. It was her ass that he coveted the most and he hoped that tonight would be the turning point in her giving up her anal virginity to him.

* * * *

Keri was already jealous of Marisa, a lovely redhead that Michael stared at with intensity across the dinner table. She must be about two years younger than Keri, though she really didn't answer the question when Keri asked her outright. Marisa seemed distant, acting as though she hated Keri, although Keri didn't know why. Aaron was considerably older than Marisa, about the same age as Michael. It didn't even seem an issue until she saw it in another couple. He was handsome, Keri wondered if she would have sex with him tonight, finding her gaze drift to the front of his pants to see if she could catch a glimpse of the size of his tool. *God, what had she become, already checking out a man's cock first?*

Aaron was more interested in Keri, talking to her while she watched Michael talking to Marisa out of the corner of her eye. Aaron was eying Keri's body, his gaze falling to her breasts, every time she moved her legs his eyes would dart down to see if he could catch a glimpse of her naked legs.

Dinner went smoothly and quickly, the whole affair over in about an hour because Aaron and Michael were eager for the rest of the night to proceed. They all had coffee, but within fifteen minutes of pouring the first cup, Michael signaled for

Camilla to take away the dishes. "Shall we adjoin to the other room?" Michael's voice broke the silence that suddenly filled the room as everyone assumed that the formalities of dinner were complete and that the high point of the night was about to begin.

Michael led the four of them down the hall and past the living room. They entered one of the unused bedrooms, Keri never seeing it before. The room was prominently filled with a grandiose bed, Keri sure that it would easily accommodate four people at one time.

"Marisa, why don't you join me on the couch and give Aaron and Keri some room." He pulled her over to the couch, sitting down and pulling Marisa down on his lap. His hand lay on her naked leg, Marisa doing nothing to stop the forward movement of his palm as he casually began to explore the smooth, soft skin on her inner thighs. She even accommodated him, her legs parting easily as he caressed her flesh.

Keri stood in front of Aaron, her gaze noticing that the bulge in the front of his pants had grown noticeably visible. He was obviously aroused by Keri, or at least at the thought of what he was going to do to her. She wanted so bad to ask him what he was planning, but she knew that he wouldn't probably tell her. And sometimes it was better not to know.

Aaron smiled at Keri, his hands already moving up to cup her breasts. She jumped, startled at first, but didn't do anything to deter his fondling of her lovely mounds. "Nice tits Keri." Aaron's hand moved down the front of the blouse to unbutton it until a long expanse of naked flesh was revealed

to him. He pushed the blouse back, revealing the skimpy bra that barely contained her firm tits. His hands slipped the blouse from her shoulders, Keri's hands tightly at her side as he slowly stripped her naked. He moved behind her, pushing her hair from her shoulders, his fingernails trailing down her spine to unsnap the bra, the shoulder straps sliding down her arms until her breasts were bare to everyone.

She didn't do anything, her body frozen to the spot as Aaron took off her blouse and was now stripping her bra from her. She felt her nipples tingling as the lacey bra slipped over the tips, falling uselessly at her feet. A week ago she would have been ashamed to be stripped naked in front of a group of people, most of them strangers. Now she found it exciting and arousing. She looked at Michael, his eyes glued to her breasts in spite of having Marisa on his lap. She felt a cold hand cup one of her breasts tenderly, the hot breath of Aaron on her other, her nipple suddenly engulfed in the wet lips of Aaron, her nipple drawn deep into his mouth while his tongue danced over the swelling flesh. One hand molded her breast, his fingers clenching the flesh while he sucked noisily on the other. Keri found her nipples swelling to his touch. She stood there for minutes while Aaron feasted on her breasts, Keri arching her back to feed more of her breast into his hot mouth.

One of Aaron's hands slid down until he felt her naked leg, then slipped up beneath her skirt to rub her sleek thigh. Keri was accommodating, spreading her legs slightly to allow his hand to pass between them. He found her panties, his hands cupping her sex gently, her legs parting wider. He could feel a

damp spot between her crotch, the delicate fabric moist to the touch.

She spread her legs to allow him access to her pussy, his hand boldly squeezing her pussy lips. She moaned quietly, but her face revealed the lust she was feeling. She looked at Michael, her face turning red at becoming aroused so easily. He smiled reassuringly back at her. Aaron's hand became more insistent, two fingers pushing her silky panties between her puffy lips, running up and down her slit.

Aaron needed no encouragement, his hand sliding up to the top of her panties, grabbing the waistband, his hand sliding over her abdomen, finding her bald. "I should do that to Marisa. Just like a baby." His hand slid down until he found her slit, her legs parting wider, his fingers finding her soaked. "Yes, I love a girl that gets wet so easily." He began to finger her pussy, Keri's hips beginning to gently move back and forth, her groans louder now.

His hand found her naked pussy, two fingers quickly thrust inside her, Keri shocked that she was that wet. It felt so good, her pussy filled with his fingers moving in and out as her legs began to turn to rubber. She was disappointed when his fingers pulled out, showing her the juices that glistened on them. He bent down in front of her, his fingers finding the buttons on her skirt, the garment quickly falling to a pool at her feet.

His face was only inches from her pussy, inhaling the sweet scent of her arousal, wishing that he could eat her pussy. Regrettably, that was not the plan for she was to be punished tonight, not ravished. He pulled her panties slowly

over her hips and down her legs, licking his lips as he gazed at her bald pussy. Her legs were clenched tightly together as if she suddenly felt the shame in being stripped naked in front of everyone.

She felt the panties stripped from her body, her legs closing automatically as she felt the Aaron's hot breathe on her pussy. She was suddenly naked in front of everyone, their eyes feasting on her flesh. Her modesty got the best of her.

"Spread your legs," Aaron's voice demanding her obedience. He watched as her pussy lips spread apart as she obeyed, his hand pushing out on one thigh until he was satisfied with the wide expanse of her legs. "Good girl." He thrust two fingers inside of her, finding her hot, tight pussy gripping them possessively as her body began to rock on his fingers.

She stood there, naked, a strange man until only hours ago was finger fucking her and all she could do was moan and rock her hips back and forth from the masturbatory thrusts of his fingers.

Aaron stood up, pulling his fingers from her sopping wet pussy. "Over on the bed. You're here to be punished, not pleased." He led her over to the large bed, seeing Marisa and Michael getting up at the same time. Keri started to lie down on the bed. "On your knees Keri. We'll begin with a spanking on your ass to warm you up."

Keri looked at him, hearing his words. A spanking. She had no choice, scrambling to kneel on the bed without making too much of a spectacle of herself. Aaron's hands guided her into position, his hand pushing her ass up until it was thrust out

obscenely, her head pushed down and to the side so she could observe what was happening as Michael and Marisa moved towards the bed. Her legs were parted and she felt her cheeks pulled open. She was openly displayed to Aaron and she could feel his eyes feasting on her most intimate body.

Michael stood next to Marisa, his hands stroking her hair gently, loving the texture of her red locks. "Do you know what I am going to do to you?"

Marisa trembled, but Aaron had told her that it was his wishes. "YYYYESS," her voice haltering. "You're going to take me in my ass." It sounded even lewder when the words came out of her mouth.

"Are you a virgin?" Michael asked softly.

"Yes. I was saving it for Aaron."

"Did you hear what Michael is going to do to Maria, Keri?" Aaron made sure that Keri could see all the transpired next to her on the bed.

"Michael is going to take her in her ass!" *Did she really hear it correctly? And Marisa said she was a virgin?* Why would she do such a thing?

"Yes, I gave up the joy of taking Marisa's virginity for Michael to have the pleasure. And in return, I get to punish you for denying Michael the pleasure of your tight, virgin asshole. Michael thought it would be better if I punished you, expecting and rightfully so that I would not show you leniency."

"You're going to spank me?" Keri wasn't sure if that was the complete punishment.

"Yes, but not what you think. I am going to start out on that lovely naked ass. But we are going to move on. You're going to spread those lovely thighs for me so I may slap them. And then you will spread them wider so I can spank your pussy. You'll keep your legs open without me tying them, no matter how much it hurts." Aaron's cock grew at the prospect of spanking her delicate pussy and forcing her to keep spread for him while he did it.

The rope was bad enough between her legs, how would a spanking feel on her delicate mound? On her ass it hurt, Keri not sure that she could do it, keep her legs spread so that Aaron would have free access to spank her most delicate sex.

But then she felt it, a jealousy that grew in the pit of her stomach. Michael was going to take Marisa in the one place that she refused him. And now Keri understood why Marisa had a dislike for her before she even met her. She was being forced to give up her innocence of her asshole to Michael. *Had she disappointed Michael that much?* She would have to pay for it and Michael had already chosen her punishment. It was up to her to decide if she would cooperate.

Marisa found Michael to be as gentle as Aaron, his fingers playing with her naked breasts, teasing her nipples until she began to get wet. Her skirt and panties were next, falling quickly to the floor, Michael staring intently at her flaming red bush, Marisa sure that it was the first one he had ever seen. She never figured out what the great attraction was to natural redheads, but she always liked the attention she was paid because of it.

Michael arranged Marisa on the bed, laying her down on her stomach, turning her head so she would be facing Keri. He spread her legs, feeling Marisa tighten her muscles as he spread them wider, Marisa finally relenting until they were wide apart. Her red bush was like a beacon between her legs. Michael stood back up, slowly undressing, Keri's eyes on him as he took off his clothes. He enjoyed the way she licked her lips unconsciously when he took out his cock.

Aaron also undressed, Keri would have to provide him the sexual relief he would need once he punished her naked body. He would take that beaten pussy when he was ready, wanting her to relive the spanking over again as he made she sure felt his powerful thrusts against her spanked flesh.

Marisa glared back at Keri, a smile spreading over her face when she heard the crack of Aaron's hand on Keri's ass, the shocked look on Keri's face as she felt the powerful blow. She looked back at Michael's cock, watching him stroke it, sliding lubricant on the thick shaft as it grew in his hand. It was big, Marisa sure that it was going to be painful as he shoved it up her ass. And then the terrible rutting would begin, pumping in and out until he finally dumped a load of cum deep in her guts. She hoped that Aaron would appreciate her sacrifice.

It shocked her senses, the terrible sting on her ass, her body jerked forward by the force of Aaron's blow. Her right cheek stung, but she had little time to feel it, her other cheek receiving an equally painful blow. She saw the joy in Marisa's face when Aaron spanked Keri. Keri would have felt the same way if she had to take an ass fucking in her place. She didn't know how Marisa was going to handle it. But she had more of

an immediate concern as Aaron rained down a staccato of blows to her ass, feeling her flesh heat up, the burning all over her cheeks. She struggled to keep her ass up as a target, her natural desire was to slink her body down on the bed to avoid the spanking.

Aaron's hand laced hard into her white, sensitive flesh, enjoying the way it turned pink and finally red. Her body shook, her cheeks jiggling, but she held the position, her up thrust ass such an easy target. He worked from the top of her cheeks, all the way down onto her delicate thighs, paying special attention to slap hard near her sex, teasing Keri with the thoughts of how it would feel when he finally decided to strike her pussy. For ten minutes he kept it up, his palm hurting from the powerful blows. She was sobbing now, her tear stained face begging him for leniency, but he refused. She had so much more to endure before he was finished. And only then would he take her ruthlessly, making sure her beaten body was pummeled by his body as he fucked her hard.

She thought it would never stop, sobbing openly now, barely able to see through her tear filled eyes. Her ass was a mass of pain, barely able to discern where his hand was striking. She looked back at Aaron, his cock looking like it grew twice as big. He was obviously enjoying punishing her. *Would Michael also enjoy it if he was doing it?* He finally stopped, but Keri knew it was only temporary. He flipped her onto her back, Keri screaming as her beaten ass hit the bed, arching up in response to the pain.

"Back down. Get used to it. Now spread those lovely legs and give me a nice pink target to spank. Michael is getting ready to sodomize Marisa so I want you to feel the pain the same time her tight asshole will have to spread wide to take his thick cock." Aaron stroked his cock as Michael began to lubricate Marisa for the final act of sodomy.

Marisa was surprised that his hands were so gentle, lightly touching her ass cheeks, Marisa still trembling in fear. Her legs hurt from the wide expanse, but she knew that would soon be the least of her problems. His cold finger pushed against her anus, feeling the fingertip rubbing softly around her anal pad. She could feel the cold grease on his finger, her hips trying to push deeper into the mattress as it became more insistent. She felt the familiar stretching of her anal ring, Aaron having fingered her tight asshole on many occasions. She felt the finger slip inside her rectum, the slick finger finding little resistance until her rectum muscle clenched on it in defense. "OHHHHHH," she cried out in sudden alarm as Michael impaled her.

Michael pushed, suddenly breaching her tight asshole, watching as her anal ring spread to grip his finger in a stranglehold. He pushed a little deeper into he felt her rectum grip his finger, pressing hard onto the muscle as he twisted his finger inside her. "Hot and tight," he exclaimed. "Take a bit more Marisa. Take a deep breath and push out with your sphincter. It will make it easier."

No matter what he said, it wasn't easier as the finger burned inside her, his knuckle rubbing harshly against her soft walls, twisting and turning, never quite stopping to let

her grow accustomed to having a fat finger in her asshole. "MMMMGG," she groaned in pain as the finger bore deep into her soul.

Keri saw the distressed look on Marisa face as Michael fingered and greased her asshole, his cock jerking up and down with each gasp of pain from her lips. Marisa glared at Keri, knowing that she was taking the rude fingering of her backside instead of Keri. And Michael was just starting.

Michael had his finger buried in her asshole, sliding it up and down, lubricating the tight, virgin passage for his cock. If he didn't lube her, her asshole would skin his cock raw. A second finger joined the first, her anal ring sliding up and down the thick fingers, a groan from Marisa's lips and a sharp jerk from her hip signaling her pain. "Loosen up and it will go easier," Michael getting impatient, eager to have his cock buried in her hot, clenching asshole. He pulled his fingers out, climbing between her wide spread legs, his hand fisting his slippery cock. Michael nodded to Aaron. "Begin."

Keri's attention was drawn back from Marisa's plight to her own. She saw Michael's signal, knowing that she was about to begin enduring having her pussy spanked. Her pussy spanked! It sounded so obscene. And she was expected to spread her thighs willingly and keep them open to the punishing blows. Michael had said that a girl's sex was much more durable than most thought and he was determined to prove it on Keri.

Aaron got into position along side of Keri. She was on her back, her legs spread slightly, but he wanted more. He began to tap at her inner thighs with his hand, seeing the look on

her face as he increased the pressure. He slapped from her knee almost up to her pussy, teasing close to her bald pussy, but stopping from touching her sex. For now.

She knew what he wanted, finally relenting as his slaps on her inner thighs became harder, her tender flesh sore from the multiple slaps in the same spot. She spread her legs wider, Aaron forcing her to bring her legs up, her bent legs leaning out to the side, Keri looking down to see how her pussy lips were pulled back, her most tender inner pink flesh blossoming out in the brightly lit room. Aaron continued to slap both inner thighs, the pain becoming intense as thighs bore the brunt of the constant slapping. She had her legs spread as wide as she could, her crotch aching, yet Aaron didn't stop. She tried to put it out of her mind, looking over at Marisa, seeing the despair in her eyes as Michael slipped his fingers out of her asshole with a noisy slurping sound. Michael was kneeling between her spread legs, his hands on her hips ready to pin her down once he started to enter her. She looked at Michael's cock, the huge weapon even larger than she had ever seen it before. She almost wished he was putting his cock inside her, though not in her asshole.

Marisa felt the hot flesh pushed against her anus, Michael's naked body settling down on her back. His knees spread her legs wider, Marisa feeling as if he was going to split her up the middle. His cock felt huge, a blunt instrument battering at her greased hole. His heavy weight began to settle down on top of her, his hands on her hips, pinning her tightly to the bed like a butterfly on a mounting board. She felt the gradually stretching on her anal ring as the thick head of

Michael's cock began to become more insistent, seeking entrance to her last virgin hole. She hated Keri for putting her into this position, forced by her love of Aaron.

Aaron saw that Keri was enthralled with the happenings next to her, her eyes pinned to Michael's cock as he began to sodomize Marisa. He waited no longer. The only sound was his hand slicing through the air as it curled into an arc between her legs. She never even saw it coming, the palm of his hand catching her directly on her mound, the sound of flesh hitting flesh reverberating throughout the room. The next noise was Keri's ear piercing scream.

"OHHHHGGODDDDD," Keri's hips shooting straight up into the air, the sharp pain in her crotch shooting to her brain. She couldn't even imagine the feelings Aaron's hand inflicted as he slapped her pussy. Her shorn mound took the brunt of the punishment, her puffy lips smashed harshly into her pubic bone. She looked at Aaron, his face grinning from ear to ear, his cock jerking in pleasure. She shut her legs, but his eyes burned into hers until she obeyed his silent command, slowly spreading open again, hesitating at every tiny movement of Aaron's as if he was going to spank her pussy again. She finally let her legs open wide, looking down at her pussy, expecting to see a terrible sight. Instead, all she saw was a little redness on her pussy lips, but also she saw how wet she was. Her lips were all glistening as if she just had an orgasm. And the pain in her pussy began to change to a tingling, her legs spreading submissively adding to the strange feeling between her legs.

Aaron saw the change in her after the first strike. He saw the muscles in her thighs trembling to stay open, but he could see that she was getting wet. Not from a gentle touch or a masturbatory finger, but from a spanking on her delicate sex. He didn't wait, another swing of his hand and the hard strike on her pussy rang out in the room. Keri screamed, but this time not as loud, her body expecting it, almost anticipating it.

The second time was harder, the pain racing quicker to her brain, but his hand stayed between her legs, his palm pushed on her smashed mound. Keri began to rub her pussy on the hand that just inflicted the spanking on her pussy, a contradiction that she failed to comprehend.

Another scream filled the room, Aaron recognizing Marisa's voice.

"OOOOOWWWWW," Marisa yelling out as Michael had success in sodomizing her. She felt the sudden burning as her anal ring stretched until she thought it to be bleeding, the burning spreading through her as it snapped shut on the thick head of Michael's cock. Marisa suddenly found herself with a thick lump snugged tightly into her rectum with no way to force it out. Not that her muscles didn't try, clenching uncontrollably on and off the thick flesh that filled her so fully and completely. She began to cry and sob, knowing that Michael wouldn't be content long, he would want to drive his cock deeper into her bowels. And there was nothing Marisa could do except lay on her belly, her legs spread wide and take his huge log up her ass. Her only concession was Keri's screaming next to her, Aaron making her pussy ring in pain, his hand beginning to slap her pussy at regular intervals. She

did admire Keri for one thing. She kept her legs spread, her pussy open to Aaron's abuse. She took her punishment like a woman.

Michael couldn't believe how hot and tight she was, struggling to push his cock inside her, her muscles pressing hard to push it out. He pressed down with his hips, the head of his cock slowly entering her hot passage millimeter by millimeter, Michael groaning as he fought her asshole every inch of the way. He looked down, her anal ring stretched over his shaft like a tight rubber band, his cock buried to the head inside her.

Michael began to push deeper into Marisa in uneven jerks in and out, her asshole sent into spasms as he pulled out, then thrust back in, each time going deeper, each time finding new places that had never been visited, new places that should never be touched from the outside. It felt like a baseball bat was shoved up her ass. "OOOH, GGGGODDD, its toooo bigggg!" She struggled, but Michael held her pinned down, his hips always moving, the penetration with his cock moving deeper inside her. "TTTAKKKE IIT OOUTTT!" She begged and cried, but it did no good, Michael continuing to drive deeper into her intestines with his cock. It was so unnatural, her stomach cramping when his cock head would bang into a bend or curve in her guts. *Would his cock ever end?*

Keri was bouncing up and down on the bed, Aaron's hand just a blur as he spanked her pussy with immunity, her legs spread wide willingly, her pussy lips pulled open by the wide expanse of her spread legs. She felt like she had already cum,

her pussy soaked in her juices, the stinging on her pussy no longer painful, though she felt the pain. It was almost as if it was pleasurable, her brain failing to separate the two. He would rub her pussy, two fingers forced deep into her pussy, Keri gripping on the fingers before they pulled out. Aaron even sought out her clit, pulling back the hood to expose it, his finger tapping it hard as if he was spanking her pleasure button just like her pussy. Her body shook and trembled, another powerful blow to her mound, this time his hand moving up higher to slap hard on her clit, the red button brought to erection by his finger so he could spank it.

"AAAAAHHH." Michael was in heaven, her hot, tight insides clinging to his cock as if it was enclosed in a warm blanket. Her muscles rippled up and down the shaft, over half of his cock inside her already, Marisa only whimpering now, resigned to the sodomy. He pulled out until her anal ring strained on his cock head, shooting forward with his hips to bury three quarters of his cock into her tight guts. He heard the air forced from her lungs by his powerful thrust, his hips moving from side to side as he ground his cock inside her, forcing her muscles to loosen up. She was so tight that he had difficulty moving his cock in and out.

It felt like Michael was dragging her guts out when he pulled out, a giant vacuum formed by the thick head. He stopped before he pulled his cock out of her anus, Marisa holding her breath as she waited for the next powerful thrust. She didn't have to wait long, holding her breath, pushing out with her anus to aid the entry, anything to stop the terrible burning deep inside her. Marisa went from empty to full in

seconds, his stomach pounding on her ass cheeks, Michael finally stopped by her flesh from burying his cock any deeper inside her. He paused inside her, his cock jerking and shuddering deep in her guts. She felt like she was stretched around him, the thick cock tearing into her soft walls until it filled her so completely.

Michael couldn't wait much longer, his cock pulsating inside her once virgin hole, her body spread out beneath him submissively. He began to sodomize her with long strokes, making Marisa take his full measure, her grunts the only sound as he pounded her ass cheeks with each powerful thrust. He looked over at Keri, a strange look of pleasure on her face in spite of Aaron striking her pussy with his powerful hand at regular intervals, her legs bowed back submissively. But Michael also saw that after striking Keri, his hand would linger on her mound, masturbating the pain away, two fingers digging deep inside her.

Keri saw the conflicting emotions on the face of Marisa and Michael. On Marisa's face was etched the pain of taking a large cock in a tight hole, grunting with each powerful thrust, her body pinned underneath Michael as his hips pumped his cock in and out of her ravaged hole. On Michael's face was the look of ecstasy, Keri only able to imagine what it would feel like to be buried inside such a perverse hole, taking his lust out on her once virgin hole, his hips forcing her to take his powerful thrusts in spite of the pain he was inflicting. She knew that he wouldn't last much longer and she didn't think she would either, Aaron's spanking igniting a perverse arousal

in her body, his hands masturbating her between spanking her pussy.

"Pull your pussy lips open. Real wide." Aaron wanted Keri's ultimate sacrifice.

She didn't hesitate, her fingers having a hard time gripping her slick pussy lips and pulling them open. Her fingers tightened on the abuse flesh, spreading them wide, looking down to see how exposed she was. Aaron had moved closer, his hand swinging back, Keri catching a glimpse of three fingers pinned together coming between her legs. She felt the sick slap of his fingers on her tender inner lips, screaming as she felt the horrific pain.

"Higher up, expose your clit. I want you cumming when I slap you." Aaron was eager to make her cum while being spanked, wanting to take his lust out on her body next. Michael was fucking Marisa hard now, his body bouncing up and down on hers. He saw Michael's hands move under her hips, forcing her up onto her knees. Aaron thought Michael wanted to stick his cock deeper into her asshole, but he heard the familiar gasp from Marisa. Michael's hand had slipped between her legs and was rubbing her pussy and clit.

She couldn't believe it, Michael was trying to make her cum while he was sodomizing her. How arrogant of him. Forced up to her knees, his cock sank deeper into her guts, feeling like a foot long snake was moving inside her. No, he couldn't. His fingers were gentle, at the same time his cock was sodomizing her ruthlessly. His finger danced over her clit, just as Aaron did to her, the fingertip slapping back and forth over the tip until she felt her hips moving. Two fingers slid

into her pussy, her legs spreading wider, feeling like a truck was between her legs. She couldn't differentiate the fingers from the cock in her asshole, both of them driving up and down while her clit was expertly manipulated by Michael. "NNNO! Don't make me cum!" She protested, but she already felt her body go beyond the point of no return. Michael gave her one last hard jab, his cock so deep in her guts that she thought it would come out her stomach. It jerked and shuddered and then she felt the unmistakable wetness fill her bowels. It shot out like a fire hose, spraying her insides, the thick fluid burning as he came inside her. She came at the same time, Michael's fingers pulling on her clit until she moaned, the orgasm hitting her, her insides rippling up and down the fingers and cock that filled her so completely. Her body collapsed on the bed as she came, Michael pressing his body down onto her as he jerked his cock in and out of her asshole, each time another load of cum dumped in her guts.

Keri came when she saw Michael cum inside Marisa, the jealousy of someone giving Michael more pleasure than she could overpower her. She came from the spanking on her clit, the shooting pain igniting a perverse thrill in her body. Aaron's hand masturbated her, two fingers inside her as the tremors ran through her battered body, the look of pleasure on Michael's face as he came in Marisa's asshole would forever be etched in her brain. She hated herself for denying Michael the pleasure he desperately wanted and she deserved the pussy spanking. She vowed to make it up to him.

Aaron couldn't wait any longer, spreading Keri's legs wide, her limp body beneath him. He shoved his cock inside her

pussy, feeling the remnants of her orgasm as he buried his cock deep into her tight hole. She hadn't been used much, her hot tight insides clinging to his cock. He pulled her legs up, spreading them wide and began to fuck her. And he fucked her hard. It took only a few minutes until he came, filling her hole with his cum, his hands under her ass, raising her up to take all of his cock. "Squeeze the cum from me." He blasted his cum inside her as she obeyed obediently, her pussy performing flawlessly to extract the cum from his balls.

All four lay on the bed, sated and exhausted. The girls found their mouths put to good use, Aaron's and Michael's cocks pushed inside until they were bathed clean. Marisa had the hardest time, having to clean Michael's soiled cock, but as her face clenched in a grimace, she obediently tongue licked it clean.

Keri found her body carried into Michael's bed, his naked body curled up next to her, the distant roar of the helicopters engines signaling Aaron and Marisa's departure. She slept soundly, waking up in the morning with Michael still curled up against her ass.

CHAPTER 12

A Party with Michael's Friends

Camilla raced around the house making preparations for the night's festivities tonight, Keri finally prying it out of her that Michael had invited some of his friends over for dinner and, as Camilla put it, some "entertainment."

"Senor Michael wants everything prepared before they arrive. He is letting me go home early." Camilla smiled at Keri as she told her. "I think he wants his privacy with you Senorita."

Keri acted as if she already knew of the guests. "Yes," she smiled back, nodding. This must be the select few friends that Michael had mentioned. Friends that he would share Keri with. Her mind began to race with thoughts of what would happen, finding her sitting on the veranda, her pussy wet by all of the possibilities running through her mind. *Would they tie her up?* Of course they would, Michael enjoyed the rope and Keri found that it heightened her sexual excitement to be bound and her body taken advantage of without her consent. She trusted Michael enough and she knew he would look out for her no matter what.

"Camilla said I would find you out here." Michael's voice shook her out of her erotic thoughts.

She looked up at his handsome face smiling down at her. He bent over, Keri inhaling the spicy scent of his cologne, feeling his breath just before his lips pressed against hers. He

kissed her, his hand holding her head as his tongue darted deep into her mouth, seeking out and Keri responding with her tongue. He finally broke the kiss, sitting down next to her. "I was just thinking." Keri responded sheepishly, a slight flush heightening the glow on her cheeks.

Michael's hand slid along her naked leg, the short skirt leaving a long expanse of thigh open to his touch. "I hope your thoughts made you wet." His hand slid up her inner thigh, seeing Keri parting her legs so willingly.

"If it didn't, your hand is doing it now." *How could he arouse her so easily?* She let her legs spread for him, her eyes watching his hand erotically move up her leg. Keri held her breath as he moved high up under her skirt, gasping when he found her pussy. He cupped her sex, feeling her juices flood her panties.

"I love how you get aroused so easily at my touch." Michael's finger gently rubbed up and down her panty mound, pushing the silky panties into her slit, finding his fingers wet with her juices.

She leaned back, her legs spreading wider as Michael gently and expertly began to masturbate her. She closed her eyes, imaging it was tonight and Michael's friends were standing there, watching Michael's masturbation of her, waiting for their turn at her body. Her hips began to rock back and forth, Keri's hand moving down to pull her skirt out of the way to give Michael complete access to her pussy. *Would he let her cum or would he just tease her, arousing her for tonight?* She got her answer all too soon, Michael's hand

pulling away to leave her unfulfilled. "Just a tease?" Keri pouted, squirming on the lounge chair.

"Yes. I presume you know that some of my friends are coming over tonight. They should be here about 6. I think you will find your sexual appetite satisfied by time the night is over." He paused for a moment. "As will mine, but I do love you when you are aroused." He clenched his cock with his hand. "And you are leaving me in a similar state."

Keri looked at the cock etched in his pants. "And so you should be so. I think I will take a leisurely bath. I am sure that I will be put through my paces by you and your friends." She smiled sexily at him. "And I look forward to it." She left him on the veranda, going to her room. She looked at the bed, her clothes already laid out for tonight. She picked up the two tiny garments. The first was a coral-flame cheeky boyshorts. She looked at them, styled to reveal a generous amount of her cheeks. The bra was a lace and satin demi bra in the same color. A pair of high heels completed the outfit. The clothes were meant to entice, leaving little to the imagination.

She laid in the hot bath a long time, her eyes closed, enjoying the feel of the water as it enveloped her naked body. She had come such a long way in a little over a week. From a sheltered housewife that was afraid of showing her body with her sex life consisting of a vibrator and a morning ritual to where she was now, Michael taking his pleasure with her body at his will, ropes enforcing her obedience, at the same time enhancing it. Not only did she show her naked body to Michael, but to others and tonight would be the ultimate test.

A party, with Keri being the main course. She wanted so bad to play with her pussy but she knew that Michael would be disappointed with her, struggling to rub her clit as she imagined how the evening would unfold.

Camilla brought Keri something to eat. "Senor Michael thought you might like a sandwich. It is not a formal dinner tonight, just plates of appetizers to please the guests." She left it on the table as she walked out. It was time for her to go home.

Keri was sitting in the chair when Michael came in, his eyes immediately drawn to her almost naked body. "Stand up, let me look at you."

Keri stood up, balancing on the high heels, feeling out of place in just a bra and panties with the heels. She faced him, her thighs parted slightly to tease him with the treasures hidden between her legs.

She looked beautiful. And sexy, the boyshorts clinging to her ass, a wide expanse of firm naked cheek left exposed. Her full breasts peeked provocatively out the top of the bra. "Turn around." She turned her back to him, stopping and spreading her legs wider, giving Michael an excellent view of her ass. "I love your ass Keri. And those boyshorts make it look so ravishing." His cock throbbed at the sight of her naked cheeks pushed out the bottom of the abbreviated shorts, the firm flesh so inviting.

She wanted to ask Michael what would happen tonight, but she knew that he wouldn't answer. And she wasn't even sure if she wanted to know. The unknown was much more erotic. Michael led her out of the room, her heels tapping loudly on

the Mexican pavers on the floor. They entered the living room, Keri surprised to find it empty. But she wasn't surprised to see the coils of rope around the room.

"Over here," Michael directing her to the center of the room. He picked up a pile of short pieces of rope, stroking the rough rope as if it was an extension of his cock.

She trembled, but not in fear, more in excitement as she glimpsed the rope in Michael's hand. She moved next to him. She put her wrists in front of her, Michael busily tying a short rope around each thin wrist. He pulled the knot tight, Keri flinching in pain. Her arms hung uselessly at her side, a length of rope hanging from each wrist in anticipation of being tied.

Michael picked up each end of the rope, pushing it through the iron ring that hung down from the ceiling by chains. He pushed the opposite rope through another iron ring. He began to pull the slack on the ropes, Keri's arms having no choice but to rise up, Michael enjoying the way her full breasts pulled up. He pulled harder until her arms were rigid, Keri almost having to stand on her toes. He tied one, then repeated the process with the other. He stepped back, admiring her half naked body strung up, her arms pulled up and wide, leaving her breasts vulnerable to whatever they would inflict on them.

Keri's pussy was soaked, the rope igniting the lust in her loins that only Michael could extinguish. Or maybe his friends would do it tonight. With her arms already bound, her consent was not needed, her body vulnerable to whatever perversion they decided to perpetrate on it. But Michael was

not finished, Keri watching as he bent over, new lengths of rope tied tightly around her slim ankles, Keri trembling as she saw the other end of the rope laid out on the floor. She followed its path, coming to an end, seeing the iron ring bolted to the floor. *How come she never noticed that before? Did Michael bolt it in especially for tonight?* She had little time to comprehend it, Michael tugging on one of the ropes, Keri having no choice but to shuffle her foot closer and closer to the iron ring. Michael finally stopped when her foot was just short of the ring, looping it through the ring and tying it tight. It wasn't so bad, but only one of her legs were spread. Once he forced the other, it would be much more painful. And humiliating.

Michael made short work of the first leg, enjoying the second, his eyes glued to her pussy as he forced her to spread her other leg. She would resist, Michael tugging on the rope until she complied, a groan escaping her lips when he accomplished his goal. He tied off the rope, his eyes staring lustily between her legs, the tiny panties doing little to hide her pussy. Or her arousal, the front of the panties already ringed with her juices. "I love how you get wet without being touched. You were made for this life Keri."

Her legs were spread too wide, Keri finding it not only painful, but difficult trying to balance on the three inch heels with her legs spread so wide. She felt so humiliated that Michael could see her arousal so easily, but the rope and the spread of her limbs brought back such vivid recollections of Brad ten years ago. But now she was submitting to it voluntarily. And being aroused by it. *What was she becoming?*

Was it really Michael that was making her this way or did she always have these feeling inside her and Michael was only releasing them?

Michael rubbed his hands along her inner thighs, feeling her taut muscles, sliding higher towards her pussy. He ran his finger along the edge of the panties, teasing Keri as she struggled to retain her composure from his fondling hand. He stood up, seeing the disappointment in her eyes as his hands left her sex. He slid his hand along her stomach, caressing her fevered flesh up her body until his palms cupped her lovely breasts. He squeezed the bra encased flesh, enjoying the way he pushed the naked mounds up out the top of her bra. He bent over, his tongue licking the wide expanse of cleavage revealed, seeing her nipples poking out the unlined bra. He squeezed the hardened tips through the fabric, Keri somehow managing to arch her back in spite of the strict bondage. He stepped back, Keri's face flushed, her body trembling. He liked doing that to Keri, keeping her aroused and on the edge. It only made her more vulnerable to accept whatever he desired from her ripe body. No matter how perverse. So far he had only been denied her asshole. He had accepted it, wanting her to offer it up as a sacrifice to him. Hopefully the other night had taught her the lesson of disobedience.

Michael left the room when he heard the sound of the helicopter landing. It was about to begin. She got a glimpse of her half naked body in the mirror that Michael had conveniently placed across the room so she could witness all that they all the perversions they would inflict on her. She

looked so vulnerable, her legs and arms spread in an almost "X", the panties and bra leaving little to the imagination and affording nothing in protecting her near naked body. And now Michael's friends were arriving, Keri was scared and humiliated waiting for the moment when they would walk through the door and see her. Michael's sacrificial virgin to their lust. She heard voices talking in the distance, the sound of footsteps getting louder and louder as they neared the entrance to the living room.

"What a magnificent specimen of female sexuality." Eric exclaimed loudly when he Keri spread in the living room, not failing to notice her wet panties. "And all tied up like a Christmas present for us."

"And such enticing boyshorts. I can't wait to see that lovely ass." The voice was definitely feminine. Diana walked into the room, Eric arms around her waist.

Following in behind Diana and Eric, Justin teased her. "Now don't tell me you're going to monopolize the only female we have Diana." Justin looked at Keri, his cock thickening at the thought of what he was going to do to this lovely bound girl.

The girl wasn't much older than he was, and most likely about the same age as Diana. Justin was one of the few male friends of Michael that had that wasn't in their forties. Justin had met Michael by accident one day at a bar they frequented for lunch and for some reason they had hit it off despite the ten years difference in age. Very successful in his own right, Justin admired Michael's business savvy and believed Michael felt the same about him. It wasn't until years later, when Justin found out about Michael's sexual appetite that the real

bond formed between them. Justin was raised in the age of equal rights for woman. The more Justin delved into Michael's world, the more he appreciated the pleasures that only a truly submissive woman could provide.

To say that Keri was shocked by the guests would be understating it. There were three of them accompanied by Michel, but one of them was a girl about Keri's age. She had never even considered a girl, her mind instantly trying to catch up with the reality of the situation. Sure, she had heard about "girl sex" but that was in porn movies. She never really knew a girl that was a lesbian. And now bound, she had little choice in the matter. *What would she do to her? Or what would she have to do to the girl was the more important question?* They all stood in front of Keri's bound body, all of them staring lustily at her, even the girl. One of the men was Michael's age, handsome, with a good body for his age. The last man was about Keri's age and his eyes were devouring her with a passion in his eyes that startled Keri. The girl had a great body, Keri's mind started swirling with erotic new images, her mind conjuring up lewd positions that two females could sexually engage in.

"Keri, this is Eric, Justin and Diana." He saw Keri's surprised look, loving to introduce her to new experiences. "Everyone—This is Keri."

"Michael, what a lovely feast of flesh you provided for us tonight. You've outdone yourself. Where do you find such desirable creatures? And with such temperament?" Diana looked Keri over, her eyes sparkling with obvious desire and

appreciation. "Don't worry Keri. I'll see that you enjoy the night. As I will with you."

"Keri was on the way to Phoenix after leaving her husband. I could see a quality in her that needed to be unleashed. She has proved to be almost everything I saw in her. Tonight you will have a chance to sample her." Michael looked at the three of them, all ready to pounce on Keri as if she was a wild animal in the wilds and they were a pack of hungry wolves.

"I'm not sure a sample is what we'll do to her?" Diana moved closer to Keri. She whispered into Keri's ear as her head moved closer. "Relax Keri. There's nothing you can do to stop it." She kissed Keri, finding her lips soft and moist, yielding to the pressure of her tongue gently urging Keri's mouth to open. She pressed her tongue into Keri's mouth, finding the hot depths of her mouth receptive to the probing tongue, pleasantly surprised to find Keri responding so easily. She moved closer, her hips pushing forward until their lower bodies touched. Diana put her hand around Keri's ass, feeling the naked flesh beneath her fingers, pulling her closer until their pussies pushed against each other.

Keri was surprised that Diana was taking her as a man would, Diana's hands pulling her against the length of her body, full lips crushing her in a passionate kiss that left Keri breathless, even responding to the probing tongue that entered her mouth. All of the desires she felt when Michael took her as possessively as he did, consumed Keri as she kissed Diana, in spite of her femininity. Diana's deep sensual kiss, distinctly feminine, sent shivers of desire down her spine.

Diana pulled back from Keri. "This is going to be very enjoyable Eric." Diana licked her lips. "Maybe you should go first." Diana sat down on the couch in front of Keri, taking a sip of the drink that Michael had fixed for her. Justin was sitting next to her, his eyes feasting on Keri, his cock bulging his pants.

"I love to see two girls together," Justin exclaimed. "Especially two passionate girls."

"I think you will find much passion in Keri." Michael responded proudly, sitting back as his best friend walked over to Keri.

Keri looked at Diana, Michael and Justin sitting on the couch relaxed as if they were going to watch television. The only thing that gave them away was the bulges in Justin and Michael's pants. Eric approached closer to her, Keri's body tense as she waited.

"You are a lovely girl," Eric said to her softly. He moved in front of her, his body sliding up to hers.

She felt his cock pushing against her, his arousal apparent. It felt so big, his hips sliding back and forth, his cock pushing against her scantily clad sex. His hands touched her naked waist, Keri jerking from the unexpected touch. His hands stayed still, letting her get used to them. They moved up, grazing her skin until they cupped her bra encased breasts. His hands squeezed them hard, finally moving around behind her. She felt the pressure of the bra release, Eric's fingers deftly unclipping the tiny clasp of her bra. He leaned over her for a second, coming back with a small knife, Keri not able to see where the knife came from. Two snips and both of the bra

straps were cut, the flimsy bra falling between them.

"MMMM," she moaned, her body at a fever pitch, Eric's strong hands smothering her bare breasts in his palms. Her nipples tingled as they pressed into his palms, his hands clenching tightly on her supple flesh.

Eric enjoyed her lush full breasts, his hands moving all over the firm flesh, teasing at the nipples, the hard buds stroked with his fingertips. His fingers moved up and down the tips, drawing them out. His head moved down, lips engulfing on one of her breasts in his mouth.

She arched her back when she felt his hot, wet mouth encircle her breast, his other hand continuing to knead the other. His lips clasped over her areolas, his teeth nibbling just behind her nipple. She felt the powerful suction as her nipple was yanked hard, his tongue waiting for it to stretch to lap at it back and forth. She wished she could grab his head and push it harder into her flesh, but her bound hands let her defenseless. She looked down at her breast when he finished with it, the tip wet with saliva and the areola showing signs of bite marks. He didn't stop, lavishing the same special attention on her other breast until her hips were moving with passion.

"Very amorous Keri. Your tits are very sensitive. Since that's the case, then you're going to love this." He reached over to the side of her, finding what he was looking for.

She didn't notice anything before since it sat out of her view. There seemed to be a table next to her that she couldn't see. And thank goodness she couldn't. Eric moved back into her field of vision, a pair of shiny nipple clamps in

his hands. These were not the kind she had used before, the ones that slide up to clamp tighter. No, these were like Brad had used. The evil little devices were spring loaded with the two sides of the powerful clamps serrated to better bite into the flesh and hold it tight. No amount of shaking would make them fly off. She could only watch as Eric played with one nipple, Keri trying to drive the image from her mind as she fought Eric from enticing her nipple to greater hardness. He wanted a bigger target for the clamp. She lost, unable to stop his expert fingers from coaxing her nipples into hard little gumdrops.

Eric couldn't believe they could get any bigger, but the one nipple he played with grew in size. He took the cold clamp and pushed it against her nipple, seeing her body jerk as the cold metal touched her hot, sensitive flesh. His fingers opened the clamp wide, pushing it until it surrounded the pink nipple. He waited for a second and then released the clamp, slowly letting the powerful springs close on her hard, rubbery flesh.

"OOOOWWW," she screamed in pain, her head thrown back, no one surprised by her sudden outburst of pain. They had expected it, though Keri had not expected it to hurt like it did. The pain started off to be just a sharp pinching, but Eric continued to release the clamp, the pressure continuing until the sensitive nerve endings in her nipple was pinched tight. She could feel the serrated edges igniting a searing pain that raced through her breast, Eric finally releasing the clamp. She looked down, the clamp standing out almost at a right angle, her nipple trapped tightly between the powerful metal clamps. "Please, take it off," she begged, tears falling from her eyes.

The agonizing pain spread throughout her body, all of it pinpointed in her crushed nipple.

Ignoring her pleading, Eric was already working on her other nipple, his fingers not failing to make it rise to the occasion as the other one had, in spite of Keri knowing the pain he would inflict on it once he had it erect. "There is more Keri. Concentrate on turning the pain into pleasure. You will find yourself responding to it." He began to surround the other nipple with the clamp, his fingers releasing the pressure on the clamps, Eric enjoying the way it bit into her tender flesh as her body jerked in pain.

She panted wildly as the pain pierced through her other nipple, Keri not believing how painful it was. It felt like a knife was slicing through her nipple, almost wishing it would to end the pain. Eric released the other clamp, the both of them standing up as if they were twin erections. The pain in the first was now just an ache in her breast, but what Eric did next was almost inhuman. His fingers snapped at both of the nipple clamps, the pain ignited in her crushed tips. "NO! Don't do that! Please!" She began to sob, but Eric lifted both of her breasts from below, making the twin clamps shake as they bit into her crushed nipples.

Eric's hand slid down over her belly and cupped her sex before Keri even realized it, her mind on the painful clamps that trapped her nipples between the unyielding metal clamps. His finger began to slid up and down her slit, the wide expanse of her bound legs leaving her slit pulled back, his finger easily finding its way between her lips. *Did he expect her to get aroused? Aroused while her breasts ached*

for relief from the cruel biting clamps that pinched on her nipples? Her nipples throbbed, the blood trapped at the end, feeling like a giant pulse at the end of each breast. Damn, the finger was beginning to feel good, Keri refusing to yield to Eric, his grinning face only inches from hers.

Eric was preparing Keri, but not for what she was expecting. Her hips began to roll gently as the finger that masturbated her began to feel pleasurable. His finger moved up to the top of her slit, finding her clit, snapping the hard bud while she gasped from the sudden arousal. Grabbing the knife again from the table, he slit the sides of the panties, letting them puddle beneath her wide spread legs, his hands finding her naked pussy soaked, his fingers sliding unopposed through her lips. He kneeled down, but not before he found the items he wanted on the table.

She looked down, Eric kneeling between her legs. *Was he going to lick her?* She hated the way her body had betrayed her, his fingers arousing her in spite of the thumping ache of the nipple clamps. She tried to keep her hips still, each time her body moved the clamps would bounce, ever so gently, but they still ignited a fresh burst of pain in her breasts.

Keri looked down and could not believe her eyes, suddenly realizing what Eric planned to do. "NOOOO! NOTTT THHHHERE!" It was unfathomable that he would do such a thing, but down on the floor between her legs laid four shiny clamps similar to the ones that bit into her nipples now. There was only one place that he was going to put them and that was on her pussy. On her delicate, tender pussy lips.

"Nonsense Keri. I heard that you took a pussy spanking and came. A few clamps biting into her pussy should be nothing compared to that. There are far worse things I could do to you," Eric laughing at her discomfort. He stroked her pussy until he found his fingers covered in her juices, a few drops staining the floor beneath her.

She braced herself, her body tight when she felt his fingers pulling one of her pussy lips far to the side. She looked into the mirror, ashamed at how revealing her pussy was, the pink inner lips reflected so vividly back at her, Eric's face only inches from her pussy, his hot breath blowing sensuously on her pussy.

EEEEHH," she moaned, not sure if it was the pain or the pleasure. When the clamp bit into her soft fleshy lip it drew a sudden burst of pain between her legs, but then the pain went quickly away, leaving a dull throbbing in its wake. Eric had released the clamp, the heavy clamp pulled down on her pussy lip, drawing it away from her body. His fingers fumbled between her legs, another clamp snapped lower down on the same pussy lip, Keri looking in the mirror. Her pussy was drawn out of shape, the twin clamps weighing her lip down toward the ground.

Eric worked on the other side of her pussy, drawing back the other lip, snapping the clamp until it bit tightly into her flesh. Keri only whimpered now, Eric surprised that her pussy was getting wetter. The last clamp was put on her pussy lip across from the other one, Eric releasing it. He inspected her pussy almost clinically. Both of her lips were drawn back and pulled towards the floor by gravity. Each one folded back,

leaving her clit exposed so vividly. He inspected the swollen bud finding it protruding and engorged with blood.

She was so humiliated, Eric's face just inches from her sex, the clamps leaving her so obscenely exposed, especially her clit. She could see it in the mirror, never seeing it so large. And the throbbing in it was driving her to distraction, Keri wanting so badly for Eric to touch it in spite of her humiliation. The clamps were all just a dull ache that failed to dim her arousal, in fact the ones on her pussy did the opposite. With her lips pulled back, her clit was exposed to even the slightest of breeze in the room, feeling like a windstorm blowing across her aroused bud.

Eric found her pussy slick as two fingers pushed inside her, feeling her muscles tighten on his fingers as he twisted them in her hot little hole. "Can you cum for me Keri?" He slapped at her clit, her body jerking, a tiny yelp slipped from her lips from the unexpected harsh touch.

The second time he snapped at her clit, Keri finally whimpered to him. "Please, yes," she begged, panting in desire, her mind hazy with the pleasure and pain consuming all her senses. She looked at Michael, his face smiling, his eyes looking at her pussy.

Two minutes is all that it took for Eric to bring her to orgasm. He had three fingers inside her pussy, twisting and turning, grinding his knuckles against her soft walls. His other hand snapped at the six clamps that hung from her tortured body, Keri bouncing as he flicked each clamp, a sharp pain ignited. All it took was to rub her clit, pinching it tight and

pulling it up, his finger traveling along the hard bud as if he were trying to stroke a little cock.

She couldn't help herself, even if she wanted it to stop, the orgasm ripping through her body. Her pussy tightened on his fingers, gripping them possessively as they filled her tight hole. Her nipples throbbed whenever Eric snapped the clamp, the final time while his finger pinched her clit, sending her body over the edge. It shattered her control as it spread over her body, the rippling effect racing from her pussy, through her breasts to register in her brain. Even her sphincter clenched tight as she came, screaming as Eric pulled his fingers from her pussy and pulled off the clamps one at a time as she came. The blood rushed to the clamp flesh, igniting a new pain that only heightened her orgasm, Keri feeling the juices run down her thighs as the last clamps were yanked harshly from her pussy lips.

When she could finally catch her breath and opened her eyes, she stared into the mirror, her nipples a deep red in color with indentations left by the cruel clamps. She looked at her pussy, not even able to see any difference. It was as if Eric didn't clamp her pussy.

Eric untied Keri's legs, seeing her move them together, easing her aching muscles. He pulled her arms down, holding her body next to his, her trembling legs unable to support her petite frame. He laid her down on the floor, Keri doing little to stop him.

Kerri found her arms being bound behind her, this time Justin tying the ropes. She looked over at Eric, sitting on the couch, a look of pleasure on his face. Diana had her head in

his lap, his cock out, her lips drawn tight around it, Eric urging her head up and down on his cock. Lying on her back, Keri's legs were next, the rope still tied around her ankles. She felt the first one drawn up towards the ceiling, her body nearly shifting onto her hip, Justin pushing the rope through the iron ring, Keri's ass rose up slightly from the floor before he stopped and tied the rope. She watched as her other leg was bent back so her heel touched her ass, Justin tying a rope around her leg, securing her calf to her thigh. Keri groaned in pain, the wide expanse of the spread of her legs making her crotch feel like it was going to split her up the middle.

Justin stood up, taking off his clothes slowly, stroking his cock as he freed it from his shorts. He knelt between the spread of her legs, his cock poised at her pussy. He nodded to Eric.

Eric took off the rest of his clothes, leaving Diana on the couch with Michael. He knelt over her head, his hand turning her head towards him. His cock bobbed only inches from her mouth, her hot breath blowing on his cock making it jerk in excitement.

Keri couldn't do anything as the two men readied to ravish her body. The rope held her spread open, Justin rubbing his cock up and down her slit, getting it wet. Eric's hands pushed the hair out of her face, turning her heads toward him, Keri coming face to face with his cock, Diana's saliva still glistening on it. She obeyed obediently, her mouth opened in a wide oval as Eric gently moved his hips forward, her lips feeling the head of his cock pass into her mouth. She felt a

pressure against her pussy, Justin getting ready to enter her. She couldn't do anything but wait, the ropes holding her open. He was impatient, Keri finding her mouth and pussy suddenly impaled on two powerful cocks, forcing there way into her, pushing aside any feeble resistance she could muster. It was more out of habit, not desire. She was being taken by strangers and she did little to stop them. She found her pussy suddenly filled with hard cock, Eric sliding easily into her wet passage. She could hear his groans of pleasure as his cock sank into the depths of her pussy.

Keri's soft walls encased his cock in a warm blanket, her hot, tight pussy molding over his cock as he entered her. He pulled back out, her insides rippling along his shaft, clenching on his trapped head before he pushed back in. He began a leisurely fuck of her pussy, slowly going in, staying deep inside her as she clenched on his cock. Only then would he pull out, poised at the mouth of her pussy to thrust back in. Justin was enjoying her tight pussy.

Keri's mouth engulfed his cock, Eric shoving with his hips until the head of his cock hit the back of her throat. She choked and gagged, but his hands holding her head kept her submissively in place as his cock breached her tight throat. He felt her head try to move away, his hands blocking her escape, Keri left with only one alternative, swallowing his cock. Eric fought the urge to come when the muscles rippled over the head of his cock, trying to force it out of her throat, trying to end the unnatural act. He rocked her head back and forth, Keri's eyes pleading to release her, enjoying the tears that fell down her cheeks as she gagged and choked. He

finally relented, pulling his cock from her throat with a loud pop.

Keri was so full of cock, her throat blocked by Eric's cock, breathing heavily through her nose as she strove to fill her lungs with the precious air. Justin's cock was reaming her out rhythmically. Her bound body bounced between the two cocks that took her for ten minutes, Justin playing with her clit until she responded to the fondling of her pleasure button. She could feel Eric's organ swell in her mouth, knowing that he was ready to cum. The finger on her clit brought about the familiar tingling in her loins, the cock rubbing back in forth inside adding to her pleasure. She didn't know whose fingers they were, but her swollen nipples were teased erect again, fingernails rushing across the sensitive flesh, the tingling of the clamps still in her head. She came with them, the cock in her pussy setting off her orgasm, her body jerking in the tight bondage, her mouth suddenly filled with hot cum. Eric pulled out of her mouth, Keri keeping her mouth open as Eric pumped his cock all over her face. She could feel the hot cum landing on her lips and nose, dripping slowly. After the third jet of cum on her face, Eric pushed his shrinking cock into her mouth, Keri licking the remainder of cum from the head, feeling the last trickle fill her mouth with the salty taste.

Her pussy was flooded with Justin's cum, pushing deep inside her, his cock jerking while the cum raced up from his balls, through the shaft and out of the head of his cock in a powerful blast that filled her pussy. She milked two loads of cum from his balls, her orgasms making her pussy ripple up

and down the shaft as if it were her hand. Justin finally pulled out of her pussy, the milky fluid sliding down her thighs.

Keri found her body untied once again, but this time it was Diana. She knew that she was going to have to perform girl sex with her as she slowly stripped off her clothes. All the men watched her as Diana slipped out of her clothes, revealing a lovely body, so much so that Keri was even impressed by it. She looked at Diana's pussy in a new light, Keri's tongue licking her lips almost in anticipation. Michael also took off his clothes, Keri getting aroused as she saw his thick cock. "Please Michael," she begged.

Michael looked down at her naked body. "What do you want Keri?"

"I want you Michael. Inside me." She waited a moment before she blurted it out, unable to take it back as the words spilled across her lips. "I want you in my ass." She had surrendered her final virgin hole to Michael.

Michael looked down at her, stroking his cock, the thick weapon harder and longer than he had ever felt it. Eric had brought over a mattress, laying it on the floor. Keri got on it, but not before Diana did, sitting down, her legs spread wide.

"Over here Keri. On your belly. Legs spread wide for Michael." Diana couldn't wait to teach the finer aspects of cunnilingus to Keri. She knew she would be a fast learner. The hard part would be to keep her attention, sure that Michael would be making demands on her body when he fucked her ass.

Keri's body was exhausted from the numerous orgasms, but they would not let her rest until she satisfied them all.

Keri was afraid, blurting out the desire to be sodomized, the reality of the situation getting scarier as she lay down on her belly. She spread her legs wide until she felt her cheeks spreading apart, knowing that Michael was getting a good view of her anus as she relaxed her cheeks. She looked up to see Diana's pussy, the wide expanse of her legs revealing all of her.

Diana looked down at Keri, her face only inches from her pussy. Her hand slid down, peeling back her lips like petals of a flower. "Has a man ever eaten your pussy Keri?"

Keri peered up at Diana. "Yes," her voice trembling.

"Then it should be easy. Just do what you loved when a man did it to you. Now kiss my pussy." Diana was eager to test Keri, seeing if she could do it. If not, Diana's hands would guide her.

Keri moved closer, inhaling the scent of Diana's pussy. She licked her lips, getting them wet, knowing that she hated a man to touch her when his fingers were dry. She planted a kiss on one of her lips, giving small butterfly kisses up and down her sleek lips. She had been shorn just as Keri had been. Her tongue followed the kiss, licking the smooth skin, feeling Diana's hips begin to rise up as her tongue moved up. She could already taste Diana's slightly salty moisture, having stuck her own fingers in her mouth during masturbation leaving Keri with a fondness for the taste. Keri's fingers hesitatingly moved to touch Diana's mound, unsure of herself, having never touched a girl before. At least a naked one.

Michael was behind Keri, lubricating his cock with warming lotion, his hand stroking up and down the shaft, feeling it

grow as he watched Keri begin to orally caress Diana. Michael was surprised that she took to it so quickly. Keri had spread Diana's lips apart, revealing the pink insides of her pussy to her tongue. Diana was moaning, her hips gently rolling around as Keri's tongue probed the depths of her inner lips. Michael could hear the erotic sound of Keri's lapping. He could almost make out the subtle movement of Keri's hips as she began to masturbate on the mattress beneath her.

Diana put her hands on Keri's head and began to guide her movements. Instead of Keri protesting, she seemed to relish the control of another over her, her tongue more eager, the wet flesh shoved into Diana's vagina just like a miniature cock. Keri's tongue began to fuck her in and out. "Yes, eat my pussy Keri."

Keri had almost forgotten about Michael, Diana's hands on her head demanding more from her. Keri's face was pushed hard against her mound, Keri's mouth and chin wet with Diana's juices. She felt Michael's presence behind her, his knees pushing out on her thighs, her crotch splitting her apart as he spread her legs. She felt a warm liquid poured over her anus, some of it sliding down her crack and over her pussy. She waited, Michael's finger running up and down her crack, aided by the slick fluid, Keri feeling warmth spreading between her cheeks. Her body trembled each time his finger passed over her anal pad, the tiny hole going into a series of spasms that made her pussy tingle. The finger returned to her tiny hole, Keri bracing herself for its entry. She didn't have to wait long, Michael pressing hard against her virgin hole.

Michael pressed his finger against her anus, eager to open her up to his cock. He had been denied the pleasure of her asshole for too long, eager to pleasure him in her tight little hole. His finger pressed, feeling her anal ring stretching to accept his large finger, her muscles suddenly resisting back as his fingertip pressed hard in her rectum.

"AAAHHH," Keri's head shooting up as she suddenly found her backside speared by his finger. She felt it inside her, discerning as it pressed against her rectal muscles, probing the soft tissue. Her anus burned, stretched tightly over his knuckle, his finger continually moving inside her like an animal nipping at her flesh.

"You let Michael worry about your asshole Keri. Get back to licking my pussy." Diana shoved Keri's head back between her legs, finding Keri's tongue lapping up and down her slit. "My clit. Don't forget my clit." Diana was surprised when Keri didn't lick her clit, but instead, her tongue lapped at her perineum, the tiny patch of sensitive skin between her pussy and her anus. Most men never paid attention to this erogenous area, but maybe it was because of Michael's probing finger in her asshole that inspired her.

"YYYYEAAHHH," Diana's hips shooting up into the air, giving Keri complete access to her. "God, that's sooooo good." Diana felt the wet tongue lick higher, licking across her anus, the tiny hole fluttering with the touch of Keri's tongue.

The finger in her ass bore deeper, Keri groaning into Diana's pussy as she bucked under the probing digit. Keri licked lower on Diana, her tongue finding Diana's tiny pucker and licking at the tart hole. All the while she felt Michael

probing and exploring the hot depths of her own asshole. Her muscles rippled uncontrollably in her asshole, her pussy tightening as she trapped the thick finger inside her asshole.

Michael could barely drag his finger out of her asshole, her muscles clenching on it. He had only the fingertip inside her, replacing it with two fingers, her anal ring stretching wide to take the twin digits inside her. He heard her gasp as he impaled her with two fingers, twisting and turning them inside her, opening her up. He pushed his fingers deep inside her and then separate them, hearing her muffled groan as he spread her deep inside. She was ready. Ready for his cock.

She felt his body dropping down on her, his cock rubbing over her spread cheeks. It felt so big, slick and pulsating as Michael pushed it between her cheeks until it rubbed over her anus. She shuddered as she felt the thick head pressed against her tiny hole. *It would never fit! Why had she blurted out such a thing?* She turned her head to protest, but Diana's hands pulled her back down onto her pussy, her protest muffled by the wet flesh pushed into her face. She couldn't do anything but continue her oral assault on Diana, her lips finding Diana's clit and sucking it deep into her mouth.

"YEEESSS!" Diana cried out in pleasure, her clit sucked into Keri's hot mouth, her tongue lapping back and forth over the hard, red bud. "Suck me off!" She pulled Keri's head hard onto her pussy, not even caring if she was suffocating her. She only wanted the pleasure that her mouth gave her. She looked behind Keri, Michael mounting her from behind, his big cock pressed against her asshole. Thoughts of Eric taking her that way for the first time raced through her mind, the

delicious pain that raced through her body when his thick cock pushed into the deep recesses of her guts, filling her as she was never filled before. "Keep licking," she urged Keri, knowing that she would soon be distracted.

Keri groaned as she felt the pressure mounting at her backside, Michael pressing hard with his hips, her slick hole unable to stop the steely flesh from spreading her open. "MMMMHGGG," her mumbled cry blocked by Diana's pussy as she felt the head of Michael's cock ram into her rectum with a powerful thrust that took her breath away. She spread her legs wider, anything to ease the terrible pain that burned in her backside.

It felt like a hot blast furnace, the head of his cock suddenly popping inside her, trapped by her clenching rectal muscles, trying desperately to push him out, only succeeding in bringing such pleasure to his cock. It felt like a vice gripping his cock, squeezing and pushing as he fought to keep his cock in the breach he opened up. His hands went to her hips, grabbing a pillow to stuff under her hips, raising her ass cheeks up, a perfect angle for his cock to dig deeper into the recesses of her bowels. She move her hips, trying to avoid his cock as he pressed deeper inside her, his hands forcing her movements to arch her ass up higher to open her up for his probing cock.

It felt like a baseball bat was being shoved up her ass, tears falling from her eyes as the painful burning continued. He was forcing her ass up into the air, opening her up to the thick cock that continued to bore deeper into her guts. She couldn't have even imagined such a thing when she

reluctantly agreed to be sodomized by him. It filled her so completely, like nothing she had ever felt before. And he only had half of his cock inside her. *How would she ever take the whole thing inside her? And what would it feel like when he started fucking her with his prick?* She could barely think any longer, Michael beginning to pull his cock out of her asshole, feeling her guts pulled out behind it. He would stop when his head was trapped by the spasms of her muscles, Keri's body tense as she waited for the thick cocks return. He didn't wait long, plunging back in with a ferocity that took her breath away, each time burying his cock deeper into her most intimate hole, each time pushing aside all resistance of her soft walls to bury his cock into virgin territory, unspoiled and untouched by anything from the outside. She felt the sharp pain in her stomach when his cock forced her intestine to straight out, her body jerking in pain only aiding the in his ravishment as it left her open and vulnerable to even deeper strokes of his cock.

Her insides clung to his cock as if she was trying to keep his prick inside her, not push it out. He had never felt such pleasure before, his sphincter clamped tight as he fought the desire to cum, wanting to fuck her before he unloaded his seed deep in her virgin bowels. He had over three quarters of his cock buried in the hot, tight depths of her guts, Michael looking down to see her anal ring tightly wrapped around his shaft as he began to plunge his cock in and out of her asshole, feeling like a tight rubber band sliding up and down his shaft. His cock pressed deeper with each stroke, finally his abdomen slapping against her ass cheeks, his cock stopped

by their bodies. He held still inside her, feeling his cock jerking in the hot confines of her asshole, her muscles rippling up and down the shaft. "Can you feel me deep inside you Keri? Tighten your muscles on my cock." Michael wanted to feel her surrender to his rampaging prick. He almost came when he felt her cheeks tighten, her asshole gripping his cock as if it were in a tight vise. "YEEESSSS!" Michael exclaimed proudly as he conquered her virgin asshole.

She squeezed his cock in spite of the pain, or maybe because of it. She had given her anal virginity up to Michael and he had claimed his prize. She felt a delicious pain inside her asshole, a fullness she had never experienced with a cock in her pussy. She wasn't sure if it was the perverse pleasure of taking a cock in a place that was not built for such activity, or the surrender of her last virginity to Michael. Even the pain began to fade into pleasure, Michael beginning to fuck her in the ass, the thick head sliding along her tight passage, dragging out her insides with each withdrawal, pushing aside all resistance as he plunged back in without restraint. She would feel his cock deep inside her bowels, pulsating and jerking in the tight hole. *What would it feel like when he came inside her?* His cock was so long, her hole able to take the long member without limit. She humped her ass up into the air, forcing more of his cock inside her, a painful cramp rippling through her belly. But it was the hand beneath her that forced her ass up submissively, the hand that was now gripping her pussy harshly, squeezing her pussy lips, fingers scratching over her swollen clit, her asshole going into painful spasms. Michael was going to force her to cum. Cum while

being ass fucked. Keri let her body go, the pain mixing with the pleasure to send shivers through her body. Michael began to hump her ass harder, making her take his powerful thrust, his abdomen slapping noisily against her naked ass cheeks. Diana was thrashing about like a whore in heat, her thighs wrapped tightly around Keri's head, trapping her on her pussy, her ankles locked. Diana's hips were driving up and down, ready to cum. Keri helped her along, biting her pussy lips first, than moving up to her clit, sucking it deep into her mouth, her teeth rubbing back and forth over the base of her clit as her tongue rasped over the swollen head.

Michael struggled as long as he could, but her asshole was eliciting such pleasure from his cock. He pumped her hard, but she took each powerful thrust with a tightening of her muscles, milking the cum from his balls. His hands were mauling her pussy, but she only responded with pleasure, her body trembling beneath him, knowing that she was on the edge of cumming. He gripped her clit, twisting and turning it, sending her over the edge. Diana had Keri's head trapped between her legs, only her muffled cries of pleasure escaping. Michael buried his cock in her bowels, holding still, trying to prolong his pleasure. But Keri's orgasm had unleashed a series of spasms in her asshole that rippled up and down the shaft of his cock like a giant wave. He tightened his ass cheeks, shoving harder as if he were trying to drive his cock through her stomach and finally unleashed a torrent of cum that blasted her guts with his hot crème.

They both came on her, Diana first, Keri's biting of her clit covering Keri's face was Diana's juices, Diana's body shaking

and trembling in orgasmic bliss, her thighs keeping Keri pinned to her sex, servicing her through her orgasm. Keri kept up with her tongue lapping and biting as Diana climaxed all over her. At the same time, Michael shoved his cock so deep that Keri was sure that he would drive it out her mouth. He stopped for a second, his cock buried deep in her quivering hole, his fingers mauling her pussy and clit with immunity. The pain turned quickly to pleasure, the feeling racing to her brain just as Michael dumped a powerful load of cum in her guts. She had never felt such a thing, the powerful blast feeling like a fire hose blasting her soft insides. Three times he came in her, each time another ripple of pleasure running through Keri's body, carrying her orgasm on and on until she thought she would faint in pleasure.

Diana was the first to release Keri, Keri's face covered with a slick coat of juices that glistened in the light. She didn't fail to notice Keri's tongue that came out of her mouth to lick the juices from her lips. Michael was the last to get off her. By the look on his face he was still enjoying her muscles rippling up and down his softening cock, finally her asshole having enough power to push his rude cock from her asshole.

Michael couldn't believe the way her asshole still fought to shove his cock out, finally succeeding, his cock slipping out her asshole noisily, Michael pulling up to see a torrent of white, milky cum follow behind his cock. Keri just lay there, her legs still spread wide, her asshole still a gaping hole that began to gradually shrink, her thighs glistening from the cum that dripped down them.

Michael picked her up and took her to bed, leaving Diana to satisfy the lust of Eric and Justin. He heard the sound of the helicopter taking off an hour later, sure the men had taken Diana in all of her holes.

* * * *

Michael woke up the next morning to find Keri already awake. He looked down to see his morning hard on coated brightly with a slick fluid. Keri looked over her shoulder at Michael and smiled a sexy little smile.

"Good morning," she said in a sexy tone. Her ass arched backward, her hand following, finding his cock. She gripped his slippery cock, Keri already greasing it up as Michael slept, Keri imaging that Michael was having an erotic dream as he groaned as her hand slid the oil up and down the shaft. She gripped his cock, pressing it against her anus. She felt the initial pain, but that failed to deter her, moaning softly as she pushed harder until she felt her asshole swallow the head of his cock.

Michael couldn't believe it, but Keri's asshole was swallowing his cock, her muscles gripping the shaft as she pushed her ass until his cock was deep in her asshole.

"You like that Michael?" She gripped his cock with her asshole, feeling his cock jerk in pleasure, already knowing his answer.

"MMMM," was all he could moan, her insides clinging to him like a hot, tight blanket. He began to fuck her ass, Keri's head thrown back in pleasure. She reached back to him, putting a vibrator in his hand.

"Make me take both of you," she begged him.

He obliged, feeding the vibrator in her pussy, her hole already drenched in her juices. He fucked her with both instruments, his cock entering her asshole, while the vibrator pulled out.

"Next time you have your friends over, bring enough of them. I want one in my ass, one in my pussy and one in my mouth. You can also bring two more, I have two hands that can keep them hard until there is a hole free for them." She began to feel the orgasm creeping through her body as the twin members plunged both inside her, meeting someplace deep inside her, only separated by a thin membrane. She came as she imagined all of the cocks taking her at once, her body used for their pleasure, Michael included. Keri was sure that she was home now.

THE END

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